South Jersey Republican

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W. C. T. U.

The ladies have taken this space by the year, and are responsible for all that it may contain.

The Saloon's Work.

The "respectable" saloon keeper, with his gloved hand, his fine-fitting frock coat, button-hole boquet, and the tidy make-up accompanying it, knocks at the mansion, enters our colleges and calls for the valedictorian. He crosses the threshold of the cultured, great, and good, and throttles their first-born, and binds the sons of promise. These are the places that sear a young man's conscience, blight and mildew his honor, scorch the virtues that a good mother has taught and loved in the son that is the apple of her eye.

PRESS SUPT.

Young People's Societies.

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

Y. P. S. C. E.,—Presbyterian Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:50. Topic, "The Father's care." Matt. 6: 25-34.

Y. P. S. C. E.,—Baptist Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:15. Topic, "The Father's care." Matt. 6: 25-34. Leader, J. E. Hoyt.

Jr. C. E., Sunday afternoon at 3:00: Topic, "What is a patriot?" Ps. 33: 12. Leader, Clifford Small.

Epworth League,—M. E. Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30. Topic, "The Father's care." Matt. 6: 25-34. Leader, W. R. Tilton.

Junior League on Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Y. P. C. U.,—Universalist Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30. "Preparatory Convention Meeting. "The power of the Spirit." Zech. 4: 6.

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

Church Notices.

Topics in the various Churches tomorrow will be as follows:

Baptist Church,—Rev. H. F. Loomis, Pastor. 10.30 A. M., "The ministry of reconciliation." Communion at close of morning service. 7.30 P. M., Installation service of C. E. officers.

Presbyterian Church,— Rev. M. S. Morgan, of Elwood, will conduct the services to-morrow, and according to arrangement of Presbytery, declare the pulpit vacant.

M. E. Church,—Rev. F. L. Jewett, Pastor. See local for announcements.

The Strikers' Story.

A reply to the article about the strike in the Glass Factory, given in the *South Jersey Republican* of last week.

The boys who went out on the strike were smoothers and also those giving the first polishing to the goods before they were sent to the acid bath, and were making from ten to sixteen dollars a week.

The boys did not object to the Italian boys polishing after the work has had its acid bath, that is considered a separate trade; but did object to taking them on smoothing, to teach as apprentices.

In the first place, Mr. T. Skinner told the boys that he was losing money by having the Italian boys do the acid polishing, and told the boys that they must finish the work complete (in other words, instead of his losing money the smoothers must be losers), at the same time discharging some of the acid polishers. He afterwards said that the smoothers could hire boys to polish after the glass came out of the acid, but that they must pay the boys themselves. This a few of the smoothers did, but the rest of the smoothers tried the acid polishing with the rest of their work.

After a week's trial, the boys found the work could not be done, with their smoothing, so as to make living wages, in some cases the wages falling as low as $3.50 for the week's wages to the smoothers, and the boys employed by them making more than the boys who employed them.

At the end of the week the smoothers told Mr. T. Skinner that it was impossible to make living wages if they had to do the acid polishing as well as the smoothing, and the reply that Mr. T. Skinner made was, "If you can't do it, you know what you can do,--get out."

The boys in the factory all gave one week's wages towards the building of the new factory, thinking that the factory was to be for the good of the boys and girls of their own town, and fully expecting to finish their trade in it, and if such is not the case Mr. Skinner should return the money given by the boys, amounting to something in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars, as some boys have requested him to do, particularly as now the boys will have to seek work out of this town.

Not only is this one of the complaints made by the boys, but some of the smoothers who had work both finished and partly finished on their benches did not receive any pay for the said work that week, Mr. Skinner employing outside parties to finish said work.

If the glass factory is to be run for the employment of outside parties, to the detriment of our own young men and women, I am sure that many who agreed to contribute toward the erecting of a glass factory in this place will feel like withdrawing their promise, as such pledge was given by all to help our young people here to learn a good trade. The treatment the boys received from the hands of their employers is not just or right in many ways.

SMOOTHERS.

Pay for the S. J. R. to-day.

NO NICKEL, NO CALL.

DISADVANTAGE OF ONE PARTY LINE TELEPHONE.

Red Tape Took Up Valuable Time When There Were Burglars in the House and the Owner Wanted Connection with Police Headquarters.

There is one man in Washington who is the sworn foe of the telephone company. He declares that while it is true that corporations have no souls, and he is, therefore, barred from invoking perdition on the head of the company, he would cheerfully consign the directors and stockholders of the concern to the uttermost limbo of the inferno. He has not yet cooled down sufficiently to tell the reason for his feud in coherent fashion, but from other sources equally as authentic the cause of the trouble is learned.

Mr. Subscriber has a telephone in his house. It is one of these three-or-four-on-the-line affairs, and you have to drop a nickel in the slot to get action. Central is always particular about the nickel. One night last week Mrs. Subscriber, who is a light sleeper, heard a noise in the house. It was one of those stealthy, creepy, noiseless noises that suggest missing silver, stolen watches, and sometimes murder. She is a courageous woman, and she made certain that her ears did not deceive her. Then she screamed. Mr. Subscriber woke with a start, but was still a bit foggy. Another scream.

"What's the matter?" asked the master of the house.

"Burglars! Don't you hear them? Murder! Help! Burglars!—Police!"

Mr. Subscriber leaped up and ran to the door of the room. He saw a man hustling down the stairs. He ran back and proceeded to put on his trousers. Then he hunted for a match, but his match box was empty and he could not find one until he had ransacked nearly every room on the upper floor, and finally located one in the bathroom. He lit the gas and looked at his watch and found that it was half-past 2. He ran to the telephone, and told sleepy Central that there were burglars in the house, and he wanted police headquarters in order that the bluecoats might be warned in time to capture the marauders. Wouldn't Central please hurry?

"Put in your nickel," said Central.

"I haven't a bit of change, not a thing less than a dollar bill. Charge me up with a nickel—a dollar—ten dollars. Do anything, but just give me police headquarters."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Central in a manner both deliberate and sympathetic, "but you will have to put a nickel in the slot before I can give you headquarters. That's the rule, you know."

"But don't you see how it is," pleaded Mr. Subscriber. "Burglars in the house. I saw 'em. Police! Help! Say, charge me up with anything. I've got all kinds of money except nickels. Hurry up, do. The women in the house are nearly frantic."

This appeal was not without its influence on Central, who said: "I'll call the chief operator." After what seemed an endless time a voice came over the 'phone:

"This is the chief operator. What is it?"

Mr. Subscriber stated his case again, saying that he could hear the spoons rattling downstairs and the house would be looted before the police could leave the station. The chief operator listened attentively—at least she didn't interrupt. Then she asked sweetly:

"Well, you know we can't let you have the number unless you put in the nickel except in case of an emergency call. Now, is this an emergency call?"

"My God, woman," said Mr. Subscriber. "Two o'clock in the morning—burglars—spoons stolen—saw 'em myself, burglars I mean—folks fainting—no nickel. Of course, this is an emergency call." This last he fairly shrieked.

He got headquarters and the police came out in a few minutes, but found no burglars, although they made the comforting assurance that there had undoubtedly been some there. This comment, however, failed to appease Mr. Subscriber, who now swears that he will get even with the telephone company.

Counsel Collapsed.

A case was recently heard in the Courts of Justice in which the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been good. The defending counsel wished to break down this testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked he.

"I have not," was the answer.

"Now, please be careful—did you ever stop payment?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah! And when did that happen?"

"When I paid all I owed!"

As to the Singer.

"So she said my voice went right through her?"

"I guess so; at least she said it bored her."

MAKERS OF TOMAHAWKS.

English, French and Spanish Made the Metal Indian Weapons.

Before the discovery of America by Columbus the Indians used as weapons of war stone axes, or celts, such as one finds occasionally in opening mounds, plowing fields or digging foundations, the general form of which is familiar to almost every one. With the arrival of the whites, the Indians discarded these clumsy weapons of the stone age and began using tomahawks of iron or steel, which they obtained from the white traders, and which, after the wants of the Indians came to be better known, were manufactured for the American trade in various parts of Europe. With the improvement in firearms the Indians came in time to have very little use even for the tomahawk, so that none were made after 1754.

Thus it happens that these metal tomahawks are of more value and greater interest than the earlier stone axes, or celts, by reason of the fact that the latter are fairly common and can be found in almost any mound, whereas the tomahawks of European manufacture are to-day exceedingly rare and also because there are three different varieties of the latter, showing in their design and general workmanship the trend of European art and metal-working skill.

The first is called the English tomahawk, for the reason that it was the kind made by the English, and traded by them to the tribes with whom they came in contact in their settlement of the new world. The English-made tomahawk is patterned after the old English ax. The fore part of the tomahawk runs in a perfectly straight line from the "pipe" or "hammer," down to the edge of the blade, while the rear part of the blade curves upward and inward toward the handle. The French style of tomahawk is altogether different. The "pipe" is the same as in the English (for that matter, all tomahawks are, in this respect, alike), but the blade was shaped exactly like an ace of diamonds, forming a sort of double triangle that caused the weapon to look like a spear-head set in the side, rather than in the end, of the handle or shaft. This idea the French took from the pike, a weapon very common and popular in the French armies of that period.

The tomahawk which the Spanish traders sold to their Indian customers, and which was manufactured in the steel foundries of Toledo, differed very much from the other and is the rarest of the three. The Spanish tomahawk was an exact copy, only on a smaller scale, of the old halberds, which were exceedingly popular during the crusades, and had reached a high state of perfection in Spain.

As a general thing, says the Washington Post, one would be most apt to find the English type of tomahawk among the Iroquois, Delawares, Shawnees, Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws and other tribes that lived within the Anglo-Saxon sphere of settlement; the French style among the Ojibwas, Chippewas, Ottawas, Sioux, Nez Perces, Flatheads and Crees, with whom they dealt and came in contact before any other whites, while the Spanish type would be most apt to occur among the Seminoles, Kiowas, Zunis and Apaches.

STRONG PULSE BEATS.

Cases in Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the wrist could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish, and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view, which is based upon actual observation of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the wrist veins.

"I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary, in that it was plainer and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child, and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to keep the record, and, in order not to err in my calculation, I tested it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Whenever we see the word "felicitous," we have a better understanding of the feelings of a bull when he sees a red flag.

Between Friends.

Sue—Frank says I am a "bird."

Mayme—Well, all I have to say is, he is a very poor ornithologist.

GOOD Short Stories

Stonewall Jackson's dying words were: "Pass the infantry rapidly to the front." "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." "We will pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees on the opposite side." He was delirious, and, like Napoleon's, his mind, as it feebly fulfilled its last offices, was with his military past.

Having once lost a case in New York, "Counselor" Nolan sadly remarked: "My poor client is little likely to get justice done here until the judgment day." "Well, counselor," said the court, "if I have an opportunity, I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day." "Your honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own upon that day."

When a colleague at one time doubted whether the constituents of William H. Moody, our new Secretary of the Navy, would indorse a measure he was supporting, he replied: "I was not sent here to shake and shiver like a dry leaf in a November gale whenever a protest came from home, but to exercise my intelligence and to vote for measures according to how, in my best judgment, they would benefit or injure the people."

During the recent street car strike in St. Louis, Prof. Hyatt, the weather observer, was about to get on a car, when a member of the strike committee stepped up to him and asked if he intended riding on the car. The professor replied that such was his intention. The striker sought to persuade him not to ride, but he started to get on the car. "Well, if you ride on that car we will withdraw our patronage from you," said the striker. "I don't care whether you patronize me or not. I'm in the weather business," replied Prof. Hyatt and he entered the car.

The ignorance which foreigners have to combat in their efforts to open up trade with China is well illustrated by an incident which occurred not long ago. Sir James Mackay is the English commissioner to negotiate trade treaties in China. He wrote to one of the viceroys, earnestly pleading that the trade barriers in that province be removed. He received a reply from the viceroy saying that he could not think of removing these barriers for the reason that if he did the water would all run out of his province. The viceroy's idea of the barriers was that they were physical dams along the water courses over which the trade was carried.

When Attorney E. W. McGraw left a witness on the stand the other day, and whispered something in the ear of several attorneys in Judge Murasky's court, the spectators thought something of great moment was to happen. When he approached the judge, Murasky leaned over toward McGraw with a look of expectancy on his face, and then shook his head even more vigorously than had the others. McGraw looked almost inconsolable, and turned to resume his examination of the witness. The court kindly relieved the spectators and attorneys in the court room by saying to the lawyer: "No, Mr. McGraw, the court does not chew."

Hanging Gardens of Sheraizl.

In various parts of the world may be found hanging gardens. There are many on mountain-sides in China, water being raised in buckets to irrigate them. A beautiful region of verdure exists amid the desert lands of Arabia. One of the inland towns is Sheraizl, perched on the brow of a lofty cliff which falls to the valley beneath. The town is built on so steep a declivity that the houses appear to overhang one another, the only communication being by means of steps leading from one to another row of buildings. Just below the town is a copious spring of pure water that meets the requirements of the inhabitants and supplies the channels that fertilize the hanging gardens. These extensive gardens, spread along the precipitous valley walls, are the most beautiful feature of Sheraizl. The whole face of the mountain-side to a depth of over 1,000 feet is cut into a series of ledges or terraces. Owing to the sharp angle of the slope, the ledges are not over 10 to 12 feet in width. The inhabitants would be glad of greater depth of soil, and the garden spots have been enriched by a large amount of fertile earth brought to them. The steep mountain-side is almost barren except for the beautiful strips of green where vineyards, orchards, and wheatfields are bearing. The labor bestowed on the terraces would have been futile without an abundant supply of water, and in this respect nature has been prodigal, the strips of cultivated land being easily and continuously irrigated by the mountain stream which is led from one ledge to another and is kept from overflowing by little embankments along the margin.

Every husband is a sort of Mont Pelee, and though he shows symptoms of growing dangerous his family refuses to take warning.

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

HOW TO GET RID OF SPELLS OF MORBIDNESS.

An Absorbing Interest or Occupation Is Best Remedy—Victims of "Blue Devils" Are Too Much Taken Up with Their Own Sensations.

Is there anyone of the human family who does not suffer occasionally from that "loathed melancholy" called "the blues?" If such a person exists he is as rare as the great auk.

From whatever cause the blue devils take possession of us, whether from derangements of the liver or nervous system, or from simple ennui, the cure for them is the same, unless, indeed, they are bred by organic disease which has taken vital hold of the system.

And this cure—an absorbing interest or occupation. People who ride their hobbies in season and out of season very rarely have the blues. Enthusiastic collectors are also apt to be aggressively cheerful. If you suffer from depression of spirits, then take the advice of authorities on the subject and look about for an interest in life.

Ursula Gesterfeld, in one of her books handles the blue devils without gloves. She frankly informs the victims that what is the matter with them is not that they are "too fine for earth's coarser uses," and that their delicate natures suffer from contact with the rude, boisterous world, but that they are abnormally selfish, too absorbed in their own sensations to heed the fact that they are enveloping themselves in an atmosphere of gloom which must necessarily depress all about them.

Her prescription is to smile, smile; smile in season and out of season; smile whether you feel like it or not, and gradually the mental state will adapt itself to the bodily expression.

A charming young women was heard to say the other day: "I am too much in love ever to have the blues." "Too much in love?" echoed her astonished auditors, surprised at this frank revelation. "Yes," she replied, provokingly, "too much in love with myself. I regard myself as a mirror, don't you see, put on earth to reflect all the joy and gladness of the universe, and so I cannot think of letting myself become obscured and dimmed by such ugly clouds as the blues. Ah, never! I am too vain."

Charles Newcomb, that coiner of epigrams, says: "There is no stimulant that is more speedy and thorough in its action than the thrill of joy and gladness. It is a natural tonic, and the entire system responds to its exhilarating vibrations.

Anything that arouses confidence in life, with a larger sense of its use and beauty, increases human energy and prepares the best conditions of success in all undertakings. We are never left in life with an entirely empty cupboard.

There is always some little portion of fat to eat and sweet to drink if we will only go our way and look about us, and not allow the leanness of our grief to absorb our thoughts or tears to blind our eyes and fill every cup with bitterness."

There is a very old story about the famous clown, Grimaldi, who once called in a physician to see if he could offer any alleviation for the depression from which he suffered. "Go and see Grimaldi," advised the physician. "I am Grimaldi," replied the "melancholy Jacques" in the jester's garb.

Poor clown! He was suffering from the reaction occasioned by the constant effort to be funny. He needed change of thought, interest and occupation. "It isn't the 'unting as 'urts the 'orses, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road."

There is an exceedingly bitter tonic that all of us must gulp down sooner or later, and that is that no one cares a straw about our woes. The man who laughs is the man who has friends by the score, whose society is eagerly sought and who is always welcome, but the woman who weeps very soon learns that she must weep alone. "This sad old earth has need of our mirth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Taking Him Literally.

A Methodist preacher was traveling in one of the back settlements, and stopped at a cabin where the old lady received him very kindly. After setting provisions before him she began to question him.

"Stranger, where mought you be from?"

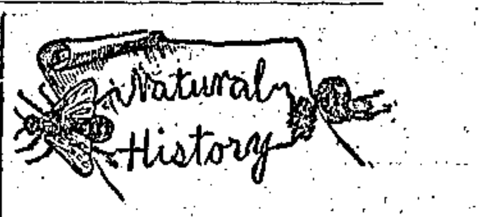
"Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky."

"Wall, stranger, no offense, but what mought you be doin' up here?"

"Madam, I am searching for the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel."

"John, John," shouted the old lady, "come right here this minit! Here's a stranger all the way from Shelby County, Kentucky, a-hunting stock, and I'll just bet my life that the tangled-haired black ram that's been in our lot all last week is one of his."

Every man is a goat after he is dead.



Lady Warwick has a peacock which is believed to be more than 100 years old. A writer in County Life says: "A friend told me he has had the same peacocks for fifty years. How old they were when he had them first he did not know."

A writer in an English magazine tells this story: "I was rolling a lawn with a roller open at both ends and pushing it in front of me, when I heard a great noise among the rooks and starlings swooping over my head, followed by a kestrel. I did not take much notice of this and went on rolling, when suddenly I heard a rush of wings and a starling fairly threw itself on the ground within a foot of the side of the roller and hopped inside; in an instant later the hawk came against the roller, but recovered itself and swooped round the other side, presumably to catch the starling when it came out, but it was sharp enough to stay where it was. The hawk then went off. This is, in my opinion, rather remarkable, as I was under the impression that hawks and cats did not eat starlings owing to their bitter taste."

A recent letter from India tells the following story of a tiger hunt: "We sat on a rock and the beaters beat through the jungle toward us. There were two ways the tiger might come, one to our left and the other to our right; so F—— watched on the right-hand side and I watched on the left. Suddenly I heard a terrific 'bang!' close to my ear and a roar; the tiger had gone to F——'s side of the rock. I turned my head quickly round and saw an enormous tiger rolling over and over down the hill. F—— had shot her in the shoulder and she fell at once, but as the side of the hill where we were sitting was very steep the tiger's weight as she fell over carried her down the hill and we found her lying dead in the thick stuff at the bottom. So F—— has killed two tigers in eight days and I was with him both times. This tiger is a magnificent animal, the finest and biggest that has been shot about here for years. She was a noted and extremely dangerous beast, too, as about two years ago she mauled and killed two coolies, and there was a superstition among the natives that there was no rifle big enough to shoot her."

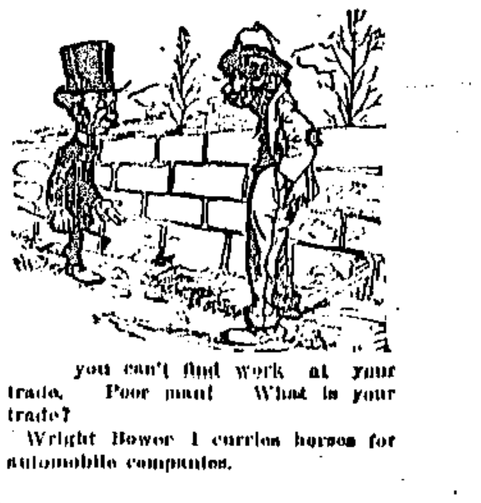
ODD ILLUSTRATED VILLAGE.

An Artist Amused Himself by Painting the Houses.

When next you go to the Lake of Geneva by all means pay a visit to the little known village of St. Legier, near by, on the road between Vevey and Blonay—one of the quaintest villages in Europe, and one of the proudest, on account of its extraordinary adornments. St. Legier, and also the adjoining village of La Chiesaz, are nothing more or less than illustrated villages. They are as profusely illustrated as the modern magazine, for nearly all the houses bear on their outside walls some striking picture or comical caricature from the brush of a great man in the village, M. Alfred Beguin, a painter of local renown, and not unknown in Paris.

A house in St. Legier has no use for a signboard to tell the world that it is an inn, a cycle shop, a forge or a dairy. M. Beguin's picture does that. On a stable wall he draws a picture of a spirited runaway horse, knocking down men as he leaps for freedom; on the white wall of the little village forge are pictures of men making horseshoes for dear life and shoeing a frisky steed; on the wall of a dairy, a dairymaid balances a pail of milk on her head, while scenes of local life, as pictures of the annual summer exodus to the mountain pastures with the cows and goats, and caricatures of the local big-wigs, make a bright picture gallery of the village.

M. Beguin lives in one of the most imposing houses in St. Legier, whence he obtains a full view of the crooked little village street and of the Dent du Jaman towering up in the distance. For many years past he has amused himself by painting the houses, and in the first place he acquired most of his skill and boldness in painting in this way.—Pearson's Magazine.



you can't find work at your trade. Poor man! What is your trade?

Wright Bower—I carries horses for automobile companies.

DR. CHAPMAN'S SERMON

A SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED PASTOR-EVANGELIST.

Subject: Reviving Old Customs—Lessons From the Life of Isaac—Better Had He Died Upon the Altar—No Man So Bad as Some Parts of His Career.

NEW YORK CITY.—It may now be stated as a fact that the sermons of the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman are heard and read by more people than are those of any American pulpit orator. His style seems to have made a deep impression on that portion of the public which likes to read its discourse in the weekly paper. For these admirers Dr. Chapman has prepared the following sermon, entitled "Reviving Old Customs." It is preached from the text Genesis 26: 18, "And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham, his father."

There are three names in the New Testament inseparably bound together. We rarely think of one without having immediately suggested to us the names of the other two. These three are Peter, James and John. They were specially chosen of Christ for conspicuous service, and were the particular objects of His divine affection. There are three names in the Old Testament quite as intimately associated, and one can scarcely speak the name of one of the three without finding himself running at once in speech to the other two. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob form the Old Testament trio. I do not know how familiar you are with the story of Isaac. I have found myself that I knew very little about him. I was quite familiar with the account of the intended sacrifice on Mt. Moriah, and the fascinating story of his meeting with Rebekah, but concerning other incidents of his life I knew very little. As a matter of fact Isaac does not show off to advantage between Abraham on the one side of him and Jacob on the other; Abraham because of what he was, the father of the faithful, and Jacob because of what he became, for by the power of God he was changed from Jacob, the cheat, to Israel the prince, having power with God and with men, and one cannot help but feel as he reads the whole story of Isaac's life that it would have been better for him had he died upon the altar. He made a splendid start in life, but so did Noah and Lot, and so have many of you, but that is not enough. At the beginning of his career Isaac goes away beyond the others whose names I have mentioned. We are so taken up with Abraham and his willingness to offer his son that somehow we have forgotten Isaac's willingness to be offered. He really made a splendid start, and was a most estimable young man. If we look at a single verse in his career we say what an excellent man, and if we look at others we find ourselves exclaiming, "How mean he is," and yet so it is with our own lives. Men must not be judged by one paragraph in our experience.

The subject of wells is interesting. In Oriental times a well of water was a fortune. When a king dug a well he became as famous as if he had built a pyramid. Great battles were fought to gain possession of wells and mighty conquests waged for their defense. Castles and towers were erected to secure their possession. Abraham dug at least four wells; how many more I do not know, but these four were filled in by the Philistines, and it is with their reopening that we have to do in the text. I like to speak of wells because there is music in the very sound of the word. In Isaiah, the twelfth chapter, second and third verses, we read, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." This is not only an Old Testament figure but a New, for Jesus said, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 4: 14. Therefore the gospel is a well and you have never had a drink of spring water as you have been weary in your tramp up the mountains or across the plain that could compare with the refreshing influence of a drink of the water of life from the well of salvation. Some of you have had sorrow, your hearts have been almost breaking, you have wondered where you might find help; stoop and drink this morning of this old gospel well. Some of you have failed, and indeed who has not in this awful struggle of life; but in your failure you have wondered if there could ever be restoration; stoop and drink this morning, and you will find that as you drink you will take in of His life, and this is the secret of victory over sin. Some of you are exceedingly weak, and you dare not trust yourself for another day. I bid you drink of the water of the well of salvation and you will find a strange new strength taking possession of you. Isaiah 55: 1-2.

I.

These wells had names. It is a little singular as we study the story of Abraham and Isaac to find the names given to the wells, and likewise singular that in these names we find a revelation of our own experience in the journey of life.

First, the first well was named "Strife." We have all had a drink at this well. We have had it in our business as we have been striving for success; we have met it in our homes as we have aimed to conduct them as homes should ever be conducted. We might as well understand that as we dig wells in this world we must expect opposition. We cannot be let alone, and this strife will come from one of three sources, perhaps from all three.

First.—The world. Jesus said to His disciples, "Marvel not if the world hate you." We must expect to hear from the devil. It is rather old-fashioned in these days to say that He has a personality, but I have had so many dealings with him myself, and have seen his work so perfectly in the lives of others that I know he is a person, but in many respects the greatest strife must come from the flesh, and I find a hint of this in the story of Isaac. What envy was to Cain, and wine to Noah, and lewdness to Ham and wealth to Lot, the desire for venison was to Isaac, for when he was dying and his thoughts should have been centered upon Jehovah he longs for venison that he may satisfy himself, and the story of his getting that venison and it being traded for a birthright is one of the sad bits of history of the Old Testament, but let it be known that whenever a man pampers himself and lives for himself he is on the way to distress quite as great.

Second.—"Hatred." This is a strange name for Abraham's well, but so he called it. Some of us have been there, and alas, have tasted of the bitter waters. It is a sad thing to have hatred in your heart. "It hinders prayer; beclouds heaven, takes the angel out of your face; chokes the song in your throat; gives your hands the wrong twist in writing letters, puts between the lines which almost breaks the heart of the reader." He who hates cannot sing, he cannot pray, he cannot offer a sacrifice. Matthew 5: 23, "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee." Do this and the song will return and God will accept the sacrifice. The bitter waters of Morah were made sweet by the casting in of the wood of a certain tree. I tell you of a tree on which Christ died; get the peace of this Christ into your experience, live for others, suffer for others, die for others if need be, and the bitterness of your life will be instantly changed.

Third.—"Room." This, too, is a strange name for an Old Testament well, but with the opening of this well the strife ceased, for instantly Isaac had found the place where God was willing he should stay. There is a place for every one to stand in this world. God so intended it. We have crowded men out of their positions in these days. It is true that with the formation and progress of great trusts there is little opportunity for some of us, but this is not in accordance with the plan of God. Somewhere there is a well waiting to be discovered, and God expects you to drink and to be satisfied. It may be that that well is in a foreign land, perhaps it is in the slums of our own city, possibly it may be in your own home, and who knows but that it is in this church, only find God's plan for your life and help to fill it in and you will be full of joy.

Fourth.—"Covenant." This is the name which was given to the fourth well. We must pass through discipline. It is not necessary that we should complain about it for this is life. When Paul wrote his letter to the Galatians he said, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and this Scripture is frequently quoted as if it were for the unregenerate man, and while it may be applied to him it is for the Christian. We reap what we sow and sow what we reap, in the light of this the wonder is we have had so little discipline.

"Reckon up the prayers you ought to have offered and never spoke; the deeds you ought to have done and never accomplished; reckon up all neglects, all offences against God and man; all weakness of character and the wonder is that we have not been cut off altogether." But I summon you to the well of the covenant and bid you open it up. What if we have discipline and trial when we stand by Him who declares, "I will be with thee," and also explains to us, "That our light afflictions are but for a moment," and that as they tarry, "they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I bring you good cheer this morning. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

II.

But you will notice that Isaac digged again the wells of water which emphasizes my subject, "A Revival of Old Customs." I am very sure that there are some old customs which in these days we need to have revived.

First—The old custom of making the home a haven of rest, a type of heaven, and a place of refuge for all the members of the family circle. We greatly underestimate the powerful influence of home upon a young life. When Isaac went out to live for himself you will notice that he pitched his tent by the well Lahairoi. I think this must have been because in his childhood's days with Hagar, his nurse, and Ishmael, his half-brother, he tarried there where Hagar must have told him the story of Jehovah, and it is just the natural inclination of his heart in his manhood days to go back where he may be reminded of the happy scenes of his childhood.

You doubtless know of the boy sent as a waif from our city who was found in his new western home tearing the lining out of his cap, and when asked why he did it, he said, "It was my mother's dress and she loved me." I have preached everywhere to men in this country and I have always found that there was one name that could stir the heart of the murderer in his cell, the gambler in his den of iniquity, the outcast on the street, and that name was "Mother." Nero's mother was a murderess, and gave to the world the most cruel man in history. Lord Byron's mother was a proud, intellectual, worldly minded woman and she gave to the world the most intellectual autocrat of his day. George Washington's mother was a good, plain, sensible woman and gave to America the father of his country.

We need better homes to-day. Our homes for our children should be as our parents' homes were for us. If we go back to our homes to-day and study our children we will find that they have not a fault or a virtue that their parents have not got. Oh, for a revival of the old custom of having a family altar in a home where the father acts as a priest and the mother as a saint; we could stir the whole country for Christ.

One of my dearest friends was profligate until he is a man grown. In a great western city he had determined to take his life, threw himself down on his bed to collect himself before the awful deed, and jarred a little book off from a shelf just above his bed and it struck him in the face. With an oath he threw it from him, and then it dawned upon him that it was his mother's Bible given him to read. He walked across the room to pick it up just to show her some mark of respect, and read upon the fly leaf written in her own hand, "Dear boy, you can never get away from your mother's prayers." Instead of being a self-murderer he became one of the country's greatest preachers. I wish that we might dig again the well that our fathers digged before us and make our homes like heaven.

III.

There are some wells that have been filled in in the past by those who are worldly wise and this morning I seek to open them.

First—I would open the well of the way of salvation. The Scripture declares that man is a sinner and deserves to die, but the same Scripture states that Jesus took our place and died in our stead. A heathen on account of his sins had walked for miles with pebbles in his shoes that he might do penance, sat down to rest beneath a tree and heard a missionary preaching of Jesus, and cried out, "That is what I want; give me Jesus." Oh, if I could but open this well from which our fathers drank and make you see the Saviour treading the wine press alone, suffering for you until His heart strings all but snapped, dying in agony for you upon the cross, the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Let us open this old well and drink of its waters. And then I would open the well of consolation for the afflicted. "Why do you mourn for your baby?" said a woman to her friend. "He is better off. Suppose he had lived and become a profligate and broken your heart with his sin." Away with all such consolation, falsely so called. Your baby is with Him, in His presence, who took little babies in His arms and blessed them, is singing His praises, who said, "Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven. Your child is with the King, rejoice; he cannot come to you, but you may go to him. All things work together for good to them that love God." Stoop and drink this morning and go away refreshed.

Then I would open the well of the preaching of the gospel. Dr. Talmage has said in one of his sermons on this same text that we have stopped singing, "Come ye sinners poor and needy," for we have reached the time when men do not count themselves sinners. I would to God that we might revive the old custom of preaching as men who preached in other days. When Livingstone preached the sermon that led 500 souls to Christ he was describing the human heart in its uncleanness. When Edwards preached the sermon that stirred all New England his theme was, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." When Whitfield preached the sermon, the power of which is still felt in our country, his text was, "Ye must be born again." "Do you preach," said a man to me, "that men are lost without Christ, and are you not afraid in a congregation like yours that they will become offended?" Preach it, certainly I preach it. I would be afraid that God would be offended if I did not preach it. Now hear me, ye men of wealth and women of position, without Christ you are lost. It is not an easy statement to make, but the word of the Lord has spoken it. Oh, that men would stop trifling with God's word, twisting its statements so as to draw forth some other meaning than that intended, and oh that men would stop trifling with God, treating Him as if what He had said in His word was not true when He declared "that all men are sinners and need a Saviour."

MR. MOODY'S VISITOR.

Bachelor Apartments Mistaken for Fashionable Club.

The new Secretary of the Navy is a bachelor, and nets have already been spread for his capture, but he is a host in himself, one of the most polished, cultured, yet individual men in public life; he has, too, the saving sense of humor and is a devoted friend of Speaker Henderson.

An amusing story is told by one of Mr. Moody's colleagues of an incident that occurred in the early days of his Congressional career, which is very characteristic of the new head of the Navy Department. It happened when Mr. Moody and one of his associates in Congress kept bachelor's hall in a house that stood next door to a fashionable club.

One hot summer evening the Massachusetts member and his companion were seated in the library, with doors and windows all open, that they might get whatever air was stirring, when a rather dapper young man sauntered into the room, stared a moment at its occupants, who were evidently unknown to him, then threw himself down in a chair under the light, took up a paper and began to read. The master of the house and his chum looked at each other, looked at the man, and wondered, but neither of them said a word. After a few moments their unknown guest walked over to the bell and touched the button.

"Look here, John," he said to the amazed butler who answered the ring, "I wish you would see if you can find Smith. He must be somewhere about, for he promised he'd meet me here at 10 sharp."

"But, sir," stammered the servant, looking at his masters, who were hiding their merriment behind voluminous papers, "I don't know Mr. Smith, sir."

"Send one of the other servants, then; he must be upstairs, and be quick about it."

The man hesitated and loked at Mr. Moody, as though awaiting instructions. Finally a light semed to enter the brain of the stranger.

"Isn't this the University Club?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the butler, relieved, "it's a private house, sir, and them two gentlemen live in it."

The intruder's embarrassment was evident and he became red in the face as he stuttered out his apologies.

"Well," he said in conclusion, "you're thoroughbreds, and no mistake, to have stood my confounded impertinence without saying a word. Come over to the club and we'll even up things."—Washington Post.

Mosquitoes and Colors.

The anopheles mosquito, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, is attracted by some colors and repelled by others. Experiments have been conducted in a gauze tent, one end of which was formed by large windows. Into these the sunlight poured on bright days. Large stone basins were placed on the floor for the mosquitos to breed in.

It was immediately noticed that when a person entered the tent clad in dark-gray clothes, the mosquitoes settled on the cloth. When the person entering was dressed in white flannel, they did not approach him.

A number of boxes lined with cloth of various colors were placed in rows on the floor, and it was noticed that great numbers of mosquitoes entered the box lined with dark-blue. Fewer of the insects sought the boxes lined with other colors, the number diminishing in this order: dark-red, brown, scarlet, black, slate-gray, olive-green, violet, leaf-green, blue, pearl-gray, pale-green, light-blue, ochre, white and orange. No mosquitoes whatever were found in the box lined with yellow.

The number of insects congregating in houses might therefore easily be lessened by the choice of suitable colors applied to the walls. A trap lined with something dark would attract so many insects that they could be slain in large numbers. Mosquito-bars or screens should be of yellow; for blue or black attracts them and coaxes them into finding admission.

An innocent heart suspects no guile.

The false witness of his foes affords opportunity for true witnessing by his friends.

Sunday School Lesson

LESSON I. JULY 6.

THE GIVING OF MANNA.

Exod. 16: 1-15. Memory verses: 4, 5.

(Read Exod. 15: 22 to 16: 36; John 6: 26-59).

Golden Text: Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. 6:11.

THE LESSON OUTLINE.

The Bread of Life.

1. Bread Needed:
   Into this wilderness....with hunger (1-3).
   While we were yet weak....Christ died (Rom. 5:6).
   Loved us, even when we were dead (Eph. 2: 4, 5).
   Came to ....save that which was lost (Luke 19:10).
2. Bread Divinely Provided:
   Then said Jehovah....I will rain bread (4).
   My Father giveth you the true bread (John 6: 32, 33).
   God....gave his only begotten Son (John 3:16).
   Foreknown....before the foundation (1 Pet. 1: 20).
3. Bread Requiring Effort:
   The people shall go out and gather (4).
   Come ye, buy....without money (Isa. 55: 1, 2).
   Take the water of life freely (Rev. 22:17).
   Believe on the Lord Jesus (Acts 16: 31).
4. Bread Testing Faith:
   Portion every day....may prove them (4, 5).
   Fed thee....that he might prove thee (Deut. 8:16).
   Be not....anxious for the morrow (Matt. 6: 31-34).
   Casting all your anxiety upon him (1 Pet. 5: 7).
5. Abundant Bread:
   Bread to the full (8).
   Shall be filled with bread (12).
   Cometh to me shall not hunger (John 6: 35).
   Drinketh....shall never thirst (John 4: 14).
   No want to them that fear him (Psa. 34: 9, 10).
6. Unfailing Bread:
   Did eat the manna forty years (35).
   Manna ceased....after they had eaten (Josh. 5:12).
   Satisfieth thy desire with good things (Psa. 103: 5).
   They shall hunger no more (Rev. 7: 16).

SURROUNDINGS AND CRITICAL NOTES.

Time.—The forty years in the wilderness. Near the beginning of the fifteenth or the thirteenth or the twelfth century B. C., according to the chronological opinion you follow. I think the earlier date to be probably the correct one.

Place.—The Sinaitic peninsula.

Parallel Passages.—Numbers 11: 4-35; Psalm 78: 19-31; Deuteronomy 8: 2-16; Joshua 5:12; Nehemiah 9:20; John 6: 26-59; Hebrews 9:4; Revelations 2:17, etc.

Intervening Events.—Our last lesson in December was on the crossing of the Red Sea and the overthrow of Pharaoh and his army. The Egyptians, crushed by disaster, no longer resisted, and the Israelites now swarmed into the wilderness. Presumably they scattered as widely as possible, but kept in communication with the representative column where Moses was. We have an account only of the movements of that column: its march of three days (Exod. 15: 22); Marah (vs. 23-26) and its bitter water, the tarrying at Elim (v. 27), and now the hungering and murmuring in the wilderness of Sin (16: 1-3).

The giving of the manna extended through the forty years (Exod. 16:35). The accounts do not say that the Israelites subsisted wholly or chiefly upon it during that time. They had flocks and herds and money, and other ordinary means of subsistence. The manna is represented as a miraculous provision by which the needs of the people were met as occasion required, presumably a provision for emergencies.

Verses 4, 5.—Jehovah said unto Moses: The revelation is first made known to Moses, and afterward through him to the people.—Will rain bread from heaven: Probably the details were now given to Moses, though the writer does not mention them till later.—That I may prove them: Through the testing requirements that accompany the provision for their needs.—The sixth day: See verses 22-30. Note the recognition of the Sabbath as already existing.

Verses 6, 7.—At even....and in the morning: Each of these two clauses is to be filled out from the other, and both interpreted by verses 13 and 14. Alike in the giving of the quails and of the manna they will recognize the God who has brought them from Egypt, and will see his glory.

Verse 8.—Flesh, —bread of the full: Moses continues, making the revelation from God more specific.

Verses 9, 10.—Come near before Jehovah: To make the revelation more impressive, Moses gives orders, through Aaron, for a solemn pageant.—As Aaron spake: Obeying the order to command the congregation to approach before Jehovah.—They faced toward the wilderness: Toward the region outside, the camp.—In the cloud: Presumably the famous pillar of cloud. After Moses built "the tent of meeting," the pillar of cloud stood over that tent in the midst of the camp. But there was an earlier tent of meeting, where the cloud also stood, and its place was outside the camp (for example, Exod. 33: 7-11). As the congregation faced the wilderness, going to the vicinity of this tent to "come near before Jehovah," they witnessed some unusual manifestation in the pillar of cloud. This is a different thing from that spoken of in verse 7.

Verses 11 and 12.—The account of the actual giving of the manna now begins, with recapitulatory statement as to the revelation concerning it.

Verse 13 a.—Enormous flocks of passing birds are still one of the phenomena of the region.

Verses 13 b-15.—And in the morning: The account of the manna is given more in full.—A small round thing: For additional details see verses 21-23, 31; Numbers 11: 4-9. In some points the description given of the manna tallies with the character of a certain natural product. In other points it does not, particularly in the immense quantity of it (for example, v. 16), its marvelous equalizing property (v. 18), its sabbath-keeping character (vs. 21-30). Such facts as these are possible only as miraculous facts.

TEACHING POINTS.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," continuously he has created; and forever will create new heavens and new earths. Whether this is done by secondary means or primal cause makes no difference with the fact. All God's power, wisdom, and love are at the service of his children. Yesterday it was Eden; to-day it is manna, wheat, and fruit; to-morrow it is heaven and the tree of life.

1. Manna was a supernatural supply of food in the desert, where none could be raised. It rained from heaven. It rebuked acquisitiveness, prevented cornering the market. Every family had to gather for itself. It fed millions.

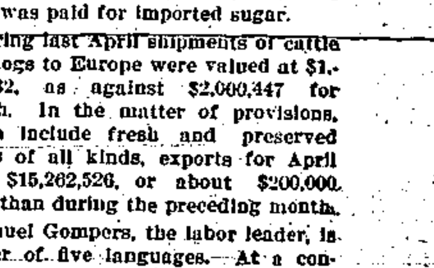
2. Only one day's supply was given at once, except on the sixth day. It trained the people to trust. So Christ taught, Give us day by day our daily bread. The lesson was then, as now, that ye may know that it is "the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits" (v. 6). It was a daily education in dependence on God, which they would so greatly need to conquer foes and possess the promised land.

3. Yet they murmured "Would that we had died!" (v. 3.) Perhaps they meant it only against the servants, Moses meant it only aginst the servants, Moses and Aaron. But the Lord told them it was aginst him.

4. In answer to the grumbling, the glory of the Lord appeared in the clouds, and flesh in abundance was sent.

What infinite patience and long-suffering! He supplied all possible needs, bread, flesh, regard for the holy Sabbath, and trust in him. He does not insist we shall be vegetarians.

This painstaking, constant, and continuous education was not for the Jews merely, but for all the world. These things happened by way of example, and they were written for our admonition (1 Cor. 10: 11).—The Sunday School Times.



There are many labor unions in Porto Rico, organized according to the principles of the American labor movement.

An American syndicate is seeking sites near Manchester, England, upon which to erect two mammoth mills for the spinning of American-grown cotton.

The manufactories of the United States produced silk goods to the value of $107,256,258 in 1900. Silk manufacturing is now one of the leading industries of the nation.

Greensboro, N. C., expects to have the largest mill for the manufacture of colored goods in the world, the equipment at the start to be 50,000 spindles and 2,000 looms, to be doubled later on if conditions warrant.

A bulletin published by the Department of Agriculture shows that for the fiscal year 1901 the United States imported nearly $392,000,000 worth of agricultural products, or more than one-fourth as much as it exported of such products. Over $90,000,000 of this total was paid for imported sugar.

During last April shipments of cattle and hogs to Europe were valued at $1,655,132, as against $2,000,447 for March. In the matter of provisions, which include fresh and preserved meats of all kinds, exports for April were $15,262,526, or about $200,000 more than during the preceding month.

Samuel Gompers, the labor leader, is master of five languages. At a convention of the American Federation of Labor some years ago some delegates made speeches in Italian, in French, in German and in Spanish. Mr. Gompers was at home with them all. He made notes on their addresses and when necessary interrupted them on obscure points in their own language.

The thirty-six leading industries of New York State in 1900 embraced 24,417 establishments, or 31 per cent of the total; used a capital of $1,156,396,934, or 70 per cent of the total; gave employment to 502,830 wage-earners, or 59.2 per cent of the total number, and pay $234,922,692, or 57.5 per cent of the total wages. The value of their products was $1,380,975,268, or 63.5 per cent of the total.

TALKING ABOUT WIDOWS.

The Preacher's Text Just Fitted Jakeway's Case

"Talking about widders," said the man with the stogie; "talking about widders, did I ever tell you about Jakeway and the Widder Barstow?"

Now there hadn't been a word said about widows, but as the man with the stogie looked hard at a meek little fellow, the latter replied: "No, sir, you never did."

"Well," said the man with the stogie, "Jakeway was a character—one o' those you read about. He'd lived alone for years. When he was a young man he had been disappointed in love, 'r something, and from that time he'd been sour—a reg'lar woman-hater. And the particular object of his dislike was the Widder Barstow, aggressive from her head to her heels. The very sight of her to old Jakeway was like the waving of a red flag to a bull.

"They useter go to the same church, but the ushers knew the situation well enough to put a goodly portion of the sanctuary between them. Unfortunately on one Sunday there was a new usher. The opening service was well under way and Jakeway was in a pew by himself well down toward the front, when down the aisle came the new usher with the widder trailing along in his wake and he handed her into Jakeway's pew.

"The old man gave one look as the figure rustled in," said the man with the stogie, according to the New York Mail and Express, "then he gathered up his umbrella, his hat, his bandanna and his prayer book and cleared the back of the pew in front with the agility of a boy. And just as he landed on the front seat the preacher gave out his text:

"'There hath no evil befallen you but such as is common to man, but God will with the temptation also make a way of escape.'"

It is a good plan for a man to leave his widow some life insurance, in order that Hope May Take Root Again in her heart.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1902.

Town Council Meeting.

Regular meeting of Town Council on Saturday evening, June 28th. All the members present.

Highway Committee reported repairs made to various streets, and matters referred. Ordered First Road made passable between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. Inspected Grape Street and decided to postpone the graveling asked for. Found Chew Road, from Thirteenth Street to Egg Harbor Road, had evidently been closed for years, and much of it cultivated; referred back to Council, and voted to visit same in a body.

Fire Marshal reported two fires; also stated the need of more good hose. Committee to inquire as to cost, etc., and report at next meeting.

Property Committee reported the approaches to Park Hall repaired.

Bills ordered paid:

Poor Fund.....	
Wm A Hood, undertaker	$11 00
E Stockwell, goods.....	9 00
J G Johnson, goods	12 00
Mrs McClelland, boarding	24 00
Highways.....	
H McD Little, supplies.....	$23 22
John Gregorio	75
Frank Schmuffs	75
W H Bernshouse	21 34
C C Combe	113 38
Geo Mott.....	45
O Orlito	5 63
J B Miller.....	5 48
Wm German	12 25
Thos Penza	2 25
J S Mart.....	7 88
A L Huborteno	3 30
T Macri	3 00
Edw Johnson.....	10 73
Peter Lauza.....	9 98
E G Bernshouse	12 78
G W Bernshouse	9 28
W H Bernshouse.....	74 16
John Moore.....	12 21
H Schamberg	1 50
	329 45
Street Lights.....	145 56
Town Purposes.....	
G Bernshouse, Overs'r Poor	10 00
J L O'Donnell, salary, etc .	24 29
W H Bernshouse, wood.....	1 00
E H Chandler, attorney.....	25 00
C Umasella, burying dog.....	50
	60 79
Fire Department.....	
G F Leuz, watchman at fire .	2 00
C M Phillips, hauling engine	2 40
J W Lysinger, hauling truck	2 00
	6 00
Town Purposes.....	
J W Myers, night marshal...	21 00
Hoyt & Son, printing.....	11 50
E W Batchelor, dog checks...	2 00
	37 50
J. S Rogers, drugs for B. of H.....	19 00
	1051 30

Volunteer Fire Company asked for the $75 voted them by the special town meeting. Ordered paid.

E. S. Grant called attention to condition of road near the Lake. Referred.

Ben Foglietto asked permission for Italian parade, July 16th. After much discussion between applicant and T. H. Coggey, and others, voted to allow the parade on Third Street, from St. Joseph's Church to Bellevue, to Main Road, to Fairview, to Third St., to the Church,—officers to control the location of stands and booths.

The subject of Railroad grade crossings was introduced. After full debate, voted to instruct Solicitor to take the business in hand, and see whether we cannot secure proper protection at Vine, Orchard, and Fairview crossings.

Complaint as to closed-up sluice on Birch Street, and dangerous condition of sidewalk at Central and Valley Aves. referred to Committee.

A bill having been presented by W. P. Keyser, pound-keeper, for killing stray dogs, the matter of authority was referred to Committee on Law and Order.

Adjourned at 11.35.

A Nearly Fatal Runaway

Started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J H Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill., which defied doctors and all remedies for four years. Then Bucklin's Arnica Salve cured him. Just as good for boils, burns, bruises, cuts, corns, scalds, skin eruptions, and piles. 25 cents, at Rogers' drug store.

Good for Rheumatism.

Last Fall I was taken with a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism which caused me great pain and annoyance. After trying several prescriptions and rheumatic cures, I decided to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I had seen advertised in the South Jersey News. After two applications of this remedy I was much better, and after using one bottle was completely cured.—HARLAN HARRIS, Salem, N. J. For sale by J. S. Rogers.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1902.

Edwin Thayer was at home over Sunday.

Miss Lina Zietz was home for a short vacation.

Fred Saunders and family visited his father on Friday.

Leib's drug store advertisement will be found on first page.

Matt. D'Agostino has returned from a few days' vacation.

Capt Dunn sails for Florida, light, for a cargo of lumber.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parkhurst were in town over the Fourth.

Misses Bessie and Ida Hoyt are visiting relatives in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Drown is spending a few days with friends in Atlantic City.

Woman's Relief Corps meeting this evening at Miss Nellie DePuy's.

We were unable to correct the time-tables, but will try to next week.

Wilford Toy, of Atlantic City, visited his father-in-law, Jesse Bately.

Frank Applegate and family will spend the summer in Atlantic City, as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Irvin, of Atlantic, are spending a fortnight in town.

Cunningham's shoe factory was closed this week,—giving their hands a vacation.

One good thing from our frequent rainy days,—all the cisterns are full to overflowing.

Prentiss and Elizabeth Myrick expect to spend ten days with relatives in Massachusetts.

Mr. Merrit C. Butler, of New York, has leased the Rexford property on Central Avenue.

Wm. H. King will resume his former position in the drug store now owned by Mr. Leib.

Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Myers, of Atlantic City, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lobley.

Low Colwell has returned from the far West, intending to remain at home until next spring.

Workingmen's Loan and Building Association meeting next Monday evening, in Firemen's Hall.

Last Sunday was certainly a rainy day, and the churches all complained of very slim attendance.

Wednesday, the 16th, will be the Italians' annual celebration. They propose to eclipse all former efforts.

C. A. Wood has bought six acres of land on the south side of Third Street, just beyond Mr. Winkler's.

Harry D. Rutherford is rusticating in Hammonton. He has a good position in League Island Navy Yard.

It is amusing to see the REPUBLICAN news items echoed a few weeks later in two or three of our neighboring weeklies.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Dodd and children, from Brooklyn, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. D.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Treat.

Dr. Wane will attend the meetings of the New Jersey State Dental Society, at Asbury Park, July 16th, 17th, and 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Black are spending a few days at Barnegat.

That communication from the Glass Works strikers is signed by four of the boys, and is published in the interest of fair play.

Miss Kate McFarren, sister of Miss Harriet, and for thirty-two years a missionary in Mexico, is spending several weeks here.

Wm. H. Bernshouse has been on the sick list this week,—la grippe,—but is recovering slowly. He is in Atlantic City, at this writing.

New and changed advertisements this week: J. S. Rogers, H. N. Hunter, Prudential, H. McD. Little, W. A. Black, W. J. Leib.

A young son of Fred Saunders got too near a cannon cracker, yesterday morning, receiving a pair of badly burned eyes as a result.

Henry Nicolai made measurements and drove stakes, Wednesday, for the new glass factory building. The lumber is ordered, and will be on the ground next week.

Miss Shelley has decided to resign her position as assistant in Central School, having a more lucrative situation in Lebanon, Penna.

LOST, in Hammonton, on Wednesday evening, a Lady's Gold Watch and Chain. Finder will receive a reward by leaving it at the Post-Office.

Miss Belle Carkhuff has returned to Hammonton, probably for the summer. She is very much pleased with her position at Rutherford, N. J.

HOUSE FOR RENT. Dwelling back of Leib's drug store. Terms very reasonable. Call and get full particulars.

Baptist Sunday School basket picnic on Tuesday next, 8th inst., at "the dam," probably. If storm interferes, Wednesday will be the date.

WANTED to purchase,—old barn within 3 miles of Hammonton, to remove. Let me know what you have. Address
Box 65, Hammonton.

Miss Nellie Tudor has resigned her position in the Central School and will teach the Fifth Grade and Drawing in the public school at Bound Brook.

GOOD SEWERS WANTED on pants and vests. Work all the year.
MRS. H. H. MULLAN.
Grape St., bet. Second and Third.

G. A. R. Post meeting to-night, if a quorum is present. The attendance is small because the numbers are few, and eligible men are growing scarce.

HOUSE FOR RENT. Dwelling back of Leib's drug store. Terms very reasonable. Call and get full particulars.

On Monday last, Fred Measley, Jr., shipped one hundred and eighty crates of raspberries,—10,800 pints. He would have made it two hundred crates had not the rain interfered.

TABLE BOARDERS can be accommodated at 20 Vine Street. Apply to
MRS. QUINN.

We had the most powerful thunder storm of the season, on Thursday afternoon. Lightning flashed vividly, close by, crashed, rolled and reverberated, and rain fell in torrents.

WANTED. Good mechanics, carpenters, to build wood tanks. Steady work to good men. None but good mechanics need apply. Factory, Darby, Pa., near station on P. W. & B. R. R. Apply room 820 Real Est. Trust Building, Broad and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Several of the glass works strikers have found work in the city, a number have gone back to Skinner & Son's factory, and still others are waiting for something to turn up. Everything is quiet.

HOUSE FOR RENT. Dwelling back of Leib's drug store. Terms very reasonable. Call and get full particulars.

What do you think of requiring April petit jurymen to serve at a special session of court in July? Under this plan men cannot plan their business,—not knowing when they may be called away for a day, a week, or more.

INSTRUCTION—during summer—private or in classes,—studies preparatory for college, for teachers' examinations, or public school work. Also, in Latin, German and French. Best recommendations. Address or call immediately. J. E. HOYT,
Hammonton, N. J.

All members of Little Ha-Ha Council, No. 27, D. of P., are requested to attend the meeting next Monday's Sleep, July 7th. Sister Georgia Holmes Dist. Deputy, will be present to raise the Chiefs to their respective stumps.

Quite a little excitement was caused, last week Friday, by the disappearance of two little Hammonton girls. The parental minds, and those of the searchers, were eased when the children returned from a huckleberry expedition.

Mrs. Egerter and daughter, mother and sister of Mrs. H. F. Loomis, have gone to Atlantic City for the balance of their vacation. They made many friends while here, and Miss Eva, especially, will be missed in the Baptist Church.

We saw a man dodge under the safety gates, the other day, and start to cross the track, but was halted by the gateman's shout, just in time to see a flying express pass him. It was a close call. Those gates ought to be sufficient hint to keep off.

The Pound Keeper might earn a fee occasionally, right in the business centre, by gathering in stray horses. We don't know who owns them, but it is a dangerous practice to allow them to run at large. A prominent citizen very narrowly escaped injury, recently, from one of the stray equines.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, with daughter and son; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor and child; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. King, with sons Bert and Harvey; Mrs. Fannie McOrea and daughter, composed a party who started on Thursday for Newport News, Virginia. They went from Philadelphia by steamer, *via* Baltimore, and will be guests of the Pressey families for two weeks.

Lightning Strikes.

During the storm on Thursday afternoon, the fine residence of Laton M. Parkhurst, on Main Road, was struck by lightning. The bolt entered one corner of the house, splintering things generally, broke a looking-glass and sewing machine, then jumped to the barn, breaking the cow's chain without injuring the animal, split one corner of the ice house and damaged the grape arbor. Two horses, hitched to a post, were knocked down. Fortunately, no one was injured.

The residence of C H Luttgens was also struck and damaged somewhat, as was some of the furniture. Again, we are happy to state, no person was injured.

At the M. E. Church.

During July and August, Epworth League and preaching services will be united, the former beginning at 6.45, and preaching at 7.30. At the evening service the pastor will give twenty minute talks on "Vital Bible Questions." The entire service will last about one hour and twenty minutes.

To-morrow, the programme will be as follows: Preaching at 10.30; subject, "Apart from the world," followed by the Lord's Supper. An opportunity will be given to unite with the Church, either on probation or by letter.

Epworth League, led by W R Tilton, followed by the first in the series on Vital Bible Questions; subject, "The question of the frightened Roman."

ELWOOD NOTES.

Miss May Fisler is spending a few days with Miss Laura Bozarth.

Elmer and Allen Kyle spent the 4th with their aunt, Mrs. A. E. Holden.

Messrs. W. A. Bozarth and Robert Nightengale, Green Spring, Va., were guests of Mr. H. H. Bozarth.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Langham, of Philadelph's, spent last Sunday with Mr. John Langham and family.

Miss Esther Caboon is visiting her cousin, Mrs. L. L. Holden.

Mr. J. Harvey Bozarth is attending the Union Business College in Philadelphia.

Mrs. T. W. Smith returned to her home in Chester, Pa., last Thursday.

Jessie, infant daughter of John Rosell, died on Tuesday last, after a severe attack of cholera infantum. The twin is also in a dangerous condition and it is doubtful whether it will recover.

The evangelist Frank B. Earl will preach in the Presbyterian Church, both morning and evening, Sunday, July 6. Come and hear him. Rev. M. S. Morgan will supply the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, at Hammonton.

The semi-annual business meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society will be held at the home of the President, Mr. Louis L. Holden, Friday, July 11. A full attendance is requested.

The mosquitoes have begun their fly-trip through the country, but we fear that their stay in Elwood will be indefinitely prolonged. U

Masters Henry and Willie Mohr, and Mr. Robert Henzl, of the Town of Union, Hudson County, N. J., are spending a vacation at the home of Wm. Camp, their uncle, on Pleasant Mills Road. The young gentlemen are all accomplished musicians, Henry being an A No. 1 violin artist, Willie a pianist, and Robert a cornetist.

An effort is being made to keep up the Musical Convention, or class, organized two weeks ago by Prof. M. P. Woody. A move is on foot, and is a good one, of engaging Miss Georgia Swift for ten weeks, one lesson per week, as teacher. It will cost $1.50 each, in a class of twenty, or $1 each if thirty unite. This is an undenominational movement, and all lovers of music are invited to join.

"GOOD-MORNIN'."

He always said "Good mornin',"
An' emphasized the "good."
As if he'd make it happy,
"Good mornin'!" Just "good mornin'"
To ev'ry one he met;
He said it with a twinkle
That no one could forget.

He always said "Good mornin'!"
An' people used to say
That one o' his "good mornin's"
Clung to you all the day,
An' made you always cheerful
Just thinkin' o' the sound—
It always was "good morning,"
'Long as he was around.

He always said "Good mornin',"
An' glad an' happy-eyed
He said them just as usual
The mornin' that he died.
Those were the words he whispered,
As cheerful as he could—
An' I believe the angels
They emphasized the "good."
—Baltimore American.

The Candidate's Daughter.

It is a pleasant conviction of old age that the affairs of the world are not quite so important as they were a few years ago, and that the ability for conducting them is going back instead of advancing. This commentary is suggested by the experience that the old political campaigner was relating to some of the legislative friends when they met at the hotel.

"I don't suppose," said the veteran, "that the like ever happened in Michigan, before or since. There was a romance involved, some of the greatest men the nation ever produced took a hand, a whole community was divided by the bitterest factional war, the career of an ambitious Congressman was suddenly terminated, and yet the little

"I GAVE THAT COMMISSION TO THE GIRL."

federal position involved was not worth over $100 a month, if that much. It was a sort of a bloodless political duel and I know of at least one participant that would rather have stood up and been shot at than to have lost.

"It was right out here in the country where I was raised and brought up. There were only two prominent aspirants for the little office, but their rivalry had stirred the town into a flutter of excitement from center to circumference. I think political interest is more general in the country than in the city, and in those days the individual was more assertive, more appreciative of the supreme rights of citizenship, because he had not been surpassed by machines, combines, rings, and bosses as he is now. The churches were internally divided on this issue, social bees were turned into debating societies where feeling ran high, the war was carried into the local paper by heated correspondents, the store and the postoffice were largely monopolized by the disputants, and some very old friendships were strained to the uttermost.

"I was very much infatuated with the pretty daughter of my candidate. Now that I can view the situation more calmly I realize that he was my candidate because she was his daughter, but wild horses couldn't have drawn such a confession from me at the time. His opponent also had a pretty daughter, and she, too, had an admirer, who was a staunch supporter of her father in his time of political need. These two girls were rival belles, and Tom Harter and I were regarded as among the most effective political herdsmen in that locality. You can understand how much feeling could be stirred up with such elements of discord. Farmers neglected things at home to wrangle or listen to others wrangle. Some of the women quit speaking and said very unkind things to each other. The young people were as distinctly divided as though lined up in opposition at a spelling school, and there was more genuine temper displayed than in any presidential campaign we had ever gone through.

"Now, I was not alone by my admiration for the daughter of my candidate. There were others, and several of them. I had never felt secure enough to venture a proposal, and was passing through a very trying period of uncertainty. One afternoon as I was walking rapidly by her house I found her leaning over the gate and looking disconsolate enough to cry. 'Tom Harter's going to Washington to-morrow,' she said, abruptly. 'You know what that means?'

"'Lovers think quickly, when capable of thinking at all. 'I should think he would go, under the circumstances. It's his duty.'

"'Then I suppose father might as well draw out,' and there were tears in her lovely eyes. 'Oh, if I were only a man!'

"'I'm thankful you're not,' I laughed, and there were two of us leaning on the gate. 'I'm going to tell you something that I have never confided to another person.' This was strictly true, for I had never thought of it till that minute. 'Please don't mention it to a living person, not even to your father, for it might defeat all our plans. I go to Washington to-night, Hattie. I have everything ready. I'll take the train from the side opposite the platform and no one will be the wiser until some time to-morrow. Did it ever enter that wise little head of yours that I'd allow Tom to get the start of me or give you anything to cry over?'

"Her eyes sparkled, roses came to her pale cheeks as if by magic, she turned a glad face toward me and—well, who wouldn't? In my eagerness I had perpetrated a regular school boy smack and a frightened robin darted out of the cherry tree over our heads. Keep in mind that we were leaning over the same gate. It was the first time, too.

"'Well, I went through to Washington as fast as steam would carry me, and lost no time in hunting up the Congressman from my district. He promised so much and did it with so little apparent consideration that I did not place much dependence upon his assistance. I thought of the girl I left at the gate, took courage of love and went right to the Postmaster General. There, that comes of being rusty on politics. I did not mean to tell what position I was trying to have filled, but even that will not identify the town or the candidates. It happened that the Secretary of State was sitting with the Postmaster General, and I suppose that the latter wanted to make an impression. I stated my case to him as concisely as I could, telling him of the central location of my candidate's place of business, his loyalty to the party, his fitness for the position and of the important fact that his appointment would be a great favor to me.

"The general answered with a sneer that he made little attempt to conceal. He would be delighted to do me a personal favor. It would be a downright pleasure for him, but he did not see that the interests of the nation were seriously involved in this little appointment, and he would withhold his decision. Whatever that might be, he hoped that I would keep in mind the fact that he was Postmaster General.

"I managed to tell him that the fact did not strike me as an unalloyed blessing, and thought that I saw a pleasant twinkle in the eye of his distinguished caller. I went away mad and disheartened. Suddenly Senator Zach Chandler came to my mind. He was a friend of my father, both were from New Hampshire, and whenever the great leader was in our section of the State the two men would have a good time talking over the old home State. I went to the Senator, telling him everything but the gate episode and the other party thereto. He knew me when I entered, for he never forgot names or faces. He inquired particularly after my father, expressing his regard for him as an old friend, and was in a mood to favor any reasonable cause I might espouse.

"'So he tried to squelch you, did he? and the old war horse's face had its sternest setting. 'Wanted to show off at the expense of one of my friends and constituents, did he? Just drop this matter and meet me here at 8 this evening. That will let you out of the city to-night, if you want to go.'

"I was on time and Chandler handed me a commission for my candidate. He stopped my thanks to ask me if it would inconvenience me to remain over till the next day. I was burning to get home with the glad tidings, but I would have given him a month, had he asked it. 'Then take this to the Postmaster General, tell him that his treatment of you was inexcusable; that Michigan men do not permit such attempts to humiliate them; that he told you to remember that he was Postmaster General, and that you now ask him to accept notice that the State of Michigan has been removed from his immediate jurisdiction.' I followed instructions, and while I do not know what effect that message from the President, sent to the general through Chandler, may have, I know that the general was hit hard, and stammered an apology. I also know that Chandler was the man after whom was said who might hold postoffices in this State.

"I gave that commission to the girl who came running down to the same gate to meet me, and when I promptly attended to another little matter of business she said she would marry me a thousand times if it was going to make me so happy. Harter had to wait three years before his girl became goodhumored enough to accept him." Detroit Free Press.

Children's Corner

All of you boys who are fond of shooting at a mark, and have read of the wonderful performances of the South American natives with the blow gun, may easily make a blow gun for yourselves without any trouble to speak of. The blow gun shown in the picture is not made of bamboo or wood, nor even of glass, but simply of strips of wrapping paper pasted together and rolled into a long spiral tube. It is not a blow gun in form only, but a blow gun which will shoot as straight at a mark as any blow gun ever made.

Cut out some long paper strips of heavy wrapping paper (three or four) four inches in width. Then thoroughly paste two of these strips on both sides. When you have done this—thoroughly, mind you—start to roll one of them into a spiral tube, as shown in diagram. This tube should measure half an inch across. When you have rolled up the first strip almost to the end lap the remaining unrolled part about one inch over the second strip, and proceed with the rolling. Continue in this way until you have made a long tube, measuring four or five feet in length. This matter of rolling the paper is very simple, and it only requires care to keep the tube the same size for its entire length. In fact, this is all the work there is in the making of a blow gun, and it is so little that in case, after rolling the tube, you find it not exactly the same width throughout its entire length, I advise you to at once unroll it and start to roll over again. If the paper is thoroughly saturated with paste, I don't mean by this that paste should be laid on very

HOW TO MAKE A BLOWG'N.

A BLOW GUN OF WRAPPING PAPER.

heavily, but just enough to thoroughly moisten the paper—you will be astonished to feel and unroll the tube a number of times if occasion necessitates. When you have made the tube completely to your satisfaction, stand it up in some dry corner and let it remain there until the paste becomes thoroughly hardened. It will take some time for it to dry, but when once it does you will have a blow gun which will seem to you fully as hard as wood or bamboo, and which will last for months. You see, then, it is very necessary that the rolling should be done carefully, for then it will be as permanent as your baseball bat or top. Right here let me suggest, before I forget it, that as soon as you have completed the rolling, and before standing it in a corner to dry, wind pieces of string around each joint and at either end, and do not take these off until the paste is dry.

To make the dart is a very simple matter. It is made as follows: Take a large sized carpet tack having a sharp point, and drop sealing wax on the head until you have formed quite a large ball. Now, while wax is still soft, stick into it a number of pieces of worsted, each measuring about two inches in length. There should be enough of these pieces of worsted to fill the mouth of the tube without fitting at all tightly. You may easily judge of the number necessary by first blowing the dart with a few strands attached, and adding worsted until your dart shoots out of the end of the tube with considerable force. To add more strands to the sealing wax soften the latter by holding it over a fire.

When you find that your blow gun works really well you may easily paint a target with writing ink on a piece of cardboard or wood, and place this at the far end of a room, or, better still, at the end of a long hallway. In making the target first paint a round bull's eye about two inches in diameter, and then around this at a distance of two inches apart paint four rings. In playing the game the boy that first gets 25 wins. The bull's eye counts five points, the space between the bull's eye and the first ring counts four, between the second and third rings three, between the fourth and fifth rings one. In taking aim point the end of the blow gun just as straight as you can at the bull's eye, or if at some distance away, a little above it. When ready to shoot blow suddenly and hard.

A Girl's Duty.

The first duty of a girl of 16 is to her parents. To them she should be loving, helpful and respectful. No matter what kind of people they are, a daughter owes this to her father and mother, says a contributor to Woman's Home Companion. To her mother especially a girl must show constant affection. Nothing she does to keep herself in spiritual and mental sympathy with her mother can do anything but help her in the end. The girl who acts with rude carelessness toward her mother, who speaks slightingly to, her, marks herself at once as ill-bred. She may not be wanting in genuine goodness of heart, but the world judges by appearances, and good breeding shows in no particular so surely as in the way one treats one's parents.

Unquestionably True.

"Can you tell me in what condition Job was at the end of his life?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Dead," promptly replied the youngster at the foot of the class.

An All-Sufficient Reason.

Little Elsie—The preacher says there is no marrying in heaven. I wonder why?

Little Elsie—I guess it's because only women and little girls go there.

Only Has an Interest Now.

"Is that your mamma, little boy?" asked the lady in the hotel parlor.

"She used to be mine," gravely replied the little fellow, "but now I've got twin sisters, so she's only one third mine."

A Comprehensive Wish.

"If a good fairy were to grant you just one wish, dear," said a mother to her 4-year-old daughter, "what would you wish?"

"I'd wish I could have everything I wanted," replied the little schemer.

The Dear Ladies.

A. U. Wright—They say Miss Antique has a past.

Miss Cutting—Yes, but she denies about fifteen years of it.

WOMAN'S PURSUIT OF MAN.

Will Be in His Company in Spite of Clouds of Tobacco Smoke.

All the big new resort hotels have large corridors and lobbies where men and women assemble, giving a sort of drawing-room atmosphere to them. The only trouble with the plan, so far as the bachelor guest is concerned, is that they have so little accommodation for men exclusively.

There is little, if any, space set apart for what might be called the club life of a big hotel—having in mind the English bishop's definition of a club as a place where women cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest. Men, for one thing, feel themselves under constraint in the matter of smoking.

The clerk of one of these hotels had a good deal to say when this situation was brought to his attention the other day.

"Where can you smoke?" he repeated, indignantly, in answer to a question. "Why, smoke right here, right where you are. If the women who are swarming all around here get smoke blown in their faces it's their own fault.

"Do you see that elevator there? Well, all the space this side of that elevator is free to smokers. On the other side of the elevator are the long corridor, half a dozen rooms and alcoves, and at the end of it an enormous parlor. All that space is reserved for women who wish to get away from tobacco smoke.

"And yet just look at it! It's a black desert of carpeting and furniture. Not a woman in sight. Now look at the women here where they know the rules of the hotel authorize men to smoke. They are so thick you have to pick your way about among them.

"We set apart a room on this floor for the men to write their letters in and smoke as they write if they want to. In less than a week the women had deserted their own writing room and taken possession of the one reserved for the men.

"Then we gave the men a big lounging and smoking room away off at the end of a hall down on the ground floor and equipped with writing desks. I'd like to have you go down and look into that room at this minute. If it isn't swarming with women I'll receipt your bill without a cent of money.

"The women have now deserted the waiting room up here and, as they drove the men, and if one of 'em has a letter to write, or makes believe she has, she'll walk a quarter of a mile to get into that subterranean lounging room downstairs. It was a man's last stand; that lounging room, and when the women stormed that citadel and took it we gave the thing up.

"Am I a woman hater? Well, no, not much. I like 'em all the better for it, bless 'em. They will be where the men are, and that's just where they belong.

"Smoke where you please, but if you really want to get away from the women, go down into that saloon there beyond the elevator, which is reserved exclusively for women."—New York Sun.

REMINDER OF SLAVE DAYS.

Three Black Mammies Bequeathed in a Maryland Lady's Will.

The emancipation proclamation undoubtedly put an end to slavery on an extensive scale, but it is doubtful whether it altogether abolished the idea in the minds of some good old Southern families. This was clearly demonstrated by the will of an aged lady who died recently in a southern Maryland county. Before the war there had been many slaves in the family, and at the time of the lady's death three old black mammies still remained of the once large number. Her goodness to her old servants was repaid by a lifetime of devotion, and many touching little incidents could be related concerning their loyalty to their mistress. They swore never to leave her, and she in turn kept faith with them in life and provided for them after her death in the following manner:

During the aged lady's last illness she made her will, dividing all her goods and chattels equally among her three daughters. Each of the children got a barrel of pork, a cow, ten bushels of wheat, and a third of the cornmeal and poultry on the old homestead. Then came this paragraph, eliminating, of course, the names of the daughters:

"To my daughter ---- I leave Aunt Minnie; to my daughter ---- I leave Aunt Jennie; to my daughter ---- I leave Aunt Sallie. I ask each of my daughters to take care of the servant bequeathed to her until the death of said servant."

Each of these old mammies considers that she is as much the property of the daughter to whom she was "bequeathed" as if this last will and testament had been made in ante-bellum days, and no amount of "freedom" talk would induce them to assert their independence, so strong is their affection for the family.—Washington Post.

We don't know what Edward Bok says about managing the men, but here's a suggestion: If a wife wants her husband to be generous, she should not wait till he dies to weep over him. It will count for much to weep when he stubs his corn, while he is still living.

Paderewski at a Musicale.

When Paderewski, the pianist, was in Washington not long ago he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven. After the renowned Pole had departed from the city, says the Saturday evening Post, Mr. De Koven said to a friend:

"I never have any music at my house while Mr. Paderewski is a guest there, but there was one time when Paderewski himself played, and played for me for nothing. I believe I am the only man in America for whom he has done so much.

"I was at my residence, then in New York, and was entertaining at a musicale a number of singers, famous in grand or comic opera. Suddenly word came to me that Mr. Paderewski had arrived. I had not expected him and was much surprised at his visit. Hurrying to the door, I greeted him warmly, and asked, somewhat wonderingly, if anything serious had happened.

"'Oh, no,' he replied, 'I simply heard you were having a little musicale of your own in a quiet way, and thought I should come around and play a little myself for you. You will not mind, will you?'

"'Mind!' I cried, thinking of the large sums paid him for a single hour's performance and then: 'Why, you know you are most welcome at any time!'

"And didn't he play! Forty-five minutes, f-o-r-t-y-f-i-v-e m-i-n-u-t-e-s!

"No one objected, I assure you."

Did Not Seem Reasonable.

A woman from some rural district of New England was taken to visit an art museum. In one of the rooms the attendant pointed out a collection of beautiful old vases dug up at Herculaneum.

"What?" exclaimed the woman. "Dug up?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What, out of the ground?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Just as they are now?"

"Oh, they've been cleaned up a bit, but they were found about as you see them."

With an incredulous shake of the head, the woman turned to her companion and said in a whisper that was loud enough for the bystanders to hear:

"He may say what he likes. I don't believe they ever dug up ready-made pots out of the ground."

If you do what you should not you must bear what you would not.

No thoroughly consoled man was ever yet very miserable.

THE GREAT PUZZLE OF THE SHIRT WAIST

Not an Easy Thing to Make a Choice.

The Variety Great and Attractive—Pretty White Linen Blouses—Shape of the Sleeves—Some Linen Coats Worn—Elaborate Waists and Their Trimmings.

To anyone less courageous and long suffering than a woman of fashion, the display of shirt waists, blouse waists, and every other kind of waist for sale in the shops and at every dressmaking establishment where imported novelties flourish, would be appalling; but she is not phased by any labyrinth of things to wear. She demands dozens of these dainty garments for her summer wardrobe and the more varied and elaborate the exhibition the more interesting it becomes.

WHITE ETAMINE GOWN.

Notwithstanding the movement toward bouffant sleeves, and gathered and plaited skirts, the always admired short jacket remains and together with the well-shaped skirt, is adaptable to almost every figure.

The gown here illustrated is made of cream white etamine with a gracefully long skirt fitted around the hips and trimmed at the bottom of the flounces with several rows of stitching. The fitted eton, cut low at the neck, has a collar of tulpare lace. It is fastened on the left side and several rows of stitching edge the fronts and waist line. Tight sleeve with small puff at the elbow and a lace cuff complete this dainty costume.

The most puzzling feature of the situation, however, is how and where to draw the line of distinction between the commonplace, universal styles and the choice, exclusive and exceptional modes in blouses with which my lady wishes to distinguish herself from the common herd. Every kind of a dainty hand-made blouse is copied as nearly as possible in the machine-made article, and so it behooves her to be original and individual in her selections.

IMPROVED IN SHAPE.

In name, at least, the shirt waist is still with us, but it has been improved in shape, beautified in decoration beyond all original intentions and has proven to be one of the most artistic, charming and useful members of a woman's outfit. How she ever managed to exist without it is one of the wonders of the age, which will never be solved as she is wise enough to cling to it all the rest of her days. She may be who it her day and generation, but not enough so to treat any substitute for this much prized article of dress.

In the simple blouse which bears out its name, for common wear there is nothing prettier than the white linen very directly cut and fitted and worn with the outfitted, and most becoming stock you can master. Bands of linen, in white or color, joined with a fancy stitch, or narrow lace insertion and inset directly in front with a medallion of lace, make very attractive stocks.

PAJAMA BLOUSE.

In heavier linens there is a style called the "pajama blouse," very plain, very broad on the shoulders, and fitted down the front with routine pajama frogs. The seams of these plain waists are made daintily with beading and it is fashion to add that they are somewhat dainty ones of dinity in white and delicate colors, open down the front, with a few rows of stitching, a narrow box plait and a group of fine tucks at either side. Small white crochet or pearl buttons are the fastening. The front is in groups of tucks with embroidered beading, which also outlines the seams between each group. The bishop sleeve is tucked down the back in the same way, and gathered into a tucked and lace-trimmed cuff. The stock should be made of the same in fine tucks with turn-over edges of lace, and a very tiny bow of the dainty. Little bits of feather tone hold the stock in place, as it has no lining of any sort. The ways of tucking and trimming may be varied to the limit, but in general this is a very good style blouse.

HAIRY BLOUSE.

The blouse which bags all around is very smart, but it rather needs an elaborate surface decoration to make it effective. Absolutely plain material made in this way is not pretty.

The blouse of thin silk, India lawn, very sheer in quality, linen, batiste, net, and lace, has a high place on the list of smart things in dress and is worn with silk and satin skirts regardless. A pretty white batiste blouse shows Valenciennes insertions in diamond design over the front with embroidery in dainty colors decorating each square. All sorts of designs in hand embroidery, lace insertions and motifs, with tucks in combination are wrought out on the blouse fronts, as all the most elaborate ones fasten in the back. White linen blouses with applique designs of pale blue linen outlined with embroidery or white braid are very stunning, and again you see white waists trimmed with narrow bands of blue joined by the open stitch. These may form a round yoke, and a design extending up into the blouse from the belt all around.

French mulls make lovely waists either in plain color, white or flowered designs, one model in the latter showing a round yoke in alternate shirrings and lace insertion.

A LACE BLOUSE.

Among the models is a lace blouse in string color over white chiffon, with a finish of black velvet ribbon, the ends weighted by little tassels and a smart blouse of ecru net, tucked and finished with a gulpure zouave and a rosette of turquoise chiffon. Another one is in ivory Japanese silk, hand tucked and trimmed with lace insertion. Maltese lace trims another Japanese silk blouse, while still another in this material is trimmed with gulpure insertion.

Among the little accessories of the fashionable blouse are the pins which are worn in the front and back of the stock. Any sort of a brooch, so it is not too large, and you have two alike, buttons answers the purpose. Small cameos are very pretty for this purpose, and old sleeve buttons with pins attached are often utilized in this way. Two fancy safety pins are pretty at the back with the stock, which requires no pin in front.

Another and more expensive accessory is the lace collar made to wear with the plain blouses of silk and sheer lawn. There are cuffs to match and the Irish lace is much employed for this purpose. The collars extend to the shoulders, rounding down to the waist line in front. As for belts, there is everything, but the ribbon belt in girdle form at the back is very much worn.

FASHION NOTES.

Dinner gowns with square necks are again in fashion, but for a ball gown, the round low-cut bodice is smartest and most becoming.

Little button roses are much affected by the debutante. In every possible manner she uses them, making a charming trimming for her ball gown. Debutantes are also wearing white point de esprit or white tulle over white silk trimmed with forget-me-nots or pale pink roses.

Youthful dresses for dancing parties are decorated with chiffon roses, with leaves and buds. Mousseline gowns are trimmed with chiffon roses in the same color as the mousseline.

A pretty way to use flower garnitures is in bunches on one side of the bodice trailing down on to the skirt. Tiny bouquet clusters sometimes head the flounces all around the skirt at intervals.

Embroidery in all its phases is the chic thing in decoration this season. Exquisite hand-work is the keynote of success in the fashionable evening gowns of the moment.

Narrow Pompadour ribbons make a pretty finish for evening gowns of white point d'esprit.

Of evening cloaks those that cover the wearer from coiffure to train tip are preferred. They are usually completed with a high collar and the sleeves are wide and flowing.

The present is seasonable weather for the open-meshed underwear which is being worn more and more each year. The men monopolize it to a great extent, for it has no special claims to beauty, and there are few women who do not like dainty underwear. The material is not used for men for underwear alone, but also for negligee shirts in the more closely woven varieties, and also for pajamas. It is not always called the "open-meshed" material, but sometimes "cellular," and it can be found in cotton as well as linen.

The greater part of the coarse linen stocks are of white embroidered in scrolls and dots of black, and some one color. Some have the embroidery simply on a little turnover colar, with a four-in-hand tie embroidered at the ends. Others are embroidered all over the stock and have two short tabs in front. Linen in natural color is also used, but it is never as becoming as white next to the face.

Here is a brief description of a simple French petticoat, which is in good taste. It is of nainsook or some dainty wash material of that kind, finished around the lower edge with a deep, narrow scallop, embroidered on the edge and beneath with the edge showing below and a little of it between where the small battlements separate is an edge of torchon lace.

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Wrist bags are preferred by many to the bags fastened to the belt. New effects are constantly introduced in the former style, and can be obtained to blend with all shades of material used for street wear.

Straw hats for wear with tailored suits are of the wide sailor shape, with slightly rolled brim, and rather low crown, trimmed with a silk scarf, the ends of which hang in streamers at the back.

Novelty veiling—for veils, not for gowns—comes in delicate shades, the dull tones, and also in delicate pinks, but so delicate that they are inconspicuous.

CREPE DE CHINE BODICE.

The accompanying sketch suggests a stylish blouse of blue crepe de chine with a prettily shaped tucked yoke enriched with gulpure insertion, and the front is laid in narrow box plaits that extend from its lower edge and form a full pouch at the waist line. The back of the blouse is laid in small box plaits throughout and the bishop sleeve has a deep lace trimmed cuff.

Parasols of figured and novelty silk, to wear with gowns of the same material, are finished with a bow of the silk at the handle.

A Statesman's Jokes.

Some excellent bon mots are ascribed to Lord North. "I am obliged to you, for introducing me to some old acquaintances," he said to his physician, after an illness which had reduced his corpulence. "Who are they, my lord?" asked the doctor; and the Prime Minister replied: "My ribs, which I have not felt for many years until now." Oddly enough, though never so happy as when in society or at home, Lord North had no love for music. A friend who begged him to subscribe for a series of concerts urged as a reason the fact that Lord North's father did so. "Yes," said North, "and if I were as deaf as my brother I would subscribe too." George III. once asked the Premier the character of a well-known office-seeker. "He is, your Majesty," said North, "Chief Secretary for Ireland—a man on whom, if your Majesty were pleased to bestow the United Kingdom, he would ask for the Isle of Man as a potato garden."

Unsettled.

"So the new boarder told the landlady's fortune by a coffee cup. What did he say?"

"Well, he said he could tell by the grounds that she would lose some boarders very shortly."

SUMMER WRAPS.

Among the fashionable summer wraps we find the long cape of black applique not over white taffeta the most stylish, and as here sketched, we have one elaborately trimmed with ruffles of net on which are stitched several rows of narrow satin ribbon.

The second sketch pictures a three-quarter house coat of Pongee, having a deep collar of Russian lace surrounded by ribon trimmed frills of the Pongee. The ball sleeve is finished with a triple frill of Pongee.

☞ What many are saying: "At last the small boys' racket is over!"

☞ Farmers fear that the rain business is being overdone,—clouds and storm at some time in nearly every twenty-four hours. It has given the berry vines a new lease of life, but interferes with picking. Everything is growing as though to make up for time lost by unusual cool weather, which still continues, and the weeks of drouth.

☞ We were misinformed in regard to Dr. Bitler's connection with that Italian stabbing case. He did not take the wounded man to Atlantic City, although he approved of that move, having seen the man but once,—summoned while the attending physician, Dr. Cunningham, was out of town.

ADVERTISEMENTS in this size type for one half cent per word each insertion. No charge less than 10 cents.

☞ Messrs. Kisner & Bennett, of Belmar, N. J., were the lowest bidders for wells for our town water-works. At their meeting on Wednesday evening, the Commissioners voted to give that firm the contract. The price will be three dollars per foot for six inch well; the depth from 200 to 450 feet.

☞ List of uncalled-for letters in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, July 2, 1902.:

Lugia Grillo	Antonio Parise
Francesco Poglia	Jack Lamon
Frank Carulle	Salvatore Polmiore
Giuseppe Bertullo	Pasquale Benedetto

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

M. L. JACKSON, P. M.

☞ Hereafter, the subscription price for the *Republican* and *Philadelphia Weekly Press* will be $1.50 per year.

Hotel Arrivals.

The hotel registers contain the following names during the week ending with Thursday, July 3rd:

Hotel Royal.....

Philadelphia... Thos Hare, J F Mayer, T H Moore, J V Blades, Dr H Sherman and wife, Jas P Hillard, John Quigbay, Legmon Lee & wife, Arthur and Constance Lee, Miss Kate Sharp, Frank P Desmiro, W Bowes, S Lych, J Sberdean, Geo Boner and wife, E S Erb, J R Erb, Dr R J Fritzinger and wife, Charles Blizard and wife, Mr and Mrs E T Reynolds, S it Weaver and family, E T Gillin, Geo W Bellum, G W Harrold, Watt Collins, F W Hall, Walter Z Seltzer, Ralph J Seltzer, Mr & Mrs H O Lippincott, H Dawson, Dr O Lipper, Dr G Middleton, H Hamer, J A Adams, E H Hare.

Atlantic City... Wm Bennett, J T French, Lew S Risley, Eloise J Middleton, Thompson Irvin and wift.

New York...A C McKenzie..

Camden...P J Jorden, A H Bonsor.

Washington, D C...E K Hallser, S E Brook, Endrew Leferage, John Bennett.

Allentown, Pa—John Anewaer.

Clayton, N. J...E E Crowley

Middleton, Del...J Laning

Wilmington, Del...H Holton.

Cape May...Mary Compton.

Bridgeton...Harry B Haines.

Mifflintown, Pa...Lola M Harley.

Brooklyn...Edw S Naylor.

Germantown...Geo DuBell.

Hotel Columbia.....

Philadelphia...A M Walton, Dan'l Lees, W H McMichare, C D Brink, Edw Wilkin, A M Freenie, Jas Marinella, Jos Gasparro, Dr C Sipple, H Hor Dawson.

New York City...S B Reinra, K L Rieger, Dr Middleton.

Scranton, Pa...C D Shaw.

Germantown...Geo DuBell

Egg Harbor...F Fiedler.

Hammonton House.....

Philadelphia... W G LeConey, H S Hier, John C Curran, C Carpenter.

Atlantic City...J H Sawyer.

Woodstown...E F Stewart

Bridgeton...F H Wilcox.

Pittsburg...A F Bacon.

SPECIAL MASTER'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree to me directed, issued out of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, in the cause wherein Marion J. Bason is complainant and Thornton W. Fay and others are defendants, I will expose to sale at public vendue, on

Saturday, Aug. 9th, 1902.

at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Hotel Royal, in the Town of Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, all the following described parcel of land, situate in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey:

Beginning at the north corner of Bellevue and Railroad Avenues, running (1) north-east along the north side of Bellevue Avenue sixty-one and three twelfths feet to a point; thence (2) north-west, parallel with Railroad Avenue one hundred and thirty feet; thence (3) south west, parallel with Bellevue Avenue, sixty one and three-twelfths feet to a point; thence (4) southeasterly along the northerly edge of Rail road Avenue, one hundred and thirty feet to the place of beginning.

JOSEPH THOMPSON,
Special Master.

O. S. KING, Solicitor.

adv. fee, $3.60 30

Base-Ball News.

The Castle Wheelmen were unable to score in last Saturday's game, being defeated 6 to 0 in a one-sided contest. The visitors secured seven safe drives, which were too widely scattered to be productive of a tally. Only in one inning, the first, was more than a single hit made.

The home team fielded well, two fast double plays being made. Features of the game were the fielding of Harrar at second base, and Cordery in centre.

The score:

HAMMONTON

	R	H	O	A	E
Harrar, 2b	0	2	6	4	0
Setley, ss	1	1	1	1	0
J Jefferson, 3b	3	3	4	4	1
P Jefferson, p	1	3	0	5	0
Conley, lf	1	1	0	0	0
Herbert, 1b	0	1	7	0	0
Cordery, cf	0	1	4	0	0
Angelow, c	0	1	5	1	1
Naylor, rf	0	0	0	0	0
	6	13	27	15	2

CASTLE WHEELMEN.

Hoffner, 3b	0	1	1	2	1
Lenoir, c	0	2	2	1	0
Fritz, ss	0	2	4	4	0
Kane, 2b	0	0	1	1	0
Rudolph, 1b	0	0	0	0	0
Stulons, lf	0	0	8	1	0
Scull, rf	0	0	0	0	1
Garrigan, rf	0	0	0	1	0
Sullivan, cf	0	1	4	0	1
Emory, p	0	1	0	2	0
	0	7	24	12	3

Hammonton	4	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—6
Castles	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned...Ham 2

Two base hits...Fritz, J Jefferson

Wild throws...J Jeff, Hoffner

Dropped fly ball...Angelow, Scull

Fumbles...Sullivan

Left on bases...Ham 6, Castle 7

Struck out...Cordery, Kane, Rudolph 2, Sullivan, Garrigan

Stolen bases...Conley, Hoffner

Double plays...J Jeff, Harrar to Herbert 2

Base on balls...Cordery, Setley, Rudolph

Base on errors...Ham 3, Castle 2

Hit by pitched ball...Simons 2

Passed balls...Angelow

Umpire...Holland. Time...1.10

The boys journeyed to the shore on Tuesday last, to meet the Atlantic City aggregation, and met defeat in just such fashion as they administered it to the Castles on Saturday. The Collegians were too strong, but found it a difficult matter to score against our team, only two of their runs being earned.

The features were the pitching of Paul Jefferson, who held the Atlantic down to seven hits, and the work of Pop Conley in left field.

The score:

Hammonton.....					
Harrar, 2b	0	0	1	2	1
J Jefferson, 3b	0	2	1	5	0
P Jefferson, p	0	1	1	4	0
Conley, lf	0	1	4	0	1
Long, ss	0	0	1	1	1
Herbert, 1b	0	1	10	2	1
Cordery, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Angelow, c	0	1	7	0	0
Naylor, rf	0	1	2	0	0
	0	7	27	14	4

Atlantic City.....					
Melcher, 2b	1	1	2	3	0
Dickson, ss	1	1	3	4	0
Bray, cf	1	1	3	0	0
Hartley, p	2	1	3	0	1
McCormick, lf	0	2	0	0	1
Tracy, 1b	0	0	10	1	0
Bradley, 3b	0	0	2	2	1
Kerins, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Pierson, c	1	1	4	0	0
	6	7	27	10	3

Hammonton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Atlantic	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1—6

Runs earned...Atlantic 1

Three base hits...Pierson

Dropped fly...McCormick

Sacrifice hits...Tracy.

Left on bases...Ham 8, Atlantic 6

Struck out...Bray 2, Melcher, Dickson, Bradley, Kerins 2, Cordery 2, Naylor, Angelow

Stolen bases...J Jefferson, Dickson, Tracy, McCormick

Dropped thrown ball...Herbert

Double plays...P Jeff, Herbert to J Jeff, J Jeff, Harrar to Herbert

Base on balls...Dickson, Bray

Fumbles...Harrar, Bradley

Base on errors...Ham 2, Atlantic 3

Hit by pitched ball...Kerins

Wild throws...Long, Conley, Hartley

Passed balls...Angelow

Umpire...Dickson. Time, 1.20

In answering advertisements, say "I saw it in the SOUTH JERSEY REPUBLICAN."

These time-tables are not correct.

Be sure and read the foot-notes.

WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.

Schedule in effect May 25, 1902—Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS. UP TRAINS.

Sun. Acc. p. m.	Sun. Acc. a. m.	Acc. p.m.	Ex. p.m.	Acc. p.m.	Ex p.m.	Acc. a. m.	Acc. a.m.	Ex. a.m.	STATION	Acc. a.m.	Acc. a.m.	Exp. a. m.	Acc p. m.	Acc. p.m.	Sun Acc a.m.	Sun Acc p.m.
4 30	8 10	6 00	.....	4 32	2 00	10 45	8 00	4 50	.....Philadelphia.....	7 31	8 35	10 10	1 50	6 27	9 05	6 25
4 38	8 18	6 08	.....	4 39	2 07	10 52	8 07	5 00	.....Camden.....	7 23	8 27	10 02	1 42	6 19	8 55	6 15
*4 49	8 29	6 20	.....	4 48	.....	11 03	8 17	.....	.....Collingswood.....	7 08	8 17	.....	1 30	6 07	8 42	6 01
4 55	8 38	6 28	.....	4 54	.....	11 10	8 25	.....	.....Haddonfield.....	7 00	8 11	.....	1 23	5 59	8 35	5 53
5 05	8 48	6 38	.....	5 03	.....	11 20	8 35	.....	.....Kirkwood.....	6 47	8 00	.....	1 12	5 48	8 20	5 40
5 16	9 00	6 53	.....	5 15	.....	11 32	8 48	.....	.....Berlin.....	6 34	7 50	.....	1 00	5 35	8 09	5 24
5 22	9 05	6 59	.....	5 35	.....	11 38	8 53	.....	.....Atco.....	6 28	7 47	.....	12 55	5 29	8 03	5 18
5 31	9 12	7 09	.....	5 43	.....	11 47	9 01	.....	.....Waterford.....	6 18	7 26	.....	12 47	5 20	7 56	5 12
5 41	9 16	7 15	.....	*5 47	.....	*11 51	*9 05	.....	.....Ancora.....	6 12	7 21	.....	12 42	5 14	*7 51	*5 09
5 38	9 21	7 21	.....	5 52	.....	11 56	9 10	.....	...Winslow Jc. (Pve).....	6 08	7 17	.....	12 37	5 10	7 47	5 04
5 45	9 28	7 30	.....	5 59	2 41	12 03	9 17	5 40	.....Hammonton.....	6 00	7 10	9 25	12 30	5 03	7 41	4 57
5 56	*9 39	.....	.....	6 18	.....	.....	9 27	.....	.....Elwood.....	.....	7 00	.....	.....	4 53	7 31	4 41
6 03	9 46	.....	.....	6 20	.....	.....	9 34	.....	.....Egg Harbor.....	.....	6 53	9 14	.....	4 45	7 24	4 33
6 23	10 15	.....	.....	6 45	.....	.....	9 53	.....	.....Absecon.....	.....	6 36	.....	.....	4 27	7 06	4 14
6 35	10 24	.....	.....	6 57	3 15	.....	10 05	6 20	.....Atlantic City.....	.....	6 25	8 55	.....	4 15	6 55	4 02

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

J B HUTCHINSON, Gen'l Manager. J R WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

Atlantic City R. R.

Saturday, May 17, 1902.

Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS. UP TRAINS.

Sund p. m.	Sund a. m.	Sund Acc a.m.	Ac p.m.	p.m.	p.m	p.m	a.m.	STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p.m	Sun a. m	Sun p.m
5 00	8 00	6 00	6 30	5 40	4 30	2 00	6 00	.....Philadelphia.....	6 25	8 10	.....	10 25	6 25	8 50	9 25	6 25
5 12	8 10	6 12	6 42	5 52	4 40	2 10	6 12	..... Camden	6 10	8 00	.....	10 13	6 10	8 38	9 14	6 14
5 19	.....	6 21	6 50	6 01	.....	.....	6 21	.....West Collingswood.....	6 05	.....	.....	.....	6 03	.....	9 07	6 07
5 27	.....	6 29	6 58	6 10	.....	.....	6 29	.....Haddon Heights.....	5 54	.....	.....	.....	5 55	.....	8 58	5 59
5 40	.....	6 44	7 12	6 24	.....	.....	6 44	.....Laurel Springs.....	5 38	.....	.....	.....	5 40	.....	8 43	5 44
5 44	.....	6 49	7 16	6 28	.....	.....	6 49	..... Clementon.....	5 34	.....	.....	.....	5 36	.....	8 39	5 40
5 56	.....	7 00	7 26	6 39	.....	.....	7 00	...Williamstown Junc.....	5 25	.....	.....	.....	5 28	.....	8 27	5 30
6 02	.....	7 05	7 31	6 45	.....	.....	7 06	.....Cedar Brook.....	5 19	.....	.....	.....	5 21	.....	8 21	5 23
6 08	.....	7 09	7 35	1049	.....	.....	7 09	.....Blue Anchor.....	5 15	.....	.....	.....	5 16	.....	8 16	5 18
6 13	.....	7 14	7 52	6 54	5 08	2 40	7 14	...Winslow Junc. (Pve)...	5 11	.....	.....	.....	5 10	.....	8 12	5 14
6 19	8 41	7 21	7 59	6 59	5 13	2 43	7 21	.....Hammonton	5 05	7 30	.....	9 38	4 58	8 04	8 04	5 07
6 25	.....	7 26	.....	7 04	.....	.....	7 26	....Da Costa.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4 53	.....	7 59	5 04
6 32	.....	7 33	.....	7 10	.....	.....	7 33	....Elwood	.....	.....	.....	.....	4 26	.....	7 51	4 55
6 39	8 58	7 41	.....	7 16	.....	.....	7 41	.....Egg Harbor.....	.....	.....	.....	9 23	4 19	7 51	7 44	4 32
6 47	.....	7 49	.....	7 23	5 31	.....	7 49	.....Brigantine Junc.....	.....	.....	.....	9 16	4 10	.....	7 35	4 27
6 56	9 11	8 02	.....	7 35	.....	.....	8 02	....Pleasantville.....	.....	.....	.....	9 08	3 59	.....	7 25	4 15
7 04	9 20	8 10	.....	7 45	5 50	3 15	8 10	.....Atlantic City.....	.....	7 10	.....	9 00	3 50	7 10	7 15	4 05

Express leaves Philadelphia at 10.45 a.m., stopping at Hammonton at 11.28.

Hammonton Accommodation leaves Philada. at 8.00 p.m., reaching Hammonton at 9.11.

Up accommodation leaves Hammonton at 5.35 a.m., reaching Philada. at 6.55.

Up accommodation leaves Atlantic at 6.25 a.m., Hammonton 7.13, Philadelphia 8.30.

Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic 7.30, Egg Harbor 7.55, Hammonton 8.11, reaching Phila. 9.04.

W. A. GARRETT, Gen. Supt. ELSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Passenger Agent