South Jersey Republican

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Letter from Camp Voorhees.

SEA GIRT, N. J., August 9, 1898.

All the boys are well, except colds. Billy Bull enjoys himself as much as any one, and knows more about getting up time than any of us. He is up first and waits for the sunrise gun, then tries to make the boys understand that it is time to get up, by yelps. At dress parade, he lies at the head of the company street, and when the bugle blows he begins to cry. The boys have to hold him to prevent his running at the cannon when it goes off at sunset. He knows as much about meal calls as any one, and answers to each, but has no "kit." He takes his daily bath with the rest, and when the boys forget to go he goes alone. He has gained friends in all the companies. His particular friend is "Shafter," a billy-goat in Co. H; they play together. This is the goat that waves the stars and stripes.

The boys take great care in dressing Billy Bull every night for dress parade, that visitors may see who he belongs to. The blanket shows him up nicely. His pictures are all over the country, as every one who comes into camp with a camera includes the dog.

Will Slack had to have a cot made to order, as his feet would hang over the lower end. When he covers his feet the blanket only comes up to his waist. As to feeding, he eats all he can get the first time, then kicks because he's still hungry; but he hasn't nerve enough to tackle the cook for more.

Harry Roberts is getting to be quite religious. He was selected as a Sunday School teacher at the Y. M. C. A.

Wm. H. Flanagan, Harry Roberts, Will Slack, J. H. Kane, and Jas. Woolbert qualified in the 200-yard range. Steve Woolbert would have been in the number, but fired at the wrong target, and it didn't count, though he made a bull's-eye.

Steve's appetite is wonderful. He always shows up at meal-time for two turns, and would like a third, tho' one course is enough for an ordinary eater.

John Alloway is first in line at meals and last at drill. The boys think he would make a much better finisher than soldier.

J. H. Kane is an expert at cards and quoit pitching. The other day he was so much interested in a card game that he didn't notice when the rest started out to drill; and the Captain found him thirty minutes later, playing solitaire.

Lew Allendar, our "Spring Chicken," was on guard duty one evening last week. When the Officer of the Day approached, Lew halted him. The officer asked why, and explained that he, being officer of the day, could pass in or out at any time. Lew replied, "You had better get out of this, for if the officer of the night catches you he'll give you —— rats!"

Will Flanagan was out on a pass the other day, and on his return gave us a long description of an elegant dinner given him by a "lady friend" in Manasquan. We learned, later, that he was not satisfied with his breakfast, and called at a house in town, where the cook took pity on him and managed to scrape up a hand-out, which the hungry boy evidently appreciated.

John French and Steve Woolbert were invited to a country dinner at Lake Como, which they accepted, and reported a very enjoyable time.

There is only one tent in Co. F where more than three sleep,—that is where James Woolbert and Billy Bull put up. As the tents are only large enough for three cots, and two are occupied by Atlantic City boys, there is but one for the other two.

Slack and Steve Woolbert will be home on a two-days furlough on the 20th, and Flanagan on the 23rd.

Billy Bull stood inspection with the rest, last Friday, standing at the right of the line, and passed favorably.

Chas. Cunningham, M.D.
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Hill's Block, Hammonton.
Office Hours, 7:30 to 10:00 A.M.
1:00 to 3:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 P.M.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night; and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Crowell's Drug Store. Regular size 50 c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed.

Yellowstone Park and the Omaha Exposition.

The Yellowstone National Park is unquestionably one of the most interesting regions on the globe, for within it is displayed the greatest collection of nature's manifold wonders. Indeed, this mountain-bound plateau, high up on the summit of the everlasting Rockies, is a veritable playground for the world's giant forces. The personally conducted tour of the Penna. R. R. Co., which leaves New York on Sept. 1, affords the most satisfactory means of visiting this wonderland and viewing its marvelous features. A stop of two days will be made on the return trip at Omaha, affording an opportunity to visit the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Tourists will travel by special train of Pullman smoking, dining, sleeping, and observation cars in each direction. Eight days will be spent in the Park. A stop will also be made returning at Chicago. The round-trip rate, $235 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, $230 from Pittsburg, covers all necessary expenses.

For detailed itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant Gen. Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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Visiting Watkins Glenn, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Quebec, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lake Champlain, and Lake George, Saratoga, and the Highlands of the Hudson. Leave Philadelphia by special train Aug. 16. The tour will be in charge of one of the Penna. R.R. Co's tourist agents. An experienced chaperon will also accompany the party, having especial charge of unescorted ladies.

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For detailed itinerary, tickets, or any additional information, address Tourist Agent Penna. R.R. Co., 1196 Broadway, New York; 806 Fulton St., Brooklyn, 789 Broad St., Newark; or George W. Boyd, Asst. Gen. Pass'r Agt., Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.

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Topics of the Times

HIS NERVE

Got This Drummer a Job that Belonged to Another.

"That was a strange experience," admitted the traveling man when some one had recalled the incident to him. "I'll tell you on the level that it converted me to the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our end, and that the fellow who is willing to drift is not such a chump after all.

"As the boys say, I was on my uppers. No one questioned my ability on the road. I could sell goods to men who had no real use for them, and you'll admit that to be the supreme test of a drummer. If I had one forte above another, it was that of selling stoves. I could get rid of a hard-coal burner in a soft-coal district, and I could place a consignment of wood stoves in the middle of a prairie district.

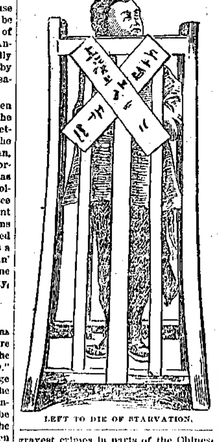
"One morning I waked up in the modern Troy of New York without a cent and without a job. To most men the situation would have been as cold as a polar expedition, but, as intimated, I'm a fatalist. After jollying the bartender for a patriotic cocktail and the barber for a shave, I went to the nearest stove factory. The clock struck 12 just as I entered the place. Before the handsome young man at the desk could say a word I had told him that I was on time. I think the remark was the inspiration of an extremity.

"We'll not stop to discuss terms at this time," he said. 'You have an hour in which to catch a train. Here's your expense money. It is a new route, but it will serve to try you out.' I was knocked daffy, but I took the money, caught the train and sold stoves right and left. In a week I had a letter from the house asking who in the world I was and where I came from. The other fellow, for whom I was mistaken, had shown up and claimed the job. But they told me to fire away, and they raised my salary. I'm with 'em yet."—Detroit Free Press.

CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

The Criminal Is Caged Up and Left to Starve to Death.

This picture from the Wide World shows a form of punishment for the gravest crimes in parts of the Chinese empire. The criminal is caged up and left to die of starvation.



LEFT TO DIE OF STARVATION.

THE "TERRIBLE TURK."

Ismail Yousouf, Giant Wrestler, Miser and Glutton, Who Died in the Sea.

Somewhere on the bottom of the Atlantic, sixty miles or more south of Sable Island, there is lying in the tangled wreckage of *La Bourgogne* the massively muscular body of a man; and in a leathern belt around that man's waist are gold coins to the amount of $8,500, a goodly weight.

The man was Ismail Yousouf, Turk, wrestler, protege of the Sultan, miser, glutton. The weight about his waist was what did him to death. When the French liner went down it was a hand-to-hand fight among the passengers and crew for possession of the boats. Ismail Yousouf was a giant, a wild beast for strength, and he might have thrust scores aside when he made for a boat. But the belt was about him and he thought more of that than he did of the boat or himself. So he went down with it and the world has lost a unique figure from among her men of might.

THE TURK AND HIS MONEY-BELT.

Incidentally Scutari, which smiles complacently opposite Stamboul, has lost its demi-god; for Yousouf was revered and feared in Scutari, whence he came. Yousouf was on his way home to open a coffee or bazar or some such place of indolent business where he might put more gold into his belt and stuff more food under his belt. For Yousouf was a gormand of the most insatiable sort. The "Terrible Turk" had never really been beaten until the belt gripped him this last time. Men won from him on fouls, but not by strength. It was his invariable rule, until William A. Brady began to manage him, to go into a bout with the belt around him. But Brady at once changed this order of things by compelling the Turk to divest himself of the "clinch," for Yousouf wore it tight—before entering the ring. There was $2,500 in gold in the belt at that time, which made the Turk overweight. And from the moment the belt was off until the bout was over Yousouf was in agony. He was like a Samson shorn of his strength.

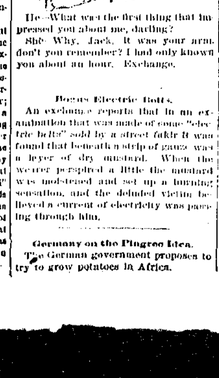
ALTAR MADE OF ICE.

Remarkable Outdoor Religious Service Held in Russia.

Accompanying illustration shows an outdoor Russian church service, the altar being made of ice. These services are common all over the dominions ruled by the Czar, and particularly so at this time of the year. They begin at the season of Waltsantide, and are held at intervals during the months that follow.

The altar of ice is supposed to be typical of Whit (or White) Sunday, and the services are held by the priests of the Russian church, to induce people to give up their evil habits and live a pure and holy life. The sight of one of these gatherings, with the priests and choir arrayed in spotless white garments, is indeed an impressive one, and the singing and chanting which accompany the kneeling of the congregation before the altar are never forgotten by those who have been present.

Some of the altars look very beautiful, for some men are masters of the art of ice cutting, and artistically model the block of ice. In the villages it generally consists of a rude block of ice surmounted by a cross.



THE ALTAR OF ICE.

IMPROVED SEA MESSENGER.

Device to Convey Tidings from Vessels in Distress.

Should you be walking on the beach, and pick up a tiny boat bearing the legend: "Whoever finds this boat, look in the stern tube for an abstract log," which please forward to Lloyd's underwriters, London," you will know that one of Captain Bowden's patent sea-messengers has fulfilled its mission. The messenger is like the model of a vessel, or boat (length 2 feet 2 inches, breadth 6½ inches, depth 6½ inches).

THE SEA MESSENGER.

From the stern, which is square, a chamber is bored forwards longitudinally, and in it is inserted a metallic tube, to hold a small wooden rod, round which the ship's log or any other information written upon paper or the like may be rolled. The sea-messenger is made of solid wood (pine), and is entirely covered externally with Munts' yellow metal, to protect it when about and also to render it conspicuous. Upon the deck the inscription is engraved on a metallic plate. The boat is suitably ballasted to prevent its capsizing and to keep the deck-plate in view at all times while floating. The inventor wants to make it imperative by law for all shipmasters to keep an abstract log fully written up day by day (noon preferred) and kept inserted in the messenger in readiness for an emergency. By this means the oftimes cruel silence and dreaded suspense to those on shore may be averted.

Equal to the Occasion.

The Bektashee is an influential and enlightened order of dervishes which no sultan has ever been able to suppress. At the present time the gentlemen of the order belong to the Liberal, or Young Turkey party; they have always played a prominent part in revolutionary movements, and in connection with a period when these were in exceptionally bad odor, the author of "The Sultan and His Subjects" relates a comical anecdote:

Rival orders, taking advantage of the situation, endeavored to induce Sultan Mahmoud II. to suppress the Bektashee, which, in truth, he was not at all reluctant to do. His majesty, however, determined to put the unpopular brethren to a test.

He accordingly gave a great banquet, to which he invited all the principal dervishes in Constantinople. What was the surprise of his guests to find that each was supplied with a spoon having a handle a yard long!

How on earth were they to eat their pilaf? They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders, and wondered what it could mean.

"Come, come," cries the Sultan from his throne at the upper end of the room, "why do you not eat your pilaf?"

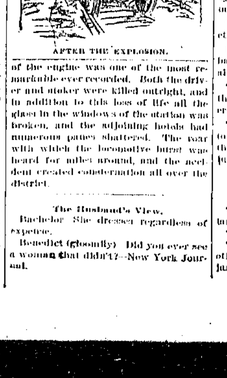
The dismayed looks of the dervishes plainly indicated the puzzled condition of their minds. Suddenly, to the intense amusement of the Commander of the Faithful, and of the company in general, the Bektashee dervishes fed each other mutually, across the table, with their giant spoons.

"Well done!" cried the Padishah, clapping his hands with delight, "you are indeed progressive and sensible men. O Bektashee, and I shall not suppress your order if please these idiots who are so dull of comprehension."

EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOSION.

Which Blew Up in Dublin.

The accompanying picture represents all that remained of a locomotive engine which burst some years ago on the Dublin and Wicklow line, Ireland. It is not too much to say that the explosion of the engine was one of the most remarkable ever recorded. Both the driver and stoker were killed outright, and in addition to this loss of life all the glass in the wheelmen's of the station was broken, and the adjoining hotels had numerous panes shattered. The roar with which the locomotive burst was heard for miles around, and the accident created consternation all over the district.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

HOBSON AS A ROMEO.

Hero of the Merrimac Was Once Tried for Hugging a Girl.

Stories of Lieut. Hobson are now in order, and the following one is related by a lady in the city who attended school with the hero of the hour when he was a pupil at Marion, Ala., in the eighties. Marion, like most college towns, had two flourishing schools, one for each sex—the Judson seminary for the girls and the Marion Military Institute for their brothers. The last named was where young Hobson attended. These schools were largely patronized by the States surrounding Alabama, and the students boarded in the college buildings, where a strict surveillance was kept over them, and anything like a flirtation between the boys and girls was prohibited in the most rigid manner.

Once a month, however, the literary society of the military school held an open session at the church, to which the girls were invited, and to which they came under the chaperonage of their teachers. They formed in a long line in pairs, and, with two teachers in front and two in the rear, they filed from the Judson grounds across the square to the church, which stood back in the yard, and on each side of the serpentine pathway leading to the door were rows of elm trees. The boys were accustomed at the close of the open meetings to rush from the church and stand on each side of the walk against these elms and give a military salute to the girls as they filed past them on their way back to the seminary.

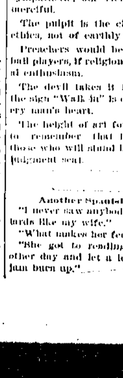
One evening, after one of these entertainments, and just as the procession had started from the church, there was a piercing scream heard coming from the center of the line, where the utmost confusion was found to prevail. The lady teachers from both ends hurried forward to see what could be the trouble. The spectacled professors of the college also hurried forward and demanded what had happened. One of the prettiest girls of the school was in tears, and declared that "Dick" Hobson had rushed out from the line of boys and hugged her. That was a very serious accusation indeed, and shortly afterward the teachers of the Judson school and several of the pupils were asked to appear against Richmond P. Hobson, who was to be tried by court-martial.

It was an interesting trial, and much interesting testimony was brought out. The girl in the case said that while she could not see the face of the one who hugged her she was sure it was "Dick," because he had been slipping notes to her at Sunday school. Her companions also agreed that they couldn't see the face of the hugger in the darkness, but from the way "Dick" had looked at them when they were in the church they were sure he was the guilty party.

Everything seemingly went to prove the young man's guilt, and finally the grave professor who was presiding over the court asked the culprit if he had anything to say in his own defense. The future hero of Santiago Bay stood up before the crowded room, and with great solemnity said: "Mr. Professor, I have only one thing to say, and that is if the court will let me hug the young lady now, and if she says it is the same kind of a hug she received that evening, then I am willing to be expelled," and he took his seat amidst a very audible titter. It is hardly necessary to say that while he was not allowed the privilege of the test, Mr. Hobson escaped expulsion.—Washington Post.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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



SILENCE is golden; but not in the pulpit.

Vice is the only thing not worth knowing.

Neither pansions nor roses are killed by preaching.

There are no mortgages where there are many mansions.

The true call to preach is backed by the people's call to hear.

The man who hasn't time to live for Christ hasn't eternity to live with Christ.

Our own temptations should make us sympathetic; our victories over them, merciful.

The pulpit is the chair of heavenly ethics, not of earthly economics.

Preachers would be as well paid as ball players, if religion were the national enthusiasm.

The devil takes it for granted that the sign "Wall St" is on the door of every man's heart.

The height of art for the preacher is to remember that he stands before those who will stand beside him at the judgment seat.

Another Spanish Atrocity.

"I never saw anybody hate the Spaniards like my wife."

"What makes her feel that way?"

"She got to reading war news the other day and let a lot of raspberry jam burn up."

Bogus Electric Belts.

An exchange reports that in an examination that was made of some "electric belts" sold by a street fakir it was found that beneath a strip of gauze was a layer of dry mustard. When the wearer perspired a little the mustard was moistened and set up a tingling sensation, and the deluded victim believed a current of electricity was passing through him.

Germany on the Pingree Idea.

The German government proposes to try to grow potatoes in Africa.

Little Night Shadow.

Jones—Funny about Deacon Pratt. Awfully absent-minded, you know.

Brown—What's he been doing now?

Jones—At the prayer meeting last evening Elder Goode asked him to lead in prayer, and before he knew it he was saying the deacon replied: "It isn't my lead. I dealt 'em."—It was evident that his mind was still on the little game he had the night before.—Boston Transcript.

The Husband's View.

Bachelor—She dresses regardless of expense.

Benedict (gloomily)—Did you ever see a woman that didn't?—New York Journal.

SERMONS OF THE DAY

"Silence in Heaven." the Subject—The Mighty Import of the Cessation Described in Revelations—Half Hour Which Have Determined Destinies.

TEXT: "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."—Revelations, viii., 1.

"Take this watch and keep it," said a dying Christian as he picked it up from the stand at his pillow, "I have no more need of it. I am going where time shall be no longer." But it seems from my text that heaven was at least once measured by unearthly time-piece.

The hottest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center, from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active, with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions, mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The band of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, Heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop, as other cities, for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcy, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows to accumulate. Neither what, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, near the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was, and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we may learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to do is to say nothing; and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right, accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Oh, the power of patient silence! Shakespeare, the great poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. Allison Wilson Vice-President of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield President. The half hour a day for good books or bad books; the half hour a day for prayer or indolence; the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others; the half hour before you go to business, and the half hour after your return from business; that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies, and cannot endure even the silent seasons for more than half an hour. Hence the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended. Recess! Come back! Come down! till your work is done. Shoulder a little longer your cattles. Weep a little longer your grief; and then take heaven and its full half hour, but in its mightiest pomp and instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have come in as a saint? After your probation before the throne in worship of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book, containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles. These medals pinned over the breast of the returned heroes of the army, on great occasions, the royal family present, and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the Legion of Honor, the Victoria Cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you engaged. Hand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia which you are announced as victor over political misfortune, as victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the stock exchange, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over professional allurements, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worldmotts, victor over physical distress, victor over hereditary depression, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates these victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saints, angels, and divine, while all heaven chants "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

"If heaven is all this while halted, what will it be when the march is on? If heaven is all this while stood, what will it be when in full triumph? Many years ago, at the Crystal Palace, in New York, Julien gave a great concert, 3000 voices and 2000 players, upon instruments. He controlled that great harmony, beating time with hand and foot, and to myself, who had never before heard music on a great scale, it was overpowering. But oh, when they shall come from the north and the south, and the east and the west, and from all parts in the temple of God and the Lamb, and Christ shall give, and all heaven shall join with Him, He shall control that harmony with one wounded hand and once wounded foot, and it will be like the voice of many waters and the voice of many thunderings. Worldly is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power. Amen and amen!

The rules of an hotel, especially sea rules, are very valuable to sailors in port. Another—The hotel clerk on the hotel and ... and their ... and boatmen that they are near the land.—Judge.

engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train, though they thereby lost their lives and went down through the open drawbridge.

Robert Goffin, the master miner, who landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine, just as he heard the waters rush in, and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him to safety, put a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child in the bucket, and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying: "Tell them the water has burst in and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the other end of the gallery," and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got too crown on earth, we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep 500,000,000 of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has been augmented, peopled, populated. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. There is not so much difference between Washington, a mudhole seventy years ago, and Washington now, the most beautiful city on earth; not so much difference between New York and Canal street was far uptown, and when Canal street is far downtown, as there is difference between what heaven was when that half hour was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with what it will be when we have a half hour to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour! Subject about which I impress me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past, and the millions of ages to come, not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly chronometer was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hours of your life determine everything. I not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but want of the half hours. Tell me the history of your half hours, and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hours shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physicist that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as school master that made Salmon P. Chase Chief Justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson Vice-President of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield President. The half hour a day for good books or bad books; the half hour a day for prayer or indolence; the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others; the half hour before you go to business, and the half hour after your return from business; that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

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Mabel—I understand that there were only square dances at Mrs. Flippit's small and early. Maud—Yes; there wasn't men enough to go round.—Judge.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

August 11, 1898

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.

Golden Text: Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.—Psalm 55 : 22.

(2 Kings 4 : 25-37. Memory verses: 32-35). Read the chapter.

QUARTERLY LESSON PLAN.

Topic for the Quarter: Fruitless Efforts for a Sinful Nation.

Golden Text for the Quarter: For all this they sinned still, and believed not for his wondrous works.—Psalm 78 : 32.

LESSON PLAN.

Topic: The Prophet's Power over Death.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE MOTHER'S ERRAND (vs. 25-28)
1. The journey (25 a).
2. The recognition (25 b).
3. The greeting (26 a).
4. The response (26 b).
5. The meeting (27 a).
6. The repulse (27 b).
7. The defense (27 c).
8. The appeal (28).

II. THE SERVANT'S FAILURE (vs. 29-31).
1. The servant dispatched (29 a).
2. The staff sent (29 b).
3. The haste enjoined (29 c).
4. The duty directed (29 d).
5. The imperturbity shown (30 a).
6. The concession granted (30 b).
7. The duty discharged (31 a).
8. The failure experienced (31 b).
9. The report brought (31 c).

III. THE PROPHET'S SUCCESS (vs. 32-37).
1. The dead child (32).
2. The shut door (33 a).
3. The secret prayer (33 b).
4. The personal contact (34 a).
5. The responsive warmth (34 b).
6. The renewed effort (35 a).
7. The revived child (35 b).
8. The recalled mother (36 a).
9. The priceless gift (36 b).
10. The grateful adoration (37 a).
11. The re-established home (37 b).

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—2 Kings 4 : 8-17. Kindness rewarded.

T.—2 Kings 4 : 18-24. Sorrow in the home.

W.—2 Kings 4 : 25-37. The Shunammite's son.

T.—2 Kings 8 : 1-6. Elisha's care for the Shunammite.

F.—Luke 7 : 11-17. The widow's son.

S.—Luke 8 : 41, 42, 49-56. The ruler's daughter.

S.—Psa. 116 : 1-13. Praise for deliverance.

(These Home Readings are the selections of the International Bible Reading Association).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

Intervening Events.—In 2 Kings 2 : 1 to 8 : 15, we have fourteen longer or briefer narratives of remarkable incidents in the life of Elisha. Their position in the book is a reason of some weight for holding that the incidents all occurred during the reigns of Jehoram of Israel and Benhadad of Damascus, and there is no weighty reason against this. In the absence of opposing evidence, we may assume that they are narrated in the order in which they occurred. This there is one exception. The expedition against Moab (3 : 4-27) seems to have occurred before the accession of Jehoram of Judah, but the translation of Elijah (2 : 1-18) after that accession (2 Chron. 21 : 12-16). On this basis, the recorded events since the last lesson are the fruitless search of the sons of the prophets for Elijah (2 Kings : 16-18) the healing of the water at Jericho (vs. 19-22), the incident of the two bears (vs. 23-25), whence Elisha went to Carmel, where the lesson finds him (v. 25), and the miracle of the oil (4 : 1-7).

Time.—The incident whence the lesson is taken covers several years. The proper date of it, as a whole is, of course, that of the raising of the boy to life. After this, the woman went to Philistia for seven years (8 : 1, 2), returning not later than the second year of the twelfth year of Jehoram of Israel (3 : 1). Hence the miracle cannot possibly have been later than the second year (4 : 18) of the sixth year of Jehoram. Probably it was his fifth year, a few weeks after the translation of Elijah, the eighty-third year of the disruption, 890 B. C. (biblical), or 876 (Hales), or 851 Assyrian. Elisha may have been one or a few years earlier. The time when the Shunammite family lived in the upper room in Elisha was many years earlier, when the prophets were in favor at court (v. 13), before Jezebel began to persecute them.

Places.—Shunem was in the midst of a rich agricultural region, at the northern edge of the plain of Esdraelon, about four miles south of Jezreel, and fifteen miles or more from Carmel.

Parallel Passages.—There are none.

Defended Her Castle.

To illustrate how a man broadens who keeps in touch with the ever-changing conditions of this world, Dr. Lorimer told a story in Tremont Temple that was not only pat, but was apparently heartily enjoyed by the women folk present.

"When I was first married," said the Doctor, "I had my strict ideas about Sunday observance. Mrs. Lorimer has a colored 'aunty' for cook, and on the first Saturday after she came I went into the kitchen and told her I did not want any Sunday work, so she could prepare all meals for that day before hand.

"She didn't say one word while I was talking; then she looked up and, pointing to the door, exclaimed:

"'Now, look hyah, Marse George, you jest go in dat and tend to your Christianity and leave me tend to mah kitchen!'

"I went, and as near as I can remember she had hot dinners Sundays as long as she stayed with us."—Boston Evening Record.

SCHOOLING OUTSIDE SCHOOLS.

Germany's Bands of Tramp Students Have a Good Time.

A bicycle tour last July brought to our notice a feature of public education in Germany which might wisely be imitated in this country. We arrived one day at Goslar, on the northern edge of the Harz mountains. The proprietor of our hotel was busy preparing for the coming of sixty boys. They arrived the next evening with their knapsacks, on foot, and accompanied by three or four teachers. In the large dining hall, after their bread and beer, brief addresses were made to them and they sang lustily several patriotic and folk songs. They were a lively but orderly company. Next morning they gathered in the public square, near the most ancient historic building in the town. The events of interest which had there transpired were recounted to them, and other songs were sung in praise of the Fatherland. We afterward saw them in various excursions in the neighborhood.

Such companies of students were often met with in the Harz and in the Thuringian forest. We learned that these journeys are an important part of school life. The pupils come sometimes from small villages, sometimes from the larger towns. The proposed route is laid out weeks or even months beforehand. The pupils draw maps of the region through which they are to pass. Its features of geographic, historic, literary and geological interest are pointed out to them. They are told what they may expect to see and how to see it.

Usually each pupil makes a weekly contribution toward the cost of the trip till the amount needed is secured. Of course strict economy is practiced and the expense is small. Often they sleep in barns or in large halls, covered with straw. They are instructed as to their outfits, and each boy carries what he requires strapped on his shoulders. They divide into several groups—one group marching as leaders, another bringing up the rear, another acting as scouts, and so on. They study botany, natural history, the roads and how they were made, the raising and moving of crops and many other things. They visit the homes where men famous in war, government or literature have lived. The poems associated with places. From such a journey, lasting from three days to three weeks, they return to their own communities with many new things of interest to talk about and much valuable information. They write essays on their travels and observations. This outdoor study in Germany is considered important enough to be made the subject of an extended report in a volume just issued by the English education office.

IRON HEATED IN COLD WATER.

Novel Operation in Which Old Theories Are Reversed.

Few operations look more like a miracle than heating a piece of iron to a cherry hue, or an even more dazzling incandescent, by thrusting it into a tank of cold water. None of Herrmann's illusions could be more startling than this feat, which, as now performed, is a practical reality, and not merely an entertaining trick. Hitherto the blacksmith has plunged a horseshoe or other product of his art into a bath beside his forge to lower the temperature of a piece of metal which has already been heated in the fire. It is now proposed to do away with the broad hearth, the coals, the blaze and the bellows, but to retain the tank and its contents. Then, simply by immersing the iron therein, it will be quickly brought to the desired temperature.

Over in Newark the other day, when tests of the device were being made, it was found that a railroad spike fully an inch in diameter acquired a cherry tint fifty seconds after it was dipped into the cold bath, while a half-inch screw bolt came to a white heat in eighteen seconds.

The general arrangement of this wonderful apparatus is as follows: The tank is about as big as a kitchen sink, and stands on four legs. It is a portable affair. Two carefully insulated wires, proceeding either from a dynamo on the premises or from some general power and lighting circuit outside, are led into the room. The "positive" wire is connected with the metal lining of the reservoir. The other wire is secured, by welding or solder, or otherwise, to a pair of tongs, whose handles are covered with insulating material. The negative wire is long enough and flexible enough to allow considerable movement by the workman. The latter merely grasps with these insulated tongs the spike, bolt, horseshoe or other object which is to be heated and dips it into the liquid. That's all. When it is hot enough he turns to his anvil and hammers the thing, or drops it where another workman can pick it up, and then uses his angle tongs afresh to handle something else.—New York Tribune.

None but the Brave.

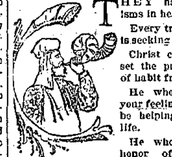
"Could you love a man who was cowardly, Julia?"

"Well, I should want him to have courage enough to propose."

After marriage it's sometimes a case of two fools with but a single thought.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



THEY have no isms in heaven.

Every true man is seeking truth.

Christ came to set the prisoners of habit free.

He who hurts your feelings may be helping your life.

He who seeks honor of men, must become their slave.

Some pastors pore too much over the book of Numbers.

The obstinate man is usually too weak-minded to give up.

Lose a minute and the chase of a life-time will not catch it.

Knowledge of the Truth makes us free to welcome new truth.

It is a compliment to be called "superstitious" by an agnostic.

The Christian who borrows religion will never have any to return.

The pearl of patience comes from the irritating grain of persecution.

One tear in God's sight was intended to cover an acre of hardened soil.

As the living tree bears fruit so the living witness for Christ bears testimony.

If we owe God a debt, He helps us pay it. If we owe man, he requires usury.

The sin which has been soaked in the tears of repentance is easiest washed away.

Some men like to mistake the echoes of their desires for the voice of conscience.

It is when we are most dependent upon God that we are most independent of men.

A dark night makes a bright moon; a dark world ought to make a bright Christian.

To please a man, find out what he wants—what he needs is of minor importance.

Creeds are evaporated graces. Catechisms are the dried theological fruit of salvation.

Yes, salvation is free, but there is a vast difference between free salvation and cheap religion.

The farther men wander from the Bible, the nearer the devil may approach without a scruple.

It is generally the man who is striving to do right, who is amazed at the opportunities to do wrong.

The very weakness of those who disbelieve, is exhibited in their constant desire to explain the reason of it.

LIEUT. BLUE GOT HIS CONGE.

Doctored the Scales: Officers' "Lost Weight" Then They Dropped Him.

Lieut. Victor Blue, the nervy young officer who recently performed the feat of getting a good view of the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor by making a flying tour of seventy-five miles or so on Cuban soil, was attached to the Bennington, which was lying in Honolulu harbor about three years ago. He was then an ensign, and he had not up to that time been a wardroom caterer. So he was unanimously elected as soon as he was attached to the Bennington. Lieut. Blue is a giant of a young man and exceedingly good-natured. But he made a sad hash of the caterer's job. He got his accounts all mixed up before he had served as caterer a week, and he had to pay a bill of mdgnitonge out of his own pocket. The meals he placed before his messmates were satisfactory enough, but the caterer's job wore on Lieut. Blue a great deal. He figured on how to get his conge. When a new caterer is elected it is the custom of the wardroom officers to weigh themselves every day, in a spirit of fun, in order to worry the caterer, and to make it appear by their solemnly averred loss of weight that they are being half starved. Lieut. Blue went down into the engine room one day after he had been worried over the caterer's job for a week or so and dug out a big drop scales. He tinkered with it for a while. Then he rigged a bo-sun's chair to it, carried it aft, and suggested to the officers that when they wanted to weigh themselves thereafter they use those scales of his. The officers didn't suspect anything, and after dinner the same day several of them weighed themselves. They had all lost a pound since the day before. They said the scales were wrong, and Lieut. Blue admitted that perhaps they were. They all weighed again the next day. Each of them had lost another pound, and they began to feel of their waist bands wonderingly. All the officers of the Bennington's wardroom mess went on a fasting flesh, according to Lieut. Blue's scales, for ten days or so. Then a meeting of the wardroom officers was called, and Lieut. Blue was dropped as caterer, as being "incompetent" and "no account, anyhow." Lieut. Blue didn't have to serve as caterer for the rest of that cruise, and he wore a smile of deep content every time he looked at a weighing apparatus.—Washington Star.

Some people are disagreeable because they can't attract attention any other way.

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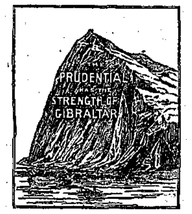
$1 to  $50,000

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The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1898.

Second Congressional District Convention.

The Republican voters of the Second Congressional District, comprising the counties of Atlantic, Burlington, Mercer and Ocean, are requested to elect delegates to a Congressional Convention to be held at Atlantic City, on

Thursday, Aug. 18, '98,

At 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress.

The basis of representation for each township and ward will be one delegate for each one hundred votes cast for the Republican candidate for Congress in 1896, and one for each fraction of the same above fifty, provided that each township and ward shall be entitled to at least one delegate.

WILLIAM H. SKIRM,
ISRAEL G. ADAMS,
THOMAS J. SPROWL,
WILLIAM H. CARTER,
Congressional Committee.

PEACE IN SIGHT.

On Wednesday, M. Cambon presented to President McKinley the Spanish government's reply to the American conditions of peace. In substance, and in nearly every detail, it is an acceptance of our terms. The officials had a long conference, and later, Secretary Day prepared and submitted to M. Cambon a "protocol," which covers every phase of the peace question that the five American and five Spanish commissioners will have to consider when they meet, in Paris. This has been sent to Madrid, and if approved, will be signed for Spain by M. Cambon, and hostilities will cease, Cuba, Porto Rico, and other West Indian islands to be evacuated by Spanish troops as rapidly as possible. It is thought that this hoped-for consummation will be reached by to-day. Still, there is time for the Spaniards to withdraw, and take the consequences.

At Porto Rico there has been some sharp fighting with the usual result. Gen. Miles says he needs no more troops there, and is marching steadily toward San Juan.

In the Philipine, close to Manila, our troops were attacked on a dark stormy night by Spanish troops, who planned to surprise the Americans and drive them into the sea. A fierce battle was fought, our troops did not yield, and the enemy were driven back with heavy loss. Sixteen Americans were killed and many wounded.

Many of our soldiers at Santiago have started on the homeward voyage, and more are to follow. A lot of Spanish prisoners, mostly wounded and sick, are on the way across the sea, and the balance will go as soon as transports are ready to take them.

Friday morning papers bring us the welcome news that the Spanish cabinet have approved the protocol, and given M. Gambon full authority to sign it in their behalf. No doubt this will have been done before this reaches any of our readers. This means an immediate cessation of hostilities: in fact, it is rumored that the President has already telegraphed to commanders in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Phillipines, to at once suspend operations.

Thank God!

☞ List of uncalled-for letters in the Hammonton Post-Office, on Saturday, Aug. 13, 1898:

Miss Grazia Alettus,
Miss Rosa Balicanto,
Mrs. Ella Dollinger,
Mrs. Chas. Ely,
Mr. Geo. E. Gruninger,
Domenico Mancini,
Mr. H. L. Powell,
Antonia Penta,

FOREIGN.

Antonio Di Maro,
Di Francesco Gennaro,
Ottilio Pellicciotti,

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

JOHN T. FRENCH, P. M.

In the recent naval battle off Santiago, of the vessels engaged, the battleships "Iowa," "Indiana," "Massachusetts," as well as the armored cruiser "New York," were built by "The William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Co." The "Texas" was built at Norfolk Navy Yard, the "Oregon" at San Francisco. So we are that to the Philadelphia firm belongs the honor of having furnished to the government a majority of the magnificent vessels that achieved our marvelous victory. They have doubtless added to their reputation by this valuable addition to our navy.

☞ Justice Jos. H. Garton had an exciting time on Tuesday evening. He received a telegram from Bridgeton that one William Shank (or Jones) was wanted on a criminal charge, stating that he might be with relatives in Hammonton and directing that he be arrested on sight. Garton located his man at the family home, on Central Avenue, and called there for him. When the young man learned what was wanted he attempted to escape, members of the family endeavoring to detain the officer. There was a free fight for a minute or so, but Garton persuaded them that resistance was useless, and led his prisoner away. When near the intersection of Central and Valley Avenues, Shank made a break for the woods. An order to "halt" made him run the faster, and Garton fired a revolver shot over his head, with no effect; then, after a shouted warning he fired a second shot, at about seventy yards distance, hitting him in the calf of the leg, stopping his progress. The wounded man was taken to Dr. Crowell's office, and by his advice was placed in charge of Constable Shackley, to be taken home and there treated by the surgeon. But on the way the prisoner again tried to escape, with his brother's assistance, and was then taken to the lock-up (or the Council room adjoining), a cot prepared, and Dr. Crowell there attended him, and he was held to wait an officer from Bridgeton, who came Wednesday noon and took the prisoner away.

☞ Miss Manie Welser, daughter of George and Mary Welser, died Tuesday, August 2nd. It may be gratifying to her Hammonton friends to know that when she was informed that there was no chance of recovery she accepted the situation and began to indicate some things she desired to have done after her death. She named the hymns to be sung, left loving messages to dear ones, spoke of her hope in Christ and the bright home awaiting her, and expressed a strong desire to have all her loved ones meet her Heaven, and like a conqueror who has fought the last battle, she fell asleep in Jesus, in the triumphant faith that the Gospel alone furnishes, after weary weeks of suffering. Funeral services were held on Saturday last, conducted by Rev. W. N. Ogborn, assisted by Mr. Ryan, of Rosedale. Misses Eva Carlaw and Miss Ethel Davies sang two appropriate selections, while Miss Marietta Tilton presided at the organ. Miss Welser's employer bore testimony to her uprightness and a number of beautiful floral emblems were presented. o.

The United States will emerge from this war with territory in three zones—the arctic, the temperate and the torrid. But two other countries in the world hold land in three zones, and it is a singular fact that little Denmark is one of the two. Great Britain, however is the great world-power. She possesses territory in the north frigid zone and the south frigid zone, in the north temperate zone and the south temperate zone, and in the torrid zone on both sides of the equator.

A canal through the Isthmus is a necessity, but it is not necessary for the United States to go into partnership with a private company to build it. Remember the Pacific Railroad.

Uncle Sam started a campaign of education for Spain in returning the surrendered Santiago troops. There is an amazingly large percentage of ignorance among the Spaniards that nothing can so well overcome as the return of the defeated soldiery and the explanation that will inevitably follow their home coming.

Speaker Reed is still talking about the traditions of our wise forefathers. If our wise forefathers had ever anticipated that the United States would ever be what it is now, they would have established a different set of traditions. But we are making traditions for ourselves now-a-days, and our descendants will refer to us as their wise forefathers, without the least doubt.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by Dr. G. M. Crowell, Druggist.

Fruit Growers' Union

And Co-Operative Soc'y, lim.

Frantz A. Lehman

Practical

Blacksmith

and

Wheelwright.

Second St., near Pleasant,
Rear Bernhouse's Mill

Hammonton.

C. E. FOWLER
New and Second-hand
REAL ESTATE
Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.

The People's Bank
Of Hammonton, N. J.

Authorized Capital, $50,000
Paid in, $30,000.
Surplus, $17,000.

R. J. BYRNES, President.
M. L. JACKSON, Vice-Pres't
W. R. TILTON, Cashier

DIRECTORS:

R. J. Byrnes, M. L. Jackson, George Elvins, Elam Stockwell
G. F. Saxton, O. P. Osgood, W. R. Tilton.
A. J. Smith, J. U. Anderson.
W. J. Smith. W. L. Black.

Certificates of deposit issued, bearing interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum if held six months, and 3 per cent if held one year.

Discount days—Tuesday and Friday of each week.

HARNESS.

A full assortment of hand and machin made,—for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips, Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. COGLEY,
Hammonton, N. J.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13, 1898.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Republican Caucus.

All Republican voters of the Town of Hammonton are invited to meet in H. A. Hall on

Wednesday Eve, Aug. 17,

At 8 o'clock, to elect four delegates to the Congressional Convention to be held in Atlantic City on the next day.

E. W. STRICKLAND,
County Committee.

☞ Miss Nellie Monfort has gone to Newark for a visit.

☞ Louis Nicoli is here from Philadelphia for ten days.

☞ Lawn festival this afternoon and evening, at the Lake.

☞ Miss Eugenia Jacobs is visiting relatives in Hammonton.

HENS AND CHICKENS. If you have any to sell, leave word at my house. I call for them every Thursday. Or you may leave them at my house on Thursday.
C. S. NEWCOMB.

☞ Mr. Mortimer has been improving his place considerably.

☞ Henry F. Stockwell was home from Camden over Sunday.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. M. Stockwell are recreating in Atlantic City.

☞ Miss Helen Miller has accepted a situation in Pennsylvania.

CRANBERRY BOXES, Lumber, and Mill-work, etc., at the saw and planing mill Winslow, N. J. JOS. R. IMHOFF.

☞ Mr. J. C. Johnson has bought the Dr. Wm. B. Potter place.

☞ If rainy, the Lawn Festival will be postponed to Monday night.

☞ Louis Speyce is building an addition to his house, on Maple St.

☞ Volunteer Firemen's monthly meeting next Monday evening.

HAVING accepted a good position in Philadelphia, I can do no more messenger business. I wish to thank my friends for their patronage. WILL C. HOYT.

☞ Republican caucus in H. A. A. Hall next Wednesday evening.

☞ Mr. Stockwell is making changes in the arrangement of his store.

☞ Fare from Little's corner to the Lawn Festival at the Lake, 5 cents.

☞ Mr. Monfort has been entertaining Mr. Ernest Stone, of Caldwell, N.J.

IF your Scissors won't cut, and your knives are dull, send them to the Electric Power House.

☞ Chester Crowell has resigned his position here, and returned to Atlantic City.

☞ Miss Emma Faunce has returned home from her trip to Boston and Newport.

☞ Somebody poisoned three young dogs belonging to Walter Bakely, last week.

NOTICE. I hereby notify all parties that from this date I will pay no bills contracted by my wife, Lola Thomas.
GEO. W. THOMAS.
Hammonton, N. J., July 26, 1898.

☞ Miss Emily Morrill is spending her vacation with her uncle, Charlie Wyatt.

☞ Miss Julia Bowersox, from Pittsburg, is visiting Miss Emma Faunce.

☞ Mr. Fitzpatrick, from Lancaster, Pa., is now in charge of Dr. Crowell's drug store.

CEDAR POSTS,—flag poles, grape stakes, etc., etc. Ladders made to order.
J. M. BROWN, Hammonton.

☞ Mrs. Laura Roberts, of Salem, Mass., is visiting her uncle, Gerry Valentine.

☞ Sam Holland was home sick, for several days,— returned to the city on Wednesday.

☞ The New Columbia and Pleasant Mills school houses will shine in a new coat of paint.

FOR SALE or to Rent,—property known as the Rockhill Farm. Apply to
M. STOCKWELL, Hammonton.

☞ The Pastor of the M. E. Church is spending a week at Pitman Grove Camp Meeting.

☞ Miss Gertie Ogborn has gone to visit her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Withington, near Princeton, N. J.

☞ Mrs. Addie Erwin and adopted daughter, of Tacony, Penna., are visiting Hammonton friends.

☞ G. F. Lenz, the barber, is entertaining his father and mother, and niece, from Philadelphia.

FOR RENT. A house on Grape Nire st, between Second and Third. Inquire of
G. F. SAXTON.

☞ Mrs. P. H. Jacobs and Mrs. Lakens spent part of the week at Pitman Grove camp meeting.

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

☞ Mr. and Mrs. John Partridge and daughter, of Philadelphia, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ball, over Sunday.

☞ Ex Judge Enoch Doughty, of Absecon, was thrown from his carriage on Wednesday, and severely injured.

☞ Miss Sara McKenzie, of Newark, has returned to her home after a very enjoyable visit at Mr. H. J. Monfort's.

FOR RENT. Residence of the late Dr. G. F. Janucke, Washington St., Hammonton: Inquire on the premises.

☞ Jos. Jarvis, of Elm, having located in Wisconsin, his wife and children expect to join him there in about two weeks.

☞ Mr. B. F. Childress, one of the famous Pickett's Brigade, with his wife and daughter, spent part of this week with P. H. Jacobs.

☞ During Tuesday night there was a heavy shower. One of our oldest citizens said, "It never rained harder since Adam was a baby."

PAPER-HANGING. Leave your orders at HARRY LITTLE'S store, and I will call and show you samples and give estimates.
HARRY L. TREAT.

☞ Rev. Mr. Van Dyke will preach in the M. E. Church to-morrow morning, and in his own Church at night,—the congregations uniting.

☞ Rain every day. All prevailing dampness is causing many severe colds and kindred ailments. A few days of sunshine wanted right now.

☞ The Childrens Home Society have now, for adoption, several boys ranging from three weeks to twelve years old. Who wants a boy?

FOR SALE. A fine brick residence in Hammonton, eight rooms, heater, broad piazzas, with nearly five acres of cultivated land. Immediate possession. Part cash. Inquire at REPUBLICAN office.

☞ Miss Martha E. Hale, of Camden, a graduate of the training school in Philadelphia, and experienced in teaching, is to have charge of our Kindergarten during the coming term.

☞ A week of Special Services are expected to be held in the M. E. Church, beginning on Monday Evening, Sept. 5 th, under the head of—"Home Camp meeting." A number of Clergymen will assist.

☞ An Italian workman at the Winslow brick works was struck by a falling plank on Monday, and his head badly cut. Dr. North stitched up one wound five inches long and another one and one half inches,— both reaching to the bone. On the same day a pit bank caved partially in, burying an Italian, straining his back.

SMALL HOUSE for sale,—next to George Steelman's. Six rooms, electric bells. Everything in good order. Lot 50 x 120 feet. Inquire at this office

☞ Hon. Joseph Thompson, late County Law Judge, now Mayor of Atlantic City, was on Tuesday appointed member of the State Board of Taxation by Governor Voorhees, in place of Mr. Shape, deceased. The law required the appointment of a Democrat, and the Governor made a wise selection.

☞ The Odd Fellows Lodge Committee have well nigh completed their arrangements for dedicating their hall building, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 24th. An entertaining programme is being prepared, and the dedicatory ceremonies will themselves be interesting. A lunch will be served, probably in the Arlitz building.

REPAIRING, Cleaning, and Dyeing done, at my residence, the brick house on upper Bellevue Ave. Clothing made to order —good stock of cloth on hand.
GEO. STEELMAN, Tailor.

☞ On Monday, August 22nd, the People's Bank will open business in their handsome new building, and invite all depositors and citizens generally to call on that day and examine the new structure, its fine proportions, its neat fittings, its fire and burglar proof vaults and private safe-deposit boxes.

☞ The Sons of Veteran—and Band will have a carriage at Little's corner every half hour this afternoon and evening to convey all who wish to their Lawn Festival at the foot of the lake. Pay the driver five cents, and he will give you a ticket which will entitle you to the ride down and admit you to the festival grounds.

☞ Rev. W. L. Mayo, Asst. Supt. of the Childrens Home Society of New Jersey spent several days in Hammonton. On Sunday morning he addressed the united Presbyterian and Methodist Congregations; in the evening preached to the Baptists. As we see and hear of the many innocent little ones rescued from want and vicious surroundings, and placed in Christian homes where proper training will save them, we feel like giving cordial and hearty endorsement to their representative as he presents the cause and asks aid in sustaining the good work.

☞ The fire bell rang last Sunday evening about six o'clock. The fire engine was taken out, but not put into service as a few pails of water proved sufficient. Coals from a passing locomotive set fire to a shed roof in the rear of one of the Sturtevant houses, on Washington Street, and started a blaze that might have proved disastrous but for timely action.

☞ A couple of younger Hammonton boys came home looking somewhat the "worse for wear," the other day, yet seemed reluctant to relate their experience. It leaked out, however, that they were both riding on one bicycle, down the county road, and collided with a flock of chickens. It was a sudden dismount for the boys, but worse for the poultry,—two being reported dead, and many feathers missing.

☞ Tuesday was one of our usual rainy days,— that is sometimes rain, sometimes sunshine; but the Baptist Sunday School held their picnic at the Park and enjoyed the whole long day. When the sun shone, they had boats and other amusements outside. When it rained, the Park Hall, with open doors, gave them a well ventilated playhouse. Their tables were in there also, and well laden with good things. They say the Park is the ideal place for a picnic.

Don't coddle up a woe,
Don't think about your foe;
What's the use?
It only makes you worry,
And keeps you in a flurry;
What's the use?—
There's no excuse.

Don't talk about your sorrow,
Trouble you only borrow:
What's the use?
It only makes you sad,
And sour, and glum, and mad;
What's the use?
There's no excuse.

☞ The Board of Education met on Tuesday evening.—all present except Miss Pressey.

Miss Grace J. Davis, of Detroit, Michigan, was elected music teacher, and to have other duties assigned her in Central School.

All the books belonging to the old Library Association, now stored at Dr. Cochran's, were tendered to the School District, to be added to the library, and accepted by the Board; the Committee to select such as are suitable.

Miss Dorphley, who was tendered the Third Primary, having decided to retain charge of the Lake School, the Board voted to transfer Miss Rena Chalmers to Central, and elected Miss Gertrude North teacher at Magnolia.

Voted, to open Hammonton Schools on Monday, Sept. 12.

ITEMS FROM ELM.

Mr. W. Ovington spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robertson.

W. Raymor spent Sunday with his uncle, in Camden.

Elm A. A. picnic on the 20th.

Send your entries for the bicycle races and other race to J. Farrar.

The Elm A. A. Base ball team will play the crack Ajax of Philadelphia on Aug. 20th.

The Base ball team would like to arrange games for the rest of the season. Address all communications to J. Farrar.

The Sunday School Convention was largely attended.

Mr. Samuel Foreman expects to teach at Wilton this season.

Crescent Bicycles,

$35

Ladies' or Gent's

High, Medium, or Low Frames on hand, for prompt delivery.

Dunlop Tires without extra charge.

Sundries at lowest prices.

Exclusive agency.

The Monfort Cycle Co
Hammonton.

FURNITURE

AND

HARDWARE

H. McD. LITTLE,

Bellevue & Central Aves. Hammonton.

BLACK'S GENERAL STORE.

We can now supply our customers with Chase & Sanborn's celebrated Coffees and Teas.

AT BLACK'S.

Bill Heads and Monthly Statements

PRINTED WHEN WANTED, at the

Republican Office, Hammonton.

READ THIS!

A nice juicy slice of boiled or broiled Ham strikes the right spot. When it is the *very best Ham*, at a low price, it just fills the bill.

Ham is the most economical meat on the market, and at present is cheaper than ever before known. We have always given you the quality, now we can suit you in the price,—as follows:

Whole Hams, large or small, 12 cents per pound
Skin Back, 11 cents Sliced Ham, 18 cents
Boiled Ham, 20 cents; whole, 30 cents

Our Bologna, Halfsmoked Sausage, Ham Bologna, and other smoked meats are the best money can buy. Also, home-dressed Beef, Veal, Mutton, and Pork, at prices as reasonable as elsewhere.

☞ We also handle the best grade of Creamery Print Butter.

At J. ECKHARDT'S Meat Market,
240 Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton.

A BEAR

will eat anything in the way of meat; but a man is particular. Even when hungry he wants the best.

If you are not A BEAR, go to

JACKSON'S, and get the BEST.

ANNIE OF THE VALE.

The young stars are glowing,
Their clear light bestowing!
Their radiance fills the calm, clear summer night.
Come forth like a fairy,
So blithesome and airy,
And ramble in their soft and mystic light.

Come, come, come, love, come!
Come ere the night torches pale!
Oh! come in thy beauty,
Thou marvel of duty
Dear Annie, dear Annie of the Vale.

The world we inherit
Is charmed by that spirit
As radiant as the mild, warm summer ray!
The watchdog is snarling,
For fear Annie darling,
His beautiful young friend, I'd steal away.
—A. C. Dawes.

THE LETTER FROM CAMP.

SAYS Betty, who has spread her small person and voluminous many-ruffled skirts as much as possible over the whole window seat: "Lovey, dear, such a nice letter from poor old Freddy. He says—listen to this: 'The weather is industriously engaged in raining rapid blows upon our defenseless camp and the wind is endeavoring to fold my tent about me and bear me up to my rightful place in the world. Everything is sight, blankets and bed included, is soaked and I feel as if I were running a pawnshop,' as I gaze around on the cheerful prospect. Scudday just slopped in as wet as a sponge, but as chipper as a sparrow. He says: 'If you're writing to Betty, tell her that she could wipe up the floor with me now, as she always used to, with some real advantage to the floor." I am writing this, my—er—er—' "

"Esteemed friend," suggests the little girl whom every one has come to call Lovey Dear, an endearing title bestowed by the irresponsible Bobby Smythe, who chased her all around the garden with a siphon of soda-water one afternoon in endeavoring, so he said, to perform the ceremony of baptism in a perfectly legal way.

That the name fits her goes without saying, for, however droll he may be, Bobby is incapable of that would-be funny sarcasm which makes unkind cuts of one's small eccentricities of appearance or personality, and if she were not just the sweetest, gentlest, and altogether most lovable of young creatures Mr. Smythe would have dubbed her otherwise or not at all. At any rate he never would leave a loophole through which a less chivalric nature might poke ridicule.

Betty laughs and blushes charmingly. "Yes, thanks," says she, "that's it—er— Where was I? O, yes. 'I am writing this, my esteemed friend, on the back of my mess plate, which is the only writing desk the quarters afford, and my impressive style makes it go "ker-plunk, ker-plunk" at every word. I have placed a few lumps of moist sod beneath my feet to keep them out of the pleasant pool of water which has found a resting place in the tent, and as I sit here more or less drenched, I must confess my—er—er—esteemed friend, that the damper which has spread itself over my person threatens to even permeate my patriotism, and I don't believe anything except a sunny letter from you will dry it off. I cannot help, under these circumstances, turning a longing, retrospective eye upon that dear old room where, at about this time in the afternoon, Lovey Dear, in her gray gown, was wont to pour tea for a thirsty mob, while you and I turned up to treat them to—perhaps I ought to say inflict them with—what Bobby Smythe with a perverted and distressing sense of humor called a "Dewepett," lingering on the ett, as he always lingers at any suggestions of eat.' "

Betty pauses to laugh gayly.

"That was good," cries he. "Freddy is awfully funny, don't you think, Lovey Dear?"

"No, I don't think," answers Lovey Dear, in a gently injured way. "To disparage, be it ever so lightly, that homely, obstreperous young Bobby is always to step on the tail of her coat.

"O, well, dear," says Betty, "Bobby's appetite is such an acknowledged success that—"

"I have eaten my way into even the most reserved larders of the social set," finishes a cheerful voice from the doorway. "Howdy, girls! I know you'd be glad to see me! Betty singing my praises, as usual? I declare the way that old lady does rave over me! It is embarrassing, really. But I cannot conscientiously give her encouragement, Lovey Dear; there is such a difference in our ages, and for me to wed Betty would be mating May to December, would it not? 'Pon my soul, as I notice how aged and decrepit she is getting it reminds me of a story—"

"Help! Help! Help!" cries Betty, faintly.

"Of a story?", says Lovey Dear, encouragingly, though Bobby needs none. An entire room full of people all protesting violently against hearing one of his tales have, nevertheless, many a time been made to stand and hearken to the bitter end, for no man has ever been known to prevent Bobby spinning a yarn which he thinks funny or appropriate. Therefore, it goes without saying that Betty's appealing wail has no effect.

The girls laughed lightly, possibly from the force of habitual politeness, and Bobby, as usual, doubles up and howls at the wit of his own yarn. People, unkind critics, are wont to ascribe Bobby's persistence of anecdotes to this laugh of his. They say he roars so himself and makes such a noise that he thinks every one else is enjoying it.

"Bobby," remarks Betty, when at last Mr. Smythe's mirth has subsided; "it has just occurred to me that you are still in town—that you haven't gone to war with the rest of the boys. I declare I'm ashamed of you, and Lovey Dear must be, too, I know, for she said yesterday that it was better to die a hero than live a nothing; didn't you, Lovey Dear?"

For a second a keen observer might notice how white Bobby gets; what an anxious look flashes in his eyes; what a firm set his mouth takes. Then he answers quietly:

"I wanted to go awfully, Betty, and it gave me a pretty good wrench to see the other fellows shoulder their guns and go off to fight around the old flag; but my mother, you know—well, I support her first, Uncle Sam next."

And there is a little ring in his voice as he says this that brings a light into Lovey Dear's soft gray eyes—a light that, perhaps, who knows, may never fail.

"You are a good boy, Bobby," remarks Betty, "and what will you do if I tell you there is a watermelon on ice in the refrigerator?"

"Have spasms in rapid succession until it is produced," replies Mr. Smythe promptly.

Whereupon, rather than expose herself to the danger of hydrophobia, so Betty says, she leads the way dining-roomwards, where, in the luscious juice of a round slice of really indecent size, Bobby buries his homely visage and apparently the gravity that was his a moment ago.

Presently Betty, being small and easily satisfied, rises.

"I leave you two budding boa constrictors to gorge yourselves out of proportion while I go and write a line to Freddy; and, Bobby, for mercy's sake wipe that melon off the end of your nose! Why can't you eat respectably, like other people?"

"Well," answers Bobby, grinning over a half moon of rind, "you know a quill-driver must be so much around a pen that he loses style. Good-by, dear. If there were not another prospective slice of melon between us, Betty, I should be tempted to eat you—you look like a stick of peppermint candy in that red and white get-up."

"Candied compliment," says Betty, and disappears to avoid reproaches.

For a moment there is silence in the room, then Bobby looks up with the same odd, grave expression on his face that was there a while ago.

"I know," observes he, spanking burlodly, "that you girls think banners and fireworks of the fellows who are going to fight for all that is best in Cuba. It must seem tame to you for me not to go. Did you," jerkily now, "er—do you—er —like—er—me less, think less er—of me for it, Lovey Dear?"

And Lovey Dear (how the name fits her) answers softly: "O, no; not less of you Bobby. There are even higher duties than those which one owes to one's country, and the best and the bravest and the grandest battles fought are the battles that no one sees; and the greatest heroes are the silent ones who must stand fast to the plain things while others go marching on."

"Lovey Dear," and though Bobby is beaming like the midday sun and his pleasant, homely face is wreathed in smiles, his voice breaks in an odd little way, and there is something besides light shining in his eyes, "Lovey Dear, you're brick! Have another slice of melon with me!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Queer Calling.

To-day, even the emotions have a value in the money market. There are in London professional sympathizers who soothe and comfort the bereaved in return for pelf, performing the service for which they are engaged in so tactful a way that they soon become indispensable to their employers. One of the most prosperous of their sympathizers is a lady of unusual characteristics. She is a charming conversationalist, has a useful knowledge of medicine, and possesses a marvelous power of sympathy, which fairly fascinates those upon whom it is exercised. By these methods, combined with innate tact, she has contrived to secure the patronage of several wealthy ladies, upon whose bounty she thrives amazingly, giving them in exchange timely supplies of the suave and magnetic solace for which she is so remarkable.

His Poor Excuse.

She—Why is it that you have never married?

He—Well, to tell you the truth, I have never had time.

She—But, you always seem to have plenty of time on your hands when you loiter around here.

Then they heard a rooster crowing in the distance and he hurried away.

Not in Their Class.

"Why don't you come forward and help whip the enemy?" inquired the indignant patriot.

"Why?" replied the pugilists in chorus. "We're waiting for Spain to get a reputation."—Washington Star.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household —Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

The Little Volunteers.

Handkerchiefs for little flags,
Epaulette—a rose;
Hobby horses for their nags,
And—off the cavalry goes!
(They've heard the fireside talk of war
And that's what they've enlisted for!)

With little shiny swords of tin
(O patriotic sons!)
And garden plots for fighting in,
With Lilliputian guns,
They march to forts and fairy ships,
With mother's kisses on their lips.

And fierce shall rage the fight and long,
Till from the flower-sweet west
The shadows fall, and evensong
Shall summon them to rest.
Then mother's kisses, and "Goodnight"
Beneath their little tents of white!
—Atlanta Constitution.

An Elephant's Teeth.

Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat flesh, or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand, and about two inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is shifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue in the whole animal kingdom, a tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power or movement except in the middle, where it shifts back and forth from side to side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkled pink serpent.

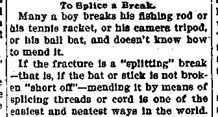
There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth—the milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about 14 years old. These baby teeth, which are, nevertheless, enormous, are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder and preserved as curiosities.

To Splice a Break.

Many a boy breaks his fishing rod or his tennis racket, or his camera tripod, or his ball bat, and doesn't know how to mend it.

If the fracture is a "splitting" break—that is, if the bat or stick is not broken "short off"—mending it by means of splicing threads or cord is one of the easiest and neatest ways in the world. It will make the rod almost as good as new and quite as strong, where glue would only be a temporary and unsatisfactory relief.

Before trying to mend anything by this means, however, it is best to get a little practice first, say on a broken broom handle. Always use waxed cord or coarse pack thread. For large bats and handles fine fishline is the very best thing to use. Place the broken ends of the handle firmly together and hold them with the left hand or tie them temporarily with a bit of string. Make a loop from 1 to 2 as shown in the picture and lay it on top of the handle,



HOW TO SPLICE.

holding it in place with the left thumb. It should be of sufficient length to reach beyond the break—represented by the dark line. Take two turns very carefully so as to hold firmly the end of the loop at 2, and then wrap the string tightly and closely around and around the stick until 1 is nearly reached. The picture represents the string loosely wound so as to show how the loop is made. In winding the real splice, of course, the string should be as close together as the shreds on a spool. On reaching the end of the loop at 1 thread the loose end of the string through the loop, being careful to keep the wrapping tight. Then pull at the other end of the string at 2 until the loop is half way under the splice. Thus both ends of the string are well out of the way and perfectly secure from unwrapping. Cut off the projecting ends close to the splice, and your work is done. If very large cord is used a groove should first be cut in the wood to accommodate the loop. Soft annealing wire can be used instead of string for splicing, and it sometimes makes a much prettier piece of work.—Chicago Record.

Children's Parties in Japan.

"The Little Japanese at Home" is the title of an article by Ida Tigner Hodnett in the St. Nicholas. Miss Hodnett says: The little girls, of course, enjoy playing at scenes in real life, and imitate successfully weddings, funerals, dinners of ceremony, visiting, etc. Like our little people, they sometimes "play doctor," and they can mimic pompousness and peculiarities of all kinds. They have children's parties, too, for which the young lady of the house sends invitations in her own name. Children, as well as grown persons, have seals, and these invitations are sealed with the young lady's own seal in vermilion. The parties are given in the afternoon, and the guests begin to arrive about 3 o'clock, sometimes accompanied by servants. The young hostess puts on her lacquered clogs fastened with scarlet thongs in order to receive her guests at the top of the steps, where she bows very low to each, but does not shake hands. All are conducted to the reception room, which is usually in the rear, overlooking the pretty garden, the little clogs being first taken off on the veranda.

Each wears a silk kimono with sleeves touching the ground; a handsome obi, woven in rich designs, is tied in a butterfly bow, and gleams of scarlet or blue crepe are seen in the elaborate chignons. The girdles are gay, but the dresses quiet and harmonious in color. The guests are arranged according to well-known rules of precedence and etiquette, the place of honor being next to the raised dais at the end of the room; and all sit with knees bent under so as to rest the body on the heels. The little hostess, aided by an elder sister, or perhaps her mother, at once serves her guests with refreshments; and these consist of the invariable tea, sliced sponge cake and various sweet confections, and are placed before each guest on lacquer trays, or little wooden stands about four inches high. Refreshments finished, they begin to play at quiet little games, always addressing each other with titles of respect, never lapsing into noisy play.

"What a stupid old party!" some little American may exclaim. Perhaps you would not think so if you saw them, yourself, unseen, and could understand what they were saying. They play with spirit, and have a sense of humor, quiet as they seem.

From Children's Mouths.

Teacher (to boy in his class)—John, correct the following sentence: It is very cold. John (as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead)—It are thundering hot.

"Well, Davie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" "Yes, mamma." "Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "Oh, yes, I remember lots of them." "And can you tell me what they were called?" "Yes; most of them were called 'Do not touch.' "

"Johnny, I find three mistakes on the first page of your letter," said a mother to her 9-year-old son one day. "You have spelled 'until' with two l's, 'very' with two r's, and left out the word 'brother' in the last line." "I don't call that three mistakes, mamma," replied the boy calmly; "I call that two mistakes and one forget."

Mrs. Cakebread was entertaining some ladies at a select 5 o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well-behaved, was in high feather. "Ma," he said, as cake was being handed around, "may I have some tongue, please?" "There isn't any tongue, Bobby." "That's funny," commented Bobby. "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."

A little girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book. "Well, dear," asked the hostess, "did you look at the album?" "Oh, yes," answered the little maid, brightly, "and we've got one 'zactly like it, only the pictures are prettier."

The boy came into the house weeping and his mother was naturally solicitous. "What's the matter, Tommy?" she asked. "The boy across the street hit me," he replied. "Oh, well, I would not cry for that," she returned. "Show that you can be a little man." "I ain't crying for that," he retorted. "Then what are you crying for?" "He ran into the house before I could get at him."

Yuma Convicts Need No Guard.

The anomalous spectacle of a large gang of penitentiary convicts working in the open with no officers or armed force to guard them is presented every day at Yuma, Ariz. They are camped on the Colorado river, a little above Yuma, to be exact, and they are engaged in cutting wood for the territory. None of them escapes. None tries to escape. Why do they stay? Because each man guards the other. Each man is a "short-termer," none of them having more than a year yet to serve. All are allowed a rebate for the work they do. When a convict has cut two cords of wood he has earned a day's rebate on his term. But should one escape all these rebates. Thus each man becomes his brother's keeper.—San Francisco Call.

Not a Desirable Tenant.

Young man—I am to be married in about a month and I'm looking for a home. What is the rent of these flats?

Janitor—Huh! Did the girl you intend to marry ever have a mother?

"A mother? Certainly."

"A grandmother?"

"Of course."

"Here! Let me see. Did that grandmother have a daughter?"

"Why, yes."

"And did the daughter have a daughter?"

"Great snakes! Of course."

"Very sorry, sir, but I can't rent one of these flats to people like that. I'm afraid having children runs in the family."—New York Weekly.

THE QUALITIES THAT WIN.

Anecdote of Lieut. H. H. Whitney When He Ran the Hedge at West Point.

In the last few days many stories have been printed about Lieut. H. H. Whitney, Fourth Artillery, who recently returned from Porto Rico with valuable information for the War Department. There is one incident of his career that has not found its way into the newspapers. The story is connected with his student days at West Point, and was told to a reporter of the Sun by a person who knew all about it.

Whitney is the son of a clergyman, and the father intended that the son should be a clergyman. The son wanted to be a soldier, and refused to study for the ministry. When he was ready for college he asked his father to try to get him an appointment to West Point. The elder Whitney refused, and the boy went to a Congressman from Pennsylvania, in which State the Whitneys were living, and secured an appointment.

He passed an excellent entrance examination, and stood so well in tactics and discipline that in his senior year he was made captain in the corps of cadets. Just before graduation in the spring of 1892 a young woman in whom the cadet was interested arrived at the hotel in West Point. One evening Whitney wanted to call upon her. It is a rule that no cadet may pass the hedge which surrounds the hotel without special permission. Whitney could not get the permission. The girl was going away the next day, and it was absolutely necessary that Whitney should say good-by.

There was only one thing for him to do—run the hedge and take his chances. He did so, made his call, said everything but what he intended to say, and started to return to the barracks. On the way he ran into the officer of the guard, who asked questions which the young cadet couldn't or wouldn't answer to the officer's satisfaction. He was court-martialed, and in the presence of the assembled corps was stripped of his shoulder-straps and reduced to the ranks.

The boy was terribly cut up, and, while still smarting under the humiliation, went to the wife of one of the faculty and told her the whole story. It happened somehow that whenever a cadet got into trouble he went to the same quarter, and when he came away he felt better for having gone. When Whitney had told his story she merely laughed at him. He couldn't understand this, and, jumping up, he said he would resign from the army immediately after graduation, as he could never live down his disgrace. After the young man had given vent to his feelings the professor's wife said quietly:

"Sit down a moment, Mr. Whitney, and listen to me. It is the lot of an army officer to take many chances in active service. When he decides he must act quickly, and once his plan is settled he must not turn aside until his purpose is accomplished. He who pushes forward boldly, without faltering, is bound to succeed in the army. In running the hedge, after you had decided that that was the thing to do, you showed the very characteristics which will win you success in your chosen profession. If you hadn't run that hedge, when you knew the man waiting for you behind it, I should have advised you to leave the army at once. Now I'm sure you'll make a brilliant record."

Next to Paradise.

"I guess our hired girl will never want to leave us now."

"Why?"

"My wife has allowed her to attach her cyclometer to the sewing machine."

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED NOR EQUALLED

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and genuine remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will model one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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ERRAND ACROSS THE STREET.

Lively Adventure in Brescia During the Revolution of 1848.

The Count de Hubner tells in his "Memoires" a thrilling story of an adventure in the Italian city of Brescia during the days of the revolution of 1848. When the trouble began in the streets, he contrived to get into a house, taking with him two or three other persons, including the wife of a minor official who had entrusted the lady for a while to the count's care, but who was to have certain news of her as soon as possible.

The firing grew heavier, and the rebels soon had possession of almost every house in the street.

On the 19th of March, Count de Hubner decided that he must do something toward bettering his position in case of an assault, and he forced his only remaining servant to make a dash across the street to the palace where the Austrian general Rath was quartered, two blocks away and on the other side. The man was merely to let the general know that Hubner himself was coming, and to ask that the gates be held ready for him.

"Myself, prudence and my honor had a long heated argument," says Count de Hubner. "Finally I pulled myself together; I had to let Prince Metternich know about myself, to make a last report, and to keep my word about poor Madame M. I undid the door, drew a long breath, and plunged down the street.

"The bullets flew all around me, spattering leaden showers from the stone pavement. As I arrived at the gates of the palace, they swung inward, and in a second I was inside unscathed. But only half my journey was done; I had still to go back again.

"A letter—my last report—was soon completed for Metternich, and my message to the husband of Madame M. was given. I had to return.

"Again the gates were opened and I bounded forth. A veritable fusillade followed. From every window and housetop came the spurts of white smoke, and I tried to dodge forty bullets at once. In a minute I had reached my own door, and as I did so I turned to look back.

"Another man left the palace gates at full speed, but before he had half crossed the quarter, and when he came away he felt better for having gone. When Whitney had told his story she merely laughed at him. He couldn't understand this, and, jumping up, he said he would resign from the army immediately after graduation, as he could never live down his disgrace. After the young man had given vent to his feelings the professor's wife said quietly:

"Sit down a moment, Mr. Whitney, and listen to me. It is the lot of an army officer to take many chances in active service. When he decides he must act quickly, and once his plan is settled he must not turn aside until his purpose is accomplished. He who pushes forward boldly, without faltering, is bound to succeed in the army. In running the hedge, after you had decided that that was the thing to do, you showed the very characteristics which will win you success in your chosen profession. If you hadn't run that hedge, when you knew the man waiting for you behind it, I should have advised you to leave the army at once. Now I'm sure you'll make a brilliant record."

Next to Paradise.

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"Why?"

"My wife has allowed her to attach her cyclometer to the sewing machine."

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

Where Colonel Higginson Met These Two Great Poets.

Fortified with letters of introduction from Lady Pollock and Miss Thackeray, I visited Tennyson. I spent the previous night at Cowes, and was driven eight miles to Farringford (where Tennyson then lived), by a very intelligent young groom, who had never heard of Tennyson. Arriving, I sent up my name, and heard presently a rather heavy step in the adjoining room, and there stood in the doorway the most un-English-looking man I had ever seen. He was tall and high-shouldered, careless in dress, and, while he had a high and domed forehead, yet his brilliant eyes and tangled hair and beard gave him rather the air of a partially reformed Corsican bandit, or else an imperfectly secularized Carmelite monk, than of a decorous and well-groomed Englishman. He greeted me shyly, gave me his hand (which was in those days a good deal for an Englishman), then sidled up to the mantelpiece, leaned upon it, and said, with the air of an agitated schoolboy:

"I am rather afraid of you Americans. Your countrymen do not treat me very well. There was Bayard-Taylor—"

And then he went into a long narration of some grievance incurred through an indiscreet letter of that well-known journalist. Strange to say, the effect of this curious attack was to put me perfectly at my ease. It was as if I had visited Shakspeare and had found him in a pet because some one of my fellow countrymen had spelled his name wrong. I knew myself to be wholly innocent and to have no journalistic designs, nor did I ever during his lifetime describe the interview.

Calling upon Robert Browning at the Athenaeum Club, then as now, the headquarters of intellectual pursuits in London, and of which it used to be said that no man could have any question to ask that he could not find somebody to answer, that very afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock at this club, it seemed strange to ask a page to find Mr. Browning for me, and it reminded me, of the time when the little daughter of a certain poetess quietly asked at the dinner table, between two bites of an apple: "Mamma, did I ever see Mr. Shakspeare?" The page spoke to a rather short and strongly built man who sat in a window and who jumped up and grasped my hand so cordially that it might have suggested the remark of Mme. Navarro (Mary Anderson) about him, made, however, at a later day, that he did not seem like a poet, but rather "like one of our agreeable Southern gentlemen." He seemed a man of every day, or like the typical poet of his own "How It Strikes a Contemporary." In all this he was the very antipodes of Tennyson. He had a large head of German shape, broadening behind, with light and thick gray hair and whitish beard, and had blue eyes, and the most kindly heart.—Col. T. W. Higginson, in the Atlantic.

To Canada.

"It seems strange that a bank cashier should invent an airship."

"Has he?"

"I see here that a prominent bank cashier has flown."—Philadelphia North American.

The Ice He Cut.

"This," said the iceman, "is the time of year when I cut considerable ice."

"You," said the kitchen lady, "don't cut half as much as you are paid for."—Indianapolis Journal.

Beauty is Blood Deep

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Some people are forever putting their feelings under other people's feet and then crying because they are hurt.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

People who don't know what they want are harder to please than those who do know and can't have it.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Our own temptations should make us sympathetic; our victories, ever than merciful.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl," sold by druggists, 75c.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging in excess.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure 50c., $1. All druggists.

Life is music set of great varieties or discords. Out of little things, in which smile and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what preserve the heart and make content.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

Personal consciousness is perhaps, a higher and more satisfying proof of a life beyond the grave than any historical or logical proof that can be offered.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—MRS. FLORENCE E. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

His Former Occupation.

"I've just found out," said the flag lieutenant, "what that gunner's mate yonder did before he enlisted."

"What?" asked the quartermaster.

"I happened to be standing near him when he pulled the lanyard during the bombardment this morning, and every time he did it he yelled 'C-a-a-s-c-a-r-e! Change in a minute.'"

The Summer Engagement.

She (just after he has been introduced)—It seems to me I have seen you somewhere before.

He—Probably; in fact, I am one of the men you were engaged to last summer.

Valuable Statistics.

Insurance agent—We can't insure you.

Old man—Why not?

Insurance agent—You are 94 years old.

Old man—What of that? Statistics will tell you that fewer men die at 94 than any other age.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Of that noble courtesy which makes true gentlehood, the finest grace is sensitiveness to gratitude.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"A great deal of the unhappiness, and much of the vice of the world, is owing to weakness and indecision of purpose—in other words to lack of courage.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1023 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA. Pays at once, no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

The early and the latter part of human life are the best, or at least the most worthy of respect. The one is the age of innocence, the other of reason.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Pluck out of suffering the glory that lies hid up in it, and use it for soul of each one of you, "Because of the joy set before him he endured the cross."

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LUCIEN FRANKS, Camp Sta., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1895.

The fitting accompaniment of personal cleanliness is purity of our families and this includes house, soil, water, air and food.

34 HCH

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

SOLDIERS USED PLIERS.

Before Them the Spaniards' Barbed Wires Fences Lost Their Terrors.

American ingenuity co-operated with American bravery in providing a unique weapon by the use of which the much-feared barbed-wire fence, which surrounded Santiago, lost the greater part of its terrors.

This effective weapon is known to the mechanical world as pliers. Five thousand of these wire cutters were provided the American army before the battle of Santiago, and when the time came to attack the Spanish stronghold the advance guard wielded 10-inch nippers

HOW IT WAS DONE.

in addition to its other arms. The pliers were provided with three sets of knives, any one of which was capable of severing several strands of wire at a time. The five thousand of them were supplied Uncle Sam on rush orders by five big New York firms.

Strange to say, the barbed wire with which the Spaniards constructed supposedly invincible barriers around their Cuban strongholds was originally provided by United States manufacturers, and United States manufacturers afterward provided instruments with which to destroy that same barbed wire.

SITTING A HORSE CORRECTLY.

How the Rider Is Directed to Acquire Graceful Ease in the Saddle.

The rider must sit in the middle of the saddle seat as flat as possible; weight of body evenly distributed between the two points of the pelvis, or "sitting bones," as the Germans call them. Head and body erect and square to the front, chest out and back straight. The legs should be stretched by their weight alone and allowed to fall naturally. The

SITTING A HORSE CORRECTLY.

inner surface of the thighs and knees is tightly pressed against the horse with an equal pressure, and lies as flat as possible. The thigh should be turned in the hip joint to widen the crotch. The legs from the knees down fall naturally, the upper portion being close to the horse, but not clinging to him; the grip is taken from the hip to the knee.

A girl's features may be stamped on a young man's heart, but it's always her complexion that looms up on his coat collar.

Teacher—I want each of you to make a sentence, using the word "delight" in it. Small boy (colored)—Do wind come in de window an' blowed out de light.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—I wonder if that couple are married. She—Certainly not. He—How can you tell? She—Why, they're been talking to each other for nearly half an hour.—New York World.

"In this a healthy portion of the State?" asked a traveler in Arkansas. "Well, I should say it is. There has been nobody hung about here in three months."—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Bunsen—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as he did when we had a cook.—Boston Traveler.

A STRONG APPEAL.

It's Hard to See How a Man Could Resist It.

Secretary Alger, who is easily touched by any story of a sorrowing mother or an afflicted family, is having all he can do to repress his feelings and enforce military laws. Every day he is besieged from some direction to release from the army some soldier who hastily volunteered without taking into consideration his duties to his family or to himself. Occasionally some man is allowed to leave the army, but the Secretary is doing all he can to discourage this.

The other day a fair-haired, smooth-faced boy walked in to see the Secretary at the War Department. "I came to ask you to release me from the army," the boy said. "I do not care myself, but my poor old mother is dying from grief."

The appeal of the little fellow, whose boyish face quickly caught the Secretary, made an impression, but in the kindest manner the Secretary said: "My boy, I do not know what your story is but every day I receive these appeals. I was a soldier myself. Let me say to you that you may always regret this. Write your mother consoling letters and go forward and do your duty, determined to come out of the war with a name and a record."

"Yes, Mr. Secretary," said the boy, "I realize all that. I am anxious to go to the front, but look at this note from mother."

The Secretary glanced over the tear-bespattered note, which spoke of "my little soldier boy." In the note she sent the son a lock of her hair. It was gray, almost white. "You see the color of my hair now," she wrote. "You know what the color was when you went away."

Taking from a pocket a watch chain made of hair, the soldier boy said to the Secretary: "Here, sir, you see what a few weeks have done. From this beautiful brown my mother's hair has turned gray. God knows I love her. I love my country. I do not know what to do."

The appeal was a strong one. "I will investigate your case," the big-hearted Secretary said, as he walked away to his office, just a trace of moisture showing in his eyes.—Washington Star.

Astrology in Ancient Times.

Astrology was cultivated first by the Chaldeans, and was transmitted from them to the Egyptians, Chinese and others at the very dawn of history. The Jews became much addicted to it after the captivity. 588 B. C. Bede, the learned Saxon monk, was devoted to it, A. D. 673-735, and Roger Bacon 1214-1292. It was much in vogue in Italy and France in the sixteenth century.

BAD BREATH

"I have been using CASCARETS and as a mild cathartic laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were troubled with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great boon to the family."—WILHELMINA NAGEL, 127 Bilmeyer St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER.

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE BY TOBACCO HABIT.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

WANTED—Case of bad health that H-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 2 cts. to Hipans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Boss—Was that baby talk your wife was talking as I came in? Fogg—That was mother talk; no baby I ever saw indulged in such gibberish.—Boston Transcript.

The Chaperon—You should never run down your friend, my dear. The Chaperoned—No danger of that; they can all beat me at scorching.—New York Evening Journal.

Doctor (to female patient)—You have a slight touch of fever; your tongue has a thick coat.—Patient (excitedly) Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits.—Puck and Fiction.

Mistress—Now, you must always sweep well behind the dust, Mary. Mary Ye'ns, trust me for that; it's the only way one can get the dust out of sight.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Thoughtless Folks Have the Hardest Work, But Quick Witted People Use SAPOLIO

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Write for our interesting books "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. We make a specialty of applications rejected in other hands. Highest references furnished.

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HAMMONTON Directory.

RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST. Rev. T. H. Athey, pastor; Sunday services: Preaching 10 30, Sunday-school 11.45, Junior C. E. 3.30 p. m., Christian Endeavor 6.30, Preaching 7.30. Weekday prayer meeting Thursday evening 7.45. Boys Brigade; meets Wednesday eve, in S. of V. Hall.

CATHOLIC, ST. JOSEPH'S. Rev. ——— rector Sunday mass 10.30 a. m., vespers at 7.30 p.m.

EPISCOPAL, ST. MARK'S. Rev. Edwin C. Alcorn, rector. Celebration of Holy Eucharist 1st and 3rd Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Other Sundays, 7:30 a.m. Morning Prayer, Litany, and Sermon, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 10.30 a.m. Evensong 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Friday Evensong, 7.30. Saints Day Celebration, 7:30 a.m. Special services in Advent and Lent.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev. W.N.Ogborn, pastor. Sunday services: class 9.30, a. m. preaching 10.30, sunday-school 12.00 noon, Epworth League 6.00 p. m., preaching 7.30. Class Tuesday and Wednesday evenings 7.45. Prayer meeting Thursday 7.45 p. m.
Mission at Pine Road.

PRESBYTERIAN. Rev. G. B. VanDyke pastor, Sunday services: preaching, 10.30 a. m., Sunday school 12.00 noon, preaching 7.30 p. m. C. E. prayer meeting Wednesday 7.45 p. m. Church prayer meeting Thursday 7.45 p. m.
Missions at Folsom and Magnolia.

Italian Evangelical. Rev. Thomas Fragale, Pastor. Sunday School at 10.30 a.m. Preaching at 9 a.m. Saturday, 7 p.m., preaching.

UNIVERSALIST. ——— ——— pastor. Sunday services: preaching 10.30 a. m. Sunday school, 12.00 noon, preaching 7.30 p. m. Sociable alternate Thursday evenings.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. Mrs. Chas. E. Roberts president, Mrs. S. E. Brown secretary, Mrs. Wm. Rutherford corresponding secretary.

MUNICIPAL.

CLERK. J. L. O'Donnell.
COLLECTOR & TREASURER. A. B. Davis.
MARSHAL. Chas. E. Roberts
JUSTICES. G. W. Pressey, J. B. Ryan.
CONSTABLES. Geo. Bernshouse.
OVERSEER HIGHWAYS. Roscoe Bickford
OVERSEER OF THE POOR. Geo. Bernshouse.
NIGHT POLICE. J. H. Garton.
FIRE CHIEF. S. E. Brown.

VOLUNTEER FIRE CO. D. S. Cunningham, president; Chas. W. Austin, secretary. Meets 3rd Monday evening of each month.

Independent Fire Co. Meets first Wednesday evening in each month.

TOWN COUNCIL. Alex. H. Sutton, Chairman, Wm Cunningham, P H Jacobs, E W Batchelor, M K Boyer, Henry Leibfrid
Meets last Saturday eve each month.

BOARD OF EDUCATION. C. F. Osgood, president; D. S. Cunningham, clerk; Edwin Adams, J L O'Donnell, Miss Nellie Seely, Miss Anna Pressey, Mrs E A Joslyn, Thomas C Elvins. Meets 2nd Tuesday even'g each month.

FRATERNAL.

ARTISANS ORDER OF MUTUAL PROTECTION. D. C. Herbert, M. A.; A. B. Davis, Secretary. Meets first Tuesday evening in each month in Mechanics' Hall.

WINSLOW LODGE, I.O. O.F. A. H. Birdsall, N. G.; William H. Bernshouse, Secretary. Meets every Wednesday evening, in Odd Fellows Hall.

SHAWMUNKIN TRIBE I. O. R. M. Robert E. Thomas Sachem; Chas. W. Austin, Chief of Records. Meet every Tuesday's sleep in Red Mens' Hall.

M. B. TAYLOR LODGE. F. & A. M. D. S. Cunningham, Master; Alonzo B. Davis, Sec. 2nd and 4th Friday nights in Masonic Hall.

JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS. John Bakely, Councillor; L. W. Purdy, R. S.; A. T. Lobley, F. S. Meets every Friday evening in Mechanics' Hall.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL POST, G. A. R. W. H. H. Bradbury, Commander; Lyford Boyerage, Adjutant; H. F. Edsall, Q. M. Meets 1st and 3rd Saturday nights in S. of V. Hall.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS. President, Mrs. E. Rutherford; Secretary, Miss Lizzie Bernshouse. Alternate Friday eves, in S. of V. Hall.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL CAMP SONS OF VETERANS, No. 14. Capt., Wm. Cunningham; First Sergt., H. D. Rutherford. Every Tuesday eve, S. of V. Hall.

THE HAMMONTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. Harry Smith, president; Albert L. Jackson, secretary; W. DePuy, baseball manager. Meets every Monday eve, at Association Hall.

Sisterhood Branch, No. 56, O. Iron Hall of Baltimore. Sarah A. Hood, Pres't. Carrie A. King, Sec'y. Meets in Mechanics' Hall first and third Wednesday eve's, 8 o'clock.

Little Ha-Ha Council, No. 27, D. of P. Lizzie C. Bassett, Pocahontas; Carrie A. King, R. of R. Meets Monday evening in Red Men's Hall.

Business Organizations.

Fruit Growers' Union, H. J. Monfort secretary, shippers of fruit and produce.
Fruit Growers' Association, J. R. Abbott secretary, shippers of fruit and produce.
Hammonton Loan and Building Association, W. R. Tilton secretary. Meets every 1st Thursday in Firemen's Hall.
Workingmen's Loan and Building Association, W. H. Bernshouse, secretary. Meets every 1st Monday in Firemen's Hall.
People's Bank, W. R. Tilton cashier.

LOCAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

Bill H. Chandler, attorney.
Roscoe Bickford, ice.
Monfort Cycle Company
C F Lenz, barber
Valentine & Hood, undertakers.
F A Lehman, blacksmith and wheelwright.
John D. Ball, electrician.
John Prasch, Jr., undertaker.
Wm Baker, tinsmith
Hoyt & Sons, publishers, printers.
Robert Steel, jeweler.
H. Fiedler, tobacco and cigars.
M. L. Jackson, meat and produce.
L. W. Cogley, harness.
G. W. Pressey, justice.
W. H. Bernshouse, bicycles.
Dr. J. A. Wann, dentist.
John Murdock, shoes.
Wm. Bernshouse, planing mill, lumber.
Henry Kramer, (Folsom), cedar lumber.
George Elvins, dry goods, groceries, etc.
Frank E. Roberts, groceries.
Jacob Eckhardt, meat and produce.
Fruit Growers' Union, general merchandise.
Chas. Cunningham, physician and surgeon.
Geo. M. Bowles, cyclers' rest.
J. B. Small, baker and confectioner.
H. L. McIntyre, meat and produce.
Alex. Aitken, livery and boarding stables.
Wm. L. Black, dry goods, groceries, etc.
D. D. Feo, maccaroni, vermacelli.
Elam Stockwell, coal.
P. Ranere, maccaroni, vermacelli.

Base-Ball Game.

Beaten once more; but it was by a closer score. We might tell why 'twas so, but what's the use? It's a pity Hammonton can't keep a regular nine through the season.

The score:

HAMMONTON

	R	H	P.O.	A	E
Wolseiffer, 2b	1	0	1	2	0
Setley, ss	0	1	3	2	0
Loveland, 1b	0	0	11	2	0
Money, cf	0	1	9	1	2
Conley, 3b	1	0	0	2	0
Covintree, p	1	2	1	1	2
Mathis, lf	1	1	2	0	0
Whittier, rf	1	1	0	0	0
Dodd, cf	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	6	27	10	4

EGG HARBOR

Sath, 1b	2	0	5	0	0
Sears, ss, p	1	3	1	1	0
Applegate, 3b	2	1	2	0	0
Sanders, lf	0	1	2	0	0
Breder, 2b	0	0	5	0	2
Prasch, cf	1	1	2	0	0
Watson, rf	1	1	0	0	0
Wilberg, c	0	2	8	4	0
Morganweck, p, ss	0	2	2	2	0
Totals	7	11	27	7	2

Egg Harbor	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	1	— 7
Hammonton	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	— 5

Three-base hit...Applegate
Left on bases...Ham 6, E H 8
Struck out... By Coventry 8, Morganweck 4, Sears 3
Bases on balls...Ham 3, E H 3
Hit by pitched ball...Sath
Wild pitches...Covintree 2
Time, 2h. Umpire, Turner.

In the past six months the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia have received orders for one hundred and thirty-eight engines from Russia. The Baldwin locomotive is a world favorite, and may be found in almost any country where there are railroads. This is another of the triumphs of American ingenuity backed up by suitable protection.

Speaker Reed, in his speech of acceptance at the convention which renominated him last week, said: "I never knew less of it (political feeling) in all the years in which I have known of such things. To me this seems fortunate for the country." Patriotism has been the dominant feeling for the past three months. It is gratifying to know how entirely our people ignore the baser political bickerings when the time arrives for them to assume the seriousness of a grave crisis.

Poor rations are no excuse for inadequate discipline. The regulars won the victory at San Juan half starved. Some of them did not have a morsel of food for forty-eight hours, but they never forgot that they were American soldiers.

With Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and Hawaii, the United States will control the sugar production of the world.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.

Knowledge of the world is valuable only in so far as it teaches us to appreciate the good and to shun the evil that is in it.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake its warnings.

Credit is the character of cash.

Covetousness is a chrysalis of crime.

Avarice is a vice that squeezes men's souls.

Men usually seek out their own temptations.

A hard head gets money, and a hard heart holds it.

The man who takes things as they come usually finds them a long time coming.

Heaven never helps the man that will not act.

No one suffers so much from rascality as the rascal himself.

The noblest motive is the public good.

Truth loves open dealing.

Infidelity is a pillow of nettles.

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Atlantic City R. R.

July 1, 1898.

DOWN TRAINS. | UP TRAINS.

a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m	p. m	p. m	STATIONS.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m	a. m.	a. m	p. m	p. m	p. m	p. m.
6 15	10 45	12 45	3 00	5 40	6 00	6 30	Philadelphia	6 25	7 59	10 20	10 20	1215	4 10	6 25	6 45	10 50
6 25	11 24	12 57	3 10	5 50	6 12	6 40	Camden	6 13	8 10	10 03	10 00	1203	3 58	6 10	6 33	10 38
6 32	.....	1 04	.....	.....	6 10	6 48	West Collingswood	6 06	.....	9 57	.....	.....	3 51	6 03	.....	.....
6 40	.....	1 12	.....	.....	5 27	6 56	Haddon Heights	5 58	.....	9 49	.....	.....	3 43	5 55	.....	.....
6 53	.....	1 26	.....	.....	5 41	7 08	Laurel Springs	5 43	.....	9 36	.....	.....	3 28	5 40	.....	.....
6 56	.....	1 30	.....	.....	5 45	7 12	Clementon	5 39	.....	9 33	.....	.....	3 24	5 36	.....	.....
7 05	.....	1 39	.....	.....	5 54	7 32	Williamstown Junc.	5 30	.....	9 25	.....	.....	3 14	5 27	.....	.....
7 09	.....	1 44	.....	.....	6 00	7 37	Cedar Brook	5 24	.....	9 19	.....	.....	3 07	5 20	.....	.....
7 17	.....	1 53	.....	.....	6 09	7 46	Winslow Junc. (P've)	5 16	.....	9 00	.....	.....	2 57	5 00	.....	.....
7 24	11 29	2 05	3 41	6 19	6 28	7 51	Hammonton	5 10	7 30	8 53	9 38	1130	2 50	4 53	.....	10 07
7 29	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	7 56f	De Costa	.....	.....	8 48	.....	.....	.....	4 48f	.....	.....
7 37	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 32	8 02	Elwood	5 00	.....	8 42	.....	.....	.....	4 41	.....	.....
7 45	11 42	.....	.....	.....	6 39	8 09	Egg Harbor	4 53	.....	8 20	9 23	.....	.....	4 34	.....	9 52
7 53	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 46	8 16f	Brigantine Junc.	.....	.....	8 11	9 16	.....	.....	4 25	.....	.....
8 04	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 56	8 28	Pleasantville	4 35	.....	8 00	9 08	.....	.....	4 14	.....	.....
8 16	12 05	.....	4 15	6 50	7 05	8 36	Atlantic City	4 25	7 00	7 50	9 00	1100	.....	4 05	5 30	9 30

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Hammonton as follows: Down trains, accommodation, 7:24 a. m, and 6:02 p. m. Up trains, accommodation, 8:04 a. m. and 5:53 p. m.; express, 6:36, 10:00 p. m.

J. A. SWEIGARD, Gen. Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Passenger Agent

WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE R. R.

Schedule in Effect July 1, 1898.

DOWN TRAINS. | UP TRAINS.

Sun Ex. a.m.	Sun. Acc. a m	Sun. Acc. p. m.	Ex. a.m.	Acc. a.m.	Acc. a. m.	Ex. p.m.	Acc. p.m.	Acc. p.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.
8 00	6 30	4 38	5 00	6 45	10 50	3 00	4 30	6 00	Philadelphia	7 40	8 40	10 20	1 50	5 05	9 50	6 30
8 07	6 38	4 38	5 10	6 53	10 58	3 06	4 38	6 08	Camden	7 32	8 30	10 12	1 42	5 57	9 40	6 22
.....	6 50	4 49	.....	7 04	11 10	.....	4 49	6 20	Collingswood	7 20	8 20	.....	1 30	4 48	9 28	6 09
.....	6 59	4 58	.....	7 14	11 16	.....	4 54	6 28	Haddonfield	7 12	8 14	.....	1 23	4 39	9 18	6 00
.....	7 10	5 06	.....	7 24	11 26	.....	5 05	6 38	Kirkwood	6 60	8 01	.....	1 12	4 29	9 07	5 41
.....	7 24	5 19	.....	7 37	11 38	.....	5 20	6 52	Berlin	6 41	7 48	.....	1 00	4 18	8 54	5 27
.....	7 30	5 25	.....	7 42	11 44	.....	5 34	6 58	Atco	6 35	7 39	.....	12 55	4 13	8 48	5 21
.....	7 43	5 31	.....	7 51	11 53	.....	5 42	7 07	Waterford	6 25	7 25	.....	12 47	4 06	8 41	5 13
.....	7 52	5 38	.....	7 55	11 57	.....	5 49	7 13	Ancora	6 18	7 15	.....	12 42	4 01	8 36	5 07
.....	7 57	5 43	.....	8 00	12 02	.....	5 50	7 10	Winslow Jc. (P've)	6 13	7 11	.....	12 37	3 57	8 32	5 02
.....	8 04	5 50	.....	8 08	12 08	3 41	5 50	7 30	Hammonton	6 05	7 05	9 35	12 30	3 51	8 26	4 55
.....	8 21	6 02	.....	8 19	.....	.....	6 11	.....	Elwood	.....	6 55	.....	.....	3 40	8 10	4 44
.....	8 33	6 09	6 03	8 27	.....	.....	6 22	.....	Egg Harbor	.....	6 48	9 22	.....	3 33	8 09	4 36
.....	8 53	6 25	6 18	8 48	.....	.....	6 41	.....	Absecon	.....	6 31	.....	.....	3 15	7 51	4 17
9 00	9 05	6 42	6 30	9 00	.....	4 15	6 53	.....	Atlantic City	.....	6 20	9 00	.....	3 03	7 40	4 05

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