Everybody's doin' it.
Signing candidates'
Petitions. Got yours?

South Jersey Republican

Only three weeks,—
And then,—Oh joy!
First day of School.

HOYT & SON, Publishers and Printers.

Vol. 51 | HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1913 | No. 33

Folsom tax sale takes place next Tuesday.

School opens Sept. 8th,—only three weeks off.

Mrs. Wesley Adams was one of this week's visitors.

Volunter Fire Company monthly meeting next Monday evening.

Word comes from Hahnemann Hospital, that Will Craig is doing nicely.

Rev. Thomas Cline was here on Thursday, calling on old school friends.

Miss Helen Abele, of Philada., spent last week with Lewis S. Spyes and family.

Mrs. J. C. Saunders has recovered from severe illness, caused by the hot weather.

We have another anonymous letter this week—good to fill the waste basket.

Mrs. W. O. Hoyt and daughter, Mary, are spending a week in Collingswood.

Farmers' and Merchants' Loan and Building Association meeting next Tuesday.

Lester Spyes is expected home from South Lyman, to-day, to spend Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. Ellsworth, of Riverton, spent Monday at her brother's, Harry McD. Little.

Our Methodist brethren will picnic at the Park next Wednesday, weather permitting.

Mrs. William Kind, Jr., and her daughter, have been visiting at New Rochelle, N. Y.

St. Mark's peach festival, Wednesday evening, was a success in every sense of the word.

Automobiles aren't expensive to keep. One of our local men reports eight punctures in one week.

Albert L. Jackson starts to-day for Maine, to join his wife and two daughters for a couple of weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Shidle, from Pittsburg, are making their annual visit with Hammonton relatives.

A meeting of the Women's Political Union on Friday, Aug. 22nd, at 3.30 sharp, at the home of Miss Mary Conkey.

Samuel Bank is away on a vacation trip, which will include the "Thousand Islands," and other points of interest.

The Peoples Bank corner looks fine, with its new pavements and curb. There are other fronts which need same treatment.

The Civic Club had a delightful time on Thursday,—a picnic at the Park. They pitched quoits and indulged in other sports.

Council had a special meeting last Friday evening,—the financial questions being the most important subjects for consideration.

Ben. Foglietto is circulating his petition for nomination for assessor—to succeed George Berry; but George is also in the field.

Frank Gallagher has been in the hospital for a week,—having the broken bones in his right arm scraped and wired together.

Edw. Klingenberg is possessor of an automobile, which he will use on his collecting tours. It is not very big, but will get there.

The Baptists and Presbyterians will continue union services all this month. Rev. H. P. Hoskins will preach to-morrow, morning and evening, in Presbyterian Church.

Methodist Episcopal Church,—morning praise at 9.30. Pastor W. L. Shaw will preach at 10.30 and 7.30. Sunday School at noon. Prayer service Thursday evening at 7.45.

Bergdoll's air ship passed over Hammonton about 6.45 yesterday morning, going at a rapid pace toward Atlantic City. Many people saw it, while others thought the racket was an automobile on a neighboring street. It traveled near earth, giving gazers a good view. Poultrymen say that chickens were the first to observe the aerial visitor, and sought shelter a-cackling.

Friends of the Hoyle family regret that they are about to move to West Philadelphia. Mr. H. will continue his plumbing business here.

R. Albert Walther arrived home from Hahnemann Hospital, Thursday, being well on the way to recovery from his operation for appendicitis.

Miss Mary Haddock, a frequent visitor in Hammonton, died in Philadelphia on Wednesday. The funeral service will be held at 11 o'clock to-day.

St. Mark's Church, Rev. Wm. Howard Davis, Rector. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 7.00; Holy Communion, 7.30 and 10.30; Sunday School at 11.45; Evening Prayer, 7.30.

The Civic Club will hold a "Thimble Bee" at Mrs. Samuel Anderson's next Tuesday, Aug. 19th, at 3.00 p. m. These meetings are growing more interesting, and much work is accomplished.

Elwood M. E. Sunday School rode up to Hammonton Park, Wednesday, to hold a picnic. Though it rained at intervals all day, they seemed to have a good time—about fifty of them, in the hall part of the time; and venturesome ones took to the water and boats.

Although the Baptist pulpit will not be vacant until Sept. 30th, applications are rapidly coming in to the Clerk from ministers who desire to become candidates. The Hammonton Church is well-known as a desirable one, being a united and consecrated people.

A severe wind and thunder storm visited us on Sunday, commencing about five o'clock and lasting well into the night. We hear of little damage in this section, but elsewhere, notably in Philadelphia, trees were blown down, houses unroofed, and four people killed.

The way we figure things out now,
And surely 'tis no lie,
Is that arithmetic gets mixed,
And "ads" will multiply.

Walter P. Bakley, with his two sons, also Dan Zinn and Leon Baker, joined Charles Titus and friends last Sunday, at Atlantic City, and spent the day a-fishing. They had excellent luck, pulling in three hundred pounds of the finny tribe.

Mrs. Emma M., wife of Frederick F. J. Quedno, of Hammonton, died last week Friday, in the Episcopal Hospital, following an operation. A husband, little daughter, and many friends are among the bereaved ones. The deceased was a member of the Baptist Church.

Baptist People Picnic.

The proverbial rain didn't materialize on Tuesday, even though the Baptists did picnic at the Park. It was a delightful day, despite threatening clouds in the morning, and everything passed off very pleasantly.

Teams, automobiles, and bikes took the people down and home again.

All the children were treated to ice cream and rides in automobiles and launch.

The sports consisted of bicycle races, three-legged, sack, dashes, tub races, and ball game,—all of which attracted large numbers. The results of the races were as follows:

Bicycle race—one mile....
Boys— Elmer Lenz; time, 4.1; prize, cup and saucer
Men— Adin Wescoat; time, 3.50; prize, cup and saucer
Three-legged race....
G. P. Lenz—Adin Wescoat; time, 12 sec.
Sack race....
Elmer Lenz; time, 9 sec.
Sack race—small boys....
Samuel Gamble.
Tub race—three entries....
Elmer Lenz, 1.5; Chas. Matson, 1.10.
Final.—Matson, 1.15. Prize, horn.
Girls' 50-yd. dash....
Miss Lillian Lehman; time, 10 sec. Prize, misses fan.
Base ball game....
Class No. 5 (Lenz) vs. Class No. 8 (Wescoat). Score, 18—3. Time, one hour more or less. Umpire, Tom Gray.

Features of the ball-game were three-baggers, strike-outs, wild throws, muffs, and appeals, also some fouls.

There were tables and benches for all, and the new grove, with additional swings, made it very enjoyable,—and minus the fatigue of a long ride.

The Judge's Daughter

OVER the rough, uncultivated moorland the motor-car tore along its way, as if pressed by some invisible foe from whom it was flying. A woman was at the driving-wheel, guiding the car with a steady hand, her face shrouded by a thick veil. Yet she gave the impression of being young and beautiful; at least, the man in the back of the car was thinking so; indeed, to him she was an angel of deliverance, for had she not struck away, as if by some magic power, the iron gates that had shut upon his life, giving freedom once more to the man who had been in prison for three long years—the first three years of a life sentence!

John Rivers could well remember the moment when the wild possibility of escape had first arisen like a column of light springing up from the darkness that enwrapped his mind. Until then despair had set its seal upon him, such despair as comes to a man who has had fixed upon him the guilt, ignominy, and punishment rightly belonged to another—the unknown person, for whose crime he was suffering.

A wild hope had been sown by a prison whisper addressed to him by his fellow-convict, a new-comer to Dartmoor, who hinted that outside he was ready to assist, that a day had at last been chosen when, favored by fog and impossible, he could make a dash for freedom, heading for a certain spot where a motor would be waiting.

That day had dawned; and, breaking suddenly away from the gang amongst which he had been toiling, Rivers had fled, pursued by the bullets of the armed warders, and now he was safe beyond the danger zone, those hideous arrow-branded garments concealed by a suit he had found ready for him in the tonneau.

His eyes rested with amazement upon that slight, listless form. Who this girl could be, why she had done this thing for the sake of a man who must be a stranger to her, he could not even remotely guess.

At last he spoke, bending forward: "Let me drive the car—I was once accustomed to motors. I will relieve you, and the danger is no longer pressing."

She turned, throwing him a glance. In truth it was hard for a hunted fugitive in a young man dressed as an Alpine hat pulled down over close-cropped hair. "I could be well," she replied, "if we are nearing a town." At the driving-wheel she sat, attentive.

Rivers and he jumped out to change places. He did not immediately take the place he had vacated.

"One moment," he said, in a low, intense voice. "I have a question to ask—one that must be answered. Why are you doing this? What am I to you? Why have you run such risks?"

"What does that matter? Isn't it evident that you are free?"

"At least, let me see your face."

She hesitated a moment, then, with some compelling feminine grace lifted her veil. She was as he had thought, and lovely, for there was immense character in the clear-cut, perfect features, and by wonderful, luminous eyes; all a woman's pity and tender care were revealed in the gracious curve of her delicate sensitive mouth.

John Rivers drew a deep breath. A sudden flame seemed to scorch his dead heart, recalling life. Beyond liberty, this girl was in a moment to have given him a thing of even greater value, more priceless than life. Then, as his gaze met mine vivid memory of the unknown awakened, a moment of doubt.

"Is this the judge's daughter?" But the words spoken in too low a tone for her to hear.

She replaced her veil, then leaned towards the driver, handing him a leather pocket-book.

"Follow directions there. Follow them, and you will evade pursuit. Abroad as soon as the hue and cry has died down, lose your identity, and—forgive me—forget your mother's kind."

"Do you all the chance of proving your innocence?" he cried, passionately. "For innocent I am. Mine was the hand that slew Norton—I hate the overwhelming evidence against him on that fatal night—I quarrelled with him I confess to hate him, for he had done irreparable wrong to one I loved. But my hand was not guilty of his blood."

"The question of your innocence is one to plan your escape," she replied quietly.

"You urge me to go abroad, to hide myself for ever in nameless exile. It is but of all question. I am not subject to prove my innocence to the whole wide world. I am hunted down the bastard who has fastened his own crime upon me."

She spoke a low, smothered cry, that seemed to have a note of fear in it.

"For my sake, do as I counsel," she said, in a trembling tone.

"You mean well," he said. "You are the best, the most splendid friend a disgraced, forgotten man ever knew. Yet, this is something that I myself must alone decide."

Some minutes later a big town was reached, and here they parted company.

* * * * *

Dinner was over at Mr. Justice Elverton's house.

The judge and his daughter had retired to the drawing-room. The lights were softly shaded here, and both father and daughter were silent, the judge quietly watching the girl's white, anxious face as she leaned back in her chair, fingering, unseen by him, a note she had received that evening.

He wondered, as he looked at her, why she had changed so during the last three years, why she was so silent, so sad, and so grave. Was she grieving, as he himself secretly grieved, over her brother, the judge's only son, whose follies and misspent youth had driven him to work out his redemption abroad?

He seemed about to say something, but, checking himself, he picked up a sheaf of newspapers which had just been placed at his side.

He started a little as a paragraph met his eyes.

"Isabel, the convict who escaped from Blackmoor a month ago, and who it was said had been helped in his flight by a woman, has been seen, it appears, in London—sighted by two police, but lost again in that maze wilderness."

She turned, her face paler still, and even more disturbed.

"Oh, I hope he is not caught!" she cried.

"Isabel!" The judge's voice had a shocked note. "My dear child, don't waste your pity on a murderer, who was fortunate to have his death-sentence commuted."

She crossed over to his side, taking his frail hand in her own warm young touch.

"But suppose this man was innocent?"

"I cannot suppose it. I was his judge, and had any such doubt been in my mind I should have emphasized it in my summing up. He was guilty, my dear. But, Isabel"—he swept a tired hand suddenly across his wearied brown—"don't let us talk of these things. The shadow of crime ought never to intrude in this place. I want to leave even the memory of those things all behind me, discarded with my robes of office."

The warm flush died out from the girl's face and it grew a little hard.

"Dearie"—his voice was very tender—"what is wrong? I used to be your best friend once, but now—there is something between us. What is it, child?"

She smiled, a wistful, inscrutable smile, the very shadow of sadness.

"Fancy—only fancy."

But the judge shook his head.

"Something more than that. And now that we have but each other, now that Gerald has gone away, shouldn't we cling all the closer to one another? Is it because, as his father, I sent him away that you are claiming me? Did you think my decision a harsh one?"

"Oh, Gerald is a weakling" she response, almost contemptuously. "I do not waste my pity on him. There are other men who have heavier burdens to bear than his."

Her words seemed almost challenge, and vaguely troubled the judge. But he said no more. He loved that absent son with the pitiful love that the strong have for the weak.

* * * * *

Mr. Justice Elverton fell asleep almost as soon as he retired that night, but his dreams were troubled, and presently something woke him with a start, and he sat up in bed, listening intently.

Was it fancy, or had some sound come to him from the room beneath his own, that room in which he and Isabel had been seated after dinner?

Determined to investigate, the judge slipped into dressing-gown and slippers and made his silent way down the staircase.

The murmur of voices reached him now, but the possibility of burglars did not enter his mind. He imagined it to be one of the servants keeping some midnight meeting with a sweetheart. He pressed through a second door, meaning to surprise and rebuke them with all the severity he could on well command.

But on the threshold he halted, amazement holding him rooted there.

Two figures within the room were revealed to him by the single electric lamp that had been left burning his daughter and one other, a man unknown to him at first, small his wonderful gift for remembering faces came to his aid and he recognized the very man they had discussed that night, John Rivers, whom his own flesh had sentenced to death, the man who had escaped, and was now so dreading Isabel.

"I have come here, intent upon seeing you, as my note stated, because I have proof of my innocence. I know whose hand it was that shot Norton."

The girl looked shaken and painfully agitated. It was clear that she had sat up waiting for this meeting after the household had retired.

"You understand, then, what moved me to aid you break prison?"

The judge stood there dazed, wondering was this some dream from which he must awaken.

"Yes," replied John Rivers, with a touch of bitterness; "it was to ease your own conscience, for you were aware that your own brother had murdered Norton Nestor."

"It is, alas! true," she faltered. There was a hideous scene between the two men, then my unhappy brother woke up from a drunken or drugged sleep to find that the man whom he had threatened was dead at his feet."

"And he let suspicion fall upon me, I had done him no wrong; we had never met; why did he let me remain the victim of his own guilt?"

The judge did not ask himself now if he was dreaming. This was reality, a terrible, a tragic reality. He felt as if his soul, the very life of him, was falling away.

"He was a coward," the girl whispered. "And as for my own silence, you see, he was my brother. Besides, that was not the only consideration. There was my father. Weak and worthless he knew my brother to be, but not what he really was—not a murderer. He could never have stood against such an awful revelation. It would have killed him."

"Then you would have let me go to the scaffold, let me die a shameful death?"

"No, no; not that. I must have spoken then, absolved from the pledge of silence I gave my brother. And now—you see that you know the guilty man, you will, of course, take means to establish your innocence?"

The man had turned away, his features revealing the bitter conflict that raged in his soul.

"That that was my intention," he said, slowly. "But now oh, my purpose is weakening. I thought honor everything once, the clearing of my name a sacred duty. But I hardly know, yet I think there is something else to which honor must give place, and that is the gratitude which I owe to you. I have my liberty, and if was you who restored it to me. I will not have can I?" And the heart that trusted me. I shall go right away, as at first you advised, burying my dishonored name in an alien land, and the rest shall be silence. But the hardest thing of all to leave behind me will be, not this forfeited chance of restoring myself in the world's esteem, but the knowledge that you and I can never meet again."

His tone was eloquent, his meaning clear, and beneath it the girl flushed painfully.

"There is something I might say," he went on, slowly, "but it is something that you must not hear, and so I must leave it unsaid."

She bowed her head tremulously. Then she held out her hands, both hands. He took them in his own, holding them in warm pressure; then he was gone, lost in the night.

* * * * *

The judge, pale and shaken, but outwardly composed, hesitated a moment, then, with slow, weary steps, he turned away from watching the girl's figure as she stood there, her eyes still straining out into the darkness, and returned to his own room.

* * * * *

All through the long hours the judge wrestled with a terrible problem.

The old familiar sense of sitting in judgment upon a fellow-being was strong upon him. Only now it was someone very dear to him, his own son, who was the culprit. The torturing thought burned in his brain. Must he be the one to reveal his son's guilt? Must his be the hand to place the rope round his son's neck?

Oh, he could not! It was a sacrifice too terrible for any father to be called upon to make!

And Isabel—she was content to let John Rivers bear the stigma still, to let one whom in some swift way she seemed to care for, even as it was evident he cared for her, pass from her for ever. But he went in freedom, that was the great point; she had worked successfully for that, his brave, clever girl. Why not let things remain at that?

Warring conscience, sharply divided in agonizing conflict, pulled this way and that.

But when morning came the battle, the judge felt, was decided. He could not play the Roman father, he could not hand his son over to justice.

"Father, the most amazing thing has happened!" Her face had a marvellous bloom upon it, her eyes were shining stars. "Neither Gerald is guilty nor yet John Rivers. A third, an unknown enemy of Norton Nestor's shot him; but now, with the shadow of on-coming death upon him, he has confessed, sends that remove all suspicion from our poor exiled Gerald and from John Rivers as well."

The judge held erect his bowed shoulders. New youth seemed to have returned to him.

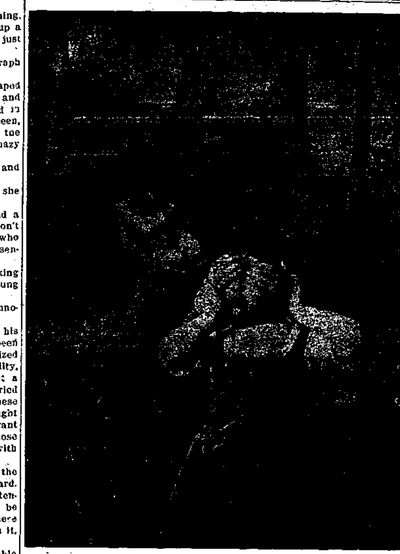
"The man you care for?" he said, with a playful, kindly smile.

"I—I suppose I do," she murmured. Then she glanced up at her father with open, fearless eyes. "It—it was pity first of all," she went one; "deep, intense pity. But now—yes, now it is love."

* * * * *

It caused a mild sensation, the marriage of a judge's daughter with a man whose escape from prison it was hinted she had herself assisted.

But John Rivers, as well as his wife, was a very welcome figure once more in the world to which he had been restored an innocent man.



PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD

NOVEL VENTILATION.

The ingenious way in which a Virginia gentleman supplies pure, dry air to his house is described in the Technical World Magazine. The Luray caverns are among the most beautiful and extensive of limestone caves, and they honeycomb the ground for three miles or more beneath Cavern Hill. Mr. T. C. Northcott has bought the caverns, and his house stands on the hill.

Cave air is virtually germless, and it is of uniform temperature; it is also dry, for it is constantly circulating over limestone.

Accordingly, Mr. Northcott has piped the air from the caverns into his home by means of an air-duct and suction-fans; he gets his ventilation, and to a certain extent his heating, absolutely free. In the first place, he has a never-failing supply of fresh, dry, germless air, at a constant temperature of between fifty-four and fifty-six degrees. Mr. Northcott never opens the windows of his house, except to clean them, and catarrh and colds are unknown in his family. A day or two in this house, he declares, will cure the most obstinate case of grippe.

Furthermore, since the air comes into the house at an average temperature of fifty-five degrees the year round, he can heat his house in winter and cool it in summer at the very smallest expense. It is only necessary to raise the natural temperature of the air some ten degrees for perfect comfort, and the cave air does not, like outside air, vary in humidity. In the coldest weather a very small furnace fire is sufficient.

In summer, Mr. Northcott admits the unwarmed air into the house, and the temperature drops to a coolness which makes a log fire welcome, no matter how high the mercury is outside.

The simplicity of the whole arrangement should excite the admiration of too engineer: it will certainly stir the envy of ordinary mortals. If there were only enough caves in the world for all of us!

AN APT PARABLE.

The tendency of some modern thinkers to disparage Christ and then to dismiss Him from the mind, was treated as it deserved by Sir Alexander Simpson, in an address which he delivered as president of the Harveian Society of Edinburg. Sir Alexander suggested a parable as follows:

They who use their time on earth to empty Christ of His Godhood, and who will not come to Him far a part in the akatalytic (indissoluble, or endless—see Heb. 7: 16) life He brought, and laid down and took up again that He might share it with the race as the Head of the new creation these brave collectors of negatives, to what shall I liken them? They look to me like mariners setting out to sail the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea" in a vessel charged, as to her tanks, not with fresh water, but with wine that "is a mocker," and plentifully provisioned with empty cocoanuts.

This to well said. The pity of it is that, some who are regarded as erudite and thoughtful, are nevertheless so unbalanced in mental equipment that, first they misunderstand our Lord and His claims, and then, as a consequence of the misunderstanding, they dispense with Him and the work He performed "for us men and our salvation."—London Christian.

BEAUTY WON IN CONFLICT.

The daily temptations which make every true life such a patient conflict from beginning to end bring us constant opportunities for growth of character. Not to struggle is not to grow strong. The soldier's act can be learned and the soldiers' honors can be won only on the field of battle. If you would grow into the beauty of the Master, you must accept the conflicts and fight the battles. You can never live easy if you will by declining every struggle, but you will then get little out of life that is truly noble and worthy. Scottish Reformer.

"Young man, we need brains in our business."

"I know you do. That is why I'm looking for a job here."

AN INDIAN'S BRAVERY.

A striking story of the courage and self-sacrifice of which the American Indian at his best is capable is given by Mr. O. H. Mills in the Des Moines Register and Leader. It was told to the white men by the famous Sac chief, Black Hawk, who himself saw the incident.

It all began with an unfortunate quarrel between an Iowa and a Musquakie, in which the latter killed the former, and then in a moment of frenzy scalped his victim. The two tribes were at peace, and this act, allowable only in time of war, was in Indian eyes an intolerable breach of good faith.

The Musquakies offered all sorts of reparation, but the Iowas would accept nothing but the person of the offender, to be tortured and put to death in propitiation of the outraged spirit of the dead man. To this the Musquakies agreed on condition that the culprit be given a month to fortify himself for his terrible ordeal. But just as the month was about to expire, he fell ill with a raging fever. In that condition he could not be carried across the prairie, but a failure to produce him at the appointed place would arouse the suspicions and perhaps the hostility of the Iowas.

A council was called to debate the matter, before which appeared Cono, a brother of the sick man. "There are no squaw-men in our family," he declared. "I will go in his place."

The others tried to dissuade him, and described to him the tortures he would have to undergo; but he insisted upon making the sacrifice. Accordingly, an escort was selected to accompany him, at the head of which Black Hawk, then a young but widely respected chief, was placed.

"I never saw a more pathetic scene," said Black Hawk, "than the parting of Cono and his father and mother and other relatives. The whole tribe was overwhelmed with gloom."

In the middle of the afternoon the party arrived at the Iowas' village. Cono had asked that his identity should not be disclosed, but one of the Iowas, who was present at the time the young Indian was slain, saw that the guilty party was not being delivered, and Black Hawk told the whole story. The Iowas accepted it as true, and after a brief council, consented to the arrangement. The death circle was staked out, and patrolled with armed guards, and Cono was placed in its center, while his escort was entertained in the teepee of the chief. It was a chill November day, and the sun was just sinking behind the cliffs of the Des Moines River when the escort left the camp.

They paused on a hill about a half-mile distant from the camp. They could see that the fires had been lighted round the death circle, and in the hush of the evening came the plaintive sound of Cono chanting his death-song.

Having traveled some hours, they halted and made camp. About midnight they heard the clatter of horses' feet; and in a moment more a single horseman rode up. It was Cono! This was his remarkable story:

The fires of the death circle were burning brightly, and the squaws with their burning sticks were preparing to make the first attempt to extort a cry of pain and agony, when an old man, the father of the dead Indian, raised his voice.

"Stop!" he cried. "Let me speak. I am the one that has suffered; my son was killed and scalped by a Musquakie. I was hungry for revenge, and were the one that killed and scalped him here, I would shout with joy at his torture. But this young man is brave. Never have I seen such bravery before. He is too good a man to torture and kill. Release him and let him return to his own people."

Although the entire village a few hours before had been eager for revenge, there was a murmur of approval, as the old man gathered his blanket about him and took his seat. Without any one making a single objection Cono was removed from the circle and given food and drink. A few hours later he was led from the camp, allowed to mount his own pony, and depart in peace.

DOES JESUS CARE?

Yes, He cares, and the heavenly Father who takes note of even the falling of a single sparrow to the ground is not indifferent to those who are of "more value than many sparrows." It is difficult for us to realize that God is concerned about little things, but our failure to appreciate this is due to human limitation. Greatness is as much exemplified in the infinitesimal as in the big things. How much worry would be avoided if people only grasped the thought of God's overruling providence even in the petty trials and small details of life. Praise His name. He cares! —Living Water.

NOT A LANDLUBBER.

Nelle—Maud makes some queer remarks. She says Cholly does his courting like a sailor?

Belle—Nothing queer, about that That's only her modest way of saying he's fond of smacks.—Phila. Record.

She "Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-bred man. Did you notice his knowledge of Ruskin?"

He "I did, and if you want my candid opinion, I didn't believe he's ever been there."

Of Interest to Women

THE HARD PART.

Mr. Wright—Is your husband busy now?

Mrs. Penman—Oh, very busy.

Mr. Wright—What is he doing?

Mrs. Penman—He's at work on a story.

Mr. Wright—Writing a story, is he?

Mrs. Penman—Oh, no; he wrote it a month ago. He's trying to sell it now.—Yonkers Statesman.

9674. A SEASONABLE AND ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

9666. GIRLS' DRESS WITH SLASHED SKIRT.

This design was developed in brown linene, with trimming of brown and white checked gingham. It would also look well in white satine with self or contrasting trimming, and is suitable for any of this season's popular dress materials. The deep hip belt may be omitted. The closing is at the left side under the tuck. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PARROT THAT QUIT TALKING.

Kerrigan went on a trip to South America, and while there bought a present for O'Brien in the shape of a pretty Spanish parrot, which was shipped to O'Brien. When he got back home he said to O'Brien:

"Dinny, did ye get the foine parrot Oi set you?"

"Oi did that, Kerrigan, and Oi wants to tell ye that I never set me teeth into a tougher bird in me life!" —New York American.

A QUESTION OF JUDGMENT.

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them himself an author, said to the other:

"No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state." —Fireproof Digest.

9657. LADIES' DRESS.

Lavender linen combined with embroidery was used for this dress. Pink chambray with bands of all over insertion would also be effective. The model is likewise appropriate for gingham, lawn, voile, cotton or silk crepe, linene, foulard or taffeta. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1-2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

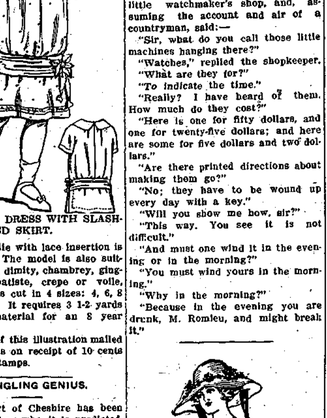
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

SMOOTH THINGS.

It is the fashion of the day to think flightly of sin. Sin is regarded as mistake and misfortune rather than guilt. Sinners feel that they are to be pitied rather blamed, and are comforted in the matter. There is an impression that God rates sin as lightly as sinners themselves do. It is said that "Gospel" means good news, and purely good news, and that for everybody.

There is danger. No deception is crueler and more pernicious in its effect than the rising of false hopes in the hearts of evildoers. Let that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Gospel Advocate.

To cauliflower and cabbage in a piece of cheesecloth. It is easy to handle and keeps its shape.



9652. LADIES' ROUND YOKE NIGHT GOWN.

White nainsook embroidered on the yoke, and trimmed with val lace is here shown. The design is also suitable for lawn, dimity, cambric, crepe or silk. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5 3-8 yards of 36-inch material for the small size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

TURNED ON THE JOKER.

The French critic, musician and government official, Romieu, was fond of joking. One of his diversions—amusing, but not to be commended—was to go into some shop where he thought he was not known, and perplex the shopmen by his questions and remarks.

One evening he had taken a good deal of wine, when he went into a little watchmaker's shop, and, assuming the account and air of a countryman, said:—

"Sir, what do you call those little machines hanging there?"

"Watches," replied the shopkeeper.

"What are they for?"

"To indicate the time."

"Really? I have heard of them. How much do they cost?"

"Here is one for fifty dollars, and one for twenty-five dollars; and here are some for five dollars and two dollars."

"Are there printed directions about making them go?"

"No; they have to be wound up every day with a key."

"Will you show me how, sir?"

"This way. You see it is not difficult."

"And must one wind it in the evening or in the morning?"

"You must wind yours in the morning."

"Why in the morning?"

"Because in the evening you are drunk, M. Romieu, and might break it."

AN ANGLING GENIUS.

In the heart of Cheshire has been discovered a boy who, it is predicted, will develop into one of our great anglers. He was found by a visitor fishing stolidly with an improvised rod and hook.

He paid no attention when spoken to, but mournfully pursued the matter in hand.

"What are you doing?" he was asked.

"Fishin' for snigs," he replied, in a listless voice.

"What are snigs?" said the curious spectator.

"I don't know," he replied, drearily, "I've never caught one yet."

9647. LADIES' COSTUME.

King's blue voile embroidered in Bulgarian colors and with chemisette of lace insertion and chiffon, was used to make this attractive model. The right front is shaped over the left and closes at the side. A round revere collar, outlines the chemisette in front. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or shorter length. The pattern is suitable for gingham, silk, crepe, chambray, lawn, linen or linen. It is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 3-8 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

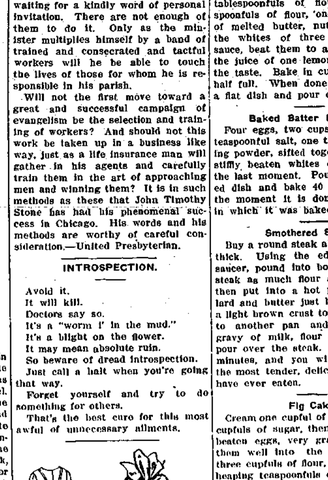
TIRED OF MASQUERADING.

"Didn't you have a pleasant time at Cousin Marie's?" the grandmother was asked, when she returned from a long-talked-of visit.

"Yes, oh, yes," but she breathed a little sigh of relief as she looked about her at the home belongings. "Everything is nice at Marie's, and she and the girls as kind and hearty as could be, but it was all a front-door sort of life—just studying how things would look from the front door and seemed like I wanted to get home again.

"I didn't mind sleepin' on a bed that had looked like a piano all day, nor keepin' my clothes in a box that was rigged up for a sofy, nor eatin' my meals on a table that slid out what looked like a fireplace—you see, they live in a flat, and Marie says all them things is conveniences; I s'pose they are. But both the girls work downtown, and when Anna pitched her patterns and dressmakin' tools into something that looked like a music roll, and Lidy put up her dinner in a box that looked for all the world like a camera, seemed sif I'd got into a place where I didn't be long. I want to get back where things are real, where good, honest work ain't a thing to be ashamed of, and the food it earns a blessin' to be thankful for."—Forward.

Vegetables thoroughly ventilated while cooking are thought to be more wholesome and of better flavor.



9656. GIRL'S DRESS IN SURPLICE STYLE, WITH UNDER WAIST IN ROUND OR SQUARE NECK FORM AND WITH SINGLE OR DOUBLE SKIRT.

Flouncing was used for this model, with lace edging and insertion for the vest portions. The design will also look well in bordered materials, and is appropriate likewise for chambray, lawn, gingham, linen, silk or linene. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 8, 10, and 12 years. It requires 3 1-4 yards of 36 inch material for an 8 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Vegetables should not be cooked in an iron kettle.

THE PASTOR'S FIRST DUTY.

In speaking before the ministers and Christian workers of the Pittsburgh Churches last week, Dr. John Timothy Stone said that, in his view of it, a pastor's first work is not to save souls, but to train men and women to be personal workers and soul savers. He laid the emphasis very strongly on this proposition, affirming it and reaffirming it in the course of his two or three addresses. The statement is worthy of some careful reflection.

Dr. John Timothy Stone is a man of action. He is an organizer. He is full of energy and enthusiasm. He is a sort of human dynamo. He does things. He has made his church in Chicago a mighty saving force. He is reaching and winning large numbers of young men and women every week.

He has put the principle he affirmed so strongly in Pittsburgh into actual practice. He does the preaching but groups of trained men and women in his church do the personal work, extend the invitation, go after individuals and bring them to the church, tactfully press upon them the claims of Jesus Christ and the privileges of the Christian service. And the result have been most gratifying.

Is it true that many ministers are making the mistake of trying to do all the work themselves? Are many of them finding it easier to go after individuals themselves than to train others to do it, and are many ministers simply following the line of least resistance? We wonder how many of our pastors have deliberately set themselves to secure a band of trained and dependable workers through whom they may touch individual lives.

We are persuaded that the larger things in the way of winning men to Jesus Christ about which we have been talking and for which we have been praying will be realized only as the great body of the people give themselves to personal evangelism. It is a physical impossibility for ministers personally to reach all that are waiting for a kindly word of personal invitation. There are not enough of them to do it. Only as the minister multiplies himself by a band of trained and consecrated and tactful workers will he be able to touch the lives of those for whom he is responsible in his parish.

Will not the first move toward a great and successful campaign of evangelism be the selection and training of workers? And should not this work be taken up in a business like way, just as a life insurance man will gather in his agents and carefully train them in the art of approaching men and winning them? It is in such methods as these that John Timothy Stone has had his phenomenal success in Chicago. His words and his methods are worthy of careful consideration.—United Presbyterian.

INTROSPECTION.

Avoid it.
It will kill.
Doctors say so.
It's a "worm i' the mud."
It's a blight on the flower.
It may mean absolute ruin.
So beware of dread introspection.
Just call a halt when you're going that way.
Forget yourself and try to do something for others.
That's the best cure for this most awful of unnecessary ailments.

THE HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Cherry Omelet.

Drain the liquor from a can of cherries and chop fruit coarsely. Reserve 12 or 15 cherries whole. To the chopped cherries add three tablespoonfuls of the cherry juice, bringing to a boiling point and keep hot in a double boiler while preparing the omelet. Beat the yolks of five eggs light. Add two heaping tablespoonfuls white sugar and whip the whites very stiff. Melt one tablespoonful butter in a hot omelet pan and pour in the omelet batter. Cook until set, spread upon half the omelet the minced cherries. Sprinkle with white sugar, fold the other half of omelet over the fruit; put on a heated platter and place the whole cherries around the edge of the dish. Serve at once with hot cherry sauce. Fresh cherries can be substituted for canned ones.

Strawberry Preserves.

Stem the berries and wash through several waters, using a colander. Add sugar in the proportion of one cup sugar to one quart, or one pound of fruit. Mix with the hands to avoid crushing berries. Let stand one hour then fill into glass jars. Put straw in the bottom of a large granite dishpan, then fill three-fourths full of cold water. Set in as many jars of fruit as pan will hold, being sure the jars do not touch. Let water heat to the boiling point, then seal the jars. Strawberries will be delicious, having retained their flavor, color and shape.

Rhubarb Pies.

Take three pounds of rhubarb, wash, peel and cut. Add three pounds sugar and boil three hours; then add one-half pound (one cup) of raisins and one pound (two cups) nuts and boil a little longer. You cannot imagine how nice this is, either for sauce or pies.

German Puff.

Six eggs, one pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonfuls of sugar, lone tablespoonful of melted butter, nutmeg. Reserve the whites of three eggs for the sauce, beat them to a froth and add the juice of one lemon and sugar to the taste. Bake in cups filling them half full. When done put them into a flat dish and pour on the sauce.

Baked Batter Pudding.

Four eggs, two cups milk, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, and sifted together. Add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs at the last moment. Pour into a greased dish and bake 40 minutes. Serve the moment it is done, in the dish in which it was baked.

Smothered Steak.

Buy a round steak about two inches thick. Using the edge of a thick saucer, pound into both sides of the steak as much flour as it will hold, then put into a hot pan and fry in lard and butter just long enough for a light brown crust to form. Remove to another pan and make a thin gravy of milk, flour and water and pour over the steak. Bake about 30 minutes, and you will have one of the most tender, delicious steaks you have ever eaten.

Fig Cake.

Cream one cupful of butter with two cupfuls of sugar, then add four well-beaten eggs, very gradually, beating them well into the mixture. Add three cupfuls of flour, sifted with two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of allspice, a little grated nutmeg, and one cup of milk. Chop fine half a pound of figs and two cupfuls of seeded raisins; add to the mixture, mixing all well together. Pour into a well buttered and floured cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

New Pie to Try.

Tomato and rice pie is a new dish to most cooks. Wash four ounces of rice in several waters. Stew one pound of tomatoes and strain, seasoning them with salt and allspice. Boil rice thoroughly and drain. Place alternate layers of rice and tomato pulp in a pie dish and cover with tomato. Scatter on top breadcrumbs moistened with butter. Bake in a steady oven for half an hour and serve in a pie dish.

Compote of Figs.

Wash and dry one pound of good figs and arrange them on a pretty dish. Boil two cupfuls of water with half a cupful of sugar till very thick, then add strained juice of one lemon. Pour over the figs and allow to get quite cold. Garnish with whipped and sweetened cream flavored to taste, pressing it through a forcing bag and rose tube.

Fig Pudding.

Chop half a pound of figs rather fine and put them in a saucepan, with one cupful of milk, to stew for quarter of an hour. Put into a basin one cupful of bread crumbs, half a cupful of flour, a quarter of a pound of finely chopped suet, a quarter pound of sugar, and a little grated nutmeg, mixing well. Add the figs and the milk, then beat up two eggs well and add them, mixing all together. Then add one teaspoonful of baking powder, mixing it into mixture. Butter a pudding dish well, and pour the pudding in; cover with a buttered paper; place in a steamer and steam for two hours. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

Rub into one pound of sifted flour a quarter pound of finely chopped suet. Add one heaping teaspoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; make into a stiff paste with a little cold water, roll out and fit into a buttered pudding basin, letting the edges hang over. Put into the lined dish a layer of fig jam, cover with a layer of paste, and so on till the dish is full. Cover the last layer of jam with the overhanging paste, protect with a buttered paper, steam for three hours.

Try dipping stale bread in milk and then placing in a paper bag in a moderate oven. It is delicious eaten while hot. This is a particularly nice way to use the ends of Vienna loaves.

Water in which meat and vegetables have been cooked makes good soups.

Orange and lemon peel make a flavoring for syrups, jellies and sauces.

Water in which meat and vegetables have been cooked makes an excellent starch for lingerie waists.

A yellow frosting is made by beating the yolks very lightly and then adding them with fine sugar until they would the whites. It will take a little longer to harden than if the whites were used.

When gas mantles get smoky and dirty the light becomes poor and the mantles are in many cases taken off and replaced. To remove all smoke and dirt from mantles take a pinch of table salt and sprinkle it into the mantle. It will look as good as new.

To whiten scorched linen, wet it with soapsuds and lay it in the sun. If the scorch is a mild one, or boil it in a gallon of milk into which a pound of white soap has been shaved.

To remove lice from plants, a teaspoonful of ammonia to one pint of water, sprinkling this on them day. It will cause the lice to appear and will not injure the plant.

To clean a house, take a piece of zinc on which to work. The varnish on the stove. The zinc carries off the decomposition.

HEROES.

"You think the church of today timid and selfish," said the superintendent of missions to his friend. "Let me give you a few instances that have come to my notice."

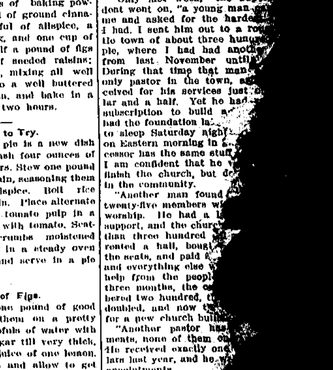
He took a letter from the pile on his desk. "Here is one just this morning from one of our men. He writes, 'I have not received in the last two months, and only six dollars in the last six months. I have succeeded in getting the yard raided, and forty barrels of rum spilled, and the gambling tables and fixtures burned. I'll stick to work as long as I can do anything.'

"Only last week," the superintendent went on, "a young man came to me and asked for the hardest place I had. I sent him out to a row of houses in a town of about three hundred people, where I had had another young man. During that time that man was only pastor in the town, and received for his services just one dollar and a half. Yet he had kept his subscription to build a church and the foundation has been laid. Last Sunday night, at half past one, he came to me on Eastern morning in a buggy. I asked him if he was discouraged. He said he was not. I am confident that he will finish the church, but God only knows what he will have to do in the community.

"Another man found a town of twenty-five members with no church. He had a little support, and the church was worth more than three hundred dollars. He rented a hall, boarded himself, paid the rents, and paid for everything else with the help from the people. In three months, the church had two hundred, the support doubled, and now the church is building for a new church building.

"Another pastor had been appointed to a place where there were no members, none of them could pay, and he had received exactly one dollar last year, and he was reappointed.

"I can give you many such cases. These men have not attracting very much attention on earth, but they will find their name on the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, because thing that was done by them."



9656

South Jersey Republican

Issued every Saturday morning

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Advertising Rates on application. Local Phones,—532, 573, 1693.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1913

The first accident resulting from the sewer excavations occurred on Tuesday, when two of their wagons blocked Central Avenue near its junction with Valley Ave., refusing to yield a safe passage-way, and compelled D. M. Chapman's automobile to swerve into the freshly filled ditch. The wheels sank into the soft earth, and came to a sudden stop, throwing the occupants forward. Mrs. G. F. Lenz, with a little child in her arms, crashed into the wind-shield, breaking it, and cutting herself about the eye and nose, and filling her mouth with splintered glass. The road should be kept open for traffic, for the contractors are responsible in case of accident.

As will be seen by the minutes of Town Council meeting, the bills for street lights were returned to the company for correction. For years past, bills have been presented, sworn to, and Council's committee made what reductions they thought right for lights out; and it was the unanimous opinion that the company should inspect, nightly, all the street lights, and make out their monthly bills accordingly. Otherwise, the Light Committee would have to cover the streets every night,—and all for thirty-six dollars a year,—besides about thirty-six meetings.

The State authorities have adopted plans for out-door toilets for all suburban school houses in New Jersey. Consequently, Hammonton is required to remodel eight of the old closets and build ten new ones. The estimated cost of these improvements is eleven hundred dollars. An unusual feature of the law is, that the sum named is not brought to the voters for an appropriation; the Board of Education certify the amount to our town assessors, who add it to the appropriations already made for the year.

Petitions were circulated this week by the "Women's Political Union," worded as follows: "I believe that a constitutional amendment giving women the vote should be submitted to the voters of New Jersey for their decision." While many are not in favor of woman suffrage, but few refused to sign. If a majority of citizens of this state believe that women should have a hand in running politics, give them a chance to say so. The ladies would surely do better than some men who are now in power.

So great was the demand for last week's REPUBLICAN that our edition was exhausted on Tuesday. Hence we want a dozen copies, in good condition, and will pay three cents each for them. Besides our own large sales at the office, Klingenberg sells from sixty-five to eighty copies each week, at the news room,—an indication of the popularity of the Hammonton paper.

We are heartily in favor of the renomination of our present Mayor, Dr. F. C. Burt. He has made a good official, has posted himself well in municipal affairs, and will be even more efficient during the next two years. It would give us pleasure to sign a nomination petition to that effect. If nominated, he will accept.

People are seeing more and more the need of a safe road to the Park, other than that used by automobiles. We hope that one of the last acts of the present Town Council, or the first thing in 1914, will be to extend Third Street to the Park, for the use of horse-drawn vehicles and pedestrians exclusively.

We approve of the petition asking the Reading to place safety gates at Thirteenth Street crossing. The recent fatal accident was only one of three or four within our recollection, and could have been avoided had gates been guarding the dangerous approach. A flagman can but warn,—not stop.

One of our readers asks the following question, which we cannot answer: "In states where women are allowed to vote, what about the foreign element, do they have to take out naturalization papers; and are the requirements the same as for men?"

Great care is being exercised by the Board of Education to secure teachers of good moral character, as well as efficient training, for our schools. So much depends upon character.

The impeachment of Governor Sulzer, of New York, should be a lesson to all, that we cannot be too careful of our actions.

Some people who patronize the new toilets at the Park should be detected, and forcibly taught lessons of neatness.

Nomination petitions for all Town officers must be in the Clerk's hands by Wednesday, Sept. 3rd.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ELWOOD, N. J., Aug. 11, 1913.

Bids invited for the transportation of the three (3) or more High School pupils from Nesco to Hammonton High School and return.

The Board of Education of Mullica Township, Atlantic County, New Jersey, invites bids for the transportation of three or more pupils from Nesco to the Hammonton High School and return, commencing with September, 1913.

All bids must be in the hands of the Clerk by Saturday, Aug. 30, 1913.

REQUIREMENTS.

To use a decent enclosed vehicle of sufficient capacity to carry the pupils; also, to furnish sufficient robes or blankets to protect pupils from the weather; also, to arrive in time for school.

C. W. MAUHER, District Clerk.

Report of the Condition

OF

The Peoples Bank

Of Hammonton, N J.

At the close of business Saturday, Aug. 9, 1913.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	$377,839.15
Overdrafts	32.01
Stocks, securities, etc	133,827.12
Bank's house, furniture, fixtures	7,000.00
Bonds and Mortgages	41,900.00
Due from other banks	32,765.18
Checks and cash items	1,192.99
Cash on hand	16,163.26
	$632,750.81

LIABILITIES

Capital stock	$50,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undiv. profits less exp. & taxes pd	12,991.32
Due to other banks, etc	8,091.50
Dividends unpaid	15.00
Individual deposits, on demand	242,275.87
Individual deposits, on time	264,095.87
Demand certificates of deposit	405.00
Time certificates of deposit	3,275.00
Certified checks	200.00
	$632,750.81

State of New Jersey, County of Atlantic, ss.:

M. L. Jackson, President, and W. E. Tilton, Cashier of the above named bank, being severally duly sworn, each for himself deposes and says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

M. L. JACKSON, President.
W. E. TILTON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fifteenth day of August, A. D., 1913.

Bertha Twomey,
Notary Public of N. J.

Correct Attest:
William L. Black,
Samuel Anderson, } Directors.
Wm. J. Smith,

SALE OF LAND

FOR UNPAID

Taxes of 1912

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,
Hammonton, N. J., Aug. 9, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that I, A. B. Davis, Collector of the taxing district of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, New Jersey, pursuant to the authority of the statutes in such case made and provided, will on

Saturday, the sixth day of September, nineteen hundred and thirteen,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, in the Town Hall, in said taxing district, expose for sale and sell the several tracts and parcels of land hereinafter specified, or any part of parts of said land sufficient for the purpose, on which the taxes for the year 1912 remain unpaid and in arrears, to the person or persons who will purchase the same for the shortest term, and pay the tax lien thereon, including interest and costs of sale, or in fee where no one will bid for a shorter term.

This sale is made under the provisions of an act of the Legislature entitled "An act for the assessment and collection of taxes," approved April 8, 1903, and the acts amendatory thereof and supplemental thereto.

The said land, and the names of the persons assessed, when said taxes have been assessed, and amount of the same, are as follows:

Names	Block	Lot	Acres	Tax		
Burgess, W. H., est.	6	19	57.00	$18.00	$18.00	
Byers, Kate	7	1	4	4.05	.90	
Carter, Anna	7	6	100	16....	.36	
Cutting, Mrs. F. W.	A-5	32	50.00	15.00	16.20	
Emery, Mrs. Harry	A-4	36	35.100	7.02		
Fairgrieve, T., bal.	4	32	20	1.00	1.01	
Gera, Emil	2	73	8	4.73		
Fields, W. T., bal costs and int.	9	79	70	1.14		
Michelotti, Vic., est.	8	24	24	21.00		
Motti, Elizabeth	10	106	16	4.72		
Myers, Kate or Ch.	E 6-11	56	15.00	25.00		
Stafford, Frank	15	32	43	4.79		
Wells, J. H. & M. P.	16	47	70	20.00		

The above taxes may be paid at any time before the sale, with costs and interest added.

Given under my hand this ninth day of August, 1913.

A. B. DAVIS, Collector.

Town Council Meeting.

Council met Wednesday eve. in regular session; all members being present.

Minutes were read of regular and two special meetings — a busy month.

Fire, Water & Light Committee stated that the Sewerage plant would require water, and that two inch pipe on lower Central Ave., from the W. H. French property down, will have to be replaced by four inch.

Committee reported that all but one was living up to the new gasoline ordinance. E. A. Cordery was notified to appear before the Justice on the 16th. (He now has a tank ready to be placed underground).

Mr. Payne, promotor of a sanitarium site near Ninth Street, requested Council to o. k. his map of lots. As the streets are down to twenty feet (the town requiring fifty), and several streets bearing names of some of our old ones, it was voted best to return the maps not signed.

Bills ordered paid were:

Town Purposes....

B. F. Henshaw, Janitor, salary, etc.	$17 75
J. W. Myers, Night Police	32 00
T. H. Adams, Chief of Police and spc	63 50
W. H. Seelz, Clerk, salary	41 66
Gas Co., care of lamp	1 00
Telephone Co., rent	1 25
C. F. Crowell, Overseer of Poor, 1 m.	15 00
Central Poultry Co., hen manure	3 00
W. H. Seelz, postage	6 25
G. C. Combe, posts and erect'g signs	7 25
Hoyt & Son, adv. and printing	7 75
W. H. Bernshouse, hauling drunk	25
Jos. A. Baker, batons, 2 revolvers, c.	36 00
John Farrar, watching, July 16th	2 00
Lewis Foster, "	1 00
Jos. E. Abbott, special officer, 16th	5 10
W. H. Peterson, " "	5 10
Rudolph Hanni, " "	5 10
Jos. Pizzi, " "	5 10
John L. Price, " "	5 10
Harvey E. King, " "	4 00
Jacob Holler, " "	3 00
Antonio Pinto, sub., and at Reading	21 75
H. K. Spear, cem. walk on Town lot	16 00
	$207 14

Highways....

C. C. Combe, Overseer and men	$257 31
Angelo Tuono	50 29
Geo. Emper	22 25
Matteo Ingemi	8 25
Carlo Barbato	47 25
F. Lenza	32 77
Jno. Woolbert, men and teams	113 75
Frank Scamoffa	32 00
Joe Stilpona	36 00
Antonio Valente	16 85
Antonio Pitale	5 25
A. Bernardo	5 25
W. J. Freudenthal	7 63
Wm. L. Black, supplies	2 12
H. McD. Little, nails, rope, etc	1 05
W. H. Bernshouse, sprinkling, 16th	3 00
P. Valerio	24 00
A. P. Cappuccio	15 00
Joe Campanella	37 40
E. G. Bernshouse	17 00
H. K. Spear, culvert, Vine & Central	8 70
V. A. Sartori, Engineer	5 00
	$747 64

Fire Department....

Telephone Co., alarms	$16 00
Gas Co., lamp	75
Lewis Secrec, cleaning apps., 1 mo	1 25
W. H. Bernshouse, hauling app	1 00
	$19 00

Poor Fund....

C. N. Newcomb, rent	$5 00
Jackson & Son, goods	16 00
P. Bernatto, boarding	20 00
W. I. Black, goods	20 00
	$61 00

Park....

H. McD. Little, supplies	$ 60
W. L. Black, rope	2 56
Angelo Bagliva	3 00
	$6 96

Drainage....

Peter Lanza	$1 75
Geo. Emper	1 75
Angelo Tuono	1 75
Carlo Barbato	2 50
	$8 75

Grades....

V. A. Sartori, moving stones	$3 00
fixing grades, Spear con	42 50
	$45 50

Sidewalks and Curbs....

H. K. Spear, 80 p ct. of bill	$1052 72
Board of Sewerage....	
Hoyt & Son, adv.	$13 51
V. A. Sartori, blueprints	65 50
	$78 81

Bill for lights was ordered returned to Company, to have outages taken off by their own inspector.

Chief of Police reported six drunks, one disorderly, and seven lodgers during the month.

Collector reported receipts for tax as $698.51. Clerk's receipts were $205.37 for license, etc. Overseer had sold street dirt to the amount of $30.

Rev. Stearn, of the Anti-Saloon League, asked permission to hold an out-door lecture and chalk-talk, on a street corner, Aug. 23rd. Same was granted.

Sewerage Commission stated that they would require sixty thousand dollars to carry on their work the next three months. As a resolution was necessary to raise the sum, Clerk was authorized to draft one similar to paving-money resolution.

The question of re-grading the region of the storm sewer was left with the Highway Committee, to report.

Resolution from the State Board of Health was received, approving the plans and specifications of the sewerage plant.

Antonio Pinto's application for the renewal of his pool-room license was received and granted.

Solicitor's opinion was received to the effect that no salaried officer can receive fees for making arrests; also, that Justices should be notified of this decision.

Water Commission asked that they be paid $17.50 per year for the 110 fire plugs, and thus enable them to pay off three thousand dollars per year on the bonds—instead of one thousand per for sixty-nine years. This was referred to Committee, to report at next meeting.

Commissioners also asked for a storage reservoir, 20x16 feet, to draw on in case of of fire.

Petition to Reading Railroad Co. was referred to Council, asking that safety gates be placed at Thirteenth Street crossing, where Nein Rizzotte was killed. Law & Order Committee was instructed to communicate with Reading in regard to this; also to ask that bells be placed at Eleventh Street—another fatal crossing.

Ordinance was introduced and passed first reading, in regard to appropriations (and doubtless passed last night).

Contract, or agreement, was received from the Penna. R. R. Co., allowing sewerage pipes under their tracks, specifying materials, etc. Referred to Solicitor.

A section of the Mays Landing Road, at Folsom, measuring about one-eighth mile, belonging to the Town, being in bad condition, was, on petition ordered graveled.

Also the turnpiking of a short strip at Rosedale, at the request of Mr. Angelo.

Mr. Fry asked that a pipe be placed at his entrance, in place of deep washout,—he to douate pipe. Voted to do so.

Announced that special meeting would be held on Friday evening, Aug. 15th.

Adjourned at 11.30.

Proposals Asked For.

Office of the Property Committee of the Hammonton Board of Education, High School Building, Hammonton, N. J., Aug. 4, 1913.

Sealed proposals will be received at the above named office, Saturday, August 23rd, 1913, at three p.m., for the erection and completion of a three-room school building, including fences and closets, at the north-east corner of Bellevue and Union Roads.

Also, the modelling of the Union Road School building with No. 1, 2 x 12 inch heart shingles laid 5½ inches to weather; no cutter. Use cut nails.

Also, the erection of seven hundred linal feet, more or less, of fence, ten new closets, and the alteration and repairing of eight old closets. These closets will be of the best approved type of outside closets required by the State Board of Education, and will be built of dressed lumber inside and out, anchored to cement walls and foundations, and will have sash, screens, ventilating shafts, and self-closing doors.

Also, proposals will be received for painting with two coats of paint the exterior of the connecting bridge at Central; the exterior of First Road school house; and the exterior and interior of Union Road school house; all with such colors as the Committee selects. The brand of paint to be used to be specified in the bids, and to be delivered at the buildings in the original sealed packages.

Also, on Saturday, Sept. 6th, at the same hour and place, proposals will be received for the alteration of both Magnolia and Lake school buildings, and adding an extension of two rooms and a corridor to each building.

Plans and specifications can be obtained at the office of Jos. H. Imhoff.

The Committee reserves the right to accept any, or reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of Education,

EDWIN ADAMS, } Committee.
JOS. H. IMHOFF, }
F. C. BURT, }

S. J. R. THREE MONTHS 25 Cts

1913-1914 List of Hammonton Pupils And Teachers.

MR. N. C. HOLDRIDGE, M.A., Supervising Principal.

A pupil who is more than five hours behind (approximately 25 per cent. of the year's work) is not listed with the higher grade.

A coach teacher is employed, whose work is to give special help to the conditioned pupils.

Regular teachers must co-operate with her in every way possible, and strive to have conditions worked off early in the term.

Pupils marked (c) are conditioned. An examination will be held on Saturday, Sept. 6, 1913, for pupils in the High School who are conditioned.

Pupils marked (t) are on trial.

Pupils in the grades are expected to remove conditions early in the term.

MIDDLE ROAD

Teacher, Miss Anna C. Phillips

—Grade 4—

Cappuccio, Paul — Rodolf, Philip
Penna, Angelo — Tomasco, Rose
Ricci, Mike

—Grade 3—

Cappuccio, Angelo — Tomasco, Frank
Crescenzo, Lizzie — Tomasco, Tony
Sanfilio, Mike — Tomasco, Willie

—Grade 2—

Baglivo, Jimmy — Molina, Millie
Bell, George — Penna, Lowie
Ciciarella, Annie — Pinto, Tommy
Dimeo, Frank — Pinto, Tressa
Flore, Rose — Ricci, Tony
Jacobs, Annie — Scarpa, Joseph
Molina, Mary — Staton, Charles

Teacher, ...

—Grade 1—

Baglivo, Florie — Martino, Mary
Baglivo, Jimmy — Molina, Dolorosa
Baglivo, Willie — Molina, George
Campanella, Nunzio — Molina, Millie
Capelle, John — Molina, Rose
Capelle, Nico — Penna, Mary
Capelli, Susie — Penna, Tommy
Cappuccio, Tressa — Pinto, Tressa
Ciciarella, Katie — Pinto, Jimmy
Crescenzo, Willie — Ricci, Annie
Crescenzo, Susie — Rudolf, John
DeMario, Millie — Scarpa, Mary
Dallosa, Nick — Tomasco, Angelina
Dimeo, Jenny — Tomasco, Jennie
Dimeo, Milly — Varnis, Frank
Martino, Jimmy — Varnis, John
Martino, Katie

ROSEDALE

Teacher, Miss Margaret M. Barrett

Clone, Gussie — Penna, Dominic c
Franciscco, Mary c — Rizzo, Nellie c
Olive, Tony c — Rodio, William
Penna, Guglino c

—Grade 4—

Donio, Lucy — Lements, Dominic
Errera, Grace c — Pulito, Annie
Johnson, Roberta — Tano, Jimmie

—Grade 3—

Conover, Clarence — Pulito, Josephine
Donio, Maggie c — Penna, Nick
Francisco, Annie c — Penna, William c
Jacobs, Josephine c — Rodio, John
Johnson, Chester c — Rodio, Millie
Muckenturm, A. c — Simonetti, Carmen
Pulito, Tony c — Tano, James

Teacher, Miss Ethel L. Birdsong

—Grade 2—

Ciuci, Nellie — Pagano, Mary
Donio, Mary — Pagano, Tony
Errera, Tony — Rodio, Rosie
Francisco, John — Rizzo, Carlton
Pulito, Katie — Rizzo, Charlotte

—Grade 1, A—

Grasso, Jennie — Penna, Annie
Lements, Annie — Rodio, Teresa
Muckenturm, Marie — Rodio, Thomas
Olive, Anthony — Rodio, Nellie
Pagano, John — Simonetti, Mary B

Barrell, John — Pignatella, Angelo
Dominico, Charles — Pignatella, Joe
Donio, Jack — Potaffno, Tony
Jacobs, Susie — Penna, Annie
Jacobs, Joe — Rodio, Mary
Penna, Rose — Rodio, Maggie
Penna, Nellie — Rodio, Mary C

Donio, Mary — Ingemi, Tony
Penna, Dominico — Perna, Millie
Pulita, Susie — Rizzo, Ernest
Olive, Angelina

UNION ROAD

Teacher, ...

—Grade 5—

Antranosco, Raphael — Presta, Annie
Carpet, Ida — Rizzotto, Rosie
Demarco, Tony — Holt, Louis
Polsinet, Joe

—Grade 3—

Antranosco, Ben — Morinella, Willie
Cappuccio, Emmanuel — Polsinet, Almont
Lucca, Mary c — Polsinet, Julia
Marro, Mamie — Pinto, Susie c

—Grade 1, A—

Botino, Ace — Lanlonaco, Joe
Capelle, Annie — Marro, Lillie
Carpio, Jennie — Morinella, Florence
Ciccobbe, Annie — Molile, Lillie
Heulle, Albert — Rizzo, Ben
Lanlonaco, Angelina — Rizzotte, Madaline B

Antranosco, Jennie — Jerry, Mary
Carpio, Annie — Lanlonaco, Hugh
Cappuccio, Charlie — Pentullo, Tony
Devoia, Mary

OAKDALE SCHOOL

Teacher, Miss Pearl Adams

—Grade 5—

Capelle, John — Pitale, Guy
Cappuccio, Philip — Pitale, Katie
Cook, Isaac — Rotti, Katie
Carlonitto, Santa — Romano, Elizabeth
Esposito, Little — Santoro, Albert
Machno, Celia — Santoro, Michael
Pagano, Millie — Santoro, Minnie
Parkhurst, Virginia — Sacco, Nino
Pinto, James — Tomasello, Thomas
Pinto, Millie — Vaccaro, Angelina

Teacher, Miss Clara M. Walther

—Grade 4—

Cammarata, Tony t — Parkhurst, Louisa
Capelle, Jennie — Pitale, Grace
Capelle, Tony — Pitale, Stevie
Cook, George — Pitale, Frank
Demeco, Hosie — Previti, John
DeFlecio, Annie — Ruggero, Louisa
DeMarco, Jennie — Ruggero, Rosie t
Jacobs, Jennie — Rizzotto, Annie t
Measley, Leslie — Tomasello, Saddie t
Montella, Angelina — Valente, Louisa
Macri, Annie t

Teacher, ...

—Grade 3—

Cammarella, Adelaide t — Pitale, Rosie t
Capelle, Annie — Pitale, Joe t
Esposito, Willie — Pacelli, Katie t
Jacob, Nick — Rizzotte, Annie
Juliano, Mary — Rizzotto, Katie t
Longo, Patsy — Tomasello, Frank t
Morinella, Rosie t — Tomasello, Tony
Perlino, Nina t — Zinno, Millie t

—Grade 2—

Cammarata, Joe — Pitale, Joe
Capelle, Frank — Perlino, Annie
DeFlecio, Jennie — Rizzotti, Katie
Errera, John — Santora, Louise
Juliano, Louis — Tomasello, Willie
Longo, Christie — Tomasello, Katie
Measley, Florence

Teacher, Miss Mabel Small

—Grade 1—

Capelle, Mary — Perlino, Rose
Cammarata, Tony — Pitale, Tony
D'Angelillo, Millie — Pitale, Rosie
DeFlecio, Gilmanie — Pitale, Peter
Carlonitto, Angelina — Ruggero, Annie
Esposito, Herbert — Santora, Theresa
Jacobs, Josie — Sacco, Katie
Longo, Margaret — Santoro, Tony
Macri, Willie — Tomasello, Rosie
Macri, Josie — Tomasello, Tony
Perlino, Joe — Zinno, Tony
Pagano, Rose

(Pirino)

Half-a-Cent-a-Word Column

No charge less than ten cents.
Each figure, initial, and name counts one word.
Double price charged for larger type.

Real Estate.

FOR SALE—eleven room house with all conveniences—bath, electric lights, hot water heat, in good condition. Poultry houses—a good place to raise chickens. Two hundred feet on Bellevue Avenue. Apply to H. C. Bender.

FOR Sale or Rent—house on Egg Harbor Road. Possession given Aug. 20th. Apply to J. E. Gerhard.

HOUSE For Sale. No reasonable offer refused. G. Randall Swain.

HOUSE for Sale or Rent on Orchard Street, Hammonton. Mrs. James Smith, 109 Orchard Street.

FOR Rent.—7-room cottage at 223 Pleasant Street. Gas and town water. Inquire of Mrs. Conover, N. Third Street.

FOR SALE. Four-room house, with lot, on Grape Street. Inquire at this office.

HOUSE For Sale or Rent, on Twelfth Street. Apply to Mrs. J. C. Bitler.

FOR SALE.—a six-room house with bath, hot and cold water, range, steam heat, chestnut finish throughout. Cement cellar, in good order. Can be bought same as paying rent. Apply to Thomas Skidmore.

HOUSE For Sale—five rooms—on Liberty Street. Apply to E. W. Batchelor.

FOR SALE—10 acres of good land, 15 min. walk from station. Will sell all or part. P. O. Box 42.

FOR SALE.—the Grant place, on the Lake. 11 acres, 16 room house, stable, incubator and brooder house. Apply or write to E. S. Grant, 217 Penna. Building, Philada.

FOR SALE.—Chicken farm, 10 acres, 6-room house, barn, wagon house, grainhouse, nearly 500 x 16 ft. of chicken houses, incubator house, complete, all conveniences, in good condition. Buildings worth $8000. Fruit for family. Possession immediate. 2 miles from Railroad Station. Four miles from Hammonton Stations. Price, $3000 cash. A. J. Kinz, Hammonton.

Announcements.

OVERSEER of Highways. I am a candidate for nomination, and ask my friends for their support. Edw. G. Bernshouse.

SOMETHING New! Hot roast beef sandwiches every day. Simons' Light Lunch.

Specialties.

$1500 Wanted on first mortgage on $4000 property. Address, "Loan," Republican Office.

MONEY Wanted. I wish to borrow two hundred dollars on note; or six hundred dollars on mortgage. Ample real estate security. Address, "Money," Republican Office.

WE Have Special Delivery Now, and will deliver pies, soup, or anything in time for dinner. Phone Simons, 505.

THE SOUTH JERSEY HERALD will tell the world about "Farms and Farming" in South Jersey, how we grow big crops of fruit, potatoes, truck of all kinds, large flocks of chickens, how we get good prices for all our products in the near-by big cities. It will contain numerous descriptions of farm and other properties. It will have a mind of its own on matters financial and political, which pertain to the welfare of the common people. It will aim to do Hammonton and all of South Jersey good. First number soon. Price fifty cents a year, always in advance. J. A. VanFleet.

Poultry, Supplies, and Live Stock.

FOR Sale.—12 Cyphers Adaptable Hoovers; 3 International Hoovers; a 50-Egg Trusty Incubator. No reasonable offer refused. Thos. J. Kelly, Bellevue Ave.

Miscellaneous.

GAS Hot-Plate for sale, only used a week; too small for owner. Make an offer. 129 Maple Street.

HAVE You Tried Simons' apple huckleberry cake?

BICYCLE For Sale, cheap—good tires, and coaster brake. John A. Birdsall.

THREE Shares Hammonton Trust Company stock. Will sell at once for $105 or share. Address, P. O. Box 172.

FOR Sale.—English Riding Saddle, Bridle, and Leggings—slightly used. Price very reasonable. Thos. J. Kelly, Bellevue Ave.

ANOTHER New Lot of Candy, at Simons' Cozy Candy Korner.

CUT Flowers.—Asters. H. J. Rolfe, Fairview and Third, Local phone. Hammonton, N. J.

LOT of Second-hand Brick for sale, at the Baptist Church. Make an offer to H. H. Gott, Sec'y Trustees.

A Fine Line of Cake—all the best kinds, at D. C. Simons.

LATE Cabbage Plants for sale. Henry M. Phillips, Main and Middle Road.

Rooms

ROOMS to Rent for light housekeeping. 229 Orchard Street.

Lost and Found

LEFT at Park on Tuesday, lady's black strap coat. Please leave at Republican Office.

FINGER ring found. Prove property and leave thus at Republican Office.

MISLAID, by several readers, bills for this year's subscription to the Republican.

Boarding.

MAPLE VILLA will accept three or four permanent boarders at low rate. Married couples preferred. Apply to Miss Conaway.

PULPIT TOPICS.

FREEDOM IN THE TRUTH.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John 8:32, 36.

There is an inordinate longing in the heart of man for freedom. Like a caged animal, he seeks to break the bars of his captivity and escape from present conditions. How varied, therefore, his ideas of freedom become! To-day it is escape from this, to-morrow from that thraldom, until at last he would that he might live his life over again. Yet with all the desire and the striving, true freedom is never attained, because it is wrongly sought. There can be only one source from which freedom may be obtained. "The truth shall make you free." And Jesus says: "I am the Truth," and therefore may add: "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Here then we have His own authoritative word which not only will, but must solve all these difficult problems, which the Modernists would have us believe are only the new problems of this age.

Freedom From Wrong Views and From False Demands of Life.

[illegible]fe, the daily living of mankind, is [illegible] different now from that of for[illegible] times as we try to make our[illegible] believe. The conditions obtain[illegible] now are most similar in every re[illegible] to conditions in which past gen[illegible]ions lived. We boast of our day [illegible] being the day of enlightenment, invention and progress and are surprised when we learn that so few among us are really enjoying the benefits of it. We have come to measure life from below. Living in a commercial, therefore a materialistic, age, "we are caged in by the body, limited by the bars of circumstances, victims of the worldly and the temporal. To be governed from below is essential slavery. To obey only animal impulses, to seek sensuous pleasures, to hope for nothing beyond social promotion, to find our motive and end in earthly things is an infinitely worse slavery than to be bound hand and [illegible]."

[illegible]et how fettered and maimed most [illegible] are. Success, written in capi[illegible] is the fetich before which our [illegible] and girls must learn to worship. [illegible] in business, in society, and [illegible]rriage has been divorced from [illegible] purity and love. Men are [illegible] live for the present hour, [illegible]ything subserve their [illegible]tting as much out of [illegible] world for them[illegible] [illegible] their power to [illegible] of man, and that [illegible] developed and "edu[illegible] [illegible]itual nature is en[illegible] [illegible] is not taught [illegible]od.

[illegible] is antiquated. Its [illegible] of the creation, the fall into [illegible] redemption in Christ and the [illegible]tion again into sonship through [illegible]'s merit are treated as unreli[illegible] at best. Is this whole concep[illegible] of God and man not a repetition [illegible]'s experience with the Jews? [illegible] whole eighth chapter of [illegible] Gospel and substitute modern [illegible] the Jews, and see how up[illegible] it sounds.

[illegible] you, were never in bondage to any [illegible] How blind were their eyes and [illegible] stammering their tongue! Did [illegible] mean this? Was not the Roman [illegible] even then in Jerusalem? [illegible] was the Roman garrison and [illegible] coin. And what about the tri[illegible] their nation was compelled to [illegible] Roman emperor? "Never in [illegible]" is still the cry of men who [illegible] firmly in their own passions [illegible] under the fearful yoke of [illegible]

[illegible]om from the Power of Jesus.

[illegible]osoever committeth sin is the [illegible] of sin." Sin is a bondage and [illegible] awful tyranny over the [illegible] men, which they find that [illegible] shake off. There is no [illegible] slavery, whether it be [illegible] which are called the coarser [illegible] offensive. As long as con[illegible] is awake and the sense [illegible] is present, though the [illegible] infernal and its victim [illegible] of freeing through God's [illegible] when once the consci[illegible] and men deny their [illegible] sinful condition, it [illegible] that they were passed [illegible]

[illegible] no hope for the trans[illegible] with men! Every de[illegible] tried by men of all [illegible]ization has been lauded as [illegible] panacea. But go to the [illegible] larger cities, go to the [illegible] and crime, go to the [illegible]tricts and see what [illegible] civilization has done. [illegible] law-maker accomplish [illegible]egislation against [illegible] accumulation of [illegible]; against vice and [illegible] against drink and do[illegible]; against every conceivable [illegible] the long catalogue of trans[illegible] what reform in our na[illegible] commercial life has it ef[illegible] Law does not correct the [illegible] would have been the [illegible] fearing and obedient.

[illegible] living means freedom and a [illegible]re enduring freedom than any government can enforce. It is a freedom from this sin or that sin in particular, but specifically from the power of sin. Truth—the Truth—shall make free. It is the truth in Christ. Not mere information about God and His Son, not merely correct views concerning Him, but the conviction of a personal relation to Him makes truth a vital principle within us.

Now we learn to know our own condition, not so much the children of wrath, as the children of His mercy. "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Sin has caused the deafness of the ears and the impediment in the tongue and His mighty "Ephphatha" can alone restore hearing and speech, can enable us to hear His truth and to speak His praise. "Being made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness, viz., of God," "even so now yield your members servants to righteousness unto holiness." "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves * * * but our sufficiency is of God, who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament not of the letter, but of the Spirit."

Freedom for Service in the Kingdom.

The blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, it renews our life without and within and fills us with holy zeal for service. What a terrible arraignment of Christians the condition of men in the world to-day is. The heathen unconverted, dying in their ignorance and idolatry; the profligate and prostitute plying their filthy traffic at our very doors; the murderer and lyncher counting as less than nothing the God-given lives of men; the men of wealth, culture, political power, debauching the nation's honesty for personal pelf; deceit, dishonesty; unrighteousness everywhere rampant, this is the world's picture now, and how much of horror, vice and crime might be added without in the least exhausting the lists. What are Christians, the disciples of Jesus, who is the truth, and in the truth would free men of sin, death and condemnation, what are Christians doing to stem this onward march of Satan?

They sit comfortably in their pews, possibly complaining within themselves because convention or habit keeps them one whole hour a week in a service so often perfunctorily rendered. This is the extent of their service in the kingdom, barring the pittance they unwillingly yield and then misname—an offering. Not until Christian men and women learn anew the blessedness of service for Christ will the hosts of the devil be vanquished. New consecration for service in every department of the Church's activity must result when all "stand fast in the liberty, wherewith Christ hath made us free." There must be a new correlation of soul and world interests.

Here lies the choice, either the bondage of sin or the freedom of Christ. This freedom means fellowship with God, oneness with Him through the Mediator, Christ Jesus our Lord. Better than any other freedom whether of mind, will or conscience, whether in government or release from prison walls, is this freedom to do not the things of the flesh. Epictetus said: "A man is free only when whatever is the will of God is his will too, and whatever is not God's will is not his will." "For so is the will of God that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: As free and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God."—W. H.

THE FAITH OF A GREAT JUDGE

A memorial service held for the late Justice Harlan at Lexington, Kentucky, brought together many men who had known him long before his elevation to the Supreme bench. One of these men told a story of the conference that was held in Judge Harlan's office in Louisville to prepare the way for his nomination as Governor of Kentucky. It was the day before the convention.

Toward the close of the afternoon Judge Harlan said to his political friends, "Gentlemen, the office will be open this evening, and you are at liberty to use it as you think best. I shall not be here. This is prayer-meeting night. I make it a point never to miss my prayer meeting when I am at home."

His friends were surprised. The business surely was of sufficient importance to justify the omission of a single prayer meeting.

Something like this the men said to each other at first, and yet, on second thought, they agreed that a man whose religious life was so earnest and genuine deserved more than ever their trust and loyalty.

The man who told the story did not himself go back to the conference, but went to the prayer meeting instead, and there found Judge Harlan in the chair, leading the meeting in the absence of the pastor.

It is not the purpose of this story to show what effect, if any, his attendance at the prayer meeting had upon his political career. Men sometimes gain and sometimes lose, in business and in politics, through adherence to their principles, and the man who values his principles chiefly because of what they may gain for him has learned but little of the real value of the religious life. Whatever be the material results of his action, the man who is faithful to his convictions has, first of all, the approval of the best and most honorable of his fellow men.

GRANT AND THE CRIPPLE.

At the capture of one of the Confederate forts that protected Richmond during the closing days of the Civil War, General Grant promoted to a captaincy a private whose courageous performance of a perilous order did much to make the capture possible. The captain did not live long to enjoy his well-earned distinction. Consumption, brought on by exposure, caused his death soon after the war closed. He left a widow, two small boys, and a smaller daughter in Washington, penniless.

The younger of the boys was shockingly deformed. His legs were shrunken and paralyzed, and he dragged himself about with crutches. But he was a bright little fellow, with a hopeful, sunny disposition, and he was a source of great comfort to his mother.

For five years after the close of the war, the mother took in washing, and toiled beyond her strength to keep the little family together. But her health began gradually to fail her, and the time came when she realized that she could no longer pay the rent and provide for all her children.

One evening, when the last bit of bread had been eaten, and actual starvation stared them in the face, the brave woman gave up; and with a breaking heart, she told her children that she must send them to an asylum, and be separated from them until she was stronger. The children knew their desperate condition, and realized that the time had indeed come when their home, sustained with so much difficulty, must be broken up—all but the cripple.

He would not listen to the idea of separation. There must be a way out of their present difficulty. His active mind began to work. At last he thought of a possible helper—President Grant himself. In the morning he would go with his father's commission and discharge to the soldier President, and that great man would not turn him away, even though he was only thirteen years old and a cripple!

His earnestness and his confidence prevailed over his mother's discouragement, and she gave her consent.

Early the next morning the cripple dragged himself to the White House. About noon he secured an audience with the President. He told the President all the sad story of poverty and hardship and his mother's failing health. Then he showed his father's commission, signed by General Grant himself, and the discharge given his father when he was sent home to die. Looking the President tearfully in the face, the cripple asked if some work could not be given him and his brother.

The afternoon of the same day a quantity of provisions was delivered at the cripple's home; and the next morning the older brother was appointed a messenger in the Treasury Department, which put an end to all talk of breaking up the home.

Nor was the lame boy himself forgotten. A news-stand was erected near one of the government buildings by Mrs. Grant and some other ladies of the city. The stand was well stocked with newspapers and magazines and turned over to him.

For some weeks President Grant bought papers almost daily at his stand. His frequent visits attracted attention; and before long it became generally known that the cripple was the son of a brave officer of the Army of the Potomac, who had lost his health and life in the service of his country; that the boy was endeavoring to help his mother and sister; and that Mrs. Grant and some of her friends, at the instance of the President, had started him in business. In those days no better recommendations were needed.

The cripple prospered, and although he only lived to be twenty-one years of age, yet in that time he bought a little home for his mother, educated his sister, and left enough money to keep his mother in comfort the rest of her life.

OF TWO EVILS.

The little boy in this story from Touche a Tout was evidently a firm believer in the old adage, "Of two evils choose the less." Turning a corner at full speed, he collided with the minister.

"Where are you running to, my little man?" asked the minister, when he had regained his breath.

"Home!" panted the boy. "Ma's going to spank me."

"What!" gasped the astonished minister. "Are you eager to have your mother spank you that you run home so fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulder as he resumed his homeward flight, "but if I don't get there before pa, he'll do it!"

Doctor—From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day. You understand?

Wife—Yes, doctor; just one glass a day.

Doctor (a week later)—Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take?

Wife—Most decidedly, doctor; only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance.

Sunday School Lesson.

For August 17, 1913.

CROSSING THE RED SEA.

Exodus 13-17—14: 31.

GOLDEN TEXT—Before they call I will answer. Isa. 65: 24.

This long journey of a whole nation under the visible guidance of God is surely the most remarkable event in all the history of the world—leaving out of account, of course, the life on earth of the Son of God. A pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night was the visible sign of God's presence and leadership. When this pillar rested on the tabernacle, the people stayed where they were, no matter how long it remained stationary, but as soon as it rose up and moved forward they started after it. For forty years these people were trained in this way to think of God as their ever present guide and protector.

And from the very beginning God led them in a way that no human leader would have been likely to choose. He took them by a round about way instead of leading them straight to their ultimate destination.

The reason that is given us for this course shows how well God understands human nature, and how He tries to save men in spite of themselves. God knew that a race of men who had grown up in slavery, afraid of the overseer's whip, were not likely to prove good for anything as fighters until they had developed a sense of independent manhood, and that they would be very likely to return to slavery rather than fight if the way was open for doing so. As a matter of fact, when the Israelites saw the Egyptians coming after them they had no thought of fighting, but scolded Moses for bringing them out there to be killed. They could not then go back to Egypt as a voluntary act and could only expect to be treated as runaway slaves if the Egyptians caught them.

But God had planned to get them into this tight place, with certain death apparently staring them in the face, on purpose to show them how easily He could rescue them from the most hopeless situation. Later on, they would have to fight their own battles, with God's help, but they were not able for that yet, so God undertook to deliver them Himself.

This is a very good illustration of God's way of dealing with His children. He will not allow them to be tried beyond their power of endurance. (1 Cor. 10: 13). But in proportion as their spiritual life develops and becomes more robust He takes care to give them plenty of opportunity to exercise faith, in order that their faith may become stronger and more deeply rooted. He tests our faith always in proportion to its strength.

Not only did God lead His people a long way round, but He kept them a long time on the way, halting them at various places and especially at Mount Sinai, where they were detained for months. And it was undoubtedly for the express purpose of bringing them to Sinai that God told Moses to lead the people southward instead of northward.

When the people found themselves in a trap they scolded Moses. Moses answered them very confidently, "Fear not, Jehovah shall fight for you." And then he went away and prayed for them. It is evident that he did not find himself able to use the same confident tone when speaking to God as he had used when speaking to the people. He pleaded with God for the people, but apparently in the tone of a beggar rather than in the tone of a loyal servant of God claiming the fulfillment of God's promises. For God's first answer was a rebuke. "Wherefore criest Thou unto Me?" God wants us to cry to Him at all times, and especially in times of adversity and of perplexity, but He wants us to address Him with confidence.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Prayer is necessary and it is the greatest power for good that God has put into our hands. But prayer without works is of no account. We must do all that is in our power to give effect to our own prayers if we want God's blessing.

The sea was in front; how could the Israelites obey the command to go forward? They could at least go as far as they could and trust God for the rest. We have no right to trust God if we are not doing all we can.

All sorts of questions have been raised about this crossing of the Red Sea.

First, Where did the Israelites cross it? There is no agreement on that head among commentators, though each is quite sure that he is right. That is not a matter of any importance to us.

Second, How could so great a multitude, including little children and large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, cross the sea in part of one night unless it was very narrow at that part? And if it was so narrow, how could the whole army of Egypt get in it at one time? If it had been very narrow, a large part of the Egyptian army would have reached the eastern shore before the last regiments had reached the margin of the sea on the western side.

Such difficulties as these are continually cropping up in connection with the Bible narratives, and the only sensible way of dealing with them seems to be to recognize the truth that we are not in a position to solve them because we have not a sufficiently comprehensive view of the facts.

But, leaving out of consideration altogether the fact that this narrative comes down to us backed by Divine authority, there is no possibility of denying that the Israelites did escape from the Egyptians in the way here described; because it would not have been possible to fool the whole nation of Israel with a made-up story of this sort, even if it had not been written till long afterwards. The Israelites were always very careful about preserving the traditions of their national life, and these traditional records, handed down from generation to generation, would at once have condemned any faked story of a miracle such as this one. "For this hath not been done in a corner," as Paul said to Agrippa concerning the death and resurrection of Jesus. The whole people of Israel were present during the plagues of Egypt and at the crossing of the sea and through all the wonderful events of the wilderness journey and the narrative which we have of these events could never have gained credence among the Israelites if it had not been true.

Having this unanswerable proof that the story we are reading is true, it is not worth while to worry because we cannot account for some of the facts.

Christian Endeavor.

Topic for August 17, 1913.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE SEEN IN NATURE.

Psalm 104.

One of the most effective means of getting into touch with God, so to speak, is to form a habit of seeing God in everything and God's hand in all that tkaes place. It is a difficult habit to form because there are so many things which do not express or reveal God to us and there are so many events which do not seem to us capable of any other explanation but to say that they are contrary to the will of God.

But the Bible teaches us that God can and does bring good out of evil and that He makes even the wrath of men a means of winning praise for Himself. (Psalm 76:10.) This He does by overruling the evil acts of angry and bad men in such a way that in the end His own good purposes are brought to pass even through the evil work of bad men.

David is the most prominent Old Testament type of a "lover of God." Abraham and Moses and Elijah and some other Old Testament characters were greater men than David if judged as servants of God, but David stands pre-eminent in the fervency and frequency of his expressions of love to God, and of delight in thinking about God. Listen to him.

"My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips: when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night watches." (Psalm 63:5, 6.)

Why did David take such delight in thinking about God? Because he saw signs of God's goodness and wisdom and power everywhere. As he looked about him he saw all nature waiting upon God and God providing for all His creatures. After studying God's ways in nature he exclaims, "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The Lord is righteous in all His ways and holy in all His works." (Psalm 145:15-17.) Then David studies the stars and is lost in admiration of the wonderfulness of creation. He exclaims, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

David felt himself to be as dependent upon God as the most helpless of His creatures; he received all good things as tokens of God's love and He saw God's hand also in his trials and adversities; and never doubted the goodness and wisdom of God. That habit of looking to God for everything and of believing in God in spite of everything gave him a sense of nearness to God and a realization of the tenderness of God's love which enabled him to rejoice in God.

This 104th Psalm is not attributed to David, but it is exactly in line with his habits of thought and whoever wrote it must have felt very much as David did. He had no doubt read some of David's psalms and been inspired by them.

But it will do us no good to learn how David came to love God so much if we do not take the lesson home and make a practice of seeing the goodness and wisdom and power of God in all His works and of believing where we cannot understand. We need to realize that He who created the trees and shrubs and plants must love stateliness and beauty and utility, and that He makes provisions for every need.

Epworth League.

Topic for August 17, 1913.

OUR NEGLECTED NEIGHBORS.

Acts 8:4-12.

Who are our neglected neighbors?

The people in our city slums are not altogether neglected. Efforts of various kinds are being put forth by different societies to reach and help them. They present a very difficult problem, and all that can be said in behalf of the Christians in our cities is that some few of them are deeply interested in efforts to carry the Gospel to the submerged masses in these slums and that a very much larger number of Christians have a sort of passive interest in such work and are willing to contribute money to it.

The difficulty of producing visible results, except in a few individual cases, has a discouraging effect on the minds of church people generally, and prevents them from taking a deep interest in such efforts. It may be asserted, however, with safety that real Gospel work among those who are "down and out" is much more productive of fruit-bearing Christians, in proportion to its cost, than regular church work usually is. There are two reasons why this is so. In the first place the inhabitants of the slums are more conscious of need and usually more conscious of sinfulness than the great majority of those who are living comfortably and are looked upon as respectable people because they behave properly and pay their debts. And in the second place, the salvation, that is offered in city missions is a salvation that saves from sin, a salvation that transforms those who accept it. No other kind of salvation is recognized in the missions, and so those who attend missions are brought face to face with an absolute choice between Christ and the world.

There are also neglected neighbors in country districts, and that, not only at the outskirts of civilization, but almost at our very doors. The Philadelphia Ledger recently published a frightful account of whole communities living in the pine barrens of New Jersey in ignorance and vice and crime, and laid the blame for this condition on the Christians of these great cities who have simply let these people alone. Clearly there is a basis for this accusation. Yet, when analyzed a charge against Christians as a body becomes a charge against each individual among them, and when the individual Christian looks at the question he does not see what he can do.

QUITE UNUSUAL.

A commission in lunacy had called a woman before them as a witness.

"And now," said the commission's counsel to her, "what is your ground for claiming that the accused is insane?"

The woman gulped, wiped her eyes, and answered: "Well, gentlemen, he took me to the theatre twice in one week. Each time we went in a taxicab; we had supper each time after the performance, and each time he bought me chocolates and flowers. He didn't go out to see a man between the acts either."

"But, madam," said a commissioner, "surely these actions do not prove insanity on the accused's part?"

"But you forget, sir," said the lady, with a sad smile—"you forget that the accused is my husband."

STOOD THE TEST.

Dr. McTavish, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery, who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner, "Part of your work would be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mess into the skull, the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it throw to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out, "Br-r-gr-r-hah! that's hot!"

This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came, and was given the gruel and spoon.

After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say: "Gr-r-ah-r-hr! that's hot!"

Shovelling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the lad rapped the skull and impatiently retorted: "Well, blow it, can't yer, yer old bony?"

The doctor sat down in his chair and fairly roared, but when he came to he engaged the lad on the spot.

Tight shoes may be stretched by filling them half full of oats, dampening with water. Plug the top of the shoes with paper, and the dampness will soften the leather and swell the oats, stretching the shoes. Let the oats remain until thoroughly dry.

The Man With the Scar

WAS there one man in Greendale more hated than another his name was John Haverford, late of the Lancers. Locally he was known under the more general one of Miser Haverford. That he had earned a right to the title no one could deny. Harvests might be bad, crops might be ruined, illness might ravage the village, yet neither parson nor individual had ever been able to make him part with a cent to lessen the grind of poverty.

John Haverford had risen from the people. To be precise, his father had risen from smelter to the proprietorship of the Grexborough blast furnaces. In his youth he had known what it was to hang round with a tightened waistbelt. The sensation remained with him after his father had made his pile and had decided his son should be a gentleman and go into the army to fight for his country.

Friends he had none. Disliked at Haileybury, detested at Sandhurst, looked down on in the army till he had performed a feat of daring which won for him the V. C. and the loss of what little pretence he had to good looks at one and the same time, Captain John Haverford had lost no time in selling out of the service on the death of his father.

In Greendale the same lack of popularity awaited the scarred man. After the first five years of residence in Greendale no one crossed the threshhold of the Manor. Alone he lived. A general man and an old housekeeper who was also cook and housemaid comprised his household.

So far as the village itself was concerned its population gave their hard, silent landlord as wide a berth as was compatible with common decency.

There was but one exception to Greendale's general ban. The latter consisted of Steve Bremner's daughter. By profession a teacher in the village school, she was possessed of limpid blue eyes and sensitive mouth, which, strangely enough, won their way direct into Haverford's stern and hostile heart the moment he had observed her golden head appearing above the level of a sea of ox-eye daisies in one of his meadows.

"Halloa!" she had exclaimed by way of greeting, and Haverford, to his surprise, had found himself answering the hail. Dazzled by the sunniness of the smile parting those ruby lips, he forgot the fact which had been responsible for bringing him to her side in anger. She was trespassing.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, endeavoring vainly to assume the natural austereness of his manner. "What the dickens do you mean by being in this field—eh?"

"I'm picking ox-eye daisies for a sick child in the village. You wouldn't care to help me in the good work, would you?"

Haverford choked. The concise way in which the girl had answered his question amazed him, and he was about to launch the full force of his ire at her guilty head, when a sight of her ingratiating smile disarmed him. To his own unutterable surprise he found himself obeying the girl's suggestion in picking the flowers.

"What's your name, child?" he demanded, at the end of their unconventional interview.

"I am not a child," she replied, gravely. "I was twenty last birthday. Also my name is Joan."

"Joan what?"

"Bremner."

"Eh?"

"Joan Bremner," replied the girl, staring in sudden wide-eyed question at her companion's slowly-flushing and angry face.

Resting heavily on his stick, Haverford stared at the girl before him in steely rage, realizing as he did so she was the daughter of the man he most hated in the district. Joan was the child of Steve Bremner, the ne'er-do-well, the poacher, whom, obsessed with the idea of a right to share in his game preserves, he had resolved to catch and send to jail. For five years or more the man had been a thorn in his side. Times out of number his two gamekeepers had searched the man's cottage by the side of his woods, yet never a bird had they been able to discover. Still his game was steadily poached. Not in small quantities, but wholesale. Done too, in so clever a manner that Steve Bremner, though more than suspected of being the author of these depredations, had escaped immune from all punishment.

To have discovered himself host of Bremner's daughter, to have aided her to rob his own fold, came to Haverford in the light of a personal affront. To say he was furious was to describe the situation mildly. His rage caused the disfiguring scar running down the side of his face—mark of his V. C. winning episode—to turn grey.

"How dare you come in here and pick and er—pick my flowers!" he hissed from between quivering lips. "How dare you do it—you—you hussey!"

"You helped me to do so, Captain Haverford, and—I really don't see why you should be so angry. I—I really haven't done any harm, and—"

The logic of the girl's reply was incontestable. The trailing away of her trembling accents, coupled with the suggestive quiver of the nether lip, alarmed its watcher. Hurriedly he abandoned the position he had taken up.

"Of course I did," he smiled. "I had forgotten, and—I say, please don't cry."

"I was frightened," observed the girl, tremulously. "You looked terribly angry."

"I am never angry with women," lied Haverford, a touch of grimness inflecting his accents. "Especially—pretty ones."

There was no mistaking their meaning. He admired her. Joan was young, and yet old enough to appreciate the implied homage to her loveliness.

The girl flushed crimson beneath the significance of the man's words.

"If I might, then, I should like to visit your meadow and—pick more ox-eye daisies one day?"

"Come and go when you please," said he. "The daisies are of no value to me."

Silently the man Greendale called miser watched the girl cross the meadow and disappear from his sight along the sunlight of the road, realizing as he did so that for the first time in his life he felt strangely alone. Grimly he remembered the girl's parting words. She did not share the opinion of the village regarding his alleged ferocity. Motionless, he waited till the girl's fairy form had vanished from his sight, then the sardonic smile playing about the corners of his lips deepened in its curl.

"I wonder if this is a ruse of yours, Steve?" he muttered, thoughtfully, to himself. "If so, you're wrong. Joan won't get the blind side of me where you're concerned. I've sworn to nab you one of these days and send you to prison—I intend to keep my word. You're as cute as they make them, but the cleverest man in the world makes a slip one time in his life. That's what I'm waiting for, friend Steve. When it happens, twenty Joans won't save you from breaking stones."

A week elapsed before the ox-eyed daisies received her next visit, and, again in her company, he ravaged the meadow of its flowers; nor, on this occasion, did his garden escape his picking fingers. Even the greenhouses gave their quota to his offertory.

The second visit established a more friendly footing. So much so, indeed, that from then onwards Joan's visits to the Manor gardens became frequent. Grim and uncompromising as her master, the housekeeper watched the progress of that ill-assorted friendship, keeping so discreetly silent on its score that neither the village nor yet Steve Bremner know of the existence of that strange idyll.

Thus a month passed; then excitement came to the village of Greendale. The church schools became a prey to flame. The catastrophe occurred at a moment when the squire, returning from his ride to Groxborough, passed along the straggly street constituting the hamlet of which he was lord.

Reining in his mount, Haverford watched the villagers' desperate attempts to extinguish the flames with a cynical amusement. Ignoring their perfunctory raising of caps and hats, the man sat squarely in his saddle, staring grimly at the school teachers shouting out the children's roll call. As he did so Haverford became aware of the absence of Joan.

"Miss Bremner!" exclaimed a voice. "Miss Bremner! Has anyone seen her?"

Three times the girl's name was called, in varying notes of growing alarm, till her possible fate was definitely proved by a child's statement. She had seen the teacher stumble and fall in the general rush for safety.

Joan Bremner had remained a prisoner within the blazing building.

The knowledge burst on Haverford's startled mind like a thunder clap. It drove the cynical smile from his lips, the mocking scoff from his coldly watching eyes. The girl whom he had grown to love in spite of her relationship to the man he hated lay senseless within a building it now appeared death to enter.

A curse burst from between his bloodless lips as, kicking his feet clear of their stirrups, Haverford sprang to the ground. With a couple of blows of his fist the man forced a swift passage for his wiry frame through the press of villagers crowding round the scene of disaster. Oaths followed in his track—oaths and threats for bruised heads and jostled shoulders. Haverford answered both over his shoulder with a contemptuous laugh, as, seizing by the neckband and collar the figure of a man still barring his way, he flung him bodily out of his path.

Staggering to his feet, the farmer spat foul abuse at the squire, then, pausing, flung his cap in the air.

"Three cheers for ole Miser Haverford!" he yelled, forgetful alike of the smart of his bleeding hands and bruised knees. "A' plucked 'un he, by Susan! Good luck to 'un, say I, and may I never speak disrespectful of he agin!"

The cheer following on his entrance into the blazing building reached Haverford's ears whilst fighting his way through the billowing clouds of smoke. Past the porch he staggered, coughing out his soul under the acrid stench. Into the classroom he reeled, taking no heed of the flames leaping down at him from a blazing ceiling, threatening momentary collapse. Singed, stifled, with his eyes and lungs scared as though by red hot irons, the daring man searched till he found the senseless body of the girl he had risked his life to save.

Tearing off his coat, Haverford wrapped it round the head of the little teacher whose innocent beauty had so wound itself around his world-tired heart. Lifting her in his arms, he pressed Joan's slender figure tightly to his breast, and doing so won his way out into the open. Gasping, he staggered out into the village street as from behind him in his wake rose the roar of a significant fall of heavy beams.

Ignoring the villagers' cheers as contemptuously as he had their deferential salutations of a few moments before, Haverford surrendered his charge to the care of the local doctor. Sullenly he stood, struggling into his torn and fire-ravaged coat. In silence he waited till the doctor had proclaimed the girl safe from danger, then, pushing his way through the admiring throng, sprang into his saddle to ride briskly away in the direction of the Manor.

That evening Haverford's odd man called at the cottage of Steve Bremner. He left a basket containing the choicest fruit. The gift was accompanied by a note the contents of which brought the crimson of rage to the poacher's brow.

"This present to your daughter is no peace offering, nor is it a sign I am willing to bury the hatchet. I'll have you yet on a charge of poaching, Steve Bremner. When I do, look out!"

The man stood staring at the note he held, a blind passion shaking him from head to foot.

"Have me quodded for poaching, will he? By Susan! he can count himself lucky if he dies in his bed. I'll plant a bullet in his head one of these days, sure as a gun. Sends Joan fruit, does he? My child don't want none of Miser Haverford's charity. Tell him that from me, old Old-enough-to-be-in-your-grave. Tell him that from me."

The man swung the basket furiously round his head. A second later and it must have left his fingers had not the sound of Joan's voice from the interior of the cottage arrested his attention.

"Has Captain Haverford sent me some of his lovely fruit? That is good of him. I was just longing for something like that, daddy."

The murderous rage died down in the poacher's wildly beating heart. The blaze of hatred vanished from his staring eyes, as, lowering his upraised arm, Bremner passed into the cottage. For a moment he remained inside, then issuing again from its shelter, stared at the waiting manservant.

"Ain't you gone yet, Grave's Goods?" he snapped, truculently.

"The master wanted to know how the maid was. You see, it was him as pulled her out of that there furnace, Bremner."

Bremner's bushy brown met together in a heavy frown.

"Was it?" he muttered, thickly. "I wonder why it was the lass never told me of it. Neither did they as brought her here. Reckon they thought I'd blow out when I heard the mention of his name as I always do. Tell him she's all right. He won't want my thanks, I reckon, but you can tell Haverford the bullet I'd kept for him will never be fired. He saved for me something I reckon of more worth than life or liberty when he pulled the girl I love out of that furnace."

"I'll tell him, Steve."

"You can tell him as well I don't need any more of his blooming charity," snarled Bremner, lapsing suddenly into his old truculence of manner. "Joan's mother died rather than take it from anyone, and I'm of the same breed."

Hitching the belt around his waist, Steve Bremner watched the man turn sharply on his heel and disappear round a bend of the wood. Then, with a half-mocking shrug of his shoulders, re-entered the cottage to prepare for that night's foray on Haverford's copses.

Silently he set to work, watching out of the corner of his eye his daughter eat her fruit, wondering as he did so how she had first come to meet the man he hated. Wondered, too, why it was that Fate had made the girl he loved with all the fierce passion of his warped, brute nature so obviously care for the man who was his enemy.

"Give it up," he muttered, thickly, staring savagely out of the window. "But I do know one thing, and that is, I'll about clear those woods yonder of Haverford's precious game before I've done with him. Quod me, will he? I'll put a bullet in his brain before—— Pah! even that bit of revenge won't come my way. I can't kill the man who saved my Joan."

Bremner brought his clenched fist down on his open palm, lapsing into silence, nor did he speak again till, kissing Joan good night, he stole out into the purple mists of night to lose himself in the darkening fastnesses of the leafy woods beyond.

As Fate so willed, Haverford, restless in mind as well as spirit, passed out of his house at the precise moment Bremner entered the woods on poaching bent. Like the latter, his feet wended their way in the direction of the purple copses. His objective was, however, different, being the cottage of his gamekeeper. Recipient of Steve Bremner's message, faithfully delivered, he had as yet not recovered from the paroxysm of rage into which its hearing had thrown him. His arrival at the gamekeeper's cottage, far from appeasing his rage, served to act after the manner of fuel on fire.

"You've just come in time to be in at the death, Captain, if so be you'd like to join me and Jim Tracey," remarked the gamekeeper, on recognizing the identity of his visitor. "Jim's just brought me the news as he has seen Steve slip into the woods nigh Knighton's spinney. We've got him this journey, sir. Got him proper."

Haverford's eyes flashed with a sudden joy.

"A gun, Joyce," he snapped, the breath coming in great pants from his heaving chest. "I'll come with you. Man, if we land him between us to-night it's a fiver in the pockets of both of you."

"Us'll do it, never fret, sir," remarked the younger gamekeeper, flushing on hearing the amount of the offered reward.

Haverford smiled savagely. Taking the rifle offered him by Joyce, he stole out into the night in the wake of his two companions.

Advancing as stealthily as the man they stalked, the trio crept through brake and bracken. With the unerring instinct of the hunter bred and born, Joyce intuitively guessed where he would discover his quarry, nor was he mistaken in his deduction.

Caught red-handed, Bremner, surprised, emptied both barrels of his gun at the shadowy figures faintly revealed to his sight by the ghostly light of a crescent moon; then, ducking his head, raced madly through the brushwood in the direction of the open country.

Hard on his heels sped Haverford and his gamekeepers.

All that remained for them now was to effect his capture. This each man of the trio mentally resolved to do that night, cost what it might, or however far the chase might lead them. Yard by yard they gained on the fugitive, till, when Haverford and his companions broke from the shelter of the woodland, they found that a hundred yards at most separated them from their quarry.

A yell of savage delight escaped Joyce's lips as he noted the hunted man head for his cottage. The shout was echoed by an ejaculation of anger from his master's lips. Like a flash it dawned on him that Joan was with the walls of the dwelling; that to effect the arrest of his enemy he would be forced to do so before the eyes of his own child! Still, Haverford refused to allow that consideration to stand now in the way of his winning a revenge on the man who had openly defied and mocked in his attempts to prove his guilt on a score of occasions.

Charging the door together, Haverford and Joyce sent it crashing in on to the floor of the cottage, wrenched alike from hinge and bolt. Leaping over the flurry of wrecked planking, the three men came to a halt facing Bremner, who, his arms crossed, looked viciously at them from beneath his heavy brows.

"Do you surrender?" snarled Haverford, crouching, with a finger on the trigger of his weapon. "Do you surrender, Bremner?"

The poacher flung back his head and laughed.

"Why not?" he snapped. "It's as clean a cop as I ever dreamed on. As fine a one as you could ever wish for. Surrender? Of course I do. You can tell me now what the next move is, Miser Haverford. Are we going to stop here all night?"

Haverford winced as the gibe struck home.

"I've sworn to send you to jail, Steve," he snarled. "I always keep an oath. I allow nothing ever to come between myself and my revenge. Hold your hands out for Joyce to bind your wrists. I'm taking no chances with you."

A dull flush of almost bestial fury swept over Bremner's face. For one moment he had become transformed from a thinking man to one with the brand of Cain pressing hard on his brow. Before Haverford had realized what was happening he had sprung forward and, wrenching the gun from the Captain's hands, had pressed its muzzle against his late captor's breast.

"Give me my liberty!" he hissed "my liberty! The right God gave every man. Give it me, I say, or—I'll kill you where you stand."

Haverford never quivered by so much as an eyelid. He was of the stuff V. C.'s are made.

"Call back those hounds," snapped Bremner, stepping back a pace. "Let them come forward by so much as a step and your life isn't worth the snap of your fingers."

"Kill me and you swing," replied Haverford, dryly, signing to the gamekeepers to make no more. "I refuse to give you your liberty so long as I have life in me, and—"

He paused abruptly as he saw the slight figure of the girl he loved enter the room, bearing a lamp in her hand. The moment was one which spelled the dramatic for each man present, as Joan, placing the light on a table, stepped up to Haverford, and, placing her arms round his neck, looked steadily at her father.

"Dad," she whispered, softly, "put down that gun."

"If I do I go to jail," snapped the man, thickly. "Why do you come between me and a revenge I have sworn for years?"

"I think it is—because I love your enemy, dad."

The words thrilled the silence. They awakened a fierce burst of joy, too, in Haverford's heart, as, staring over her shoulder at the poacher, he held the girl tightly to his heart.

Bremner started, slowly lowering the deadly firearm; then, with a sound akin to that of a sob, flung the gun from him into a corner of the room.

"Thunder!" he muttered, hoarsely. "What's the use of fighting Fate? Haverford, you've won the day. I give in. I'm no longer dangerous, so tell Joyce he can hurry up with that cord. I'll go bound into Grexborough."

"Are you going to send my father to jail, Captain Haverford?"

Standing before him, Joan laid her hands on the squire's shoulders, meeting his gaze questioningly through tear-washed eyes. There was pleading in her violet eyes, a quivering of the lips, which took him irresistibly back through the ways of memory to the day when he had first met her sitting amid the ox-eyed daisies of that sunlit meadow. She had wound herself round his world-worn heart in that never-to-be-forgotten hour. He had loved her against his own will, this simple village teacher.

"No! By heaven I'm not!" he snapped. "Joyce and Tracey, clear out. You have earned your money. There's another fiver each to be added to the sum when you call at the Manor to-morrow morning. Fifty dollars to each of you so long as you keep your mouths shut on what has transpired in this cottage to-night. Clear!"

Gathering Joan to his breast, Haverford waited till the men had withdrawn, then, holding out his hand towards his one-time enemy, said:

"Steve, the position of overseer at the blast furnaces is vacant. It is a good billet. It is yours if you say the word. Do you accept the position?"

Bremner gripped the hand offered to him in friendship.

"I do, Captain," said he. "You're a trump, and—I'm sorry I called you Miser Haverford a few minutes back. It's a deal, sir, and if ever I so much as look at one of your pheasants again longing like, I'll give myself in charge. I'd like to do something for you, sir, if it ever lay in my power."

Haverford laughed.

"As a matter of fact I want you to, Steve," said he, turning Joan's crimsoning face up towards his own. "I want you to give me this little girl to be my wife. Will you?"

"What does she say herself, sir? Heaven knows I'd wish for nothing better."

Joan buried her face against the rough frieze of the squire's shoulder with a happy sob. It was her only answer, yet to Haverford, as to Bremner, it was all too eloquent.

WORK OF ONE UNIVERSITY.

These are the days when all the graduates of the University of Virginia, the institution founded by Thomas Jefferson, inflate themselves with pride. Among the alumni of this college are Woodrow Wilson, the new President of the United States; Thomas S. Martin, the majority leader of the Senate; Oscar W. Underwood, the Democratic leader of the House; and Eppa Rixey, reputed to be the greatest professional base ball pitcher any college has produced for several years.—The Popular Magazine.

The candidate (having quoted the words of an eminent statesman in support of an argument): "And mind you, these are not my words. This is not merely my opinion. These are the words of a man who knows what he's talking about."

An Irish peasant and his wife were once heard discussing the "natural law of compensation." This was the dialogue that ensued:

"Just fancy!" exclaimed Bridget. "According to this, whin a man loses wan av 'is senses, another gits more developed. For instance, a blind man gits more sinse av hearin' an' touch an' "

"Sure, an' it's quite true," interrupted Pat. "Oi've noticed it mysilf. Whin a man has one leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other's longer."

WIT AND HUMOR

THE PRACTICAL WIFE.

"My dear," murmured the young man, after the usual half-hour of billing and cooing," we must now talk about practical things. It seems a profamation, I know, but it will be well to get some of those things arranged."

"Yes, darling," she answered, fondly. "I am going to be a practical wife, and I have already thought of ways and means. I have even talked them over with mamma. What do you want to discuss first?"

"Well there's the subject of a certain allowance every week for spending money."

"I've thought of that."

"Oh—er—you have?"

"Yes. Now, you mustn't think me mercenary, but I've talked it over with mamma, and she agrees that a certain alowance is right and proper. Now, your salary is three hundred a year, isn't it?"

"Yes; and I want it to go as far as possible towards your happiness."

"I know it, precious boy. So I've decided that about $1.50 a week will be about right."

"Why, little girl, that won't be enough! You'll have to have——"

"Yes, mamma and I think it [illegible] be plenty, you extravagant thi[illegible] You'll have your breakfasts and [illegible]ners at home, and you don't dr[illegible] and you've told me that you only [illegible] light lunches. So $1.50 a week ou[illegible] to pay your car fare and give [illegible] quite a lot to spend just as you like."

GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

William J. Burns, congratulated on his success in capturing the Musica family of defaulters, said to a New York reporter:

"It's all a matter of observation and analysis. To the good detective every slightest action speaks volumes.

"I for example, was once looking for a widower. But the man I had under surveillance stoutly declared himself to be a bachelor. One morning, however, I saw him pay a bill—and in doing so he turned his back to everybody in the room before ta[illegible]ing out his pocketbook.

"Instantly I laid my hand on [illegible] shoulder.

"'Come with me,' I said. 'You [illegible] no bachelor. You are a widower [illegible] a married man.'"—Exchange.

MODERN.

Old Mother Hubbard [illegible]
When out and ru[illegible]
To see what the [illegible]

But when she got [illegible]
The ladies were bar[illegible]
Which caused Moth[illegible]

A SAD BLOW.

"I know I'm not very attractive, [illegible] I had no idea I was beginnig to [illegible] old as well as plain," she said.

"But you're not."

"Yes, I am. A man offered [illegible] seat in the street car to-da[illegible] that's the first tme that's h[illegible] in years."—Detroit Free Press.

THEIR MODEL.

"Mah breddren," said a Bos[illegible] colored preacher, "ye must be [illegible] great Caesar's ghost—above [illegible] shun!"—Life.

REASON.

Author (proudly)—Mrs. [illegible] was awfully anxious to learn m[illegible] de plume.

"Yes, she told me she didn't [illegible] to read anything of yours by [illegible] take."—Life.

A MERCENARY LA[illegible]

Willard D. Straight, the [illegible] young financier of Morgan [illegible] discussing the American ba[illegible] cent withdrawal from t[illegible] loan.

"I like China," Mr. S[illegible] "My regard for China w[illegible] consider her from a pure[illegible] commercial viewpoint. [illegible] this matter, put mysel[illegible] tion of the young lady [illegible] by her chum:

"'Do you think, dear[illegible] ter to have loved and lo[illegible] to have loved at all?'

"'Why, of course it is,' [illegible] lady replied, 'provided he [illegible] keep all his presents.'"

MUCH NE[illegible]

"I hear that [illegible] separated," said M[illegible] husband.

"Yes," replied Mr. [illegible] for the separation he sent he[illegible] document giving her contro[illegible] child."

"Oh, James," said the wif[illegible] sigh, "I wish we could get [illegible] ment that would give us con[illegible] children!"—Lippincott's.

To prevent milk curdling [illegible] liberal pinch of carbonate of soda [illegible] each quart before putting it on [illegible] boil.

Red Men are to have a big time next Saturday, 23rd. The three tribes composing District No. 30,—Narragansett, May's Landing, Kickapoo, of Egg Harbor, and Shaumunkin, of Hammonton,—are to have a big time at May's Landing, that night. Members of Shaumunkin Tribe are requested to be present at the meeting, next Tuesday's sleep. — C. OF R.

An automobile collision occurred yesterday, at the corner of Bellevue Avenue and Egg Harbor Road. A Pennsylvania car stopped at the intersection, and a New Yorker came too suddenly to stop. No one was injured, the Pennsy man estimated his damages at ten dollars, the New Yorker paid it, and Chief Adams sent them on their ways, everybody satisfied.

Un-Claimed Letters.

The following letters remained uncalled-for in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, Aug. 13, 1913:

Mr. Robert McKinews
Mrs. Anna Lovett
J. Bietman
Miss Elizabeth House
George Scott

Persons calling for any of the above will please state that it was advertised. THOS. C. ELVINS, Postmaster.

A restraining order of an Omaha Court which permanently enjoins a mother-in-law from entering her son-in-law's home, is something which, even in their wildest flights of imagination, the most confirmed mother-in-law jokesters had never dreamed of.

If, as a John Hopkins medical expert says, a morbid disposition encourages appendicitis, the disease ought to become a veritable scourge at the end of every month, when the bills come in.

Patterson manufacturers lost millions of dollars in trade during the recent strike, and employes dropped millions in wages lost. However, the I. W. W. "leaders" made a good thing out of it, if that is any satisfaction to those most vitally concerned.

20 WORDS OR LESS 10c

ATLANTIC COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT.

In the Matter of the Estate of William H. Burgess, Deceased. } On Petition, &c. Order to Show Cause.

Hammonton Trust Company, Administrator of the estate of William H. Burgess, deceased, having exhibited under oath, a true account of the personal estate and debts of said intestate, whereby it appears that the personal estate of the said William H. Burgess is insufficient to pay his debts, and requesting the aid of this court in the premises:

It is thereupon on this 16th day of July nineteen hundred and thirteen, ordered that all persons interested in the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate of the said William H. Burgess, deceased, appear before this court, at the Court House, May's Landing, New Jersey, on the 25th day of September nineteen hundred and thirteen, at 10.30 a.m. to show cause why so much of the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate of the said William H. Burgess, deceased, should not be sold, as will be sufficient to pay his debts.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be set up at three of the most public places in the county immediately for six weeks successively and be published at least once in each week for the same time in the South Jersey Republican, a newspaper printed and published at Hammonton, N. J.

C. L. COLE, Judge.

EMANUEL C. SHANER, Surrogate.

A true copy. EMANUEL C. SHANER, Surrogate.
DEAN S. RENWICK, Proctor.

Folsom, N. J., Delinquent List.

Public notice is hereby given by Thomas Chalmers, Collector of the Borough of Folsom, County of Atlantic, N. J., that he will sell all the lands, tenements, hereditament and real estate hereinafter mentioned for the shortest term for which any person or persons will agree to take the same and pay the tax lien thereon, including interest and cost of sale.

The said sale will take place in front of the Post Office at Folsom, on

Tuesday, August 19th, 1913,

at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The said lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate so to be sold, and names of the persons against whom the said taxes have been laid on account of the same, and the amount of taxes laid on account of each parcel, are as follows:

Name	Description	Amt. of Tax
Henry Blazer.	Lots 1048, 1[illegible] acres 1048	$2.49
Wm. Blazer, Sr.	Lot. 4[illegible] acres 1040	1.93
J. K. Breeden.	Lots 1102, 1103, 5 acres 1103	4.58
Jacob Blazer, Jr.	Lot 1089	2.09
Robert Dougherty.	Lot 540.	2.09
Dominic Preda.	Lots 646, 10 acres 649	8.32
Wm. Roller.	5[illegible] acres, 13th St.	3.32
A. P. Roller.	Lot 807.	2.09
Annie H. Walton.	Lot 862.	2.09

The costs against each lot or parcel, if paid before the sale will be $2.02.

THOMAS CHALMERS, Collector.
Dated July 2nd, 1913.