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NO. 37

To our Patrons and the Public:

Having discontinued the issue of the "Roasting Pan" Premium Card, which has proven so successful with us, we have adopted another, which we think will be still more interesting, having a large assortment of useful articles to choose from, instead of being confined to one article.

Remember, these premiums are given

Free of Charge.

Our prices will be no higher with this card than without it. Just give us a trial, and you will be convinced that we can please you.

We have catalogues at our store containing illustrations of more than one hundred of the beautiful and useful articles which we are giving away as premiums to our customers.

We invite you to call and see catalogues and get any further information you may desire in regard to the above.

Frank E. Roberts

Grocer.

Beautiful line of Shirts

25 c., 35 c., 40 c., 50 c.

J. GOODMAN
Hammonton.

GEO. W. PRESSEY,
Hammonton, N. J.,
Justice of the Peace.
Office, Second and Cherry Sts.

Wm. Rutherford,
Commissioner of Deeds,
Notary Public,
Convoyancer,

Real Estate & Insurance Agt
HAMMONTON, N. J.

Insurance placed only in the most reliable companies.
Deeds, Leases, Mortgages, Etc.
Carefully drawn.

OCEAN TICKETS
and from all ports of Europe. Correspondence solicited.
Send a postal card order for a true sketch of Hammonton.

Henry Kramer,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
FANCY SHINGLES
Posts, Pickets, etc.
BERRY CRATES.
Folsom, N. J.

Lumber sawed to order.
Orders received by mail promptly filled.
Prices Low.

Down

Down,

or

UP

UP!

Go the Curtains, and they stay just where you place them if they are hung on the Cushman-Knapp Balance shade Rollers.

Those Clipper and Western Dutchman Scythes have arrived, and the quality of them is as good as ever.

Our Butter and Lard are right, both as to quality and price.

We are still selling Wood at \$1.25 a stove cord.

Geo. Elvins

Grocer.

Wm. Bernshouse,
STEAM

Saw & Planing Mill

AND

Lumber Yard.

All varieties of the
Finest Mill Work.
Sash, Doors and Blinds.

FIRST GRADE

Cedar Shingles

A Specialty.

Near the Railroad Stations,
Hammonton, N. J.

Bring us your orders
for Job Printing.

Our Shoe Store

No. 1210 Bellevue Ave.

Where you find a good stock of

Boots and Shoes

To select from at all times.

Shoes made to order.

Repairing done at short notice, and at reasonable rates.

D. C. HERBERT

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

The following was handed us for publication by the Pastor of the Hammonton Baptist Church.

MR. EDITOR:—There seems to be considerable misunderstanding as to the nature of the Boys' Brigade. For the benefit of some who would like to know, let me try to explain, especially about Atlantic City Brigade.

Their object is to lead the boys into the Kingdom of Christ—picking them up regardless of what Sunday School or no Sunday School they attend, in their raw state, and by kindness lead them to see the noble and sweet power of Christianity. The boys, on joining, are not required to sign any pledge [will refer to this later], neither are they required to be members of the Baptist Sunday School. Capt. Westcott and Lieut. Green are said to be the only members of the Baptist Church, and I have noticed with pleasure that their hearts are in the work, and their one aim is to have the boys do right, and to lead them higher.

Remember they are boys: that they are in camp life [ask those who have gone through this to explain], and at the same time call to mind the object of their organization, and, instead of speaking unkindly, think of the officers and remember the words, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Again, on Monday night there was great confusion, and the cry of the street was "Those boys!" Night officer Garton tells me, to use his words: "I testify that the noise Monday night was not made by the B. B. B. of Atlantic, and after ten o'clock none of the privates were on the street."

Let me add a few words about our local brigade. Each member must belong to the Baptist Sunday School, and here is part of their pledge, taken from the Constitution, which each must sign:

"I solemnly promise that while I am a member of the Boys' Brigade I will abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and use of profane and vulgar language."

But this is signed and lived up to. Hoping that this will explain so that justice will be given, and expect what boys will give.

J. C. KILLIAN.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—At the close of an address the other night, by a Silver advocate, two ardent admirers of his theories were going toward their homes in company. They seemed to be in the best of humor. Finally, one of them, who for convenience we will call Mr. Huckleberry, though that's not his name, broke into song. The writer was not near enough to distinguish words fully, though the air seemed familiar. The words that floated out on the evening air sounded like the following:

"O, I am so glad that silver 'll be free!
Silver be free! Silver be free!
O, silver 'll be free for you and for me!
I'm sure that silver 'll be free!"

Then they embraced each other and parted, each trotting homeward.

SEQUIN.

Col. Horatio S. Seely must be awarded the honor of being the first man to manufacture and ship goods from Hammonton, — engraved better prints of various sizes and designs. He brought this business here away back in the early days, and we were surprised to learn of the large numbers of these useful utensils used. Mr. Seely, though well advanced in years, is still at work, and his hand has seemingly lost none of its cunning. Call at this office and we will show you samples of his skill.

A boy—identically uncertain—deliberately scattered broken glass on the sidewalk below Rev. Mr. Weston's residence, on Central Avenue, then climbed a nearby tree to watch the "fun" when some bicyclist should attempt to pass. Luckily, the danger was discovered, and the glass removed. Wonder if everybody knows that the penalty is severe for such malicious mischief.

CAMP ALFRED W. BAILY.

Hammonton Park has been the Mecca of all Hammonton this week. Who ever had an hour or two to spare wandered down to Camp Baily, and found much to interest him (her might be more in accord with facts but not so grammatical).

The Baptist Boys Brigade, of Atlantic City, left their home on Monday last, having the second section of the 9:37 a. m. express all to themselves, and were met at this station by the local Brigade and Sons of Veterans, all uniformed and armed. The three organizations then paraded up Bellevue a half mile, countermarched and went down Egg Harbor Road to the Park, where they found fifty or more tents erected for their accommodation.

After prayer by Rev. T. J. Cross and the naming of the camp, the stars and stripes were unfolded to the breezes amid cheers and a gun salute. Capt. Cunningham, of the S. of V., also Chairman of Town Council, made an appropriate address of welcome to which Captain Westcott responded. Then everybody cheered everybody else until everybody was satisfied. "Break-ranks," was the order and Camp Alfred W. Baily was a reality.

Discipline was a trifle lax on Monday owing to the great amount of work to be accomplished before night, but during the balance of the week the military spirit was strictly adhered to. Captain Westcott is an earnest Christian man, a thorough believer in the good results to be achieved through the medium of the B. B. B., and puts his whole heart and soul into the work. His position is a trying one,—the command being composed of about forty of the liveliest boys of that lively city by the sea. Unlike the state militia his only recourse in case of insubordination is to send the culprit home. But the sincerity of the Captain commands the respect of all, and his control of the young men is really remarkable.

Right here we will state that several complaints of disorderly conduct on the part of the Brigade having reached this office, our representative investigated the same. He found that the fifes and drum corps is a separate organization, merely hired for the occasion by the Brigade; also that the Brigade boys are not permitted on the streets after 10 p. m., and that the yelling and singing was done by the same crowd who as usual make the evening hideous in certain parts of the town.

Wednesday was "visitors day" and it certainly was a big day for the boys. The morning trains brought up parents, relatives, sweethearts and friends. The afternoon brought out hundreds of the town people to witness the races, games, etc., given by the boys. No official records were broken, but skin and clothing seemed to be somewhat damaged. This was followed by an exhibition drill, which reflected great credit upon the boys and their drill-master, Capt. Low. Bryant, of the Morris Guards.

Parades through the town were given Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

The boys have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. No cases of sickness have occurred, and the quantity of provisions they dispose of almost makes the cook turn pale.

This afternoon they are to attend the ball game in a body, and are expected to give another exhibition drill. This evening they will give a reception to the Sons of Veterans and lady friends, at the Park. An entertaining program has been arranged, and a great time is anticipated. The Brigade and Sons expect to drill together during the evening. Tickets of admission to the Park may be issued.

To-morrow the boys, accompanied by the Sons of Veterans, will attend the morning service at the Baptist Church in a body. Rev. Thos. J. Cross, of Atlantic, will preach on the topic, "Good Soldiers." At 8:45 p. m. Mr. Cross will give an address at the camp grounds, illustrated with stereoscopic views, on the topic, "Great Men." Singing will be from music thrown on the canvas. The late hour was chosen so as not to interfere with the regular Church services, and the public are cordially invited to attend.

A new station at Winslow Junction seems to be an assured fact in the near future, for Trafford & Son have the stone work nearly completed. A new building has long been needed there, and appearances indicate that it will be both convenient and ornamental.

Ernest Clark, a former Hammonton boy, is a member of the senior class in a Philadelphia mechanical school. He recently made for his own use, a photograph camera on a new plan, which works well, and pictures made by it were shown this week.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale at Croft's.

ALEX. AITKEN,
Hammonton Hotel

Livery and Boarding
Stable.

Carting and Delivering of all kinds done promptly, on short notice.
Single and Double Carriages to hire, by the day or hour.

Coal!

Coal!

Coal!

Best grades of coal at lowest cash prices for cash, under sheds, and we can deliver it clean and dry even during wet weather.

All coal delivered promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

E. STOCKWELL,

Cor. Bellevue Av. and Third St

THAT SAME

Imported
Castile Soap

we have been bragging about
always in stock.

"See our window."

Croft's Pharmacy.

NEW TIN SHOP

I have fitted up a shop on Third Street, and am prepared to do anything in the line of Tin and Sheet Iron Work. Jobbing and Repairing promptly attended to, at reasonable prices.

WILLIAM BAKER.

FERTILIZER.

Arrangements have been made to keep in stock one of the best fertilizers made at the present time, and guaranteed as per analysis on the bags. Manufactured by Brumfield & Foster, Colons, Md., and will be kept in stock at the new freight depot, U. & A. R. R. Apply to J. H. BROOKS, agent, at the depot, or to

John Scullin.

John Atkinson,
Justice of the Peace,
Commissioner of Deeds
Pension & Claim Agent.

Bellevue Ave. and Second St.,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

All business placed in my hands will be promptly attended to.

ON THE STAGE.

In the ray of light of my day's fair morning,
I saw a storm-cloud darkened the
west,
I saw a shadow of night-gale warning,
When life seemed only a pleasant dream,
Why, then, all humor and comedy seem-
ing,
I liked light tragedy best.

I liked the challenge, the force-fought
duel,
With a death or a parting in every act,
I liked the villain to be more cruel,
Than the least villain could be, in fact,
For it fed the rays in my mind with fuel
Of the things that my life lacked.

But as time passed on and I met real
sorrow,
And she played at night on the stage of
my heart,
I found that I could not forget on the
morrow
The pain I had felt in my tragic part;
And, alas! no longer I needed to sorrow
My grief from the actor's art.

And as life grew older, and, therefore,
sadder,
(Yet sweeter, may be, in its autumn
glad),
I found more pleasure in watching the
gladder,
And lighter order of humorous plays,
Where mirth is as mad, or may be made
so.

Then the torch of my lost day,
Like to be forced to laugh and be merry,
The earth with sorrow is ripe and
dry;
Like for an evening at least to bury
All thought of trouble, pain or strife,
In a soft life to be moved to the
Ritmas I miss in life,
—Emma Wheeler Wilcox.

HERO OF THE HALL BEDROOM.

When I told my wife about it she
exclaimed: "How utterly absurd! Why,
I think you should have understood
him all along."
"Mrs. Dockery," said I, "sore-ly,
"how was I to believe all his stories—
his tales of prowess in matters of love,
in feats of strength? Perhaps he did
knock out O'Sullivan the champion
middleweight, perhaps he was the
greatest backfist that ever played on
the Cad university eleven; perhaps he
did leave the West on account of the
impertinence of three beautiful mil-
lionaires; but he was a gentleman,
doubled the story of his capture by
Apaches and his subsequent release
by the chief's daughter."

"Swash" retorted my wife. "Why
do you always quote that horrid old
thing, I think that he is himself re-
fined to exaggeration at times, with-
out unconsciously or otherwise, I can-
not judge."

"I do not take my wife's view of the
matter at all, and I cannot see why the
husband and myself should have ac-
cused otherwise than we did.
We were talking of Filkins—Filkins,
who occupied the fourth floor rear hall
bedroom, and a lady of his name was
located the man I had described him,
for that particular room in every
boarding house is inhabited, experi-
ence has taught me, by a peculiar gen-
eration—men of culture, but in the
perspective, men whose long lines of dis-
tinguished ancestors have bequeathed to
them some quarts of blue blood, but
nothing with which to keep it in circu-
lation, and an inherent idea that it
ought to keep moving freely, without
their descending to plebeian labor to
supply the motive power. Just such a
person was Filkins. His clean-cut
features, his easy manners, his polite
bearing, supported by his profession
to family. When preparatory to go-
ing out after dinner he donned the
evening clothes of the medical student
who occupied the second floor front,
and you saw him, and thus alone, such
a mixture of place, not a wrinkle
or a speck anywhere, you instinct-
ively felt that he was a gentleman
born."

And if, perchance, he was off to "that
swell little party at Mrs. Van Fraunce's"
that the papers have been talking so
much of, and he had a quarter for
car fare, his father having forgotten
it, and he was willing to give for his
capitulation. He drove on an occa-
sionally, but we regarded that as only
a slight compensation for his com-
plicity.

Friendship Swash came into my
room early one evening on Filkins and
I were discussing things in general
over our pipes and announced that he
had three tickets for a series of box-
ing bouts at the Metropolitan Club.
"There will be some branding," he
cried, enthusiastically, "and it will be
worth seeing."

"A wily, young, old man, but I can't
get," replied Filkins, "there is a cer-
tain man in New York, who has been
succeeding high and low for me for
three weeks. He'll be here, I know,
for he has been going to the box-
ing bouts, and thus alone, such
a mixture of place, not a wrinkle
or a speck anywhere, you instinct-
ively felt that he was a gentleman
born."

"Dear me," replied Filkins, with
great good humor. He seemed to en-
joy the joke. "Would that he was and
I was watching a respectable boxing
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"to come," I said.
"To tell the truth, it would be awfully
embarrassing for me to meet that
fellow," he replied. "You'd be sur-
prised if I told you who he is. Every-
one has heard of him—him, great
swell."

"Well, here comes the certain well-
known man," I checked, for Van Poy-
ter was moving around our way, and
since Filkins had so boldly declared
himself I determined to give him a
few gentle thrusts. The opportunity
was so good.

"I see him," he replied, quietly.
Swash began to laugh and used a
rather strong expression, but hardly
was it out of his mouth when I heard
a stronger one, and looking up I saw
Archibald Van Poyter right in front
of us, glaring down at our companion.
There was a pause. Then he delib-
erately raised his cane and brought it
down toward Filkins' head. I sprang
from my place and put out my arm to
arrest the blow, but Filkins was too
quick for me. He caught it on his
forehead, and shot out his clenched
fist, sending it with such force as to
send him groping against the ring plat-
form. In an instant the place was in an
uproar; a dozen men sprang between the
two combatants, and a hundred others
gathered around us, filling the air with
their excited cries and inquiries as to
what had happened.

"Van Poyter's exclamation was
swollen with anger. He was talking
drunk, madged with jealousy and
blistering for revenge for the punish-
ment he had received, he struggled to
free himself from the grasp of those
who held him. Filkins on the other
hand coolly and calmly walked out
of the hall and drawing on his
gloves.

"Never mind your certain name. Come
in," cried the lieutenant, rising, but
Filkins' coat and drawing on his
gloves.

"I think we had," I said, and with-
out another word Swash and I fol-
lowed him out of the place and home to
the boarding house, where he hid us
at night and retired to his fourth
floor rear hall bedroom.

"I saw Filkins the other day. He was
driving toward the park in a handsome
 victoria, two neatly liveried men
seated in the front, and a third in the
back. At his side sat a pretty girl who
I had never before seen, but knew
from the pictures to have been the
great belle, Miss Emily Carusner. And
when I told my wife about it she said
that she had seen him in the picture
gallery."

"There are three seats up front,
let's get there," said the lieutenant,
and he began to jump lightly about
the room, beating the air and at times
striking each other with his gloved
hands. I did not see a realization of my
suspicious thoughts. To be sure, in
the second round Williams landed a
blow on Filkins' nose, causing it to
bleed profusely, and needed in turn
an upper cut on the chin which brought
from the crowd about his price of "down
out." "Now, another!" "Yes, get on
your feet!" "Ah, behold the kid's
show; just see the chances he missed!"
"He's fighting too low."

"The affair was getting more inter-
esting. Williams gave his opponent a
body blow that sent him reeling against
the ropes at one side, but the Boston
dealer regained himself in an instant and
sent the New-Yorker such a violent
blow on the cheek that the young man
began to stagger slightly about, bal-
ancing his hands out to protect his face.
Involuntarily I half rose and cried, "A
good one!"

A sudden puff of my coat brought
me back to my seat and Filkins with
perched in my ear:
"There he is! What did I tell you?"
"Who?" said I, ruffled at the inter-
ruption.

"The man that I spoke of. Come, he
is just out. He is moving this way."

Swash heard him, and, seizing him,
he pulled him back into his seat, for
he had made no motion to go.

"I looked toward the person whom
Filkins had pointed out, and although
I had never before seen him, from a
series of pictures of noted actors we
which a certain paper had published I
knew him to be Archibald Van Poy-
ter."

"Yes, Filkins," I said, "you're a fool."
"I'll not say you're a fool," he replied,
"but mark my words, there will be
trouble if we stay. They have been
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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE
BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that will interest the Ju-
venile Members of Every Household—
—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings
of Many Children Causing Children.

"A Narrow Escape.
Nan, Angelina, and Mary lay moun-
ful in a row.
Despair and grief were in their hearts
and on their faces, woe;
For Saturday was moving day, and
another dear had said.
As she kissed them all and hugged them
all and tucked them all in bed,
That heap of broken dollies will leave
you the floor;
I'm sure you'll never miss them—I'll find
you plenty more."
They're old and torn and battered up—
not one of them complete—
I think I wouldn't take them to the house
on Pleasant street."

Nan, Angelina, and Mary went sadly
to bed.
I'm happy dreams they soon forgot that
melancholy heap;
But when at last in slumber sound their
eyes closed,
She heard a voice, a gentle voice, that
swoonily seemed to say:
"Those children you're so fond of—'tis
odd you cannot see.
They're really very far from what a per-
fect child should be.
There's many a pretty child in town in
case you feel inclined
To choose some pretty new ones, and let
these stay behind."

"For Mary broke her arm, you know, and
Nan turns in her head,
And Angelina's freckles on her funny
little nose;
They bump their heads and tear their
fingers—'tis hard to keep them neat—
I think I wouldn't take them to the house
on Pleasant street!"

That loving little mother, oh! she started
up in fright;
She ran to all her babies, and she kissed
and hugged them tight.
She put her little bonnet on, and bought
a pot of face,
And when they moved to Pleasant street,
the dollies all went too.
—St. Nicholas.

Children's Room at the Library.
Detroit's public library was the first
among the many public libraries of the
country to establish a "children's
room," where the young readers could
have their own members, and where
a department of their own. Other pub-
lic libraries have already adopted the
idea, which originated with Librarian
Udoy, and it will not be long before the
children's room will be a popular in-
stitution in every city and town.
—Detroit Free Press.

TREATMENT OF COLDS.
How They May Be Cured and Their
Effects Prevented.
Colds are probably the most common
afflictions in the world. They are always
disagreeable and oftentimes dangerous.
A person in good health, with fair play,
easily resists cold, but when the health
is weak, and the system is out of order,
the stomach and with the nervous
system a chill is easily taken, and ac-
cording to the weak spot of the indi-
vidual, assumes the form of a cold or
pneumonia, or it may be jaundice.
Dandruff and Williams were two
very respectable looking young men,
with clear, pink faces, and splendid
cheeks and noses. Swash said that
the latter was a middle weight and
fought for love, but that the former
was a lightweight, and fought for money.
In fact, I thought it was rather
tame. My idea of prize fights had
been drawn from comic and religious
papers, but in these two active,
athletic young men, who shook hands
and then began to jump lightly about
the ring, beating the air and at times
striking each other with their gloved
hands. I did not see a realization of my
suspicious thoughts. To be sure, in
the second round Williams landed a
blow on Filkins' nose, causing it to
bleed profusely, and needed in turn
an upper cut on the chin which brought
from the crowd about his price of "down
out." "Now, another!" "Yes, get on
your feet!" "Ah, behold the kid's
show; just see the chances he missed!"
"He's fighting too low."

"The affair was getting more inter-
esting. Williams gave his opponent a
body blow that sent him reeling against
the ropes at one side, but the Boston
dealer regained himself in an instant and
sent the New-Yorker such a violent
blow on the cheek that the young man
began to stagger slightly about, bal-
ancing his hands out to protect his face.
Involuntarily I half rose and cried, "A
good one!"

A sudden puff of my coat brought
me back to my seat and Filkins with
perched in my ear:
"There he is! What did I tell you?"
"Who?" said I, ruffled at the inter-
ruption.

"The man that I spoke of. Come, he
is just out. He is moving this way."

Swash heard him, and, seizing him,
he pulled him back into his seat, for
he had made no motion to go.

"I looked toward the person whom
Filkins had pointed out, and although
I had never before seen him, from a
series of pictures of noted actors we
which a certain paper had published I
knew him to be Archibald Van Poy-
ter."

"Yes, Filkins," I said, "you're a fool."
"I'll not say you're a fool," he replied,
"but mark my words, there will be
trouble if we stay. They have been
talking about it for some time."

"I'll not say you're a fool," he replied,
"but mark my words, there will be
trouble if we stay. They have been
talking about it for some time."

One of the boys displayed a talent for
music, and became a skillful violinist.
He drifted among the wrong class of
people, and was soon at balls and
clubs that seldom dispersed until the
early hours of dawn. Upon one occasion
he was nearly 7 o'clock in the morning
before he went to his home. Entering
the house and opening the door of the
sitting room, he saw a sight that can
never be effaced from his memory.
In the old rocking chair sat his aged
mother fast asleep, but evidently she
had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as
white as the snow, covered her gray
hair, the knitting had fallen from her
hands, while the tallow from the can-
dles had run over her candlestick and
down her dress.
Going up to her, the young man ex-
claimed:
"Why, mother! what are you doing
here?" His voice started her, and up
on the question being repeated she at-
tempted to rise, and pitifully, but oh
so tenderly, looking up into his face,
said, "I'm waiting for my boy."
The sad look and those words, so ex-
pressive of that long night's anxiety,
quite overcame the lad, and throwing
his arms around her, he said, "Dear
mother, you shall never wait again like
this for me!" That resolution has never
been broken. But since then that moth-
er has passed into the world beyond,
where she still watches and waits, but
not in sorrow for her boy—Union Mis-
sion Lantern.

All Believe in Signs.
With the exception of gamblers there
is no class of people in the world so
prone to superstitious fancies as ac-
tors. Living as they do, in a world of
fancy and fiction, every incident of
their lives is seized upon as a sign or
omen that possesses either a beneficial
influence upon their career or other-
wise. To be sure there are many who
are of a higher education, and their
culture is above the petty supersti-
tions of the class, but these are merely
the exception which proves the rule.
Yet, even this latter class has its pec-
uliar vagaries, and the statement is
made by the Washington Post, almost
without fear of contradiction, that no
member of the profession is absolute-
ly free from the influence of signs,
omens and the possession of talismans.
from the star to the property man there
is no subject of any combination
which does not have a stock supply of
signs, denoting either good or bad luck,
which are as firmly believed in as the
most devout savage believes in his
fetich and idols.

One could suppose that an actor so
prominent in his profession as Joseph
Jefferson would be free from such fan-
cies, and indeed he is, but he is a sym-
bol of healthfulness and a certain guar-
antee against all such superstitions.
He is not, and it is not sufficiently ac-
quainted with him were to ask, he would
be told an interesting story connected
with a blackened, shriveled potato, nearly
as good a story, which the great actor
bravely carried with him. Many
years ago, when Jefferson had an un-
usually severe attack, some friend sug-
gested the remedy, whereupon the ac-
tor procured a large-sized potato and
boiled it in water. The result was that
John has just now, and he has been out-
fitted from that since, due probably to his
exceedingly temperate life and the
many safeguards with which he sur-
rounds his health, yet he is such a firm
believer in the efficacy of the talisman
that he would not part with it under
any circumstances.

The Little William J. Florence once car-
ried a triangular-shaped piece of brass
inscribed with the words, "I am a
man of honor," and he has been out-
fitted from that since, due probably to his
exceedingly temperate life and the
many safeguards with which he sur-
rounds his health, yet he is such a firm
believer in the efficacy of the talisman
that he would not part with it under
any circumstances.

Some Points Regarding Badgers.
A badger is a very common animal in
the West. It is a very small animal,
and is very much like a dog. It is very
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is

A Big Stock.

You are invited to call and see it.

Hardware, Tools,
Furniture,
Carpets, Mattings.

HARRY MCD. LITTLE.

Water Melons

ON ICE,

At H. L. MCINTYRE'S

Meat Market.

Our Repairing Gives Satisfaction.

Bring your watch in now. It will receive special attention. Our work we fully guarantee.

We have made great advancement in the Optical line, and many leave our place rejoicing to know that they can once more see to read the REPUBLICAN.

All optical prescriptions filled.

Robert Steel, Hammoncton Jeweler.

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Handy Meat Market

is kept stocked with

Fresh and Salt Meats

and

Everything in Season

HIS WAGONS RUN EVERYWHERE.

BARRELS.

W. & H. O'Donnell Steam Barrel Factory
Swanson and Moore Sts., Philadelphia.

Barrels for Apples, Pears, Cranberries, etc.

Any size required made and shipped promptly.

The Philadelphia Weekly Press and the Republican
both one year for \$1.25, cash.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
Wm. McKinley.
For Vice-President,
Garret A. Hobart.

For Congressman,
Hon. J. J. Gardner.

In a speech made by Major McKinley to six thousand laboring men and others from Beaver County, Pa., who paid him a visit at his home, he said: "The people of this country never were so eager to vote as now. The last four years have been long years—the longest four years since our great civil war. Everything has suffered but the Republican party. Everything has been blighted but Republican principles. They are dearer, more cherished, and more glorious than they have ever been before. The people of the country are only waiting an opportunity to embody those great principles in public law and public administration."

Geo. M. Holladay, the old soldier, said at St. Paul: "I have been all my life a Democrat because I believe that party stood for the best interests of the country. But if the principles enumerated in the Chicago convention be Democratic, then it is an insult to call me a Democrat. We are not going to turn the government of this great country over to the mob that assembled at Chicago."

A private letter from a gentleman who has recently been through the rural districts of Michigan, contains the following: "The silver sentiment in this state is losing ground. The merchants in small towns tell me the farmer is changing his mind as he learns from reading and listens to speakers. Sound sense is driving out the groundless theories and windy assumptions of the will-o'-wisp chasers, the silverites."

Rev. W. L. Mayo, Asst. Supt. of the Children's Home Society of New Jersey spent a few days in town. On Sunday morning he spoke in the Baptist Church; in the Presbyterian that evening. The Society has many annual members in Hammoncton. It is one of the most deserving charities of which we have any knowledge, and appeals especially to the heart of every parent. A child is taken from indigent parents, from an almshouse, from the street, wherever found, needing care, and cared for until a childless home is found where the little one is needed—often to fill the place of one departed. This is a real work, and during the past year many a sorrowful incident has been recorded of homes made happier and children saved through this society.

Rev. H. J. Zeller, formerly Pastor of the Hammoncton M. E. Church, was married on Tuesday last, Sept. 8th, at the residence of the bride's father, in Camden, to Miss Clara B. Dobbin, Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D., of Ocean Grove, officiated. The happy couple will be at home in the parsonage at Weonah, N. J., after a short bridal trip. We voice the sentiment of many Hammoncton friends in wishing them happiness unalloyed.

Lewis H. Barrett, of Pleasantville, is a bustling aspirant for the nomination for Sheriff of this County. We see no sufficient reason why he should not make it. He appears to be well qualified, and has the support of his own section, which is of itself a good recommendation. Mr. Barrett deserves well of Republicans, having been for many years a hard worker for party success.

A quarter-hundred friends of Rev. H. J. Taylor, members of the Baptist C. E. Society, assembled at his residence on Wednesday evening, taking their last by surprise. But Bro. T. enjoys such little affairs, and felt no displeasure. There were games, a short presentation speech, refreshments, and "good night." It was pleasant for all participants.

Residents in the neighborhood of Third Street and Fairview Ave. are complaining of that "speck enemy" near by. They say that Sunday nights are made horrible by the racket there. Last Sunday night, about midnight, there must have been a free fight, judging by the noise. Yet our town authorities are waiting for evidence. And where is that citizens' committee?

Last week Thursday an unknown man passed the Rockwood place, near Sandy Crossway, with a great load of bedding,—too large a load for his horse, which appeared to be a good one. Next morning the team was found in the woods, just off from the road, the horse dead. The driver had evidently found it impossible to get along with the load, had turned off, placed a rope around the horse's neck, fastening the two ends to pine trees about three feet apart, and left. From appearances, the horse had been literally choked to death. Mr. VanHise came into town and notified the authorities, but when he returned, some one had dragged the body into the swamp and taken away the loaded wagon. So far, the heartless wretch of a driver has not been detected; but a clue is being followed which we hope will lead to arrest and severe punishment.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Henry D. Moore, in Haddonfield, Thursday evening, when his daughter, Miss Minnie Antoline, was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Fithian Tatem, also of Haddonfield. The decorations were beautiful. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. R. Brace, of Blackwood, assisted by Rev. W. W. Cassiberry, of Haddonfield. Mrs. Wm. D. Sherrard, sister of the bride, was matron of honor. The bridesmaids were Misses Grace Sherrard, Jessie Marr Gray, Lila Smith, Gertrude Smith, Harriet Reeves, and Agnes Housan. Mr. Chas. Riddell attended the groom. Among those who attended the wedding from Hammoncton were: Mr. and Mrs. T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, and Miss Gertrude, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith, and Miss Lila, Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Newcomb, Miss Minnie and Mr. Samuel Newcomb, Mrs. Nettie Tomlin, Messrs. Harburt and Frank Tomlin, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Black, and Mr. Ralph R. Jones of Ocean City.

All Sons of Veterans are ordered to meet at the Town Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) morning at 10 a.m., sharp, in full uniform, white gloves, to attend services at the Baptist Church, accompanying the Boy's Brigade. By order of CAPT. CUNNINGHAM.

Gen. D. A. Russell Camp 5 of V. will meet at Park Hall to-night, at 7:30 o'clock, to attend reception given to them and their lady friends by the Baptist Boys' Brigade. Full uniform, gloves and arms. WM. CUNNINGHAM, Captain.

Another change of train time took effect on the C. & A. R. R. last Tuesday. Up trains now leave Hammoncton at 6:05, 7:10, and 9:40 a.m., 12:30 and 6:32 p.m. Down trains arrive at 5:50 and 9:25 a.m., 12:20, 5:55 (stops only to let off passengers), 5:58 and 7:30 p.m.

Town Marshal Shoups will resign at next Council meeting, saying that the duties and responsibilities are too great for the munificent (?) salary attached to the office,—\$25 per year. No one can censure him,—about \$2.08 per month, less than 7 cents per day and no fees.

The value of the silver dollar has depreciated two cents since Bryan's nomination.

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Fruit Growers' Union

And Co-Operative Soc'y, Inc.

Big Reduction in Harnesses.

We have several light driving sets that we are offering at a very low figure. They are of the very best leather, and finished in the best rubber finish.

We have but a few of them.

Our Harness department is always in line.

Fly Nets, from 30 lash up to 80.
Summer Robes and Blankets are very cheap.

Remember,

That if you want any
Pear Barrels,
Peach Baskets
(wood or netting covers),
or Grape Baskets,
we are fully prepared to
serve you with the best
quality and the lowest
prices.

Flour,—

The Pillsbury
and Hungarian OO
are the best.

We sell them.

Bring the Cash and get
the discount.

Fruit Growers' Union

Macaroni, Vermicelli,
and Fancy Paste,
The best made in the United States.
Sold Wholesale and Retail.
Dealer in Imported & Domestic
GROCERIES.
Imported Olive Oil.

P. RANERE'S
Hammoncton Steam
Macaroni Works
(Established in 1889)

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Sold Wholesale and Retail.
Dealer in Imported & Domestic
GROCERIES.
Imported Olive Oil.

Macaroni, Vermicelli,
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Imported Olive Oil.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1896.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Motto: A dollar's worth
of dollar for a dollar's worth
of work.

Schools open next Monday.
Herbert Cordery of Ocean City, is visiting his brother Edw.

LARGE TOWN LOT for sale cheap. "Real Estate" HAMMONCTON OFFICE.

Miss Alice Barry has returned from a summer visit in Maine.

Miss Minnie Newcomb was home from New York for a few days.

Mrs. Wm. H. Bernhouse and children are home from Maryland.

PUKE OLD CIDER VINEGAR for sale at 20 cents per gallon. Cedar Point and Grapo Sinks for sale at prices to suit the purchaser. JOHN SCULLY.

Morton Crowell, who has been summering in Atlantic, has returned.

Daniel Scull and his bicycle, from Atlantic City, were in town this week.

Born on Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, 1896, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vaughn, a son.

PLAYING SEWING does not harm. Orders solicited. Mrs. J. S. TAYLOR, Central Avenue and Grand Street.

Mrs. Richard Clark, formerly of Hammoncton, visited friends here, this week.

Miss Grace Osgood is in Washington, D. C., where she will spend the winter.

Herbert Rogers, now of Williams-town is attending the State Normal School.

WANTED TO RENT, a farm of twenty to fifty acres, within two miles of Hammoncton or Elm, well situated. Address W. W. at this office.

Miss Lulu Whitmore is home from a visit in Atlantic City and May's Landing.

M. L. Jackson was Hammoncton's only representative on the Grand Jury, this week.

Joseph Horbert has returned from his summer's employment at Atlantic City.

BY USING TRUMP'S Hair Renewer, gray, faded, or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, grows luxuriant, and strong, pleasing everybody.

Mr. and Mrs. Hackett (nee Fabr.) enobled, of Philadelphia, spent a few days with Mrs. Geppert.

Mrs. Samuel Anderson, Jr., is entertaining her friend, Miss May Caviller, of Philadelphia.

Geo. Parkhurst and Geo. Whitson rode to Philadelphia, Monday afternoon, and back in the evening.

PORT SALE. An undivided one-half interest in the lot and store on the north-west side of Bellevue Avenue, now occupied by Mrs. Attila. Price low. Inquire for terms. JOHN C. ANDERSON.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Krebs, Principal of our public schools, returned from his vacation on Tuesday, looking well.

THE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES of Prof. Fuller are receiving the most favorable reports from those who have purchased them. Rev. O. D. Coleman, of Hammoncton, is the agent for this section of the State, and will furnish any desired information, or will call upon those desiring to learn more of them.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday in town, welcome guests at Mr. L. Richards'.

Alex. Attkin has resumed the management of his livery stable, for some time past leased by Will Hood.

Willard Burgess, a young law student of Philadelphia, visited Albert Jackson and other relatives, this week.

PAID OFF. For sale, Walker farm, on Walnut Street, opposite Butterfield nursery, 25 acres and all buildings, the latter erected 1900. Barn rebuilt last year. Title perfect. Good accommodation for parties from Supreme Court, County Recorder, and County Clerk. Price \$200 and cash. If sold before October 1st, call at the place, or address DR. O. H. HUBB, Elm, N. J.

Mrs. Theo. Little, of New York City, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Holst Putnam, and cousin Mrs. Hulse and Mrs. Logan.

Mrs. Louis Spivey this week entertained her sisters Lilla and Annie Foster, of Haddon, also cousin from Clayton, N. J.

Edw. and Law. Cordery attended the Vineland races on Monday.—Ed. taking part. H. W. Hackett, of Pleasantville, won the five mile handicap. Time, 1:24.

Incense with A. H. Phillips & Co., 1228 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City.

Consult locals for train time.
Mr. Wahl, of Atlantic, visited in town this week.

Montgomery Biggs visited local friends this week.

Base ball to-day with the Highlands, of Germantown.

Miss Della Loveland is home after a visit in Trenton.

YOU WILL FIND a fine line of School "Tablets as Lays & Davis".

Mrs. Belcher, of Haddonfield, is visiting friends in town.

John Trafford and family, of N. Craner Hill, visited local relatives.

Miss Bertha Cochran is visiting her uncle, Harry Cochran, at Chester.

Miss Lila Smith has returned from a visit with her sister, at Wilkes Barre.

Come early to the ball game and see the parade by the Baptist Boys' Brigade.

Between F. Stockwell's and L. Lake, registered letter, packages of newspapers, and a deed. Reward given if returned to L. CUSTINO, on Weymouth Road.

Miss Mary White, of Washington, is spending a few days with friends in Hammoncton.

Miss Clara Weston has returned from Maine. The other teachers are expected to-day.

Hann & Drake have dissolved partnership. Mr. Drake retiring from the Journal enterprise.

Miss Marie Loveland has returned from a few weeks' visit with relatives in Newport News, Va.

A LECTURE ON "AIR" will be given at Jackson's next Tuesday evening, Sept. 15th, by PROF. L. F. FULLER. By the use of the "sphygmograph," it will be shown how much air one can use at one breath. Consumption caused by all the deaths in the United States. All should know how to avoid it. A cash prize of Five Dollars will be offered to the person making the best test, and instructions for improving the lung capacity will be given.

Don't trust our R. R. time-tables. The changes are so frequent that we can only keep track of them in the local columns.

Capt. Hooper, with his wife and granddaughter, expect to sail to-day from New York for Pernambuco, South America.

A. R. Plimley and family moved to New York on Tuesday. Mr. P. is in the employ of a commission house in that city.

FOR SALE. A fine brick residence in Hammoncton, eight rooms, heater, brood piazza, with nearly five acres of cultivated land, with good house, carriage, wagon, and farming tools. Immediate possession. Part cash. Inquire at REPUBLICAN office.

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Harry Monfort is away on a two weeks' vacation. He took his bicycle intending to inspect and report on the roads in Virginia and elsewhere.

A company of young people assisted Mr. and Mrs. W. Cunningham in the celebration of their wedding anniversary on Friday evening, the 4th.

Mrs. Wm. Velt and sister-in-law Miss Velt, returned to the city on Tuesday, after a three weeks visit with Mrs. Velt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes.

Mrs. W. R. Tilton, Harry L. Monfort, Will O. Hoyt, Frank B. Whitler, and Louis Colwell rode over to Vineland on Monday (Labor Day.)

TO RENT. My roomy and convenient residence, on Bellevue Avenue, is for rent. Apply to Mrs. Copley next door. Mrs. E. M. FAIRCHILD.

The old Harrold homestead, on Peach Street, is to be repaired and improved,—a front piazza among other things. A. F. Simpson does the work.

The Boys' Brigade got together a nice yesterday afternoon and played a game with a junior Hammoncton club. The game was called in the fifth inning. Score, 21—9, in favor of Hammoncton.

Mrs. M. Stockwell is entertaining her nephew, Mr. Yale. The gentleman, formerly of Nesh School of Oratory, has accepted the professorship of elocution and oratory in Conwell's Temple College.

At the M. E. Church to-morrow morning, preaching by Rev. Mr. Quinn, of Atlantic. S. S. rally at noon. Evening, Ep. League and regular services; topic, "Christ's enemies through greed of gain."

STENCIL MARKING PLATES of all descriptions. Rubber stamps and stamp supplies at the shortest notice. At Bernhouse's Bicycle Store.

Pastor J. C. Killian will preach at the First Baptist Church, Atlantic City, to-morrow, in order that Mr. Cross may spend the day with his Brigade. Rev. Homer F. Yale will fill Mr. Killian's pulpit to-morrow evening.

To-morrow will be "Rally Day" in the M. E. Sunday School, and every member of the school or home department, and every parent and friend of scholars are invited to meet in the main room of the church after morning services.

The Grand Jury were in session two and a half days, until Thursday noon, when they returned sixty-eight true bills,—among them one against Samuel R. Holland. No bills were presented against George W. Swank, Jr., or Samuel Craig.

The Blue Anchor Wilson boys, who on last Memorial Day each stole a bicycle from Wm. H. Bernhouse, and were captured in the Welch Mountains of Pennsylvania, plead guilty. One goes to State Prison for a year; his brother will spend six months in our county jail.

Rev. Reginald Heber Woodward from the Associate Mission at Trenton, N. J., has been appointed by the Bishop of the Diocese to the cure of St. Mark's Church, and enters on his duties to-morrow. Services at usual hours. Mr. Woodward is a young man, but recently ordained, and has made a favorable impression upon those who have met him.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE People's Bank of Hammoncton At the close of business on Friday, Sept. 4, 1896.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts.....\$600,010 25
Overdrafts.....103 85
Stocks, Bonds, etc.....5543 75
Furniture, Fixtures, etc.....1000 00
Real Estate.....4500 00
Due from other Banks.....10530 31
Cash.....7040 70
\$1,204,431 00

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in.....\$50,000 00
Surplus.....14,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses.....5220 51
Due to other Banks.....6230 52
Individual Deposits.....55,474 15
Demand Certificates of Deposits.....210 15
Interest bearing.....370 15
Interest.....370 00
Interest due Depositors.....401 07
Dividends unpaid.....4 80
Certified Checks.....108 00
\$1,204,431 00

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, ss.
I, William B. Tilton, Cashier of the above named bank, do hereby certify that the statement is true and correct of my knowledge and belief.

WILLIAM B. TILTON,
Cashier and Subscribed before me, this fourth day of September, 1896.

H. F. MOORE,
Commissioner of Deposits,
Correct. Attest:
W. J. HART,
W. H. LITTLE.

The Directors have this day ordered \$1000 added to the surplus fund, and declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent, payable on and after Tuesday, Oct. 13th, next.

W. B. TILTON, Cashier.



Ice Cream

is something that every woman, and nearly every man for that matter, enjoys immensely. The young man who brings his sister, or some other fellow's sister, to our place, will find the very best, of delicious flavors, daintily served.

Come, and have

INTIMITY.

Willie and Ben, George and May—
Once, as these children were at play,
An old man, hoary and tottering came
And watched them playing their pretty
game.
He seemed to wonder, while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Ah! but the old man seemed to share
Of the little children's innocent glee
As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told this rhyme counting out:
"Intim'ity, cutty-cora,
Apples and apples there,
Wine, beer, limber, loe,
Trovee goes in a doo,
Some flow east, some flow west,
Some flow over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Ben, George and May—
Ah, the mirth of that summer day!
"Was Father Tim who had come to share
The innocent joy of these children there,
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sport with them went he—
How could the children have been afraid,
Since little they recked when he might be?

They laughed to hear old Father Tim
Mumbling that curious nonsense rhyme
Of "Intim'ity, cutty-cora,
Apples and apples there,
Wine, beer, limber, loe,
Trovee goes in a doo,
Some flow east, some flow west,
Some flow over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Ben, George and May,
And joy of summer—were are they?
The grin old man still stands near
Chasing the song of a far-off year
And into the water he leans down
Chased by that mottled reptile,
Scolded by the dolorous monotone
That shall count me off as it comes
thence.

The solemn voice of old Father Tim
Chanting the bonny nursery rhyme
No feared of this children a summer
morn
When, with "apple seed and apple,
Life was full of the dearest cheer,
That brought the grace anew—
The count of the little ones hard at
play."

Willie and Ben, George and May,
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News

Smuggler's Paradise.
Talk about smuggling! The Sandwich
Islands is the place for big risks and big
profits. I have run opium in there and
sold every speck of it at \$48 a pound.
A few cargoes at that rate, and the smugg-
ler has a fortune. The trouble is, how-
ever, that collusion with the Hawaiian
suspicious officials is almost impossible.
The native officers, as well as the whites
in the service, are practically incorrupti-
ble. It is not because the punishment
for such an offense is severe, but because
the standard of honesty among the island
revenue officers is remarkably high, says
a San Francisco man.

Points in Tree Planting.
A careful writer in the Florida
Agriculturist says: "In transplanting
a tree from a nursery a mark
should be made on the body or on a
not to cut precisely in its relation to
the cardinal points of the compass as
it is originally stood; because the struc-
ture of the bark and the differ-
ence between the north and the south
side. The laminiferous concentric
rings are never other on the
south side and are more hardy and
durable. However, it is a mistake to
observe that a young tree that has
been injured by excessive cold weather
always shows split bark on the south
side; the north side appears more
spaced and porous. When a large
tree is cut down and saved up the
pith is observed to be several inches
south of the center. There is no
regularity in the distances between
the concentric rings, close for a day
year and far apart caused by long and
protracted rain seasons."

For Himself, Alone.
She laid her head cunningly upon
his breast. "Darling, the world will
talk of motives and—"
He drew her yet closer and kissed her
now. "And what, my life?" he
whispered. "I am so glad you are
mine. Follow!" They sat silent in
the gathering twilight for a moment,
while both their little hearts, upon
the still he drew each week as a fly-
ing skeleton. —Puck.

SPRINKLES OF SPICE.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

**Solace of Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors, and
Editors—Some of Them Very Dry and
Others Somewhat Jolly—They Will All
Religion if Turned Around Right.**

"A three sign.
"Why, my dear, what's the mat-
ter?" kindly asked a lady of her
friend. "Oh, I feel I am beginning
to look quite old," was the mournful
reply. "Nonsense—whatever put
such an idea in your head?" "Be-
cause," was the reply, "I noticed that
when I cross Broadway the po-
licemen never take my arm as they
used to." —Texas Sittings.

**Do you wear eyeglasses because
you think you look better with them?**
asked Miss Pert. "I wear them be-
cause I know I look better with
them," answered the short-sighted
man sadly. —Puck.

Preparatory Discipline.
"No, I'll not marry. I think I'll
become a sister of charity." "You
don't know what that means."
"Don't? Haven't I sat up with you
every night from 8 to 1 for three
months?" —Life.

Healthy Vanity.
Resident—Healthy? I should say
it was. Why, there's only been one
death here in ten years. "Who?"
"Who? He died." Resident—Dr.
barker; died of starvation.—Life.

A Woman's Pocket.
Lovell—This marrying a rich wo-
man is no use. Markham—Why not?
Lovell—Because often when she's fast
asleep you can't find her pocket.—
New York Herald.

The Reason.
Teacher—Who was Henry Clay and
what did he do? Little Boy—He
was the Englishman who introduced
cigars into America.—Truth.

Quite True.
A baby horse is not worth its weight
in anything.—Troy Press.

The New One.
A baby horse is not worth its weight
in anything.—Troy Press.

Both Professionals.
Hotel Doctor—I hope there will be
no mistake in administering these
medicines. Servant—Have no fear,
I am a professional nurse and nudist
is a professional invalid.—New York
Weekly.

The Orphan's Awful Fate.
Johnny Bellows—"It's awful on a
boy to be born an orphan. Willie
Bellows—Yes, he can't never get a
day-out from a bed on account of his
mother's belt's stick.—Quips.

Self-Appreciation.
He—Now that you have rejected me,
may I say one word to you as a
friend? She—Certainly. He—Well,
I think you're making the greatest
mistake of your life.—Puck.

Tempting Vindict.
Hungry Guest—What lunge you got
to eat? New Waiter—We have some
fried fish. Is it ready? "Oh,
yes, it was cooked the day before yes-
terday." —Texas Sittings.

Impaired Her Hearing.
Jesse—Miss Sears has given up the
use of night-caps. How? Why, Jen-
ny—A man got into the house and she
didn't hear him.—Smith, Gray &
Co.'s Monthly.

On a Hired.
She (facetiously)—What sort of a
dog do you use in your marriage mar-
riage? He—Oh, an ordinary hard
kind. He tried fancy ones but the
lawyers can undo any of them.—New
York World.

Bound Not to Stay.
Ada—Flo was just going down for
the third time when Dr. Watson
dived off a yacht and caught her.
Ada—And saved her life! Wasn't
that wonderful? Ada—Yes, for a
doctor.—Life.

**It is a waste of time to watch a
hypocrite.**

A Good Definition.

"I felt so nervous, mamma," said
little Tommy Pottery, referring to an
accident of the previous day. "What
do you mean by nervous, my dear?"
"Why, mamma, it's just being in a
hurry all over." —Texas Sittings.

A Sorprise.
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Anticipation.
"I felt so nervous, mamma," said
little Tommy Pottery, referring to an
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do you mean by nervous, my dear?"
"Why, mamma, it's just being in a
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Consternation.—Judge
"I felt so nervous, mamma," said
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"It Bridges You Over."

Battle Ax PLUG

"Battle Ax" bridges a man over
many a tight place when his pocket-
book is lean. A 5-cent piece of
"Battle Ax" will last about as long as
a 10-cent piece of other good tobaccos.
This thing of getting double value for
your money is a great help. Try it and
save money.

**GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR
SELF.**
Some men, the books will tell you
The savor from Kint to Plato.
Let get acquainted with yourself,
You are no small potato.
An: though you swine a blacksmith's sledge,
Don't whip the tongs.

Emerson's First Coat.
No, the fact that Emerson never
credited with much business sense
said the paying teller of a leading St.
Louis bank, as he closely scrutinized
the check presented by a newspaper
editor. "There are good grounds for
this belief, as many business men
have occasion to know.
The other day, for instance, a
wealthy society lady whose name is
familiar to the public and who keeps
a large private account with this
bank had occasion to draw her check
for \$1,000.
Her signature, of course, is well
known to me and I could hardly be
deceived in it. When this particular
check was presented it struck me in-
stantly that the name was not prop-
erly signed, and after comparing it
with her signature in my book I de-
cided to honor the check.
On the following day I received a
stormy visit from the lady, who, with-
out allowing me an opportunity of
making any explanation, reproach-
ed me with a tongue lashing for daring
to question her paper.
When her anger had somewhat sub-
sided, I said: "Madame, the signa-
ture which you drew at all cost re-
spond to the one on our books, and
as the signature is the only guarantee
which the bank has that the check
was properly drawn I refused pay-
ment."
"Well," said she, after much hesi-
tation, "I was very busy when the
check was drawn up and asked you
to sign it for me. I sup-
posed, of course, that it was all
right."
Some women are like a man's stom-
ach; helping over agrees with them.

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DESPERATE NAVAL BATTLE.

The Duel Between the Bon Homme Richard
and the Scorpion.

On the 22d of September, 1778, oc-
curred, off the coast of Scotland, that
unexampled sea-fight which gave to
the name of Paul Jones such wonder-
ful eulogy. Jones was a native Scot-
land and had followed the sea since
the age of 12. He was for a while
engaged in the slave trade but left it
in disgust. He afterward accumulated
a considerable fortune as a merchant
in the West India trade. At the begin-
ning of the Revolution he was in Virginia
and at once entered the navy as a
lieutenant. To him is given the
honor of displaying the first Ameri-
can flag ever made. After a number
of successful cruises he was appointed
to the command of the ship Duras, an
old Indian converted into a ship
of war. In compliance to Dr. Francis
Lyon Jones changed her name to the
Bon Homme Richard. August 14,
Jones sailed with this ship and four
others, and by the middle of Septem-
ber he had captured or destroyed 23
vessels. September 23, when off
Flamborough Head, he fell in with a
British merchant fleet on its return
from the Baltic, convoyed by Cap-
tain Pearson with the frigates Scorpion
and the Countess of Scarborough
of 20. Pearson had no sooner per-
ceived Jones' squadron than he bore
down to engage him, while the mer-
chantmen made haste to join the
coast. The American flotilla, formed
to receive him. The two enemies
joined battle about 7 o'clock in the
evening. The British had the ad-
vantage in cannon of longer range,
which led Jones to fight closer. He
brought up his ships until the muzzles
of his guns actually came in contact
with those of his enemy. In this
manner the frenzied combatants
fought from 7 o'clock until 10,
when Jones found his vessel so
shattered that only three effective
guns remained. He then recalled his
enemy with grenades, which falling
into the Scorpion, set her on fire in
several places. Finally her magazine
blew up and killed everyone who was
near it. His crew then asked Pear-
son to surrender but he refused and
ordered them to board. Jones, at the
head of his crew, received them at
the point of a pike and compelled a
retreat. By this time the flames had
communicated to the Bon Homme
Richard and both vessels were on fire.
Amidst this tremendous night scene
the American frigate Alliance came
up, and making her partner for her
crew drew a broadside into the ves-
sel of Jones. By the broad glare of
the burning ships she discovered her
mistake and turned her guns against
the exhausted foe. Nearly all Pear-
son's crew were either killed or
wounded and with his ship on fire
he could no longer resist. At 10 p. m.
the Scorpion struck.

The appearance presented by the
Bon Homme Richard next morning
was dreadful. She was on fire in two
places and had seven feet of water in
her hold. Her counters and quarters
on the lower decks were driven in by
the weight of her own guns. The ves-
sel of Jones, on the other hand, was
perfectly unscathed. After a long
and deep breath one ought to hold that
breath for an instant before it is
drawn out again. This is lung sym-
ptom and the rationale of it is that
only thus are gases fully controlled.
By holding the breath the air comes
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GYMNASTICS FOR THE LUNGS.

Some Simple Rules and Reasons Why They
Should Be Observed.

The Literary Digest publishes the
following condensation of an article
by the Germanman in the Christian
Folkblad on "Lung Gymnastics":
"Man does not live by bread alone.
The food we eat would not afford
nourishment if we did not breathe.
Air is free to all, but it is better
if the overcivilized people of our
age had to pay for it, then they
would value it. Air is one of our
principal nourishments. It is to the
lungs what food is to the stomach.
Its importance may be judged from
the fact that a healthy human being
requires 300 litres of air per hour.
The lungs consist of eighteen hun-
dred million lung cells, which are
spread out, would cover
200 square meters. This proves the
usefulness of the lungs. We must
realize, and if we do not instantly
understand how to do it properly we
should learn. Honey-lung gym-
nastics. But few breathe properly.
Look at the children over their lessons
or the accountants over their books.
Can you hear them breathe? Nay,
they do it so feebly that it does not
affect their position or countenance.
To breathe correctly is an art and
must be learned, though nature tends
to have given everybody the faculty.
In the first place it is wrong to
draw the breath through the mouth.
The nose is the natural avenue to
the lungs. In the nose are provided
cavities in which the air is warmed
before it comes to the lungs. The
nose also contains excretions which
absorb the impurities of the air. We
all commit a great fault by breath-
ing through the mouth. To understand
what a true forceful breath is, bare
the breast and look into your glass.
The ordinary breathing scarcely moves
the chest, but the forceful breath
instantly before it is blown out, and
you will see the chest move. This is
right. We must breathe so force-
fully that the chest moves up and
down. The lungs expand and contract.
Artificial breathing consists in forc-
ing the air in and out of the lungs so
strongly that the chest visibly ex-
pands and contracts. To learn to
practice this it is well in the begin-
ning to stand up straight against a
wall, for instance, placing the heels
together, resting the arms (which
ought to be bent) upon the hips; then
push the chest forward while the ab-
domen is contracted so much that the
weight of the person falls upon the
foremost part of the feet. After
having come into the position, close
the mouth and draw the breath slowly
and how it out slowly. After a long
or deep breath one ought to hold that
breath for an instant before it is
drawn out again. This is lung sym-
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