South Jersey Republican

Hoyt & Sons, Publishers. **Terms--$1.25 Per Year.**

VOL. 32. HAMMONTON, N. J., OCTOBER 27, 1894. NO. 43

DISSOLUTION.

The co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Elvins & Roberts having been dissolved, by mutual consent,

GEORGE ELVINS

would respectfully notify his patrons, and the public generally, that he is still doing business at the old stand, and solicits, as in the past, a large share of their patronage.

☞ Orders received by mail will have special and prompt attention.

Chase & Sanborn's

(Boston)

Imported, Roasted, and Packed

COFFEES!

Guaranteed.

For sale by

P. S. TILTON & Co.

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.

Frank C. Hartshorn,

PRACTICAL

HOUSE PAINTER,

Hammonton, N. J.

Satisfaction guaranteed on all work.
Orders by m attended to.

"Gold Wedge Brand"

Fibered Codfish is the best made from the very choicest George's Codfish.

Please note some of the advantages of the "Gold Wedge"—

1st, It needs no cooking, thus doing away with the unpleasant odor which usually arises from ordinary codfish.

2nd. A pound package of Fibered Codfish is equal to two pounds of the ordinary salt Cod.

3rd. Fibered Cod makes the finest Codfish Balls and Creamed Codfish of anything now in the market.

4th. Can be made ready for the table in ten minutes.

Fibered Cod as a time-saver, and **Koal-Spar** as a Coal saver cannot be surpassed.

Roberts, the Grocer,

2nd Street,

is the place to get them.

BOOTS and SHOES

All kinds and makes.

The Best and Cheapest

In the market.

Shoes made to measure.
Repairing of all kinds done.

D. C. HERBERT.

GEO. STEELMAN,

For twenty-four years in Philadelphia, has opened a

Tailor Shop

In Black's Building.

All work in the Tailoring line done promptly, and full satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Rutherford,

Commissioner of Deeds,
Notary Public,
Conveyancer,

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.

☞ From the REPUBLICAN of Oct. 25th, 1884:

Mr. P. H. Brown, having sold his farm will probably buy a lot on or near Bellevue, and at once build a residence.

C. H. Wilson has bought a lot opposite the Post Office, and will build thereon.

Henry Sheppard, living near Da Costa, had hard work (with his wife's aid) to save his house from destruction from forest fires.

REPUBLICAN of Oct. 25th, 1879:

The Presbyterian Society held services in their church, last Sunday, for the first time since the removal from its old site.

In the Roll-of-Honor, Central School, we find the following names:

Ellen Bassett,	Frank Bassett,
Annie Elvins,	Jessie Conkey,
Jennie Morrill,	Frank Scullin,
Burt Pressy,	Preston Crowell,
Minnie Green,	Sarah Crowell,
Helen Saxton,	Lincoln Jones,
Willie Whitmore,	Horace Black,
Harry Gilbert,	Lillie White,

PRIMARY.

Charles Moore,	Harry Baker,
Angie White,	Bertha Miller,
Bertha Moore,	Grace Osgood,
Minnie Miller,	Hattie Smith,
	Jean Pressy.

Every mother should know that croup can be prevented. The first symptom of true croup is hoarseness. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the cough has developed, it will prevent the attack. 25 and 50 ct. bottles for sale by druggists.

Arrangements are being made by the Pennsylvania railroad officials for one of the biggest improvements ever attempted in Camden. It is nothing more or less than to have all of the tracks of the main line run in and out of the city on an elevated road. The head officials of the Pennsylvania railroad have for some time been considering the advisability of running their tracks at an elevation, but the matter has now been settled on and engineers from the railroad company are making their plans. There seems to be a disposition on the part of the railroad people to first get rid of the dangerous crossing where the railroad tracks meet near Twelfth Street. The plans that are being made now are for the commencement of the work at the railroad and Market Streets, to extend to a point in Stockton Township. When the elevation is completed the running of cars at grade on Bridge Avenue will be entirely abandoned, which will also do away with the "death trap" at Second Street.

Why is it that some Democratic papers which publish that marvelous address of the Democratic Society of New Jersey do not attach the names of the gentlemen who signed it? Is it because that among the names appears that of Senator Robert Adrian who was conspicuous as the advocate of the coal combine, the race track and the attempted Senate steal—a not very magnificent record as a guarantee of reform in the State?

What is the foreign market worth to Americans if their own be given away to foreigners? If Americans, through the free trade policy of the Democratic party, can't hold their own markets against the cheap competition of foreigners, how can they hope to possess the foreign market?

It is because it has been fully demonstrated that the Republican party is the only one capable of keeping the country in a continuously prosperous condition that the people propose to restore it to power. It isn't politics as much as it is common sense that is bringing about this revolution.

American workingmen can't keep their home market by taking down the tariff bars—unless they shall consent to accept wages that will put them on the level of the foreign laborer.

Ex-Speaker Reed, in common with all other observers, is fully persuaded that the Republican party will have no trouble in counting a quorum.

"Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Indiana are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cought Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by druggists.

The Weather:

Special Forecast for New Jersey.

Lower temperature, heavy frosts, and high thin winds, are predicted for South Jersey, especially in the vicinity of Hammonton. Vessel owners, landlords, farmers, business and professional people would do well to make immediate provision for cold wave, purchasing stoves, ranges, and heaters from S E. Brown & Co., whose goods are known to be the best of their class. All stations in territory described will continue to display cold wave signal till further orders. By order

A. D. V. R., *Supt.*

O. W. PAYRAN,

Attorney at Law.

Master in Chancery.
Notary Public.

Atlantic City, N. J.

Hammonton office over Atkinson's.

MR. PETTIT, of my Hammonton office, is at my office in Atlantic City each day. Legal business placed in his hands will receive careful attention.
Office hours at Hammonton,—7:30 to 9:15 A.M. 6:30 to 9:00 P.M.

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.

COAL YARD

Having stocked my yard for the winter with the best grades of

LEHIGH COAL

I am prepared to furnish it in large or small quantities, at shortest notice, and as low as any.

Your patronage solicited.

W. H. Bernshouse.

Office in Wm. Bernshouse's office.
Yard opposite the Saw Mill.

J. S. Thayer

WILL GIVE

Lessons on the Guitar.

For terms, apply at my residence, Central Av. and Grape St.

Hammonton, N. J.

Tin Roofing

Put on by experienced workmen.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

S. E. BROWN & CO.

The Hardware Store.

HARNESS.

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

Trunks, Valises, Whips,

Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. COGLEY,

Hammonton, N. J.

Kirk Spear, Jr.,

Plain and Ornamental

Plastering and Bricklaying,

Hammonton, N. J.

Jobbing promptly attended to

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

FOR BARGAINS

IN

Hats,

Trimmings,

Remnants,

etc., etc.,

To close out, call at

ElamStockwell's

We are selling out our stock of

Woolens

To make room for new stock.

GEO. W. PRESSEY,

Hammonton, N. J.,

Justice of the Peace.

Office, Second and Cherry Sts.

The People's Bank

Of Hammonton, N. J.

Authorized Capital, $50,000
Paid in, $30,000.
Surplus, $12000.

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

DIRECTORS:

R. J. Byrnes, M. L. Jackson, George Elvins, Elam Stockwell, G. F. Saxton, C. F. Osgood, P. S. Tilton, A. J. Smith, J. C. Anderson.

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

Discount days—Tuesday and Friday of each week.

WHEN THE CORN IS IN THE SHOCK.

Summer's gone and autumn's here,
Harvest season of the year;
Bogs are haunting apple trees,
Where the grass is 'bove your knees;
Grown is now the partridge flock,
And the corn is in the shock.

Melon-time is all but done—
Now and then a lingering one;
Grapes are ripe o'er woodland trails;
Squirrels frisk their plumy tails
Where the chestnut burrs unlock,
And the corn is in the shock.

"Whicker, whicker!" peckerwood
Chatters, and is understood
By his flame-crest mate to say:
"Whicker, whicker! come this way;
For I hear the ravens mock,
And the corn is in the shock."

Chincapins their coats have cast,
And the chipmunk stores them fast,
While the farmer from the field
Wagons home the harvest yield;
To the brim his barn he'll block
With the corn that's in the shock.

By the window grandma sits,
Smiling sweetly while she knits;
Through the "specs" upon her nose,
Seeing how the barn o'erflows,
Glad is she for man and stock—
Corn to spare was in the shock.

When the field in stubble stands,
Mocking winter's begging hands,
Hickory on the hearth will glow;
Bright the farmer's face will show,
Listening to the mantle clock:
"Corn to spare—was in—the shock!"

—Youth's Companion.

AUNT DOLARICE WON.

The stage coach which ran between Paris and Marseilles had just reached Grenoble, when the young Baron de Saint-Andre climbed up to the front seat.

Here he found a good-looking fellow of his own age, and straightway the two became great friends. At the end of an hour they began exchanging confidences, after the manner of youth.

The scion of noble stock was on his way to Paris to buy an officer's brevet, so as to serve his country, as his ancestors had done before him; the other, who was the son of a rich tradesman, was also bound for Paris, for the purpose, however, of marrying an heiress, the daughter of an old friend of his father.

"It is an even thing," cried the young Baron, laughingly. "A mere money matter for each of us. The little god Cupid has no more concern in your business than in mine!"

"There you mistake," returned the other. "I have never seen Sylvia, but fell in love with her, once and forever, the first time I laid eyes upon her portrait. Judge for yourself."

He opened a tortoise-shell case and Saint-Andre exclaimed admiringly:

"What an angel! Indeed, my dear fellow, you are very fortunate to have that charming, dainty creature picked out for you."

"I do not complain," said the bridegroom-elect: "and now I'm going to sleep, if this miserable, jolting concern will allow me. I am expected to breakfast at my future father-in-law's as soon as I reach Paris, and as I shall then be presented as my betrothed, I want to look as well to possible."

At the end of three days and two nights the heavy stage coach lumbered into the metropolis, and the two travelers went to the nearest hotel and engaged two rooms, intending to take a little rest. Saint Andre had just thrown himself upon the bed, when he heard deep groans in the next room, and on rushing in, found his late companion rolling on the floor in agonies of pain. The servants were summoned, a physician was brought in, and the latter declared that the patient was suffering from acute colic, which had probably been contracted before he left home, and had been aggravated by the fatigue of the journey. He pronounced the malady a very serious one; and so it proved, for in spite of every care, the youth expired at the end of an hour.

Saint-Andre was overwhelmed by the catastrophe, and when he found that he could do nothing more for his friend, he stood gazing sadly at the lifeless clay which lay on the narrow bed in the bare hotel room. Poor fellow! So young, so gay, looking forward to a bright future, and now snatched away without warning! What would the fair bride-elect say when she heard of this tragedy?

Saint Andre dreaded the bearing of the sad news to the family, but there was no one else to perform the errand, and so he set off, carrying the dead youth's satchel.

When he reached the stately mansion the front door flew open and two footmen in livery came to meet him. One relieved him of his satchel, the other took his hat and cloak, and a voice was heard exclaiming joyfully:

"Monsieur, here is your son-in-law at last!"

"Dear fellow!" cried a little fat, white-haired man, rushing into the hall, "let me embrace you," and he clasped the newcomer rapturously to his heart

As soon as he could get his breath Saint-Andre said, hurriedly.

"Pardon me, sir, but—

"I pardon you for being late," interrupted the other. "Look, it is 12 o'clock, and breakfast is growing cold. Come in and see my daughter. The little puss has been watching the clock for hours, and is impatient to meet you."

He pulled the young man into the breakfast room as he spoke, and without pausing an instant, added:

"My wife, Uncle Dorival, Aunt Dolarice, here is the son-in-law at last: Sylvia, my child, bid him welcome——"

"I beg pardon, sir," cried Saint-Andre, but again his host interrupted him.

"Don't tell me that you want to draw back at the last moment, my dear fellow! Everything has been arranged by my esteemed friend, your father; but if you have any objection to urge, I will hear it later; bad news can always keep. Now let us sit down to breakfast at once, and be merry. Sit by me, son-in-law, and give me your opinion of this pigeon-bisque."

The visitor was young and very hungry, having fasted since midnight. The shock at his companion's sudden death had unnerved him somewhat, and so, for the time being, he yielded to the force of circumstances.

"Come what will," he said to himself, "I cannot bear to put a dampener upon the joy of these good people; at least, not until they have had their breakfast."

He joined, therefore, in the general merriment, smiled sweetly upon blushing Sylvia, the bride-elect, and replied unhesitatingly to his supposed future father-in-law's inquiries.

"How is your Aunt Armande, my son?" asked the old man suddenly. "I remember her a charming young woman; when I was 20 I came near falling in love with her! We must keep in her good graces, for she will leave a snug little sum to her nephew."

"Dear aunt!" exclaimed the youth, in a tone of deep affection, "I hope she will enjoy life for many, many years longer," and his pious wish was rewarded with a tender glance from Sylvia's dark eyes. Aunt Dolarice also listened to him with delight.

"He has the instincts as well as the bearing of a born gentleman," she whispered to her brother. "Who would think that his ancestors had always sold cinnamon and nutmegs?"

Uncle Dorival, who read cyclopædias and was thought very learned, retorted quickly:

"And why should he not have as fine sentiments as a nobleman? Away with your absurd notions, sister! All men are equal!"

The clock struck 2, and Saint-Andre suddenly felt a pang of remorse for the part he was playing, as he recollected that he had to arrange for his friend's burial and would be expected at the hotel. He therefore rose from the table, and, announcing that he had important business to attend to, prepared to leave. His host protested in vain. Sylvia looked up in blank amazement, and every one entreated him to remain.

"I do not understand," began the old man, following his visitor to the front door.

The young man interrupted him, saying solemnly:

"I will explain. At 11 o'clock this morning I died, after a short and sudden attack of colic, and I gave the hotel proprietor my word of honor that my body should be removed this afternoon. You see, therefore, that if I were to absent myself any longer it would be very awkward." With these words he disappeared, leaving the old father overwhelmed with amazement.

When the rest of the family heard what had been said, they decided that the youth had been joking.

"He has humor," said Uncle Dorival. "I shall congratulate him the next time I see him. He will be here in time for supper."

But supper time came and passed, and there were no signs of the son-in-law. The family became anxious and alarmed, and toward 8 o'clock they sent a messenger to the hotel to inquire for the passenger who had arrived there by coach that morning. The proprietor sent back word that the gentleman had died at 11 o'clock of colic, and that the body had been taken away for burial in the afternoon. This news was received with unbounded astonishment, and little Sylvia burst into tears as she declared that she would wear mourning as if she were a widow.

"It was his ghost that came here," said the girl's mother, in a tone of awe, but Uncle Dervival shrugged his shoulders.

"Do ghosts eat and drink as he did?" he asked. "That fellow was merely some young scapegrace, who wanted to play a trick on us, and get a good meal at the same time." Nevertheless the ghost story went the round of the servants' hall, and the footman boasted of having seen a spirit in broad daylight. The tale spread, until it became a subject of wonder in boudoirs and drawing rooms, and the fair young widow who had never been married wore a black gown and veil, and shed passionate tears for the affianced husband whom she had seen but once.

Two weeks later she was wandering about the garden one evening, listening sadly to the songs of the nightingales. The stars were shining brilliantly, but the sight of their beauty only served to increase her sorrow.

"Alas!" she sighed, "if he were but here to stroll with me along these pathways.

As she spoke a cracking of boughs made her start with terror, and in another instant a man broke through the flowering shrubs and knelt at her feet. The stars were shining to some purpose then, for by the light she recognized the face for which she had been longing, and in a voice which betokened mingled joy and dread, she cried:

"Then you are not dead?"

"No indeed, sweetheart," he answered softly. "I am alive, and I hope to live and love you for many a long day yet."

When the two young people entered the drawing-room the family were playing backgammon. A look of amazement greeted the appearance of Saint-Andre, and every one being dumbfounded, the young baron had no difficulty in telling his story, which he concluded by asking for Sylva's hand.

The marriage took place as soon as the proper period of mourning had elapsed, and Aunt Dolarice was triumphant.

"Did I not tell you that he had the bearing of a nobleman?" she cried.

"All's well that ends well, and a baron is as good as a grocer," said Uncle Dorival.—Utica Globe.

Not a Terambulating Dictionary.

She was a young teacher from the East on her way to the Western States to teach school. She had gone away from home with an idea that her destination was in "a wild and wooly" place and that the biggest crop was Indians. Her ideas rapidly changed as she was speeding on toward the broad Pacific, she confided her doubts about civilization to a fellow-passenger, a harmless-looking, middle-aged man, and told him the purpose of her trip was to teach school.

"Are you prepared?" he asked in the tone of a clerical examiner to one about to depart on the long journey from which there is no end.

"Yes," she said timidly, "I think so. I have been graduated twice and I taught a whole year at home."

"Indeed! You have some advantage anyway. Will you permit me to ask you a few questions?"

"Oh, yes, I wish you would. I have passed good examinations in the East, but I think I don't fully understand Western ideas."

"Well, suppose you tell me what constitutes glass?"

"Why, white sand and—why, I don't remember what else. How queer! I am so sorry. I wish—"

"Oh, never mind. Don't get excited. It's all right. Where is aluminum found?"

"Oh, that is mined, isn't it?"

"No: it is a product of manufacture. What is brass made of?"

The muscles about her mouth quivered and her voice trembled slightly as she said:

"I guess it is made of copper and iron, but I don't know. It's so stupid of me to forget, but I have worked so hard to remember everything and I haven't succeeded. It make me feel very bad."

"My dear young lady, you are on the road to success. You can't teach the young idea now to shoot any better for knowing the composition of all things probable. Know few things but know them well. What the West is flooded with is walking encyclopedias and we've had enough of them. Just throw off your superfluous knowledge and you'll succeed."

And she did.

Origin of Table Utensils.

A French writer attempts to trace table utensils—most of them of recent introduction—to their origin. The Romans took their meals lying upon very low couches, and it was not until about the time of Charlemagne that a stand was used, around which guests were seated on cushions, while the table made its appearance in the middle ages, and with it came benches with backs. The Greeks and Romans ate from a kind of porringer, yet during a portion of the middle ages slices of bread cut round took the place of plates. The spoon is very ancient, and many fine specimens are in existence that were used by the Egyptians in the seventeenth century B. C. The knife—though very old—had not come into common use as a table utensil in the tenth century. The fork was absolutely unknown to the Greeks and Romans, appeared only as a curiosity in the middle ages, and was first used upon the table by Henry III. Drinking cups—in the middle ages, made from metal, more or less precious—naturally date from the remotest antiquity. The use of glasses, from Venice, began to be general in the fifteenth century. The salt cellar appeared at a very early date, and occupied the place of honor at the banquets of the Greeks and Romans, many of them being of gold and silver. The castor is probably not older than the sixteenth century.

Tensile Strength.

The tensile strength of wrought iron rods varies as the square of the diameter. A 1-inch rod will support 7,000 pounds and a 2-inch rod 28,000 pounds.

A Mercantile Priest.

A Polish Roman Catholic clergyman at Passaic, N. J., has gone into the general merchandise business, and has the name of his church and the sign of the cross over his store.

Good Thing.

A Paris newspaper is organizing a competition of self-moving wagons, to take place June 1.

SIBERIAN PEASANT LIFE.

Striking Peculiarities of that Vast Territory of the Czar.

One of the most striking peculiarities of a West Siberian landscape is the absence of fences and farm houses. The cultivated land of the peasants is regularly laid out into fields; but the fields are not inclosed. The absence of fences is due to the practice of inclosing the cattle in the common pasture which surrounds every village, and the absence of farm houses is explained by the fact that the Siberian peasant does not own the land which he cultivates, and therefore has no inducement to build upon it. With very few exceptions all of the land in Siberia belongs to the crown. The village commune enjoys the usufruct of the land, but they do not have legal title and cannot dispose of it nor reduce any part of it to individual ownership. All that they have power to do is to divide it up among their members by periodical allotments and to give to each head of a family a tenancy at will. Every time there is an allotment the several tracts of arable land held under the crown by the commune may change tenants, so that if an individual should build a house or barn upon the tract of which he was the temporary occupant, he might and probably would be forced sooner or later to abandon it. The result of this system of land tenure and this organization of society is to segregate the whole population in villages and to leave all of the intervening land unsettled.

A TYPICAL SIBERIAN HOME.

The villages are very shabby and cheerless. A West Siberian village consists of two rows of unpainted one-story log houses with A-shaped or pyramidal roofs, standing directly on the street, without front yards or front doors. Between every two houses there is an inclosed side yard around which stand sheds, granaries and barns; and from this side yard or court there is an entrance to the house. There is in all the villages more or less individual comfort and prosperity, but the peasant does not seem to take any pride in the external appearance of his premises, and pays but little attention to beautifying them. All that he does is to obey orders, await the pleasure of the higher authorities and thank God that things are not worse.

HORSES ARE VERY CHEAP.

Experiences of Railroad Officials in Their Purchase.

Electric lines and bicycles have reduced the average value of horses in the United States from 25 to 50 per cent. In the Western range country the loss is felt the worst, for the surplus has formerly been sold in the East. Now the East is a closed market to ordinary grades of horses, and there is a surplus everywhere. In cases of forced sale prices are sometimes ridiculously low.

Recently a number of car-loads of range horses of good grade were received by an Eastern road for shipment to an Eastern terminal. The Eastern road advanced the charges of the Western lines which had forwarded the horses, and added the amount to its charges for transportation. Arrived in the East there was no market for the horses, and they were finally sold for $6 a head. The Eastern road was paid the entire purchase price, and was then compelled to charge $800 to profit and loss for its experience in the horse business. In the future it will advance no more charges on horses.

The telling of this story brought out a recent experience of a railroad official in Kansas City. He wanted a good, small-sized riding horse for his boy and found exactly what he wanted in a Kansas City horse market. He wanted to buy the horse immediately, but was informed that he must buy it at auction. As a special favor, however, the auctioneer agreed to put up the horse selected to be bid on first, the railroad official being in a hurry. As it was led out the auctioneer announced, "Lot No. 16," and the official's eyes sparkled as he noted the springing gait and graceful form of his prospective purchase. He would willingly have given $100 for the horse without a bid, but carelessly called out "Fifty dollars" as a starter. He was jubilant when it was finally knocked down to him for $75. He decided to lead his prize home immediately, and so announced himself to the barn manager.

"What will you have done with the others?" asked that functionary.

There were six horses in lot 16 and the railroad official is thinking of starting a livery stable.

Too Valuable for Farming.

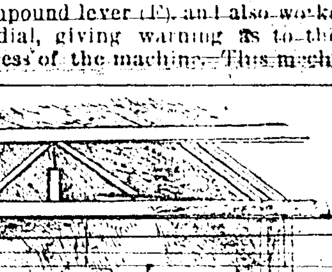
Some long leasehold property in Cheapside, London, sold the other day at a price equal to $180 per superficial foot.

NEW MODE OF EXECUTION.

Connecticut Murderers Will Hereafter Hang Themselves.

The new automatic gallows which has been adopted in Connecticut in pursuance of an act of the last general assembly is considered an improvement in some respects on that of Colorado. By reference to the accompanying cut the working of the machine can be easily understood. Through the doorway can be seen the steel cage (G) in which the condemned man passes his last days. A is the platform under the noose. It is raised an eighth of an inch above the level of the floor, hardly enough to be noticeable by the man as he steps upon it. Immediately three deputies will pinion the man's legs, place the cap over his head and adjust the noose.

The warden occupies a position directly in front of the condemned man. In this position he has a clear view of the prisoner, and also of a dial over the door through which the man must pass. Instantly the platform settles a lever is worked which releases an adjustable sliding valve at the bottom of a cylinder (C), containing fifty pounds of shot. Like the sand in an hourglass, the shot runs out of the opening. This allows a plunger (B) to drop slowly into the cylinder. As this falls it pulls a cord (E), attached to which is a compound lever (F), and also works the dial, giving warning as to the progress of the machine. This mechanism can be set for any time desired. As the cord tightens and is pulled downward by the plunger it slowly opens the compound lever, which at a certain angle, perfectly adjusted, pulls a bolt, and the great dead weight (D) is released.

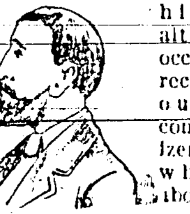


THE AUTOMATIC HANGING MACHINE.

As the big weight falls down the grooved track to the ground under the building the hempen rope, running over pulleys on a cross beam (F), will quickly jerk the condemned man seven feet into the air. On the drop there will be a rebound, and the man will be suspended with his feet about two feet from the floor. The mechanism is inclosed by a partition along the entire side, so that nothing can be seen by the condemned man except the noose. The machine works noiselessly, and the weight falls upon soft dirt.

HANGMAN OF PARIS.

Deibler Is Decidedly Unpopular Among His Countrymen.



"MONSIEUR DE PARIS."

Deibler, the Parisian hangman, or "Monsieur de Paris," as he is often called, is naturally unpopular among his countrymen, although on one occasion he was received courteously and welcomed by the citizens of the place where he was about to show his expert ability as an executioner. This was at Rouen, where he went to guillotine a man named Gamelin, who had brutally murdered a little girl. The feeling against the scoundrel was so strong that Deibler was respectfully saluted by the populace as he went from his hotel to the place of execution. "Monsieur de Paris" is a thorough master of his gruesome calling, and says he never felt at all nervous on the scaffold except when taking part in the execution of Ravachol, the anarchist. M. Deibler has a fortune of about $80,000, and receives for his work as executioner $300 per month. He lives quietly and is generally believed to be saving over one-half of his salary.

What's a Car-Load?

Nominally a car-load is 20,000 pounds. It is also 70 barrels of salt, 99 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 10 cords of wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 hogs, 90 to 100 head of sheep, 6,000 feet of boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 42,000 shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one-tenth less of joists, scantling and other large timbers, 340 bushels of corn, 400 bushels of wheat, 680 of oats, 256 of flax seed, 260 of apples, 340 of Irish potatoes, 300 of sweet potatoes and 4,000 of bran.

Ghastly Find.

One of the contractors on the Ramarama Valley Road, Australia, had occasion to fell a totara tree, and inside the trunk, which was hollow, he discovered three skeletons, supposed to be a man, woman and child. One of the skulls had apparently a bullet hole through the forehead.

Love may be blind, but the neighbors generally aren't.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

OCTOBER 28, 1894.

A Paralytic Healed.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 2: 1-12. Memory verses: 9-12.

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *The Glorious Son of God.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:—*We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.*—John 1:14.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Son Forgiving Sins.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. An Act of Faith, vs. 1-4.
2. A Message of Pardon, vs. 5-7.
3. An Act of Power, vs. 8-12.

GOLDEN TEXT: *The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.*—Mark 2: 10.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Mark 2: 1-12. A paralytic healed.
T.—Psa. 130: 1-8. Plenteous redemption.
W.—Isa. 43: 14-25. Sins blotted out.
T.—Col. 2: 6-15. Trespasses forgiven.
F.—Acts 13: 32-39. Forgiven through Christ.
S.—1 John 2: 1-12. For his sake.
S.—Psa. 25: 1-11. Prayer for pardon.

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

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. AN ACT OF FAITH.

1. The Hindering Crowd:

There was no longer room for them, no, not even about the door (2).

There followed him great multitudes (Matt. 4: 25).

They could not come nigh unto him for the crowd (Mark 2: 4).

They could not come at him for the crowd (Luke 8: 19).

2. The Needy Man:

Bringing unto him a man sick of the palsy (3).

Sick of the palsy, grievously tormented (Matt. 8: 6).

A man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed (Matt. 9: 2).

Men bring on a bed a man that was palsied (Luke 5: 18).

3. The Helping Friends:

They let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay (4).

They brought unto him all that were sick......and palsied (Matt. 4: 24).

They sought to bring him in, and to lay him before him (Luke 5: 18).

Bear ye one another's burdens (Gal. 6: 2).

II. A MESSAGE OF PARDON.

1. Won by Faith:

Jesus seeing their faith saith (5).

Great is thy faith; be it done unto thee even as thou wilt (Matt. 15: 28).

All things are possible to him that believeth (Mark 9: 23).

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved (Acts 16: 31).

2. Declared by the Saviour:

Jesus......saith......Son, thy sins are forgiven (5).

Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven (Matt. 9: 2).

He said, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee (Luke 5: 20).

He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven (Luke 7: 48).

3. Challenged by Enemies:

Why does this man thus speak? he blasphemeth (7).

Jesus......said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? (Matt. 9: 4).

Who is this that speaketh blasphemies? (Luke 5: 21).

A disobedient and gainsaying people (Rom. 10: 21).

4. Belonging to God:

Who can forgive sins but one, even God? (7).

Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin (Psa. 32: 5).

The Lord,......who forgiveth all thine iniquities (Psa. 103: 2, 3).

I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions (Isa. 43: 25).

III. AN ACT OF POWER.

1. Unbelief Rebuked:

Why reason ye these things in your hearts? (8).

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? (Matt. 8: 26).

Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? (Matt. 9: 4).

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? (Matt. 14: 31).

2. Consideration Challenged:

Whether is easier, to say,......Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise? (9).

Thus saith the Lord of host; Consider your ways (Hag. 1: 5).

Ask for the old paths, where is the good way (Jer. 6: 16).

I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say (1 Cor. 10: 15).

3. Demonstration Given:

That ye may know......(he saith), ...Arise,......and go (10, 11).

He arose and departed to his house (Matt. 9: 7).

Immediately he rose up......and departed to his house (Luke 5: 25).

Confirmed unto us by them that heard (Heb. 2: 3).

4. Conviction Reached:

They were all amazed, and glorified God (12).

They were afraid, and glorified God (Matt. 9: 8).

Saying, We have seen strange things to-day (Luke 5: 26).

We have seen, and bear witness (1 John 1: 2).

Verse 1.—"It was noised that he was in the house." (1) Jesus coming to men; (2) Men telling of Jesus; (3) Men blessed through Jesus.

Verse 2.—"There was no longer room for them." (1) Hindrances to reaching Jesus; (2) Victories in reaching Jesus.

Verse 4.—"They uncovered the roof where he was." (1) Desire; (2) Difficulty; (3) Perseverance; (4) Success.

Verse 5.—"Jesus seeing their faith saith." (1) What Jesus saw; (2) What said.—(1) Faith manifested; (2) Faith rewarded.

Verse 7.—"Who can forgive sins but one, even God." Forgiveness of sins (1) God's prerogative; (2) Man's need; (3) Christ's gift.

Verse 9.—"Whether is easier? (1) The dilemma stated; (2) The decision assured.

Verse 12.—"He arose......took up the bed, and went forth before them all." (1) Sound in body; (2) Justified in spirit; (3) Obedient to Jesus; (4) Helpful to men.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS,

God's prerogative (Dan. 9: 9; Mark 2: 7; Eph. 4: 32).

Christ's act (Mark 2: 5, 10; Acts 5: 31; Eph. 1: 7).

A blessed gift (Psa. 32: 1; Matt. 9: 2).

A complete gift (Jer. 31: 34; Acts 13: 39).

A conditioned gift (Matt. 6: 14, 15; Luke 23: 34).

Consistent with God's attributes (1 John 1: 9).

Sought (Exod. 32: 32; 1 Kings 8: 30, 34; Matt. 6: 12.)

Gratefully remembered Exod. (34: 7; Psa. 32; 5; 78: 38).

CAMPHOR CULTURE IN JAPAN,

The Trees It Comes from and How It Is Manufactured.

Many of the seeds of the camphor tree have been sent to the Department of State from Japan in the hope of affording to the United States a chance to add this valuable substance to its vegetable products. The tree is a species of laurel, and it grows in extensive forests in the mountainous regions of the south of Japan far from the sea. Large groves are owned by the Japanese Government, the wood being very desirable for shipbuilding. Many of the trees attain an enormous size, often measuring twelve feet in diameter and sometimes attaining twenty feet. The seeds or berries grow in clusters, resembling black currants in size and appearance. The fine grain of the wood renders it particularly valuable for cabinet work.

The camphor is a resinous gum. To get it the tree is necessarily destroyed, but by a stringent law of the land, another is planted in its stead. The simple method of manufacture employed by the natives is as follows: The tree is felled to the earth and cut into chips. A big metal pot is partly filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Then a wooden tub is fitted to the top of the pot and the chips of camphor wood are placed in this. The bottom of the tub is perforated, so as to permit the steam to pass up among the chips.

A steam-tight cover is fitted on the tub, from this tub a bamboo pipe leads to another tub, through which the inclosed steam, the generated camphor, and oil flow. The second tub is connected in like manner with the third. The third tub is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a layer of straw, which catches and holds the camphor in crystals. The Camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs of 133 pounds each, and is ready for market.

After each boiling the water runs off through a faucet, leaving the oil, which is utilized by the natives for illuminating and other purposes. Adulteration of camphor gum is practiced mostly by adding water just as far as the buyer will tolerate it. Sometimes the purchaser will find that twenty pounds of water have run out of a tub in twelve hours. The unadulterated article, known as "old dry," can sometimes be bought, but not often. In a letter on the subject newly received by the Department of State, Consul Smithers writes from Osaka, Japan, that it would be very desirable to send a competent agent from this country to Japan, who should visit the camphor-producing districts and study the processes of manufacture, packing, etc.—Washington Star.

—Seashells murmur because vibrations of the air are brought to a focus in them.

LAST NIGHT.

O comrades, let the song go round
And laughter be our guest,
Of all the blessings life has found
A woman's love is best.
I drink not; when the cup is crowned
I wish you all that's bright:
My vintage lies
In beauty's eyes,
I kissed my love last night.

The jasmine perfumes rose and strayed
Like elfin waifs unseen;
The summer moonbeams stole and played
Her lattice bars between;
She shyly stood, all white arrayed,
With youth and grace bedight;
She was so fair,
How could I dare—
I kissed my love last night.

A sudden glory filled the earth
It had not known before;
A happy gleam too sweet for mirth
The quivering moonbeams wore,
To think that I of little worth
Had won the pearl of light—
No song or speech
My bliss can reach—
I kissed my love last night.

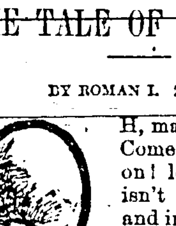
I sought my lonely couch to dream;
Sweet waftures thronged my brain
Blue eyes and lily buds a-gleam,
And roses wet with rain,
With morning's opalescent beam
The glamorie took flight,
Yet waking brought
A dearer thought—
I kissed my love last night.

O Moon, laugh down your silver rays,
Smile up, O dimpling Sea,
O Fountain, toss your tinkling sprays,
O Stars rejoice with me!
With twinkling shoon ye trickey Fays
Come guide my song aright,
And tip with dew
Each measure true—
I kissed my love last night.

—Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

BY ROMAN I. ZUBOF.



OH, mamma! mamma! Come out quick; it's on! look at it, papa; isn't it beautiful?" and in the exuberance of excitement Milly Patterson squeezed John's arm tightly while she leaned against him and looked eagerly into the sky.

Old man Patterson, who stood near the young people, also had his face turned upward; but there was no indication of glee in his voice when, after gazing for a few minutes, he remarked:

"And to think that them things, with such beautiful tails, could do us any harm!"

There was no response to this remark, save a loud sigh from Mrs. Patterson, who turned round abruptly and walked into the house, where Mr. Patterson soon followed her.

Milly and John were still standing and gazing at the heavens. They had not said a word to each other; they were happy in the consciousness of their proximity.

"I don't believe a word of it—do you?" asked Milly some minutes afterwards.

"What?"

"Oh, what Schoolmaster Marten says about this—er—comet—that's going to break up the earth and kill all the people on it and annihilate everything. I don't believe it—do you?"

"Bosh!" remarked John emphatically. "I think Marten is a slick fraud, that's what he is!" he added, holding his arm tightly round Milly's waist.

"It's awful!" said Milly concernedly. "He's been coming here every day for the last couple of weeks talking about that comet, and he's dinned into papa and mamma's heads that the whole world is comin' to an end, and that we are nigh the day of judgment!"

"Rubbish!" commented John.

"And he's been talking at me, too, the hypocrite, telling me to mend my ways and not to be so giddy. As if I am ever giddy, John!" she added in an injured tone.

John did not reply for a second or two. He seemed to be thinking.

"'Pears to me," he said, after a while, "that your father ought to know by this time what kind of a customer he's got to deal with. Has Marten paid him back the fifty dollars he borrowed last Christmas?"

"No, not he."

"Why don't you tell your father not to take any stock in Marten?"

"It's no use, John. He's wheedled them round completely to his side. It's perfectly awful how he's talked them into things about this comet. They've been glum and mopin', and packin' away things; and mother's been buryin' a lot of silver in the garden—"

"What!" interrupted John. "The old folks haven't been hidin' things in the ground and let Marten know of it?"

"Yes. He's shown them the very place where he says the comet won't strike, and mother's put a lot of silver spoons in it."

"The fox! He's been stealin' them!" exclaimed John.

Millie sprang to her feet and ran into the garden, John following her. She stopped near a slight mound of fresh clay in which two sticks were firmly stuck and which she began to probe gently.

"Thank goodness, it's not touched!" she said with a sigh of relief, evidently satisfied with her examination. "You nearly took my breath away with fright, John. Mamma would go crazy if she were so fooled."

"I tell you what I'll do, Milly," he said. "You keep a sharp watch on this place, and if Marten turns up to-morrow keep him till I get through work. I'll come over here, and we'll see whether we can't fix him somehow."

In truth it was terrible as Milly expressed it, if half the things were going to happen which Marten predicted. The whole village of Stockborough was terribly excited over the event. Everybody recollected that wars, pestilence, famine, and other calamities followed the previous appearance of a comet like this—with almost the identical tail. Schoolmaster Marten talked about such uncanny things as the "stellary system," the "cosmic law," and so on. On the day on which Milly and John had conspired to rout him, Marten was at the Patterson farm holding forth as usual. He had brought a newspaper with him, and read out from it impressively the announcement that on the coming Thursday, precisely at 5:34 p. m., there would be an entire eclipse of the sun, and the inference he left to be gathered from it was that the general break-up was to begin at that very second.

The old people sat listening and blinking solemnly. Milly was somewhat awed herself, and she was mighty glad when John came into the room looking ready for action.

John contented himself at first by simply denying the arguments. But Marten's superior loquaciousness was rapidly getting the best of him and he was gradually drawn into the meshes of reason. That was all the schoolmaster wanted. He could reason a bull into a frog any day, if the animal only followed the process of logical deductions; so by and by John found himself listening with his hands folded, his reason silenced, and more than half convinced of the probability of the whole thing.

"And ye say it'll all take place on Thursday at 5:34 p. m.?" asked the old man. Marten had not said it, but he answered:

"Precisely. The unerring calculation of science."

"Maybe it'll only strike one corner of the earth and leave out Stockborough and the farm?" he asked timidly again.

"That is difficult to say," replied Marten, thoughtfully. "Our whole planet is sure to sustain a terrible shock, and it will be felt all the world over. There is a chance—a small chance—that we might escape with our lives here; but everything else is doomed."

That night John and Milly were locked in a long embrace before they took leave of each other. They were both heavily oppressed, and though John entertained a sneaking scepticism of the whole thing, he really believed that before the end of the week the earth might be a broken waste, with nobody and nothing alive on it.

"You will come over on Thursday, John, won't you?" asked Milly in a trembling voice. "We can die together, if we can't live together, can't we, John?"

"I'll be here, Milly, by 4 o'clock, and God may prove him yet a liar—you see if He don't!" said John as he went off.

About a quarter past five on the following Thursday they all left the old Patterson farmhouse. They were going to give up their souls to heaven, and they walked on in solemn silence. It was preternaturally quiet all around them. The gloaming was rapidly falling, and it seemed to the old folks as if it were the precursor of eternal darkness.

The group halted near a cluster of trees. Marten held out his watch; there was ten minutes more left them. The old people stood there glum and motionless. John and Milly had locked hands and looked pale. Marten told them to lie down flat on their stomachs and hide their faces in the ground till the thing was over.

Tremblingly, fearfully, they obeyed, and lay flat on the ground, dreading to stir, awaiting the sounds of the awful crash. Marten retired to another spot, whence he said he would signal them to rise if they were destined to survive.

Ten minutes passed; a quarter of an hour followed, and still they lay there. It was growing darker; they were getting chilled to the bones; their teeth began to chatter, and still no signal from the schoolmaster, no sound of the crashing doom. Half an hour passed, and then fearfully, cautiously, old man Patterson began to move his head. Gradually he raised it and looked round. Everything was still, deathly still. It was dark, but he could see the farmhouse clearly. Then he suddenly thought that he alone had survived the general destruction—he and the farmhouse. A terror crept over him that he would have to end his days alone and in darkness.

"Wish I had died with 'em!" he groaned aloud.

But he looked round and saw his wife's head rising, and suddenly her terrified face looked at him. The next moment he saw in her eye a glance of recognition. So they were both alive!

"Milly! Milly!" called the old man timidly.

"Yes, father?" came a trembling reply.

"Are ye living?" he asked again.

"I am, father. Is John alive?"

"Yes, Milly," came the emphatic reply from John, who sat up on the ground.

They were all sitting up now.

"The farmhouse is there, too," said Mrs. Patterson in a wondering voice, "and I hear the short-horn blowing in the yard."

"Guess we'd better get up," remarked the old man, rising and assisting his wife.

Inside the house, when they got a light, they all burst out laughing, they felt so foolish; and the more they laughed the more foolish they felt. Milly laughed until the tears streamed down her cheeks, and John, in trying to restrain her, felt his sides fairly ache. The old couple rocked themselves in their chairs with laughter, and amid those peals the old man would gasp out: "And I thought I's the only one alive—ho—ho—ho!"

They found the silver where they buried it. The old man discovered everything he had sequestered but a bundle and a couple of gold rings; an old brooch, twenty-six dollars in money, and the schoolmaster's own note for fifty dollars were missing. So was the schoolmaster himself. On the following day John came in and announced that the schoolmaster had skipped—"Hung on to the tail of the comet, they say!"—New York Storiettes.

At the Donna.

The "Donna," called familiarly by its patrons the "Sisters' pudden board," sells daily, throughout the winter, hot nourishing food, at half cost, to unemployed London laborers. The men and women who seek its street-stand to buy a basin of soup or a roll of pudding are as unfortunate as cold and hunger can make them, but they are never uncivil, and always grateful.

One lady who serves at the Donna counter gives, in Longman's Magazine, the following touching instance of true gratitude on the part of a man who, almost penniless, yet wished to make some return for the kindness of those who had enriched him by sympathetic speech and act:

"One cold, windy day, I saw among the men a poor fellow whose miserable appearance made him noticeable even among so many sad-looking creatures. The way in which he shuffled up to the counter, laid down a half-penny and asked for a slice of 'pudden' showed that he was utterly out of heart. I gave him what he asked for, and an extra slice as well, saying: 'I'm sure you could eat this, too.'

"He looked up thoroughly surprised. I fancy it must have been a long time since any one had spoken a kind word to him. Then, with mumbled thanks, he went away to eat his dinner. Presently, while still busy cutting up pudding, I saw my poor friend hastily approaching. He just glanced at me, and hurriedly laid a pair of boot-lacings on the counter at my side.

"'That's for you, lady,' he said, and walked off without another word.

"I am by no means a sentimental person, but I really think I must keep those shoe-lacings always, as the most touching gift I ever received."

What He Would Do.

Lord Aberdeen once left London at midnight in a sleeping-car for the north. In the morning he saw a stranger opposite him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well to do. "May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?" "Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds." "Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

A Happy Death.

A negro living on Onion creek came to Austin recently and the following conversation occurred between him and a city friend: "How is Pete Jackson?" "He is done dead." "Yer don't tole me so. How did hit come about?" "He died wid digestion ob de lungs, but surrounded wid de bes' wishes ob de hull heighborhood."—Texas Siftings.

A Bright Outlook.

Mr. Kenneth (recovering from the effects of a prolonged spree)—I am going to turn over a new leaf, Flossie. Flossie—I wish you would; perhaps I wouldn't have to turn over my old dresses so often then.—Truth.

The Surest Way.

She—I am not quite sure that kissing is proper. He—Nor I either, for that matter. She—What shall we do to settle the question? He—Let us put our heads together and reason it out.—Exchange.

Rather Hard.

DeBussey (moodily)—I know only two men whom I can really call my friends. Miss Severe (with quiet interest)—And may I ask the other man's name, Mr. De Bussey?—Life.

COAL

Those who need coal are invited to send their order to

M. Stockwell.

I shall keep my yard (lately managed by E. Stockwell) well stocked with the best grades obtainable, and will deliver promptly.

COAL COAL

COAL YARD.

C. A. Smith & F. G. Dunn

Successors to F. Grover.

We will keep on hand a variety of the best grades of coal.

Orders promptly delivered. Your patronage solicited.

New Lard,

Fresh Pork,

Fresh Sausage & Scrapple

AT JONES' MARKET

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

T. E. LEECH, of Leech, Stiles & Co.,
~~The Philadelphia Eye Specialists,~~
611 Chestnut Street.

Will be at Crowell's Pharmacy, in Hammonton, NJ.,

Saturday, Oct. 27th, 1894.

There is no safer, surer or cheaper method of obtaining proper relief for overstrained and defective eyesight, headache, and all ills arising therefrom than to consult Leech, Stiles & Co.'s Specialist. The happy results from correctly fitted glasses are a grateful surprise to persons who have not before known the real profit to them in ~~wearing good glasses. No charge to examine your~~ eyes. All glasses guaranteed by LEECH, STILES & CO.

☞ Bring your orders for Job Printing of every kind to the South Jersey Republican office.

Bowles & McIntyre,

Egg Harbor Road and Cherry Street, Hammonton.

Fresh and Salt Meats,

All Fruits in Season.

See our Wagons in Town and Vicinity.

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1894.

Republican Nominations.

For Congressman,

Hon. John J. Gardner.

For Assemblyman,

WESLEY C. SMITH,

Of Absecon.

For Coroner,

George Senft,

Of Egg Harbor City.

☞ Cottage prayer meetings, preparatory to the coming evangelistic services, will be held next Tuesday evening, at 7:30, as follows:

At residence of Wm. Cunningham, to be led by A. H. Van Doren.

At Mrs. Brett's, led by J. C. Killian.

At W. R. Tilton's, led by Henry Zeitz.

At Capt. Chas. A. Smith's, Mrs. L. Beverage leader.

At L. Monfort's, led by Geo. Steelman.

At Orville E. Hoyt's, H. R. Rundall, leader.

At Capt. Crawford's, led by John H. Marshall.

At Elam Stockwell's, Alfred Wagg leader.

At Capt. Fred Small's, led by Edw. E. L. Tice.

All are invited to attend the meeting nearest their home.

☞ As changes were made in the game laws last year, the following table of open seasons in this State will be a source of information to many gunners and fishermen:

BIRDS:	LAWFUL TO KILL.
Quail	Nov. 11 to Dec. 15 incl.
Ruffled Grouse	Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 "
Woodcock	July 1 to July 31 " / Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 "
Rail	Aug. 26 to Dec. 15 "
Reed	Aug. 26 to Dec. 15 "
Marsh Hens	Aug. 26 to Dec 25 "
English or Wilson Snipe	March 1 to April 30 " / Aug. 26 to Dec. 15 "
Pinnated Grouse	Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 "
Wild Turkey	Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 "
European Pheasants, Partridge and Grouse, Hen Birds	Killing prohibited until 1898
European Pheasants, Partridge and Grouse, Male Birds	Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 incl.
All web footed fowl	Sept. 1 to Apr. 30 "
ANIMALS.	
Hare or Rabbit	Nov. 11 to Dec. 15 "
Gray Squirrel	Sept. 10 to Dec. 15 "
Black or Fox Squirrel	Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 "
Deer	Nov. 25 to Dec. 15 "
FISH.	
Black Bass	May 30 to Dec. 1 "
Brook Trout	April 2 to July 15 "

☞ List of uncalled-for letters in the Hammonton Post-Office, on Saturday, Oct. 27th, 1894:

Geo. Bowen, Lillian Wallace,
Mrs. and Maxey Markoe,
Dan'l Miller, Carmina Miles,
Giuseppe Aprioie, Fiaravanut Carlucci,
Alfonso Gounella,

FOREIGN.

Vincenzo Misse, Guiseppe Trotto,
Stefano Gravinno, Gravanni Ascozzo,
H. Bermun, Cullie Bermeyo,
Creco Laudi, Francesco Cuscio,
Vincenzo Loclcero, Antonio Gialiana,
Llechi Ettore Larocata,
Giuvanni Bigolizzo, Alfonso Pitrelli,
Berardina Grangiorvano,
Gonnella Pasquale, Rejaria Spatota,
Natala Varco Vedova.

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

JOHN T. FRENCH, P. M.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Thomas desire to tender their thanks to those who manifested sympathy by kind deeds during the sickness of their Arthur, and after his death. Members of the several Churches made the boy's heart glad with flowers, and others tempted his appetite with dainties that children love. His every desire was gratified. Such acts soften the hearts of receiver and giver, and make both better.

☞ The D. F. Lawson house, on Orchard Street is for sale at a reasonable price, partly furnished, on easy terms. This is a handsome house, well finished, good location. Call at this office. Will be rented, to a choice tenant, subject to sale.

Ex-Governor Bedle, of this State, died in St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, on Saturday, aged sixty-four years. Gov. Bedle was a thorough Democrat in politics, but he was also an accomplished gentleman and an honest man. He was irrevocably opposed to race-track gambling as endorsed by his party organization, and was prominently identified with the reform movement in Hudson County. Among the long list of New Jersey's distinguished men Gov. Bedle's name will occupy a prominent place.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," says Mrs. Hattie Mason, of Chilton, Carter Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by druggists.

HAMMONTON Directory.

MUNICIPAL.

TOWN COUNCIL. Wm. Bernshouse, Pres't, T. B. Brown, Harry McK. Little, John M. Austin, E. A. Joslin, Wm. Cunningham. Meets last Saturday eve each month.

CLERK. A. J. Smith.

COLLECTOR & TREASURER. A. B. Davis.

MARSHAL. Geo. Bernshouse.

JUSTICES. John Atkinson, G. W. Pressey, J. B. Ryan, J. D. Fairchild.

CONSTABLES. Geo. Bernshouse, W. B. Wells.

OVERSEER OF HIGHWAYS. W. H. Burgess.

OVERSEER OF THE POOR. Geo. Bernshouse.

NIGHT POLICE. J. H. Garton.

FIRE MARSHALL. S. E. Brown.

BOARD OF EDUCATION. C. F. Osgood, president; P. H. Jacobs, clerk; Edwin Adams, L. Monfort, Dr Edward North, Wm. Rutherford, Mrs. S. S. Packard, Mrs. M. M. Beverage, Miss ANNA Pressey.

Meets monthly, March, June, September and December, Tuesday after 1st Monday; other months, 1st Tuesday.

VOLUNTEER FIRE CO. John M. Austin, president; Chas. W. Austin, secretary. Meets 3rd Monday evening of each month.

RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST. Rev. J. C. Killian, pastor; Sunday services: Preaching 10.30, Sunday-school 11.45, Junior C. E. 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor 6.00, Preaching 7.00. Weekday prayer meeting Thursday evening 7.30.

CATHOLIC, ST. JOSEPH'S. Rev. A. VanRiel acting rector. Sunday mass 8.30 a. m., excepting third Sunday each month.

CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE. Mrs. M. S. Hoffman, president; Miss M. E. Olney, rec'y. Meeting every Friday afternoon at three o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Olney on Third Street.

EPISCOPAL, ST. MARK'S. Rev. A. C. Prescott, rector. Sunday services: litany 10.30, a. m., [second and fourth Sundays celebration of the Holy Eucharist 7.00 a. m.], Sunday-school 12.00 noon, Evensong 7.30 p. m. Friday eve Evensong, 7.30.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev. Alfred Wagg, pastor. Sunday services: class 9.30, a. m. preaching 10.30, sunday-school 12.00 noon, Epworth League 6.00 p. m., preaching 7.00. Class meeting and Wednesday evenings 7.45. Prayer meeting Thursday 7.45 p. m.

Mission at Pine Road.

PRESBYTERIAN. Rev. H. R. Rundall pastor. Sunday services: preaching, 10.30 a. m., Sunday school 12.00 noon, preaching 7.30 p. m. C. E. prayer meeting Wednesday 7.00 p. m. Church prayer meeting Thursday 7.30 p. m.

Missions at Folsom and Magnolia.

SPIRITUALIST. J. O. Ransom president, A. J. King secretary. Regular meetings Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

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

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

FRATERNAL.

ARTISANS ORDER OF MUTUAL PROTECTION. H. L. Phillips, M. A.; A. B. Davis, Secretary. Meets last Thursday evening in each month in Mechanics' Hall.

WINSLOW LODGE I. O. O. F. George Bernshouse, N. G.; W. H. Bernshouse, Secretary. Meets every Wednesday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

SHAWMUCKIN TRIBE I. O. R. M. Andrus E. Holman, Sachem; Chas. W. Austin, Chief of Records. Meet every Tuesday's sleep in Red Men's Hall.

M. B. TAYLOR LODGE, F. & A. M. John H. Marshall, Master; D. Cunningham, Secretary. 2nd and 4th Friday nights in Masonic Hall.

JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS. S. R. Holland, Counselor; L. W. Purdy, R. S.; A. T. Lobley, F. S. Meets every Saturday evening in Mechanics' Hall.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL POST, G. A. R. John Atkinson, Commander; W. H. H. Bradbury, Adjutant; L. Beverage, Q. M. Meets 1st and 3rd Saturday nights in Red Men's Hall.

HAMMONTON CYCLE AND ATHLETIC CLUB. W. H. Bernshouse, president; Harry Smith, secretary; W. H. Ellis, captain. Meets 2nd and 4th Monday at G. W. Pressey's office.

LOCAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

Reliable and enterprising parties, in their respective lines, whom we can recommend. For details, see their advertisements.

Fruit Growers' Union, general merchandise.
Hawker & McIntyre, meat and produce.
J. B. Small, baker and confectioner.
Wm. L. Black, dry goods, groceries, etc.
Robert Steel, jeweler.
M. L. Jackson, meat and produce.
S. E. Brown & Co., hardware and furniture.
L. W. Cogley, harness.
G. W. Pressey, justice.
O. W. Payran, attorney.
W. H. Bernshouse, coal.
Dr. J. A. Waas, dentist.
John Atkinson, justice and tailor.
John Murdoch, shoes.
G. W. Swank, oysters and fish.
Kirk Spear, plastering and bricklaying.
Wm. Rutherford, real estate and insurance.
Wm. Bernshouse, planing mill, lumber.
J. S. Thayer, builder.
Frank Hartshorn, house painter.
G. E. Fowler, paper hanger.
Miss Mary A. Tillery, dress-maker.
Leech, Stiles & Co., eye specialists.
Henry Kramer, (Fel-um), cedar lumber.
Smith & Dunn, coal dealer.
Elam Stockwell, dry go ds, groceries, etc.
George Steelman, tailor.
D. C. Herbert, shoes.
George Elvins, dry goods, groceries, etc.
P. S. Tilton & Co., general merchandise.
Frank E. Roberts, groceries.
M. Stockwell, hardware, groceries, furniture.
E. Jones, meat and produce.

Business Organizations.

Fruit Growers' Union, H. J. Monfort secretary, shippers of fruit and produce.
Fruit Growers' Association, G. W. Elvins secretary, a shipper of fruit and produce.
Hammonton Loan and Building Association, W. R. Tilton secretary.
Workingmen's Loan and Building Association, J. C. Anderson secretary.
People's Bank, W. R. Tilton cashier.

MEN WANTED To take Orders. No delivering or collecting. Experience not necessary. Steady employment. Best terms. Write at once and secure choice of territory. ALLEN NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Fruit Growers' Union

And Co-Operative Soc'y, lim.

Hammonton, N.J., Oct. 27th, 1894.

A new stock of Horse . . . Blankets just received. Prices to suit you.

A fine stock of . . . Upholstered Chairs Just received. Come and see them. Prices, $2 to $10.

NOW is your time to buy your Oil cloths. We have some very pretty patterns.

We are selling Woollen Blankets very fast now, just ordered the third lot. Prices, from 65 cents to $5 for pairs.

Fruit Growers' Union

Swank's Oyster Bay.

Bellevue Ave. and Second St.

Maurice River Cove Oysters

Oysters cooked to order.
Families and parties supplied.

Geo. W. Swank.

JOHN ATKINSON, Tailor,

Second Street and Bellevue Ave.,

Hammonton.

Garments made in the best manner.
Scouring and Repairing promptly done.
Rates reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

SHOES.

Always a Good Stock

Only the Best!

Shoes made to Order is my Specialty, and full satisfaction is guaranteed.

Repairing done.

J. MURDOCH,

Bellevue Avenue,

Hammonton, : : N. J.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1894.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ Register next Tuesday.

☞ Frantz Lehman had a barn built this week.

☞ Mrs. Isadora Smythe has moved to Camden.

☞ Regular meeting of Town Council this evening.

☞ Register next Tuesday, or you cannot vote this Fall.

☞ A fine home for sale on Grape Street. Details at this office.

☞ Mrs. John A. Saxton, of Atlantic City, was in town this week.

☞ If correct time you want, leave your watch with Robt. Steel, Jeweler.

CORN FODDER for sale very cheap, if applied for soon. Inquire of
J. E. HOLMAN, Middle Road.

☞ Union revival meetings begin on Thursday evening next, in the M. E. Church.

☞ Yes, it has arrived. What has arrived? Why, that sage cheese at Jackson's.

☞ The window of our Jeweler, Robt. Steel, now presents a very attractive appearance.

☞ Still at it—working like troopers—or marines—the Acme Club—at "Pinafore."

☞ Walter Andrews has contracted to build a house for Lew. A. Hoyt, on Maple Street.

☞ Quarterly meeting and love feast at the M. E. Church to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock.

COWS. Two thorough-bred Guernsey cows (registered) for sale—springers—three and four years old—heavy milkers. Inquire at Aitken's stable. B. WARRINGTON.

☞ Capt. Wesley C. Smith was in town yesterday, and well received by all who met him.

☞ Hammonton Loan and Building Association monthly meeting on next Thursday evening.

☞ D. C. Herbert and family have moved into the convenient tenement over his shoe store.

☞ Chas. Monfort has added several first-class young horses and new rolling stock to his livery equipment.

☞ Pastor Killian's topic for to-morrow evening, "The Gospel Mirror." Everybody invited to hear him.

☞ J. C. Saunders and family have moved into the oldest of the Tilton houses (the white one) on Bellevue.

☞ Very little frost in this section, so far. Dahlias look as bright as ever, and morning glories are in full bloom.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD. Lost, last week, a lady's gold watch. The above reward will be paid if the watch is left at this office or at residence of owner.
MARY P. CONKEY.

☞ Walter Andrews has completed large barns for Jacob Mühl and Philip Fitting. Some signs of prosperity visible.

☞ Thomas Rogers sustained a slight paralytic stroke, early last week, but is rapidly recovering. It affected only his right arm.

☞ Rev. H. T. Taylor will preach in Pine Road Chapel to-morrow evening, at seven o'clock. Subject, "The open and shut door."

☞ The old whaleship Stafford, which has been lying on the beach at Atlantic City for several years, is being torn up and sold for fire wood.

☞ New advertisements this week: Frank E. Roberts, codfish. E. Jones, fresh pork, sausage, etc. Fruit Growers' Union, blankets, etc.

DOG.—A valuable dog came to my place recently, and awaits the owner. Come and prove property, leave a quarter for this notice, and take the dog.
WALTER W. HORN,
Pleasant Street, Hammonton.

☞ Walter H. Ellis has accepted a responsible position in Philadelphia, with a large manufacturing firm. The bicycle store will be continued for the present.

☞ Edw. W. Strickland has built a piazza on the front and north-east side of Mr. Steelman's residence, on upper Bellevue Avenue, which makes a decided improvement.

☞ An equestrian statue of Gen. George B. McClellan was dedicated on Wednesday, at the City Hall plaza, Philadelphia. A number of Hammontonians participated.

$40 CASH will buy one of the best Cows in Hammonton. She gives fifty 12 quarts per day. Inquire at the REPUBLICAN Office, or the Editor's residence.

☞ Insure with A. H. Phillips & Co., 1225 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City.

☞ Joseph Esposito's father died last week Friday night, from paralysis, after a few days of suffering. Funeral services at St. Joseph's Church on Monday, very largely attended.

☞ On stormy days, when there is to be but one session in our Central School, the bell will ring at eleven o'clock, that parents may not expect their children home at noon.

☞ The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. L. Monfort on Tuesday afternoon, October 30th, at three o'clock. Superintendent of Literature in charge of the meeting. Everybody welcome.

☞ Contractor Inman, of New York, says he will duplicate the two water plants of Atlantic City for $426,000. The two water companies want the city to pay them $630,000 for the use.

☞ A man from the north end of town was brought in this week, charged with stealing thirty dollars from a fellow employe; but evidence was lacking, and Justice Atkinson released him.

TWO HOURS' application daily will fit you for a Stenographic position in a surprisingly short time. Graham's Phonography practically taught. Investigate for yourself. W. L. CLARK.

☞ Young friends of Miss Anna Gillingham gave her a farewell surprise party on Monday evening. They evidently enjoyed themselves,—judging from what we hear from participants.

☞ Two corrections in last week's school report. Joseph Herbert's name should have appeared in High School list, instead of the Grammar School. School No. 2 had 24 pupils enrolled, instead of 14.

☞ Mrs. I. W. Hewett was taken suddenly ill last week Friday, and for a few days her life hung in the balance; but a change for the better occurred on Tuesday, and hopes of recovery are now entertained.

☞ Sunday was a beautiful day, bright and warm. Monday and Tuesday, cloudy. Wednesday brought us rain, which continued all night and Thursday, with thunder and lightning accompaniment.

STYLISH DRESSMAKING at reasonable prices. MAMIE HEXFORD,
over Thompson's store.

☞ Rev. C. H. McAnney was honored with large congregations last Sunday, at the M. E. Church, and pleased all by his eloquence. Mr. M. spent his boyhood in this vicinity, and found many friends to greet him.

☞ Rev. Costello Weston will deliver a course of four lectures, at the Universalist Church, on "The World's Parliament of Religions." Course tickets, 50 cents. First lecture next Friday evening, on "Heathen Contributions."

☞ Every vote for the Republican candidates on November 6 will be a demand that the Democratic war upon the tariff shall cease, and that American industry and American business shall be secured against further assault.

☞ Mrs. J. B. Small, Mrs. Harry Monfort, and Miss Nina Monfort returned from Portland, Maine, last Saturday evening. They report Mr. J. Newton Jones and family pleasantly located, with every prospect of business prosperity.

368 ACRES OF GOOD LAND FOR SALE—mostly wild—between Seventh St. and Weymouth Road—to close up the A. G. Cottrell estate. Will be sold very cheap—at nominal price, and easy terms given. For particulars, see N. J. ATKINSON, 12th and Grand Sts., Hammonton.

☞ Members of the Y. P. S. C. E., in a bus and private conveyances, visited the Wescoatville Society on Monday evening, and Newtonville Society on Tuesday evening, receiving cordial welcome and having a profitable meeting at each place.

☞ Wednesday evening's rain must have dampened the ardor of the Y. P. S. C. E. members, and reduced the size of their rally; but those who braved the storm were well repaid. Delegates to the recent State Convention made an interesting report.

☞ The Board of Registration will hold their last meeting next Tuesday, in the Council Room, from one to nine o'clock. Look over the posted lists in the Post Office and at Elvins' store, and see if your name is there. If you are not registered by next Tuesday, you cannot vote on Nov. 6th.

☞ Pleasant Mills Council, Jr. O. U. A. M. visited Hammonton Council last Saturday evening—turning out in force. Reports from the State Council representatives were heard. During intermission, sandwiches, coffee, and cigars were served, and an entertainment given. Adjournment was postponed until——.

Wm. Rutherford,
Commissioner of Deeds, Notary Public, Real Estate and Insurance, Hammonton, N. J.

☞ Last Saturday the Vineland Wheelmen held their fourth annual tournament upon the half mile horse track. The track was in fine condition the riding fast, yet not more than 400 people were present, and they made up the most unappreciative audience possible. The closest finish failed to produce anything like enthusiasm. The management failed to keep the track clear, and did not appear to have had much experience. Several Hammontonians were among the spectators.

One Mile Handicap.—Chas. Church, 30 yards, first; C. W. Pearson, 50 yards, second; Carrol S. Jack, 10 yards, third; —— ——, fourth; A. K. Bernshouse, 70 yards, fifth. Time, 2:18 1-5. There were twenty-two riders.

One Mile Open.—G. F. Royce, first; C. S. Jack, second; C. W. Pearson, third; B. B. Stevens, fourth. Time, 2:26 1-5. Bernshouse took third in his heat, the fastest of the trial heats, but failed to get placed in the final.

Half Mile Open.—Joe Harrison, first; C. S. Jack, second; G. F. Royce, third; B. B. Stevens, fourth. Time 1:12 2-5. In his heat Seymour failed to qualify by one man. Time, 1:13.

Two Mile Handicap.—Church, 50 yards, first; Harrison, 40 yards, second; J. B. Pearson, 80 yards, third; G. B. Baynes, 100 yards, fourth. Time, 4:51 2 5. Bernshouse who was riding well up in the bunch, fell on the last lap, his wheel being struck by that of another rider.

Paul Groach, S. B. Club, New York, rode an exhibition quarter, unpaced, in 31 seconds.

A one legged rider from Philadelphia rode an unpaced quarter in 37 seconds.

☞ Arrangements have been made for a series of union evangelistic meetings, to be conducted by Rev. John H. Elliott, assisted by Mr. B. F. Butts, of Kansas City. Mr. Elliott was for sixteen years General Secretary of Young Men's Christian Associations in larger cities, was engaged for a time with Mr. Moody, has worked a season with Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, and is engaged with him for part of this season. His familiarity with the Bible, his understanding of men, his acquaintance with the best methods of work, all combine to make him a strong leader. God has manifestly set his seal upon this man's ministry. Mr. Butts is a wonderfully sweet singer, and one of the very best choristers. The meetings will begin on Thursday evening next, Nov. 1st, at 7:30, in the Methodist Church, and continue every evening until further notice. Afternoon meetings will be arranged and announced later. Everybody will be made welcome.

☞ The H. C. A. C. held a meeting on Monday evening, and decided to lease the property on Egg Harbor Road above Pleasant Street and lay out a quarter-mile track, doing such work this fall as will enable them to get the track in condition for racing in the spring. This is the best location in town, and it is proposed to have a first-class track, with grounds for base ball, foot ball, and cricket.

The members of the old foot ball team were elected to membership in the Club, and negotiations are now under way with several out of town clubs, with the idea of arranging a series of games here, which should prove decidedly interesting and give our boys some good practice, with such incidental glory as they may be able to win.

☞ The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Atlantic County Sunday School Association will be held in St. Paul's M. E. Church, Atlantic City, on Thursday, Nov. 8th, '94. Morning, afternoon, and evening sessions will be held. The programme is printed, and contains items of unusual interest, including an address by "Pansy" (Mrs. G. B. Alden), on "Things to avoid and things to aim for in primary work." It would pay every Sunday School worker to attend.

☞ At the Universalist Church tomorrow. Subject of morning sermon, "Onward." Evening, "Sowing and Reaping."

Married.

CONNELLY—HENSHAW. At the home of the bride's parents, in Hammonton, N. J., on Thursday, October 25th, 1894, by Rev. Herbert K. Rundall, Aaron S. Connelly, of Pleasantville, N. J., and Miss Josephine L. Henshaw.

For Sale.

Five and one-half acres of land, two in woodland, three under cultivation; Good six-room house, fine well of pure water, good outbuildings, on Third St., Hammonton.

MRS. S. B. OLNEY.

THE VIENNA BAKERY.

J. B. SMALL.

Baker and Confectioner.

Steam Ice Cream a Specialty.

PARTIES SUPPLIED.

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

AT BLACK'S.

New York State BEANS, for baking.

Armour's Extract of Beef, for invalids, and for the preparation of Soups.

We can quote you a low price for fifty or a hundred head of good solid Cabbage.

Peanut Taffy.

New stock Bed Blankets and Quilts.

—:o:—

Black's General Store.

NOW

is the time to purchase a good

Elgin or Waltham Watch.

They are cheap. A good

EIGHT DAY STRIKING CLOCK for $4.

☞ All the latest in jewelry and Society Badges. ☜

A Stock of

ROGERS & BRO. SILVER WARE

on hand.

Repairing Promptly Done.

ROBERT STEEL, Jeweler, Hammonton

Eyes carefully Examined, and Glasses fitted.

Fresh Pork,

Fresh Sausage,

New Lard,

Jackson's Market.

SPRINKLES OF SPICE.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

A MOTHER'S love is the same kind of love as God's love.

THE most that any one can lose is to lose faith in God.

IF YOU are praying for a revival don't do it on a back seat.

NO MAN gets such a great pay as the one who does God's work.

THE religion of Christ never puts a long face on anybody.

IF often happens that a dog without teeth barks the most.

NO ONE can have joy to-day who is worrying about to-morrow.

NO ONE can be truly brave who is not trying to be truly good.

THE first prayer was made by the man who had the first weed.

IT doesn't pay to build any kind of a house on a poor foundation.

THE meanest man you know demands that God shall be good.

THE people who need your prayers most are those you don't like.

THE right time to repent is when you find out that you are wrong.

THE devil's best time to make hay is when Christian's are not busy.

NOTHING keeps a stingy man from stealing but the risk of the thing.

THERE isn't a promise in the Bible for anybody who is not in earnest.

THE devil never puts on mourning when a stingy man joins the church.

HEAVEN is always *bending* to help the man who carries a heavy burden.

ONE of the most foolish men is the one who worries about things he can't help.

GOD never disowns His children because they now and then make a mistake.

IF you are leading a child, it may be that you are commanding an army.

GOD was never able to say what he wanted to say to men until Christ came.

IF there were no troubles to talk about some people would be always silent.

THE man who is not honest in his religion is not to be trusted anywhere.

WHEN you want to find a coward, hunt up the man who knows he is wrong.

ANYTHING that makes us take an unselfish interest in others makes us better.

A REVIVAL is in good condition when taking up a collection won't chill it.

THE devil has to work extra hard to get hold of children who have good mothers.

ONE of the hardest things to get people to believe, is that little sins are deadly.

IF you want to have a good time in Heaven, stop hunting for an easy place here.

CHRIST has nowhere promised to bear the burdens of people who borrow trouble.

THE woman who talks about her neighbors is no worse than the one who listens.

THE woman with two mites didn't do any more than every Christian ought to do.

IT is hard to convince a man who has no religion that anybody else is as good as he is.

WORKING without a plan is one of the best ways in the world to waste your strength.

NO MAN can get any nearer to God than he is willing to try to bring everybody else.

THERE is something wrong when a church member has to go to the theater for enjoyment.

PEOPLE who never worry do a good deal of missionary work that they don't get credit for.

"KNOW thyself," is good advice, but "know about your neighbor" is the general practice.

New South Wales's Land System.

New South Wales covers 196,000 acres of land: Over sixty-seven per cent., or 133,000,000 acres, are under lease, twenty-three per cent., or 46,000,000 acres are alienated, and the remaining ten per cent. includes reserves for public purposes, roads, streets, and routes for traveling stock. Of the total area alienated, nearly one-half has been sold in fee simple, five per cent. has been sold on deferred payments, six per cent. has been granted without purchase, and the remainder at the close of last year was being alienated on the deferred payment system. Of the leased land, forty-four per cent. was held under pastoral leave, and 8,655,000 acres were homestead leases. The annual rental from the 58,417,000 acres covered by pastoral leases was $1,850,000.—American Agriculturist.

PEOPLE exercise either too much or too little. A man's muscle is either as soft as strips, or developed to such an extent that he is constantly looking for a fight.

HE FELT LIKE SINGING.

So the Warbler From Bad Axe Kept It Up in Spite of All Comers.

He was a queer-looking old man, and as he sat in the waiting-room at the Third street depot, with a satchel between his cow-hide boots, he suddenly tuned up and began singing:

> That's a land that is fairer than day,
> And by faith we shall see her afar;
> Our Father—

"They won't allow that here, old man," interrupted a man who sat next to him.

"They won't, eh? What have they got agin it? I've traveled in seventeen different states and I never had anybody try to stop me from singing."

And he cleared his throat, lifted his eyes to the ceiling and sang:

> In the sweet bimeby—bimeby—
> We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
> In the sweet—

"We don't allow that here, sir," said Officer Button, whose attention had been called to the disturbance.

"You don't allow no singin' in here?"

"No, sir."

"No singin' of religious songs?"

"No, sir."

"Look-a-here!" said the old man as he turned around to face the officer, "I've bin travelin' up and down this kentry for years and this is the first time anybody has ever told me to shet my head when I was a-singin' a hymn."

"We can't allow no disturbance here," replied the officer.

"Disturbance? Does it disturb anybody for me to sing:

> We shall meet—we shall meet—
> We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

"You'll have to stop that, sir!" commanded Button.

"I will, eh? I've lived in Michigan, exactly seven miles from Bad Axe, for over sixteen years, and I've never heard of no law to stop a feller from singin' when the spirit moved him. I wasn't singin' no sportin' song like:

> Oh, Buffalo gals, are you comin' out to-night—
> Are you comin' out to-night—

"You must obey the rules and regulations here and keep quiet," said the officer, while everybody in the room pressed forward.

"Must, eh! I've been in over forty different depots this summer, but nobody objected to my singin' a hymn. Had you drather I'd sing:

> Oh think of the home over thar;
> By the side of the river of life.
> Thar the soul—

"You'll have to go or stop" said the officer, as he took the old man by the arm.

"Is that accordin' to Michigan law?"

"It's according to my instructions here."

"Is the railroad down on religious songs?" asked the old man as he slowly got up.

"Any singing or boisterous talk in here is forbidden," replied the officer.

"Well, I feel like singin' I've had the quinsy for the last four weeks and couldn't hardly git my jaws open, but I'm better now and I want to sing. I don't keer to sing any sich sportive song as:

> The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
> The moss-covered bucket—which hung in the well—"

The officer took him by the arm and led him outdoors, and told him to stay out until he got through singing and could quiet down, says the Detroit Free Press.

"All right," responded the old man, as he opened his satchel and took out a piece of sassafras to chew on. "You folks here in Detroit are mighty techy on the subject of singin' and I ain't goin' to have no fuss and git in jail over it. I'll do my singin' out here war' thar' hain't no law to prevent, and anybody who don't like it needn't listen."

And he went down to the foot of the street and walked to and fro and struck up anew and in a higher key:

> In the sweet—in the sweet—
> In the sweet bimeby—bimeby,

Sleeps With Her Eyes Open.

Richard Risley of Port Jefferson, L. I., is a hard-working layman. He has a rather pretty daughter, who for the past year, according to the New York World, has been puzzling the doctors in consequence of a peculiar affliction which has attacked her eyes. Miss Risley is about 17 years old. A year ago, while walking on the beach near her home with her mother, she suddenly exclaimed that something had entered her eye. She pressed her hands over her eyes and a moment later fell in a fit. The young woman was carried home in a partially unconscious condition. When finally she was restored to consciousness it was discovered that her eyes had a strained look as though some inward pressure was forcing them out of their sockets. She complained of no pain, but her eyes continued to protrude more and more until it would seem that must fall out. The eyes are now so much protruded that the lids cannot close down over them, so that the sufferer sleeps at night with her eyes wide open. Her sense of sight is gone while she sleeps, this having been demonstrated by experiments. The peculiar trouble which has attacked her eyes also appears to be sapping her young woman's health. She has become pale and emaciated, and has the appearance of a person suffering from consumption. Her condition has thus far defied the skill of the doctors, who admit that they are unable to explain the cause.

DO YOU SPEAK CORRECTLY.

Some Common Errors in the Use of the English Language.

The word aggravate, derived from the Latin *aggravare*, "to add to the weight," were best restricted to its original meaning, as in "to aggravate an offense." Its employment as a synonyme for "irritate" or "vex" is superfluous. In "alone," a word distinguished French statesman was so much a prop to office-seekers as are the public men of our own time. His manner of disposing of them is amusingly illustrated in the following anecdote:

One day one of these troublesome persons presented himself to M. de Talleyrand and reminded him that he had been promised a place.

"Very well," said Talleyrand, "but tell something that suits and which can be given. You don't know anything? Well, find something. You must admit that I haven't the time to search for you."

The applicant was thus disposed of for the time being, but a day or two later he again presented himself, his face radiant with hope, and said:

"Sir, such and such a place is vacant."

"Vacant," replied Talleyrand. "Well, what do you wish me to do? You ought to know that when a place is vacant it has already been promised."

Like many another famous man, both before his time and since, Talleyrand exhibited—at least in early life—a great reluctance to settling with his creditors. When he was appointed Bishop of Autun by Louis XVI., he considered it the new coach to be necessary to the proper maintenance of the dignity of that office. Accordingly, a coach was ordered and delivered, but not paid for. Some time after, as the newly-appointed bishop was about to enter his coach he noticed a strange man standing near who bowed politely until the coach was driven away. This occurred for several days, until at length Talleyrand, addressing the stranger, said:

"Well, my good man, who are you?"

"I am your coachmaker, my lord," replied the stranger.

"Ah!" said Talleyrand, "you are my coachmaker; and what do you want, my coachmaker?"

"I want to be paid, my lord."

"Ah! you are my coachmaker, and you want to be paid. You shall be paid, my coachmaker."

"But when, my lord?"

"Hush!" said Talleyrand, settling himself comfortably among the cushions of his new coach and eying his coachmaker severely. "You are very inquisitive."—Boston Transcript.

Nobody in Particular.

"If you please, sir," asked Theodore Hook, viewing a vain member of his college strutting about in cap and gown, "are you anybody in particular?" How many of us, when most secure in our humility, could stand that probing question? A silly girl who was presented to Prince Bismarck at a levee was asked how he impressed her. "As a very dull person," she promptly replied. "He ignored me altogether." The men and women who pass through life as a rule forget themselves, and acquire that total lack of self-consciousness which is the basis of the finest manners.

A Handsome Public Document.

Secretary Gresham and J. A. W. Grip, the Swedish Minister, recently exchanged, at the State Department in Washington, ratified copies of the convention treaty between the United States and Sweden, concluded on January 11 last.

The copy presented by Mr. Grip is altogether the handsomest and most intrinsically valuable document in the archives of the department. The text of the treaty (which is in English and not in French, the common language of diplomacy) is printed on the finest parchment. The ratification and certification preceding and succeeding the text are engrossed in fancy script and signed by the King in a plain, round hand, "Oscar." The countersignature is by C. Lewenhaupt, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The parchment is bound in leaves of heavy cardboard, covered with the richest of royal purple velvet, and lined with heavy watered silk. Across the inside of each leaf lie two bands of vari-colored ribbon. The great seal of state is embossed over two cords of gilt, silver, red and blue strands, terminating in tassels of the same. The seal is of red wax, 2½ inches in diameter and half an inch thick. It is inclosed in a silver case, on the face of which a gold fac simile of the coat of arms of Sweden is engraved in high relief. The whole is inclosed in a white-birch box, polished to the highest degree, and fastened with brass clasps.—New York Times.

A Noted Well.

The well that prompted Samuel Woodworth to write "The Old Oaken Bucket" is still kept in good condition, and many visitors to Seltzinate, Mass., go and get a draught of its water, which seems pure and cool as ever. The old mill and pond are there, but not much is left of "the deep-tangled wildwood."

ANECDOTES OF TALLEYRAND.

How He Disposed of an Office-Seeker and a Creditor.

"The art of putting the right men in the right places," Talleyrand once said, "is the first science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult."

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Jokes of Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors, and Editors—Some of Them Very Pointed—Others Somewhat Juicy—They Will Aid Digestion If Perused After Meals.

An Evil Report.

The mother bowed her head and her frame shook with sobs. "Tell me," she faltered, "tell me, kind sir, if my poor lost boy was good to the last." A shade flitted across the bronzed face of the seaman. "I do not know for sure," he answered, as considerately as possible, "but I heard indirectly of the natives saying they had eaten better." All was still, but the sound of weeping.—Detroit Tribune.

Love's Silence Interchange.

Friend—How did the court propose to you, and you accept, if he could not understand your language nor you his? *American Heiress*—It was very simple. He showed me his family tree and I showed him my bank book.—New York Weekly.

Surprised.

Bouvard, one of the most learned as well as massive physicians of his times, was one day called to attend the Archbishop of Rheim who was suffering from violent colic. "I am coming," said Bouvard, who however, did not stir. "For the love of God," said the archbishop, "do not wait any longer. Monseigneur is suffering the tortures of the damned—" "What!" exclaimed Bouvard, "already! San Francisco Argonaut.

What She Was Meant For.

A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praise of it at a party by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irish woman." "Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin, who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying you were meant for an Irishman."—Exchange.

As a Moral Agent.

Belle—I'm so glad Jack has got a bicycle; it has helped his disposition wonderfully. Nan—His disposition? Why, how could it? Belle—Oh, when he gets up to give baby a drink two steps on a track he is so glad that it is his foot instead of his pneumatic tire that he doesn't wear at all.—Courier-Journal.

The Point.

Bronson—Your calling me an ass, sir, doesn't make me one, I talk. Of course not. It merely indicates the accuracy of my observation.—Truth.

A Pretty Compliment.

She—What colored eyes do you admire—brown or blue? He—I can't see well enough in this light.—Buffalo Express.

The Contentious Lip.

The compressed lip beloved by the novelist is a sign of weakness rather than strength. The strong man has every feature, every physical attribute under control. Assured of his mental ability, the commanding officer does not habitually keep his lip muscles in a state of tension. Look at the sea captain, the in-at-sea, so to speak monarch on earth. He carries authority and power in his face, but it resides in his eye and the confident assurance of his easily set lip muscles. Every spar, shaft, and muscle in his floating realm must obey him, and he knows it. This is probably a reason why the sea captains and the engine drivers show a certain similarity of type. The engine driver can make his captive giant, strong as ten thousand men, obey the pressure of his finger. His lips are usually calm, like those of the statues of the gods on the pediments on Olympus. Who ever saw a man commanding a man-of-war or driving a locomotive with the contentious lip of a school usher?

Good Fences.

These are a necessity, not only for the protection of crops, but to avoid the effect upon animals. As the Farmer's Home Weekly puts it, "have low fences if you want to teach the stock to jump; weak fences if you want to make them breachy." It is very noticeable how quickly an animal that has once found a weak place in a fence, and, by rubbing or otherwise, broken it down so as to render the task of getting out easy, will again seek that spot and try by some means to effect a breach; a few successful attempts in that line will greatly embolden to more exertion, and unless fences are strong and resist all efforts, an animal will soon become uncontrollable in that direction. The same rules applies to jumping; if escape from one enclosure is effected by a small jump, a greater one will be made next time, and soon there can hardly be any restraint. These are important reasons why every farmer should have secure fences, and should never tomp an unruly animal to lead others into the bad practice of being unruly or breachy, which is one of the most serious of farm annoyances.

Sure Sign.

"I don't know what business that man is in who was talking to us now," remarked Dr. Quinia to his wife at the hotel table, "but I'll bet he isn't a doctor."

"Why do you think he isn't?" she inquired.

"Because he said health was wealth."—Detroit Free Press.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

HIS BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

TEXT: "The men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."—Jonah 1, 13, 14.

Navigation in the Mediterranean was always perilous, especially so in early times. Vessels were propelled partly by sail and partly by oar. When, by reason of great stress of weather, it was necessary to reef the canvas or haul it in, then the vessel was entirely dependent upon the oars, sometimes twenty or thirty of them on either side of the vessel. You would not venture outside your harbor with such a craft as my text finds Jonah sailing in, but he had not much choice of vessels. He was running away from the Lord, and when a man is running away from the Lord he has to run very fast. God had told Jonah to go to Ninevah to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That always makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Ocean Sea. It is a very hard thing to scare sailors. I have seen them, when the brow of the vessel was almost buffeted every time, still they were walking the deck knee deep in the surf, and the small boats by their side. If the vessel had been crushed, not a small or a kindling wood, which goes as though nothing had happened, but the Bible says that these mariners of whom I speak were frightened.

That which sailors call "a lump of a sea" has been to me a blessing, deafening, scampling fury. How mad the wind can get in the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been a spectators. I have in my house a pit out of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand. I have seen that pit open and close in the largest sail of the ship, the storm, that went into the storm 200 miles off New York from land. Or, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He saw that the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous hearted race, but they hesitated to do that. They tried, if it was possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay out on their oars. I see the long lank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the Mediterranean oarsmen! They back into the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flapping oars. It is of no use, no use. Never, never, never! when that crisis the last must and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and takes everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "the men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me, and I may put a sermon in it. Have you enough courage to represent it intelligently to you? You ask I preached a sermon on another occasion from Jonah, and got a letter from Houston, Tex., the writer saying that the reading of that sermon in London had led many to God. And I received another letter from South Australia, saying that the reading of that sermon in Australia had brought several souls to Christ. And thus, I thought why not now take another phase of the same subject, but perhaps that God who can raise the dead can make my weakness my strength, through another phase of the same subject, bring salvation to the people who sleep near and within sound of the sighing and the tempest—laughing to scorn the flapping oars. It is of no use, no use, no use, I say, when that crisis the last must and sweeps the oarsmen from their places and takes everything in the confusion of impending shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "the men rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

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Again, the unavailing effort of these Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in many men who have tried to row their own soul into safety. When the eternal spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves, we try to bring our souls to safety right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No, we are driven back in the opposite way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on the way, but no safety, no safety, no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thoroughly overcome, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the best thing in life and in prosperity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make a stroke, they make a mistake. They set forward with all earnestness, and they lie back until the muscles are blistered, and yet they have not made one man ten years to sit at heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to God. Sinners, sinners will take a frail skiff and put it down into the tempestuous ocean and then hoist it up toward the charging Cumberland of waves and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm. Lazy Brother, if you want to pull off yourself from the surf of your sin into the shoreless harbor and tranquility of the gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sit in a rough sea, in a leaky coracle, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver, but if you will cry to God and lay hold of divine mercy you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in heaven.

But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and disjointed condition and put us on the shore of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His gospel tear us on through all the journey of life and at last through the opening gates of heaven! He is mighty to save, though your sin be long and black and deep-seated and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, ineffable. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed to the stars, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted, that we may sound the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so rich. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's ear gives out God's earn begins! My will power carry you safe and sound to my sanctuary to-day? Christ offers to take you home? Why will you wrestle with your fate when this moment you might give yourself to Christ and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, you hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of my subject I have drawn my present illustrations, you see, chiefly from the sailor. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Hebrides in a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But, the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and lowered down the plank. Then in divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth $1,500,000, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the task of these adventurers. O, ye who have been rowing toward the shore and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night that your heavenly adventurers! "All the treasures of God are at your feet—treasures that never fall and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THIS SEEMS STRANGE.

But It Is One of the Frequent Occurrences at Big Hotels.

"There are thieves and thieves," observed an old commercial traveler in the Palmer House corridor, "but for coolness of nerve, lightness of touch and celerity of execution I think that the overcoat thief is entitled to the caravansary. For years I have heard of him; but until last week, when my overcoat was stolen, I believed that the overcoat thief was like the sea-serpent—a myth. For, you see, no one that I know has ever seen an overcoat thief. It is presumable that they are human beings, and yet the declaration of a fellow traveler of mine, their overcoats left for an instant in a hotel corridor will, through the agency of some magic power, become immediately invisible, and, so far as the owner is concerned, remain so forever afterward. cannot be optimist enough about it. Until last week I had always made it a point when writing to take off my coat, put it on my chair and sit on it. But happening to meet John B. Drake of the Grand Pacific, he told me some of his hotel stories, and I had done that since. Just as I was about to, somebody tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'Beg pardon; you are sitting on my coat.' Whereupon the guest, his thoughts engrossed in his writing, rose an inch or two until his disturber had pushed his overcoat from under him and disappeared. I at once determined thereafter to put the coat in front of me; and not an hour later, coming over here to write a letter, I did so, placing my coat on the desk in front of my paper. Well, when I finished writing I looked up and my coat was gone! I spoke to the clerk. He looked bored and I didn't wonder that my story had a chestnutty flavor to it when, after telling me that he was sorry, he added that fully seventy coats had been stolen here this winter. Of course it was nobody's fault but my own. The clerk said also that once upon a time—it must have been long ago—an overcoat thief had been caught in whose pockets the Palmer House overcoat checks had been found; the thief had been doing such a rushing business, you see, that so soon as he stole one coat he would check it, then go off to steal another, which he would also check, intending to take the lot when he had cleaned out the house. I suggested that it might be a good idea for the house detective to put an overcoat in a chair, watch for the thief to steal it and arrest him in the act. The clerk seemed favorably impressed with my idea, and calling Dug Doyle, the detective, he imparted the scheme to him. Doyle jumped at it, and with eyes dancing in gleeful anticipation, acted upon it. He put an elegant beaver overcoat in a chair, and, going across the hall, began to watch. Well sir, you may believe me or not, but upon my word of honor it is the truth, that detective watch that blessed coat for two whole days and not a person touched it. Unable to keep awake any longer he concluded that the thief who had been causing so much trouble had either retired to live off his cleverly gotten wealth or had died. He started across the corridor to get the coat. On the way he met Manager Townsend, whom he stopped to impart his conclusion. When he had done so he pointed to the chair on which his coat had for two days lain untouched. The coat had disappeared."—Chicago Post.

Isn't This So?

A woman is a good deal more likely to fall in love with a man if he can only persuade her to imagine that he has a secret sorrow.

There is a right time for everything, but the four-dollar watch seldom manages to hit it.

It takes a good deal more courage to propose to a girl than it does to tell her a year after marriage that henceforward she will have to bring up the kitchen coal herself—but it ought not to be so.

The woman who spells society with a capital "S" usually spells family duties with a lower case "f" and "d."

The father whose heart is right loves his children even when he finds himself walking barefooted in the middle of the night over a train of tin cars lying in the middle of the chamber floor.

It takes a good deal to satisfy man. Jonah, for instance, was unquestionably "in it," and still Jonah wasn't happy.—Somerville Journal.

Little Johnny on Bravery.

Some boys is brave 'cause they always plays with little boys and some boys is brave 'cause their legs is too short to run but most boys is brave 'cause somebody's lookin'.—New York Herald

A DESPERATE CHANCE.

Story of an Indian Massacre in the Western Mountains.

All day a heavily loaded wagon train had been plowing through the hot sand over a desert plain. Men and horses were tired from toil and weak from burning thirst, so that when the summit was reached and the relief of a down grade was realized a mad rush for water was the result of impulse. The rumbling wagons filled the canyon with trembling echoes and the men shouted like children released from school. There was danger in that canyon and the experienced plainsmen who made up the company, with George Gordon as wagon master, would ordinarily have scanned the walls of rock and the tangles of bushes with caution, half expecting every suspicious sound to be a signal for some savage tactic of war; but now they were intoxicated with anticipation of a good dinner and a camp in a shady grove by the crystal water that proceeded to travel down the creek below. The bulky wagons with white covers, drawn by long lines of splendid horses, threaded the narrow grade in the approach to the main canyon in a train to the number of ten. George Gordon, the owner, rode a fine black horse and led the way. If he had dreamed of danger from Indians he would have felt secure, such was the confidence he had in his company of ten trained and true men. They had rounded the last curve in the road that led from the hill to the creek, and Gordon had passed half way across the green meadow in the bend of the creek, with the frowning walls of rock on every side. The horrible crash of a rifle shot was heard. Gordon sank forward and fell from his horse. He half struggled to his feet. Another volley and the big black horse, which had turned to his fallen master for a caress, fell upon the prostrate man, crushing him and ending his struggle for life. The heavy wagons were hurried down to the level by their momentum. They were wheeled into a circle around the dead owner, while the bullets sang their dreadful notes about the confused drivers. Into the white men soon drove the Indians into safe retreat when they were once in position to use their guns, although the fire was kept up at long range till darkness closed over the narrow canyon. The sad comrades gave tender care to their dead leader and then prepared for a desperate defense. There were hundreds of Indians in the rocks on the sides of the canyon and they would surely make an attempt to capture the train for the cargo and horses, as well as to satisfy their thirst for blood.

When everything possible was done for the defense it was decided that one of the ten men must try to reach the fort, fifty miles away, for relief. Who would go? Nobody would volunteer. It was a dangerous task. They were surrounded by an enemy that would expect an effort to escape. It would be next to impossible to pass their picket lines. But somebody must go. By lot it was decided that John Payne must try to pass the watchful murderous picket guard. He must select a route and go, revolver in hand, ready to fire and give the signal if he was discovered, even if it cost his life. "We can hold the camp," they told him, "but your chances for life are only one in a hundred. Do you accept the commission?" He shook the nine outstretched hands, and went out to die or bring relief. The night was dark, and only the surging water broke the silence. Not a word was spoken, but every man listened as brave John Payne climbed that dangerous hight. The messenger was brave as any hero, but he knew that every road and trail was blocked, so he skulked like a partner over the jagged rocks in the roughest part of the canyon. On he went, grasping that heavy self-acting revolver, fully determined to give the signal to his friends even if he should be struck down without a second's warning. For a time that seemed an age, he expected every moment to bring him face to face to a waiting warrior, but he went on and on till he reached the sage brush plain. He looked back then and murmured a prayer for his friends. He was reasonably safe but their danger seemed to be multiplied. All was dark and silent as the grave in the canyon below.

The next day when the sun was half way down the western sky John Payne rode far in the lead of a company of cavalry over the hot, desert and down to the brink of the canyon where he had left his friends. He checked his foaming horse. He looked and leaned forward in his saddle. He reeled and sank to the ground. The horrible work of death had been done. The soldiers filed down the winding road, but all was lifeless and silent where the rocks had bristled with deadly guns the day before. There was the camp. The wagons were footed, they were silent, and the hands that had grasped them were cold in death.

An investigation proved that the brave men who had thought themselves secure had been out-generaled by the Indians. Almost over the camp was a bluff of rocks, directly on the crest of which was the road over which the train had passed on its descent to the canyon. The Indians, of course, could not occupy that position at the time of the first attack for they would have been discovered before the train reached the fatal field where Gordon was killed, but during the night, believing the men would fortify against attacks from other positions, the murderers stealthily took possession of the rocks commanding a view of the camp. In the morning the grave and evidently been led to expect an attack from the opposite direction. They had all crouched behind a good breastwork to receive the enemy with a deadly fire, when they were all shot in the back without the least warning.—Detroit Free Press.

An Old Time Minister.

One of the pioneer ministers of Rutland, Vermont, was famous for his pithy sayings. At one time he overheard his daughter and some young friends criticising certain neighbors more severely than was pleasing to him, whereupon he proceeded to read them a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal.

"But, father," remonstrated his daughter, "we must say something."

"If you can do nothing better," retorted the minister dryly, "get a pumpkin and roll it about. That will be, at least, innocent diversion."

Not long afterward a conference of ministers met at his house. During the evening an earnest discussion of certain points of doctrine arose, and from the lofty pitch of some of the voices it seemed as if pair of the disputants at least, were in danger of losing.

At this juncture Mr. Haynes' daughter quietly entered the room, bearing a high yellow pumpkin. She put it down in front of her father and said:

"There, father, roll it about, roll it about."

Mr. Haynes was called upon for an explanation, and good humor was restored.

At another time a revival was in progress in the parish, and some of the young zealots were ridiculed. They went to Mr. Haynes and complained of certain scandalous reports which had been circulated.

"I knew all this before," said Mr. Haynes.

"Why did you not tell us?" cried one of the young persons, in an injured tone.

"Why? My dear friends," said the old minister, his eyes twinkling, "because it is best to let Satan carry his own mail and pay his own postage."

He Lost.

At Weissenthal, a small village in lower Austria, a rich manufacturer from Vienna owns a splendid castle, where he and his family reside during the summer. As superintendent of his villa he employed a young man who had received a good education, and probably on this account had been granted the privilege of dining at table with the family. Thinking that the proprietor had a special liking for him, he resolved to ask him one day for the hand of one of his beautiful daughters. When he told the gardner of his intention the latter remarked,—

"Nonsense! you don't know the proud spirit of this capitalist. He never will consent to his daughter marrying a poor employe.

"I will bet my life that he will not dare to refuse my wish," said Edward Daschowsky, the superintendent.

"And I bet all I call my own that you will not succeed," replied the gardener.

"Good. I accept the bet" cried Daschowsky, and shook hands with the other as a sign of closing the contract.

Two days later the body of Daschowsky was found with a bullet in the temple, under a tree in the park. Near it was a revolver and a card, on which the following was inscribed in the handwriting of the suicide:—

"I have lost my bet My debt is paid."

As the gardner learned later, Daschowsky had kept his word and made known his wish to his employer, but was refused and threatened with instant dismissal if he ever recurred again to the subject.

Flattering.

The head of a produce commission house in New York, who has in his veins the blood of all the Howards, of which he is very proud, tells the following story about himself:

One day not very long ago he received a call from a stranger from the rural districts, who inquired concerning the business standing of a rival house in the trade.

"We both sell to exporters and jobbers, and naturally we have no business relations with the people in question. They are young men, with a moderate capital, who stand very high on 'change. They are hard-working, conscientious, gentlemanly young fellows," he said.

"That's just it," replied the stranger. "I ain't no gentleman myself, and I don't propose to do business with gentlemen. I'll consign my goods to you."

Reassuring.

"Have you ever had a wreck, Captain?" asked the nervous passenger.

"No, ma'am!" replied the officer; "I'm a wreckless man."—Detroit Free Press.

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

AN ORDINANCE regulating the use of Bicycles and Tricycles along the Streets and Highways of the Town of Hammonton.

Introduced June 30th, 1894.
Passed Sept. 20th, 1894.

Be it ordained by the Town of Hammonton that it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to ride a bicycle or tricycle on the highways and public places in said Town of Hammonton, between dusk and daylight, without having upon said bicycle or tricycle a lighted lamp and a bell, and sounding said bell upon approaching all street intersections, corners, crossings, persons and vehicles.

And be it further ordained, that along Bellevue Avenue from Main Road to the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, and along Twelfth Street from the Camden & Atlantic Railroad to Grand Street, and on all streets one fourth of a mile on either side from the centre of Bellevue Avenue and that portion of Twelfth Street herein named, it shall be unlawful to ride a bicycle or tricycle at a speed exceeding eight miles an hour.

And be it further ordained, That any person or persons violating the provisions of this ordinance shall, on conviction, pay a fine of one dollar and costs for each and every offence.

And be it further ordained, That this ordinance shall take effect on the first day of October, A.D. 1894.

WILLIAM BERNSHOUSE,
Chairman of Town Council.

Attest:
A. J. SMITH, Town Clerk.

NOTICE OF REGISTRATION AND ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that the several Boards of Registry and Election of Atlantic County will meet on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER, 16th, 1894

at the place where the next election in their district will be held at ten o'clock in the morning and remain in session (recess from one to two o'clock) until nine o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of making up from the canvassing books two lists or registers of the names, residences, and street numbers if any, of all persons in their respective election districts entitled to the right of suffrage therein at the next election, or who shall personally appear before them for that purpose, or who shall be shown to the satisfaction of such Board of Registry and Election to have legally voted in that election district at the last preceding election therein for a member of the General Assembly, or who shall be shown by the affidavit in writing of some voter in that election district to be a legal voter therein.

And notice is hereby further given that the said Board of Registry and Election will also meet on Tuesday, October 30th, 1894, at the place of their former meeting, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, and remain in session until nine o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of revising and correcting the original registers, of adding thereto the names of all persons entitled to the right of suffrage in that election district at the next election who shall appear in person before them or who shall be shown by the written affidavit of some voter in said election district to be a legal voter therein, and of erasing therefrom the name of any person who, after a fair opportunity to be heard, shall be shown not to be entitled to vote therein by reason of non-residence or otherwise.

And notice is hereby further given that the Court of Common Pleas will be in session in the Court House at May's Landing on Thursday, Nov. 1st, 1894, for the purpose of revising and correcting the aforesaid register of voters, by ordering erased therefrom the name of any person who shall be shown to the satisfaction of the Court, for any cause, not to be entitled to vote at the next election in the election district where he is registered, and of adding to said registers the names of any person or persons who shall prove to the satisfaction of the said Court, by affidavit or otherwise, his right to vote at the ensuing election.

And notice is hereby further given that the next general election will be held on Tuesday, November 6th, 1894, commencing at six o'clock in the morning and closing at seven o'clock in the evening.

Done in accordance with an act of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, entitled "A further supplement to an act to regulate elections," approved May 27th, 1890, and the amendments thereto.

LEWIS EVANS, County Clerk.
County Clerk's Office, May's Landing, New Jersey, September 28th, 1894.

Pr's fee, $14.39.

It is believed that the Democrats started the false report that Mr. Pullman had contributed $250,000 to the Republican campaign fund, for the purpose of trying to bluff the sugar trust into increasing its contribution to their campaign fund.

Present indications are that the Democrats will be about thirty votes shy of a majority of the next House.

Commissioners from the Hawaiian Republic are on their way to Washington to protest against a pension for ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

The President acknowledged the Hawaiian Republic by issuing exequators to its consuls.

Customs officials at Port Townsend, Wash., discovered a scheme by which over 500 Japanese paupers have been smuggled into this country.

A schooner was sunk and all hands lost by a collision with the American liner Paris, which escaped unhurt.

The State Committee of Colored Republicans met at Trenton and issued an address to the voters of their race to earnestly support the Republican nominees.

An attempt was made to wreck a West Jersey Railroad train at Bridgeton on Monday by placing large logs on the track.

American workingmen don't go to foreign markets to earn their wages, they are attached to their own market.

Carll & Harris, tomato packers at Canton, have packed 100,000 cans this season.

☞ Palmer's Shorthand College, Betz Building, Philadelphia, assists its graduates in securing remunerative employment. Many of the private secretaries and amanuenses of prominent business men in Philadelphia, obtained their knowledge at this Institution.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the Atlantic County Court of Common Pleas, will be sold at public vendue, on

Friday, Nov. 16th, 1894,

At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House in May's Landing, Atlantic County, New Jersey,

All of the right, title and interest of John Walther in the following described property situate, lying and being in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey:

All of those tract or parcels of land and premises hereinafter particularly described as lying and being in the Town of Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey,—

Beginning at a point on the north east side of Third Street fifty three and twenty one hundredths perches south east of Fairview Avenue: thence first north forty four degrees and twenty five minutes east seventy three and four one hundredths perches to land of one Clark; thence (2) along said land south forty five degrees thirty eight minutes east seventeen and ninety seven one hundredths perches to a point; thence (3) forty seven degrees two minutes east three and forty eight one hundredths perches to a point; thence (4) south forty five degrees thirty eight minutes east sixteen and seven one hundredths perches to a point; thence (5) south forty five degrees and thirty eight minutes east sixteen and seven one hundredths perches to a point; thence (6) south forty seven degrees and two minutes west twelve and sixty five one hundredths perches to a point; thence (7) north forty five degrees and thirty eight minutes west twelve and sixty five one hundredths perches to a point; thence (8) south forty seven degrees and two minutes west sixty four and eighty eight one hundredths perches to the north east side of said Third Street; thence (9) along the same north forty four degrees west seventeen and ninety seven one hundredths perches to the place of beginning, containing nine acres and ten rods a half perches of land strict measure, and being the same premises which David Simpson and Bell Simpson granted and conveyed to the said John Walther in fee, by deed bearing date the 27th day of April, A.D. 1885, and of record in the Clerk's Office in Book of Deeds No. 103, Folio 398.

Also, all that parcel of land beginning at the point of intersection of the north east side of Third Street with the south east side of Pratt Street and extending thence (1) along the south east side of Pratt Street north easterly about seventy three rods to the line of one Mauger's land; thence (2) along the line of said Mauger's land south easterly to the northerly corner of Walther's other land; thence (3) along the line of said land southwesterly seventy three and four one hundredths rods to the north east side of Third Street aforesaid; thence (4) along the said side of Third Street northwesterly to the place of beginning; being part of a large tract of land that John D. Haines and wife conveyed to Howard L. Irons by deed dated May 1st, 1888, and recorded in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic County in Book 125 of Deeds, folio 254, &c.

Seized as the property of John Walther and taken in execution at the suit of A. J. King, and to be sold by

SMITH E. JOHNSON, Sheriff.

Dated October 6th, 1894.
A. J. KING, Attorney.

Pr's fee, $17.09

Atlantic City R. R.

Sept. 27th, 1894.

DOWN TRAINS. Acco p.m.	Exp p.m.	Acco p.m.	Ex p.m.	Exp a.m.	Acco a.m.	STATIONS.	UP TRAINS. Acco a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Acco a.m.	Exp a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Acc. p.m.
6 30	5 12	5 45	2 00	9 00	8 00	Philadelphia	6 25	8 55	10 25	10 25	5 30	6 40
6 43	.....	5 58	2 12	9 12	8 16	Camden	6 16	8 44	10 06	10 13	5 18	6 30
7 08	.....	6 21	.....	.....	8 36	Magnolia	5 53	.....	9 46	.....	.....	6 06
7 15	.....	6 27	.....	.....	8 44	Laurel Springs	5 41	.....	9 39	.....	.....	6 00
7 19	.....	6 31	.....	.....	8 47	Clementon	5 41	.....	9 36	.....	.....	5 56
7 30	.....	6 41	.....	.....	8 56	Williamstown Junc.	5 32	.....	9 28	.....	.....	5 47
7 36	.....	6 46	.....	.....	9 01	Cedar Brook	5 26	.....	9 22	.....	.....	5 40
7 46	5 46	6 55	.....	9 45	9 08	Winslow Junc.	5 16	.....	9 07	.....	4 44	5 27
7 57	5 52	7 00	2 49	.....	9 19	Hammonton	5 10	8 09	9 00	9 37	4 37	5 20
.....	.....	7 05	.....	.....	9 24	Da Costa	.....	.....	8 55	.....	.....	5 15
.....	6 03	7 12	.....	.....	9 32	Elwood	.....	.....	8 49	.....	.....	5 08
.....	6 10	7 20	3 05	.....	9 40	Egg Harbor	.....	.....	8 42	9 29	4 22	5 01
.....	.....	7 24	.....	.....	9 46	Brigantine Junc.	.....	.....	8 34	.....	.....	4 52
.....	6 25	7 40	3 20	.....	10 00	Pleasantville	.....	.....	8 25	.....	.....	4 41
.....	6 35	7 50	3 30	10 25	10 10	Atlantic City	.....	10 25	8 15	9 00	4 00	4 32

Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

Sept. 27th, 1894.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Mail. a.m.	At.Ac. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp p.m.	Acco. p.m.	Exp p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	S.Exp a.m.	Su.Ac p.m.
Philadelphia		8 00	.....	4 00	4 20	5 00	8 15	9 45	4 00
Camden		8 10	.....	4 08	4 24	5 07	8 25	9 53	4 10
Haddonfield		8 30	.....	.....	4 43	.....	8 46	.....	4 36
Berlin		8 56	.....	.....	5 04	.....	9 11	.....	4 52
Atco		9 01	.....	.....	5 09	.....	9 17	.....	4 57
Waterford		9 10	.....	.....	5 17	.....	9 25	.....	5 06
Winslow		9 18	.....	.....	5 29	.....	9 35	.....	5 20
Hammonton		9 25	.....	.....	5 33	5 47	9 43	.....	5 28
Da Costa		9 30	.....	.....	5 37	.....	9 49	.....	5 33
Elwood		9 43	.....	.....	5 45	.....	9 57	.....	5 38
Egg Harbor City		9 51	.....	.....	5 53	6 05	10 06	.....	5 48
Absecon		10 11	.....	.....	6 13	6 22	10 27	.....	6 12
Atlantic City		10 24	.....	5 20	6 25	6 35	10 38	11 05	6 23

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac a.m.	Exp a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Expr. a.m.	Exp p.m.	Acco. p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Sunday p.m	Sunday p.m.	Expr. p.m.
Philadelphia	8 50	9 00	10 30		.....	5 10	9 20	6 20	6 50	
Camden	8 42	8 52	10 22		.....	5 00	9 10	6 12	6 42	
Haddonfield	8 22				.....	4 42	8 50	5 51	—	
Berlin	8 01	—	—		.....	4 18	8 28	5 26	—	
Atco	7 56	—	—		.....	4 12	8 20	5 20	—	
Waterford	7 49	—	—		.....	4 03	8 13	5 10	—	
Winslow	7 40	—	—		.....	3 52	8 04	5 00	—	
Hammonton	7 31	—	9 40		.....	3 43	7 58	4 53	—	
DaCosta	7 29	—	—		.....	3 38	7 53	4 47	—	
Elwood	7 23	—	—		.....	3 31	7 47	4 39	—	
Egg Harbor City	7 15	—	9 24		.....	3 23	7 40	4 30	—	
Absecon	6 56	7 50	—		.....	2 56	7 21	4 08	—	
Atlantic City	6 45	7 40	9 00		.....	2 45	7 10	3 55	5 30	

The Hammonton Accommodation leaves this station at 6:05 a. m., and 12:30 p.m. Leaves Philadelphia at 10:50 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.