

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XX, No. 43.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, October 28, 1882.

Five Cents per Copy.

Swaynes

TO LIVE TO A GOOD OLD AGE,
FREE FROM ALL
ACHES AND PAINS, USE
THIS GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.

PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD

ACT AS A
HEART CORRECTOR

And by cleansing, regulating, and strengthening the organs of digestion, secretion and absorption, cure Anemia, Fills, Paralysis, Nervousness, Dizziness, Debility, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Jaundice, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Lack of Appetite, Low Spirits, Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, Fevers, Malaria and Contagion, Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Female Weakness, Urinary Disorders, and all irregularities of the Spleen, Stomach, Gladder and Bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.
Agents for the South Jersey Republican, Hammonton, N. J.

The
"Household"
Sewing
Machin
IS NOW
Best in
the Market
For all kinds of work.

I have sold "a heap" of them in and around this county, and will now sell them at the following prices:

No. 1, for \$29.
No. 2, for \$30.
No. 3, for \$32.
No. 4, for \$33
No. 5, for \$35.

The above prices for CASH.

Or I will sell on easy instalments, to good parties.

Call and see them, at
E. Stockwell's.
Hammonton, N. J.

Y. VALENTINE.
UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish CASKETS, COFFINS, WITH HANDLES & PLATES in every variety, at the lowest cash prices.

Funerals promptly attended to.

Also re-seats Chairs and repairs and renovates Furniture. Shop upstairs over the wheelwright shop, Egg Harbor Road, Hammonton, N. J.

CUT THIS OUT!

AGENTS **\$15 TO \$40 PER WEEK.**

We have stores in 15 leading cities, from which our agents obtain their supplies quickly.

Our Factories and Principal Offices are in Erie, Pa. Send for our New Catalogue and Terms & Agents.

M. N. LOVELL 913 Spring Garden St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., Oct. 19, 1882.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with a call issued by the County Temperance Alliance for a convention to be held at Atlantic City on Tuesday of this week, for the purpose of nominating candidates by endorsement or otherwise, I attended said convention. I have been prominently identified with the temperance movement from its inception in the old Washingtonian movement until today, and I think I may claim to know what the leaders of the temperance cause wish. They have never asked for separate political action, except where neither party would make any pledge. The temperance men have always been willing to support either party that would give them a half of a plank in its platform. Some of us went to the convention to reason as to the best method of securing such legislation as we have been asking for these many years past. The Republican party pledged itself in the county convention to use its utmost endeavor to secure a constitutional amendment leaving the whole question to the people. That is the very thing temperance men have been asking for. But it was from the very commencement of last Tuesday's meeting that a bitter feeling against certain nominees was to find expression. Villification of candidates of either of the great parties will not be a very successful way to secure their aid in the obtaining of any law. If a Democrat or Republican is assaulted he would not be a man not to resent it.

When I found that mildness of method and kindness of expression were to be eliminated from that meeting I withdrew. I believe the men on both political tickets to be honorable men, and have nothing unkind to say of either of them; but I take pride in that plank in the platform which advocates a constitutional amendment leaving the question to the people.

Yours Truly, W. W. CHRISTINE.

For The South Jersey Republican.

Will you please insert the following and correct a misstatement and charges made in the Temperance Alliance Convention held in Atlantic City on Tuesday last:

We positively deny any intention of going into that convention with any other object than what we believed to be for the good of our cause. Therefore we do respectfully refer the charges back to the Reverend gentleman who made them, as the facts prove them more fitting to himself.

We also say that we were not consulted by any Alliance prior to the convention; were not "admitted to any leaders ring, or political pocket."

That we endorse the nomination of J. Hart Brewer, John L. Bryant, John S. Risley, and Edward North, M. D. candidates of the Republican party; and accept the plank added by them for the advancing of our cause.

And at the November election we will try to nail that plank fast upon that party, believing that, as in the past, reforms will be brought forward by them, that our petitions will be answered, and our cause will finally triumph through the Republican party.

Respectfully Yours,

THE DELEGATES
of Seaside Division S. of T., of Atlantic City, N. J.

Another One-Idea Scheme.

Mr. Editor: I am not ambitious to have my productions appear in print, and yet, lest the matter should be left out in the cold, in these days when new-fangled notions are rife, and an organization for every one's idea springs upon us with mushroom growth, I move you that we organize for the suppression of the growth, manufacture and sale of the narcotic poison—tobacco. No tobacco user should ever be a parent. But alas, the reverse is the fact. "The sins of the parents shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation."

Is it any less true now than in the earlier days? We think not. Our genial townsman, Mr. S. E. Brown, is a well known hater of the vile weed. Now, therefore, Resolved that on Saturday evening next, Oct. 28, 1882, all those who are willing to form an organization for the suppression of the weed, will meet in front of P. S. Tilton's at 7 o'clock, choose Mr. Brown as President. Thereafter calling a Convention for the nomination of proper officers to represent us in our State Legislature, as also, in the Halls of Congress. Let us see what we will see.

REFORMER.

The best Spring medicine known is that wonderful tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters.

Clergymen pretend to discourage lying, and yet ask women their ages.

Our Nominee for the Assembly.

The power of Republican institutions to select the best man for the place, is well exemplified in the nomination for Assembly made by the Republicans of Atlantic County. To support and vote for John L. Bryant is the duty of every Republican; and the party expects every man to perform that duty now, regardless of his feelings, preference or position previous to the nomination. Let every true, staunch Republican show the opposite party what can be done for the object of their choice, when all work with a will. A good cause, perfect organization, and hard work, are the legitimate elements of success. We know we possess the first, and it is for the party to see that the second and third of these essentials are not lacking. There can be no mistake about Mr. Bryant's integrity and capability. A formidable and pleasant in disposition. He has the ability—natural and acquired by practical education and contact with the world—and a moral character on which no stain of corruption or lack of principle rests. Not a syllable can be truthfully uttered against his intellectual capacity or his character as a man. He has, then, every qualification to fill the position satisfactorily and acceptably. Indeed the esteem in which he is held as a public man extends far beyond the lines of party, and will secure the support of many liberal-minded men whose political opinions are not identical with his own. I feel confident of Mr. Bryant's triumphant election. A few days only intervene before the election, but concentrated and well directed energy can accomplish wonders in that period. Republicans of Atlantic County; stand firmly by your ticket.

REPORTER.

ATLANTIC CITY, Oct. 24, 1882.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness."

George Scoville has filed a petition in the County Court at Chicago asking that Mrs. Scoville be adjudged insane, and that she be confined in an asylum for lunatics. On making oath that he was without money Mr. Scoville was allowed to file the petition without the payment of the usual court fees.

WHAT'S IN A NAME—A great deal to be sure. Wouldn't you rather bear the name of George Washington than Guiteau? And wouldn't you rather have Swaynes' Pills than any other in the market? By their use female irregularities are restored to a healthy condition. They neither gripe, produce nausea or any other unpleasant sensation. They are warranted to cure the great variety of diseases which begin with derangements of the stomach, bowels and kidneys. Entirely vegetable. Ask your druggist for them.

The guests have dined and the host hands round a case of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says, "but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had."

A young man advertised in the Chicago Times for a wife. He received letters from ten married men, saying that he could have theirs.

A Nevada miner exploded a few drops of nitro-glycerine in a hollow, aching tooth. Not being of any special value without a head, his neighbors kindly buried him.

"How far is it to Clyde?" asked a weary looking tramp on the towpath, of an urchin, the other day. "Nine miles," replied the lad. "Nine miles, yet I," exclaimed the tramp, "Am you sure?" "Well," said the sympathetic youth, "seeing you are pretty tired, I will call it seven."

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881. For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time. Mrs. L. F. GURPIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

We invite the attention of buyers of feed, to our

Low Prices for Corn,

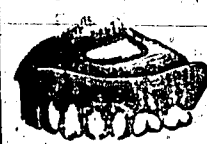
Cracked corn and Feed Meal.

S. ANDERSON.

Flour, Grain, Feed,

Bale Hay, etc

Hammonton, N. J.



Dr. Geo. R. SH DLE, SURGEON Dentist.

Dentistry in all its branches skillfully and carefully executed. Anæsthetics administered when desired. All work guaranteed.

Office days, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week.

No. 6 Central Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything, \$10 a day and upwards easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work falls to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address, H. H. HALL & CO., Portland, Maine.

New Jersey State Normal and Model Schools. TRENTON.

Fall Term commences Monday, Sept. 18

TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books, etc., at the Normal School, \$154 for Ladies, and \$160 for Gentlemen; at the Model School, \$200 per year. Building thoroughly heated by steam. The Model School offers to both young Ladies and Gentlemen superior advantages in all departments, viz: Mathematical, Classical, Commercial, Musical, Drawing, and Belle Lettres. For Circulars containing full particulars, address W. HASBROUCK, Principal, Trenton, New Jersey.

For Sale and to Rent.

Improved Farms and Village lots with good buildings pleasantly located, in and near the centre of the town.

For Sale from \$600 to \$3,000

In easy instalments.

TO RENT FROM \$5 to \$10 A MONTH.

Address, T. J. SMITH & SON, Hammonton, N. J.

A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC

AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.

Hammonton, N. J.

ALLEN B. ENDICOTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

Master and Solicitor in Chancery,

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

C. F. Jahncke, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at his residence, corner of

Vine St. and Central Avenue.

Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

Charles Hunt,
SHOEMAKER,

Solicits orders for Repairing or New Work.

Leave orders at Carpenter's store, or at my residence, Thirteenth Street, near First Road, Hammonton.

B. Albrici,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, & Pigs.

Any person desiring to pasture Horses or Cattle will do well to put them in my charge, as I have the best pastures in South Jersey. My charges are reasonable. Call on or address

B. ALBRICI, Waterford, N. J.

Fare from Hammonton to Waterford, on the C. & A., or to Cedar Brook on the Narrow Gauge, is fifteen cents.

COAL!

We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired. The various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our yard, on Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON.

Hammonton, N. J.

Aids to Digestion.

A Love Letter.
The following was sent to a young man by his sweetheart. The first lines were on the envelope as an envelope:

Remember:
Please take this letter, Uncle Sam,
And bear it to my boy;
He lives in the town of Durand,
Way up in Peppin Co.,
Please recollect the State;
His name is Carlo Allen,
He has a sixteen year old son,
You'll know him very well, I'm sure,
When this fact I declare;
He's the handsomest fellow in the place—
When nobody else is there.

The following lines compose

THE LETTER:
My Darling—Of course, you well know
That to write to you, long have I tarried,
For last winter, my dear, I really did hear
That my Otto had gone and got married.
And since, though I've heard not even a word,
I will not believe it is so,
And have taken my pen, to write to you again.

My dear little, beautiful bean,
Now, you often have told, till the story is old,
How the girls all in love with you be,
But their love let them tell, I know very well,
That you never loved any but me,
And though I don't hear from you often, my dear,

I love you much better, you sinner,
Than the bread made of rye, or the dried apple pie,
That's put up every day for my dinner;
And now, Otto, mon cher (which is French for my dear),
I want you to write to your wife!
If you don't, I declare, you are a wicked old bear,
I'll marry some other fellow.

Musical.
"What is that noise we hear,
mother?"
"That is a man learning to play the violin, my child."

"Is he sick, mother?"
"No, he is sick, my child, as you suppose, but every one in the neighborhood. They wish he would be sick and die."

"Will he die, mother?"
"No my child, he will not die. He will keep on this way for years, and finally get so he can play second fiddle in a very poor orchestra."

Reckon.
A girl-edged youth was passing down the street the other day, when a friend, stepping up behind him, slapped him on the back and asked:

"How do you feel to-day, Tom?"
"With my fingers I reckon," smartly responded Tom.

"Well," said the other, "you reckon that if you was to take a right hard reckoning, that you'd reckon another such a smart reckoning as you reckoned just then."

"I reckon not," answered Tom, faintly.

She Had a Wart.
She had a wart on the end of her nose. One of the white, horny kind. It worried her right smart, so she hit on a novel plan to get rid of it. She got a bottle of corn solvent and painted it over nicely. Three days after, when the skin was coming off, she expected to find it smooth and white below, but she was mistaken. There was a blood-red knot on the place where the wart had been. She was now in sackcloth and ashes, and it would be a brave one who would dare to mention corn solvent in her hearing.

Countin' Count Him.
"Rambo, have you got the pigs?"
"Yes, massa, me feed um."
"Did you count them?"
"Yes, massa, me count um all but one."

"How was that?"
"Dere be one little speckled pig, he frisk about so much me couldn't count him."

Mistful Morsels.
A man went out the other night to see if he could ascertain the color of the wind, and found it blue.

When a Kansas editor takes his affidavit that he saw a grasshopper light down on the back of a robin and lift him two feet high, in an effort to carry him off, it is simply one solitary instance of the richness of the soil of that State. Next year they are going to tame the grasshopper to hunt rats.

"Is that marble?" said a gentleman, pointing to a bust of Kentucky's great statesman. "No, sir, that's Clay," quietly replied the dealer.

"I'll give you ten dollars or thirty days," "Well, I'll take the ten dollars, squire."

When a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet, she says: "Oh, how decidedly sweet. Its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room." A Kansas girl simply says, "It smells scrumptious; thanks, Reuben."

A Missionary Riddle.
The following riddle is said to have

How to Foretell Frost.

The Signal Service Bureau has issued a document to show the agriculturist how "to foretell frost." The probability, or rather the certainty of frost in any given case depends upon the amount of vapor in the air, considered in connection with its temperature. A rise of temperature increases the capacity of the air for moisture, the rule being that an increase of 37 degrees in temperature doubles its capacity. On the other hand, a fall of temperature diminishes its capacity for moisture. The amount of vapor in the air may be accurately measured by noting the temperature at which moisture begins to be condensed on a cold vessel. The moisture thus deposited is known technically to hygrometrists as dew, and the temperature at which this deposition begins—which varies with the degree of saturation of the air—is called the "dew-point." The ascertainment of the dew-point is of practical importance, since when the air has been cooled down by radiation to this point, dew is deposited and heat given out. The amount of heat thus given out being considerable, the temperature of the air, the conditions being the same, cannot sink below the dew-point, but oscillates about it. In a word, the dew point determines the minimum temperature to be expected during the night following its ascertainment. For example, if the dew-point be found to be 23 degrees there will of course be frost; if at 43 degrees there will be dew, but no frost. The Signal Service Bureau recommends as the best instrument for practical use in finding the dew-point "the dry and wet-bulb hygrometer," which will be furnished to observers at cost. No special training is necessary for its use, the apparatus consisting simply of two ordinary thermometers, the bulb of one being kept moist by a suitable device. The difference of their readings, together with a table supplied by the Bureau, supplies all the data necessary for security against frost.

When it is ascertained that he is coming the horticulturist is advised to save his crop by "blacking" the plants in a cloud of smoke, and so prevent excessive radiation. The old-fashioned smoking of clover or straw is also proved as efficient. Frost warnings will be sent out from Washington to points in the country where such information is needed in the protection of growing crops. The cranberry growers of New Jersey will get proper reminders.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

American Fables.

Check.
A hyena and a wolf met one day in a narrow path in the forest. By a little squeezing they could have passed each other and gone about their business, but the wolf yelled out:

"Ho! there! out of my path!"
"You are no bigger nor better than I am!" was the hyena's reply.

"This is my path!"
"You're another!"

Thus they bickered and jawed until each was determined not to give way, and in the fight which ensued both rolled over the bank and were badly shaken up.

They were still jawing when a lion came along and cuffed them apart, and observed:

"That path belongs to me alone, and if I catch either of you using it I'll break you back!"

Moral.
If you won't squeeze to accommodate, and if you will fight, don't fight over that which concerns your neighbor more than yourself.

The Vain Pullet.
A fine, fat pullet who was roosting on the limb of a tree safe from danger

was snatched by a fox with the words: "Good evening, Miss Pullet; I never saw you look better. Your figure is perfectly lovely."

"Do you really think so?"
"Certainly I do. I'd give anything if I could wear my hair done up in a French roll and have it become me as it does you."

"Aren't you joking?"
"I was never more serious in my life. Your small feet and pretty mouth are the envy of all the pullets in the neighborhood."

"Dear me, but is that so?"
"And everybody says you have such a tony air about you."

"Oh! in?"
"I think if we were to walk out together we would mash the whole town."

Really, how?
The fox gave her more soft seltzer, and in the end the vain pullet flew down and furnished a square meal for the crafty villain.

Moral.
"Flattery," said an old rooster, as he looked down at his house and feathers, "flattery, is the soft purr of the claws and the sharper the bite."

The "Chic" of Simplicity.
How astonished some fair American brides, preparing their trousseaux, must be to read that the new Duchess of Westminster, wife to one of the richest men in Europe, was married in a dress of white foulard, a short dress of walking length. The Hon. Catharine Cavendish, for that was the young lady's name, had not the column of description before her imagination in which her wedding dress would be read by an admiring world; or, if she had, she preferred that the accounts, as well as the bill should be a short one. "Jennie June," in a letter from Saratoga, would seem to show that the only way to be distinguished at this monstrous social change is to be governed by a similar taste. She describes an overdressed young woman who has put on all her "jewelry," an expensive silk and a loaded bonnet, wishing with all her heart that she could change places with the "belle," who is charming in a pale blue chambray gingham, trimmed with Hamburg edging, and a coarse, white straw hat. The white foulard of the Duchess of Westminster probably cost seventy cents a yard, and the blue gingham of the admired American, twenty-five cents. Gradually our people are learning that it is not the material, but the way it is worn, that shows the lady. And the shopkeepers, to their credit, are doing her best to make the idea an easy one to carry out. The present generation will never see the old-fashioned "levy," and yet some of the prettiest goods in cotton-foulards are being shown now with the (disappearing) collar, value twelve and a half cents. Any woman can be as well dressed in these as in silk attire, if she chooses. Indeed, between the cotton and the silk it would be hard to say which has the most lustrous surface or promises the longest wear.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

Man and Brute in Hong Kong.
The means of locomotion in Hong Kong, says a correspondent of the London Times, forces itself on the attention of the stranger the moment he steps on shore. Horse, carriage, and a novel in the shape of a man carrying the Japanese invention now disputes the ground with the indigenous sedan chair; their great battle-ground being Queen's road, the one thoroughfare in the town. The man carriage or jin-riksha is a light but strongly-built article, a happy adaptation of the most useful features of the bath chair and the hanom cab, but avoiding the delusion which prevades, disfigure and handicap all English manufactures, that weight is synonymous with strength. The wheels of the jin-riksha are as thin and spider-like as a child's perambulator; the shafts, of hickory or some equally tough wood, are about an inch in diameter, yet they carry comfortably a twelve-stone man at six miles an hour without ever breaking down. One man draws the carriage. It is quite remarkable to observe how successfully man compete with animals in China and Japan for the honors of brute labor.

When the Lover may Speak.
As a rule a delicate woman does not chatter and she seldom or never knows whether she should care for him in that capacity or not until she has received some impression of his special interest in her. Then she begins to consider him. Does a she find him or delight her? Does she find herself talking to him freely or entertaining him with an effort? Is the festive occasion from which he is absent robbed of some portion of its brightness? Does she "see his face, all faces among"—catch his voice, though a dozen are speaking? Then, unconsciously, do her cheeks begin to glow at his coming. In her eyes smiles a welcome, timid, yet sweet; and the reverent, waiting lover may speak safely, for his time has come.

The Turkish Messiah.

The Mehdi is a messenger from on high, who is expected to come in the last days, a little before the second Christ. He is to reform Islamism and beat down his enemies. He is thus to prepare the way for Jesus Christ, who, according to the Moslem belief, will then appear and unite Moslems and true Christians into one vast body for the utter destruction of Antichrist. Any good Moslem will say that the Mehdi is to be a man who is to bear the same name as Mahomet, and who will appear either from the east or from the west. He is to come from one of the two cities of Babul or Ispahan. In answer to inquiries as to the localities of these favored cities your good Moslem will take down a ponderous tome from his library and will turn to the heading "Ispahan," to read the description: "Ispahan, a great city in the west. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." Then he will turn over a little further to read: "Ispahan, a great city in the east. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." The oriental mind is not given to scientific curiosity, and is thoroughly satisfied to build upon the ponderous tomes of the library, faith in the existence of a suitable birthplace for so great a personage as the Mehdi.

The Persian branch of Islam, regarded as heretical by the western Mohammedans, believes that the Mehdi has already come to earth and is somewhere secreted till the fulness of time shall arrive. The Persians hold that in the latter part of the nineteenth century the twelfth of the Imams of the line of Ali mysteriously disappeared. This Imam is the Mehdi, and is properly called the Expected. In the village of Samarra, in Mesopotamia, is a sacred shrine, carefully guarded by Persian doctors of divinity. In this shrine is a magnificent dome lavishly gilded upon the inside and ornamented with a profusion of precious stones. The inclosed space is lighted only by a skylight in the top of this dome. Directly under the dome is a deep well in which the lost Imam is supposed to have established himself. To this place come thousands of Persian pilgrims, who enter as awe-stricken the golden hall of gold and crawl on their knees to the edge of the well to see in the sparkle of the water below the dome, the glory of the Mehdi who waits below. To this place also come a crowd of Moslems of the western rite—some Turk or Kurd in disguise—who enter the sacred place solely to gratify his hatred of heretics by surreptitiously spitting into their well as he pretends to gaze into its depths.

Both of the great branches of Mohammedanism unite in expecting the Mehdi very soon. The Moslem year 1299 ends in November. The Moslem year 1300 great things are expected to occur. Every new century is set down in the Moslem history as having brought some marked event with its early years and the consensus of opinion fixes upon 1300 as a peculiarly important figure. Among the many combinations which make up the portfolios of those who divide events by means of numerals this one appears most fertile in portent. Thus the popular mind is ready to seize upon any token of the event of the Expected One. Some look at the Mehdi as a Monoged or renovator, who is to effect his reform by peaceful exhortation. Others hold he will be a Sabit-Khrouf, or one who abandons his allegiance to the ruling powers in order to initiate reform by the sword. The vast majority of Moslems look for this more violent method of reform. But each individual regards his neighbor as more worthy than himself to be a subject for the avenging sword that is to purge the lands of Islam from all contaminating influences of false disciples or of contaminable infidels. Therefore each man is eager for the long expected appearance.

Will Read Either Way.
Our young friends have heard of palindromes—words or lines that read and spell the same backward or forward. The following sentences, printed in the London Truth, simply make sense read word by word either way:

"Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God."

"She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone."

"Man is noble and generous often, sometimes vain and cowardly."

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."

"The Mehdi is a messenger from on high, who is expected to come in the last days, a little before the second Christ. He is to reform Islamism and beat down his enemies. He is thus to prepare the way for Jesus Christ, who, according to the Moslem belief, will then appear and unite Moslems and true Christians into one vast body for the utter destruction of Antichrist. Any good Moslem will say that the Mehdi is to be a man who is to bear the same name as Mahomet, and who will appear either from the east or from the west. He is to come from one of the two cities of Babul or Ispahan. In answer to inquiries as to the localities of these favored cities your good Moslem will take down a ponderous tome from his library and will turn to the heading "Ispahan," to read the description: "Ispahan, a great city in the west. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." Then he will turn over a little further to read: "Ispahan, a great city in the east. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." The oriental mind is not given to scientific curiosity, and is thoroughly satisfied to build upon the ponderous tomes of the library, faith in the existence of a suitable birthplace for so great a personage as the Mehdi.

The Persian branch of Islam, regarded as heretical by the western Mohammedans, believes that the Mehdi has already come to earth and is somewhere secreted till the fulness of time shall arrive. The Persians hold that in the latter part of the nineteenth century the twelfth of the Imams of the line of Ali mysteriously disappeared. This Imam is the Mehdi, and is properly called the Expected. In the village of Samarra, in Mesopotamia, is a sacred shrine, carefully guarded by Persian doctors of divinity. In this shrine is a magnificent dome lavishly gilded upon the inside and ornamented with a profusion of precious stones. The inclosed space is lighted only by a skylight in the top of this dome. Directly under the dome is a deep well in which the lost Imam is supposed to have established himself. To this place come thousands of Persian pilgrims, who enter as awe-stricken the golden hall of gold and crawl on their knees to the edge of the well to see in the sparkle of the water below the dome, the glory of the Mehdi who waits below. To this place also come a crowd of Moslems of the western rite—some Turk or Kurd in disguise—who enter the sacred place solely to gratify his hatred of heretics by surreptitiously spitting into their well as he pretends to gaze into its depths.

Both of the great branches of Mohammedanism unite in expecting the Mehdi very soon. The Moslem year 1299 ends in November. The Moslem year 1300 great things are expected to occur. Every new century is set down in the Moslem history as having brought some marked event with its early years and the consensus of opinion fixes upon 1300 as a peculiarly important figure. Among the many combinations which make up the portfolios of those who divide events by means of numerals this one appears most fertile in portent. Thus the popular mind is ready to seize upon any token of the event of the Expected One. Some look at the Mehdi as a Monoged or renovator, who is to effect his reform by peaceful exhortation. Others hold he will be a Sabit-Khrouf, or one who abandons his allegiance to the ruling powers in order to initiate reform by the sword. The vast majority of Moslems look for this more violent method of reform. But each individual regards his neighbor as more worthy than himself to be a subject for the avenging sword that is to purge the lands of Islam from all contaminating influences of false disciples or of contaminable infidels. Therefore each man is eager for the long expected appearance.

Will Read Either Way.
Our young friends have heard of palindromes—words or lines that read and spell the same backward or forward. The following sentences, printed in the London Truth, simply make sense read word by word either way:

"Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God."

"She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone."

"Man is noble and generous often, sometimes vain and cowardly."

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."

The Mehdi is a messenger from on high, who is expected to come in the last days, a little before the second Christ. He is to reform Islamism and beat down his enemies. He is thus to prepare the way for Jesus Christ, who, according to the Moslem belief, will then appear and unite Moslems and true Christians into one vast body for the utter destruction of Antichrist. Any good Moslem will say that the Mehdi is to be a man who is to bear the same name as Mahomet, and who will appear either from the east or from the west. He is to come from one of the two cities of Babul or Ispahan. In answer to inquiries as to the localities of these favored cities your good Moslem will take down a ponderous tome from his library and will turn to the heading "Ispahan," to read the description: "Ispahan, a great city in the west. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." Then he will turn over a little further to read: "Ispahan, a great city in the east. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." The oriental mind is not given to scientific curiosity, and is thoroughly satisfied to build upon the ponderous tomes of the library, faith in the existence of a suitable birthplace for so great a personage as the Mehdi.

The Persian branch of Islam, regarded as heretical by the western Mohammedans, believes that the Mehdi has already come to earth and is somewhere secreted till the fulness of time shall arrive. The Persians hold that in the latter part of the nineteenth century the twelfth of the Imams of the line of Ali mysteriously disappeared. This Imam is the Mehdi, and is properly called the Expected. In the village of Samarra, in Mesopotamia, is a sacred shrine, carefully guarded by Persian doctors of divinity. In this shrine is a magnificent dome lavishly gilded upon the inside and ornamented with a profusion of precious stones. The inclosed space is lighted only by a skylight in the top of this dome. Directly under the dome is a deep well in which the lost Imam is supposed to have established himself. To this place come thousands of Persian pilgrims, who enter as awe-stricken the golden hall of gold and crawl on their knees to the edge of the well to see in the sparkle of the water below the dome, the glory of the Mehdi who waits below. To this place also come a crowd of Moslems of the western rite—some Turk or Kurd in disguise—who enter the sacred place solely to gratify his hatred of heretics by surreptitiously spitting into their well as he pretends to gaze into its depths.

Both of the great branches of Mohammedanism unite in expecting the Mehdi very soon. The Moslem year 1299 ends in November. The Moslem year 1300 great things are expected to occur. Every new century is set down in the Moslem history as having brought some marked event with its early years and the consensus of opinion fixes upon 1300 as a peculiarly important figure. Among the many combinations which make up the portfolios of those who divide events by means of numerals this one appears most fertile in portent. Thus the popular mind is ready to seize upon any token of the event of the Expected One. Some look at the Mehdi as a Monoged or renovator, who is to effect his reform by peaceful exhortation. Others hold he will be a Sabit-Khrouf, or one who abandons his allegiance to the ruling powers in order to initiate reform by the sword. The vast majority of Moslems look for this more violent method of reform. But each individual regards his neighbor as more worthy than himself to be a subject for the avenging sword that is to purge the lands of Islam from all contaminating influences of false disciples or of contaminable infidels. Therefore each man is eager for the long expected appearance.

Will Read Either Way.
Our young friends have heard of palindromes—words or lines that read and spell the same backward or forward. The following sentences, printed in the London Truth, simply make sense read word by word either way:

"Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God."

"She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone."

"Man is noble and generous often, sometimes vain and cowardly."

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."

The Mehdi is a messenger from on high, who is expected to come in the last days, a little before the second Christ. He is to reform Islamism and beat down his enemies. He is thus to prepare the way for Jesus Christ, who, according to the Moslem belief, will then appear and unite Moslems and true Christians into one vast body for the utter destruction of Antichrist. Any good Moslem will say that the Mehdi is to be a man who is to bear the same name as Mahomet, and who will appear either from the east or from the west. He is to come from one of the two cities of Babul or Ispahan. In answer to inquiries as to the localities of these favored cities your good Moslem will take down a ponderous tome from his library and will turn to the heading "Ispahan," to read the description: "Ispahan, a great city in the west. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." Then he will turn over a little further to read: "Ispahan, a great city in the east. It has 2000 gates and 2000 gate-keepers." The oriental mind is not given to scientific curiosity, and is thoroughly satisfied to build upon the ponderous tomes of the library, faith in the existence of a suitable birthplace for so great a personage as the Mehdi.

The Persian branch of Islam, regarded as heretical by the western Mohammedans, believes that the Mehdi has already come to earth and is somewhere secreted till the fulness of time shall arrive. The Persians hold that in the latter part of the nineteenth century the twelfth of the Imams of the line of Ali mysteriously disappeared. This Imam is the Mehdi, and is properly called the Expected. In the village of Samarra, in Mesopotamia, is a sacred shrine, carefully guarded by Persian doctors of divinity. In this shrine is a magnificent dome lavishly gilded upon the inside and ornamented with a profusion of precious stones. The inclosed space is lighted only by a skylight in the top of this dome. Directly under the dome is a deep well in which the lost Imam is supposed to have established himself. To this place come thousands of Persian pilgrims, who enter as awe-stricken the golden hall of gold and crawl on their knees to the edge of the well to see in the sparkle of the water below the dome, the glory of the Mehdi who waits below. To this place also come a crowd of Moslems of the western rite—some Turk or Kurd in disguise—who enter the sacred place solely to gratify his hatred of heretics by surreptitiously spitting into their well as he pretends to gaze into its depths.

Both of the great branches of Mohammedanism unite in expecting the Mehdi very soon. The Moslem year 1299 ends in November. The Moslem year 1300 great things are expected to occur. Every new century is set down in the Moslem history as having brought some marked event with its early years and the consensus of opinion fixes upon 1300 as a peculiarly important figure. Among the many combinations which make up the portfolios of those who divide events by means of numerals this one appears most fertile in portent. Thus the popular mind is ready to seize upon any token of the event of the Expected One. Some look at the Mehdi as a Monoged or renovator, who is to effect his reform by peaceful exhortation. Others hold he will be a Sabit-Khrouf, or one who abandons his allegiance to the ruling powers in order to initiate reform by the sword. The vast majority of Moslems look for this more violent method of reform. But each individual regards his neighbor as more worthy than himself to be a subject for the avenging sword that is to purge the lands of Islam from all contaminating influences of false disciples or of contaminable infidels. Therefore each man is

