

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

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VOL. 26.

HAMMONTON, N. J., NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

NO. 47.

Cook has 'em!

Look us over, and be convinced.

Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry, etc., in profusion.

Carl. M. Cook,

Christmas, and other Holiday Goods
At CHARLES E. HALL'S New Store

FURNITURE,
FANCY ROCKERS, in Plush and Carpet,
New Patterns in Carpets and Rugs. Baskets of all kinds.
Woodenware, Hardware, and Tinware,
Valley Novelty Range, and Penn Franklin open grate Stoves.
We keep nothing but what we can recommend. Please call and
examine goods before purchasing.

C. E. HALL, cor. Bellevue and Central Aves.

GEORGE ELVINS
DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,
Agricultural Implements, etc., etc.
N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

M. L. Jackson Sells



All Vegetables in their Season.
His Wagons Run through the Town and Vicinity



\$2.60 for
South Jersey Republican
AND
Demarest's Monthly Magazine.

A WONDERFUL PUBLICATION.
Many suppose DEMAREST'S MONTHLY to be a fashion magazine. This is a great mistake. It undoubtedly contains the best Fashion Department of any magazine published, but this is the case from the fact that great enterprise and experience are shown, so that each department is equal to a magazine in itself. In Demarest's you get a dozen magazines in one, and secure amusement and instruction for the whole family. It contains Stories, Poems, and other literary attractions, including Artistic, Scientific, and Household matters, and is illustrated with original Steel Engravings, Photographs, Water-Colors, and Fine Woodcuts, making it the most MAGAZINE OF AMERICA.
Each copy contains a PATTERN ORDER entitling the holder to the selection of ANY PATTERN illustrated in any number of the Magazine, and in ANY OF THE SIGNS manufactured, each valued at from 10 cents to 50 cents, or over \$2.00 worth of patterns per year, free.
Early subscription, \$2.00. A trial will convince you that you can get ten times the value of the money paid. Single copies (each containing Pattern Order), 20 cents.
Published by W. JENNINGS DEMAREST, New York.
The above combination is a splendid chance to get our paper and Demarest's Monthly at special rate. Send your subscriptions to this office.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

[The following is from a poem, "The Grand Old Day," by Will Carlton, published in the Ladies' Home Journal for November.]

Come to dinner!—we are coming, we are coming, fat and spare!
Smell the sweet and savory music of the odors in the air!
Hear the dishes pet each other with a soft and gentle clash!
Feel the snow of loaflets broken—see the table sabers flash!
Let our palates climb the gamut of delight-producing taste—
Our interiors feel the pressure of provisions snugly placed;
Full of thanks and full of praises, full of conversation gay—
Full of every thing congenial, on the Grand Old Day!

Ah, the poor and sick and sorrowing! To our glad hearts be it known
That God never gave a blessing to be clenched and held alone!
Here are brothers, here are sisters, all entitled to their share—
We shall always have them with us—He hath put them in our care!
You who clutch at every mercy, and devote it to yourselves,
You are setting heavy treasures on the weakest kind of shelves.
You who take the wares of heaven and divide them while you may,
Will behold their value doubled on some Grand Old Day!

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following pupils have received an average of 90 in deportment, 80 or above in recitations, and have been regular in attendance, during the week ending Friday, Nov. 16th, 1888, and thereby constitute the

ROLL OF HONOR.

HIGH SCHOOL.
W. E. MATTHEWS, Principal.
Mamie Wood, Lilla Ruby, Leona Adams, Mabel Dorphley, Nellie Tudor, Samuel Berushouse, Harry Barker, Nettie Monfort, Richard Knight, Arthur Elliott, Chas. Moore, Lizzie Gross, Crowley Loveland, Willie Hoyt, Milly Jones, Sammy Newcomb, Etta Hall.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.
Miss Annie L. Weston, Teacher.
Mettie Tilton, Charlie Bradbury, John Baker, Daisy Mathis.

INTERMEDIATE.
Miss Susie L. Moore, Teacher.
Bertha Jones, Frank Tomlin, Berntha Matthews, Myrtle Smith, Harry Simons, Louis Langham, Charlie Hoffman, James Baker, Maggie Miller, Ada Cole, Harry Edson, Edward Elliott, Nellie Hurley, Harry Rutherford, Nellie Fitzpatrick, May Root.

PRIMARY.
Miss Nellie G. Fogg, Teacher.
Willie Simons, Harry Potter, Maud Wilson, Howard Bradbury, Aldus Wilbur, Gracie Thayer, Mary Burgess, Nick Mick, Richard Walter, Artie Potter, Katie Davis, Beulah Jones, Willie King, Louis Hartley, Addie Manulice, Raymond Wilde, Henry Whitten, Lydia Bowes, Roy Alexander, Willie Walther, Lora Stone, Clara Burgess, Charlie Laver, Morris Simons, Billie Mick, Joe Barber, Mary Laver, Alie Mick, Bertie King, Clie Lear, Richard Buzby, Conley Albertson, Clarence Wells, Addie Purdy, Louis Colwell, Willie Myers, Gora Warner, Sammy Albertson, Harry Walther, Amos Hurley, Louis Warner, Elwood Jones, Eddie Thayer, Johnny Myers, Joe Herbert.

LAKE SCHOOL.
Miss Sarah Crowell, Teacher.
[None.]

MAIN ROAD SCHOOL.
Miss Grace U. North, Teacher.
Chas. Campanella, Mary SanTonia, Jennie Hannum, Chas. Julliarino, George Parkhurst, Nicholas Julliarino, Albert Gay, Joseph Gross, Ida Keyser, Angelo Julliarino, Olie Adatos, John Lucca, Chas. Jenison, Grace Aiello, Chas. Slack, Nuttall Autzo.

MIDDLE ROAD SCHOOL.
Miss Clara E. Cavilleer, Teacher.
Robbie Farrar, Alfred Patton, Katie Garton, Paul Snow, Lillian Jacobs, Harry Roberts, Harry Jacobs, James Anderson.

MAGNOLIA SCHOOL.
Miss Carrie L. Carhart, Teacher.
Katy Rehman, Geo. Helser.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL.
Frank A. Cochran, Teacher.
Mary Plier, Willie Vapaman, John Abbott, Willie Plier, Jennie Stewart, Joseph Abbott, Willie Stewart.

ELM SCHOOL.
Miss Laura B. Dudley, Teacher.
Donald Chapman, Lewis Super.

STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.	Total on Roll.	Average Attendance.	Percentage Attendance.	Days of Absenteeism.	Change of Teachers.
1 High School.	70	65	93	15	10
2 Grammar Dep't.	41	32	85	44	18
3 Intermediate.	53	41	85	38	16
4 Primary.	91	81	89	30	9
Total Central.	255	221	87	157	53
5 Lake School.	31	23	84	40	14
6 Main Road.	66	62	79	71	5
7 Middle Road.	33	27	82	31	13
8 Magnolia.	21	21	77	34	12
9 Columbia.	37	17	45	101	1

Special Bargains

IN

Wall Papers.

During September, in order to make room for new goods, we will sell wall papers at greatly reduced prices.

We quote

Wall Papers at 3c., 7c., 11c., 12c., 14c., 17c. pr piece.
Borders, 1c. to 5c. per yard.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges.

We think in quality, quantity, neatness of style, prices, etc., our stock of Stoves, Ranges and Heaters has never been surpassed in Hammonton.

PRICES:

Heating Stoves, \$8, 9, 9.75, 11, \$13, 18, 18.50, 21, 23, 27.

Ranges, \$10, 13.50, 15, 16, 18, \$21, 22, 28.50.

Stoves, \$11, 14, 16, 18, 22.

Heaters, \$30 to \$175, according to size.

S. E. Brown & Co.

Notice.

Fresh arrival of

NEW GOODS

A fine line of

Dress Goods

In great variety.

Hosiery

In all styles and colors.

Handkerchiefs, Ribbons,

and Millinery Goods.

Groceries, Flour, Feed, Meats,
Hay and Wood.

AT

E. Stockwell's,

Hammonton Property For Sale.

A handsome residence on Bellevue Avenue, ten minutes walk from station, with large barn and other buildings; 24 acres of good land, all cultivated, mostly in fruit and berries. This will be divided, if desired.

Also—Seven acres on Liberty Street, in blackberries, in full bearing, and a good apple and pear orchard.

Also—3½ acres on Valley Avenue, in blackberries—full bearing.

Also—Ten acres on Myrtle Street,—8½ acres in fruit.

Also, Two valuable building lots on Bellevue Avenue, near the Presbyterian Church.

Also, Thirteen acres on Pine Road, 1½ acres in bearing grapes (Moore's Early), 3 acres in cranberries three yrs. old, 7 acres cedar timber.

Inquire of

D. L. POTTER, Hammonton.

Best Made
Clothing
In PHILAD'A for

MEN

A.C. YATES & Co.

6th and Chestnut Sts.,

Ledger Building.

Allen Brown Endicott,
Counselor-at-Law,

Real Estate and Law Building,
ATLANTIC CITY. N. J.

A. J. KING,
Resident Lawyer,
Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Insures in No. 1 companies, and at the lowest rates. Personal attention given to all business.

COAL YARD

Having purchased Mr. Geo. Elvins' coal business, I will be prepared to furnish THE BEST GRADES OF

COAL

In large or small quantities, at shortest notice, and at bottom prices for 2240 pounds to the Ton.

Your patronage solicited.

W. H. Bernshouse.

Office in Wm. Bernshouse's office.

A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
Conveyancer.

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

AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL
CONSULT
DR. LOBB
329 N. 10th St., below Cal. St., PHILA.
20 years experience in all special diseases. Specially treats those troubles which are chronic, etc. Write or visit. Address 329 N. 10th St., Philadelphia. Hours, 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 7 to 9 P.M. evenings. Dr. Lobb's office is on the 10th floor.

Because I Love You.

"I cannot bring you wealth," she said; "I cannot bring you fame or place. Among the notes of the race."

"But I can love you."

"When trials come to test you, sweet, I can be with you, and I will be with you. My kiss your precious lips shall moist, because I love you."

"When daylight dawns along the west, I can be with you, and I will be with you. And I shall sleep upon your breast, because I love you."

"If sickness comes, beside your bed I will be with you, and I will be with you. And I shall be with you, because I love you."

"As dew clings to the violet, Basking the fragrant calyx wet, So my life is an offering, because I love you."

"Only myself, my all, I bring; But count it sweet, a precious thing, To give my life to you, because I love you."

"I bow before no other shrine; If I go first across death's line, I will return to you, because I love you."

"My midnight visitant."

I had never been superstitious; I had always believed that the seemingly most supernatural occurrences of the phenomena which one could only make a little rational explanation. And yet, with all my skepticism, I was obliged to confess that there are occasional mysterious happenings which the keenest researches of wisdom cannot explain. One midnight I fell into a deep study on this subject. The place was a cozy room on the lower floor of a pretty country cottage.

I had purchased the property—the cottage and the inclosed grounds surrounding it—only a few weeks before. And for more than a year previous to that event it had been unoccupied. It had belonged in the past to a Mrs. Moray—a widow, who had resided there with an only child—a lovely daughter. The daughter, Ethel Moray, had been my affianced wife. But in a foolish moment we had differed about some trifle; the little difference had aggravated into a quarrel, and I was too stubborn; and so our engagement was canceled and we parted in anger and forever.

It is the little country village at once, and started for Europe. When I returned from my prolonged tour, I learned that Ethel was no longer among the living. Some months after my departure she and her mother had left the village. She had started with a yacht party for some point down the southern coast, and the yacht had gone down with all on board. Only a single seaman—stunned and half-drowned—had been rescued to bring the story of the doomed yacht back to the village. And so it happened that their old residence had been sold, and that I became possessor of the home which had been the home of my affianced wife, until the fatal day she joined the doomed yacht party. It was with a mournful satisfaction I settled myself in a place haunted by so many bitter-sweet memories.

"It is a superb little villa, and would be a bargain at double the price. Put some solar oil couple in the lamps, and you will have a capital resort of your own for your summer vacations, or for any time when you feel like leaving the city for a bit of hunting, fishing, or a breath of country air," said the real estate agent from whom I had bought it.

I had not yet succeeded in securing the villa, and the place, and in the meantime I had restored the grounds to order and had refurbished the cottage. The room I had selected for my study was the one which had been the parlor. I had desired to have everything as nearly as possible like what it was during the happy summer when I had met and loved the only woman I had ever loved, and the only woman I should ever love to love. With the exception of a narrow brass bedstead, canopyed with red velvet, and a roomy looking chair, the room was as I had desired to have it. It did not at last bitter day when we quarreled, and parted to meet again no more. Perhaps with so much to remind me of her, I need not have wondered that Ethel's presence sometimes seemed very near me.

"But that wouldn't account for the mysterious sounds of approaching and receding footsteps in the deep midnight, of whispers which seemed breathed through the lonely silence of the night, of the light upon my face pondered as I sat there on this particular night. For those were the sounds and fancies which had aroused me from my slumber, and which had led me to believe that I had been visited by the spirit of my affianced wife. I was no longer alone, that something was moving slowly and surely toward me."

On each occasion I had lain quite still, waiting breathlessly for the coming of—of I knew not what. On each occasion I had heard those ghostly footsteps moving slowly and steadily up the hall outside, pausing for a second at the door, then crossing the hall, and pausing again before my door. Then I could feel the light touch of lips, a sigh, a whisper would stir the air, and then the footsteps would turn, and steadily and slowly, until all was once more utter silence. But I had seen no shadow shape, no phantom presence—nothing but the moonlight beaming brightly across the space between the door and my bed.

On the first night of this extraordinary experience I was so vividly impressed with the power of some person

having really entered the room that I arose and inspected the fastenings of doors and windows. But I discovered nothing. I looked at my watch, and it was twelve. On several successive nights I did the same, but always with the same result. And still the vivid fancies—that vision of a woman—came and went; a mystery which vexed my philosophy, and one which the most persistent investigation failed to penetrate.

"I think I believe that it is my old one's spirit coming to me nightly, telling me that I am forgiven?" I asked myself, as I sat there pondering in my deep velvet chair, on that particular night when the poet's suggestive lines recurred to me.

My room was rather less than the ordinary sized parlor and directly opposite my chair was a long French glass window opening upon a narrow porch with a high ornamental railing. From the porch, a short flight of iron-railed steps descended to a walk bordered with tall rose-bushes. The heavy blue plush hangings of the door-window were drawn widely apart on either side, and a round and brilliantly-white moon, just swinging clear of the budding tree-tops, lighted the whole apartment with a radiance almost like day.

As I murmured that last question, without a sound of warning, a form and face flashed against the clear crystal of the window. The form was clothed from throat to feet in a shimmering white garment, a lustrous abundance of hair fell like a cloud of gold about the graceful shoulders and pallid face. And that ghostly-white face was the face of my Ethel, those great blue eyes, wild and staring, were hers and she was gazing straight upon me with a look which stopped my heart-beats, and which turning the blood in my veins to ice.

With a cry, I sprang to my feet, and with one stride reached the door. But the apparition was gone—gone as swiftly as it had appeared. I looked at my watch, and it was twelve. I looked at my door, and it was closed. I looked at my window, and it was open. I looked at my chair, and it was empty. I looked at my bed, and it was unoccupied. I looked at my door, and it was closed. I looked at my window, and it was open. I looked at my chair, and it was empty. I looked at my bed, and it was unoccupied.

Not a form in human shape was visible; there was no sound of any human thing moving. On either side of me stretched the smooth level lawn, green and drenched in the clear moonlight. There was no breeze stirring; the budding leaves about my head and the budding roses around me, were all motionless. I went the length of the path to the little iron gate opening upon the grounds, and without a sound, I stepped into the garden. I looked at my watch, and it was twelve. I looked at my door, and it was closed. I looked at my window, and it was open. I looked at my chair, and it was empty. I looked at my bed, and it was unoccupied.

As I stepped quickly to the lady's room, I saw my Ethel, her apparition, sitting in my own chair, with her white face and wild eyes, and with a scarlet fever flame burning on each cheek. Her hands were stretched pleadingly to Mrs. Hastings, who was bending over her, and as she spoke, I heard my darling's living voice, weak with illness as it was, saying, "What does it mean, Auntie?"

She was saying, "Every night, for nights and nights, I have been here and whispering to him that he was forgiven. Why did he not stay when I came to him just now? Why did he go away angry?"

"It was easy to understand that the poor child was delirious. And I knew at once she must have been frightened by my man, startled look as I sprang from my chair at her appearance, and that she had slipped into the room while I was searching through the grounds."

"My dear," Mrs. Hastings returned soothingly; "you have never been here before; you haven't been out of your bed for weeks. You were only dreaming that you saw him and spoke to him. And you must come with me, dear—perhaps he will call and see you in the morning."

I stepped across the room, put Mrs. Hastings gently aside, and took Ethel in my arms. Even in her delirium, the poor child seemed to understand that I was her mother, and she clung to me, and with a great sobbing cry, pressed to me like an over-wearied infant.

"It will be well with her now," kind Mrs. Hastings murmured with the tears raining over her cheeks. "She is better now, and it was well with her, indeed—well with us both."

Ethel had been saved from the shock of the vision by the half-drowned seaman a little later. But the shock of the terrible casualty and the melancholy fate of her mother, and a prolonged illness had succeeded; and it was months before she had gained sufficient strength to communicate with her mother, and to be able to see her relatives. Before she had done so, Mrs. Hastings—who of course would have been the only heir to the little property—had deemed best to sell the cottage.

Ethel rapidly recovered her health and strength, and not very long after I had my first ghostly visitant. And the marriage which had been the necessity of setting aside the sale of the cottage," Mrs. Hastings commented, humorously.

I still continued to occupy my solitary bachelor quarters in the house, until I brought home my beloved and lovely bride. But from the night of our singular reconciliation I was never again startled from sleep by mysterious

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"It is very strange," Ethel says, thoughtfully; "for every night, exactly as I have just told you, I have seen you exactly as you dreamed I did—only always in my dream dear mamma was not dead, and the room was still my room. I think I am forgiven?"

"Well, my love," I answered her, "I think we may say of human intelligence as far as that is concerned: 'Thus far shall thou come, and no farther.' There are certainly happenings sometimes which the wisest reasonings and deductions fail to explain. Perhaps in your fevered state you were looking away from your body for a little while and wandered across space to hold communion with mine."

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My room was rather less than the ordinary sized parlor and directly opposite my chair was a long French glass window opening upon a narrow porch with a high ornamental railing. From the porch, a short flight of iron-railed steps descended to a walk bordered with tall rose-bushes. The heavy blue plush hangings of the door-window were drawn widely apart on either side, and a round and brilliantly-white moon, just swinging clear of the budding tree-tops, lighted the whole apartment with a radiance almost like day.

As I murmured that last question, without a sound of warning, a form and face flashed against the clear crystal of the window. The form was clothed from throat to feet in a shimmering white garment, a lustrous abundance of hair fell like a cloud of gold about the graceful shoulders and pallid face. And that ghostly-white face was the face of my Ethel, those great blue eyes, wild and staring, were hers and she was gazing straight upon me with a look which stopped my heart-beats, and which turning the blood in my veins to ice.

With a cry, I sprang to my feet, and with one stride reached the door. But the apparition was gone—gone as swiftly as it had appeared. I looked at my watch, and it was twelve. I looked at my door, and it was closed. I looked at my window, and it was open. I looked at my chair, and it was empty. I looked at my bed, and it was unoccupied.

Not a form in human shape was visible; there was no sound of any human thing moving. On either side of me stretched the smooth level lawn, green and drenched in the clear moonlight. There was no breeze stirring; the budding leaves about my head and the budding roses around me, were all motionless. I went the length of the path to the little iron gate opening upon the grounds, and without a sound, I stepped into the garden. I looked at my watch, and it was twelve. I looked at my door, and it was closed. I looked at my window, and it was open. I looked at my chair, and it was empty. I looked at my bed, and it was unoccupied.

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She was saying, "Every night, for nights and nights, I have been here and whispering to him that he was forgiven. Why did he not stay when I came to him just now? Why did he go away angry?"

"It was easy to understand that the poor child was delirious. And I knew at once she must have been frightened by my man, startled look as I sprang from my chair at her appearance, and that she had slipped into the room while I was searching through the grounds."

"My dear," Mrs. Hastings returned soothingly; "you have never been here before; you haven't been out of your bed for weeks. You were only dreaming that you saw him and spoke to him. And you must come with me, dear—perhaps he will call and see you in the morning."

I stepped across the room, put Mrs. Hastings gently aside, and took Ethel in my arms. Even in her delirium, the poor child seemed to understand that I was her mother, and she clung to me, and with a great sobbing cry, pressed to me like an over-wearied infant.

"It will be well with her now," kind Mrs. Hastings murmured with the tears raining over her cheeks. "She is better now, and it was well with her, indeed—well with us both."

Ethel had been saved from the shock of the vision by the half-drowned seaman a little later. But the shock of the terrible casualty and the melancholy fate of her mother, and a prolonged illness had succeeded; and it was months before she had gained sufficient strength to communicate with her mother, and to be able to see her relatives. Before she had done so, Mrs. Hastings—who of course would have been the only heir to the little property—had deemed best to sell the cottage.

Ethel rapidly recovered her health and strength, and not very long after I had my first ghostly visitant. And the marriage which had been the necessity of setting aside the sale of the cottage," Mrs. Hastings commented, humorously.

I still continued to occupy my solitary bachelor quarters in the house, until I brought home my beloved and lovely bride. But from the night of our singular reconciliation I was never again startled from sleep by mysterious

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Just Received.

A Car-load of
Choice Chester County

Timothy
HAY.

Dry Goods
Groceries,
Provisions,

P. S. TILTON & SON.

GO TO
Wm. Bernshouse's
Lumb'r Yard

For all kinds of
Lumber, Mill-work,
Window-glass,
Brick, Lime, Cement,
Plaster, Hair, Lath, etc.

Light Fire Woods
For Summer use.

We manufacture
Berry-Crates & Chests
Of all kinds. Also,
Cedar Shingles.

We have just received our Spring
stock of goods.
C. a very nice
Pennsylvania Hemlock
At Bottom Prices. Manufacture our
own Flooring. Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

Our specialty, this Spring, will
be full frame orders.

Your patronage solicited.

JOHN ATKINSON,
Tailor,

Has opened a shop in Rutherford's Block
Hammoncton. J
Garments made in the best manner.
Scouring and Repairing promptly done.
Rates reasonable. Satisfaction guaran-
teed in every case.

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

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

L. W. COGLEY,
Hammoncton, N. J.

J. S. THAYER,
Contractor & Builder
Hammoncton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates
furnished. Jobbing promptly
attended to.

Lumber for Sale.
Also, First and Second Quality Shingles

Heaters
Furnished and Repaired.

Shop on Vine Street, near Union Hall.
Charges Reasonable.
P. O. Box 53.

NOW READY
AT THE

The Bellevue Nursery

Tomatoes.—Ely's King of the
Earlies,
10 days earlier than any other variety.
A little later,
The Mikado,
Unsurpassed in size and quality.

In Bedding Plants, I have, besides
Zonal Geraniums, Fuchsias, Salvias,
Colums, Vincas, etc., 1000 plants of that
finest of all light foliage plants, "Mad.
Sallor Geranium," and offer it at a
price within the reach of all who want
a fine border plant.

I have also still left a few hundred
Chrysanthemums of the choicest varie-
ties, and some choice Roses.

Out Flowers.

The demand here will not warrant an
expedition of thousands of dollars in
growing Orchids and other expensive
flowers, but I intend to have at all
times something for cutting which is
both beautiful and fragrant.

A Novelty.

We have sown seed of ten varieties of
Ornamental Foliage Beets, which are
represented as very fine, and will offer
plants of them when ready.

I have a good stock of strong Tube-
rose Bulbs.

WM. F. BASSETT.

For Rent.—A comfortable residence
near Rosedale Station,—would suit a
poultry man. Also, a large building,
50x50 feet, with large cellar. Apply on
the premises.
Wm. J. Elderly.

For Sale.—Store building lot, on the
T. & E. Tilton place, Bellevue Avenue,
Hammoncton, N. J. Apply to
WM. RUTHERFORD.

HO!
FOR THE

"Old Reliable!"

Please don't forget that a general
assortment of

Bread,—Cakes,—Pies,

Fruits
AND

Confectionery

May still be found in great variety
and abundant in quantity at

Packer's Bakery.

G. VALENTINE
IS THE ONLY

RESIDENT
UNDERTAKER.

Ready to attend to all calls, day or night.
Can furnish anything in this line there is
in the market, at lowest prices. Mr.
Hood's residence is on Peach St., next to
C. P. Hill's.

Orders left at Chas. Simons Livery will
receive prompt attention.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—7000 feet of wire
netting, new and second hand; or will
exchange it for yellow-legged fowls,
pigeons, or useful articles.

Dr. G. D. JOHNSON,
Hammoncton, N. J.

The Republican.
[Entered as second class matter.]

HAMMONCTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.
SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1888.

Newspaper Decisions.

Any person who takes a paper regularly
from the office,—whether directed to his name
or another's, or whether he has subscribed or
not,—is responsible for the payment.
If a person orders his paper discontinued he
must pay for the current issue, or the publisher
will continue to send until payment is made, and
collect the whole amount, whether the paper
is taken from the office or not.
The courts have decided that retaining the
newspapers and periodicals from the
postoffice or removing and leaving them un-
called for, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud.

The Republican party has not won
twenty years of power. It has not won
four years and no more. Whether it
shall have more depends upon itself and
its conduct. It has, indeed, great
opportunities and great prospective ad-
vantages. The Democratic party has
made it easy to improve the civil ser-
vice and the administration of affairs.
It is an excellent party to follow. It is
impossible for the Republican party to
do so badly that it will not be an im-
provement on the Democracy. One of
the greatest advantages the Republi-
cans have will be that of contrast.
But even that will not relieve the party
from doing the best it can. It must do,
not merely comparatively, but positively
well, and if superlatively, so much the
better.

In New Jersey, while the Democrats
carried the State by 6728 plurality on
the presidential vote they have only
2733 plurality on the congressional vote.
The total vote shows also that the Re-
publicans cast 1394 more votes for con-
gressmen than they did for president,
while the Democratic poll on congress-
men was 2901 less than on president.
So it will have to be admitted that the
tariff was a strong factor in the New
Jersey contest and that nothing but the
liquor vote in Hudson and Essex Coun-
ties prevented the state from going to
Harrison.

There is no comfort for the Free trad-
ers to be found in the vote of this state.
It was swamped in the determination of
the saloons to be re-opened on the Re-
publican party for the passage of the
High License and Local Option law.
Hudson County, which includes Jersey
City and where the liquor interest reigns
supreme, gave Cleveland 8036 plurality,
or 1308 more plurality than he had in
whole state. The returns from the
counties make it evident that when New
Jersey frees itself from the control of
the saloon it will stand in the Protection
column.

Colonel Henry Watterson and others
are anxious that every Democrat shall
be turned out of office just as soon as
President Harrison is inaugurated. Of
course it is not absolutely certain that
any such thing will be done, but if we
were in Colonel Watterson's place we
shouldn't give ourselves any anxiety
over the matter.

The Hon. Eugene Higgins has filed
his expert opinion on the election, in
which he concludes that Mr. Cleveland's
defeat was caused by too much civil
service reform. This recalls the school
boys composition on pins, in which he
said: "Many people have been saved
from death by pins,—by not swallowing
them."

The annual report of the Post-office
Department shows that more than half
the deficit caused by two cent postage
has been wiped out. Before President
Harrison's Administration is over it
will have disappeared and the coun-
try can take the next step to one cent
postage by a Republican Congress.

Your Uncle Terrence Powderly is
still considerable of a boss among the
Knights of Labor. They who have been
telling us that this particular Knight
has had his day; see now that they were
dreadfully mistaken.

The United States Minister at Hayti
advised the captain of the American
steamer Hattie Republic, which was
seized by the Haytian Prize Court, not
to surrender the vessel.

The diocesan board of the Scranton
Catholic T. A. B. Society has decided to
prosecute the employees of the Lo-
high Valley Railroad responsible for the
Mud Run disaster.

In spite of Democratic claims Senator
Quay sees no reason to revise the figures
as to the probable Republican majority
of from five to seven and possibly nine
in the next House.

General Goff's official majority for
Governor of West Virginia is now de-
clared to be 159.

Who will Respond?

HAMMONCTON, Nov. 22, '88.

Editor Republican:—Knowing you as
an advocate of right and righteousness,
law and order, I wish to tell your read-
ers something. On the night of Nov. 6,
there came a party of young men onto
the front stoop of my house, after dark,
and took away two barrels, one a good
pickling barrel which I intended to use,
the other containing kindling-wood.
Not having outbuildings, this stoop was
my only place to shelter these things.
I have traveled from Maine to the
Pacific, and never before witnessed such
an outrage, and that upon a poor old
soldier. The parties are known, but I
shall not mention names, for I also was
enthusiastic at the birth of this grand
party. I then lived in Illinois, and took
part in procession in St. Louis. The
pro-slavery party of those days treated
us with all the meanness they dared.
If you will consider the necessity of
the case, and cause to be delivered a
load of hard wood, it will be thankfully
received. Respectfully,
JACOB D. JONES.

Last week we published a short
item explaining why we republished the
official election returns, not dreaming of
displeasing any one, especially one to
whom we were indebted for favors.
Mr. J. C. Anderson has kindly fur-
nished these figures for two years, and
accepted no compensation but thanks,
which we gave him heartily, in private,
and now do so publicly.

We tried to see the Republican
parade, in Philadelphia, last Saturday
night, and succeeded only partially. It
was a grand sight,—twenty thousand
men in line, and ten times that number
crowding the sidewalks nearly the entire
length of Broad Street, with balconies,
windows, and roofs covered with inter-
ested spectators, and the air filled with
colored lights and fire-works.

We have made arrangements by
which we may be able to benefit our
subscribers occasionally. That is, we
will receive subscriptions for almost any
paper or magazine published at club
rates. For example, we can furnish
Harpers' Weekly, or Monthly, Frank
Leslies, Puck, or Judge (each of them
\$4 per year) at \$3.50 each. There are
thousands of papers on our list; come
and see. On most of the \$1 weeklies
we cannot make any reduction, but we
can save your postage and the expense
of forwarding money.

Chairman Quay will not under any
circumstances be a member of President
Harrison's cabinet. He authorizes the
statement that he favors Mr. Wam-
maker's appointment to the Postmaster
Generalship or any other cabinet posi-
tion he may want.

The Democrats of New Jersey talk of
gerrymandering the Assembly and
Senatorial districts to keep the party in
power.

The Interstate bill, as it is, will have
the strongest sort of support in Congress
if it once comes to be better understood
that the railroads dislike its working
because it leads to low rates.

The United States Supreme Court de-
cided that creditors of a dead man can
not seize his life insurance when the
policy is made payable to the widow or
children.

A suit against the North River Sugar
Refining Company, to dissolve the cor-
poration for joining the Sugar Trust,
was begun in the New York Supreme
Court.

The tariff will be revised, not destroy-
ed. The Republican idea is that a few
crooked joints, or a hole or two in the
roof of a house, do not call for the de-
struction of the building.

The Abbott and McPherson factions,
in their fight for United States sena-
torship, are joined by a third claimant
in the person of Mr. Winfield, of Hudson,
who is befriended by Ex-Senator Blodgett.

The King Locomotive Works of New
York are fitting up shops at Borden-
town, to which they will remove.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite
is poor, you are bothered with headache,
you are listless, nervous, and generally
out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace
up, but not with stimulants, spring medi-
cines, or bitter pills, but with a bottle of
cheap but whiskey, which stimulates you
for an hour and then leave you in worse
condition than before. What you want is
an alternative that will purify your blood,
start healthy action of liver and kidneys,
restore your vitality, and give renewed
health and strength. Such a medicine you
will find in Bilebe's Bitters, and only 50
cents a bottle at Cochrans' drug store.

Building Lots.—On Third and
Prest Streets, Hammoncton,—large size,
good location. Bargains, if sold soon.
Call on
H. L. TILTONS.

D. F. LAWSON,
CONTRACTOR AND
BUILDER
Hammoncton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Esti-
mates furnished
JOBBER promptly attended to.

COAL.

Best Lehigh Coal for sale from
yard, at lowest prices, in
any quantity.

Orders for coal may be left at P. S.
Tilton & Son's store. Coal should be
ordered one day before it is needed.
GEO. F. SAXTON.

J. MURDOCH,
MANUFACTURER OF
SHOES.

Ladies' Men's and Children's
Shoes made to order.

Boys' Shoes a Specialty.

Repairing Neatly Done.

A good stock of shoes of all kinds
always on hand.

First floor—Small's Block,
Hammoncton. : : N. J.

Consumption

Can be Cured!

By the use of

**Crescent
Cough
Cordial,**

If taken in time. Or, perhaps, it would
be better to say there would be no such
thing as Consumption, in most cases, if
care were taken to relieve the first
symptoms of lung troubles; and for the
purpose nothing can beat

Crescent Cough Cordial.

A. W. COCHRAN, Druggist,
Hammoncton, N. J.

The People's Bank
Of Hammoncton, N. J.
Capital, \$50,000.

R. J. BYRNES, President.

M. L. JACKSON, Vice-Pres't

W. R. TILTON, Cashier.

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R. J. Byrnes,
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D. L. Potter,
T. J. Smith,
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Edw. Whiffen,
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Z. U. Matthews,
P. S. Tilton.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Dr. J. A. Waas,
RESIDENT
DENTIST,
HAMMONCTON, N. J.

Office Days,—Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
GAS ADMINISTERED—50 Cts.

No charge for extracting with gas, when
teeth are ordered.

Notice to Creditors.

Andrew J. King, Executor of DeWitt C. Stocking,
deceased, by direction of the Surrogate of the County
of Atlantic, hereby gives notice to the creditors of the
said DeWitt C. Stocking, to bring in their claims
against the estate of said deceased, under oath, within
three months from the date of this notice, or they will be
forever barred of any action thereon against the said
estate. Dated July 24th, A. D. 1888.
A. J. KING, Executor.

G. M. CROWELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Hammoncton, N. J.

Office at Residence, Bellevue Avenue
near Fourth Street.

The Republican.
SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1888.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Our Terms.—Our subscription price
to all within the county is One Dollar
per year if paid in advance. If not paid
within the first two months, \$1.25 per
year, invariably. To subscribers outside
of this county always \$1.25 in advance—
as we are compelled to wrap papers and
propay postage.

Council meeting to-night.

More new stoves at C. E. Hall's.

The Bank will be closed on
Thanksgiving Day.

The interior of our County Court
House is to be remodeled.

Bargains in overcoats and suits
at Fruit Growers' Union.

Russell Post, G. A. R., will have
a camp-fire early in January.

Call and take a look at those lovely
plush rockers, at C. E. Hall's.

There is talk of a new stage line
between Absecon and Port Republic.

Mrs. Tomlin is having her resi-
dence (including the Bank) repaired.

Mr. Edward Bowles, the doctor's
eldest son, visited his parents this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilson
visited Washington, D. C., this week.

Lost, on the street, Tuesday, a belt
from a boy's coat. Leave at this office.

A neat parlor stove for sale—very
little used. Inquire at the REPUBLICAN
office.

We saw three fine ducks which
were shot on Tuesday, on the Mullica
River.

Capt. Wm. B. Sooy has rented
W. A. Faunce's house, on Horton
Street.

A new lot of wash-stands, chil-
dren's chairs, and towel racks, at C. E.
Hall's.

Fruit Growers' Union store will
be closed next Thursday, "Thankgiv-
ing Day."

Mr. George H. Long and family
have moved to Atlantic City. We are
sorry for it.

Alex. Aiken will build an addi-
tion to the Arnout House. Mr. Thayer
has the contract.

The Baptist Sunday School has
its committee appointed to prepare a
Christmas celebration.

Almon J. Potter, of Pleasant-
ville, is learning the jewelry business,
with Mr. Carl M. Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Packard
are "at home" in their new residence,
Second and Grape Streets.

The Post-office will be open on
Thanksgiving Day from 7 to 10 o'clock
A. M., and from 4 to 6:30 P. M.

The Spiritualist Society are hav-
ing a large horse shed built at Union
Hall. Mr. W. A. Flood is doing the
work.

Wednesday morning brought the
first real cold of the season. Ice was
formed, and mercury stood among the
twenties.

A full line of Rubber goods,—
men's coats, leggings, caps, etc., also
boys' and ladies' goods, at Fruit Grow-
ers' Union.

Mr. B. Warrington and family
have moved back to Hammoncton, and
occupy one of their own houses, on Sec-
ond Street.

The Commissioners of Appeals in
cases of taxation will meet in Council
Room next Tuesday, the 27th, at ten
o'clock A. M.

The total cost of Robert Elder's
trial was less than \$250,—probably the
least expensive murder trial ever held
in this state.

Rumored, that the paper mills at
Weymouth, which have been idle for
two or three years, are soon to begin
business again.

All those wanting turkeys for
Thanksgiving will please leave their
orders at Jackson's by Monday, or
early Tuesday morning.

Mrs. L. W. Cogley returned, last
Saturday, after spending several weeks
very pleasantly with friends in New
York state and upper Jersey.

Mr. Woolley is fitting up Odd Fel-
lows' Hall. The Lodge hopes to have
the furniture moved in time to hold next
meeting in Hammoncton.

A dispatch from Trenton states that
the resolution of the Lodge to move to
Hammoncton has been approved by the
Grand Lodge.

The Republican.
SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1888.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

The cold wave is one of the close
fitting variety. It has a sunny face,
but its heart is colder than the cheap
brands of charity.

Mr. J. A. Schadt was in town
for a few days, disposing of his furniture
and settling accounts. He has a good
position on the Graphic, in New York
City.

Plenty of city sports in this sec-
tion, with fancy dogs and expensive
guns; but there are not rabbits enough
to go around, and empty game-bags are
common.

The next quarterly examination
of teachers, and the next Teachers'
Association, will be held in the school
house at Hammoncton to-day (Saturday)
Nov. 24th.

St. Mark's Church, Sunday next
before Advent, Nov. 25th, 1888. Holy
Communion at 7:30 A. M. Morning
Prayer, Litany, and Sermon at 10:30.
Evening Prayer at 8:30 P. M. Sunday
School 2:30.

Miss Clara Boyd and Miss Nettie
VanName (singer) evangelists, are as-
sisting Pastor Lawrence in special meet-
ings at the Methodist Church. The in-
terest is increasing, and blessed results
are likely to follow.

A petition was circulated this
week, and signed by many of our citi-
zens, asking the Board of Pardoners to
commute the sentence of Robert Elder
to imprisonment for life. The Board
will meet next Monday.

The Tax Collector will be in his
office, over the Post-office, every Mon-
day, Wednesday, and Friday evening
during December, for the accommoda-
tion of those having business with him.
Office open every day, of course.

Dr. H. E. Bowles received a letter
which read as follows:

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 8, '88.
Dear Doctor: "Shake."
Yours truly,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

A NEW SERIES.—The Hammoncton
Loan and Building Association will
open a new series of stock (eighteenth)
at the next meeting, Dec. 6th. Mem-
bers are requested to hand their books
to the Secretary for the annual exami-
nation.

The curbing along Bellevue will
soon be declared a nuisance if sidewalks
are not graded according to the Town
ordinance. In many places the water
cannot run off, or runs the wrong way,
and pools form which pedestrians find
troublesome to avoid.

Mr. J. P. Patten showed us a
radish, grown on his farm, which weighs
half twenty pounds, and resembles in
shape nothing else on earth, or under
the earth. It has another which
weighed forty-five pounds. Verily, Jer-
sey soil is not barren.

The Slaterhood Branch of the
Order of Iron Hall, No. 669, is steadily
increasing in numbers. They have paid
to their members ninety dollars in sick
benefits. The Branch meets in Red
Men's Hall on the first and third Mon-
day evenings of each month.

At the public sale, last Saturday,
eighteen shares of the People's Bank
stock were offered for sale, upon which
thirty-six dollars had been paid. The
bid was lively, and \$45 was the
price received,—a premium of twenty-
five per cent. on the amount paid in.

Isaac Naylor seems to be particu-
larly unfortunate. He has worked but
a few weeks since recovering from a
severe injury. On Tuesday, at the
Bernshouse mill, a broken belt struck
him on the left hand and arm, breaking
the bones of his little finger and hand,
and bruising him badly.

The Grand Army Post has re-
ceived an invitation to visit the Atlantic
City Post next Tuesday evening, the
27th, and there meet the Department
Commander, Gen. E. Burd Grubb. At
their meeting, last Saturday night, the
Post resolved to accept this invitation,
and will take the express train on the
Reading Road.

Numerous post-office robberies
have occurred recently, especially in the
neighborhood of Philadelphia; and all
officials have been directed to exercise
great care, and to watch every stranger
who may appear. Other business places
have been visited, showing that the
annual influx of tramps and outlaws
has begun. Look out for them.

List of unclaimed letters remaining
in the Post Office at Hammoncton, N. J.,
Saturday, Nov. 24th, 1888:

A. McGee,
Mr. J. C. Mettler,
Mrs. Mary Smith.

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

CHAS. F. OSGOOD, P. M.]

A large audience assembled in
the Baptist Church, Tuesday evening,
to hear the lecture by Mrs. S. J. C.
Downs, President of the New Jersey
State Women's Christian Temperance
Union. She is a motherly-looking lady,
past middle age, with a pleasant voice,
and is thoroughly in earnest in her tem-
perance work. The meeting was opened
with a hymn, prayer by Rev. E. M.
Ogden, reading of a Psalm by Rev. H.
R. Randall, and singing "Stand up for
Jesus." The speaker was introduced by
Mrs. Randall, President of the local
Union. Mrs. Downs spoke for over an
hour and a quarter, giving us the origin
of the W. C. T. U., an outline of its
history, a statement of its aims, its dis-
couragements, and its successes; also
some details of its plans and methods of
work. The organization now numbers
over 300,000 members. Its object, she
told us, is "to educate the people up to
the standard of total abstinence, and to
the necessity of a legal prohibition of
the liquor traffic

THE CULTURE OF GRAPES.

A new industry in Chautauqua County.

There has sprung into prominence in the past few years an industry which is very sure to give Chautauqua county a more extended reputation than has been earned by the products of her dairies, and that is the raising of grapes and the making of wine. The towns of Hanover, Sheridan, Portland, Westfield, Ripley and Portmet for the most part, occupy the territory extending back from Lake Erie from one and a half to three miles to the hills which geologists are composed of the debris deposited during the glacial period by the icebergs of the last ice age which scooped out the Lake Erie basin. For a good while this level strip of land usually denominated the "Lake Shore," has been noted for the fruits it raised, but not until a very few years has the grape culture overshadowed all others, while the two seasons preceding the present one were the first when the growers organized and made heavy shipments. This year the grape crop will sell for fully \$750,000, and the profits are large. The soil does not have as much to do with the quality of the grapes as the fact that Lake Erie on the north and the high hills on the south serve to keep off the frosts until late, allowing the fruit to mature slowly but very perfectly. Since the craze of planting for grapes began it has been found that land which for general agricultural purposes was not worth over \$10 or \$15 per acre is now a good investment at \$1000 or more, while whole farms are held at three times that price per acre.

A score of years ago when a man named Harris came from England and founded a "community" at Brockton, in the township of Portland, about midway on the Lake Shore Railroad from Buffalo to Erie, he saw the adaptability of the region for the culture of the grape and began a vineyard, which has since become famous, and the reputation of which would have become still more extended but for the disruption of the settlement. But the start made at that time has given Brockton the lead in grape growing, and it is now the recognized center of the industry, with the only vine cellars and the largest shipping station. In the township of Portland there are now 3000 acres devoted to grapes, and the yield under careful management is from three to eight tons per acre. The Concord is the standard grape, and probably seven-tenths of all the grapes grown on the large plantations are for transportation and can be preserved for months. But the Niagara is a favorite variety, while all the grapes require much care, especially in the early part of the season, more than the usual time and labor are spent on the Niagara, some of the growers even going to the extreme of tying paper bags over the bunches when partly grown to prevent bruising and mildew. To a stranger the sight of a 10-acre lot of grape vines bearing brown paper bags is enough to excite the risibilities. In one vineyard this season 20,000 of these bags were thus used.

The harvesting of the grape crop is the period of anxiety for the vinecultivist, and, like the low grower, he brings all the force possible into service—literally, "his sisters and his cousins, and his aunts." When the harvest is about to begin the housewife cooks many times the usual quantity of food, and until the vines are well rubbed of their bunches of fruit little attention is paid to creature comforts. From early in the morning until dusk the vineyards swarm with pickers, and the bunches are carefully clipped from the stalks and packed in baskets or trays, some of them being wrapped in tissue paper to insure their reaching market in the best possible condition. Only the small and imperfect bunches are sent to the wine cellars. The markets for the grapes are principally in the West, Chicago taking the bulk of the product, and car after car at the principal stations is packed full of the delicious fruit, the shipping being done mainly by associations which employ their shippers and salesmen. The price paid this season on an average has been \$45 per ton. The yield this year is the largest in the history of the county.

The wine cellars at Brockton have a storage capacity of about 90,000 gallons and are not large enough to meet the demands of the trade, as several of the Western railways are using the vines in their buffet cars and station refreshment rooms. Lawrence Olinhart was at one time connected with the Harris community in Portland, and on his visit to this country last spring he pronounced the Brockton vines of the highest quality and took to his English home a large supply of them, from which excellent wines have been received. The wines sell at from one to several dollars per gallon. Some of the

grape growers whose temperance principles prevent their selling refuse bunches to the cellars send the juice and preserve it, and the beverage would be of no consequence, while the natives esteem it highly.

Picking begins about the middle of September and continues through October. Probably between 200 and 300 cars will be filled with grapes from the vineyards of the lake shore towns this season, and the profits are so liberal that every farmer who has a thrifty vineyard will be able to give his daughter a piano or his equivalent next Christmas. For profit, grape growing exists far in the shade of everything which Chautauqua county farmers have yet endeavored to take from mother earth.

THE LONDON BUS.

Space Allowance for Each Passenger—Regulations—The Driver.

Omnibus service in London is excellent, although the rate of fare is ridiculously low, the London General Omnibus company, which controls most of the omnibuses in London, last year declared a dividend of 10 per cent. Some omnibuses have three horses abreast, and are licensed to carry forty-two passengers—twenty inside and twenty-two outside. It is part of a policeman's duty to watch omnibuses and see that they do not carry more than the licensed number, and they perform this duty with considerable zeal. Each passenger is allowed sixteen inches of space, and as a rule every Londoner will insist on his sixteen inches.

The rate of omnibus fare is something like a penny (two cents) a mile on some lines and less than that on others. You can ride from the Albert Hotel in Hyde Park, eastward, to Regent Circus, nearly two miles, for two cents, but there is also a halfpenny bus. From Charing Cross to over Westminster bridge, you can ride for one cent, in fact that sum is the only fare charged on this line. The vehicle carries just ten passengers, so that the company receives ten cents for each trip. The buses start full from each terminus and seldom pick up passengers on the way.

Omnibus drivers receive \$10.50 a week, excellent wages for men of their class. It has often been said that the best way to see London—from its streets, buildings and its people, from an outdoor point of view, is to get on the top of an omnibus. Omnibus drivers are a good natured, jolly set of fellows, and by no means do they lack intelligence. They see a very great deal of human nature from their elevated position in life, and they learn much. If you get on a box seat, next to the driver, and you desire information or entertainment on the way, you will find the driver very willing to accommodate you, but polite as he is you need not fear that you offer an insult if you offer a "tip" in his hand. He expects it. He augments his salary to a fair extent in this way. He saves choice seats for the regular riders, and they "remember" him occasionally.

St. Petersburg's Sidewalks and Climate.

One of the most extraordinary things about St. Petersburg is the unevenness of the sidewalks. It must surely be accounted for by a reaction against the prevailing flatness of Russia. Even in leading thoroughfares the sidewalks, instead of being made, as with us, as level as possible, abound in the most treacherous ups and downs. How drunken men survive a walk through the streets is to me an unsolved mystery. In Middleborough it used to be professedly said that the Quakers, who laid out the town, purposely elevated the sidewalk a couple of feet above the roadway in some of the streets in order to break the necks of drunks. Possibly a similar benevolent motive prompted the construction of the trottoirs of the Russian capital. People get used to anything, and after a week in the city you become so accustomed to the sudden shifting of gradient as hardly to notice their existence. In the same way you become accustomed to the drink, who sit "facing outside the door of every public building or tenement house. At first nothing seems more monstrous than the presence of this sheepskin-clad mortal at the door of your hotel, motionless and somnolent all through the night, but after a while you cease to notice him. He is supposed to be a substitute for police, and, as he survives the winter, he may be supposed not to feel the frosty nights of a Russian spring. The weather was extremely capricious during the early part of May. A bright warm sun in the morning might be followed by piercing winds, with sleet and snow in the afternoon. It was never safe to stir abroad without an overcoat. Natives admonished me solemnly, as if I had been manifestly bent on suicide, because I left wine at home whenever the sun shone. Every one wore a topcoat in St. Petersburg till well into

A tribe in the palm region of the Amazon cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up round the edges by some native process makes an excellent cradle, and now and then it is made to do service as a bath tub.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

THE COVENANT RENEWED.

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THE COVENANT RENEWED.

What mean these things? . . . Israel came over this Jordan (Josh. 4: 21, 22).

Abraham . . . called the pillar after his own name (2 Sam. 8: 18).

III. The People Dismissed.

Joshua sent the people away, every man unto his inheritance (28).

So Joshua blessed the people, and sent them away (Josh. 23: 6).

Israel went every man unto his inheritance (Judg. 2: 6).

And he departed from them at that time, and they went every man unto his own house (Josh. 23: 6).

"Joshua wrote these words." (1)

"That they might not be forgotten;" (2)

"That they might not be perverted;" (3)

"That they might be obedient;" (4)

"That they might be obedient."

LESSON TOPIC: Recepting the Service.

1. The Character of Jehovah, vs. 1-2.

2. The Voice of Israel, vs. 1-2.

3. The Voice of Israel, vs. 1-2.

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89. The Voice of Israel, vs. 1-2.

90. The Voice of Israel, vs. 1-2.

What mean these things? . . . Israel came over this Jordan (Josh. 4: 21, 22).

Abraham . . . called the pillar after his own name (2 Sam.

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