

South Jersey Republican

Hoyt & Sons, Publishers.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

VOL. 32.

HAMMONTON, N. J., DECEMBER 1, 1894.

NO. 48

Prepare for the Holidays

By seeing
GEORGE ELVINS'
Stock of
Groceries
and
Dry Goods

Everything for the
Stomach's sake,
and
Something for
the Back

A complete Dinner—from Soup
to Dessert—including
Fine Dinner Sets
to serve it in.
Turkeys.
Celery.
New Hams.
Imported and Domestic
Pickles.
Choice Layer Raisins.
Candied Citron.
Gold Medal Currants.
Lemon and Orange Peel.
"None Such" and
"First Prize"
Mince Meat.
Plum Puddings.

AT ELVINS'
Bellevue Ave. & Main Road.

Chase & Sanborn's
(Boston)
Imported, Roasted,
and Packed

COFFEES!
Guaranteed.

For sale by
P. S. TILTON & Co.
Hammonton.

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

Lumbersawed to order.
Orders received by mail promptly filled.
Prices Low.

Frank C. Hartshorn,
PRACTICAL
HOUSE PAINTER,
Hammonton, N. J.
Satisfaction guaranteed on all work.
Orders by mail attended to.

In these days of

Very Hard Cash
(we mean hard to get)
we have adopted the plan
of
Giving Things Away

Come in, and we'll tell you
how we do it.

Likely you have heard some-
thing about "None Such"
Mince Meat lately.

We have it now in stock.
Don't give it away exactly, but
very near it when we give
you enough to make three
three pies for 10 cents.

New Crop New Orleans
Molasses,
Finest quality.
Low Prices.

Frank E. Roberts,
Grocer, 2nd St.

BOOTS and SHOES
All kinds and makes.
The Best and Cheapest
In the market.

Shoes made to measure.
Repairing of all kinds done.

D. C. HERBERT.

GEO. STEELMAN,
For twenty-four years
in Philadelphia,
has opened a

Tailor Shop
In Black's Building.

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

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

Real Estate & Insurance Agt
HAMMONTON, N. J.

Insurance placed only in the most
reliable companies.

Deeds, Leases, Mortgages, Etc.
Carefully drawn.

OCEAN TICKETS

and from all ports of Europe. Corres-
pondence solicited.

Send a postal card order for a true
sketch of Hammonton.

There will be no "rump Senate" next
January, nor an attempt to organize
one. The people settled that at the
polls.

Senator Harris of Tennessee is deter-
mined to pass those "pop gun" tariff
bills this winter. Maybe the Republi-
cans will have a word or two to say
about that.

The Democrats are predicting that
the large Republican majority in the
Legislature will lead to extreme action
that will do damage to the party. It is
to be hoped that the Republican Legis-
lature will have as much common sense
as the criticism implies our opponents
to be possessed of. But doesn't the
prophecy stand second to the wish?

After a protracted, and what seemed
to most people wholly unnecessary delay,
the Supreme Court on Tuesday rendered
a decision ousting the Democratic Board
of Freeholders in Camden County and
investing the Republican Board with
full power and authority in the manage-
ment of the county's affairs.

There will be just thirteen Democrats
in the next House of Representatives
from the twenty-nine Northern States.
Thirteen is certainly an unlucky number
for the Democracy.

Senator Voorhees is said to have de-
termined upon putting his elective
judiciary bill through the Legislature if
it is a possible thing. If the Senator
will only put his shoulder to the wheel
there is little doubt that success will
attend his efforts. Public sentiment is
strongly in favor of the bill and those
members who oppose it will do so at
their peril.

Notices have been given of twenty-six
contested election cases in the next
House of Representatives. In the
settlement of these cases the Republican
majority should exercise the most even-
handed justice. The wider the distinc-
tion in this respect between the Fifty
fourth Congress and the present Demo-
cratic aggregation the better it will be
for the good name of the Republican
party.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of
New Jersey, at the annual session in
Trenton last week, elected the following
officers for the ensuing year; Grand
Master, J. H. Griffith, Phillipsburg;
Deputy Grand Master, F. A. Dennis,
Princeton; Grand Warden, W. W.
Stagg, Hackensack; Grand Secretary,
Lewis Parker, Trenton; Grand Treas.,
Joseph L. Lamb, Julietstown; Grand
Representative, William H. Iszard,
Camden.

When Benj. Harrison relinquished to
Grover Cleveland the helm of the ship
of State, the national debt was \$585,-
029,330, having been reduced \$259,000,-
000 during the preceding four years. At
the present time—less than two years
after Grover's second advent—the
Nation's debt is about \$700,000,000, an
increase of \$115,000,000 under twenty-
one months of Democratic rule. More-
over, there was in the Treasury an
available cash balance of \$124,123,087
at the end of President Harrison's term
of office, which has also been dissipated
by the Democratic financiers. From
whatever point you view it, the present
administration is an expensive failure.

When Dr. McCosh first came to
Princeton, his daughters somewhat
astonished the gallant undergraduates
who took the young ladies out to walk.
It was no mere easy jaunt of a mile or
so that the President's daughters wished
but a tramp of a dozen miles at a good
round pace that tested the powers of
their escorts.

Even the postage stamps issued under
the Cleveland administration cannot be
made to stick to their business.

Group is a terror to young mothers. To
poor them, concerning the first symptoms,
and treatment is the object of this item.
The first indication of croup is hoarseness.
In a child who is subject to croup it may
be taken as a sure sign of the approach
of an attack. Following this hoarseness
is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamber-
lain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as
the child becomes hoarse or even after
the rough cough has appeared it will
prevent the attack. It has never been
known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for
sale by druggists.

The Weather:

Special Forecast for New Jersey.

Lower temperature, heavy frosts, and high
thin winds, are predicted for South
Jersey, especially in the vicinity of
Hammonton. Vessel owners, land-
lords, farmers, business and profes-
sional people would do well to make
immediate provision for cold wave,
purchasing stoves, ranges, and heaters
from S. E. Brown & Co., whose goods

are known to be the best of their class. All stations in
territory described will continue to display cold wave
signal till further orders.

By order
A. D. V. R., Supt.

W. A. McGuire, a well-known citizen
of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that
there is nothing as good for children
troubled with colds or croup as Cham-
berlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in
his family for several years with the best
results and always keeps a bottle of it
in the house. After having la grippe he
was himself troubled with a severe cough.
He used other remedies without benefit
and then concluded to try the children's
medicine and to his delight it soon effec-
ted a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent
bottles for sale by druggists.

O. W. PAYRAN,
Attorney at Law.
Master in Chancery,
Notary Public.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Hammonton office over Atkinson's.

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

Bellevue Ave. and Second St.,
HAMMONTON, : : : N. J.
All business placed in my hands will
be promptly attended to.

J. S. Thayer
WILL GIVE
Lessons on the Guitar.
For terms, apply at my residence,
Central Av. and Grape St.
Hammonton, N. J.

Tin Roofing
Put on by experienced
workmen.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

S. E. BROWN & CO.
The Hardware Store.

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

Trunks, Valises, Whips,
Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.
L. W. COGLEY,
Hammonton, N. J.

Kirk Spear, Jr.,
Plain and Ornamental
Plastering and
Bricklaying.
Hammonton, N. J.

Jobbing promptly attended to
[Orders by mail will receive prompt
attention.]

FRAZER AXLE
Best in the World!
Get the Genuine!
Sold Everywhere!
GREASE

FOR BARGAINS

IN
Hats,
Trimmings,
Remnants,
etc., etc.,

To close out, call at
Elam Stockwell's

We are selling out our stock of
Woolens
To make room
for new stock.

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

The People's Bank
Of Hammonton, N. J.;
Authorized Capital, \$50,000
Paid in, \$30,000.
Surplus, \$12,000.

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

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

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

Discount days—Tuesday and
Friday of each week.

THE DEATH STROKE

'Twas the sunny Syrian sea
On the coast of Tripoli
And the ironclads of England were at
play;
While their muffled thunder rent
With its roar the element,
As they tacked and they sailed in the
bay
For our navy is the pride
Of that sea without a tide,
And our home is on the deep and the
spray.
Something terribly aches
In a moment! That or this,
Man or mechanism? Well, I do not know!
On the gallant flagship came
Quick as stroke of lightning flame
Or the giant rush of tempest, such a blow
That her harness rent, she bowed;
And a mighty iron shroud,
With her Admiral and crew she sank
below.

Do you deem they should have died
On a lesser and reduced tide,
And with the glory of the fight?
With the ensign still at flag,
And with striking of the flag,
Of the foemen on the left and on the
right;
With brave rescue from the wreck,
And with obsequy on the deck,
That Britannia had not parted with her
might?

Be such glory what it may,
Yet I venture still to say,
That these shall not lose their garden or
their fame.

Though they died without a blow,
Well, the Highest—died He so;
And our land shall shrine their memory and
their name.

For the man who, in the host,
Is death-stricken at his post,
"It is finished" may triumphantly exclaim!

There is grief for me and you,
But for Byron and for me,
Happy future as was honor in the past;
Though the Admiral no more
May hear wind or water roar,
Though his sailors cannot battle with the
blast.

For the Pilot of all seas,
He will welcome souls like these,
And shall guide them to fair haven—land
at last!

—London Athenaeum.

A MAN WITH A BABY FACE.

BY WILLIAM A. MCLEAN.

JIMMY ELLIS is indeed a funny boy," laughed Julia Costello to a friend.

"They say he is head over heels in love with you—follows you, it is to be found some-where near your head of his time."

"I must confess he seems to act very foolishly. No matter what I do or say, or ignore him, I can't scare him away. I have never done the slightest thing to encourage him," Julia soberly replied.

"What's the matter with the boy, then, that he hangs around you so much?" the friend asked her.

"I don't know," Julia slowly said, and added in a wistful manner, "I wonder whether Jimmy will ever be a man—will ever look like a man."

"He's a pretty boy, anyhow," laughed the friend.

"Pretty as a baby," said Julia, joining in the laugh.

The subject of this conversation was not a boy, but a man of thirty years. A man of full stature, with the expressionless face of a baby. It was round and full. The skin was of a soft pink color, with a tinge of darker color in the cheeks. The eyes were large and of a light blue, and opened in an innocent surprise when their owner was spoken to. He had a little chubby nose and a small mouth. There were no lines or shadows on his face.

It was a pretty face, so pretty that his face was repulsive to man and woman-kind. There was nothing about the face to counteract the seemingly expressionless vacuity there. Strangers continually asked, "Who is the man with the baby face?" The reply was always "Jimmy Ellis."

The man James Ellis was swallowed up in the boy Jimmy.

Another characteristic heightened the effect of his boyishness. His voice was pitched an octave higher than was usual in men. He spoke in a light, chattering tone that went off into a screech. He talked and laughed like a woman. All his male associates as he became older grew away from him, deriding the man with a baby face and a woman's voice. Woman-kind seemed ever to be making sport of him.

James Ellis was extremely sensitive in respect to these characteristics. He was conscious of the fun and sport others were having at his expense. In consequence he gave humanity a wide berth. While he did so, he hated that big baby face of his. It made life miserable to him. It angered him at times to hear his own voice. He had in vain tried to coax a growth of whiskers to hide the face. A tuff of yellow hair here and there was all that he had given up any further attempts in this direction.

Notwithstanding these outward signs, James Ellis was a man of true

honesty, and honorable instincts and aspirations. He delighted in the pleasures of a robust husband. He was an all-round athlete. There was no better horseback-rider in the town in which he lived. His mother had died when he was a child. His father died when he reached his majority, leaving him a home in the Pennsylvania town of B. and two farms lying near the village.

An aunt had been installed as house-keeper over the home.

James Ellis was a better manager of the farms than his father had been before him. He gave them his constant attention. There was no part of the work on the farm he could not do. Those under him knew what would be expected from them. James Ellis not only knew how to manage the farms better than his father, but knew how to live and enjoy life and that which he made, better.

There was not a better library in the town than his; he had collected it himself. He was a lover of art. James Ellis was a talented man. His large hunting-dog heard many a colloquy that for originality and brightness would have rivaled the verbal callog of by far the greater number of his fellow-townsmen.

James Ellis's life had been, however, a failure, as he looked at it—an unhappy failure—a miserable existence, caused by a baby face and a woman's voice.

His greatest happiness, and at the same time his greatest unhappiness, was his love for Julia Costello. He was not content with merely worshipping her. It was the love of a strong man; the only love of a lonely life. He had known her from childhood, and had always loved her. He loved her because he could not conceive how life could be complete without her. Because he believed that with woman—the best gift to man—this woman, could he alone reach the great blessings of a home, love, happiness. He was miserable because he had been, and was no more to Julia than "Jimmy." He felt that, with his baby face and woman's voice, he had failed to awaken the chords of love, to sound the depths of her heart. She liked him, respected him, but he was only "Jimmy," her boy-playmate.

Shortly after the conversation between Julia and her friend, James Ellis succeeded in gaining a long-looked-for opportunity. Taking Julia's hand in his, he said in a pleading voice: "Julia, darling, I love you. I love you. This love is the sweetest, the only thing on earth that makes life worth the living to me. Do mine. Love me—marry me."

Julia could not help seeing the ridiculous in the voice, in the face, and interrupted him several times as he spoke, saying:

There was a talk of heavy timber into the house; a column of sparks went upward. Seconds passed. The fire was making headway rapidly. James Ellis had not appeared. At last anxious watchers crept into the house and came upon the body of Ellis lying at the bottom of the stairs. He had been knocked down by the falling timber. The fire had not reached the place where he was lying.

He was tenderly picked up, carried out of the house and to his home. The falling timber had struck him in the face, cutting and tearing great gashes the whole length. The hot embers of the wood had burned great red blotches along the wound.

It was weeks of careful nursing by the faithful aunt that James Ellis was pronounced well. He had recovered from the wound to fall into a fever. It was June when the doctor told him he had done all he could for him, that it was for him now to grow in strength. It was not until that time that James felt realized that a great change had taken place.

"Jimmy" with the baby face was a thing of the past. There was an ugly scar on the forehead, another on the chin and one on the cheek. There were red patches where he had been burned. He was no longer pretty. He was ugly, yet not repulsive so—no uglier than many other men. With the fever had also come the woman's voice. It was now like that of other men.

It was four months since that day in February that he decided to venture out. He waited until it was dusk. Then he made his way to the home of Julia. He was ushered into the parlor, where a half-light burned. In a moment Julia came, coming quickly to see her "Jimmy." The much-talked-of and admired hero of the night, the fire—and to congratulate him on his recovery. She rushed up to him, and taking his outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Oh, Jim!" stopping, startled as she looked in his face, then stammering, continued: "Beg-pardon—Mr. Ellis—I'm so glad to see you!"

The man was surprised into formalities. "Mr. Ellis! Julia had never addressed him thus before. What did it mean?"

As the evening passed they talked of the events of the past months. As he spoke in that low, tender, pleasing, manly voice, Julia listened enraptured. There were chords in her being that had never done before. There was something in her being that went out to the man—the sacred hero. At last, in low, passionate tones he pleaded:

"Julia, darling, I have come for the answer promised, that can make life the sweetest thing on earth to me. I have come now to know whether I dare hope for happiness. I'm disgraced now—ugly, but I love you—love you, if possible, more than I ever have. Can you love me?"

As he held her in his arms, Julia, tenderly caressing the scars with the tips of her fingers, whispered:

"These don't disgrace you, dear. You are not ugly to me."—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Imitation American Physicians.

American medical missionaries are now very popular in China. They are everywhere welcome, more especially because they offer scientific advice and medicine gratis, prefaced with religious exercises. The Chinese appear to appreciate this kind of practical religion. In a recent letter to the Missionary Herald, Doctor Chapin tells of his missionary successes in the vicinity of Pang Chuang, and says:

"On this trip I learned for the first time that there are in this part of China a number of 'counterfeiters' of that class because of an inability to make myself understood in Chinese. It seems that one or more enterprising celestial have gone into the work of dispensing medicines after the manner of the American physician. Usually two or three men go together. One of these dresses in foreign costume and talks in English. The other is understood by the natives, and so passes for a foreign language. In imitation of American physicians, all medicine is given away, but, unlike that fraternity, the bogus representative of America is quite willing to receive contributions of grain to feed the animal which helps convey him from village to village. In consequence grain pours in upon him by the wagonload. This is disposed of by a confederate at the nearest fair, and then Ah Sin departs for 'fresh fields and pastures new.'"

An Educated Snake.

A cow belonging to John H. Snaveby, of a farm living two miles south of Starburg, was observed to stop and bellow regularly at a large tree in the lane, while the cattle were being driven from the field. Some boys watched her one day and observed a large black snake approach and milk the cow. Driving her home they told Philip Lamm, who works on the farm, who got into the tree with a gun and waited for the snake. When the cow came from the field this particular cow stopped at the tree and bellowed, when the snake appeared and was shot by Lamm—San Jacinto Valley (Cal.) Record.

As the crowd watched James Ellis disappeared. Another second and

Borrowing is not much better than begging.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Going gently about a thing won't hinder its being done.

We have nothing to do with our past, but to get a future out of it.

Science ever has been, and ever must be, the safeguard of religion.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

There is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality.

There is no such thing as chance, and what to us seems accident springs from the deepest source of destiny.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of a long chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us no good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that National morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

HONOR OF THE DAY.

A tea party—An old maid—Truth. The time to burn a letter is before it is mailed.—Galveston News.

Every man has his price, except those that are worth buying.—Puck.

The difference between marbles and billiards is about ten years in the age of the player.—Puck.

A deal man cannot be legally convicted. It is unlawful to convict a man without a hearing.—Siftings.

Father-in-law—"I am ruined; all is lost." Son-in-law—"Ahem! Then I married for love, after all!"—Tit-Bits.

If there were no great fools in the world, we wouldn't be nearly so well satisfied with ourselves as we are.—Puck.

"She never told her love." But if he didn't get wind of it, it was no fault of the busy-bodies.—Boston Transcript.

A minister who was given a match sealed in an envelope for a wedding fee made light of the imposition.—Philadelphia Record.

"Did Bilken leave anything when he died?" "Yes," his creditors. They're the worst left lot you ever saw."—Buffalo Courier.

The fool seeketh to pluck the fly from the mule's hind leg, but the mule letteth the job to the lowest bidder.—Memphis Appeal.

Applicant—"Will there be a chance to get up in the world?" Proprietor—"At half-past three in the morning."—Kate Field's Washington.

"I wonder why they call these angel sleeves?" He—"What else could they be called when you wear them?"—Indianapolis Journal.

No one can appreciate the value of a match as can the smoker who lives in a house that is lighted by electric light and heated by steam.—Life.

She—"Am I the first girl you ever proposed to, darling?" He (sincerely)—"No; but you are the only girl who ever accepted me."—Brooklyn Life.

Friend—"You don't take any outing in the summer, I suppose?" Ice-cream—"Well, no; that's when I have my innings, you know."—Detroit Tribune.

Expensive Royal Regalias.

The King of Portugal has the most valuable crown. The jewels of this monarch's crown are said to be valued at \$8,500,000.

One of the costliest crowns in Europe is that worn by the Czar of Russia on state occasions. It is surrounded by a cross formed of five magnificent diamonds, resting upon an immense uncut, but polished ruby. The coronet of the Empress contains the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever collected in one band.

The crown of the Queen-Empress of Great Britain, valued at \$1,500,000, contains one large ruby, one large sapphire, sixteen others, eight emeralds, four smaller rubies, 1360 brilliant diamonds, 1278 rose diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls and 269 other pearls.

In official dress the Sultan of Johore wears—including his crown—\$10,000,000 worth of diamonds. His collar, epaulettes, belt, cuffs and orders blaze with diamonds. On his wrists are heavy gold bracelets, and his fingers are crammed with almost priceless rings. The handle and scabbard of his sword are a solid mass of precious stones.

The most expensive royal regalias in the world are those of the Maharajah of Baroda, India. First comes a gorgeous collar containing 500 diamonds arranged in five rows, some as large as walnuts. Top and bottom rows of emeralds of equal size relieve the luster of the diamonds.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A good man is one who behaves himself, and forgives others who do not.

The worry of today is usually the result of the carelessness of yesterday.

WHERE JESSE GRANT WILL LIVE.

The New House He Has Newly Completed at San Diego.

Jesse Grant has nearly completed his new house on the city park, San Diego, Cal., and it is understood that Mr. Gen. Grant will live with his family at the home of her son U. S. Grant, Jr. The latter house was purchased last winter and is now occupied by Mr. Grant's family. Jesse Grant's house has been built on a hill overlooking the city, and special apartments have been arranged in it for her. The new house occupies a quarter of a city block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.



JESSE GRANT'S NEW HOUSE.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

block on the western edge of the fourteen hundred acre city park. The accompanying picture shows the front of the house. It is of old colonial design, unpretentious, and is built for comfort rather than display. From its windows can be seen the snow-capped Cuyamaca Mountains sixty miles away, which protect San Diego from the furnace winds of the desert. Mountain peaks, forty miles over in Mexico are visible from the porch.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Going gently about a thing won't hinder its being done.

We have nothing to do with our past, but to get a future out of it.

Science ever has been, and ever must be, the safeguard of religion.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

There is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality.

There is no such thing as chance, and what to us seems accident springs from the deepest source of destiny.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of a long chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us no good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that National morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

HONOR OF THE DAY.

A tea party—An old maid—Truth. The time to burn a letter is before it is mailed.—Galveston News.

Every man has his price, except those that are worth buying.—Puck.

The difference between marbles and billiards is about ten years in the age of the player.—Puck.

A deal man cannot be legally convicted. It is unlawful to convict a man without a hearing.—Siftings.

Father-in-law—"I am ruined; all is lost." Son-in-law—"Ahem! Then I married for love, after all!"—Tit-Bits.

If there were no great fools in the world, we wouldn't be nearly so well satisfied with ourselves as we are.—Puck.

"She never told her love." But if he didn't get wind of it, it was no fault of the busy-bodies.—Boston Transcript.

A minister who was given a match sealed in an envelope for a wedding fee made light of the imposition.—Philadelphia Record.

"Did Bilken leave anything when he died?" "Yes," his creditors. They're the worst left lot you ever saw."—Buffalo Courier.

The fool seeketh to pluck the fly from the mule's hind leg, but the mule letteth the job to the lowest bidder.—Memphis Appeal.

Applicant—"Will there be a chance to get up in the world?" Proprietor—"At half-past three in the morning."—Kate Field's Washington.

"I wonder why they call these angel sleeves?" He—"What else could they be called when you wear them?"—Indianapolis Journal.

No one can appreciate the value of a match as can the smoker who lives in a house that is lighted by electric light and heated by steam.—Life.

She—"Am I the first girl you ever proposed to, darling?" He (sincerely)—"No; but you are the only girl who ever accepted me."—Brooklyn Life.

Friend—"You don't take any outing in the summer, I suppose?" Ice-cream—"Well, no; that's when I have my innings, you know."—Detroit Tribune.

Expensive Royal Regalias.

The King of Portugal has the most valuable crown. The jewels of this monarch's crown are said to be valued at \$8,500,000.

One of the costliest crowns in Europe is that

Address all orders to the REPUBLICAN.