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HAMMONTON, N. J., DECEMBER 16, 1905.

NO. 50

We carry a line of

OWS

Castings

Fertilizer

for any crop, call on us.
Our stock comprises—
Mapes' Complete Manures,
The Taylor Provision Com-
pany's Special Potato and
Corn and Trunk Manures,
Field's Pure Ground Fish
Guano,
Berg's Raw Bone.

GEORGE ELVINS.

Dr. C. E. DARE,
DENTIST

Office Hours: 8:30 a.m. to 12:15 p.m.
Evening by engagements.

106 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

John Walther

The BLACKSMITH

AND

WHEELWRIGHT

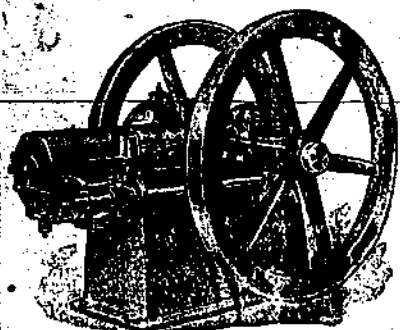
Has removed to the shop lately occupied
by Al. Heinecke, on the County
Road, and is ready to do.

Any Work in His Line.

DR. J. A. WAAS,

Dentist

Cogley Building, : Hammonton, N. J.



The Brown
Gas and Gasoline
Engine

gives universal satisfaction.

J. W. ROLLER, Hammonton, N. J.

Harness, Blankets,
Robes, Whips,

Trunks, etc.

At L. W. COGLEY'S.

REMINISCENCES.

There have been a great many hornets and other stinging insects about town this year. And, by the way, these interesting little workers are well worth study. They may be seen any sunny summer day, gathering material for a nest. The fibre is cut from the rough surface of weather-beaten boards and converted into pulp which is made into paper in much the same way as other paper makers do.

Hornets are very industrious, and always having business of their own, have a habit of attending strictly to it. Being by nature not prone to interfere in the affairs of others, quickly resent any intrusion into their own domain. They are not bad neighbors; indeed, they are very useful about the doorway, as one colony will destroy more flies than a whole household of traps and tangle-foot.

In conversation, recently, with Mr. William Bernshouse, he remarked that the large wood-hornet seemed to become less common every year. This variety is, I believe, not like our common black hornet, being of a rich golden-brown color. They build giant nests, sometimes two feet long, which are in demand for decorations.

Some years ago, the Red Men of Atco wanted a nest for their totem pole, and offered two dollars for the largest one. Ben Timberman, who was later station agent at Hammonton, was then at Atco. His stepson, Will Proud, was a small boy, and went in for the prize, with other boys. One day, deep in the woods, he found one of these immense wood-hornet's nests, and secured it. In due time it was hung conspicuously on the pole, and Will was the happy possessor of two brand-new dollars.

The night of the next meeting came and with it a goodly attendance, as there were several candidates for adoption. As the evening wore on, the room grew cold, and the janitor put a good supply of wood into the stove, and soon it was throwing off heat like a July sun. The nest had been picked a little early, and the hornets, numbed by frost, had not yet sought winter quarters, and were soon pouring into the room like a crew of bluejackets over the side of a captured ship.

The newly adopted warriors went home thoroughly convinced that the Red Men's initiation was the warmest thing in the line they had yet seen. They certainly received their money's worth.

[Will is now the Superintendent of Laurel Hill Cemetery, and draws a good salary. Mr. Timberman has gone back to farming, in Palatine, N. J., which is more to his liking than railroad work.]

On another occasion, Will and other boys, while rambling through the woods, came upon a nest of hornets hanging about head high over an old wood path. A boy's first instinct in such a case is to stone the nest; and instinct prevailed this time. The occupants of that nest were soon "mud as hornets."

This was in a grove back of a house occupied by Harry L., a conductor on the C. & A. There were walnut trees, or something of the sort, in the grove, and Harry (who is somewhat bald-headed) was walking, hatless, in the grove, and thinking the boys were after the nuts, he gave chase. Of course the boys ran. Harry, following the path at good speed, ran right into the enraged hornets.

The boys said that Harry appeared to be saying something; but by this time they were too far away to understand, and as it is not likely that his remark would look well in print, it doesn't matter much what it was.

REMIN.

Schwarz's Greenhouse

12th St. and Chow Road.

Designs made up at shortest notice.
Funeral designs a specialty. Baskets
and designs for balls, parties,
weddings, etc.

20 words (or less) 10 c
in the Republican

At BANK BROTHERS'

111 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

Do your Holiday shopping at a store where quality is the best and prices the lowest. Useful Gifts for Men, Women and Children at great savings.

Gifts for Men.

We place on sale an assortment of five hundred different styles of men's neckwear, especially selected for Christmas trade. Prices, 10 c to \$1

Suspenders in fancy boxes. Our stock includes silk lisle webs, hundreds to choose from. 19 c up to 45 c.

Silk Mufflers and Handkerchiefs. Mufflers of high quality, the finest ever shown, at 45 c, 75 c, 95 c, and \$1.25

Men's handkerchiefs, hundreds to choose from. 2 cents up to 25 c.

Gloves, useful gift for men. Dressed or undressed kids at 45 cts. Fine dressed or undressed kids, some silk lined, all colors, 75c, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.50

An Eclipse Shirt will make a useful gift. Our stock of these well known shirts embraces many styles. Dress shirts for men, 39, 45, 75, \$1.

Slippers. Men's fine house slippers at 48 c, 69, 95, \$1.20

Umbrellas at 45 c, 85 c, \$1, and \$2 for very fine silk ones, that others sell for \$3.

A Hat for a gift will be appreciated. Our stock has proved the best. It embraces the celebrated "Stetson" make in many styles; also many other hats. Price range from 95 cts, \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.95, and up to \$3.50.

Men's Half-hose. Almost any kind wanted, all wool cassimere, a plain blk cotton, fancy silk-striped, — 5 c up to 25 c a pair.

Fancy Vests, — in all white and white and black, at \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.95

A pair of Trousers. Indeed that will make the most useful gift for a man. Our stock of the celebrated "Dutchess" guaranteed trousers includes the finest ever shown, at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, and up to \$5. We give a new pair if they rip, and 10 c for every suspender button that comes off.

A fine Overcoat is the best and most appreciated gift. Our stock is so complete, and prices so low that you can benefit greatly by purchasing of us. We guarantee a saving of \$2 to \$5 on any coat. Prices, \$4.75, \$7, \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.

Gifts for Ladies.

We print a catalogue of useful gifts for ladies, — all marked at prices which they can't be bought for elsewhere.

Handkerchiefs — thousands to choose from. 39 cts for a dozen fine assorted worth 60c. Fine assortment of 5, 9, 12, 15 and 23 cent ones.

Belts of the latest style. Gilt and Silk ones, 22 to 45 c.

Beautiful Shirt-waists will make fine gifts, especially if you buy of us, as our stock embraces the finest and best at lowest prices. 45 c, 95 c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.95, \$2.25, \$2.95, \$3.75, saving from \$1 to \$1.25.

Furs at a great saving. Rich Table Linen at a saving of 6 to 45 c pr yard. Fine linen at 19, 48, and 55c a yd.

Ladies' Shoes and Slippers, all marked at lowest prices.

Coats for Ladies. Those who have bought coats of us will advise you to come to us and buy, as we can save you from \$1 to \$5.

Skirts in many different styles, pleated & other styles, all marked at prices that they can't be bought for elsewhere.

Gifts most Useful for Boys.

A fine Overcoat is most useful. Our stock for boys includes the finest and best selected assortment, made by the best makers. Prices, \$1.50, \$1.95, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$3.75, and \$5. Sizes from 3 to 9 years.

For the little folks, at \$1.25, \$1.50, up to \$2.95

Gifts for Girls.

Fine Coats, latest styles, under priced, from one to six years. Price, \$2.95 and \$3.50. Crushed velvet in all colors, and many to choose from.

Coats for girls from 9 to 14 years, at \$2.50, \$2.95, \$3.50, \$4.50, all marked at a saving of \$1 to \$3.

Dresses, Hundreds to select from. Prices, 45 c, 85 c, \$1.25, up to \$2.95

Hundreds of other tokens, on which we guarantee you a definite saving.

Get the habit of visiting

BANK BROTHERS,

111 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

Auction Sale .

TO-DAY

Saturday, Dec. 16th

At two o'clock, in the Auction Room.

L. FRANK HORNE, Auctioneer.

For the most news
get

The REPUBLICAN

Your Chances Good

Of pleasing the boys by giving them Rubber Boots for their Christmas presents.

We handle the Goodyear Glove make of rubbers.

T. B. PAULLIN.

20 words (or less) 10 c
in the Republican

RAINBOWVILLE.

Started out one summer day
For Rainbowville not far away.
Fine location, we were told,
Where you just picked up your gold;
Never saying, "if you please;"
Always living at your ease.
Just beyond the maple hill
Fortune smiled, in Rainbowville.

Fast the fields, where ripening grain,
Glistened with the recent rain;
Following still the prism light
Till it faded from our sight;
Where the willow boughs incline,
Where the poison ivy twines;
Through the orchard, past the mill,
We kept on toward Rainbowville.

Wearry, footsore, cold and wet,
Hunger, mingling with regret,
Bade us turn to childish rest—
Next day we'd renew the quest.
And we did. Ambition found
Fears lures to the beyond.
Years have passed, and we are still
On our way to Rainbowville.
—Washington Star.

The Tantalus of the Fire.

I MUST confess I stood at the door
With some trepidation. I had not
seen Muriel for a year; she had
been abroad. Once, indeed, I had
heard from her when there came a
gift a week after Christmas with her
card: "Please accept—even though I
am a little late." Muriel had only
been speaking of—ah! Muriel!—Mu-
riel!

A year! Perhaps she was engaged.
It was not a pleasant thought, for af-
ter all I fear I love Muriel. Still, ev-
ery one did. But we were only good
comrades, a stage reached after many
interesting periods.
First a flirtation, then acquaintance,
something stronger on my side, then
easy intimacy, friendship, and finally
good comrades—comrades as far as
she was concerned; lover on my part,
but she did not know. It would have
been so useless. I a scribbler, she—
who would give the girl he loves
any for luxury, but perhaps I
Perhaps I should write a



LEANING OVER MY SHOULDER.

novel, the great pantheistic novel,
and perhaps platitudes would prove the
entrance way to love.

Perhaps—perhaps! And that was
why I stood there in trepidation—a
year is a long time.

In the hall I sat by the fire. The
flaming flames built a palace of
dreams—the Riviera with blue
of the green of the grass, the gold of
sunlight, the song of the birds, the
soft strains of a mandolin, our villa!
And a rose, dainty, fragile, innocent,
fragrant, a rose, soft perfumed, splen-
did, old-fashioned, leaning over my
shoulder, gazing the great novel, as
by a palace of dreams—Tantalus of the
Fire.

She put her slim hand in mine.
"Jarvis, it's good to see you."
In friendship she let her hand rest
there in welcoming. It was hard, but
we were—friends, and so I said:
"It's good to see you, too."

And we sat down.
"Muriel," I said, reproachfully, "you
never wrote me."

"But, Jarvis, dear, we're such good
friends. I knew that you wouldn't
mind, that I should see you again, and
that you would be just the same dear
old Jarvis!"

And she smiled. That smile was
worth all the letters in the world, ex-
cept, perhaps, the one that contained
"Yes."

"I am still the same Jarvis—dear,
I hope so. I hope not. And are you
still the same Muriel?"

"Yes," she said, very softly, "except
that I am the happiest girl in the
world. Oh! Jarvis, you shall know
first of all I'm engaged!"

"Engaged?" I asked, quietly, and
quietly that I wonder now.

The Tantalus of the Fire smiled as I
leaned forward, grasping the tantalizing
Muriel. A big snigger, the blaze
died away. Something in me sniggered,
too—the fire of my life went out.

"Yes," she said, very slowly, "he has
come—the knight of my heart. Oh! Jarvis,
what an happiness!" she began almost sadly.

"Happiness?" I said. "I wish you

the greatest happiness in the world.
We have been such friends, such com-
rades, that I gladly pray you may
have entrance to the land of the
Heart's Desire, to keep you, to guard
you, to save you from sadness and
sorrow."

"Jarvis, dear," she was almost whis-
pering, "you are a friend—and now
that I am to be married I shall need
friends."

I started.
"You are the only real man friend
I have. The others—ah! they will
desert then. But you won't?" she en-
dured, half-positive, half-questioning.

"Muriel," I said, just a bit brokenly,
try as I would not to, "all my life I
shall be your friend, ever at your ser-
vice to do what you will. Your mar-
riage will make no difference in our
friendship," I finished, quite gravely.
"Will it?" I asked in trembling tones.
"No, indeed," she said honestly.
"Jack's a dear. I have told him about
you; he wants to know you; he's up-
stairs; shall I bring him down?"

"No," I said, "if you don't mind
we'll postpone that. I'm just in town
for an hour, and I must rush in a
moment to catch my train; it goes at
five."

"Oh! I'm sorry; can't you stay with
us for a time at least; you can chum
with Jack."

"I fear not."

I could not explain. I wanted only
to sob. "She talked about Jack as a
woman can talk only about the man
she loves. To be that man—but I
scarcely heard."

"I'm sure you'll like him," she con-
cluded.

"Yes," said I, but though he were
the prince of men I could not.

"When I'm married," she said, tim-
idly almost, "you must come and spend
a month with us."

"Yes," said I.

How could I? How could I not?
Then suddenly the clock began to
chime—one, two, three, four, five.

"Out! You've missed your train," she
said.

"There was no train," I said, heart-
en forgo me.

"Then you don't want to meet him?"
she asked, all sad.

"I could not yet. Good-by!" I said
quickly, and she kissed me and kissed
it gently, very gently.

She drew back half frightened.

"Oh! Jarvis, how could you?"

"How could I not?" I said brokenly;
"but, Muriel, dear, I shall be your
friend always—always. I pledge you
Godspeed for your future. You shall
be my guardian angel, ever guiding me
in spirit, and I—for you—will ever do
all that one man may do for the woman
he loves beyond all the great prizes
of the earth—the woman he loves, but
may not have. Forget me, forget that
I loved you, because it is my sorrow
deep down in my heart that I was not
strong enough to be strong."

"Forget you?" she said, and there
were tears in her eyes. "Forget my
Jarvis, my best friend, the best friend
a woman ever had, faithful, honest,
strong, true, always unselfish—forget
my Jarvis!" and she leaned forward
and kissed me on the forehead.

Ah! the touch of her lips, that subtle
aroma of a good woman, dainty, frag-
ile, innocent, a rose, soft perfumed—
Ah! Tantalus!

As I walked away I looked back and
saw the tears sparkling in her eyes.
And the memory of her was so strong
upon me that I bowed my head and
sobbed and sobbed.

The great novel is still unwritten,
though my hair is streaked with gray,
Muriel is still dainty, fragile, innocent,
and Jack is a splendid man. I get
them both a good deal, and Muriel still
calls me dear Jarvis.

Large given up smoking and I have
not been to the theater for many a
day, but at least little Muriel and lit-
tle Jarvis have all manner of wonder-
ful toys and love, their Uncle Jarvis.

They climb on my knee and ask me
to tell them of my wonderful palace
across the sea. And I tell them of the
Riviera with blue skies, blue seas, the
green grass, the gold of the sunshine,
the song of the birds, the soft tremor
of a mandolin, my villa with a dainty,
dainty, fragile, innocent, brilliant, a
rose, soft perfumed, splendid, leaning
over my shoulder reading Uncle Jarvis
great novel. Ah! the Tantalus of the
Fire.

A Hard Nut to Crack.

An alms-house which hovered for a
time over Toledo, Ohio, gave a school
superintendent of that city a poser to
answer. He had unguardedly intro-
duced the subject of the new invention
in his talk to the school.

"I am, Mr. Purley," interrupted a
small boy in the front row, "is the
world liable to come to an end most
any time?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," until the
surprised superintendent.

"Well, then, suppose a lot of us were
in air ships when the end came—
where would we land when we came
down?"

The Division Later.

Insurance Agent—The company I
represent has undivided profits of
more than \$10,000,000.

The Wary One—Directors waiting
for the clouds to fall by, eh? Pick.



The Belfry Tower.

"Tell me a story, please!" begged the
little boy.

"Well, go to my desk and bring me
that little picture in the gold frame."

So the little boy brought the picture
and climbed upon his father's knee,
and this was the story he heard:

"This, little, is the miniature of
your most famous ancestor, your great-
great-grandfather, Sir Roger Tem-
pleton. He was a brave and gallant
knight, and lived in merry England
in the time of good Queen Bess. And
when I was a little boy like you, lad-
die, there was nothing in all the world
I liked so well as to listen to the sto-
ries of his many valiant deeds."

"And often he would look first at
this miniature and then at me, and say
proudly that I had the Templeton nose—
the long, aristocratic Templeton nose.
Then I would dream of knights and
lists and tournaments, and the brave
deeds of my ancestors."

"And one day I thought of the bel-
fry tower in the old church where my
father preached. I had heard that the
ascent was difficult, and that no one
had attempted it for a long time. Here
at last was a task worthy of a valiant,
long-nosed Templeton! So instead of
going nattering with the boys, I slipped
into his study and took from his desk
the heavy iron church key, and hurried
to the church, which stood on a lonely
hill a little out of the village."

"I turned the key in the rusty lock,
climbed the gallery stairs and opened
the door leading to the belfry. The
first two flights of stairs were easily
climbed, though the way was dark
and dusty, and, oh, so dreadfully still!
Then the stairs ended, and a long
ladder led upward into the tower. Some
of the rounds were broken, and the
whole thing seemed terribly shaky. For
a moment I longed to turn back; then
I remembered my brave ancestors. I
started up the ladder."

"I climbed it safely, and found my-
self in a tiny room just below the bel-
fry. Then came another short stair-
way, and at last I had reached the end
of my journey. And, oh, how good it
seemed to be out in the clear air and
bright sunshine once more! And how
tiny the village looked, far, far be-
low!"

"Then I saw by the setting sun that
I must hurry down if I wished to reach
home in time for supper. So I start-
ed to go, but turned back for just one
more look at the big bell, and at that
very moment there came a loud crash
from below. The treacherous old lad-
der had fallen, and I was a prisoner
in the tower!"

"I shouted and called, but no one
heard me. The sun went down, and
it became quite dark in the belfry. The
stars came out, one by one, and still I
crouched beside the big bell, hungry
and cold and frightened."

"At last, shivering with cold, I crept
down to the tiny room below the bel-
fry. It was warmer there, and I sol-
bed myself to sleep, and dreamed that
great-grandfather Templeton
came a-riding on a broom, with
fashion and carried me away—away—
over the treetops."

"Then I awoke in great terror, for
the whole tower was alive with sound,
and shaking and trembling in a fearful
manner."

"The big bell was ringing madly:
Boom! boom! boom! All the world
seemed full of noise."

"Boom! boom! boom! I clapped my
hands to my ears."

"Then it stopped for a moment, and
far below, very, very faintly, I heard
the cry, 'Boy lost! boy lost! boy lost!'
Then boom! boom! boom! went the bell
again."

"But at last it stopped, and they
heard my cries, and came with lights
and a ladder, and took me safely down
and carried me home."

"In my mother's arms I told my
story. My father listened quietly, and
somehow, with his grave eyes upon me,
the ticking of the church key seemed
anything but a knotty deed."

"When I had finished, my father
said, very sternly, 'There was one vir-
tue, my son, that your noble ancestors
valued even more than courage, and
that was honor.'"

"The little boy gazed long and
thoughtfully at the miniature, 'Papa,'
said he, 'have I the Templeton nose?'"

"No, lad," said his father. "Your
nose is just an every-day twentieth-
century nose, and the most gallant deed
you can do to night is to go straight
upstairs to bed!"—Youth's Companion.

The Rooster.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"A rooster always sleeps standing
up, doesn't he?"

"Yes, my son."

"And a rooster always wakes up
early in the morning, doesn't he, Pop?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Well, says, Pop, do they sleep stand-
ing up so they won't overstep their
steps in the morning?"

Quaint Street Signs.

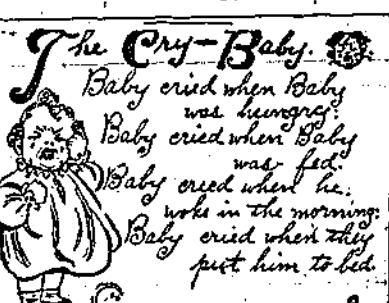
Original spelling and unconscious
humor characterize many of the adver-
tising efforts of traders in the down-
town districts, says the Philadelphia
Record. The following sign was dis-
played by a curbside merchant on 4th
street below South, "Callifony Prates
and Potatoes and Eggs Layed by My
Own Fresh Hens." A short distance
away was this sign: "Live Chickens
and Ducks Plucked Fresh Alive Dead
Also Remnants Lowest Cash Prices."
Another wheelbarrow merchant dis-
played the following sign on his stock:
"Bargains from Fire Sale which Own-
er Wants money to help him build an-
other new store for fire."

Mixed Dates.

Four-year-old Sarah had two uncles
(living out of town) who were about to
be married.

"So you are going to your uncles'
weddings, dear? And where will they
be married?" asked an interested
friend of the family.

"One is going to be married in Wash-
ington," answered the child, "and the
other in January."—Lippincott's.



When a Part Was Equal to Whole.

Four-year-old Daisy came running in
from the garden, crying breathlessly,
"Papa, I saw a snake!"

"Did you?" asked her father. "Did
he have a tail?"

"No," Daisy replied, "he was a tail."

WHEN NEWS OF PEACE CAME.

How the St. Petersburg Crowds List-
ened to Good News.

About 9 o'clock, the program un-
announced, there would be an open-air
display of stereoscopic pictures of the
war. Here in the semi-darkness—for
the electric arc lamps are not too nu-
merous and too much light would have
spoiled the effect of the pictures—
stood a crowd of 4,000 or 5,000 Rus-
sians. No circumstances could be
more favorable for the free display of
whatever feeling swayed the crowd.

A lecturer with stentorian voice ex-
plained each picture as it was thrown
upon the screen. The crowd applauded
freely and was as often silent.

The first picture shown was the most pop-
ular. It was the portrait of Admiral
Makarov, who lost his life when his
flagship was blown up at the very be-
ginning of the war. He was instantly
recognized and loudly cheered. There
was considerable cheering for Verest-
chagin, the painter, who perished with
Makarov, says W. S. Stead in the
American Monthly Review of Reviews.

When the portrait of Gen. Linerich
was shown there was a faint, half-
subdued murmur of applause. It was
followed by the portrait of Gen. Kuro
palkin.

There was not a single cheer. A
boy near me whistled. But no other
sound broke the silence. The crowd
looked at their general with icy still-
ness. The hero of so many masterly
retreats excited no enthusiasm, evoked
no gratitude. Then followed some pic-
tures of incidents of the war which
were followed with keen interest, but
which elicited little remark. The lec-
turer made one observation, in the
course of his explanations, which pos-
sessed a certain tragic-comic pathos of
its own. After describing the heroism
of the Russian soldier—which, indeed,
cannot be too highly praised—he as-
sured his hearers that "if the Japanese
had not been in such a hurry to make
peace Gen. Linerich and his men
would have given them a tremendous
thrashing." The crowd received this
glorious upon the peace negotiations with
stolid indifference. Possibly this may
come to be accepted as the popular
legend. It is near enough the hal-
lot of many well-informed persons to have
a chance of general currency.

The word "house-maker" is work-
ing overtime when applied to any rich
woman who keeps several servants.
The real "house-makers" work over-
time by not keeping any.

Her Opinion of Him.

"Naag," said Cholly, "I was intro-
duced to Miss Poppy last evening,
and I fancy she confused me with
some one else. She seemed puzzled."

"Yes," replied Miss Sharpe, "she
told me afterward that you did im-
press her like the average puzzle. 'So
stupid, when you know it.'" Catholic
Standard and Times.

Democracy for Dogs.

London has a cemetery for dogs
which has been in existence for more
than twenty years and has several
hundred graves.

Knowledge that she has a bewitch-
ing smile has much to do with a wom-
an's cheerfulness.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to
Repentance.



EW serve Satan better than sleep-
ing saints.
No life is good
until it has the
habit of giving.
Half the for-
without are bor-
of fears within.
Christian lib-
ty is the core of
civic responsibil-
ity.

Better a blushing cheek than a bla-
ze heart.

Glory may be but another name for
greed.

Opportunity is the measure of ob-
igation.

Gratitude has turned many a Mara-
thon into an Elm.

A man always finds what he looks
for in a boy.

He who feeds the devil's friends is
not his foe.

The self-sufficient preacher cannot
satisfy the soul.

Salvation is a lot more than a
vague department.

Men who are willing to go along
always go with God.

The envy of the evil is the man's
best endorsement.

The happiness that flows from
bottle flies out with the cork.

It takes more than a wash
set a man squarely with God.

We shall never have an ideal
until we get ideal citizens.

The father's faith will appear in the
children of a faithful father.

If Spain were cured of lying he
would have to resign his job.

You cannot sanctify the devil's busi-
ness by running it under a steeple.

There are too many divisions of the
Christian army where all those who
are not commanding officers are retired
colonels on half-pay.

VITALITY OF YELLOW RACE.

More Vigorous than Caucasians, It
Flourishes in All Climates.

Before the foundations of Rome were
laid there was a homogeneous people
dwelling in China with a form of gov-
ernment and no mean degree of civiliza-
tion. Rome flourished for eleven
centuries and became the empire of the
western world, then decayed and
passed away and her civilization be-
came the heritage of others. But China
remains as a united empire to this day.
In this marvelous continuity in the
past lies the promise of the future.

It took the nations of Europe 2,600
years to advance from barbarism to
their present position. It took the
Japanese, a branch of the yellow race,
a generation to adapt and make the
best results of this long struggle.

We are told that when the present em-
peror of Japan was a boy the sort of
training that was supposed to fit him
for the part he was to be allowed to
take in the government of his country
was making artificial towers. He is
only now just over middle age, yet he
rules as a constitutional monarch over
an empire with which few most ad-
vanced and most powerful empires of
the west was glad to form an alliance
as with an equal. His navy has driven
the Russian flag from the China seas.
On land the tactics and strategy, the
endurance, self-sacrifice and bravery,
the care for the wounded in the field
and the splendid hospital arrange-
ments of the Japanese army are the
admiration of the civilized world.

In the world's history there is noth-
ing like the advance of Japan in the
last generation. We see some of the
results of the adoption of the civiliza-
tion of the west by 30,000,000 of the
yellow race. Will any one who really
knows him venture to say that the
Chinese man is less well equipped men-
tally and physically than the Japa-
nese? What, then, will be the result
when the 600,000,000 of China follow
the example of their kindred of Japan?

On the northern borders of China
the white and yellow races have been
face to face for some time, and the ad-
vantage appeared to be with the white.
But the tide soon turned and to-day
the aggressive armies of the white
Czar, under his ablest generals, have
had to retire, hopelessly beaten, before
the yellow race.

Her Opinion of Him.

"Naag," said Cholly, "I was intro-
duced to Miss Poppy last evening,
and I fancy she confused me with
some one else. She seemed puzzled."

"Yes," replied Miss Sharpe, "she
told me afterward that you did im-
press her like the average puzzle. 'So
stupid, when you know it.'" Catholic
Standard and Times.

Democracy for Dogs.

London has a cemetery for dogs
which has been in existence for more
than twenty years and has several
hundred graves.

Knowledge that she has a bewitch-
ing smile has much to do with a wom-
an's cheerfulness.

THE PULPIT.

BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY
REV. DR. T. CALVIN McCLELLAND

Subject: Jesus' Idea of God.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Sunday morning, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. T. Calvin McClelland, preached the fourth sermon in the series on "Jesus' Idea." The special subject was: "Seriousness of Believing in Jesus' Idea of God." The text was Matthew 5:14 and 48. Dr. McClelland said:

There is no Christian doctrine for which you could get so many men to die as the Fatherhood of God. Nothing can exhaust the name "Father." It is the gladdest, but the greatest, the dearest, but the deepest, the sweetest, but the solemnest, name men can frame for God. We cannot put too much into the word, but we can put too little into it. It is the risk of that put too little into the name "Father."

There are two kinds of men who put too little into the name "Father." One is the man who is too busy to think of God as Father. He is too busy to think of God as Father. He is too busy to think of God as Father.

The second man who puts too little into the name "Father" is the man who is too afraid to think of God as Father. He is too afraid to think of God as Father. He is too afraid to think of God as Father.

These two I bring this message of the seriousness of saying, "I believe in God the Father Almighty." The article of the creed is the most precious and the most perilous for us to repeat, and for these reasons:

First, one who claims God as Father must be ready to answer the question, "What kind of a son are you?" Fatherhood is something that we never think of when we talk about animals. The parent of a boy we call a father. The parent of a girl we call a mother. Here is a difference. The idea "father" suggests care, affection and forethought. The idea "mother" suggests only the thought of protection. We do not expect the colt's sire to care for him, except affection or take thought for his future. But if a man treated his son as a horse treats his young, he would be a father to the boy. He had done all that the animal did for his offspring, but he had left undone those things which make fatherhood. And those things involve character, they imply faith, hope and love; they are not physical, but spiritual activities.

By the same sign you never call a young horse a "son," he is a "foal." The idea "son" suggests gratitude, loyalty and obedience. The idea of "foal" conveys only the thought of animal descent. We do not expect the colt to exhibit gratitude to his sire, to abide to the same stable or to evidence obedience to his sire. But if a youth treated his father as a young horse treats his parent, he would say of that youth, he is a son. He might do all that the animal did for his progenitor, but he would have left undone those things which make human sonship. And those things involve character, they imply trust, affection and loyal submission, and these things are not physical but spiritual activities.

So then, fatherhood involves a relationship and that relationship involves something owed on both sides. It assumes likeness in ideas, tastes and disposition. It claims reciprocity in character. Can the relationship with God exist, then? You see the idea of fatherhood is like the rule about the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle. Whether it be a right-angled triangle drawn on a child's blackboard or a right-angled triangle formed by three stars in the Milky Way, the rule works—the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. This father and son relationship, like mathematics, works everywhere, on the earth, in the heavens.

I cannot say "Father" until I have begun to answer His call "son." His Fatherhood does not exist for me until I have made my sonship exist for Him, until I have shared in His character. He is spirit and I must be spirit, too; something more than a body, to be warmed, clothed and fed; something more than an animal to fight like a dog, root like a pig, sing like a bird or live like a bee. I must be the child of the Eternal Spirit, the son of Infinite Faith, Infinite Hope, Infinite Love.

A father's rights are unquestioned, absolute, ungiven. He has the right to expect everything to be reciprocated that He has given to us. The old fundamental need of personal struggle, personal consecration, personal holiness is doubled. Life is more critical than ever. I have no hope to expect out of the future as tightly drawn, I must be in my word what He is in His word. From Him, it is said, the smoke ascended as from a furnace, and the mountain quakes greatly when out of a thick cloud with thunders and lightnings the King gave His command to Israel. On a hillside sweet with the peaceful odors of plowed field, quiet save for the piping of the birds, under a blue Syrian sky which mirrored its fair sun in Gullion's lake, the Father spoke through His great Son the will

for the family. Yet I think Sinai's "thou shalt not kill" were easier to listen to than Jesus' "blessed are the merciful." The King's words, "thou shalt not commit adultery," less than the Father's "the pure in heart shall see God." The Sovereign's words, "thou shalt have no other gods before Me," as an anti-hill to the snow-capped Alping summit, "Ye shall be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect."

Second—It is a serious thing to believe in the Fatherhood of God because it commits a man to living his life in absolute unselfishness. Given a father, and what follows? What an alchemist is a new-born babe. The touch of those tiny fingers transmutates the base metal of thought of self into the pure gold of thought of the "self."

From the moment when his first babe's first cry summons the instinct of fatherhood in a man's bosom the man must deny himself, he must henceforth lose himself in another. Love once a mere passion of possession is reborn a passion of self-sacrifice. This father has a family, and it is the family, the home, the health of the whole which become his chiefest concern.

Given a son, and what follows? What must be the true son's concern? Surely it is the same as the father's. The father no more than the son, the son no less than the father, exists for that home. It is this mutual instinct of being supported and supporting which makes us sing, "There is no place like home."

So, again, the axiom of the earthly relationship we call home is true for the celestial relationship we call religion. This is the extension of the old Fifth Commandment in religion—Love your enemies and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

Like God the Father, the Son must have a love that is boundless, ungrudging and gratuitous. The family, not one favorite here and another there, but all the members must receive without bias, be blessed without prejudice, be cared for without favoritism. The son must live so that no man can be poorer, no woman sadder, no child more wretched for aught he has done or left undone. He must live so that through his words and deeds men may see truth, reverence, purity, and possess the means of happiness, and he must so live not for profit, prudence or popularity; he must so live, though it means a curse, a crown of thorns and a cross.

And if we seek to know what that means, what sonship involves, we go to Him who taught us to say "Our Father." His life is just spent in going about doing good; He does so much for the imperfect, the defective, the degenerate, that He gets the nickname of "friend of publicans and sinners." He never bears a grudge, He never remembers an insult, He never seems to see anything in the men about Him but their need of the good things He has to give away. And He gives, gives, until when He comes to die He has nothing worth gambling for but His cloak—the one that was pure white, woven without seam. That day, the day He died, the men He had lived for led Him away like a lamb to the slaughter. And while they were making the wounds for Him to hang by He prayed, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

In the last place, it is a serious thing to believe in the Fatherhood of God, because it means that God's perfectness consists in His impartial love, and love is the most awful thing in the world. It has been said, "He afraid of the love that loves you." It is either your heaven or your hell. The lives of men are never the same after they have let themselves be loved; if they are not better they are worse. For this is the mystery of love, its paradox, while it is the greatest thing in the world it is the most helpless. For the love of her child, without thought of the cost, a mother would give her own life in exchange; and yet she must stand at its death bed with helpless hands when the heart spring unbinds and the little life runs down. A father would give his fortune, his blood to keep his son's heart clean and white, but all his paternal passion cannot check that son's mad pace, if the boy's lust take the bit between his teeth and drag him along the edge of the moral precipice. A son may leave home; a despot might compel his subject to come back, a father can only wait, and watch and keep open the door.

We shrink to apply all we know of the weakness of human love to the divine. Yet it was through a man the Father made His love plain to us. He came, the Christ, to His own and they received him not. He loved His own, loved them to the end, and yet at the end they deserted Him, betrayed Him, hung Him on a cross.

You remember the Tuesday before the Friday when they nailed Him between two thieves. He was standing in the temple at Jerusalem. Did He love that fair, rebellious city? You may never know how great was that love. Could He save that impetuous city? Jerusalem had bound love's hands with indifference so that He could not reach out to rescue her; she had tethered His feet with hate so that He could only stand still and watch her stumbling into the gulf that this was to die. Stand close to the Christ as He speaks you see He is draining love's bitter cup; He is realizing love's helplessness. "If in the wall of a heart wounded because its love has been despised" and it cannot avert the doom which impends over those it loves, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathered her chickens, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

To sum up, it is a serious thing to believe in the Fatherhood of God, because this belief involves sonship, and sonship involves brotherhood, and brotherhood involves living for the spirit behind things, for the higher life, the eternal life, on which death lays to hand, on which the grave has no claim.

For this higher life, in the Father's name I claim you. You have a perfect pattern of it in Jesus; you have a perfect helper in God's Spirit, which is yours for the asking. You begin to live the life by doing something for the man next you just because God is his Father and yours.

Peace of the Heart.—If quiet and peace could only be had by withdrawing from the duties and occupations of active life, then quiet and peace for most of us could never be. It is not in our power to fly to some far and still retreat, in whose quiet we may escape the evils and troubles here. And the corner will never be found in this world where care and evil shall be unknown to human beings. But the peace which the Savior gives His own is peace of heart and mind amid daily duties. It is that "central peace," which may subsist at the heart of all-day agitation.

Unions of different denominations are possible today, in part at least, because the members are careless about doctrine and church polity. In so far as this may be the cause of union the union is on a wrong basis and can only have an evil result.

But the chief cause of the possibility of union is that denominations have acted and reacted upon one another, and so modified one another, that there is a very real drawing together. The aggressive spirit of Methodism has, for instance, profoundly affected the Episcopal Church until now an individual Methodist might in some cases find himself more at home in some particular Episcopal Church than in the particular Methodist Church which he has been attending. There may sometimes be more of the spirit of Wesley in an Episcopal Church than in the Methodist Church beside it.

In fact, the question as to the denomination to which an individual will belong, has come to depend perhaps quite as much upon the kind of people who attend a certain church in its neighborhood, as upon the teaching or the form of government of the church. A society church attracts society people. An aggressive church attracts aggressive people. A democratic church attracts people poor and rich, who feel it to be very important that all classes should fraternize in their worship of God.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Willis S. Parks, daughter of Senator Bacon, of Georgia, has been decorated by the Sultan of Turkey, the order being the same as that received by Mrs. Robert Golet some years ago.

John D. Rockefeller has taken to civil engineering on his vast Pocantico Hills estate as a recreation for his old age.

Miss Helen Miller Gould, with the intelligent assistance of Miss Elizabeth Altman, annually disburses \$500,000 in charity. Probably Miss Gould supports directly and indirectly more charities than any person living. While it does not mean that she gives away such sums as are recorded of the Rockefeller and Carnegie charities, on the best authority her donations annually reach five hundred or more beneficiaries.

James Stillman, the New York banker, has established a new record as patron of opera, having obtained for the coming season two parterre boxes for a total of 161 performances, which at the rate of \$100 a performance, makes a total output on the part of the banker of \$16,100 for the pleasure of witnessing grand opera from the "diamond horseshoe."

William Elliott, of Kokomo, Ind., was recently notified that an accumulated pension of \$15,000 awaited him at Washington, but he refuses to accept the money, saying: "I was a soldier all through the war, but I merely did my plain duty, nothing more, and am not entitled to a pension for that."

Dr. Heber Jones, to whom the citizens of Memphis recently presented a purse of \$10,000 for his care of the quarantine this year, has weathered five epidemics in the city, and yet it is recorded that he was "greatly embarrassed" when the leading woman who presented the check kissed him full upon the lips.

Professor W. J. McGee, the scientist, slept four months, without a bed, on the hot sands of Arizona, to regain his health, and he has succeeded. To occupy his abundant leisure he studied the insects and reptiles of the desert.

"Lucky" Baldwin, the famous California horseman, has been informed by his physicians that there is no hope of his recovering his eyesight. He is in a San Francisco hospital.

Rev. W. W. Armstrong, of Paducah, Ky., now at Methodist church, has just received an offer of \$100,000 a year from a noted stable owner who wanted his services as a horse trainer.

The chief of the Czar's Russian by tradition and position a gentleman, and has the right of wearing a sword. The present holder of the office is an Alsatian named Krantz, who fought in the French army the Russo-German war and won distinction. His pay and perquisites amount, it is said, to nearly \$35,000 a year.

Secretary Taft has traveled 100,000 miles, or four times the distance around the world at the equator, since May 24, 1906, when he became Governor General of the Philippines. In the five and a half years since his call from the Federal bench he has spent 360 days on the ocean, or almost a year.

The budget for the Turkish Sultan's harem amount to \$16,000,000 every year.

Some of the Japanese fishermen in Hawaii have built a cannon on the model which was in use in Japan about 600 B. C. They have put a gasoline engine in it and use it for fishing.

A fire recently swept through the woods near the State University, at Berkeley, Cal., and disclosed that a fireman had been living in a tent in the woods and cooking his own meals. He was too poor to rent a room. It is said that he is an excellent student.

The top of the wireless telegraph tower being erected on Mount Fand, near Funchal, has, with 2,000 feet above sea level, and will be the pole on a tower to be erected near Honolulu. The messages will be sent 2,100 miles.

On a telegraph at St. Paul, Ind., presented to the optometrist department by Professor Ormrod, the Japanese earthquake expert, the shock caused by the blow up of the steamship Chatham in the East China Sea, 2,000 miles away, was recorded.

Self-Admiration.—Miss Ode I never had so many bouquets as you girls, but I certainly had one another for years.

Miss Tabasco.—Indeed. And do you stand before the mirror every day?

Sunday School Lesson

FOR DECEMBER 17, 1905.

PREPARATION FOR THE MESSIAH.
Malachi 3:1-12. Learn verses 8-10.
Study Malachi 3 and 4.

Golden Text.—I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me.—Malachi 3:1.

It is man's normal state to be always looking forward to something better. Content with anything but the best, visions of glorious things to be—these are a part of his divine nature. He was made to be God's image and to share God's life, and that implies that he can never be satisfied short of perfection.

It is no wonder then that there were those among the Jews who, even perhaps before the completion of the work of Ezra and Nehemiah, looked forward to a time beyond their own days if not beyond the days of their children's children, when their nation would be blessed as it never had been before.

The builders of the Temple and the builders of the walls would certainly think of their work as affecting not only themselves but their nation long after their time. They were nation-builders, and no doubt even the least workman had some hope of great results from their labors.

The whole Jewish history is full of this looking forward. Abraham and Isaac and Jacob looked forward to the time when their descendants would become a great and a glorious nation. That that would surely happen was the most important fact in their lives.

Why did Abraham set out to make a home in a foreign land? Why was he so anxious for a son to succeed him? Why did Isaac and Jacob consider the blessing of Isaac as of so much importance? It was all because these men were looking to the far-distant future, and to the best of their ability were picturing to themselves a heaven on earth, and working to bring it about. They knew that God had a great work for them and their children to do. Read Jacob's prophetic blessing of his sons. (Gen. 49:1-29.)

It was a strange and glorious instinct that incited the patriarchs of old to work and suffer in order that inheritors of a future generation might live in a better world. And coupled with that instinct, of course, was an instinct to look far into the future and picture a time of great blessing as belonging to future generations.

We find traces of this same look forward in other nations, but now so strongly marked as among the Jews. That quality which was stamped on the Patriarchs stamped the nation, and at its worst times a dignity that other nations lack.

It is very necessary to him these things if we are to appreciate the longings among the Jews of restoration with regard to the Messiah. The nation had been great; it had in some measure showed to other peoples what righteousness was; it had in part fulfilled its high destiny; and then as a nation it went to pieces. What that to be the end? A thousand times, no! They would rebuild the Temple and the walls of Jerusalem. From that they would go on and reconstruct the nation. It should yet again be great. But the prophets saw the end of it. They knew that the nation's power as it had been in the time of Solomon; it would only fall again, unless it could be inspired with a new earnest spirit of loyalty to God.

What was needed was a nation of more spirituality, and greater righteousness. Unless that could be had the reconstruction would be worthless. And to have that, a new leader was needed. The prophets were enabled to foresee the coming of a "David" but they did not generally understand the purely spiritual character of His reign.

All through the sacred Scriptures of the Jews which make up the Old Testament, ran prophecies and hints of the coming of a great and glorious Son of God's people. From the promise to Adam and Eve after the fall, down to the time of Malachi, there had been scores of more or less definite prophecies of the coming of Christ, becoming more definite and more numerous as time went on.

This was all so much preparation of the people for His coming. And the people as a whole had come to feel that their destiny was bound up with the Messiah, and that the coming of the Messiah was the key to their future.

To be sure their notions of what He was to do for them, in so far as they could put the prophecies into words, were crude and far from the truth. They expected a conquering prince who would overcome their enemies. But that was because they had not closely followed the prophecies. No one could get such a meaning out of Isaiah 53, for instance. And many other prophecies also, including the first of all, pointed to a spiritual rather than temporal greatness in the Messiah.

Though the mass of the people would have worshiped their expectations with regard to the Messiah in such a way as to seem very far astray, in their heart there were some longings for more righteousness, and more beauty of holiness, and some expectancy of these things in the person of the deliverer.

In order that men's attention should be directed to the Messiah, in order that He should come to His people as a heralded King, there was to be a special forerunner, or messenger, who should prepare the way.

There are two elements to be taken account of in the prophecies, the human and the divine. God revealed to the prophets what He was about to do and they declared the revelation. That is one aspect of the matter. But we should not forget that God's revelation through these men depended in some measure upon the nature of the men through whom He spoke. The great revelations came through men who were great of soul, and the revelations were possible through them, because they themselves could perceive spiritual truths. In other words, the revelations were not merely pumped into the minds of the prophets, so to speak, to be by them openly declared; but their spiritualities, their openness to spiritual things made it possible for them to hear what God had to say and to appreciate and appropriate the revelation and give it out in their own way.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

A belated commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Bronte occurred a short time ago, six months after the right date, in the rebuilt church at Haworth, the address being made by Ernest de Selincourt.

A book which Little, Brown & Co. publish deserves a paragraph because of the great age of its author, Mrs. Frances Alexander, who has translated from the Italian the 120 miracle stories and sacred legends which make up "Il Libro d'Oro." It is her ninety-third year. Mrs. Alexander's home is in Florence, Italy.

The Williamsons' first and most famous motor-car novel, "The Lightning Conductor," has gone into the twenty-second edition. Now it is to be dramatized for Herbert Kealey and Effie Shannon, who will take the leading parts. Harry B. Smith is to condense the varied scenes of the novel into three acts. Of course an automobile is destined to be as essential a part of stage outfits as a piano to the concert stage.

Charles H. Caffin, author of a number of books and essays on art, especially the art pictorial, is of English birth and parentage, and a graduate of Oxford. The Columbian exposition drew him to this country, and he was associated with the decoration department of that great fair. Since 1897 his home has been in New York city, where he is known as art critic, lecturer and writer. He is also the American editor of The Studio.

The heroine of Charles Clark Munn's new novel, the title of which has just been changed from "Chip" to "The Girl from Tim's Place," and the locality where the events of the story occur are not inventions, but are out of real life. "Tim's Place" is in the wilderness of northern Maine, where Mr. Munn, on a hunting trip, found a beautiful young girl employed by the owner and very cruelly treated, being made to go barefooted and to wear off-cloth dresses instead of decent dress of her sex.

John Heaton, of Amherst, Mass., a fervent admirer of Thackeray, as may be inferred from the fact that he has a "Thackeray corner" that is the envy of his friends and fellow collectors. Besides a number of the portraits of the great novelist, he has about 125 volumes, some of which are bibliographic treasures. There is a copy of the famous "Flare at Zephyr," picked up some years ago for a dollar. The "Daily" copy sold for \$350, which was not considered an exorbitant price. "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" was bought two years ago for \$5.50. The copy is flawless, with the original paper covers. This edition has sold for \$300. Another treasure of the corner is an autograph letter of Thackeray which has never been published.

Only One River. The Arkansas river is the only water course in Oklahoma ever navigated by man. It has diminished year after year by pouring its waters into the sand dunes of arid and western plains, until now often in the summer solstice it is possible for a pony to pass from bank to bank without wetting a saddle girth.

Bathing the Eyes. Bathing the eyes with equal parts of witch hazel and water is very useful to them, or bathe them with water in which are dissolved a few drops of powdered borax, and two drops of spirits of camphor. When the eyes are inflamed, a moist linen cloth, used under the eyes, is better than a sponge for bathing the eyes. The eyes should be washed every night to remove any dust that might have gathered on the lids during the day.

Not the Same. "Has your daughter any vocal ability?" asked the new minister. "No, she ain't much at playin'," answered Mrs. Cornshocks, "but you jist ought t' hear her sing."

In the West House. "In the oriental countries," said the man who reads books of travel, "a man will remove his shoes before entering a building. He calls it sacredness."

"And in this country," chuckled the rounder, who comes home under the light of the morning star, "he removes his shoes before entering the house and calls it respectation."

Wonderful. "So you had your palm read by a palmist?" interrogated the tramp by the water tank.

"Yes, pard," replied the chum of the flies, "and it was wonderful how he could tell fortunes. I asked him what I needed do most of all in this world." "What did he say?" "Why, he looked at me palm and said: 'A cake of soap.'"

IDENTIFYING JONES' BODY.

The Verifying Examination Scientific, Palmsaking and Conscientious.

On April 7 the coffin was opened in presence of Colonel Blanchard, M. Weiss, M. Geninet, superintendent of the work, the foreman, several workmen, and myself. The lid was so firmly soldered that it was removed with some difficulty. There was a strong alcoholic odor, but the alcohol in which the body had evidently been preserved had nearly all evaporated, doubtless through the hole made in the lid by the pick and a crack in the edge of the coffin near the foot caused by the pressure of the earth after the wooden coffin had rotted away. However, the earth which covered these holes was hard and black, having evidently become indurated by the action of the escaping alcohol, so that the process of evaporation had doubtless been exceedingly slow. The body was covered with a winding sheet and firmly packed with hay and straw. A rough measurement indicated the height of Paul Jones. Those engaged upon the work had been furnished some time before with copies of the admiral's congressional medal showing his bust in profile. Half a dozen candles were placed near the head of the coffin, and the winding sheet was removed from the head and chest, exposing the face. To our intense surprise the body was marvelously well preserved, all the flesh remaining intact, but slightly shrunken and of a grayish brown or tan color. The surface of the body and the linen were moist. The face presented quite a natural appearance, except that the cartilaginous portion of the nose had been bent over toward the right side, pressed down and completely disfigured by its too close proximity to the lid of the coffin. Upon placing the medal near the face, comparing the other features and recognizing the peculiar characteristics—the broad forehead, high cheekbones, deeply arched eye-sockets, and other points of resemblance, we immediately exclaimed, "Paul Jones!" and all those who had gathered about the coffin removed their hats, feeling that there was every probability that they were standing in the presence of the illustrious dead—the object of the long search.

There now took place one of the most scientific, painstaking and conscientious examinations conceivable for the purpose of verifying beyond all doubt the identification of the body submitted for this purpose.

The official and professional responsibility of those engaged in the task, their disinterestedness, and the fact that their established reputations were at stake, gave abundant guarantee that the labor would be faithfully and impartially performed. Twelve American or French persons officially took part in or witnessed the work of identification, and their affirmative verdict, after six days passed in the application of every possible test, was positive and unanimous, and was formally recorded under the official seals of the respective departments.

Later of Time. A quantity fair a machine which bore a sign reading "How to Make Your Trouser Last" occupied a prominent position in the grounds, and attracted much attention. A countryman who stood gaping before it was told by the exhibitor, a person with a long beard and a miniature striped shirt, that for four-cent diamond in a button, that for 1 cent deposited in the machine would dispense him with the required coin from the pocket of a deep pocket and dropped it into the slot. Instantly the machine delivered a card on which was neatly printed your coat and waistcoat were washed and pressed.

Amateur. Yes, I'm going to take a hunting trip, but I need a dog. I'm looking for some one who will lend me a dog.

Wine—I can give you a pointer. Amateur—Can you? Wine—Yes. Don't go. Philadelphia Press.

Tombed. "That was a very touching scene, that Jones' funeral, wasn't it?" "Yes, I think so," said Jones' lawyer, touched him.

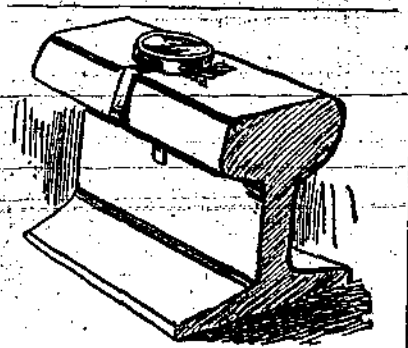


"That was a very touching scene, that Jones' funeral, wasn't it?" "Yes, I think so," said Jones' lawyer, touched him.

RAILWAY SIGNAL.

Paper Torpedo Which Is Perfectly Safe and Harmless.

It has been found that the majority of the metallic torpedoes that are used upon railroads for signal purposes are exceedingly dangerous, often causing injury to those who use them. A Pittsburgh inventor has devised an entirely new composition of paper or a soft, fibrous material, whereby the injury caused by metallic torpedoes is entirely obviated and a perfectly safe and harmless torpedo provided. This torpedo is made of three cup-shaped shells, one placed inside the other. The two inner cases or shells constitute a case in which the explosive



ATTACHED TO THE RAIL.

compound is placed, and are composed of paper, cloth or other similar fibrous material, which will not, when the torpedo is exploded, fly in a manner to injure anyone who should happen near it. A strap to engage with the rail is placed around the middle casing and the outer and holding the strap in position. Owing to the flexibility of the several shells, they are capable of being inclosed one within the other and thus yield sufficiently to at the same time permit the strap to be embraced within the casing. The position of the torpedo on the track when being exploded is such that the wheel of a passing train is above and the rail below the torpedo, making it essential that there should be an additional edge. This strengthening edge is effected by a ring or band, also of soft, fibrous material, around the edge of the torpedo, which when exploded will not cause injury and adds to its safety and harmlessness. When the torpedo is completed it is subjected to a coating of waterproofing compound, as are also the shells before being assembled.

Incenseable Ignorance.

"Doctor," said the oldest inhabitant, "I have severe pains in my right knee and foot. What is that a sign of?" "I should think a man as old as you profess to be," rejoined the M. D., "ought to know that is a sure sign of rain."

Not Sure of Her Own.

Mrs. De Fashion (at a children's party). "Maidie!" Nurse Girl—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. De Fashion—It's time for us to go home. Which of these children is mine?—New York Weekly.

"Yes, she wants her alimony increased." "Why?" "Understand she thinks of marrying again and wants the money for her husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Up Against It. "So your old bachelor friend really decided to get married?" "Yes, and he says, now that he has taken the leap, he is going to lift married life to the bottom."

"Yes, the first day they returned from the honeymoon his wife started him sitting ashes."

Sure! Bess—My ideal was shattered. Tess—So was mine. Bess—Oh, no! Yours was broke. Tess—Well, it's about the same thing, isn't it?—Detroit News.

Why It Proved a Failure. "Terribles—Wright's new book, 'Life in the Slums,' failed to make a hit, I hear."

Dribbles—Yes. He had no idea of poverty—only poverty of ideas."

The Man for Her. "My maid," she mused, "of dual, they say; The man I want is he With hand enough to find a way To make the dust for me." Philadelphia Press.

Was It Tainted? "Do you consider the money Dintler gave the Ladies' Aid Society was tainted?" "Tainted! Why so?" "He made most of it as an importer of garlic." Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Playing Futures. "Yes, mum, O'll make yez an good a cook as the next man." "I don't know anything about the next one, but you'll have to be better than the last one." Houston Post.

Put it It. "A pretty woman's lips," remarked the sentimental youth, "entice me of a treat." "Yes," rejoined the ex-bachelor, "and her tongue reminds me of the other."

OLD Favorites

Bonnie Bessie Lee. Bonnie Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles And mirth round her ripe lips was aye dancing slee, And light was the foot-fa' and waltz some the wiles, O' the flower o' the parochin—our ain Bonnie Bessie Lee!

With the bairns she would rin, and the school laddies palk, And o'er the broom-braes-like a fairy would flee, Till auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her sake, There was life in the blythe blink o' Bonnie Bessie Lee.

She grat wi' the waefu' and laugh'd wi' the glad, And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she; And a tongue that could jeer, too, the little lassie had, Whilk kept aye her ain side for Bonnie Bessie Lee.

And she whiles had a sweetheart, and whiles she had twa, A glaikit bit lassie—but, between you and me, Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa'. Though mony, a sne had sought it frae Bonnie Bessie Lee.

But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last, For ten years had parted my auld hame and me, And I said to mysel' as her mither's door I pass'd, "Will I ever get anither kiss frae Bonnie Bessie Lee?"

But time changes a' things—the illon-tured loon! Were it ever sae rightly he'll no let it be; But I rabbit at my een, and I thought I would swoon, How the carle had come round about our ain Bonnie Lee.

The wee laughing lassie was a gudewife growing auld— Two weans at her apron and aye on her knee; She was dooce, too, and wise-like—and wisdom's aye could—I would rather had the kith aye than this Bessie Lee.

The Old Pump's Farewell. Ay, root me up like some dead tree Bereft of leaf and shade, And in some corner let me lie Irreverently laid, To waste my bones in rot and rust, And let me, once who gave Cool draughts to man and beast, in dust Find an unhonored grave.

It was thy father set me here A score of years ago, And bade cool water, crystal clear, In grateful streams to flow, In all my years no thirsty lout For drink of me has cried And from my overhanging spout Has gone unsatisfied.

The children, rioting from school, Here sought my dripping spout, Whence sparkling water, clear and cool, In torrents gushing out, Brought thirst a comforting eclipse, With its refreshing draught, And ah! the sweetness of their lips Pressed to me as they quaffed.

Then, speeding onward to their play, I heard their merry cries, And like the tears that drip away In gladness from the eyes, The cool drops flowed and trickled down My iron cheek to see How from far corners of the town The thirsty came to me.

The dusty yokel, worn and tasked, Tramped to me from the road, Gripp'd hands with me, and all unshak'd The grateful waters flowed, The cup held by its clanking chain He lifted oft and drained Its crystal waters once again, And some new vigor gained.

And, ah! those patient hounds that brought Their noses to my tank, When the red sun beat fiercely hot, And drank, and drank, and drank With mighty draughts and deep until My labors were high vain To give them drink enough and fill My water tub again.

Nor all my score of years till now Have I once failed to cool The thirstiest lip and fevered brow From that still rippling pool Wherein my feet have stood. My cup in ready hands and strong Has dipped its crystal waters up So long, so long, so long!

But now my joints are worn and old, My spout is parched and dry, My cup's a-leak and will not hold My drink, however I try, So root me up like some old tree Bereft of leaf and shade, And in some corner let me lie Irreverently laid.

—New York Times.

Some Platonic Philosophy. "Th' mon that tells yez not t' worry has cyllor got through wid a job my worryin' or is about t' begin ut." Baltimore American.

FREED FROM LIVING D.

Famous Russian Revolutionist to Visit This Country.

In a short time Michael Trigon, one of the most of Russian revolutionists, will visit this country.



Trigon's career is replete with romance and adventure. He is the son of an aristocratic family, studied in the University of O. He was a very handsome young man, always dressed neatly, and his manners were charming. Instead of the pleasurable, peaceful life of an aristocrat he devoted his life to the overthrow of the czar. In 1881 he was one of the members of the famous Committee of the People's Will, that underground society which the czar's agents followed in the famous assassination of the czar's father, Alexander II. The czar's agents would surely have been had the bomb not exploded minutes too soon. Other terrible deeds were committed. At last, a remarkable conspiracy that brought about the death of Alexander II, was organized. The leader of this conspiracy was the revolutionist Z. Trigon was one of the chiefest friends. The work was roughly well organized. A through which the czar's agents was expected to pass was mine, in order to make sure of the attack four revolutionists were placed with bombs on four different corners.

Shortly before this Trigon was sent by the Executive Committee on a mission to Berlin. The German police were more watchful than the police of St. Petersburg. The German police soon found out that an important revolutionist was there and immediately notified the Russian government. When Trigon returned to Russia, he followed him to his home on Nevsky Prospect, in St. Petersburg.

On Friday, Feb. 27, 1881, Zhelez took farewell of his sweetheart, Perovskaya, and went to the store from which the mine was under the street to blow up the czar. From there he went to visit Trigon.

That evening while the two revolutionists were holding a conference, they were arrested. The conspiracy was at once taken charge of by Sophia Perovskaya. Everything was arranged in a hurry, and on the next day Alexander II. was killed by a bomb.

Trigon and Perovskaya, together with three other revolutionists, fled on the night of the assassination to the dungeons of the Peter and Paul. Three years ago he was exiled to Sakhalin Island.

AN OLD MASTER. The Rev. Russell Day, an Eton master about 40 years ago, was very strict, and to gain his approval in "any lesson" was almost an impossibility—at least the author of "Memories of Eton and Etonians," says he found it so. "Little Day," or "Larva Day," as he was generally called, never prompted a boy, and at the very first mistake, or if the boy forgot a word, he was dismissed at once with: "Write it out, my friend."

As this same writing out took twenty minutes at least, most of the boys were in the habit of writing it out beforehand, in preference to spending a long time trying to learn it, and then being called upon by "my friend" to write it out at the first breakdown.

Mr. Day used to suffer from gout or neuralgic pains, and there is a story that once, having ordered a boy to "write it out," and then having a sudden twinge, followed it up with "twice, my friend," and when the boy showed some surplus, he continued, as another twinge came on, "and once in the Greek character!"

He was a clever and accomplished man, and when not suffering was smiling and full of fun. One day a boy came into his room to summon a boy who had been committing some offense to "stay after school," a form of command prognosticating a "washing."

"What may your name be?" Mr. Day asked of the prepositional. "Cala, sir," replied the boy. "Then, my friend," said Mr. Day, "I think you had better scullage."

Tallest of Poles. Tallest among telegraph poles is one just raised at Hibernia, in England, which stands 116 feet 3 inches above ground.

HOME.

When, where the busy scenes of life are thronging,
Where pleasure leads or duty bids me roam,
Comes a ceaseless, quiet and a subtle longing
For the humble, sacred spot we call our home.

There graceful elms ward off the noonday sun,
And cedars, pines and firs are growing there;
The honeysuckle's blossoms are the day's begun,
With fragrance fill the balmy morning air.

To you it's but a common place at best,
No stately structures tell of ease and wealth,
No cozy nooks abound which lure to rest,
To me it's home, with peace, and trust, and health.

Out on the lawn behold the mulberry tree,
With rustic seats among its branches strong;
There summer hours my children sat with me
And sped the time in laughter, cheer and song.

And there in days gone by the opening flower
Was seen by gladsome eyes, with gleeful shout,
Nor could bird hide nest in leafy bower
But these explorers quickly found it out.

Here mingled in our crucible of life,
What joy and grief, despair and hope we know,
Yet shines the light of love—and child and wife—
Do sacred make the spot we call our home.

S. Perry's Grievance

Day of miracles ain't over,
Like dream dreams and see
Even now—You don't be-
Well, I'll tell you of a case
Was a year ago this coming
that I went over to spend
et weeks with Cousin Elvira at
her house. Now, you probab-
know it, but Marshall's Cor-
ner is the liveliest place
to world. They are mostly
here, and a mile from El-
vira's store and postoffice and a
factory. Oh, yes, and there's a
house in a pine grove half a
mile from her house the other way.
I guess it was the third day I was
there that I says, 'Elvira, who is it
in the house across the road, and
it's so much coming and going
there? Seems to me there's some-
thing there every half hour.'
Elvira, she folded up her work and
said, 'Come along with me, she
'and you'll see why there's so
much calling there.' It's Mrs. Perry
there. Her husband's sick, has
been for a long time, but he's getting
now. We all think everything
Perry, though we didn't like
the first month or so she
lived there, as we went across the
road, the curtains were raised quite
high, and a lot of light, and
there was a window full of bright,
looking, flowering plants. A big
cat sat on another window sill
looking at us as we went by.
I liked it, but some-
times I'd see a yellow cat, but some-
times I'd see a black cat, and
I'd think, 'What a kind of house—
so many cats!'

The minute I laid eyes on Mrs.
Perry, I knew why everybody liked
her. You know there's some folks
that meet on the road; they don't
know nothing more than nod and smile
at you, but somehow feel better for
seeing 'em. Mrs. Perry was like that.
I didn't want to say she was pretty,
but she had nice clean-looking teeth
and her hair was tidy, and she had
the pleasantest cordial smile I ever
saw. She had on a plain, calico dress,
but it was clean and whole and fitted
her nice, and looked kinder stylish.
She is genuine, I says to myself.
She's just what she appears to be.
Her house was just like her; it was
plain and neat; there was comfort-
able chairs, and there was books and
a piano.

Mr. Perry was lying in a reclining
chair, and although you could see that
he was a pleasant sort of person,
it was his wife that was the one
I liked best.

Well, we had an awful nice call,
and just before we went, Elvira asked
to play and sing for us. She never
did a word of objection, and she
didn't say she had a cold and couldn't,
but she went right over to the piano
and set down and began to play. Now
I heard more or less good music
every day, and when I heard Mrs.
Perry I knew she wasn't no ordi-
nary person. Her voice wasn't noth-
ing but it was sweet and
and she sang with some life and
I says something about it after
she'd through, and she said she'd
at a good deal and been to some
teachers, but she didn't put on
about it.

or that first call, I went over
pretty often, and we talked to-
gether like old friends. It was one
day, towards the end of my visit, that
I had a specially long talk. It was
a rainy day, and Mr. Perry was
in the next room, so we had
a long spell to ourselves. We'd
been a kind of puzzle in our com-
pany, and there wasn't no sound
from but the clock ticking and



SHE WASN'T NO ORDINARY AMATEUR.

out my old clothes, so I wore one
gown that had seen better days, and
I looked like a fright, especially as
I neglected my hair and wore shabby
old slippers.

"The doctor came out to see Al-
fred and he looked puzzled and shook
his head. 'I don't see why he doesn't
gain more,' he said, and he looked at
me sharply and with a gleam of sus-
picion in his eyes.

"I don't like to think of that time.
The neighbors did not call a second
time, of course, and I was really very
lonely, though I did not admit it, and
kept saying how glad I was not to be
bothered by them. I could see Al-
fred was getting worse instead of bet-
ter, and I knew the doctor thought I
was somehow to blame for it. I never
was so wretched in my life. I began
to be really alarmed about my hus-
band, and it was when I got my
mind off myself that the revelation
came.

"It was one night after one of
Alfred's very worst days that I lay
awake worrying about him. At last
I fell asleep, and I had a dream, or
a vision, I don't know which to call
it. It seemed to be in a graveyard,
and there was one stone that I seem-
ed to be drawn toward. I expected to
see my husband's name on it, and I
wasn't with fear but I drew nearer

We pay carfare both ways, if a certain amount is
purchased and the return ticket shown. This is an im-
portant saving.

OAK HALL Carries a Big Stock Suitable for Sensible Christmas Gifts

This is the time of year when good will is very
hearty—thousands of people are thinking of mak-
ing Christmas gifts, and the all-absorbing question
is what to buy. A glance over this list may prove
helpful.

It's worth remembering that sensible gifts in
the end bring the biggest satisfaction.

Men's Swallow-tail Suits in dress worsted, silk lined
throughout, \$27.50.

Men's Double Breasted Frock Suits in Black Unfinished
Worsted, silk lined throughout, \$25.00.

Men's Double Breasted Overcoats, plush lined throughout,
chawl collar of muskrat. The fur extends along the edge to the
bottom of the coat, \$25.00.

Men's Single Breasted Sack Suits in dark hard-faced
worsted, \$15.00.

Men's Tuxedo Coats, silk lined throughout, collar of gros
grain silk, \$15.00.

Men's Double Breasted Sack Suits in all-wool black chev-
rons, \$10.00.

Men's Double Breasted Reefing Coats in Oxford Cheviots,
with storm collar, \$6.50.

Men's Leather-corduroy reversible coats, \$5.00.

Boys' Double Breasted Blue Cheviot Reefers, 4 to 12 years,
brass buttons, velvet collar, chevrons on sleeve, \$5.00.

Boys' Double Breasted Blue Cheviot Suits with belt, bloom-
er trousers, 9 to 15 years, \$5.00.

Boys' Double Breasted long Overcoats, buttoned to the neck,
collar of same goods, 4 to 10 years, \$6.50.

Men's Shoes in Box, Calf-Tan Grain, Gun Metal Patent, Col-
ored Kid, \$3 to \$5. If you want to be weather-proof, see
range.

Men's House Coats, \$4.00 to \$10.00.

Men's Bath Robes, \$4.00 to \$12.00.

Sweaters for Boys and Men, \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Gloves, \$1.00 to \$3.50.

Men's Neckwear, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Fancy Holiday Suspenders—one pair in a box—50c, \$1.00 and
\$1.50 per pair.

Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, plain and fancy, with initials
—25c, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

Men's Mufflers, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Wanamaker & Brown

OAK HALL,

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

and looked. I saw my own name, and
below it read these words: "My Lady
Disdain. No one loved her in life nor
mourned her in death, and no one
was ever made happy by her."

"I awoke with a start, and there
was no more sleep for me that night.
I looked at myself as if I had been
some one else, and I saw that I'd
kept on as I had begun my epitaph
would be a true one. Then I realized
what was the trouble with Alfred.
My gloomy, fault-finding, depressing
atmosphere was having its effect on
him. As soon as it was light I looked
at his sleeping face, and I was terri-
fied. He looked so worn and pale and
unhappy. I was sick with fear. Had
I learned my lesson too late?

"It was hard to appear cheerful
and hopeful when there was such a
fear at my heart, but somehow
strength was given me to do it, and
you don't know how thankful I was
that first day when I made Alfred
laugh—something he had not done for
weeks. I played to him and read to
him, and in the afternoon when he
took his nap I went out and called on
one of the neighbors, and every day
when I could returned one of the calls
I had received. It was hard for me
to do it, remembering how dishearten-
ing and rude I had been, but they were
all so kind and forgiving and did not
seem to remember the first impres-
sion.

"Soon the neighbors began to
drop in often, and this helped to
cheer Alfred up, and the next time
the doctor came he was surprised at
the improvement in his patient. He
looked me over from top to toe—I
had changed my appearance a great
deal—and then he nodded his head
approvingly and muttered, 'I thought
I did not ask him what he meant,
so I know.'

"That dream has made such a dif-
ference in my life, Aunt Asenath—
yes, and in the lives of others, too.
I shudder to think what I would have
been by this time if I had not had
that experience."

"Don't waste any shudders on
that," I says. "Something else would
have put you on the right track, but
of course the vision you had made a
quicker cure. You are one of the
kind that can take a hint. Now, lots
of folks can't, and in your place they
would have kept right on as you be-
gan, and then would have blamed ev-

erybody under the sun but themselves
for their misery."

"Well, she says, 'I'm glad I
was the guilty person. And what
think, Aunt Asenath? I have
I like the town and the ne-
and the house and the people
people most of all.' Besides
I'm going to like the country
soon, too—in about another month
think,' and she laughed.

"The difference is all in your
I says. 'Most generally when folks
hate everything and everybody
sight, the trouble's all with
selves. If they'd only see it
themselves for awhile it would
all the difference in the world,
and to everybody else that has
with 'em or see 'em.'"

"And Don't Go Near the Water."

There lives in Washington a
man who has a ten-year-old son
of great spirit, but with no
abundance of strength. Not long
ago the boy secured an athletic permit
to join a camp, party organization
boys in the neighborhood, but his
parting instructions there was one
restriction.

"Now, my boy," said the father, "I
don't wish you to go out in our canoe
boat's canoe. He and those other lads
are quite used to the water, but you
are not; and you haven't as yet learn-
ed to sit still anywhere. You'll be
with them but a short time, and with
the other amusements you'll have, you
can afford to let the canoe alone this
visit, so that your mother will not be
worrying all the while you're away."

The boy promptly gave the desired
promise. On his return he was most
enthusiastic with regard to the pleas-
ures he had enjoyed.

"Didn't mind not canoeing a bit,
father," said he. "The only time they
used the canoe, anyway, was the last
day, to go over to the other shore
but I remembered my promise, and
I wasn't going to break it at the last
minute. So I swam across."

A divorce suit is usually more expen-
sive than a wedding suit.

The Nelson Controversy has called
attention to the age of Nelson's cru-
sades at Trafalgar. It is alleged that
only 40. Nelson's age at the time was
59. The commander of the
first battleship was 59.

A REHEARSAL WITH IRVING.

A Member of His Lyceum Company
Tells of His Great Kindness.

Writing of Irving, while she was a
member of the London Lyceum com-
pany, Gertrude Norman, in the Thea-
ter Magazine, says:

"Sir Henry always impressed one,
despite his capabilities for long hours
and days of vigorous work, as being
a fragile and delicate man, one who
had suffered great physical pain in
the earnest battle of life. When he
appeared in the early morning to his
already gathered company, coming
quietly and unobtrusively around the
corner of some jutting wing, the most
prosaic of us all felt a change and
stimulus in the atmosphere. It was
as if some grave and gentle sage or
philosopher had come to speak to his
waiting followers.

"Immediately one was aware that
here was a man of the profoundest
intellectual attainments, containing in
that lofty brain so many brilliant qual-
ities and gifts that there was little
doubt that whatever branch of art,
literature, science or politics he had
chosen for his medium of expression,
in any one of them he must have poi-
gnantly succeeded. When at rehearsal he
was alert, tense, all-seeing and com-
prehensive, but in private life usually
grave, dreamy, absent-minded. But he
could be, as many have attested, the
most animated and genial of talkers,
the best and witziest of story tellers.
Nevertheless, one could never in his
presence lose sight of the fact that his
art was to him an all-absorbing monu-
mental and worshiped passion.

The many unforgettable productions
which evolved from under his master
hand were rehearsed by himself and
Miss Terry with the utmost ardent
love. The rehearsals attendant on
these lasted many weeks, but the enor-
mous interest attached to them was
so enthralling that one never grew
weary, even when one often found
the days seem to have passed and
dawn was flooding the London sky and
streets.

"Irving was benignly gentle, espe-
cially to the younger folk; he seemed
to comprehend sympathetically the
great awe in which we all held him.
Occasionally, he was a trifle shy.
If not quite sure what to say, he
To all he continually showed the
sweetest tact and consideration,
striving to find as topics of con-
versation the subjects most interesting to
his colleague, friend or visitor.

"His sense of humor was both sly
and delicious, and his criticisms of
faults in one's work were so delicately
made that one felt more as if receiv-
ing a compliment than a correction.
Each and all worked for him with
love, not fear, so it is little to be won-
dered that he attained harmonious re-
sults. I have seen him go over a
line of scenery or an inflection from eight-
een to twenty times, never losing his
patience or that wonderful sense of
courtesy which haloes the whole man.
There are many stories told of Sir
Henry's little eccentricities, and all
are too well known to bear repetition.
But, one quaint little habit I do
remember having seen mentioned in
the life of his wearing different
costumes. By these hints we
usually tell the mood of our
rehearsal, and the length of the re-
hearsal before us.

When he appeared in a smart, tall,
black suit, we knew it meant a brief
rehearsal of his work. If he wore a high-
top hat, such as Mr. Daly used to
wear, it meant several hours of 'ear-
nest labor, but if he appeared or called
for a battered, shapeless, soft and very
old brown hat, we knew that it meant
an intense and arduous day. If this
adornment were hung off alto-
gether, then we knew irrevocably it
meant a day of all day and almost all
night within the walls of the the-
ater.

Valiant Words.

A distinguished author says: "I re-
solved, when I was a child, never to
use a word which I could not pro-
nounce before my mother without of-
fending her." He kept his resolution,
and his example is worthy of imita-
tion. Few really learn a class of
low, vulgar words and expressions
which are never heard in respectable
circles. The utmost care on the part
of parents will, negatively prevent it.
Of course, we cannot think of girls
as being so much exposed to this peril.
We cannot imagine a decent girl us-
ing words she would not give atten-
dance to before her father or mother.
Such vulgarity is thought by some
boys to be "clever," the "next thing
to swearing," and yet "not so wicked."
But it is a habit which leads to pro-
fanity and fills the mind with evil
thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades
the soul, and prepares the way for
many of the gross and fearful sins
which now corrupt society.

When two women are not on speak-
ing terms with each other they make
up for it by saying things about each
other to their friends.

If a man owns street-railway stock
he never recommends walking as an
exercise.

John Frisch, Jr.,
Furnishing
Undertaker
and **Embalmer**
Twelfth St., between railroads.
Phone 3-5
Hammononton, N. J.
All arrangements for burials made
and carefully executed.

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BOARD OF TRADE.
The regular meeting was held last
Tuesday evening, with encouraging
attendance, more than a score of mem-
bers being present.
A communication was read from the
American Civic Federation, in regard
to international arbitration. Voted,
that a committee be appointed to co-
operate in this movement.
From the Philadelphia Board of
Trade, which (read between the lines)
asked co-operation against proposed
Congressional action on freight rates.
Laid on the table.
Voted, to take steps to unite with
the State Civic Federation.
Each of the above topics caused
interesting discussion.
Messrs. A. L. Patten and Chas. K.
Nelson were admitted to membership.
Committees reported: on the Mellor
foundry, nothing new; Mr. Mellor
has not yet kept his agreement.
Drainage: nothing doing. The big
ditch does good work, but should be
cleaned out and several obstructing
stumps removed. The ditch should
also be continued to running water.
It was stated that \$1800 will be avail-
able for drainage after Jan. 1st. The
Board will urge Council to do needed
work at an early date.
Considerable discussion followed, on
permanent improvement of Bellevue
Avenue, the Board favoring annual
appropriations for the purpose.
Committee on publicity recommend-
ed that the leaflets printed be placed
in the hands of individuals, to be en-
closed with letters; also, that another
be printed, showing improvements in
town during past two years,—this to
be folded in each booklet sent out. No
action.
Voted, that Town booklets be fur-
nished to Gilbert & O'Callahan at \$1
per hundred, as they are distributing
large numbers.
Mr. Rider reported that the State
Road Commissioner had promised to
inspect proposed improved road to
Indian Mills. Arrangements can be
made for good gravel.
It was stated that the Pennys are
planning to build a trolley short line
to Ocean City, to touch May's Land-
ing, and that it is possible to have the
junction at Hammononton. Voted, that
a committee be named, to take charge
of this project.
The 10th cent. St. crossing brought
out much discussion. The Corner's
Verdict in Notto case, as recorded at
May's Landing, only reflects the cause
of death, and expiates employees of
the road. Several members of that
state that they added a censure
to the company because no protection
been provided at that crossing,
recommended that steps be taken
to compel such protection. What be-
came of that clause? The Board does
propose to drop the case.
Hour being late, and many
having left the hall, it was
adjourned for a week, when
it will be elected.

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Atlantic City R. R.
Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1906.
Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS.				UP TRAINS.			
STATION.	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	STATION.	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.
Philadelphia	5:00	5:00	5:00	Atlantic City	5:00	5:00	5:00
West Collingswood	5:10	5:10	5:10	Atlantic City	5:10	5:10	5:10
Baden Heights	5:20	5:20	5:20	Atlantic City	5:20	5:20	5:20
Laurel Springs	5:30	5:30	5:30	Atlantic City	5:30	5:30	5:30
Clementon	5:40	5:40	5:40	Atlantic City	5:40	5:40	5:40
Williamstown Junction	5:50	5:50	5:50	Atlantic City	5:50	5:50	5:50
Older Brook	6:00	6:00	6:00	Atlantic City	6:00	6:00	6:00
Blue Anchor	6:10	6:10	6:10	Atlantic City	6:10	6:10	6:10
Windsor Junction (Ives)	6:20	6:20	6:20	Atlantic City	6:20	6:20	6:20
Hammononton	6:30	6:30	6:30	Atlantic City	6:30	6:30	6:30
Da Costa	6:40	6:40	6:40	Atlantic City	6:40	6:40	6:40
Elwood	6:50	6:50	6:50	Atlantic City	6:50	6:50	6:50
Egg Harbor	7:00	7:00	7:00	Atlantic City	7:00	7:00	7:00
Plymouth Junction	7:10	7:10	7:10	Atlantic City	7:10	7:10	7:10
Pleasantville	7:20	7:20	7:20	Atlantic City	7:20	7:20	7:20
Atlantic City	7:30	7:30	7:30	Atlantic City	7:30	7:30	7:30

Morning express down leaves Phila. at 6:00, Hammononton 6:42, arriving at Atlantic City 7:30.
Morning accommodation up leaves Hammononton at 6:42, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30.
Morning express up leaves Atlantic City 8:00, Egg Harbor 8:10, Hammononton 8:20, arriving at Philadelphia 9:00.
Evening express up leaves Atlantic City 5:30, Hammononton 6:00, Philadelphia 6:50.
Evening express down leaves Philadelphia 5:00, Hammononton 5:42, arriving at Atlantic City 6:30.
Night accom. down leaves Philadelphia at 8:00, arriving at Hammononton 8:42.
Sunday evening express down leaves Philadelphia 7:15, Hammononton 7:57, Atlantic City 8:45.
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic City 7:30, Hammononton 8:12, Philadelphia 9:00.
New York express up, stopping at Hammononton at 9:01 a.m., via Philadelphia down, 12:12 p.m.; Sundays, 12:18 p.m.
A. T. DICE, Gen. Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Manager

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
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Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1906. Subject to change.

DOWN TRAINS.				UP TRAINS.			
STATION.	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	STATION.	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.
Philadelphia	4:30	4:30	4:30	Atlantic City	4:30	4:30	4:30
Camden	4:40	4:40	4:40	Atlantic City	4:40	4:40	4:40
Collingswood	4:50	4:50	4:50	Atlantic City	4:50	4:50	4:50
Haddonfield	5:00	5:00	5:00	Atlantic City	5:00	5:00	5:00
Kirkwood	5:10	5:10	5:10	Atlantic City	5:10	5:10	5:10
Berlin	5:20	5:20	5:20	Atlantic City	5:20	5:20	5:20
Atco	5:30	5:30	5:30	Atlantic City	5:30	5:30	5:30
Waterford	5:40	5:40	5:40	Atlantic City	5:40	5:40	5:40
Ansboro	5:50	5:50	5:50	Atlantic City	5:50	5:50	5:50
Windsor Junction (Ives)	6:00	6:00	6:00	Atlantic City	6:00	6:00	6:00
Hammononton	6:10	6:10	6:10	Atlantic City	6:10	6:10	6:10
Elwood	6:20	6:20	6:20	Atlantic City	6:20	6:20	6:20
Egg Harbor	6:30	6:30	6:30	Atlantic City	6:30	6:30	6:30
Absecon	6:40	6:40	6:40	Atlantic City	6:40	6:40	6:40
Atlantic City	6:50	6:50	6:50	Atlantic City	6:50	6:50	6:50

* Stops only on notice to conductor or agent, or on signal.
Evening express up, leaves Atlantic City at 5:30, Hammononton 6:00, Philadelphia 6:50.
Sundays, Atlantic City 8:00, Egg Harbor 8:10, Hammononton 8:20, Philadelphia 9:00.
Sunday morning express down leaves Philadelphia at 10:00, Hammononton 10:40, Atlantic City 11:10.
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