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HAMMONTON, N. J., DECEMBER 20, 1890.

NO. 51

COOK'S IS THE PLACE TO PURCHASE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

We have a large stock of Holiday Goods now ready for your inspection. Don't fail to see them. We are satisfied you will find the proper thing for a present at our store. Many pretty and useful things in

Jewelry, Silverware,
Clocks and Novelties.

And Cheap, too! Come see them soon.

N. B. Marking done free of charge.

CARL M. COOK,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

It is at C. E. HALL'S

That you will find what you want to go to housekeeping with, for he keeps

COOK and PARLOR STOVES.

HARDWARE and TINWARE,

FURNITURE, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Stove-pipe in all shapes and sizes. Stove repairs got to order at short notice. Job-work of all kinds promptly attended to. Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

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

GEORGE ELVINS DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,

Agricultural Implements, etc..etc

N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

New Lard!

New Lard!

At M. L. JACKSON'S

Cor. Second St. and Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

Our own make of Sausage

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In Clothing.

We have secured property adjoining our new store at Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business to the Ledger Building in the new store, which is the most centrally located in Philadelphia. Great Bargains for Men and Boys before removal. This large stock of Suits and Overcoats will be sold at a great reduction in prices.

A. C. YATES & Co.,

Sinth & Chestnut,
(Ledger Building.)

13th & Chestnut.
(New Store.)

THE WEEKLY SCHOOL REPORT.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Week ending Dec. 12, 1890.

The following pupils received an average of 90 in deportment, and 80 or above in recitations, and were regular in attendance, thereby entitling them to enrollment in this

ROLL OF HONOR.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie E. Alden, Teacher.

Sam. Drake
Bertie Jackson
James Scullin
Edgar Cloud
Will Parkhurst
Lella DePuy
Will Hoyt
Laura Baker
Mollie Tilton
Josephine Rogers
Elsie Anderson
Annie Filling
Geo. Trullius
Chas. D. Jacobs
Austin Scullin
Nina Monfort
Ida Blythe
Minnie Cale
Belle Hurley
Maud Leonard
Evelyn Edsall

GRAMMAR.

Miss Clara Caville, Teacher.

Mabel Elvins
Samuel Laver
Lizzie Laver
Blanche Jones
Chas. Campanella
Horatio Hooper
Rebecca Mack
Lathrop Mack
Robert Miller
Willie Cloud
Maud Wilson
Nellie Hurley
Anna Holland
Maurice Whittier
Willie Adams
Anna Walther

INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Sara Crowell, Teacher.

Eddie Hoffman
Willie Simons
Parker Treat
Grace Fiske
Ollie DePuy
Ora Moore
Bertie Reed
Julia Gravatt
Charlie Laver
Willie Kline
Minnie Holmes

PRIMARY.

Miss Nellie D. Fox, Teacher.

Bessie Hoffman
Ollie Holland
Minnie Randall
Katie Anderson
Mamie Winchup
Mary Laver
Eugenia Collins
Helen Winchup
Florence Howe
Roxie King
Cora Crowell
Sarah Henshaw
Nettie Lobley
Elsie Lobley
Bessie Morris
Ollie Lear
Edith Simons
Nettie Reed
Jessie Ross

LAKE SCHOOL.

Miss Hattie A. Smith, Teacher.

Mary Ruger
Katie Pinto
Fred Nicolai
Della Nicolai
Mary Pinto
Kosa Stuhmer

MAIN ROAD.

Miss Grace U. North, Teacher.

Lillie Ordle
Cora Fields
Allie Shack
Geo. Parkhurst
Nellie Ayers
Ollie Adams
Pearl Adams
Ward Campanella
Frank Jenison

MIDDLE ROAD.

Miss Minnie B. Newcomb, Teacher.

Paul Scullin
Isabel Seely
Mamie Jacobs
Pnebe Newcomb
Josie Garton
Lulu Campanella
Chas. Garton
Clarence Anderson
Dudley Farrar
Charlie Campanella

MAGNOLIA.

P. Chadwick, Teacher.

Willie Small
John Helser
George Helser
Christian Helser
Bertha Helser

COLUMBIA.

Miss Nellie Tudor, Teacher.

Josephine Craig
Albert Westcott
Harry Westcott
Mury Westcott
Lulu Horn
Joseph Abbott

UNION ROAD.

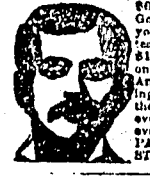
Miss Bertha Moore, Teacher.

Eddie O'Neil
Annie Julliano
Katie O'Neil
Curtis O'Neil
Annie Filling
Emma Mithal

STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.	Total on roll	Average Attendance	Per cent of Attendance	Days of Absent	Cases of Truancy
1 High School	45	61	94	18	17
2 Grammar Dept.	62	51	90	32	31
3 Intermediate	47	40	85	38	18
4 Primary	111	58	81	69	12
5 Total Central	235	215	84	159	70
6 Lake School	42	32	77	50	13
7 Main Road	44	37	84	37	8
8 Middle Road	34	29	85	16	6
9 Magnolia	21	20	79	27	6
10 Columbia	11	10	78	26	3
11 Union Road	50	27	54	46	16

General Miles is not half so formidable to the Indians as General Starvation, and the last named seems to be in command.



STOVES

We call your attention to the price of Stoves at our store.

We can furnish any kind you may desire. Or

A Suit of Clothes

May please you better.

A Horse for sale for \$25.

W. M. GALBRAITH,

General Merchandise,

At ELM.

JNO. MACLEAN,

Manufacturer of

Smyrna & Rag Carpets

Smyrna Rugs,

Laundry Building,

Bellevue Avenue,

Near Post-office, Hammonton.

Post-office Box 245.



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the **SMALL** Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.

Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

KISSING "7-7-75" PHOTOGRAPH

For sale for 10c. (four for 35c.)

J. F. SMITH & CO., MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FOR MEN ONLY

WATSON'S

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E. STOCKWELL'S.

We have a new supply of goods suitable for the

Holidays!

Blankets,

Quilts,

Scarfs,

Table Spreads,

Tidies.

Etc.

Stamped Linen Goods,

Felts, Plushes,

And Velvets.

A large line of

Dry Goods

and

NOTIONS.

Butterick's Patterns on hand.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without dragging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the world.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL FOR WHICH SPECIFICS ARE PREPARED.	PRICE.
1 Fever, Congestion, Inflammation...	25c
2 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	25c
3 Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants...	25c
4 Diarrhea, of Children or Adults...	25c
5 Dysentery, Gripping Bilious Colic...	25c
6 Cholera Morbus, Vomiting...	25c
7 Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis...	25c
8 Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism...	25c
9 Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo...	25c
10 Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach...	25c
11 Indigestion or Painful Periods...	25c
12 Whites, too Frequent Periods...	25c
13 Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing...	25c
14 Hoarseness, Whooping Cough...	25c
15 Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains...	25c
16 Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria...	25c
17 Piles, Hemorrhoids, Constipation...	25c
18 Catarrh, Inflammation, Colitis, etc...	25c
19 Whooping Cough, Violent Cough...	25c
20 General Debility, Physical Weakness...	25c
21 Nervous Debility...	1.00
22 Urinary Weakness, Watery Bed...	25c
23 Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation...	1.00

SPECIFICS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

I believe PISO'S Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The Best Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. New York, N. Y. Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 40 Spruce Street, New York. No made for it in NEW YORK.

Christmas Supplement.

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO ALL.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

IN THE SCALES.

The front season's open, and sportmen now look for a chance to betake them to some prillu brook. Where the fish, so they say, quickly jump at the hook. Though where it may be—well really you see—

They don't like to give it away. With one little fish they return home at night, And for reasons quite prudent they keep it from sight.

But they tell of the size as Leviathan, quite. No doubt it is so—but somehow you know They don't like to give it a weigh.

Frederick H. Currier

PRUDIE'S FORTUNE.

"But, Prudie, you can't mean it!" cried Joe Barton, with a quick look of startled appeal.

"But I do mean it, though, Joe," replied Prudie, emphatically, and, it must be confessed, a little spiteful too.

"But think of all that's passed between us, Prudie," pleaded Joe, earnestly.

"I have thought of all that," said Prudie, "and that is what caused me to make up my mind. When a young man abuses—yes, abuses," she repeated, answering the indignant look in Joe's face, "the young lady he pretends to love, just because she accepts a trifling courtesy from a mere acquaintance, I think it is high time for that young lady to assert her rights!"

"Trifling courtesy?" exclaimed Joe, his face getting red, and his temper rising again in spite of himself.

"Trifling courtesy, indeed, for an engaged young lady to walk home from singing-school with a man who is almost a stranger, and stand, with him holding her hand, for half an hour in the moonlight at the gate!"

"Half an hour!" cried Prudie, indignantly.

"Yes, half an hour," repeated Joe, doggedly, "and a man you know nothing about, either."

"I know he is handsome, and rich, lives in the city, and his name is Mr. Richard Willis," said Prudie, mischievously.

"I suppose he is handsome," admitted Joe, "and he may be rich and live in the city; but, Prudie, he can never love you as I do."

"As to that, I'm sure I don't know," said Prudie, with a little toss of her head.

"But I do, Prudie," said Joe, gently, a tender light coming into his eyes as he looked at her. "And you must admit that you know really nothing about him, after all. And I shouldn't wonder a bit if it isn't just because he knows Aunt Dorothy has left you all her money that he has made up to you so suddenly," he added reflectively.

"Oh, you believe that, do you, sir?" cried Prudie, with flashing eyes. "Well, I am sure now, Mr. Joseph Barton, that you and I could never agree, and so the sooner this foolish engagement is broken the better. Here is your ring, sir. Now go—and I hope I shall never see your face again."

And with that she tore the slender, pearl-set band from her finger, and throwing it at Joe's feet in the most approved theatrical manner, turned away proudly and walked toward the house.

Poor Joe picked up the little ring, and pressing it fervently to his lips, placed it in his pocket and walked slowly and mournfully away.

Joe and Prudie had been engaged for two or three years, and although the day had not been publicly named, it was known that the wedding would take place very shortly. Then Prudie's aunt died, and of course the wedding had to be postponed. But as if to atone for her inconvenient demise, Aunt Dorothy, by her will, had left to her "beloved niece, Prudie Morse," all bonds, mortgages, and other negotiable property deposited by her in the Galesburg bank; and though it could not be known what amount of money these securities represented until after the will was proved, rumor made it a great fortune.

Just then a little cloud appeared on the horizon of the lovers' hitherto cloudless courtship in the person of Richard Willis, who was spending his vacation in the village and amusing himself flirting with all the pretty girls who were at all addicted to the vice. He had never paid any particular attention to Prudie, however, until very

recently, when he had suddenly turned upon her the full force of his manifold charms, with what success the reader already knows.

So matters went on for several weeks, until it was common talk among the village people that Richard Willis had "cut Joe Barton out," and that poor Joe was dying of a broken heart.

One evening Prudie and Richard Willis came home from singing school together, as usual, and were standing at the gate in the moonlight.

"Prudie," he said in a low, tender voice, "do you love me?"

"Y-e-s, I—think I do," faltered Prudie, blushing.

"And you will be my wife. Come, dearest, say you will."

"But—but this is so sudden, Mr. Willis," murmured Prudie, confusedly. "Please wait until tomorrow night, and I will answer you."

"Sudden!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, sharply. "Sudden! Why, I have been waiting on you over a month, and you certainly must have guessed my intentions in this time."

"I cannot answer you tonight, Mr. Willis," replied Prudie, with some spirit.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Willis, reluctantly. "I will come for my answer tomorrow night. And in the meantime, dear, remember that I love you more than life itself; good night."

When Prudie went to bed that night she lay a long time awake, earnestly considering Mr. Willis' proposal; and the more she thought it over the more she saw Joe Barton's sorrowful face and sad, pleading eyes as they had appeared to her at the singing school that night, until at last she was obliged to admit to herself that she really loved Joe better than ever before, and decided to say "no" to Mr. Willis when he should come for her answer.

The next morning, however, she awoke to the fact that a terrible calamity had befallen her, and the news spread like wildfire throughout the village that the great fortune Aunt Dorothy had left her had dwindled away to a large tin box full of worthless papers.

Prudie was not very mercenary, and even when the rumor was confirmed by a note from Lawyer Grubb she did not take it very much to heart, but smiled mischievously when she thought of what Joe had said about Mr. Willis and the money Aunt Dorothy had left her, and began to wonder if Mr. Willis would come for his answer, not that she really doubted it; she had too good an opinion of her own attractions for that.

The day passed slowly away; night came; the moon arose, and Prudie stood waiting at the gate, expectantly at first, then impatiently, and finally quivering with indignation, she returned to the house and went to bed.

Mr. Willis never did come again, but sent a delicate little note in his stead, saying that the term of his vacation had expired, and he had received news from home which necessitated his immediate return, and regretting the circumstances which made it impossible for him to keep his engagement. He wrote also that he could not state definitely when he would be able to make another visit to Galesburg.

As Prudie was about to replace the note in the envelope a little strip of yellow paper fell into her lap, and glancing at it, she found it to be a telegram to Mr. Willis from a dry goods firm in the city, stating that he had already over-stayed the time of his vacation, and that if he were not in his place behind the counter on the morning of the twentieth that his place would be filled by another salesman, and his services would be no longer required.

"And so he was only a clerk, after all, and poor Joe was right," thought Prudie.

One evening, a short time afterward, Prudie went to the singing school alone, and after it was over started home feeling sad and lonely, and being much humbled, if the truth be told when Joe came along beside her and said—

"May I see you home to-night, Prudie?"

"Yes, if you care to," Prudie answered, carelessly.

"Well, I do, then," returned Joe, offering her his arm.

It seemed so natural and good to be walking home together that they forgot all about their recent estrangement until they reached the old gate, when

Prudie, remembering suddenly, withdrew her arm from Joe's, and said as coldly as possible—

"Good-night, Mr. Bar—"

"Prudie, you don't mean it yet?" Joe said, interrupting her.

But Prudie remained silent, with downcast eyes, until Joe drew the same little pearl-set ring from his pocket, and taking Prudie's hand tenderly in his own, said—

"Prudie, may I put it back again?"

How iron chains are made.

The first operation is the making of the links. The material comes in coils, each containing from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet of round iron rod, which is of uniform diameter and of various sizes, corresponding to the different styles of chains. A piece of this wire is placed in the groove of a powerful machine, the wheel is started, a twisting motion imparted, and the iron comes forth in a spiral roll, looking as the outer strand of a rope might if separated from the component parts. The groove into which the iron is pressed, and the spindle-like arrangement about which the coil is formed, make the coil exactly uniform throughout, the links being the same distance apart, and of the same size. The machine does its work rapidly; but little time is consumed in converting the eighty or more feet of rod into shape for chain links. The next step in the manufacture of a chain is the cutting of the links. The spiral coil goes from the hands of the first workman to another who places it in a long sheet-iron trough, suspended as high as a man's head, one end being considerably lower than the other. One end of the coil is then submitted to the operation of the cutting machine, which at a single blow strikes off enough of it for a chain link. The machine is regular and rapid in its motion. The workman has only to hold the iron in position; and from two hundred to two hundred and seventy-five links are cut every minute. They drop into a spout, and roll therefrom into a small cart, which is hauled away when full to the welding department. So far all the work has been done without the agency of heat, but the chain cannot be completed without the agency of fire. The final operation is welding the links together. Standing beside a furnace in which a hot natural gas fire is blazing, the workman seizes a piece of the white-hot metal with his tongs, places it on a die, and putting his foot on a treadle causes a spring hammer to descend, giving shape to the link. Two other turns and two more blows of the hammer, and the link is completely formed and welded together. Another piece is then taken from the fire, and the open end deftly slipped around the link just formed. It is then operated upon just as the first link was; another is added, then another; the chain is growing rapidly—so fast, indeed, that two feet or more of it has been finished before the red glow has died out of the first link welded. Of the small chain, which the workman is now making, the welding of three thousand links is considered a good day's work. More can be made of a smaller size, and less, of course, of a larger.

The Great American Idol.

England has over \$1,000,000 invested in the manufacture of idols for heathen countries. It is probably the only idol industry that is making any money. Our country has more than \$1,000,000 invested in the manufacture of idols for Americans. They are called U. S. Mints, and they manufacture an idol known as the "Mighty Dollar," which is "universally worshipped."—Norristown Herald.

A Gift Edged Recommendation.

Employer—"Are you watchful and prudent in looking after business interests?"

Applicant for position—"I've carried the same umbrella over two years without losing it or having it stolen."

Employer—"Then you have entire control of my extensive business and name your own salary."—Omaha World.

Great preparations have been made at Oberlin for the Passion Play next year. The orchestra and auditorium have been increased, at an expense of \$7000.

It requires but few brains to make up an alibi, for the less a man knows the less he generally believes.

PLEDGED TO POVERTY

THE ORDER OF THE BROTHERS OF NAZARETH AND THEIR WORK.

Men Who Devote All Their Time and Money to the Poor.

On the north side of East One Hundred and Twentieth street, New York City, standing well back in a yard where grass and weeds strive for mastery, is an old-fashioned frame house, which suggests to the passer-by the thought that it was once the home of some well-to-do New Yorker. It is two stories and a half in height and has a veranda running across the front.

The house is All Saints' Convalescent Home for Men and Boys, in charge of the Order of Brothers of Nazareth.

Little is known of the Brothers of Nazareth. This is not strange, as the order is only about two years old. No one passing All Saints' Convalescent Home, which was founded by the Brothers of Nazareth, would think, seeing its inmates in the grounds or on the veranda, that it was the mother house of a religious order whose members were as self-sacrificing as those of the religious orders of old, when Christianity was in its youth and the zeal of its followers was at fever heat; and least of all would he think that this order was an offshoot of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America. Yet such is the case.

The Brothers of Nazareth are pledged to a life of poverty, which they spend in work in behalf of the poor and unfortunate, and ask for themselves only the bare necessities of life.

The order was founded about two years ago, and on the occasion of the profession of the first member, Brother Gilbert, who is the present superior of the order, Rev. Morgan Dix preached a sermon in the Mission Chapel of the Holy Cross, in which he laid great stress on the need of such an order, an order for laymen. That nothing may distract them from the service of humanity, to which they devote themselves, they surrender all thoughts of self-interest and take the vow of celibacy for a term or terms of years, and eventually, if they choose, for life. The requirements for admission are thus set forth in the constitution of the order.

Any layman desiring admission to this order shall be expected to make a visit of six weeks or more at the Mother House of six order. He may then be admitted as a postulant in which state he must remain for a year at least. He may then be received as a novice, and, if he approves himself to the community, he may after five years of novitiate be professed as a full member, taking the vows of poverty, chastity, celibacy, and obedience for three years at a time.

When these vows have been taken five times in immediate succession, he may, at simple vows, for life—that is, vows from which he can only be released by the Bishop for good and sufficient reason.

Brothers on entering the novitiate are to declare what property they possess, and although they may, if they desire, retain the control of such property as they wish, they are forbidden from that time to spend any of such property on themselves.

Wondering how this unique brotherhood was prospering, I visited the Home the other day. I had never met Brother Gilbert, and as I sat in the reception-room awaiting his appearance, I wondered what manner of man was this who, a member of a Protestant sect, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, had given up the world in the fullest sense of the word, to follow Jesus of Nazareth and like Him, to minister to the poor and the outcast.

When he entered the room it seemed to me for a moment as though a young monk had stepped out of the fifteenth century. I saw before me a slight man of dark complexion, with earnest, quick, piercing dark eyes, his face clean-shaven and his hair closely cropped. He had the earnestness and vigor of youth, apparently having half his life before him. He was dressed in a loose serge gown, which came to his feet. In color it was a soft, rich brown. It had flowing sleeves and was buttoned on the right shoulder and side. The gown was confined at the waist with a girdle of soft brown leather plaited into the shape of a rope, which went twice around his body, falling at his left side, where it was twice knotted, the two ends being tipped with little balls of the same material.

I had not exchanged ten words with Brother Gilbert, however, before I was convinced that there was nothing of the fifteenth century about him except his gown. But that, on the contrary, he was a practical man of his time. One cannot converse with

Brother Gilbert ten minutes without being impressed with the earnestness with which he has entered upon his work. He seems to combine the simplicity of a child with the wisdom of a man of the world, and withal to possess marked executive ability.

Brother Gilbert took me over the Home from cellar to garret. The house contains twenty-two rooms. There are two large and four small wards. They are named after six saints—St. Andrew, St. Joseph, St. Thomas, St. Barnabas, St. Vincent and St. Lawrence. The most interesting room in the house, the one in which the brothers take the most pride is the chapel.

It opens from the right of the hall as one enters, and was evidently in former days the parlor of the house. At the back of the room is an altar, over which hangs a large crucifix. Tall candles figure among the furnishings of the altar. At either side of the altar are seats with low book-rests in front. At the other end of the room are several rows of chairs, and in one corner is a small organ. The prevailing tone of the furnishings of the chapel is red.

The dining-room is a large pleasant room on the first floor, and there all the inmates, or rather all who are able to go to table, have their meals in common. The kitchen is large and airy and well appointed, and there the only woman, its only employe, the cook, holds sway. The lavatory in the basement is well fitted up, and its sanitary condition is apparently good.

Although the Home is supposed to be for convalescents only, in the admission of patients the line is not closely drawn. Among its present inmates is one unfortunate man who is dying of consumption. Another of its inmates is a man who is as well as ever will be. This is an Austrian, named George Christovitch, about thirty years of age. He came to this country about three years ago and obtained employment on the railroad as a freight hand. His hands were crushed and it became necessary to amputate his arms just below the elbow. He was in a hospital for sixteen months. He was finally sent to the Charity Organization society of this city. The secretary of this society appealed to Brother Gilbert with result that the poor Austrian some time been an inmate of the Home.

He has been furnished with artificial arms, but he finds them of little use.

In addition to the care of the poor and the suffering, the work which the Brothers of Nazareth have laid out for themselves includes industrial education for boys and preventive work among them and the reformation and restoration of the vicious.

"We desire," said Brother Gilbert, "to establish a home for boys, where they will be looked after while learning trades, and where they will be provided with a home until they are self-supporting. They will be given both secular and religious instruction. We also hope to establish in the Autumn a home for incurables, which will be self-sustaining when the plant is secured."

Brother Gilbert explained that this retreat for incurables would provide those who could pay for them with such home comforts as their money could secure, but that no one needing its help would be turned away.

The carrying out of these projects involves a good deal of work for two men, for thus far the membership of the Order of Brothers of Nazareth is limited to two. Brother Gilbert, known in the world as Gilbert Tompkins, and Brother Louis, known in the world as Louis Lory.

Brother Gilbert's annual report bears evidence to the fact that the brothers live up to their vow of poverty, for the personal expenses of both for the past year, 1888 are therein set down at \$83.21.

Every man's success is within himself and must come out of himself. No true, abiding, and just success can come to any man in any other way.

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it, and when you do not know it, to allow that you do not know it, this is knowledge.

—The Andes have sunk seventy-six feet in 123 years.

For the earnest man or woman there is no end to effort. One aim reached and its difficulties surmounted. Another will quickly present itself to the aspiring spirit; and before that is reached other difficulties must again be met.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Wet, glossy echoes of the wintry wind
Moan in the leafless trees.
And weary visitors can scarcely find
The pathway over the ice.
But, cheerily, we meet around the hearth
The friends of long ago—
With their old songs and happiness, and
mirth.

Under the mistletoe
If with a sigh we think of summer days,
As the winter gloom,
And we traverse the dark and lonely ways,
Here bright lamps will flame;
And joys of love and friendship charm us
still.

And make our glad hearts glow—
We have a spell against the wintry chill,
Under the mistletoe.
Tie on the legs! and feed the eager flame!
Letting its ruddy blaze
Flash brightly on some simple, homely game,
While laughter never stays;
What matter that the howling winter blast
Its idle rage may show?

Its murmurs will no gloom around us cast,
Under the mistletoe.
Here will the hoary grandfathers gaily tell
Deeds of his prime time;
And strange adventures which in youth
He lived and loved.

Reply in some fair rhyme:
Here let the happy lovers, whispering sweet,
The merrier pranks forego,
And with shy glances and soft accents meet
Under the mistletoe.

And absent ones, by mountains, woods, and
lakes,
In regions far away,
Have waited long for home for our dear
sisters.

On the glad Christmas Day:
If over their heads, in distant, cloudless
climes,
As twilight may glow,
The warmth that fills their hearts is from old
times.

Under the mistletoe.

—Joseph Verrey.

A Yule-Tide Marriage.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

VILLAGE common swept by a
keen north wind,
and iron-bound
with a December
frost, stood a man, tall
and thin, dressed in
left, little shops,
decked in Christ-
mas greenery,
flung out their
cheery bright-
ness on the rapidly
darkening
twilight. At a
black corner,
where two streets converged,
a dilapidated platform, raised a few feet
above level ground, stood a man, tall
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bare velvet with tinsel trimming. Her
skirt, abbreviated several inches above
the ankle, revealed limbs of exquisite
beauty, and a pair of little feet in red
Turkish slippers. Her yellow bodice
was not sloping at the throat and short
in the sleeves, for the display of a lus-
trous white neck and arms that might
have served as a model to Canova.
Indeed, the hard, fine symmetry of her
whole body reminded one of sculpture,
but it was sculpture alive, and throb-
bing with vigorous blood. Her skin
was the marbled whiteness of per-
fect health—her lips were red, her
eyes like brown velvet. From under
a jaunty red cap two lustrous chestnut
braids fell upon her shoulders, and
swept her hips with their ravished tips.
"Rescued by me from the grave—
—how she stands!" cried old Hagan—
"a living proof of what my elixir can
do. Every one of you may be as hand-
some. Two bottles warranted to re-
juvenate the cuticle and the curls;
three, to transmute the figure ac-
cording to this Hebe's pattern;
four—"

But the crowd had ceased to listen;
it could only gaze and stare. From
time immemorial the girl drove
about in a sedan chair, and now, with
sword, like a flash of silver fire, and
whirling it around her head, began to
cut and thrust with the dexterity of a
fencing-master.
Her slender, erect body quivered
with flexible muscles, all set in motion.
Under the snow of her skin
appeared a faint rose flush. She smiled
to herself, as though the exercise was
both familiar and dear. The cleft air
blasted the sharp passage of the blade,
and the naked arm of the girl
looked like white lightning as she
lunged and parried with some invi-
sible antagonist, and made her exit
with a rapidity that took the breath
away from the onlookers. The specta-
cle drew back a little, feeling the pen-
etrating steel in their eyeballs. Electric
flashes filled the air. The gathering
darkness seemed gashed and ripped in
hundred places by the rapidity of the
colorless flame, leaping in the girl's
slender hand.

Presently old Hagan gave a signal
for the sword-exercise to cease. The
crowd broke into loud applause—all
save the sick gentlemen at the carriage
window. His pale face put on a look
of high displeasure.

"Jacobs!" he called to his coach-
man, "here is a bankrupt; give it to that
wretch, old charlatan, and tell him
if he does not instantly cover the girl,

and take her under proper shelter, I
will have him arrested for cruelty to
animals!"
The servant pushed into the crowd;
and a moment after returned and
scrambled on his box.
"I told him, sir," he said.

"Drive on!" commanded the gentle-
man, sharply, and the carriage rolled
away down the street, and vanished in
the gathering night.
On the platform the old girl disap-
peared in its shelter, and old Hagan's
"illustration" proceeded to hide her
naked arms and tinsel gown under her
long cloak. Some bottles of elixir
were passed down to the crowd, and a
corresponding number of dollars found
their way to Hagan's flabby pocket.
The receipts were not large. Plainly
a Christmas—, with the thermometer
approaching zero, was not a favorable
time for the sale of patent-medicine.

The crowd ebbed from the platform,
and dispersed in the street. Hagan
gathered up his bottles, and said to the
girl: "Come, my dear, and the pair-
trudged off across the bare, bleak
common.

Her red Turkish slippers were now
thrust into ugly overshoes, and Esther
walked, as if foot-sore and weary.
Even the holiday splendor of the little
shops failed to arrest her notice.
"Daddy!" she groaned, "I'm awfully
cold and very hungry!"
"Hold up, girl!" he answered, not
unkindly. "I know of a public-house
near by—we'll stop there. You shall
have a cup of tea, and I'll comfort my
self with a glass of toddy."

They found the house and turned
into it. Old Hagan sat down before a
cheerful fire to count his receipts.
"Let's not go out again to-night,
daddy!" pleaded the girl. "People
will not buy the elixir on Christmas-
eve, and snow is beginning to fall."

They could hear the soft rush of
flakes against the window. In the
chimney the wind howled like a wolf.
"Come, now," said Hagan, sus-
piciously; "you've been only a month
on the road, Esther; and hanged if I
don't think you're a growing sick of it
already."

She flung out her arms with a tragic
gesture.
"I am, daddy—I am!" she ac-
knowledged, in a heart-breaking voice.
"Go tramp all day, hungry and cold,
from town to town, to be stared at by
strange eyes—it is very hard! And
oh, daddy, it kills me to remember how
happy I once was."

She donned her old cloak warily,
reluctantly. At the door waited the
spanking boys and the elegant carriage.
"My eyes!" cried old Hagan, "but
the fame of the elixir is spreading!
There's some real streak of luck ahead
of us to-night!"
They entered the carriage, and were
driven away through the storm-swept
streets of the village. Esther leaned
back among the soft cushions, with a
sigh of intense enjoyment. Old Hagan
looked from the window, and saw an
arched gate set in a high boundary-
wall. Through this the horses turned,
and dashing up a drive, stopped be-
fore a stone house, with a tall tower
and rows of lighted windows, stand-
ing in a forest of Norway firs.

A footman opened the door.
Hagan followed him across a
wainscoted hall, where wax-lights
shone in old wrought-iron scones,
and the lacy, pushing aside a por-
tress, called, "The parties from the
inn, sir," and waved the pair into the
room beyond.

It was a splendid apartment fur-
nished with the latest fashions in
furniture. The room was large and
bright, with a high ceiling and a
large fireplace. The walls were covered
with tapestries, and the floor was
polished and gleaming. The room was
filled with the soft light of the
wax-lights, and the air was warm and
pleasant. The room was a perfect
paradise for the two travelers, and they
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REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday
Sermon.

Subject: "The City of Damascus."

There is a story of a man who was
damned. He was a man of great
power, and he was a man of great
wealth. He was a man of great
learning, and he was a man of great
wisdom. He was a man of great
virtue, and he was a man of great
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Speak no evil of the absent
Few men stand properly well
The road to wealth is not paven,
The wisdom of the owl is all in its eye.
Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.
It's a wise child that won't go a step farther.
Perseverance will conquer most obstacles.
A barking dog never bites while he is barking.
We live in haste; we have eternity for repentance.
A wise man thinks of death, but not all the time.
Blessed are the rich, for they shall not be troubled.
If you would have a man forget his grief call him a fool.
You can easily all the public eye, if you only have the dust.
Every man has a show in life, but few of these find it crow.
The world is full of rascals who are yelling "whip boy!"
The most miserable people are those who make pleasure a business.
The man who tries to please every body is as fickle by nature as a puppy.
The man who is really anxious to do something for you is usually poor.
If a man could see himself as others see him he would pull down the blinds.
Pleasure is like molasses—too much of it spoils the taste for everything.
Many a Congressman envies a mosquito.
His bill away go through.
A man of high digestion should never be made the Cashier of a bank.
Most people know what they don't want, but few know what they do want.
Thump your head, and if it thumps like a ripe watermelon, keep your mouth shut.
A bigot is a kind of human ram, with a good deal of wool over his eyes, but no brains.
The soul is elevated, the heart is inspired by contemplating the highest models.
Life is like a game of whist—its mysteries will be solved when the last trump is played.
There is no need so sure to produce a crop yield as with cold water, and the crop is ruinous.
Unless a man has a character that is clean and dirt, he had better keep out of politics.
About the first thing that strikes a miser is the scarcity of money to run to.
Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes waiting for other people.
Man was made to mourn, but he has added things so that his wife has taken his job off his hands.
The difference between a suitor and an office-seeker is that one pays court in the other court pays.
We may shut our eyes to a painful reality, but our hearts see our earn-if-it-comes-into-the-neighborhood vice.
Sink not beneath the imaginary sorrows, call to your aid your courage and your wisdom; think on the sudden change of human scenes.
Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self. Asleep is better in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.
Satisfactory reaction. Pleasure, the troubles float on the surface; those who drink deep on life's bitterness.
The most valuable thing in this world is time, and yet people waste it as they do water, most of them letting it run full head, and even the most prudent let it trickle.
It is a wise man who can remember ten days after a great deed was done that it was his wife and not himself who did it.
There is no greater proof of the power of love than that the crimes committed in its interests are in a measure pardoned.
If a man can laugh at no other time, he can generally laugh when the joke is on some one else who once laughed at him.
Old age is covetous because it has been spoiled by experience that the best friend money has in this world is his pocket-book.
When a woman says anything mean about a man she always winds up her remarks by saying: "And the men are all alike."
It is always night when a man makes resolution to get up early in the morning, and always morning when he makes a resolution to go to bed early at night.
When a woman doesn't care whether her husband habitually sees her in curl papers or not she must feel very sure of his love—either one way or the other.
A weak mind sinks under adversity. A strong will rises under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides—when the moon is full and when there is no moon.
The chronically unhappy man who persists in trying to sour humanity should get him to his closet with his eyes shut and give himself a chance to see his neighbors.

One of New York's peculiar men haunts the cafes and barrooms in the vicinity of Madison Square, says the N. Y. World, but so deftly conceals his identity that it remains a profound secret who he is or whence he comes. He is called Dominick Burdell. He is tall and slender, with a sallow complexion and brown hair that borders closely on the golden hue. He is well dressed and invariably wears a double-breasted sack coat. Black is the color of every garment, including his "four-in-hand" scarf. This walking mystery is one of the few survivors of a class of men once numerous, but now nearly extinct, who were known to habitués of fashionable clubs and resorts, as well as to the police, as "Finders"—men who devoted all their time, energy and skill in seeking treasure trove for which a liberal reward is offered. One after another the group has been decimated by death, removal, or a lapse into crime, until the subject of this sketch stands alone, all his companions scattered or in the grave.

When the men about town linger in the famous barrooms to enjoy a partying "night-cap" before retiring the eccentric Finder is there, seated in a chair and apparently wide awake. He sits conveniently close and listens to the conversation from neighboring groups of people, but never obtrudes, never speaks. Harmless and inoffensive, he is regarded with a friendly gaze, and the very mystery that surrounds his movements creates a desire to cultivate him. He does not drink intoxicating liquors, and when invited to join in the festivities of the hour invariably orders a cup of black coffee. Three cubes of sugar form his sweetening power, and quietly and surreptitiously this singular man places the remaining cubes in his pockets. This circumstance has earned for him a sobriquet—"the sugar fender."

In the street he walks erect, but his eyes wander from curb to store or house line, always on the pavement, and never straight ahead. Early in the morning, when the streets are quiet, this professional "finder" may be seen in Printing-House Square watching for the appearance of the first public issue of the newspapers. He scans the "Lost and Found" and "Herald" advertisements, and then starts on his daily quest. If a certain route is specified where money or jewels are lost, the silent man is speedily there, and his years of experience aid him greatly in seeking out the hidden recesses where such an object might be concealed from the casual gaze of the average pedestrian, and the successful operation of a single day realizes enough to make him living secure for a week or more.

On one occasion Burdell was seen in Trinity Church graveyard at 5 o'clock in the morning and his movements attracted the attention of the policeman on that lonely post. He concealed himself behind a telegraph pole and watched the mysterious visitor in the abode of the dead. He saw him dodging behind tombstones, turning over the grass and even removing fallen leaves until in the glare of the electric light there flashed from the long fingers of the shadowed man a scintilla on which shone that a glittering diamond was the fruit of this search at a gloomy hour of the morning in his ghoulish spot. In a few hours he had who lost the ring was in the possession of her valuable souvenir, and Nick Burdell, "Professional Finder" was \$50 in pocket and happy in the reflection that he was an honest man.

Daily he promenades Broadway and Fifth avenue as unconcerned as though he was a landed proprietor journeying with the throng of wealthy citizens en route to a luxurious home. His eyes are gazing downward, his step is set to slow measurement, and so unobtrusive yet, however thrilling, attracts his attention. He is bent upon one supreme object, the discovery of treasure in money or jewelry which may be concealed in a hidden mass, or that some pedestrian in the vast pushing and swinging tide of humanity may carelessly have dropped. For over ten years this strange man has led the life of a recluse. He has never been known to withhold a lost article his trained eyes have discovered. The police speak of him with the utmost respect. "As far as it is known he is believed to be perfectly honest. He merely works for a reward."

There is no greater proof of the power of love than that the crimes committed in its interests are in a measure hal-
lowed.

Jesus' Parting Words.

LESSON TEXT

(Luke 24: 44-53. Memory verses: 45-48.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOTIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus—Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Though he were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which he suffered.*—Heb. 5: 8.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Son's Ascension Witnessed.*

LESSON OUTLINE:

I. The Final Words, 44-48.
II. The Promised Power, 49-52.
III. The Triumphant Ascent, 53.

GOLDEN TEXT: *If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself.*—John 14: 3.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 24: 44-53. So
reception.
T.—Mark 16: 7-20. The
events.
W.—Acts 1: 1-14. The Lord's
ascension.
T.—Acts 2: 1-21. The promise
power.
F.—Eph. 4: 1-16. The Lord's
ascension.
S.—Rom. 8: 31-39. Blessing
through his ascension.
S.—1 Pet. 3: 8-22. Gone is
heaven.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE FINAL WORDS.

I. Concerning the Lord's Sufferings.
The Christ should suffer, and
be rejected of the nations (47).
The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity
of us all (Isa. 53: 6).
It pleased the Lord to bruise him (Isa.
53: 10).
Behold, I will not the Christ to suffer
these things? (Luke 24: 26).
It beforeshadowed the Christ to suffer, and
rise again (Acts 17: 3).

II. Concerning the World's Need:
Remission of sins....in his name
unto the nations (47).
Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven
is at hand (Matt. 4: 17).
Except ye repent, ye shall all in like
manner perish (Luke 18: 3).
Repent ye, unto the remission
of your sins (Acts 2: 38).
Apart from shedding of blood there
is no remission (Heb. 9: 22).

III. Concerning the Disciples' Mission:
Ye are witnesses of these things (47).
Freely ye received, freely give (Matt.
10: 9).
Go ye, and make disciples of all the
world (Matt. 28: 19).
Go ye into all the world, and preach
the gospel (Mark 16: 15).
As the Father hath sent me, even so
send I you (John 20: 21).
"All things must needs be fulfilled
which are written....concerning
me." (1) The things written; (2)
The character portrayed; (3) The
certain result.
"The Christ should suffer, and
rise again from the dead." (1)
suffering Christ anticipated; (2)
rising Christ foretold; (3) A perfect
fulfillment of the promise.
"Ye are witnesses of these things."
(1) The appointed duty; (2) The
essential testimony; (3) The awaiting
world.

II. THE PROMISED POWER.

I. The Promise of exaltation: Father:
Behold, I will not forthwith promise
my Father upon you (49).
I will pour my spirit upon thy seed
(Isa. 44: 3).
I will pour out my spirit upon
each of you (28).
I will also give you another Comforter
(John 14: 16).
Wait for the promise of the Father
(Acts 1: 4).

1. The Power from on High:
"I, if I send you, shall be clothed with
power from on high (49)."
Not by might, nor by power, but by my
spirit (Zech. 4: 6).
There came from heaven a sound.
"I, if I send you, shall be clothed with
power from on high (49)."
That the strength of Christ may re-
spond to me (2 Cor. 12: 9).
The Spirit of God resteth upon you
(1 Pet. 4: 14).

II. The Holy Service:
They worshipped him, and returned
home, with great joy (52).
When they saw him, they worshipped
him (Matt. 28: 17).
With gladness and singleness of heart
they stood and waited on him (52).
There was much joy in that city (Acts
8: 8).
Believing, ye rejoice greatly with joy
unexpressed (Eph. 1: 18).
I, if I send you, shall be clothed with
power from on high (49).
Father upon you. (1) A great
blessing; (2) Abundant promise
(3) Assured fulfillment.

2. The Power in the city, until ye be
clothed with power. (1) Commu-
nication; (2) Power; (3) Joy.
I will wait.
3. They worshipped him, and re-
turned to Jerusalem with gladness
and singleness of heart (52).
Resumption of service; (3) Joy in
the Lord.

III. THE TRIUMPHANT ASCENT.

The Supreme Leader:
He led them out (50).
He led them to (Ps. 28: 2).
He gave them of Israel, that they should
be a people (Ps. 20: 2).
He has given him for....a leader (Isa.
55: 4).
The Lamb....shall guide them (Ber-

and while waiting for assistance nearly starved to death. Postmaster Esterbrook happened along, however, as Sammy was about to faint from hunger and released him from his unfortunate

room. Outside
and snow and
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were hurtling winds
darkness—long frozen
not to travel, and the
days waiting, within

"On this dear night of peace
forgive you," she answered.

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