

Terms, \$1.25 per Year; \$1 in Atlantic County

NO. 51

At L. W. COGLEY'S.

111 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

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

THE ELVINS.

T. B. PAULLIN.

for New Jersey,
tender his services.
Pension vouchers executed.
Hammonton, N. J.

THE HAPPY WIFE.

You ask me why I'm happy when so many wives complain,
And say their husbands only live to give them endless pain,
My secret you demand to know, you've seen my happy nook,
And you quiz me not a little, but—remember I can cook!

When other wives are envious, and tell my husband dear
My gowns are very out of date, and at my wardrobe queer,
I have no fear, I only smile, I care not how I look!
I know I've but to whisper—"Dear, remember I can cook!"

My love has often said to me, "My dear, I know you're plain,
But married life with you, my sweet, has brought me naught but gain.
Let other women sing and dance, or even write a book,
Yet you're above them all in charm—remember you can cook!"

And always when I'm begged by girls to tell them by what art
I captured such a handsome man and won quite all his heart,
I merely say, "My dears, I'm sure that all the pains I took,
Was asking him to dinner—for remember I can cook!"

And all you modern women who are anxious to be wed,
Be wise, throw up your arts and crafts, and learn to bake your bread.
For be certain that no husband will forget the rows he took,
If his wife will only please him by remembering how to cook.

—Selected.

HER MOTHER'S NEGATIVE

In front of a large window in the fifth story of a business block sat three girls before three easels. They were still girls, though contact with the world had rubbed off some of the freshness of youth.

On each easel was fastened a negative which these photographic artists were retouching, enlivening their work by divers comments upon the faces before them, the originals of which were unknown to the workers.

"Oh, Daisy, do look at this face! Just see the wrinkles, and Mr. Board said most of them must come out," called the girl with the Auburn hair.

Daisy Barradell leaned over and looked at her neighbor's negative.

"A vain old woman, I should call her," was her comment.

The door opened, and Mr. Board, the photographer, entered. Nina Carr at once appealed to him.

"There's a lot of work to do on this one," only look like her if you those wrinkles."

"No, please, it must be done. The girl has a daughter who has been from home for years, and the picture is for her."

"No kept in ignorance of her mother's wrinkles, and I promised to turn the old lady's whist."

"Does she live here?" asked the girl at the third easel, looking at the negative with an air of interest.

"All now her attention had been concentrated upon her own work."

"No," answered Mr. Board, "lives in Kethsburg, thirty-five miles west. She said she couldn't get any more there, so I gave a picture to her."

"But why does she want to look so different from what she really is?" asked Nina.

"Well, I suspect her daughter has been the cause of some of those wrinkles, and she wishes to keep the knowledge of that from her," was the photographer's response, as he closed the door.

The girl at the third easel took the negative from its position and brought it to Nina, saying in a voice that trembled a little in spite of herself: "Will you change with me, Miss Carr? I'd rather do yours if you'll finish mine."

Nina Carr looked at the likeness of a dimpled baby which Elsie Coen held in her hands, and quickly made the exchange.

Elsie fastened the negative on her easel, and sat motionless while she studied the face before her. Presently she took up her pencil and some of the wrinkles began gradually to disappear.

Elsie Coen was a recent arrival to their force of workers. She was rather slight, with light hair and blue eyes, and a fact that always seemed ready to break into smiles at the slightest provocation. She was an acknowledged expert in her line, and had recently arrived there from Chicago.

"My! she looks any number of years younger," remarked Daisy Barradell, coming up behind Elsie's chair.

"I should say she didn't," said Nina, catching her back to get a good view of the picture without leaving her seat.

"Isn't that a dear face? If my mother had lived, I should want her to look just like that."

Elsie buried her face in her hands and commenced to sob. Daisy knelt beside her and tried to quiet her. Neither she nor Nina felt very much acquainted with Elsie Coen, but they had the kindest of feelings for their fellow worker.

"Miss Coen—Elsie, tell us what is the trouble?" they both pleaded, but her sobs only increased.

Suddenly she stood up, and, brushing away the tears, said: "That is my mother, as she looked when I was but last. Several times since I left home, she has been, who was written me ask-

ing if I wouldn't come home, and every time I refused to go."

"Oh, you poor dear!" exclaimed sympathetic Nina.

"My poor mother, you should say," answered Elsie. "Girls, I'm going home to-night. I can't wait another day."

When Elsie Coen asked Mr. Board to release her from her engagement he was very much astonished and refused to grant her request without sufficient reason. Whereupon Elsie, with the blush of shame upon her cheek and a little tremor in her voice, said: "That old lady who wanted the wrinkles taken out for her daughter's sake is my mother."

"And you are the daughter?" asked the astonished man.

"Yes, sir; I never realized how much my mother needed it until I saw that negative, and I feel as if I must go home."

"To smooth out mother's wrinkles?" suggested Mr. Board, with a kindly smile.

"I hope so," then I will be glad to release you, and may God bless you."

To Elsie's intervening hours before the negative seemed interminable. She packed her trunk and sent it by express three hours before it was to leave the city.

While she sat in the waiting room, she thought of her mother as she read one of her letters that had been so long delayed, and of several requests for her to return home for a short visit. But she had spent her vacations at

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"No. She's been in heaven for fifteen years."

"Oh!" exclaimed Elsie, with a thoughtful look.

"Yes," continued the old lady, "it's a straight and narrow way, but I trust that I shall never stray away from the right path. I hope you are traveling the same road," with a solicitous glance.

"I don't know," said Elsie, hesitatingly; "I'm going home to mother after being away six years. Somehow, that seems more important than anything else, just now."

The stations were called out one by one by the vociferous brakeman, but Elsie took little interest in the almost forgotten names until near the end of the journey. Then with feverish eagerness she gathered her bundles together and sat erect on the edge of her seat.

"The next station's Kethsburg," she said, while the tears welled up in her blue eyes as every moment brought her nearer home.

"Good-by, my dear. You are traveling in the right direction when you are going home to mother," were the old lady's parting words as Elsie left the car.

Depositing her bundles on a seat in the little waiting room, she walked up the road toward home with as little conscious effort as if she wore winged sandals.

Outside the familiar little white house two small boys were playing. They looked at her as they would a stranger, and she failed to recognize them.

Surely she had not mistaken her father's house. No, this was the right place, for out of a side door came a freckle-faced boy of fifteen bearing a pan of dirty water. In spite of his added inches she knew him.

"Oh, David, where's mother?" cried Elsie, approaching the astonished boy, who almost dropped his pan of water.

"Well, I think it time you were coming home. I've had enough of dish-washing," was his doubtful welcome.

"Where are those little boys in front of the house?" she asked.

"Cliff and Harvey. What's the matter with you, Elsie?"

Elsie hung her head. They were her own brothers, and she had not known them.

"But where's mother?" she inquired once more.

"Upstairs, sick abed. Say, Elsie, have you come home to spy on us or to help us out?"

"I'm going to stay home and help mother," answered Elsie, entering the house.

"Hurrah for sister Elsie!" came from a pair of lusty lungs, as David emptied his pan and followed her into the house.

Another brother faced her at the stair door and impeded her progress.

"This is fine, Elsie. Mother has just been fretting and wishing to hear from you. This will do her more good than medicine," said Ray Coen, a sturdy six-footer.

"What's the matter with mother, Ray?" asked Elsie, anxiously.

"Overwork and worry, the doctor said. It does seem good to see you again," and the honest, kindly face of brother Ray glowed with delight.

Elsie's eyes overflowed as she flew upstairs to mother. How glad they were to see her, and how little she deserved their welcome.

Her heart was too full to utter a word as she knelt beside her mother and hid her face in the bedclothes.

As for her mother, she understood—mothers always do—and her own joyful surprise found vent in repeating over and over again: "Oh, Elsie! Mother's only daughter! Mother's dear, good girl."

And Elsie felt that no sacrifice would be too great to atone for those years of selfish neglect.

When the doctor came next day he told Elsie her mother would have no further need of medicine, and as Elsie looked at her dear, loving face, beaming with joy, she knew she had told the truth.

Chances for Courtesy.

Wearry Business Man (thanking to strap)—Why in creation don't you run more cars?

Street Car President—My dear sir, it would pain me exceedingly to deprive courteous gentlemen like yourself of the privilege of giving up a seat to a lady.—New York Weekly.

—Not long ago Russia forbade the purchase or sale of typewriters without police permission. It was done to check the use of typewritten revolutionary circulars.

—One of the oldest settlers in Kiaman county, Kan., is a mule. It helped to draw the first wagonload of provisions into the county. The mule has been admitted as a member of the Old Settlers' Association and attends every picnic. It is one of the landmarks of the county.

—The transport Logan, which arrived at San Francisco from Manila recently, had a somewhat eventful trip, as it included an attempted murder, a typhoon, a suicide and a mauling of the crew.

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Christmas Money Last Longer If Put Into Good Merchandise

Our business is fine in black suits. Men seem to be waking up to the fact that a black suit is not only very satisfactory, but exceedingly stylish. When tailored right there's nothing richer than a black suit.

Men's black suits in Cheviots, Tibets, Unfinished Worsteds, Diagonals.

A good all-wool black suit as low as \$10-\$15—very unusual value in black unfinished worsteds and cheviots. These suits are cut over latest tailoring models, and will win the admiration of men who want to be well dressed at a moderate price.

And there's equal advantage in coats at OAK HALL. This stock was splendidly ready, and the OAK HALL taking the cloth from the mill and the cutting and tailoring in our own shop has made our big overcoat stock decidedly

\$10 buys an all-wool Black or Oxford Overcoat. It is cut over the same model as the finest coats we make.

Then \$12 up to \$45 for overcoats that are tailored to keep their shape and in fabrics that will give great service.

Men's house coats, shirts, underwear, neckwear, mufflers, handkerchiefs, hats, shoes make very sensible Christmas gifts.

Don't wait until the last minute before you select your gifts and remember that OAK HALL pays carriage to Philadelphia and return, and remember, also, that the shopping facilities were never so fine as they are this season. The mounted police prevent congestion in the busy sections of the city, and shopping is made a real pleasure.

Wanamaker & Brown

OAK HALL,

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

AS A BOY IN GERMANY.

Incidents of Youthful Roosevelt's Stay in Fatherland Years Ago.

When in the summer of 1873 the Roosevelt children were introduced to the Minkwitz family they had never spoken German and conditions in Germany were altogether new to them.

Nevertheless, they soon adapted themselves to their new environment, especially Theodore, who showed remarkable ability. A few days after his arrival Miss Minkwitz's brother came home from the University of Leipzig, at which he was studying, according to Louis Vireck in Success magazine.

and told the company a German student's joke. Everybody knows how deep these are. This joke must have been particularly good, for every one laughed, most of all Teddy. Franklin Minkwitz was greatly surprised at this and asked him how he could understand it at all. Thereupon Teddy proceeded to repeat the whole story to her in English in a way which proved beyond doubt that he saw the point.

"It seemed to pick up things—one didn't know how," she said.

At that time Frau Hat had in her service a good old servant girl named Emily, who had an admirer by the name of Charles, a fact which had escaped the Minkwitz family's attention altogether, although the girl had stayed with them for some years.

Theodore had been in the house but a few days when one morning he created a sensation by saying: "Emilie, leh bin Kar! leh Hebe du!" ("Emily, I am Kar; I love thee!")

He was passionately fond of books on natural science, especially of Brahms' "Thierleben," which he studied eagerly. One day he got it into his head that he must have a rat, a mole or a hamster. When he asked Miss Minkwitz where he could get one she told him that she didn't know. The lad then began to investigate for himself and finally came back from the city swinging in triumph, like a trophy, a dead mole and a dead German hamster.

He had discovered a man who had white mice for sale and from him he procured what he wanted. He next went to work to strip the animals of their skins in the kitchen and prepared to boil them to one of Frau Minkwitz's saucepans. But here the good old Frau Hat interfered. He therefore went to the back yard, built himself a little oven from bricks, skinned the animals, and after having boiled them, prepared them carefully, putting together skillfully all the parts of the skeleton.

Electric Light in Kansas.

Electric light is being used in the streets of Zanesville, and an American firm has obtained a concession to construct a light electric railway, which will be the first in the country.

THUMPER CALLED

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning to the Undeemed.

It joy is an exchange many toys. There's a good thing without price. It is a good thing to have a good thing. It is a good thing to have a good thing. It is a good thing to have a good thing.

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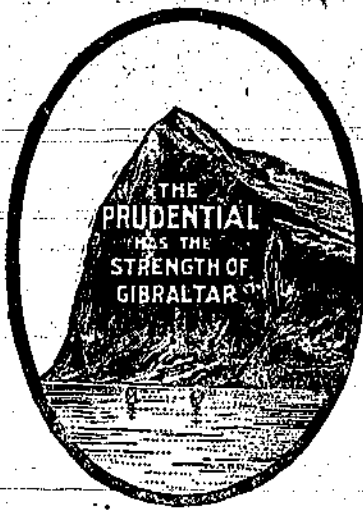
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A Few Straight QUESTIONS.

Are you a wage-earner? Have you any dependent upon you? How much would they lose if you were to die prematurely? You should insure in The Prudential, and protect your family against misfortune.



Write for information of Policies.

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America.

Home Office,

Newark, N. J.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't.

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LESLIE D. WARD, Vice-Pres't

EDWARD GRAY, Sec'y.

FORREST F. DRYDEN, 3rd Vice-Pres't.

2158

GEO. S. TRUNCER, Asst. Supt., Williamstown, N. J.

Dainty Christmas Gifts.

Confectionery. The Appollo Chocolates. Every box a useful souvenir. 40 cents to \$3.50

Perfumes. Imported—Roger and Gallet's, \$1 to \$3.

Pinaud's, \$1 to \$3.

Domestic—Paul Rigera, 10 cents to \$3.50

Colgate's, 25 cents to \$3.

Eastman's, 25 cents to \$1

Lazelle's

Toilet Articles. Combs, Brushes, Lather Brushes, Puff Boxes, etc.

Cigars.—Imported and Domestic

Prescriptions.—accurately compounded

RED CROSS PHARMACY.

We have a full line

Dry Goods

Suitable for Christmas Gifts for the Ladies.

Geo. L. Lash, Hammonton
Broadway Building, Bellevue Avenue.

Household Goods



There's no economy in "cheap" paint. It's a waste of materials, waste of labor, waste of time, waste of wood, because the paint cracks and blisters and exposes the surface to dampness and decay. There is nothing to risk with

Lucas Paints

They are backed by the knowledge and experience of sixty years making; by the testimony of thousands of satisfied customers; by our "Challenge" of superior brilliancy, gloss, covering capacity, and durability. Ask your dealer.

John Lucas & Co.

Philadelphia

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

224 Federal Street.

Statement January 1st, 1905.

Assets \$1,700,556.108.61

Not including Trust Funds, which are kept entirely separate.

Deposits

2 per cent subject to check

without notice.

on average balances

of \$500 and over.

Safe Deposit

Boxes in fire and

burglar-proof vaults

for valuables and

important papers and upward.

ALEXANDER C. WOOD,

President.

BENJAMIN C. HENRY,

Vice Pres. & Trust Officer.

JOSEPH L. LARSEN, Jr.,

Sec'y and Treasurer.

PETER V. VOUGLIERIS,

Noteller.

GEORGE J. BERNARD,

Assistant Noteller.

Established 1873

Camden, N. J.

Capital \$100,000.00

Surplus 500,000.00

Undivided Profits 166,967.40

Deposits 5,849,141.21

Interest

3 per cent on deposits,

14 days' notice to

withdraw.

Banking by Mail

can be done safely

and satisfactorily.

Trust Department. Acts as Ex-

ecutor, Administrator, Trustee,

Guardian, etc. Wills kept with-

out charge.

Directors

Wm. R. South (Wm. B. Price

Wm. G. Dayton (Jos. H. Onskill

P. V. Vouchers (Wm. H. Broad, Jr.

Alex. C. Wood (Wm. J. Bewell

Geo. Reynolds (Wm. J. Bradley

Deat. C. Hoove

The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

HOTT & SON, Publishers.

ORVILLE H. HOTT

WILLIAM O. HOTT

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1905

Overhead Wires.

We hope that Town Council will grant no more permits for overhead wires for telegraphs, telephones, or electric light. Our people have all soured on the whole system, and would be pleased if present permits should be withdrawn at once.

Notice—Bellevue Avenue to-day, with its scores of unsightly poles, its dozens of cables and wires, and the pigeon-roosts mounted in the air, and see whether they improve the appearance of our main street.

Then notice the shade-trees about town. Used as stakes for guy-wires, limbs chopped out with no regard for symmetry or the owners' rights. Trees that represent dollars and years of care, ruined, to make way for a corporation's business!

Poles are not set in shade-tree line, nor do they avoid cross-paths. That pole in front of Union Hall entrance will be dangerous every dark night.

These wires could, as well be laid under ground. They say that that mode is more expensive. Possibly; but the present way is costly to the property owners, tries their tempers, and violates good taste.

When you count the cost of poles, the skilled labor required, and the repairs constantly needed, we question whether it would not cost less in ten years to place the wires in tubes buried out of sight.

No more overhead wires.

BOARD OF TRADE.

An adjourned meeting was held on Thursday evening, with ten members present.

After some talk on the Note jury verdict, which is in a worse tangle than ever, Board proceeded to nomination of officers.

Mr. Phillips was the only one named for President, but declined. Voted, to postpone election of President until next meeting.

Mr. Borgan was nominated for Secretary, but preferred that some other member be chosen, and at his request that item was laid over.

Dr. Bitler was nominated for first Vice-President; second, A. L. Jackson; Treasurer, Dr. Wane; Trustees, R. J. Byrnes, Wm. Colwell, Dr. Poet, and Elwood Jones. These were unanimously elected.

The President named Messrs. C. K. Nelson, R. H. Parker, and Harry Smith as auditing committee.

Have you seen the

BIG PUMPKIN?

In Marshall's Window.

How many Seeds in it?

Every person who buys any goods in my store will be entitled to ONE GUESS as to the number. On New Year's Night the pumpkin will be cut, and the seeds counted. The one whose guess comes nearest to the number will have first choice from three prizes; the next a second choice; next takes third prize.

J. H. MARSHALL,

112 N. 2nd St. to the Bank.

Your turkey will be better if you use

Grand Olden's Turkey Seasoning.

At the Old Reliable SHOE STORE

Will be found for Christmas trade a variety of

Men's Romeos and Slippers, Ladies' Juliette Slippers, and

Over Gaiters, and a good line of Ladies' and Gents' Shoes,

including Warm Lined Shoes.

D. C. HERBERT

Established in September, 1870.

Head-Quarters

FOR

Christmas Gifts.

We have selected such a stock that leaves nothing to be desired in quality and prices.

We have added a complete line of Burnt Wood Outfits, China, Ebony, and Manic articles.

Come and see our Christmas store and Christmas stock.

We welcome you to see the largest stock of Gold and Silver ever offered in town.

Your Jeweler,

Robt. Steel.

THE INDIAN

The motorcycle that won the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition.

The only other prize was awarded to a foreign machine.

Get wise, and buy a motorcycle that is

E. A. CORDER

Christmas Suggestions

Perfumery

Brushes

Cigars

Toilet Soaps, etc.

Prescriptions promptly and carefully filled.

W. J. LEIB, Druggist, Second & Belle

At Eckhardt's Market

will be found a full line of

Beef, Pork, Veal, and Mutton

of the best quality. Our Hams, Bacon, and Smoked Sausages are surpassed by none.

PRICES RIGHT

The Expense of a Gas Range

Is confined to the moments of actual use. When the cooking is done the expense ceases, if you turn off the flame; if you don't, it isn't the range that's extravagant.

Gas Ranges sold by Hammonton Gas Co.

Republican.

AY, DEC. 23, 1905

Season closes with next

will be closed all day,

etia Saxton is cashier in

ket.

Laver was one of our

me corners.

of Christmas cakes—product

me Bakery—at the Candy

any wagon.

JUST SIMONS.

ing this (Saturday)

of clock.

all is getting brick on

new barn.

well is expected at

holidays.

officers in Winslow

day night.

— white, brown

ONE, at the Lake.

— before

— be glad

— in over

— a new

— store.

— Committee

— this week.

— to much this morn-

— to the wife is sufficient.

— the best for 200.

— now make. Also a fresh

— in on Thursday.

CANDY KITCHEN.

— Jones will spend

— with her sister, in

— Wood expects to

— Florida, starting

— Mabel Yates spent last

— visiting Philadelphia pub-

— Post-office will be open only

— usual holiday hours, on

— sorry to learn that Mrs.

— is seriously ill, with

— that new gas-light on the

— ve Hall. It is the finest

— in town.

— shortest day of the year has

— you will not notice the

— any time.

— season, the cold water plant

— gets his son and daughter

— Merry Christmas.

— SAL MONTE of Greenmount

— Association, for the election

— of other bodies, will be held in

— Monday evening, Jan.

— HOYT, Secretary.

— will be given on

— a company of young

— Bellevue Hall.

— A. A. News, and daughter,

— and Mrs.

J. E. Hoyt is at home from the

University of Penna., for Christmas.

Appropriate exercises were held

in the various schools yesterday, the

rooms being decorated with greens and

trees. A printed program was presented

by the High School.

The first of this week, turkeys

sold at 22 and 28 cents per pound, at

wholesale. On Friday, after all were

supplied, the price dropped to 16 cents,

so city papers stated.

LOST AND FOUND HEADQUARTERS, the

REPUBLICAN OFFICE. Try a ten-cent

Everybody will read it.

St. Mark's parishioners have

fitted up a chapel between the church

and the Parish House, and will hold

certain of their services there, instead

of heating the main building.

It was not an attempt at rob-

bery, Wednesday, but the result of a

boyish frolic, that smashed in one of

T. B. Paulin's store windows. Boys

will be boys, and sometime get pretty

rough in their play.

HIGHEST PRICE paid for all kinds of old

junk in large or small quantities. Send

postal and I will call. W. E. LIEBER,

Hammononton, N. J.

There is thought of a petition to

change Christmas to some more genial

season of the year. Preparations for

the blessed holiday are handicapped by

rain, snow and mud galore, until those

in charge are almost in despair.

WHAT YOU WANT is to reach the eye

of readers. Try THE REPUBLICAN.

The Board of Education held a

special meeting last Saturday evening

auditing of the new building accounts,

and routine business occupied much of

the time. They also accepted the resig-

nation of Mrs. Mabel Yates, teacher

of Second Grade in Central School.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—two-story, 6-room

house, and lot 30x100, Third Street near

Bellevue Avenue, Hammononton, belonging to

Needlework Guild.

The annual meeting of the Hammononton Branch of the Needlework Guild of America, was held on Friday, Dec. 8th, at the home of the President, Mrs. A. J. Elder. About eighteen of the directors and officers were present.

The Secretary's report was as follows: 53 garments sent to the Children's Seashore Home, of Atlantic City; 41 to the Sunshine Home, of New York; 38 to the West Jersey Orphanage, of Camden; 37 to the Atlantic City Hospital; 61 to the Penna. Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Philadelphia; 39 to the Philadelphia Hospital; 144 were retained for our own worthy poor. The total number received during the year was 512 garments. The Treasurer's report was as follows: money received during the year, \$19.35; total expenses, \$14.82.

The entire staff of officers were re-elected, with the addition of three more vice-presidents. — Mrs. Butler, Miss Dudley, and Mrs. L. H. Parkhurst. Mrs. A. J. King was elected Corresponding Secretary, an additional office. Mrs. Wm. L. Black was appointed president of a new branch, called the "Auxiliary," for receiving and distributing second-hand clothing, which must be in good condition, and clean. Any one having such garments, and wishing to place them where they will do the most good, will please take them to the home of Mrs. Wm. L. Black.

The ladies were all served with a fine luncheon, and expressed themselves as being much pleased with the success of their first year of the undertaking.

The next meeting will be at Mrs. Rider's, Feb. 1st, 1906.

It is impossible to have a clear head, an active brain, a vigorous constitution or a strong body when the stomach is weak or when the stomach is out of order. A good Dyspepsia Cure will put the stomach and digestive organs in good condition and improve the general condition. Sold by H. L. Black & Pieson.

Last week's snow lasted better than we had anticipated. Saturday morning found it about four inches deep, with a beautiful glistening crust formed by cold rain, — even the trees were covered. The temperature moderating, the snow gradually melted, until Wednesday night's roaring rain storm, which uncovered the earth, and left mud in plenty.

A new idea in a Cough Syrup is advanced in Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. Beside containing Pine Tar, Honey and other valuable remedies, it is rendered laxative, so that its use induces a prompt and efficient evacuation of the bowels. It relaxes the nervous system, and cures all coughs, colds, croup, etc. A red clover blossom and the honey bee is on every bottle of the Original Laxative Cough Syrup. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. Sold by H. L. Black & Pieson.

THE PEOPLES BANK

Hammononton, N. J., Dec. 10, 1905.

The annual election for Directors will be held in the banking house on

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1906

between one and three o'clock P. M.

W. R. TILTON, Cashier.



Charming Music

Can't be gotten out of imperfect musical instruments. A good instrument, well attuned, in skilled hands, is bound to charm us.

Our display of

Holiday Musical Instruments

Includes these points of excellence.

Violins, Guitars, Mandolins: how appropriate for gifts! We have them all,

as well as all other "best made" instruments.

W. C. JONES

The Watchmaker.

Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hammononton & Egg Harbor City Gas Co., of Hammononton, and the annual election of Directors, will be held at the office of the company, on Wednesday, Jan. 3rd, 1906, at 12 o'clock, noon.

J. L. O'DONNELL, Secretary, Hammononton, N. J., Dec. 8, 1905.

Coal

Hard, snappy Lehigh

Chestnut, \$5.25 a ton

Other grades as low as \$5.25

Pea Coal, three kinds, \$4.25

H. L. MONFORT

Second St., 1 square west of Post-office.

Sporting Goods

You will find the

Finest Assortment

that has ever been in town

At PATTEN'S.

Collars!

We have never before been able

to offer such good value in

Fancy Stock Collars

as at the present time.

To fully appreciate them, you must see them.

Each one is put up in a neat box.

And here is the wonderful part—

We are selling them at only 25 Cents.

They are selling fast,

so don't get left.

W. L. BLACK.

Hardware, Groceries,

Plumbing, Gas Fitting

Artesian Wells.

We have a nice line of Knives and Scissors.

H. McD. LITTLE

Cor. Bellevue and Central Aves., Hammononton.

Mince Pies!

To obtain the best results, use

Our own make

of Mince Meat. 12 Cents a pound.

M. L. Jackson & Son's

Market.

OLD Favorites

Annie Laurie.
Marxwell braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me downe and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me downe and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me downe and dee.
—William Douglas of Fingland.

An Arab Welcome.
Because thou' com'st, a weary guest,
Unto my tent, I bid thee rest,
This cruse of oil, this skin of wine,
These tamarinds and dates are thine;
And while thou eat'st Mejd, there,
Shall bathe the heated nostrils of thy
mejd.

Allah! Allah! Even so
An Arab chieftain treats a foe—
Heids him as one without a fault,
Who breaks his bread and tastes his
salt;
And, in fair battle, strikes him dead
With the same pleasure that he gave
him bread.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

DEATH OF PRIEST OF ISIS.

Sacrifice Himself. Together with
Thirty-Three Cats.
A French paper of Constantinople,
Phare du Bosphore, reports the tragic
death of a Greek, Georgio Antikouos,
who had for years the hallucination
that he was the reincarnation of an
ancient Egyptian priest.

Mr. Antikouos was a retired banker,
says the New York Times. While un-
der the hallucination he built in the
neighborhood of Serraili, near Saloni-
ki, a temple dedicated to the Egyptian
goddess, to which he retired and
lived the life of a hermit, only appear-
ing in the village at rare intervals to
purchase food.

In imitation of the ancient Egyptian
city of Bubastis he also built near his
dwelling a park-like enclosure, in
which he kept a large number of cats,
which he treated with reverence, offer-
ing incense in their honor and expend-
ing large sums of money on their food.
A few days ago the hermit was
found dead in his cell at the foot of a
staircase, surrounded by the half-burned
bodies of thirty-three cats.

In an open chest placed on a pedestal,
inscribed with curious hieroglyphics,
was found a paper containing a
statement in Greek signed by An-
tikouos, declaring that he had been
commanded in a revelation by the
goddess Isis to sacrifice himself, to-
gether with the sacred cats, at the altar
he had erected in her honor, in order
that he might, in a second reincarnat-
ion, establish her worship in a cer-
tain planet to which he would be di-
rected after his death.

The paper concluded with a demand,
expressed in the form of a last will
and testament, that a sum of £250,
which he had deposited at the Saloni-
ki branch of the Ottoman bank should be
utilized in the erection at Saloni-
ki of a home for cats, "the living symbol of
the sacred Egyptian cult."

No Race Suicide There.
Frederick Starr, professor of anthro-
pology of the University of Chicago
was about to set off on his two years
visit to Africa.

"You are going over there to study
the pigmies, aren't you?" he was
asked.
"That guess is only partially cor-
rect," Prof. Starr answered, "for I am
going to study other things, too."
His smile had been all the while.
"You are going to see a man who
called a house which the stork had
just visited."
"Is it a boy or a girl?" said this
man.
"Guess," said the father.
"A boy," said the man.
"You are only half right," the father
answered with a sigh.

Chattering.
"No the cars that bring the distant
ed rounder home at unseasonably hours
are called owl cars," said the woman
who had been foolish enough to in-
terfere with a rouser. "Well, that is a good
name for them."
"Is that so?" snipped her husband.
"Well, the cars that take women down
to the burglar's holes should be called
parrot cars."



Although it is the function of the
physician to indicate the general na-
ture of the nourishment to be given to
his patient, the responsibility for the
proper feeding of the sick person de-
volves almost entirely on the nurse,
and on her tact and judgment the suc-
cess of the treatment will depend.
Even when the food is correctly pre-
pared, much attention to the manner
of service is requisite in order to make
it tempting to the invalid.

During illness the things that nat-
urally stimulate the appetite, such as
fresh air and exercise, are entirely
lacking, so that every possible means
must be used to render the idea of
food as agreeable as possible. Chief
among these is the care of the mouth
and tongue. Unless these are kept
scrupulously clean by the use of
cleansing lotions, particles of ferment-
ing food are retained, and give rise
to much discomfort. This is especial-
ly true of milk. The administration of
which should always be followed by a
cleansing of the tongue with some
such preparation as a mixture of equal
parts of glycerin, lemon juice and
water applied with a cotton swab.

Before bringing in the meal the
room should have been put in order as
much as possible, the patient's hands
and face sponged off, and the bed-
clothes and pillows freshly arranged.
The tray itself should be decked with
the prettiest china, the whitest and
freshest linen and the brightest silver
the household boasts. Very small por-
tions only should be set before a sick
person, for in this way a greater
amount is likely to be eaten than if
the weak appetite is appalled by the
sight of well-filled plates.

In giving liquids to patients unable
to sit up, the head should be raised
by slipping the hand under the pillow,
instead of directly under the head, as
in this way the position is less con-
strained and swallowing is easier. The
conventional sick feeders with noz-
zles are usually disliked by patients,
and in most cases fluids can be taken
without much effort through a bent
glass tube or from a tumbler only a
third full. Here again the patient
should not be presented with more
than he is likely to drink, as a sick
person feels a certain satisfaction in
completely emptying his glass.

It is often a difficult question to de-
cide whether or not to waken a sleep-
ing patient for food. In most cases
it is better to wait, but often a suffer-
er may be roused sufficiently to take
a few sips, and yet be able to
sleep again and sleep all the more
soundly, having received the nourish-
ment he needed.

AN UMBRELLA INTERVIEW.

Russell Sage and the "Lancet."
Newspaper Man's Exchange.
In an article on "Writing for a Liv-
ing" in the World's Work, Gilson Wil-
lets tells the following anecdote of a
memorable interview with Russell
Sage:

In that early morning of my writing
life and in the evening of my day I
interviewed Russell Sage. The editor
who gave me the assignment had said:
"Persistence and impudence will do
it." I rang the bell at No. 506 Fifth
avenue. Mrs. Sage opened the door
and behind her I saw the gaunt form
of Mr. Sage. "Well, well, what is it?"
he asked, rubbing his hands as if they
were chilly. I told him what I want-
ed and he replied: "You must excuse
me." Putting on his weather-beaten
derby he added: "I am going out."
I told him that I would go out with
him. He smiled as he buttoned his
faded overcoat and stepped out. It
was raining. I asked him to take my
umbrella, for it was larger than his,
and as we turned into Forty-second
street we exchanged umbrellas. He
was going, he said, "just down the
street" to Dr. Paxton's Presbyterian
church to prayer meeting. "At the
church door he said: 'Good evening!'
We part here."

But I, too, went into prayer meeting.
When Mr. Sage bowed his head so did
I. The meeting over, I rejoined him
at the church door. I had prayed in
that meeting and now my prayers
were answered. For, as we walked
back through the rain to his home,
Russell Sage answered my questions
"for publiction." We both forgot
the exchange of umbrellas and the
skeleton of his umbrella is still in my
attic.

Throwing Away Good Money.
"I see that a comparatively rich New
Yorker recently sold his wife to a
wealthy banker for \$5,000."
"Of course that was an exorbitant
price for a wife of the subtle sort."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STATUE TO SATAN.

Detroit Inhabitants Have Aroused Religi-
ous People of His City.

Many religious persons in Detroit,
Mich., are much stirred up by the ac-
tion of Mr. Herman Menz, a stone-
cutter, who has unveiled on a cen-
trally located piece of property of his
own a statue to the devil. Mr. Menz
is an avowed infidel, and last summer
attracted attention by fighting for a
city law which would prevent religious
services in tents unless those holding
them paid licenses "like the proprie-
tors of any other humbug show," he
said.

The statue which Mr. Menz has un-
veiled stands more than 14 feet high.
Satan is represented as stooping be-
hind a pulpit, thus expressing Menz's
belief that the devil's greatest strong-
hold is the pulpit, and his mouthpieces
are preachers, and that churches do
more harm than good. From this pul-
pit the devil is looking out, supposedly
over his congregation, and the expres-
sion of his face is one of fiendish joy.



STATUE OF SATAN.

Horns are protruding from his head,
and carved in the stone directly in-
front is the big ugly fork with which
he is supposed to prod sinners in the
fire. For a time after being unveiled
the statue was draped in American
flags, but indignation grew to such an
extent that these were taken off and
a single ribbon of small American
flags was left around old Nick's neck.

This statue is carved out of granite,
and the effect which it has already had
upon hundreds of people is remarkable.
It is plainly visible from two streets
over which thousands of persons pass
every day, and there are many women
who now go out of their way in order
not to see the statue. In fact, it is
said that this devil may have such an
effect upon the women and children
why can see it from the windows of
their homes that the city may have to
take action to remove it. This, how-
ever, Mr. Menz will fight to the end.
He is already making little holes in the
monument, and next spring will plant
in these 100 bulbs, so that Satan will
look down upon his surroundings not
only from a pulpit, but over an Eden
of verdure as well.

SIBERIAN TRIBE USES AN ODD-LOOKING CRADLE.

The Gilyaks, who live on the Amoor
River, in Siberia, have a curious cra-
dle or cradle board. It is made of two
pieces of basswood; the back and bot-
tom are fitted with pieces of matting



THE GILYAK CRADLE.

secured with thongs of leather. When
adorned it is suspended from the raft-
ers, but in summer it is attached to a
slender sapling that aways with the
gentle motion in the breeze, thus liter-
ally rocking the baby in the tree-top.

In certain parts of Russia a similar
cradle is used, and the one that Peter
the Great was rocked in was made of
material like this, but it was bound
like a cove, and had no hood.

Direct Information.
Neighbors—I say, Bloboy, when are
you going to move?
[Bloboy] Why, I have no intention of
moving. What put that idea into your
head?
Neighbors—Your landlord.

HOME AGAIN.

The traveler in far countries does
not need to have been absent from
his native land many months, or in
uncivilized regions, to experience on
his return a patriotic exultation of the
heart, frequently accompanied by a
lump in the throat, which often
surprises him. To what heights the
same emotion may rise in wanderers
returned from savage countries after
years of homesickness two little in-
cidents may prove.

An Englishman—a stolid, typical
Briton, usually one of the most un-
demonstrative of men—received a
year's leave of absence from his for-
eign and fever-stricken post in the
African wilderness, after having
lived there seven years. When he
landed on the wharf at Liverpool, his
eyes chanced to light first of all upon
a postman in uniform.

Instantly he flew at and frantically
embraced the alarmed and indignant
official, who struggled a moment vainly
in his grasp, and then let out a
lusty yell for help.

A policeman came running to the
spot.

"E's a lunatic!" gasped the post-
man. "E's tryin' to kiss me! Take
'im off!"

The policeman tried. But no soon-
er had he laid hands on the hysterical
home-comer than the captive sud-
denly released the postman, flung both
arms round his captor's neck and
wept upon his shoulder, at the same
time choking him violently. When
the officer had extricated himself, he
naturally invited the perpetrator of
this affectionate assault to accompany
him to the police station.

"Police station—penitentiary—any-
lum! Which ever you please!" cried
the policeman, ecstatically. "They're
all of them civilized, and they're none
of them Africa!"

An American returning not long
ago to his native land after an ab-
sence nearly as long and quite as
homesick, behaved very differently.

He appeared, indeed, quite com-
posed and calm, but was, in fact, in
a kind of rapturous daze in which
nothing seemed real to him, but rather
a happy dream which must presently
be dispelled. Only when his carriage
was halted in a blockade not far from
the wharf and opposite a vacant lot
where a crowd of young men were
playing ball was he at last awakened
to realities. Then a foul ball crashed
suddenly through the carriage win-
dow, showered him with broken glass,
and struck him an agonizing blow on
the elbow. One of the players came
running to see what injury had been
done.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously,
looking in upon a figure still curi-
ed up and rocking with pain, while
two or three threads of blood trickled
down his countenance.
"Hurt!" exclaimed the victim. "Yes,
I think so! That was a baseball,
and this is America!"

MRS. READER'S PISTOL.

And the Effective Use She Made of
It on a Certain Occasion.

In her story of "Ella Hawley Reader,
Financier," in Everybody's, Juliet
Wilbur Tomkins tells the following
incident of a struggle of Mrs. Reader's
in Peru:

"After eight months of useless
struggle she went out to Callao, which
is about half an hour by rail from
Lima, with her Peruvian lawyer,
Scotch interpreter, and American en-
gineer, and forced the manager to
open the warehouse and let her make
an inspection of the machinery. The
manager had met her with his law-
yers, and the hour of argument before
she gained her point had been some-
thing of a strain. During the whole
process a Peruvian on the Haggis side
had been standing close to Mrs. Read-
er, his little, narrow eyes staring
with that deliberate insolence only
Latinus can accomplish. The company
went out into the warehouse where the
machinery lay and the difficult busi-
ness of a hurried inspection went for-
ward, but still the bullying stare never
ceased. About two hours of it, the
fine edge of that hidden temper of
hers suddenly sprang out. She whiffed
on him with a blaze of words that
needed no interpreter, and all at once
his stare was being returned by a
fierce little pistol held in a strong
white hand and quite ready for busi-
ness.

"The gentleman of Peru neither
apologized nor retracted, he incon-
sistently, unqualitiedly fled. And he
was not the only one. Like shadows
the men fled out of the dusky ware-
house, leaving the dangerous woman a
clear field. When she looked about
there was no one in sight but two
Irish porters, and in their eyes were
sympathetic twinkles, meeting which,
Mrs. Reader could only sink down
helpless with laughter, and put up her
pistol."

When a wife tells her mother her
troubles it signifies nothing, but when
a husband begins to tell his to his
mother divorced lawyers get busy.

Popular

Charles Hess, a resident
India, has been investigat-
ing and has come to the con-
clusion that the immediate cause of the
to be found in race war
gone certain changes in
the development upon it
famous. His experiments
monkeys confirm this con-
clusion.

Gravity is explained
theory of W. A. Nippon
motion of matter is
usually assigned to the
ter is in motion, and
aggregation the
main velocity.
very minute particles
in all directions, and
small enough to be
molecules of ordinary
are stopped or retarded
to the mass of matter.
Two bodies in space
on one side being at-
tracted.

An engineer who
eclipse of the sun
Malta being descried
darkness of the in-
terior. The Maltese
with fright, the
coming to an end
the village where
the church, while some
bells, and some even
sings (something of the
mean), but it was all
a quarter of an hour
these left the church
way back to their homes
very much scared.

Experiments aimed at
resistance of brass to the
water, with a view to
for constructing subma-
rines have shown some re-
sults from the addition of alu-
minum to the brass. The
internal structure of the al-
luginous alloy is a very
large of aluminum, and the
es are surprising. From
cent up to 5 per cent
gives the brass a deep
If the quantity of alu-
minum added is 5 per cent
the color of the metal
maximum when the
amounts to 7 per cent.
cent of aluminum the col-
or is silvery white.

According to information
Department of Commerce
the swarming population
failed to appreciate one of
sources of wealth at hand,
namely, its vast areas of
mountain land suitable for
the sheep and horses. The
trees for lumber, and the
for fuel, apparently with-
out the immense pastures
luxuriant growth of grass.
It is thought that in
due to the population
eating the grass, but at
most all the grass is
whenever they get a bit of
or hand, the grass is
been carefully developed in the

The surface of the earth and
a level below that of the sea,
places, viz: the Salton River,
Diego County and Death Valley
Inyo County, Calif. The Salton
Jordan in Palestine, where the
Sea is nearly thirteen hundred
below sea level; two small areas
Sahara Desert of Northern Africa
—larger than all others together
Valley of the Caspian Sea in W.
Asia, which is eighty-six feet
than the Black Sea. The Salton
once connected directly with the
of California, has been grad-
ually closed in by silt from the Col-
orado. A complete barrier was
at last, shutting off the basin
both gulf and river, and separat-
ing it from the sea. The water
like that soon disappeared through
evaporation. In times of heavy rain
the silt is sometimes cut through
though only at long intervals.
last flooding in this way was in 1882,
but in the spring of this year the
opening of an irrigation canal left
breach, through which the sun-
dred has poured a lake of many square
miles. With the foothold gained the
new body of water may remain a long
time before silt and evaporation
again leave a dry basin.

Explaining It.
"No," said Nippon, "I don't want that
a work of art, although it was when I
bought it."

"But," protested the friend who was
inspecting the pictures, "if it was
work of art then, why not now?"
"The price was more than I could
afford then, but it isn't now." — Phil-
adelphia Press.

Pleasant for the Ladies.
"There," said Hubert, adding
column of figures, "a total of
guess that's all right, there's
forgot. Good! I will immediately
send me \$382. Can you do
man?"

"What for?" demanded Markley.
"Why, I want to get out of debt
Philadelphia Press.

OLD PLACES.

you like to go with me
the greed and spoiling,
know where the fields
green.

thought of strife and toll-
and you like to forget the
haunted city faces,
a deep in the dreams we'd
old boytime places?

and you like to go with me
a friendly cover,
river where, long ago,
used to hover?
old you like to wander

unburned faces,
not, and ragged clothes
boytime places?

like to go with me
tribulations,
and heedless life
school vacations?
to find the pond,
old millrace, la-
s cool and deep-
ing places?

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Remington whitened at this, but said
nothing. Then, after a pause—

"She was young—very young—I
didn't give her a chance—not even
half a chance. I don't believe she was
guilty, after all!" he broke out sudden-
ly. "But—perhaps you are right," he
added presently, in a dull tone.

I looked at him closely. The expres-
sion on his face showed me that he
had suffered, and would continue to
suffer as few men do.

"I can almost believe that you are
still in love with the woman," I re-
flected, after a silence.

Remington, too, was silent for a
time.

"At least," he remarked finally, "I
shall never care for any other."

"Yet you divorced her," I observed
curiously.

"My entire course was marked out
by impulse—fierce, passionate. Had
I loved her less, things might have
been different."

"With your quixotic notions, you
ought to have lived several centuries
ago."

Remington made no reply, but sat
for a long time, gazing with strange
eyes into the bed of pink and purple
coals.

"Have you a picture of your—of
her?" I asked, presently.

"Not one; I burned them—then."

As he spoke, he pulled out his
watch, and started to his feet with a
little gesture of surprise.

"You mustn't think of leaving with-
out seeing my wife," I objected, lay-
ing a protesting hand on his arm.

"I want you to meet her; I want you to
see what admirable taste I have in se-
lecting a companion. We've been
married just one year, and I think I
can truthfully say that she has proven
my ideal of a perfect woman."

Remington smiled and passed a re-
flective hand across his forehead.

"It's easy enough to see how the
wind is blowing in your household," he
laughed.

We smoked away in silence for sev-
eral minutes, and presently the door
opened and my wife softly entered the
room.

She wore a dinner gown of pretty
pale yellow stuff that fell about her
in graceful scallops and made a faint,
musical swish as she moved. In the
semi-dark her bare shoulders gleamed
like snow, and the pendant of her
necklace rose and fell almost imper-
ceptibly on her white bosom with each
gently taken breath.

As she came further into the light
toward us, Remington stood up and ac-
knowledged my introduction with a
low bow. When he lifted his face it
was the color of ashes, and the man
seemed to have aged ten years, a
ghostly glare of the fire.

My wife had left the room to give
some order about the dinner, and Rem-
ington turned to me with an abrupt ex-
cuse for leaving.

"You will make by apologies to your
wife, old man? I'm positively ill—too
ill to keep up much longer. Fact is,
I've been feeling knocked out all day,
and wouldn't give in. When I feel bet-
ter, I shall be glad to drop in on you
both some time again."

But we did not see him again. Two
days later he wrote me, stating that
his regiment had been ordered away.

Several months after leaving Lon-
don, Remington wrote the following
letter:

"Dear Old Tom—I've been intend-
ing to drop you a line ever since my
departure, but first one thing and then
another coming up, I've kept putting
it off."

"I do not need to remind you of the
conversation we had on that last night
at your house. Do you remember all I
told you about her? You will recall
that I was more than half inclined to
condemn my own action all the way
through. Well, since then certain facts
have come to my knowledge establish-
ing her complete innocence beyond the
question of a doubt."

"God! how I've suffered! But it is
too late now for me to make any repa-
ration. She is married again—mar-
ried to one of the finest fellows I
know."

"If you ever should chance to run
across her, I want you to remember
that she is innocent. My only atone-
ment must consist in proving her statu-
less before the world. Sincerely yours,
"REMINGTON."

And my wife, with her pretty Irish
brogue, says she pities my friend, Rem-
ington.

Where Metal Does Not Rust.

Metal does not rust in Lake Titica-
ca, South America. A chain, an
anchor, or any article of iron, if
thrown in this lake, and allowed to re-
main for weeks or months, is as
bright when taken up as when it came
fresh from the foundry.

Must Be One or the Other.

"Do you think that the speed of au-
tomobiles ought to be lessened by
law?"

"Yes," answered the patient man,
"there is no use in trying to train us
pedestrians to dodge any quicker."

Washington Star.

A burnt child dreads the fire, but a
man fears a flood of feminine tears.



Mother's Sun.

"I wish it would stop raining," said
a cross little voice for the fourth or
fifth time. "I want to go out and
play, and Fido—too."

"I once read a story," said Tommie's
mother, "about a little boy who was
called Sunshine, because he was al-
ways happy and contented."

"How can he be happy when he
can't go out, and does not know what
to play?" And the cross little boy
threw himself down on the floor beside
Fido.

"You might play you were my sun,"
said Tommie's mother, with a twinkle
in her eye, "and fill the room with
sunshine for Fido and me."

"Why, mamma," said Tommie, "how
can I play I am your son when I am
and—"

And then Tommie suddenly saw
what his mamma meant.

"Fido," whispered Tommie, "mam-
ma thinks we are cross. I will have
to tell you about a-u-n and a-o-n. You
don't go to school, so you don't know
that sun spells me, and sun spells
the sun up in the skies. Suppose we
do play sun, Fido; it will be such a
funny game."

"Mother," said Tommie, "I'm going
to play sun, and I'm going behind the
screen and pretend it is a cloud. No,
Fido, you can't come with me. You
must go away down on the earth and
stay with mother, for I'm playing I'm
the sun. Now, you see, Fido, if I were
the moon you could stay with me, for
the man in the moon has a dog."

Fido was quite sure if he could not
stay with his little master he did not
like the new game; but he was a good
dog, so he went and lay down by Tom-
mie's mother.

And then the sun burst forth from
behind the clouds—and such a happy
sun it was—and mother clapped her
hands, and Fido barked with delight,
and the rain tapped on the window
and wanted to come in where every-
body was so merry and gay.

"I'm your a-o-n now, mother," shout-
ed a happy little voice, "so look out
for a big bug."

A Dilemma.

Little man Noah lies all in the dark,
For Nannie has left him alone in the
ark;

His cows are astray, his sheep are both
lost.

His elephant over the sofa has crossed;
His chickens and birds in a frightened
heep lie.

With a couple of foxes staring close by;
His horse has dropped down with two
legs broken short.

His pigs are all perished in Johnny's
block fort.

His camel lies helpless tripped up in the
net.

The rocking chair rocks on his one spot-
ted cat.

His wife in the coal-hod, his sons in a
shoe—

Pray, what in the world can the poor
Noah do?

Do you hear me, my darling? Run quick
as you can,

And out of the ark let that poor little
man!

—St. Nicholas.

A Trick with Dominoes.

The famous phrase, "It's a brick,"
says the Pathfinder, originated from
the reply of the King of Sparta, who,
when asked where were the walls of
his city, replied that Sparta had no
walls, "and every man is a brick."

Numerous versions of the origin of
"deadhead," meaning one who gets
something free, have been given,
claiming it as a modern phrase, but
history shows that the term was used
in precisely its present sense at least
as early as the palmy days of Pompeii,
when those who had free seats at the
theater were provided with ivory
checks made in the shape of a skull or
"deadhead." No doubt the expression
was ancient even then.

A certain schoolmaster, back in the
days of "Good Queen Bess," commit-
ted suicide. He stood up a hunket, tied
a rope round his neck, from a beam,
and then "kicked the bucket." Hence
that obscure periphrase for dying.

It was the custom of the Huns to
put a feather in their cap for every
Turk they killed, whence the origin
of "feather in his cap" is easily under-
stood.

Mice Guard Submarines.

On the ships' books of the subma-
rines in the British navy and on their
pay sheets are borne, in addition to the
complement of a dozen or more offi-
cers and men, a trio of white mice.

These are regarded as a portion of the
crew, as they each draw their rations,
and pay at the rate of one shilling per
week (which is shared by the crew).

These rodents are kept in a little cage
in the vicinity of the gasoline tanks,
for, having a keen sense of smell, they
detect any leakage of vapor and be-
gin squeaking, when the sailors at
once look to the taps. The mice make
great pets of the mice, which are well
looked after and closely watched, es-
pecially when the craft are under way.

Commandments.

When does a woman sneeze three
times? When she can't help it.

What notes compose the most fa-
vorite tunes and how many do they
compose? Bank notes, and they com-
pose four.

What is the difference between love
and war? One breaks heads, the other
hearts.

Where should you feel for the poor?
In your pocket, to be sure.

What kind of wild animals are al-
lowed on the lawns of public parks?
Dandelions.

When a Man Is Strongest.

The uplifting power of a youth of
17 years is 280 pounds; in his twen-
tieth year this increases to 320 pounds,
and in the thirtieth and thirty-first
years it reaches its height, 365 pounds.

At the end of the thirty-first year the
strength begins to decline very slowly
at first.

A Miserable Inventor.

Mamma—Come, now, Willie; you
must have your neck washed.

Willie—Aw, say! Who invented
neck washing anyway?—Philadelphia
Ledger.

FEATURES OF CAMPUS SPORT.

The Best and the Worst Found Most
Sharply Defined in Football.

The best and worst features of
campus sport are found most sharply
defined in football. Now, the fact
seems often overlooked that the aver-
age American youth is both honest by
instinct and keen for fair play. He
enters college with a normal fondness
for outdoor pastime. As one of his
first impressions, he feels that the
football team is a "complicated ma-
chine of infinite exactitude," from
which the youth of average physical
equipment is well-nigh barred. Then
he discovers that the kind of "game"
played by the few picked heroes is so
difficult and exhausting that the three
months' season suggests slavery far
more than sport. He grasps the fact
that rowing is a pursuit which de-
mands a long and arduous training
period in order to drill eight men into
absolute harmony of action, and he
does not see how working for the team
could be made any easier. His foot-
ball, in bracing autumn weeks, seems
as if it ought to offer a

very strong and phony

endure hard knocks, really there
ought to be much fun in it, he thinks.

He finds, however, that players,
trainers and coaches are thinking of
nothing else than welding together
eleven brawny giants into certain bat-
tling ram formations, the impetus of
which shall be more deadly and last-
ing than that of a rival mass of beef
and muscle on a certain afternoon
three months distant. The freshman,
standing in disconsolate loneliness on
the side lines, perceives also that in a
university of perhaps two or three
thousand students it is not considered
possible to assemble eleven men of the
standards of physique and intelligence
required to form a "championship
team," wherefore it is necessary to
recruit among the preparatory schools
and to throw out drug-nets for promi-
nent material among the smaller col-
leges. And this youngster of ours may
be wise enough to glimpse the fact,
which has eluded most of his perplex-
ed elders busy with jangling moral
"rules," that the problem of keeping
football clean in school and college
rests not so much with the player as
with the game itself.

In other words, a pastime which is
so hard to play well, which contains so
few of the essential elements of sport,
and which cannot find its raw ma-
terial among thousands of willing
young men within its bounds, is cap-
tain to breed perverted ideas of the
spirit and object of normally conduc-
ed athletics for the benefit of the
greatest possible number. "Profes-
sionalism" in football would be a sham
of its temptations to "win at any cost"
if the game were such as the average
student could learn to play well and
to enjoy.

At a Bad Time.

"This insurance investigation is a
bad thing and it comes at a peculiarly
bad time."

"How so?"

"Why, we were so much improved
by the way our free auto was man-
aged that we had just determined to
open up a free automobile garage."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE PLEA OF WEALTH.

Russell Sage Celebrated as Most
Miserly of Millionaires.

The writer of this article has often
thought that Russell Sage was enti-
tled to be "let alone," that inasmuch
as he was not accused of swindling
operations, but only of thrift and pars-
imony, he should be allowed to pur-
sue his way without comment, says
the Cincinnati Inquirer. He has, how-
ever, presented such an interesting
type of the financier that he has be-
come an irresistibly interesting sub-
ject of comment. He is an inspiration
for philosophy and a legitimate text
for sermonizing on the ways of the
world. The generality of mankind is
poor, or in very moderate circum-
stances. It is arrayed in its hearts
against the rich. It never gets rid of
the idea that there is a grossly un-
equal and unjust distribution of the
good things of the world. At the same
time there is a common recognition of
the necessity of the concentration of
wealth for the purposes of great en-
terprises, but there is caustic criticism
of the rich men who spend money lav-
ishly on their own private establish-
ments and who give enormously costly
entertainments. There is even less
consideration for the close and thrifty
man who has won many millions and
enjoyed only few of the comforts and
none of the luxuries of existence, and
whose pockets have been locked

against beneficence.

Mr. Sage is the most celebrated
"close" man in the whole long list of
American millionaires. It is interest-
ing to read and study his statement of
his own case. He confesses that he
has lived thrifty, and wants to know
why he is blamed for not living ex-
travagantly. Here is a statement re-
cently quoted as coming from him:

"My money is in circulation just as
truly as if I whirled about in automo-
biles and maintained costly establish-
ments. The man who puts money in a
bank, he circulates it for the bene-
fit of the community just as surely as
the man who puts it into a racing sta-
ble, a yacht or a hunting lodge. If you
doubt me ask the savings bank people
what they do with the deposits. Per-
sonal expenditure is a matter of task,
but investment in any form circulates
money, which is the chief duty of the
man who accumulates it. Judge me by
this standard, and, if you know my
life, you will find that all I have done
has been to resist extravagance—the
new methods of circulating money by
stimulating unnecessary and often in-
jurious habits."

The standard which Mr. Sage sets
up as that by which he desires to be
judged will not be accepted as the true
one. He never put a cent at interest in
a savings bank or elsewhere that it
was not for the sole purpose of fur-
ther enriching himself. The whole life
of the man stamps that characteristic
on him. Savings banks are good insti-
tutions, but they do not present a field
for getting money into circulation that
a man of the wealth of Sage could do
the most good in. Mr. Sage is not a
sweet example of the simple life. He
never really earned the wealth he has

by saving like a miser in his extreme
age. He never produced anything. He
has been a money lender and a specu-
lator in stocks and bonds, the same as
other men who have accumulated for-
tunes in the great financial center of
the new world. His methods have not
been a whit better than those which
ordinarily prevail in Wall street. He
has won by his knowledge of when
and how to buy and sell—a knowledge
which those he was dealing with did
not have. He has not been going
about telling the "dumbs" how to take
care of themselves.

Tracts in Many Tongues.

One of the most difficult of all pub-
lishing tasks is accomplished by the
American Tract Society, which prints
not only tracts, but also books in na-
tive African languages such as
"Mpongwe, Baka, Umbundu, Baka
and Fang, inasmuch as these tongues,
though spoken by millions of blacks,
were not written—or, at all events,
were not written until recently—the
problem of rendering such works as
the "Pilgrim's Progress" into their
vernacular in printed form is beset by
many obstacles.

For the copy dependence must be
had upon the missionaries, who write
it out in typescript. It has to be set
all the way to New York, and set
up in type, and as a matter of course,
care must be taken that it shall be
as close to perfect accuracy as possi-
ble.

The languages are not understood
either by the men who set the type
or by the proofreaders, and so the
editors, who are equally ignorant on
the subject, must follow copy slavish-
ly. As far as possible the typewritten
words represent phonetically the spoken
words as uttered by the natives.

Having thus translated their vocal
speech into print the missionaries
have taught the blacks to read their
own language, an accomplishment
which has helped greatly in their men-
tal and moral elevation. They have
not only simple dictionaries, but also
primers illustrated with excellent
woodcuts.—New York Sun.

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Funeral designs a specialty. Baskets
and designs for balls, parties,
weddings, etc.

REMINISCENCES.

Robert Elder, Sr., was one of the
earliest settlers, coming here about
seventy years ago and settling on
what is now known as the Magers
farm. There wasn't any Hammononton
then. This part of Mullica Township
was wild, and many a bear and deer
did the Elder family see. In fact, the
deer were often quite troublesome, and
bears occasionally manifested a fond-
ness for pork.

One summer, two of Mr. Elder's
children were out huckleberrying and
had nearly filled their pails when they
were startled by a slight noise, and on
looking up saw a bear which had
come up unobserved to the very bush
from which they were picking. Old
Bruin had no more time for them
than they had for the bear, and very
soon made his way off through the
bushes.

This incident puts me in mind of
another story.

"Old Bill" was also one of the
pioneers. His reputation for veracity
was not of the best, and often did his
memory treacherously betray him. In
fact, Bill acquired something of a rep-
utation as a liar. One evening he was
narrating some of his early experi-
ences at the store where the settlers
were accustomed to gather.

"Talk about huckleberries," said he,
"I never saw such huckleberries as
there was over 'tween here 'n Atison
one year durin' war times. Why, I
got a horse bucket full of berries as
big as cranberries off o' one bush, one
morning. I'd just about filled the
bucket when I heard a noise right in
front of me. I looked up to see what
'twas, and there was a bar catlin' huck-
leberries right off the same bush I
was pickin' off 'n."

"Did ye run, Bill?" said one of his
listeners.
Bill looked up with a you ought to
know better air, and said: "Run! I
how 'n thunder could I, with snow
half way up to my neck?"

REMS.

Young People's Societies.

Y. P. S. C. E.—Presbyterian Church:
Meets Sunday evening at 6:45.
Topic, "The brotherhood of man."
1 John 2: 7-11; 3: 12-15. (A
Christmas missionary meeting.)
Led by Missionary Committee.

Y. P. S. C. E.—Baptist Church:
Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30.
Topic, "The brotherhood of man."
1 John 2: 7-11; 3: 12-15. (A
Christmas missionary meeting.)
Led by Missionary Committee.

Jr. C. E., Sunday afternoon, at 3:00.

North League, M. E. Church:
Meets Sunday evening, at 6:45.
Topic, "A Christmas gift to the
world." Matt. 2: 11; 2 Cor. 8:
1-5. Lender, Miss
Jennifer Ford.

Junior League, on Friday afternoon,
at 3:00.

Church Announcements.

Baptist Church.—Rev. Wiltshire W.
Williams, Pastor. 10:30 a. m., "The
Incarnation of God in the Divine Babe
of Bethlehem." 7:30 p. m., "The coming
of the Magi to the Prince of the House
of David."

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. B. Middleton
Pastor. Appropriate services.

Presbyterian Church.—Rev. H.
Marshall Threlow, Pastor, will preach.

Universalist Church.—Mrs. (Rev.)
J. Harner Wilson will conduct services,
11:00 a. m., "The Birth of Jesus," a
Christmas sermon by M. J. Bayago.
Evening services at 7:30.

Italian Evangelical.—Rev. Arnaldo
Blasio, Pastor. Sunday services: Sab-
bath School, 10 to 11; preaching, 11 to 12
prayer meeting, 3:30 p. m.

St. Mark's Church.—Rev. Paul F.
Hoffman, Rector.

Printed Signs.

The following is a list of ready-printed
signs, on good cloth or card-board, in
black ink, for sale at the REPUBLICAN
office. Price, 5 cts. each, or six for a
quarter. Special prices on large lots.

No Trespassing or Running!
Keep Off!
For Hire!
For Rent!
For Sale or Rent!
No Dumping on these Premises!
No Urinals To-day!
Possion Vouchers Executed!
No Admittance!
No Smoking!

Signs with other wording will be printed
on short notice, and at reasonable prices.

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rial memorial services, furnished on short notice.

Atlantic City R. R.

Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1905. Subject to change.											
DOWN TRAINS.											
Stations	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.
Philadelphia	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
Camden	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10
West Collingswood	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20
Radon Heights	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
Laurel Springs	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40
Clintonsville	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50
Wilmington Junction	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00
Ordor Brook	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10
Blue Anchor	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20
Wilmington (P.O.)	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30
Hammononton	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40
La Costa	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50
Elwood	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00
Egg Harbor	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
Prigantia Junction	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20
Pleasantville	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30
Atlantic City	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE)

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1905. Subject to change.											
DOWN TRAINS.											
Stations	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.	Acc.
Philadelphia	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
Camden	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10
Collingswood	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20
Radon Heights	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
Laurel Springs	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40
Clintonsville	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50
Wilmington Junction	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00
Ordor Brook	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10
Blue Anchor	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20
Wilmington (P.O.)	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30
Hammononton	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40
La Costa	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50
Elwood	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00
Egg Harbor	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
Prigantia Junction	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20
Pleasantville	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30
Atlantic City	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40

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