

# South Jersey Reporter

Hoyt & Son, Publishers.

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Eight  
Pages

HAMMONTON, N. J., JANUARY 21, 1905.

**Dr. Note's Pine Balsam**  
is made for your  
**Cough and Cold.**

Prepared by  
**W. J. LEIB,**  
Druggist, Second and Bellevue, Hammonton.

**UNDERTAKER EMBALMER**

**ELWOOD P. JONES,**

Successor to

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## NEW ENGLAND CLUB.

This recently organized Club met on Thursday evening at the residence of A. P. Simpson, 115 N. Third Street. Thirty-four members responded at roll call.

The program, though not lengthy, was crisp, and highly tinged with the spirit of the occasion. The music rendered by Mrs. Austin and her assistants was highly appreciated and decidedly appropriate. The chorus by the young ladies was a decided hit. Great results are expected from that contingent, in the future.

That very potent factor of advancement and civilization, the New England school teacher, was very much in evidence—nearly a half dozen of them being present, all of whom took a lively interest in the proceedings, and promise to become a valuable adjunct of the Society.

The fine rendering of the response to the toast, "The women of New England," by the Rev. J. H. Wilson, was applauded.

In accordance with the old New England custom, the Club adjourned at an early hour, voting the initial meeting a decided success.

Messrs Dobbs and Frazier write as their protest against a local item published last week, to the effect that "two people" had abandoned their intention of building on the D. & B. tract, etc., fearing that it would reflect injuriously upon their business. Well, we didn't say "two people." The fact is, one man gave a contract to build two houses, and has since, for personal and private reasons, changed his mind. The lots are his ones, and if he sells them it will be nothing to the disparagement of the town or the tract on which they are located.

Mrs. C. H. Sparks died on Tuesday last, Jan. 17th, 1905, at her residence on Twelfth Street, Hammonton, after long suffering from cancer, aged 57 years. Funeral services were held at the house last evening, conducted by Rev. G. B. Middleton. This morning the body will be taken to Philadelphia, service held in Bethlehem M. E. Church, Nineteenth and Middle Streets, and interment in Fernwood Cemetery. Her husband, two sons and two daughters are among the mourning ones.

List of un-called-for letters in the Hammonton Post Office on Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1905:

Barrett, Gaetano  
Nicola Di Guard  
Mario del Lino

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

M. L. Jackson, P. M.

Quality—not quantity is our motto.

Do you want any

Repairing Done  
Picture Framing  
Carpet Laying  
Sewing Machines, Etc.

P. O. Box 692.

The Christian Churches at Constantinople, Turkey, and Yokohama, Japan, have long used the Longman & Martineau Patents for painting churches.

Liberal contributions of L. & M. paint will be given for such purpose wherever a church is located.

F. M. Scofield, Harris Springs, S. C., writes: "I painted our old homestead with L. & M. twenty-six years ago. Not painted since, looks better than houses painted in the last four years."

W. B. Barr, Charleston, West Va., writes: "Painted Frankenburg Block with L. & M. Shows better than any buildings here have ever done; stands out as though varnished, and actual cost of paint was less than \$1.00 per gallon. Wears and covers like gold."

These celebrated paints are sold by Harry McD. Litt

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE People's Bank of Hammonton

At the close of business on Wednesday, Jan. 11th, 1905.

**RESOURCES:**

Loans and Discounts	\$218165 79
Overdrafts	12
Stocks, securities, etc.	56897 50
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	7000 00
Bonds and Mortgages	20085 80
Due from other Banks, etc.	16952 15
Checks and cash items	20 50
Cash on hand	8801 37
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$331933 23</b>

**LIABILITIES:**

Capital Stock paid in	\$30000 00
Surplus	25000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	12626 23
Due to other Banks, etc.	4445 87
Dividends unpaid	66 50
Individual deposits sub. to chkr.	12672 25
Time deposits	12682 06
Demanded certificates of deposit	2193 00
Time certificates of deposit	800 00
Certified checks	937 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	4 25
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$331933 23</b>

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, County of Atlantic.

E. J. Byrne, President, and W. F. Tilton, Cashier of the above named Bank, being severally duly sworn, each for himself says that the foregoing statement is true, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

WILBER B. TILTON, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of January, A. D. 1905.

J. L. O'DONNELL, Notary Public.

Directors: C. J. OSGOOD, W. J. SMITH, E. STOCKWELL.

20 words (or less) is the Republic 10c

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Central Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

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by **WILLIAM BAKER,** No. 25 Third Street, Hammonton.

Both of these papers one year for only \$1.25

if you send your order and money to **Hoyt & Son,** Hammonton, N. J.

By a special arrangement with the publishers, we will send the **Tribune Farmer** the best paper for the farmer, poultryman, and the home and the **Republican** the Hammonton newspaper for the sum of ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

**HERBERT G. HENSON** ALL THE DAILY PAPERS AND PERIODICALS Stationery & Confectionery. 217 Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton, N. J. Honorize home men

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**Chas. Cunningham, M. D. Physician and Surgeon** W. Second St., Hammonton. Office Hours: 7:30 to 10:30 a. m. 1:30 to 5:00 p. m. and 7:00 to 9:00 p. m.

**Harness, Blouses, Robes, Whips, Trunks, etc.** At **L. W. COGLEY**

## Young People's Societies.

This space is devoted to the interests of the Young Peoples Societies of the various Churches. Special items of interest, and announcements are solicited.

**Y. P. S. C. E.—Presbyterian Church:** Meets Sunday evening, at 6:45. Topic, "How to win souls for Christ." John 1: 40-45.

**Y. P. S. C. E.—Baptist Church:** Meets Sunday evening, at 6:30. Topic, "How to win souls for Christ." John 1: 40-45. Leader, Mrs. F. A. Lehman.

**Jr. C. E.,** Sunday afternoon at 3:00. Epworth League.—M. E. Church: Meets Sunday evening, at 6:45. Led by J. H. Myroos.

**Junior League,** Thursday afternoon, at 3:00 o'clock.

Study the topic on our religious page. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these meetings.

## Church Announcements.

Notices of Church meetings are of public interest, and so charge is made for their insertion. Weekly changes permitted.

**Baptist Church—Rev. Whitire W. Williams, Pastor.** 10:30 a. m., "Three epochs of man's pilgrimage." 7:30 p. m., "Greatest power in the world." Thursday evening, "Sufficient grace." 3 Cor. 12.

**M. E. Church—Rev. G. R. Middleton, Pastor.** 10:30 a. m., "Is Hammonton a second Laodicea?" 7:30 p. m., "The pre-eminence of Christ."

**Universalist Church—The Rev. J. Harner Wilson, Pastor.** 11:00 a. m., "Is the world growing better? and how the individual can better it." 7:30 p. m., "Peter."

**Presbyterian Church—Rev. H. Marshall Threlow, Pastor.** 10:30 a. m., "The unfeeling kindness of God." 7:30 p. m., "Doried alive."

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

## W. O. T. U.

This space belongs to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and its members are responsible for what they publish.

**We Belong to the Union** Because, 3rd, while the evil of the saloon is almost universally acknowledged by the churches, yet there are weapons which must be wielded against the saloon, before it is abolished, which cannot now be freely advocated under the auspices of the church, without dissension, which would be deplorable to many, even of our white-ribboners.

The church has not yet washed its hands from complicity with the saloon; and while declaring that "aliquo traffic cannot be legalized without sin," a majority of the voting members sanction its perpetuation by their ballots, thereby insuring to the traffic the protection of government.

Pass. Supr.

Barry McD. Litt

Barry McD. Litt

Barry McD. Litt

**New CRIMSON CLOVER SEED!**

We have some very nice 1904 Crop Crimson Clover Seed now in stock. It is quite a little lower in price than it was earlier.

**GEORGE ELVINS.**

# MISS SHURTLEFF.

Every day, when he could persuade them to go, Gifford took the two women out rowing or fishing or exploring. Before they came to camp he had been too lazy to go out on the water unless Tommy pushed the boat, but now he was always ready to row a boat containing both Miss Shurtleff and her mother any number of weary miles, while Tommy, with a small hidden under his brown mustache, came skimming along behind, with nothing but the lunch basket in his skiff.

When you consider that Gifford's arms were short and thick, that his wind was bad and his hands tender, and that he had never done any rowing before that summer, you may begin to realize the power of love. Big blood blisters came on the palms of Gifford's pudgy hands, and he suffered almost continually from pains in his back and legs, but not for a moment did he ever think of giving up the battle. Miss Shurtleff expressed an admiration for water lilies; Gifford waded out in ten inches of water and two feet of mud to get them, greatly to the damage of his footgear and trousers. Miss Shurtleff casually remarked that the great hairy woodpecker must be a curious looking bird; Gifford, fat and round, climbed a forty-foot pine stump, and took a young bird out of its nest to show her. Incidentally the stump broke as he was coming down and Gifford fell into the creek. Fortunately the creek bottom was good and soft.

The climax came on a Saturday. Tommy, the guide, precipitated matters the night before.

"Mr. Shurtleff is coming Sunday morning," he said.

Gifford started as if he had been shot. In the more than two weeks which had passed since Miss Shurtleff came to the camp, he had never once had an opportunity to speak with her alone. And now her father was coming. For some reason Gifford felt much afraid of Mr. Shurtleff, though he had never seen him. He was anxious to reach some sort of an understanding with the daughter before the old man put in his appearance. Only one day remained in which to make the attempt. Gifford's back ached and his arms were sore; his hands were one mass of blisters and his legs pained him at every step. But he was game.

"What do you say to a little row down to Big Dog lake?" he asked airily that Friday evening after supper, Big Dog lake was a good twelve miles to the south. Altogether the trip meant a row of twenty-five miles.

"I'd like to go," said Miss Shurtleff, "but it's a terribly long row."

"Not at all," said Gifford, and Tommy, the guide, retired to the porch and laughed noisily, with one hand over his mouth.

"I'll take you in my boat," said Gifford, desperately, "and—"

"No," interrupted the young woman, "I think we'd better go together. We can both go in Tommy's boat and you can—"

"Not at all," said Gifford, "I will row you both, of course, if you prefer to go together."

They started at five o'clock in the morning. Gifford felt sure he should faint before they covered the first five miles. But he gritted his teeth and kept on, though every stroke was agony. He had laid out his plan of campaign. He would wait until they landed for luncheon, and then make an opportunity to speak to the young woman alone.

Luncheon time came. Gifford ate almost nothing. When they had finished their coffee he layed out on the bank into the woods. There came the sound of a gun.

"Come back quick," Tommy was calling. Tommy's boat had been seen. Gifford did not move. But the young woman came up in an instant and pulled Gifford through the woods trail to the town. The old party set all the boat on the bank, which was as Gifford had expected.

"Miss Shurtleff, I love you," again declared the red-faced Gifford. And then Miss Shurtleff's face broke into a smile.

"Why, my dear man," she said, "I am Mrs. Shurtleff. Julia, there on the bank, is my step-daughter, and the only Miss Shurtleff I know of."

Poor Gifford's face was purple.

"You see, my husband is thirty-five years older than I am. But I'm not angry with you. In fact, you've paid me a great compliment. But I thought you knew all the time."

Mrs. Shurtleff wanted her step-daughter to help her row to camp in Tommy's boat, but Gifford would not listen to it. He was game to the end.

He left the camp that night and went back to Milwaukee. He didn't care to wait and meet the aged Mr. Shurtleff.

## HOW A WATCH WORKS.

### A Vibrating Wheel Takes the Place of the Clock's Pendulum.

A watch differs from a clock in its having a vibrating wheel instead of a vibrating pendulum and, as in a clock, gravity is always pulling the pendulum down to the bottom of its arc, but does not fix it there because the momentum acquired during its fall from one side carries it up to an equal height on the other, so in a watch a spring, generally spiral, surrounding the axis of the balance wheel, is always pulling this toward a middle position from either side carries it just as far past on the other side, and the spring has to begin its work again. The balance wheel at each vibration allows one tooth of the adjoining wheel to pass, as the pendulum does in a clock, and the record of beats is preserved by the wheel which follows. A mainspring is used to keep up the motion of the watch instead of the weight used in a clock, and as a spring acts equally well, whatever be its position, a watch keeps time, although carried in the pocket or in a moving ship. In winding up a watch one turn of the axle on which the key is fixed is rendered equivalent by the train of wheels to about 400 turns or beats of the balance wheel, and thus the exertion during a few seconds of the winding which winds up gives motion for twenty-four or thirty hours.

## A Striking Individuality.

It does not pay to be too striking a one's individuality unless that characteristic is the outspringing of one's own nature. Directly little eccentricities are assumed criticism is invited. We become conspicuous and the unconventional beauty which we wish to achieve turns to gall and wormwood in what the world calls only "queerness." Unless you can be artistically out of the ordinary do not try to be other than commonplace. It does not pay to bring down reproach and sarcasm upon your unprotected head for the sake of winning notoriety. Better by far to pursue the even tenor of your way, exactly as thousands of other mortals do, than to strike out into new paths which lead only into the jungle of ridicule and condemnation.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

According to "Notes for Visitors to the Great Aquarium," issued by the Public Works Department of Cairo, in November, the tanks at that establishment contained specimens of no less than 23 species of native fishes, including the Nile perch, the electrical cat-fish and the elephant fish (Mormyrus).

The Emu for October contains reproductions of two very interesting photographs, the first showing the "run" or "play-hope" of the great bower-bird (Chlamydera nuchalis), and the second a flight of bare-eyed cockatoos (Cacatua gymnotis), estimated at between 60,000 and 70,000 in number. Considerable interest attaches to a note on bird-sanctuaries in New Zealand, where, it appears, all the surviving flightless species are now protected by the Government. The want of such sanctuaries, both for birds and mammals, in Australia forms the subject of comment in the same number of the Emu.

Dr. Henry H. Conrad, for four years Harrison fellow and now instructor in botany in the University of Pennsylvania, is about completing his monograph of the water-lilies (Nymphaea), which has occupied a large part of his time since 1899. The book will be published by the Carnegie Institution, of Washington. It is expected to appear soon.

Conway MacMillan, in a recent number of the Botanical Gazette, describes some very interesting British Columbia dwarf trees. They grow on the rocks close to the sea, but outside the influence of the surf, and represent three species, *Picea sitchensis*, *Thuja heterophylla* and *Thuja gigantea*. One of them was less than two feet high and was 68 years old; another less than a foot high was 80 years old; and the third about a foot high, with a trunk one inch in diameter was 98 years old.

A Hungarian Government document notes a great decline in the manufacture of corsets; some factories have been closed, others have largely reduced their working force. It attributes this result to the growing custom of wearing reform clothing and to the persistent denunciation of corsets by physicians.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which Eddystone Lighthouse stands, for at low water it is only a few feet above sea level. Under the name of "Lighthouse" which has a diameter of only a little more than a foot, it is completely covered by

## HOW INDIANS TELEGRAPHED.

It was a spot of interest. We were standing on one of the old signal stations of the Dakota Indians in the very heart of what was once the buffalo country, and what is to-day a prosperous cattle range. Here and there fragments of charcoal proclaimed where the signal fires had burned, while in the crevices and weathered adobe of the butte's summit the writer found war points and chips of obsidian, flint and moss agate, a few heavier points of flint that had once tipped hunting arrows, a flint knife and fragments of the scorched bones of the buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, deer, antelope, dog, badger and skunk. In every nook and cranny of the place small fragments of a creditable article of Indian pottery were ground beneath the heavy soles of our hunting boots. More than a hundred snags have come and gone since that pottery was burned.

With their body robes of finely tanned buffalo hide held raised, lowered, dropped and swung in certain well-known peculiar ways, the Indian scouts and watchers used to telegraph thence to the distant village of the presence of strangers or enemies in the country, of the approach of the buffalo bands, and of the return of war and hunting parties. If the camp was too distant for the blanket signal to be made out, the information was communicated by fires at night and by pillars and balloon-shaped puffs of smoke by day, discernible to the distance of at least fifty miles. When the traders came up the Missouri River, the Indian scout added the small, circular hand mirror to his meager but all-sufficient outfit, and in time learned to communicate with his distant friends by flashes of sunlight. The first Indian hunter or horse herder who caught the danger signal from the lookout station repeated it to the village by riding his horse furiously in a circle, or by other forms of sign.

## BUILT OF BOTTLES.

### Unique Building in a Remote Mining Town in Nevada.

In the remote little mining town of Tonopah, Nev., there is a dwelling the walls of which are made of empty glass bottles laid in mud. Its dimensions are 16 by 20 feet and it is divided into two rooms. The bottles were placed in rows, the bottoms outward, the walls being about a foot in thickness. The corners are of wood covered with mud. As one approaches the walls suggest a great mass of honeycomb, a section of cement side-



HOUSE BUILT OF BOTTLES.

walk turned on edge or an immense wasp's nest. This architectural freak was erected by a miner, who used bottles because other material was scarce. It is claimed by the owner that his house in winter is the warmest in Tonopah. The interior walls are covered with thick roofing paper, which adds to the warmth and excludes the night, which otherwise would food the inside of the dwelling.

## Boulevard Repartee.

"Why do you need a horn?" asked the wagon. "I have no use for one."

"Yes," replied the automobile, "but then you have a tongue."

## Alternate Retiers.

Singleton—Who rules the house— you or your wife?

Wedderly—Neither. The baby and my wife's mother take turns at it.

## No Impression.

He—May I print just one kiss on your ruby lips?

She—No; I don't like your type.

## Thorns in the Cushion.

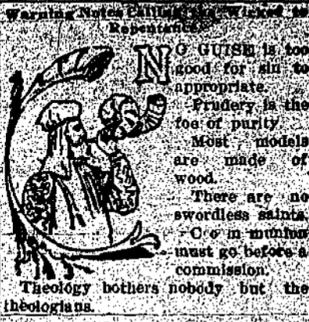


Editor—How much do you want for this sketch?

Artist—O, I want ten guineas.

Editor—Don't open the door as you go out. The

## WARRIOR JOHN.



## WARRIOR JOHN.

WARRIOR JOHN is too good for sin to appropriate. Fraternity is the foe of purity. Most models are made of wood. There are no swordless saints. One in a million must go before a commission. Theology bothers nobody but the theologians.

A man finds as much good in people as he looks for.

Yesterday's remedies cannot work to-day's reforms.

A principle in the heavens is a poor thing to pray to.

David's brightest thoughts came to him in his darkest days.

When a man brags of his virtues the devil is the first to applaud.

Gingerbread on the house is not so good as coal in the furnace.

It is the gifts we lose and not the ones we have that make us poor.

When a man's soul breaks his body it is not likely to be repaired.

The man with a crooked back can live a straight life—but he can't.

Faith is a telescope. Vision comes from looking through it, not at it.

The worst thing in this world is not dying; it is being dead and not knowing it.

Pride over the things we have not done does not procure pardon for those we have.

Prayer is simply our expression when we become conscious of God's presence.

A minute with the Redeemer in the morning may save an hour of regret at night.

Temptation has gold in her teeth; but men always get the teeth instead of the gold.

## THE NEW THOUGHT.

The new thought will be worth heeding when it wipes out our old thought of sin.

People who throw out flattery always look for it to grow before they catch it on the rebound.

The man who shuts his eyes to God in the blade of grass is not likely to find Him in the cathedral.

You might as well hope to live in the plans of a house as to satisfy the soul with outlines of theology.

## FORTUNES IN PRECIOUS GEMS.

### Extravagant Display of Jewels Made by Women.

The desire for jewels and the extravagantly splendid displays now made by women who delight in such manifestations of wealth, says the London Mail, are two of the main characteristics of the power dress exercises over women in this luxurious age.

A million sovereigns sounds like an incredibly huge sum of money to sink in precious stones, but the gem caskets of some of our great ladies represent that value very closely, and it is actually touched in a few notable instances.

Quite moderately wealthy young married women do not consider their catalogue of jewels complete without two or three tiaras, a string of pearls capable of being measured by the yard, a stomacher brilliantly ablaze with gems, a dog collar and numerous necklets, rings of various colors to match various gems, to say nothing of pendants of diamonds, bracelets, brooches and little ornaments by the hundred.

One single necklet of pearls—only a string that closely clasps the throat—has been known to cost £20,000; a tiara swallows up any sum up to £25,000, and even more when it contains practically priceless stones; one brooch may easily represent £500, while a stomacher can scarcely cost less. Hence to be bedazzled in gems that represent £100,000 is not a difficult task for the woman who likes a barbaric display and can afford to indulge her whim.

The extravagance this craving for gems leads to is excused by some people on the score that precious stones are a sound investment, while the dealers in imitation gems truthfully aver that it fosters their trade.

## There is more than one brand of smokeless powder that is dangerous to handling.

Paris proposes to hold an international sports exhibition in 1907, to be followed, in 1909, by one devoted to industrial affairs and the laboring classes.

## The "Royal Company's" Islands.

supposed to be in the Pacific Ocean, have been removed from the maps of the hydrographic institute of the British Admiralty because all efforts to find them have failed.

Petroleum production grew in the United States from 21,000,000 barrels in 1909 to 4,210,000,000 in 1909, and exports increased accordingly.

Extal notes was discovered by very poor Hungarian refugees in France after the revelation of the plot of Nanten, because of talk had no market value.

A STRONG DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT

Subject: The Ever Present God—His Goal Toward Which the Transition of Theology Should Lead Us—Toward Aspirations and Longings the Voice of God

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott occupied the pulpit in the Church of the Pilgrims Sunday morning in the absence of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. H. P. Dawsey. Dr. Lyman Abbott's subject was "The Ever Present God," and he took for his text, Romans, 1:6-7: "But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise: say not in thy heart who shall ascend into heaven (that is, to bring Christ down from thence) (that is, to bring Christ into the world) (that is, to bring up Christ from the dead); but what saith it? The word is nigh thee, it is in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is, the word of faith which we preach." He said:

"The word of the New Testament means God speaking. A friend sits by your side in absent-minded meditation, and you say to him, 'God is speaking.' He looks at you and says, 'What do you mean? God reveals the unknown to us. We have not to go to the unknown and find the manifestation of God in it, but within us. We are all familiar with the statement that we are made through a transition in theology. It is only a transition in theology it is not a transition in fact. We could not have a transition in fact. But it is a transition in religious experience. I am sure that the older members of this congregation have in their lives, more or less, had not simply in their intellectual opinions of religion, but in their really vital religious experience. We used to think of the kingdom of God as King sitting on a throne, and the angels sitting about Him and singing to Him. He was far away. We sent our prayers up to Him by a kind of spiritual wireless telegraphy, asking for things, and sometimes He would give us those things and sometimes He would not. But this was our experience of prayer, and that was our notion of the answer to prayer, and that was the faraway God, sitting on the throne, had revealed Himself to men through the Bible and through the Christ. It was a great historic revelation, and we went back, more or less, conscious of that revelation of the faraway God in the faraway historic time, and we went to that Bible to find out what it told us respecting God's law, of what was required of us, and the things which God would do for us, and with many of us that experience has not changed. The picture of the great King has grown dim and indistinct, or disappeared altogether, and remains, if it remains at all, as a recognized picture and not a reality. And that Christ, who seems to us a mediator between God and man, a revelation of the faraway God, has also grown faraway. That is, we have come to recognize that He is a great historic figure, and we are, more or less, perplexed as to what His revelation is of the faraway God, and what His relation to us, and our prayers have changed and our conception of the Bible has changed, and we are no longer able to look upon the Bible and rest upon it as a final and absolute authority. If we try, perhaps some succeed and some fail.

What I do want this morning is to point out to you what has taken place, but to indicate the goal toward which this transition should lead us; what is the Promised Land toward which we should look; what is the religious experience we may hope for in the future to take the place of this religious experience of the past, that has grown dim and indistinct and which is only half believed. In the first place, I am sure that, while we have been undergoing this change, forces without the church have been bringing to us a larger, if a vaguer, conception of God. God does not work only through the church; He does not speak only through the pulpit. Religion is not a spiritual conduit through which the water of life is brought down to man. The grace of God does not come in particular channels of grace alone. The Bible says it falls like a gentle rain. It is universal, and we may look outside the church and among the forests for what we have considered hitherto as being the sources of which are giving us a more indefinite idea of religion and, I think, a nearer view of God. I am not going to try to state the reason, I am only stating the fact. Herbert Spencer has summed up in a single sentence what he thinks is the result of scientific investigation and experience. "And all the mysteries by which we are surrounded nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of Eternal Energy, from which all these things proceed." What science has taught is this: You are not to go back to creative days to find God, though in some period God launched the world and put His children here and intervening now and then in special necessities, you are not to think of God that way; you are not to think of God as the eternal energy here. Yes, as ever in the presence of the eternal energy—always creating, always controlling—in the growth of every flower and in the perfume, in the flight of every bird.

Science says that God is not remote. He is here, and you can go out into the world, and in the brown trees, beneath the ground, and in the hidden life that next spring is to burst forth; for God is life, and there is no explanation for any of the phenomena of life except in the indwelling of the Eternal. If we turn from science to literature we find a much closer and more sacred and truer and diviner interpretation of the change that is coming over the thoughts of men. The poets are all prophets. They tell us beforehand what is the fate that by and by we shall come to. Let me read one such interpretation. It is from Tennyson:

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the hills and the flowers, are not these, O, the vision of Him who is silent, and Him in the brown trees, beneath the ground, and in the hidden life that next spring is to burst forth; for God is life, and there is no explanation for any of the phenomena of life except in the indwelling of the Eternal. If we turn from science to literature we find a much closer and more sacred and truer and diviner interpretation of the change that is coming over the thoughts of men. The poets are all prophets. They tell us beforehand what is the fate that by and by we shall come to. Let me read one such interpretation. It is from Tennyson:

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY AND EPWORTH LEAGUE

TOPIC FOR JANUARY 22, 1906. HOW TO WIN SOULS FOR CHRIST—John 1:40-46.

Andrew and Philip were very young in the faith when they set out to win adherents for Jesus. They had not had time to think out all the problems connected with the Messiahship and how Jesus would fill the position. They could not as yet have known much more of Jesus than that of John the Baptist had pointed Him out as the Lamb of God, and had spoken of Him as One infinitely greater than himself. Jesus Himself had, however, made a strong impression on their minds, and they felt that He was the long expected Messiah.

To be able to see as far as that was quite enough for these men. They had been on the lookout for God's promised messenger, and they were sure they had found Him. They were not the kind of men who will not believe until every imaginable excuse for disbelief has been overcome. All they wanted was sufficient reason for believing, and they found that: first, in John's testimony, and second, in the character and words of Jesus.

There are two attitudes men take in their religious investigations. One class of people endeavor to discover all that is not true, and the other class to endeavor to discover all that is true. The first class attach more importance to finding difficulties in the way of believing than they do the strongest reasons for exercising faith. (The scriptures of our Lord's day were specimens of this class. The fact that He had, as they supposed, "come out of Galilee" had more weight with them than all His miracles and His wonderful teaching and life.) The second class of persons consider the evidence in support of Christ's claims first, and having found that convincing, accept Him as their Lord and their Savior, without feeling it necessary to be able to answer all objections or explain away all difficulties. That there are many things which we cannot explain in the story of His life becomes a mere matter of course when once we begin to see clearly who and what He was.

It is so evident in physical matters that negative truths are comparatively useless, that few people would pride themselves on knowing only this, that and the other idea or theory respecting the universe or the matter of which it is composed is NOT true. But when it comes to religion, there are many persons who take an abject pride in mere doubts, and some even in a profession of ignorance pure and simple. They try to dignify ignorance by using the Greek form of the word—agnosticism—but it means ignorance, and nothing more.

If there were any possibility of denying with certainty of being right, the case would not be so bad. But even in making such a seemingly incontrovertible denial as that the sun does not go around the earth there is danger. In the heavens many circles are known, in which each it would be going around its planets though very slowly compared with the motion of the planets around the sun. And if even in regard to material facts denial is risky, it is necessarily more so in risky where spiritual facts are concerned. In religious matters the danger is certain to fall into the gravest errors.

It is necessary to lay stress upon the fallacy of the negative attitude towards truth, because that attitude is one of the chief obstacles in the way of winning souls for Christ. If you profess to know, you must first of all get rid of all doubts. We may have to look upon things negatively and to present them negatively to others, and then we must help those we would save to develop a desire for positive truth.

It is the good of doubts? Some philosophers have taught that it is good for us to have doubts, every-thing, as then what one finally holds true he will have reasons for. And a great crowd of would-be truth-seekers follow this doctrine. There is a measure of truth in it when "doubt" only means the effort of an honest believer to make sure of his foundations, but the doubt which means unwillingness to believe, never helps a man to stronger faith. There is all the difference in the world between the doubts of such a man as Thomas, and the doubts of such men as the Pharisees. The Bible teaches us to believe God's revelation of Himself on the authority of those who have witnessed it and found it true, and on the authority of its evident goodness; and to test its truth by our own experience and so gain personal assurances that it is God's truth. It is evidently the only way in which we can hope to arrive at definite and certain knowledge with regard to God or of acquaintance with Him.

The Pharisee presented a strong argument when out of his own deep experience he refused to others, "O taste, and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." The disciples who left John the Baptist to follow Jesus, thought simple men had no great knowledge in their souls. They knew enough to accept Jesus at first, for what they had heard of Him by John, in whom they had a great belief. Later they accepted Jesus because they had lived with Him and known Him intimately.

It was easy enough for the scribes and Pharisees and all doubters to see no good in Jesus, because He came from Nazareth, or for hundreds of other captious reasons. But their doubts and disbeliefs did not do them as much good as it would have done to have seen some good trait in Jesus, and to have acquired Him for a friend. There was plenty for any honest man to admire; and when, even as little children, we know of Jesus, we had been advised to

Among the marriages recorded in Berlin last year there were 121 of blood relations. One hundred and eight of these were marriages of cousins.

HOUSEHOLD

Orange Sauce for Duck—Brown one-quarter cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne and stir until well brown. Then gradually add one and one-third cupful of brown stock and just before serving add the juice of two oranges, the rind of one orange, the white flesh scraped away as much as possible, and then cut into small cubes, and two tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce.

Broiled Venison Cutlet—Clean and trim slices of venison cut from the loin. Rub with salt and pepper, brush over with melted butter and roll in fine stale bread crumbs. Place in greased broiler and broil five minutes over a clear fire, turning three times. Venison cutlets may be sautéed in butter; it should always be cooked rare, served with currant jelly or port wine sauce.

Currant Jelly Sauce—To one cupful of brown sauce, from which the onion has been omitted, add one-quarter tumbler of currant jelly and one tablespoonful of sherry.

Broiled Quail—Single, wipe and with a sharp-pointed knife, beginning at back of neck, make a cut through the back bone the entire length of bird. Lay bird open and remove contents from inside. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and place on a well-greased broiler. Broil eight minutes over a clear fire, having the inner or bone side exposed first and longest to the fire, but turn the broiler several times as the bird is cooking. This method, with careful watching will give a delicately browned, juicy bird. The skin side browns very quickly, and if it is turned first and longest to the fire it will be apt to burn and the flesh will be dried before the heat can penetrate to the bone.

Roast Quail—Dress, clean, lard and truss a quail. In city markets this can all be done at the butchery. Rub with salt, wash over with melted butter, dredged with flour and place on a spit in a small shallow pan. Surround with trimmings of fat salt pork. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a hot oven, basting three times. Arrange on hot platter, remove string and skewers, pour around a bread sauce and sprinkle over all some coarse browned bread crumbs. Garnish with parsley.

Withholding Judgment. Why should we be harder on our friends than the law is on a suspected prisoner? Are not most of us quick to count a friend guilty until he is proved innocent? It matters not that our lifetime knowledge has proved our dependableness, and love and good judgment; if something happens that we do not entirely understand, or which is silent or outspoken condemnation is likely to be instant, instead of withholding judgment until all the evidence is in. It is humiliating, a few hours or a few days later, to learn that, after all, the friend was innocent of the seeming carelessness, or negligence, or wrong; but this does not prevent the same quick condemnation the next time. He is a rare soul who keeps his pole of trust and love when he cannot understand. But it is fairer, and it makes life sweeter, to do so. —Sunday-School Times.

The Work That Endures. If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, we make them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten all eternity. —Daniel Webster.

Your Responsibility. God holds you responsible for your nature plus your nurture, plus your conduct. —M. D. Babcock.

The French Trade Unionists. It has been arranged that on May 1, the French trade unionists will close their factories, quietly and peacefully, for a week, in protest against a proposed day's work of eight hours.

The Receipts of the Railway of the United Kingdom were greater in 1905 than in any of the preceding three years, amounting to £1,000,000,000, and the expenditure to £800,000,000.

OTHER SCRIPTURES

1 Cor. 9: 16-22—2 Cor. 12: 10-16—Jag. 5: 15-20—Romans 10: 17—Acts 4: 10-12—Acts 13: 25-34.

HYMNS

Sow in the morn—thy seed— We would see Jesus for the shadow of death.

Thou, whose almighty word, Call them in the poor, the wretched.

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LIGHT ON PUZZLE

Verse 1.—The thing which connects the leopard precedes, closing a historical introduction. A marriage: The feast were several days, preceding the feast. The feast was there: Her continuing suggested.

Verse 2.—And Jesus also curate rendering than "His brethren" also been present (v. 12).

Verse 3.—And when the wine, which was in the wine instead of it, it was exhausted, perhaps from expected increase of a mother of Jesus said, expecting him to aid in some way.

Verse 4.—Woman: what has this to do with thee? The Greek is not "Woman" (the term used in cross chap. 19: 26). But the shade of reproof in the Greek is not yet come. The Messianic manifestation probably shared the current conceptions about the manner of purifying. The water tested out, showing that the water had become wine, but this is not certain.

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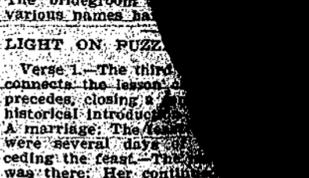
Verse 7.—Fill the waterpots with water. The first miracle, like most that followed, was confined with means.

Verse 8.—Draw out now. The formation probably took place at this point. It is uncertain what the entire contents of the waterpots were, or only what was drawn. The objection to the form many regard the large supply of water, but the waterpots were not full at a wedding. Verse 9.—Tasted. Part of the ruler of the feast. "Was made" is curate. The marginal rendering "It had become" is grammatically correct, but less in accord with the text. Knew where the marks of parenthetical are properly placed. The servants probably knew that the water had become wine, but this is not certain.

Verse 10.—Every man setteth on first the good wine. "First" is literal. This may have been a proverbial saying, but the usage indicates a natural one. When men have drunk freely, the word often means "to be drunk," but the rendering here given is the best one. Thou; Emphatic. Until now: Pointing to the close of the feast. This saying of the ruler leaves no doubt as to the character of the wine. It was like the wine in use at that time, though of better quality.

Verse 11.—The beginning of his sign: The usual term for "miracles" in the Gospel, preannouncing their Lord, his person and work. Manifested his glory: This was the purpose of this sign. Believed on him: With increased faith and trust, based on better knowledge. The facts are selected to show how their belief grew.—The Sunday-School Times.

Give Himself Away. An illustration of a man giving himself away.





Under Houses.  
It is recorded that the  
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Somewhat Different.  
Bilbrow—Are you one of the stock-  
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Jaysmith—Well, I labored under the  
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Bilbrow—How's that?  
Jaysmith—I discovered later that I  
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Gunner—So she has refused you on  
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Guyer—She has, indeed.  
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"Yes, that's right," rejoined Impeck,  
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Low Comedian—Huh! Some women  
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Alloway—Debt is causing Skimp-  
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Jennings—Is that so? I want  
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Alloway—He doesn't, and that's just  
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An Appropriate Name.  
"Show me some Rip Van Winkle  
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"Pardon me," said the puzzled sales-  
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"Rip Van Winkle," replied the lady,  
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"You can't name one of the lower  
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"Perhaps not," replied the warty  
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Friendly Comment.  
Muggsby—I'm going to thrash Bil-  
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Wiggins—Because why?  
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Somewhat Different.  
Bilbrow—Are you one of the stock-  
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Jaysmith—Well, I labored under the  
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# OLD FAVORITES

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-footed meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man's passage from life to his rest in the grave.  
The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
As the young and the old, the low and the high,  
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.  
The infant and mother attended had died,  
The mother that infant's affection who tried,  
The father that mother and infant was blest,  
Each all are away to that dwelling of rest.  
The maid on whose brow of whose cheek  
Shone beauty and pleasure and triumphs are by,  
And alike from the dust of the living erased,  
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and played.  
The head of the King, that the scepter hath borne,  
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.  
The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread—  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.  
So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.  
For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.  
The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;  
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,  
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.  
They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.  
They died—ah! they died—we, things that are now,  
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.  
Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surges upon a surge.  
'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the pale-ness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
—William Knapp  
Almost Wrecked.  
A clergyman who was totally devoid of knowledge of seamanship once preached to a congregation of sailors. Thinking to impress his lesson upon his hearers more distinctly, he pictured a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head wind. Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions.  
"What shall we do next?" he cried.  
"Come down off the bridge," cried an old tar in disgust, "an' linnin tak' command, or yoll' ave us all on the rocks in another art a secondly spare momenta."  
Well, Hardy-Kear,  
Path—I wouldn't mazy the man in the world.  
Hope—Of course not, you goose, bridle never marries the best in Philadelphia Bulletin.

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## A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.  
The type of character that distinguished Zachary Taylor in his own times from his contemporaries was that of the oldest heroes of the revolution, Schuyler and Moultrie and Pinckney. He was content with the mere performance of his duty, asking no reward other than his ability to be of service.  
Taylor's defense ZACHARY TAYLOR of Fort Harrison in the war of 1812 against an attack of the Miami is one of the most memorable incidents of the struggle. Although himself almost disabled with fever and with a force of only fifteen competent men, he saved the fort by his amazing courage and pluck.  
In the Black Hawk war of 1832 and in the Florida war of 1836 Taylor distinguished himself for his valor under the most trying circumstances.  
When the Mexican war broke out it found him in command of the frontier. From Palo Alto to Resaca de la Palma, from Monterey to Buena Vista, Taylor was ever in the thick of the conflict.  
Two years after the battle of Buena Vista the brave commander of the American forces was installed as President of the United States, the first President elected on a reputation purely military.  
His death came so soon afterward that it is difficult to estimate what his administration would have been. It is not too much to say, however, that a man who had shown his patriotism as had Zachary Taylor upon the field of battle would not have failed in the executive department of the government.

## TELLS OF MEXICAN GOATS.

Consular Agent Gives Facts About the Profits of the Industry.  
Consular Agent Henden writes from Puebla, Mex., as follows:  
"The ordinary domestic goat, so well known in the United States, is the species raised throughout Mexico. It is valued for its pelt, its tallow, and its flesh, both fresh and dried. As yet no use has been made of either horns or hoofs. In the vicinity of San Luis Potosi the entrails have been spun into long strings of so-called catgut, and the finer and more delicate strings have been profitably exported by mail, in small parcels, to Chicago and New York.  
"The Angora breed is not appreciated in Mexico, though it finds favor in western Texas, near the Mexican border. If of pure blood and if neglected during the season for pulling it is apt to leave its hair scattered upon the scrub and brush. Furthermore, whether pure or crossed, it is more of a sheep than a goat, its skin being less than one-fourth as valuable as ordinary goatskins. This destroys the value of the Angora in Mexico.  
"The ordinary goat, when slaughtered, yields four pounds of dried meat and six pounds of refined tallow, which, together with the skin, are worth here in the home market, in Mexican silver, \$8.46 (\$1.87 in gold)—four pounds of dried meat at 20 cents; 80 cents; the six pounds of refined tallow, at 16 cents, 96 cents; the cured skin, two pounds, at 85 cents, \$1.70. The original cost of goats for breeding purposes is, on an average, \$2.50 a head in Mexican silver \$1.10 in gold. The common goat, well cared for, is hardy and well suited to the country. It breeds four times in three years."

## MARRIED THE WRONG PARTIES.

A Curious Mix-Up at a Double Wedding in Hungary.  
A curious incident is reported from the town of Sandorvalva, in Hungary. Gonerich and his brother, Franz, were engaged to be married to two sisters, Katica and Marie. The two couples were properly and legally united before the registrar, and Gonerich proceeded promptly to church with his Katica, and Franz with his Marie. Whether through the negligence of the priest, the nervousness of the bride couple, and their relatives, or the awkwardness or artfulness of the priest, nobody can explain, but the fact remained that the benediction of the church was pronounced over the union of Gonerich and Marie and Franz was espoused to his brother's legal wife. The words of the church declared that the respective couples were united before God by a bond that no man dare sever, and the mistake was only discovered when they got into the sacristy and paid the fee. The father of the two brides played the procurator. He is a man of good living, and an excellent wedding breakfast was awaiting the consumption of the guests at home, when he declared that they should all enjoy their meal first. When, however, the



ZACHARY TAYLOR



Mrs. JENNINGS

**A QUEST**  
Long since, there lived a man reputed  
wise.  
(Some better things were said of him,  
Some wiser.)  
Who made his life a tireless quest to  
know  
The Why and Wherefore of the universe.  
He wandered through solution intricate,  
And old and new philosophers he read;  
This one converted, but another spake,  
And made his faith apostasy instead.  
His life was girt with vain analysis,  
And subtle disputations held in thrall  
His soul, that wildly dreamed to overleap  
The mystery Life offers to us all.  
But when Age left him twisted, gray, and  
worn,  
He felt the barren purpose of his quest,  
And longed to quite forget his mocking  
doubts,  
And live his last few, trembling days  
at rest.  
But Death had watched him with a  
cruel eye,  
Had marked his shuffling step, his sight  
grew dim,  
And one still evening stood before his  
chair,  
And smiled half kindly, as he beckoned  
him.  
He passed through a certain field of  
graves,  
And saw the stones of other ancient date,  
Which bore these words, the last phil-  
osophy:  
Of him whose life they thus commemo-  
rate:  
"Here sleeps a man who sought to ques-  
tion God,  
Who confuted with a wearying Why,  
Delved deeply into science, creeds and  
schools,  
And learned this truth—that Man is born  
to die."  
—New York Sun.

### Libby the Unloved.

**L**IBBY ANDERSON hung the  
dishcloth on its accustomed nail,  
and stood there surveying it. It  
was plain, from the way she looked,  
that she had determined to speak.  
"Ma," she asked of the woman who  
was sitting before the little round  
table, "what were those papers Dave  
put in his pocket, as I came in?"  
"Some things he was showin' me."  
"Ma," she asked, inquiringly, "you  
didn't sign anything, did you?"  
"I didn't sign your name to any-  
thing. And the needles clashed again.  
She knew her mother too well to  
press further.  
"I just couldn't understand Dave  
coming here this time of year," she  
ventured; "and I thought he acted  
queer."  
The old woman was folding her knit-  
ting.  
"I'm going to bed, and you'd better  
come along, too," was her reply.  
A week went by, and although Libby  
had twice forgotten to feed the chick-  
ens, and had several times let the kot-  
tle burn dry, she was beginning to feel  
more settled in her mind.  
She did up the work one morning  
and went to town.  
Her first call was at the solicitor's,  
and here she heard the worst. Ma had  
assigned their home to Dave. She did  
not make any fuss; she was too old-  
fashioned for hysterics.  
It was not until the old place came  
to light that she broke down.  
"It's not fair," she cried out, "when  
I've stayed here and worked—it's not  
fair!" And, for the first time in many  
years, she was crying—passionately  
crying.  
It was a feeling of outraged justice  
that made her speak, for she was just  
a woman—the daughter of pa.  
"Ma," she said, "do you think pa  
would like to think of your assigning  
the place to Dave, when I've stayed  
here and kept it up the best I could for  
twenty years?"  
The old woman put down her knit-  
ting.  
"La, now, Libby," she said, not un-  
kindly, "don't take on. You'll never  
want for nothin'!"  
Libby stood there looking at her.  
"I think you don't realize what  
you've done," she said; and turned to  
the bedroom to take off her things.  
It was not until the next month,  
the blustering month of March, that  
all was made clear. It was early in  
the afternoon when Libby looked from  
the window and saw a man coming in  
at the big gate.  
"That friend of Dave's from the city  
coming, ma," she said.  
"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Ander-  
son, "and such a day as 'tis!"  
The stranger warmed his hands, and  
pursed a number of pleasantries.  
"Well, Mrs. Anderson," he said, "my  
son wants me to make a lit-  
tle proposition to you."  
Mrs. Anderson looked pleasantly ex-  
cited.  
"He's always makin' propos-  
als," she chuckled.  
"I've been a good deal worried  
about this winter—afraid you  
weren't comfortable out here—  
all alone."  
"I always thinkin' of his moth-  
er," she asserted; and looked  
at her over to Libby.

"Well," he resumed, turning back to  
the older woman, "it worries Dave to  
think of your being out here alone now  
that you're getting along in years, so  
he's rented a nice little place in town  
and he feels sure it would be better  
all around if you'd just go in and take  
it."  
"If that ain't for all the world like  
Dave—always some new idea in his  
head. But you just tell him, Mr. Mur-  
ray, not to be botherin'. We don't  
want to move to town—do we, Lib-  
by?"  
"Not if we can help it," she replied.  
"Dave's been away from the place  
so long that he don't see just how 'it  
is," ma explained, "Libby and me  
wouldn't feel at home no place else."  
"It's too bad you feel that way,"  
he went on persuasively, "for Dave  
was so sure you'd like the idea that  
he's gone ahead and made all arrange-  
ments, and I'm afraid there might be  
a little trouble about unmaking them."  
He turned to Libby.  
"How soon do you think you could  
move? By the first of May?"  
"I suppose so," she answered, in a  
dull voice.  
April came, and for the fiftieth time  
the old woman watched the white give  
way to the green on the hills that  
curved in and out around her old home.  
As long as she could, Libby let her  
have her dream. Her heart was not  
hard toward ma now. Ma had not  
understood. And Libby was glad she  
could have those few spring days be-  
fore she was torn from the old home.  
"Ma," she began one morning, "I  
think I shall have to be packin' up this  
week."  
"Packin' up what?"  
"Why, don't you remember, ma,  
we're going to town the first of May?"  
"Oh, la, Libby, I've give that up  
long ago! I'm going to die on the old  
place."  
"But you know, ma, the arrange-  
ments have all been made. I'm afraid  
we'll have to go."  
She turned to her crossly.  
"There's no use to argue with me,  
Libby Anderson. I ain't goin'!"  
"But what about Dave?"  
"You can just write Dave, and say  
his mother don't want to leave the  
place. Dave won't have nothin' fur-  
ther to say."  
She looked off at the meadowland  
as if it were all settled. Libby would  
have to tell her.  
"Ma," she said, "it's no use to write  
to Dave."  
"Why not?" she demanded, in a half-  
frightened, half-aggressive voice.  
"He's sold the place, ma!"  
"What's that you say? Something  
about Dave sellin' my place? Are you  
gone crazy, Libby?"  
"You know you deeded it to him,  
ma. It was his after you did that.  
And he's sold it, and we'll have to  
move out."  
Hearing no answer, she turned  
around, and it was then she coveted  
Dave's gift of saying things smoothly.  
The old woman was crouched low in  
her chair, and her face was quivering  
and looked sunken and gray.  
"I didn't think he'd do that," she  
faltered.  
"Never mind, ma," Libby said awk-  
wardly. "Poor ma."  
It was the nearest to a caress that  
had passed between them since Libby  
was a little girl.  
Nothing more was said until after  
ma had gone to bed. Libby supposed  
she was asleep, when she called, que-  
ringly to her.  
"Libby," she said, "you mustn't be  
thinkin' hard of Dave. He must have  
thought it for the best."  
"Libby was used to caring for ma,  
and she needed care now."  
"Yes, ma," she answered, "I'm sure  
he must."  
It was not until the morning of the  
fourth day that the silence between  
them was broken. Libby got up to take  
down the clock, when she heard a  
strange noise behind her, and, turning,  
she saw that ma's head was down low  
in her hands, and she was rocking pas-  
sionately back and forward, and cry-  
ing as though her old heart had broken.  
She put down the clock, and again  
she wished for a little of Dave's silk-  
iness of speech. But she did not have  
it, and the best she could do was to  
pull ma's chair out from the barren  
room into the sunshine of the porch.  
The hills, she thought, would still look  
like home.  
Ma did not get up at all next day.  
Perhaps she was ill, or perhaps it was  
only that she did not want to go out  
in the sitting-room and see how unlike  
home it looked. But the next day she  
did not get up either, and then Libby  
went to town for the doctor. He said  
the excitement had weakened her, and  
did not seem very certain she would  
ever get up again. That night, Libby  
wrote a letter to Dave, asking him  
again to let his mother die on the old  
place. A week passed, and an answer  
had not come, and still ma had not left  
her bed. The packing was all done, it  
was the first of May, and she was just  
waiting—she did not know for what.  
Her whole soul rose up against mov-  
ing ma from the old place now, when  
her days were so surely numbered;  
and so she sent a telegram to Dave,  
telling him his mother was ill, and  
asking leave to stay a little longer.  
There came a reply from his partner,  
saying that Dave was away and would  
not be home for two weeks.  
That night the old woman raised

herself and sobbed out the truth.  
"It's Dave that's killing me! It's to  
think Dave sold the place and turned  
me out to die!"  
And then the way opened before  
Libby, and she saw her path.  
The disinherited child wrote a letter  
that night, and to it she signed her  
brother's name. Out in the world they  
might have applied to it an ugly word,  
but Libby was only caring for ma. She  
was a long time about it, for it was  
hard to put things in Dave's hand,  
hold hand, and it was hard to say them  
in his silky way.  
The doctor said next morning that  
it was a matter of but a few days at  
most, for ma was much worse.  
"It ain't that I'm goin' to die," she  
said, when Libby came in and found  
her crying; "but I was thinkin' of  
Dave. I keep thinkin' and thinkin' of  
him when he was a little boy, and  
how he used to run about the place,  
and how pretty he used to look; and  
then, just as I begin to take a little  
comfort in rememberin' some of the  
smart things he said, I have to think  
of what he has done, and it does seem  
like he might have waited till—"  
But the words were too bitter to be  
spoken, and, with a hard, scraping  
sound in her throat, she turned her  
face to the wall.  
Libby put her hand to something in  
her pocket, and thought of last night's  
work with thankfulness.  
About 11 o'clock she entered the  
room with the sheets of a letter in her  
hand.  
"Ma," she said tremulously, here's a  
letter just come from Dave."  
"I knew it'd come—I knew it!" And  
the old voice filled the room with its  
triumphant ring. Then there crept  
into her face an anxious look. "What  
does he say?"  
"He's sorry about sellin' the place,  
ma. He really thought you'd like it  
better in town. But he's fixed it up  
for us to stay. He says you'll never  
have to leave the place."  
"I knowed it—I knowed it well  
enough! You don't know Dave like I  
do. But read me the letter."  
She did read it, and the old woman  
listened with tears—glad tears now,  
falling over her withered cheeks.  
"You can just unpack our things,"  
she cried, when it was finished, "and  
get this place straightened out. The  
idea of your packin' up, and think we  
was goin' to move to town! Nice mess  
you've made of it! Jest as if Dave  
would hear of us leavin' the place. I  
always knowed you'd never precluded  
Dave."  
Before morning broke ma was dead.  
Happy, because she had back her old  
faith in Dave—the blind, beautiful  
faith of the mother in the son, and  
Libby—the homeless and unloved Lib-  
by—was happy, too, for she had finish-  
ed well her work of caring for ma.

**FOOLS HIS HENS.**  
Tickling Egg Causes Restless Biddy of  
Setting Fever.  
Timothy Varney, who lives three  
miles east of Le Sueur, and keeps  
about 200 hens, has been greatly trou-  
bled, as have most people who keep  
hens, by the persistent desire mani-  
fested by the fowls to sit, in season  
and out, on eggs, stones or door knobs  
or anything else that comes handy.  
But he has got hold of a plan now,  
which he has quietly tried this season  
with perfect success, and which he  
warrants will cure the worst light  
Brahma cluck that ever vexed the  
heart of man of all desire to sit, and  
all in less than three hours.  
The cure consists of a cheap watch,  
with a loud and clear tick to it, in-  
closed in a case that is white and  
shaped like an egg. When a hen man-  
ifests a desire to sit out of season he  
gently places this bogus egg under her  
sheltering breast and the egg does the  
rest. It ticks cheerfully away, and  
soon she begins to show signs of  
uneasiness and stirs the noisily egg  
around with her bill, thinking, per-  
haps, it is already time for it to hatch  
and there is a chicken in it wanting to  
get out. She grows more and more  
nervous as the noise keeps up, and  
soon jumps off the nest and runs  
around awhile to cool off, but returns  
again to her self-imposed duty. It  
gets worse and worse with her, and  
she wiggles about and cackles, ruffles  
her feathers and looks wild, until at  
last, with a frenzied squawk, she aban-  
dons the nest for good and all. That  
incubating fever is broken up com-  
pletely.  
Mr. Varney finds use for half a  
dozen of these noisy eggs, and claims  
that they pay for their cost over and  
over during the year by keeping the  
hens at the business of laying and not  
neglecting them to waste the golden  
hours in useless incubating.

**What, Indeed?**  
"Tess—I think Hello acted rather  
shabbily in breaking her engagement to  
Jack Hargard. Jess—Well, he  
broke his arm. Tess—But, good gra-  
cious!—Jess—Yes, good gracious! What  
ma is a fiancee with a broken arm?  
—Philadelphia Press.

When one of the town boys makes  
an out of town kick, it is more than  
"feeling" than with  
a husband.  
A lawyer draws  
what he can  
it is confessed.

**Pa always says next time 'at he**  
Will have a word to say.  
But Ma she is more apt to be  
A-doin' right away.  
Pa turns around at us an' glares  
As fierce as he can look,  
But when we're out of sight upstairs  
He goes back to his look.  
Ma doesn't glare as much as Pa,  
Or make as big a fuss.  
But what she says is law is law,  
And when she speaks to us  
She's lookin' careless around  
E'r something long an' flat,  
And when we notice it we're bound  
To be good after that.  
So we ain't scairt o' Pa at all,  
Although he thinks we are;  
But when we hear Ma come an' call,  
No difference how far  
We're away we answer quick,  
An' tell her where we're at,  
When she stoops down an' starts to pick  
Up something long an' flat.  
—J. W. Faler in New York Times.

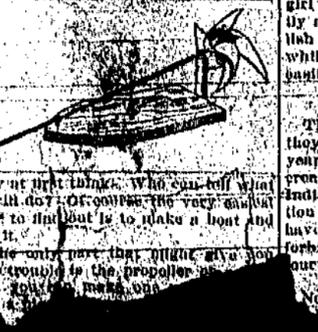


Said Ann  
I'm feeling crusty-  
I will eat this bit of  
Yeast.  
It ought to make my  
spirits rise  
To say the very  
least!

**Hiding.**  
Little Peter hid from Paul,  
In the corner of the house;  
There he stood a long, long time,  
Quiet as a little mouse.  
On the other side the barrel  
Little Paul from Peter hid.



Each expecting to be found  
By the other little kid.  
Mamma called quite loudly: "Oh,  
Come to supper, Pete and Paul!"  
But they stood and waited there  
For each other—that is all.  
What Will This Boat Do?  
It is very easy to see by looking at  
the picture just how this boat is made,  
but it is not so easy to tell what it  
will do. We will assume that the shaft  
works easily, without friction, and that  
a good, strong wind blows steadily.  
Now, what will the boat do? Will it  
go forward, backward, or stand still?  
It is not answered as easily as you



**Health and what to do in a  
gency.**  
Know how to behave in  
society.  
Have a good knowledge of  
Have some acquaintance with  
three great kingdoms of nature.  
Have sufficient common sense  
along in the world.

**New Kind of Lamp.**  
A little country boy visited his aunt  
in the city and when he returned home  
his mother asked him what kind of  
lamps his aunt had. He said, "They  
don't have any lamps at all; they light  
the end of the towel rack." This is an  
actual experience and the boy is a  
relative of that little boy who, eating  
some pineapple for the first time and  
being asked his opinion of it, said: "I  
think it is a wooden lemonade." These  
bright and pleasing things coming from  
young America make wholesome read-  
ing.

**Out of the Mouths of Babies.**  
Nellie (aged 5)—Mamma, do you really  
love and truly love me? Mamma (a  
widow)—Of course I do, dear, Nellie.  
—Then won't you please marry the  
man who owns the candy store?  
Little Margie—Mamma, do you think  
grandpa has really gone to heaven?  
Mamma—Certainly, my dear. Little  
Margie—Well, I guess he sneaks  
once in a while to smoke his pipe.  
"Willie," said the teacher, "what  
would you do if you had the goose that  
laid golden eggs?" "Why," answered  
the young schemer, "I'd make her  
on some of the eggs and hatch out  
more geese of the same kind."

Harry had been teasing his little  
sister. "Why, Harry," said his moth-  
er, "I'm surprised at you!" "Oh, that's  
nothing," replied the incorrigible  
youngster. "I'll be surprised if you  
ever quit being surprised at me."  
"Now, sir," said the indignant moth-  
er to her naughty 5-year-old son, "I'm  
going to give you a good whipping."  
"If you'll cut it out, mamma," rejoined  
the diplomatic youngster, "I'll use  
my influence with papa to get you a  
new seatkin sack."

**Old-Time Remedies.**  
Strange as it may seem to some,  
the ingredients of the witches' children  
in "Macbeth," at least a part of them,  
were once standard remedies among  
Europeans. In the tenth and eleventh  
centuries a sovereign cure for ague  
was the swallowing of a small toad  
that had been choked to death on St.  
John's eve, and a splendid remedy for  
rheumatism was to fasten the hands  
of clothing with pins that had been  
stuck into the flesh of either a toad or  
a frog. Physicians frequently recom-  
mended the water from a toad's brain  
for mental affections and that a live  
toad be rubbed near the diseased parts  
as a cure for the quinsy.

**Our Girls' Best at Sea.**  
A ship's doctor who has made 100  
voyages declares that the American  
girl does not become seasick so read-  
ily as her European sisters. The Eng-  
lish girl is next in order of resistance,  
while the French girl succumbs most  
easily.

**Child Weddings in India.**  
The custom of marrying  
they are more children of  
years, is disappearing rather  
promptly in Bengal and other  
provinces. The reason for this  
is becoming so obvious that  
it has been banned in several  
provinces through the action of  
courts.

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First - When

**Be sure and read the foot-notes.**

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Schedule in effect Oct. 4, 1904. Subject to change.

Table with columns for Down Trains and Up Trains, listing stations like Philadelphia, Camden, Egg Harbor, and Atlantic City with corresponding times.

\* Stops only on notice to conductor or agent, or on signal.  
Evening express up, leaves Atlantic at 5:30, Hammonton 5:55, Philadelphia at 6:45.  
Sunday morning express down leaves Philadelphia at 10:00, Hammonton 10:40, Atlantic 11:10.  
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Geo W. BOYD, Gen'l Pass'g. Agt.

**Atlantic City R. R.**

Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1904. Subject to change.

Table with columns for Down Trains and Up Trains, listing stations like Philadelphia, Camden, Egg Harbor, and Atlantic City with corresponding times.

Morning accom. down leaves Phila. at 6:30, arriving at Hammonton 7:47.  
Morning accommodation up leaves Hammonton at 6:25, reaching Phila. at 6:55.  
Afternoon express down leaves Phila. at 2:00, Hammonton 2:42, Egg Harbor 3:04, and Atlantic 3:16.  
Afternoon express up leaves Atlantic at 4:35, Hammonton 4:00, Phila. 6:05.  
Evening express down leaves Phila. at 5:00, Hammonton 5:40, arriving at Atlantic 6:10.  
7:15, 7:45, 8:25.  
Weekday night accom. down leaves Phila. at 8, reaching Hammonton at 9:16.  
Sunday night express up leaves Atlantic 7:30, Egg Harbor 7:55, Hammonton 8:11, Philadelphia 9:00.  
Sunday evening express down leaves Phila. 7:15, Hammonton 7:54, Atlantic 8:25.  
Sunday morning express up leaves Atlantic at 10:15, Hammonton 10:40, Phila. 11:55.  
A. T. DICK, Gen. Supt. EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Passenger Agent

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