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HAMMONTON, N. J., FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

NO. 6

Your Eyes!

Do they need attention?
Don't neglect them?

We test eyes free of charge, and guarantee our glasses to give satisfaction. You will find at our store all kinds of Spectacles and Eye-glasses, — Gold, Silver, Nickel, Bronzed, Steel, Celluloid, and Rubber.

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Jeweler and Optician.

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

COOK and PARLOR STOVES.

HARDWARE and TINWARE,

FURNITURE, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

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

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New Lard!

New Lard!

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

Our own make of Sausage

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In Clothing.

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

A. C. YATES & Co.,

Sinth & Chestnut,
(Lodge Building.)

18th & Chestnut.
(New Store.)

THE WEEKLY SCHOOL REPORT.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Week ending Jan. 30, 1891.

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

ROLL OF HONOR.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie E. Aldon, Teacher.

Bertie Jackson	Harry Jacobs
James Scullin	Thor, Cline
Edgar Cloud	Albert Selley
Sam. Newcomb	Chas. O. Jacobs
Will Parkhurst	Mary Hall
Lella DeFuy	Marie Setley
Grace Whitmore	Bertha Matthews
Will Hoyt	Elsie Woodmont
Laura Baker	Ida French
Mettie Tilton	Edith Anderson
Josephine Rogers	William Cloud
Austia Scullin	Chas. Campanella
Lila Smith	Ezzie Loyer
Ida Mythe	Con. Wilder
Belle Hurley	Estie Wescot
Maud Leonard	Emma Jones
John French	Mabel Elvins
Johnnie Hoyt	Blanche Jones
George Scullin	Rebecca Mack
Russell Treat	

GRAMMAR.

Miss Clara Caville, Teacher.

Maud Wilson	David Prater
Nettie Hurley	Edna Ballard
Anna Holland	Wilbur Adams
Florence Miller	Paul Snow
Samuel Loyer	Harry Dawson
Maurice Whittier	James Hale
John Dodd	Maggie Miller
Eddie Hoffman	May Simons
Joe Herbert	Harry McHose
Myrtle Smith	Lewie Cordery
Frank Tunlin	Bertha Hoag
Samuel Treat	Herbert Gifford
Gertie Thomas	Willie Gifford
Nettie Fitzpatrick	Harry Thomas

INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Sara Crowell, Teacher.

Nettie Jones	Grace Flake
Clarence Wilde	Grace Thayer
Ollie DeFuy	Roy Allendar
Betiah Jones	Charles Loyer
Parker Treat	Edwin Thayer
Ora Moore	Lewie Allendar
Julia McHose	Aldus Wilbur
Annie Millet	Lewie Smith
Henry Whitton	Willie Waiters
Willie King	Howard Bradbury
Katie Davis	Bertie Brown
Caroline Mason	Bessie Hunk
Lora Stone	Bertie Hood
Vernie Ross	Harry Walthers

PRIMARY.

Miss Nellie D. Fogk, Teacher.

Millie Rudall	Richard Busby
Minnie Winship	Joseph Busker
Olive Holland	Morton Crowell
Mary Loyer	George Hubell
Annie Whiffen	Norris Hurley
Mollie Fiedler	Sam Mack
Dora Crema	Harry Mack
Edith Hurley	Joseph Bowker
Edith Simons	Harry Hale
Gertie Scullin	Louie Hubell
Rosie Hood	Harry Gross
Jessie Ross	DeWitt Morris
Nettie Hood	Geo. Duzby
Katie Hubell	Ernest Jackson
Lizzie Kneuch	Harry Gramb
Maggie Gifford	Eddie Lawson
Jessie Rogers	Howard Bakely
Bessie Morris	Harvey King
Ollie Lear	Henry Loyer
Hedrick Birdsall	Fred. Matthews
May Linderitz	Clarence Whitmore
Elmer Hun	Harry Mathis
George Mason	Cleopatra Austia
Harry Millet	

LAKE SCHOOL.

Miss Mattie A. Smith, Teacher.

Fred Nicolai	Joel Myers
Lewie Pinto	Alice Hartshorn
Lena Hubell	Charlie Hartshorn
David Roberts	Katie Fullerton
Allice Cloud	Rosie Stubber
Juanita Tell	Georgiana Klenzie
Sarah Roberts	Katie Pinto
Elsie Cloud	Mary Pinto
Willie Norcross	Mary Tell
Joshua Brown	Albert Schimer
Desia Nicolai	Lizzie Rugero
Fressey Brown	Peter Tell
Edward Roberts	

MAIN ROAD.

Miss Grace U. Noris, Teacher.

Allie Slack	Pedro De Stephen
Chas. Slack	Isabella Coast
Mary Loran	Antelia Esposito
Mary Jonison	Celia Esposito
Chas. Janison	Grace Ailetto
Ida Keyser	Domitico Erratta
Emma Logan	Peter Erratta

MAGNOLIA.

P. Chadwick, Teacher.

John Helser	Henry Seely
George Helser	George Meit
Chris Helser	George Shaw
Charles Littlefield	Ida Zoller
James Littlefield	Josephine Small
Henry Geppert	

COLUMBIA.

Miss Nellie Tudor, Teacher.

Albert Wescot	Frank Wescot
Josephine Craig	Clara Lee Peterson
Bessie Shields	Bert Wescot
Wesley Shields	Emma Shields

UNION ROAD.

Miss Bertina Moore, Teacher.

Eddie O'Neil	Jas. H. Fitting
Christ Mihl	Geo. W. Fitting
Angelo Juliano	Charlie DeNo
Katie O'Neil	Joe DeNo
Clarence Fitting	William Weckerly
Charles Fitting	Augusta B. Fitting
Mary Crescenzo	Rosie Rinfenacht
Socinia Mihl	Emma Mihl
Lizzie Werner	Willie Mounio
Geo. Werner	
Artie Werner	

STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.	Total no. schol.	Average Attendance	Per cent of Attendance	Days of Absent.	Class of Teachers.
1 High School	78	70	92	39	24
2 Grammar Dep.	50	51	92	15	15
3 Intermediate	42	38	92	15	15
4 Primary	87	70	87	54	14
Total Central	261	231	91	126	94
Lake School	40	38	95	24	5
6 Main Road	48	37	87	27	13
7 Middle Road	23	23	100	0	1
8 Magnolia	23	23	100	0	1
9 Columbia	27	21	87	22	4
10 Union Road	33	31	87	20	4

Farm for Sale.

71 Acres.
50 Acres under Cultivation.

Good house, barn, and other buildings. Fruit,—Apples, Peas, Peaches, Black Walnuts, and Chestnuts. Located four miles from Hammonton, two miles from Elwood, on the main road. Inquire on the premises, or address **Z. LOCKWOOD, Elwood.**

STOVES

We call your attention to the price of Stoves at our store. We can furnish any kind you may desire. Or **A Suit of Clothes** May please you better.

A Horse for sale for \$25.

W. M. GALBRAITH,
General Merchandise,
At ELM.

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By Profession?
By Education?
By Association?
If one, and you are not already taking it, you need

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THE

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Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle. **KISSING "7-7-70" PHOTOGRAPHY** called for 4 size copies of stamps. J.F. SMITH & CO. Stationers, BILE BEANS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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SCOTT'S CONSUMPTION EMULSION CURES SCROFULA BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS Wasting Diseases.

Wonderful Flesh Producer. Many have gained one pound per day by its use. Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world. **PALATABLE AS MILK.** Sold by all Druggists. **SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.**

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We have a new supply of goods suitable for the **Holidays!**

Blankets,
Quilts,
Scarfs,
Table Spreads,
Tidies,
Etc.

Stamped Linen Goods,
Felts, Plushes,
And Velvets.

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Dry Goods

and

NOTIONS.

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

LIST OF PRINCIPAL ROGS.	CURES.	PERCENT.
1 Fever, Congestion, Inflammation...		95
2 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...		95
3 Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants		95
4 Diarrhea, or Children or Adults...		95
5 Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic...		95
6 Cholera, Morbus, Vomiting...		95
7 Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis...		95
8 Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache...		95
9 Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo		95
10 Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach...		95
11 Suppressed or Painful Periods...		95
12 Whites, too Profuse Periods...		95
13 Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing...		95
14 Salt Rheum, Itch, Scalds, Eruptions...		95
15 Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains...		95
16 Fever, Chills, Malaria...		95
17 Piles, Hemorrhoids, Hemorrhoids...		95
18 Catarrh, Inflammation, Cold in the Head		95
19 Whooping Cough, Violent Cough...		95
20 General Debility, Physical Weakness...		95
21 Kidney Disease...		95
22 Nervous Debility...		95
23 Urinary Weakness, Watery Seed...		95
24 Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation...		95

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS (14 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N.Y.

SPECIFICS.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The true past departs not. Mend thyself rather than the world. Work is always tending to humility. There is no divinity in a dead man. Peace-makers never need to be out of employment. A flower will smell good, no matter where you put it. If death is an evil, birth is a greater one. He who does nothing is very near doing ill. You are empty if you are full of yourself. How easily a man whips an enemy in a day. Nothing that was worthy in the past departs. Judge no man until you have stood in his place. Success anywhere requires singleness of purpose. The man who loves his duty, never aights it. Common sense is a hard thing to come too much of. The man who goes out to meet trouble always does it. Sympathy is something that can not be punished at college. Punishments, to hit the spot, should be few, but red-hot. No truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die. The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation. Caution is often wasted, but it is a very good risk to take. Bein' content'd is the only satisfaction some men find in life. It is better to succeed in small things than to fail in great ones. You can't warm other people while your own heart is freezing. If you can't be rich you can become better off by being contented. The man who goes to school to his mistakes has a good teacher. Unkind words would kill as dead as bullets if they had the power. The man who always be remembered who forgets himself for others. There are people who have all kinds of sense except common sense. The soldier who really did good at the frontier never brags about it. The things which do the most to make us happy do not cost money. The man who tries to give his generation what he did not need any monument. The man who has nothing worth fighting for never gains many victories. The only man who dies of overwork 'chows who work 'growlers.' You cannot tell which way a train has gone by the tracks it leaves. Idleness standing in the midst of unattempted tasks is always proud. Certain acts may be rendered legal, but can never be made legitimate. So many people when they find they are fit for nothing else, try to be good. The most reasoning characters are often the easiest abused. For every industrious man there is an idle one wanting to borrow money of him. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine, and it is the shadow of our selves. Love is a flower which takes its nature largely from the soil from which it springs. A man who is unfaithful in small things is not to be trusted in great ones. Some men are honest because they have never had a chance to steal any thing. Should you ever conclude to run away, remember that you must stop somewhere. Do not fault the under man in a fight by telling him there is plenty of room on top. It is ever to be noticed that in the race for precedence some one must take the dust. Blessed is he who can pocket abuse, and feel that it is no disgrace to be 'bit by a dog. We live in deeds, not in years; in thoughts, not in breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. Happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what we have, and what we have not. If you want to take the conceit out of some people, the remains would defy identification. Blessed is the man who can eat hash with a clear conscience, for his heart must be full of pity. If a man is thoroughly satisfied with himself, he will be very well satisfied with everybody else. There is nothing so difficult for the best of us to get the approval of our own consciences. If you want happiness don't try to find it in somebody else's garden. You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others. If you want to be able to speak kind words, cultivate kind feelings. Ally yourselves with the tendencies of God's universe, and do the thing which last forever. You never really know a man's disposition until you have eaten a delayed breakfast with him.

The Man in No. 7. One night three or four of us boys boarded a sleeper on the L. and N. road going south from Cincinnati. A passenger in lower 7 began to snore as soon as we were in bed. He had a terrible snore for a human being, and after several of us had called to him and failed to stop it one of our crowd ailed out of bed, reached into No. 7, and, with great deftness, affixed a spring clothespin to the sleeper's nose. It was, of course, expected that he would wake up in a few seconds, but to our surprise, he did not, white at the same time he suddenly ceased to snore. By and by all of us dropped off to sleep, and every one in the car was up before No. 7. In fact, he slept so late that the porter started the curtains to arouse him. After one look he jumped back with a yell, and when we hurried up we found the man cold and dead. He was lying on his back, hands locked under his neck, and that clothespin had pinched his nose all out of shape. The body was taken to Cincinnati, and most of us had to attend the inquest. It was there testified to by the doctors that the man had died of heart disease, but I tell you we didn't hanker to do any more joking for a full year. Love Letter Writing. The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with their old love letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft. Now, the question naturally arises, says the N. Y. Sun, Must the pillow be stuffed with letters from a single person, or may missive from Jack and John and Algernon be tumbled promiscuously together? It is a test of loyalty that when once a girl really falls in love, or thinks she does, that she discard from her pillows all letters that either man has written to her, and what does remain comes and what stinky, flat little pillows some poor girls must have; but how nice it is for some men to reflect that these words of love, written at an excellent place to store away the litter of letters. Raising Rattlersakes. The work of harvesting the rattlesake crop of the season in the Shawangunk Mountains still goes bravely on. A day or two since Manly Lindley of Warshoro, N. Y., came upon a den of rattlers in the mountains near that place. He killed thirty-eight of them, old and young, the largest being a vicious old settler measuring over four feet in length. The perfect combustion of coal seems to have been effected by Mr. William Gibbs of Essex, England. By means of a fan and suitable openings, the exact quantity of air necessary is supplied to the furnace chamber, and the products of combustion issue as hot air, free from smoke or odor. The New York courts now a little puzzled as to what to do with the Italian who committed murder on the very smallest proportion. Generally these murders are for some trivial matter—such as a harsh word spoken—and they are almost always murders of fellow country men or women. A correspondent of the Engineering and Building Record thinks that rats gnaw lead water pipe to sharpen their teeth, and not for the purpose of making a hole and then using it as a passage for water. Hereafter plumbers may consider these rodents as valuable assistants, and possibly charge for their time. While out hunting, Colonel Standifer and Billy Muller, of Denison, Texas, came across a large dead tree, the stump of which was being overgrown by a young oak. The colonel and his companion pulled off strips of the decayed outer growth of the tree, and every time a strip was pulled myriads of mice ran forth for their lives. Colonel Standifer killed 385 of the mice and Muller 418. The next day the tree was visited with two black-and-tan terriers, the bark was removed and the number of mice killed is estimated at over one thousand. The Royal Botanic Society has received for its museum a specimen of the double cocoon, known also as coco de mer. For hundreds of years the origin of these nuts has been a mystery, for they were never seen except when they were washed up by the sea. They were supposed to have wonderful powers in the way of curing disease, and were the subject of other superstitions until the place where they grew was at last discovered to be the Seychelles, a small group of islands in the Indian Ocean. Formerly they were worn through their weight in gold, and they are rare now. 'Old Ironsides,' as the frigate Constitution is called, will be sent down to the Washington navy yard to do duty as a receiving ship, taking the place of the Dale which goes to Baltimore for similar duty.

Wanted—An Owner. There were a dozen passengers on a Broadway car the other rainy day, who noticed a very large, shrewdly dressed man get aboard at the corner of Seventh Avenue. He had a gold-headed silk umbrella, and he leaned it against the front door and set down. When the car got down to Wall street the large man suddenly rose up and hurried out of the car, never thinking of his umbrella. Then human nature began to show itself. A young man with a very loud out of clothes, changed his seat from rear to front to get nearer the prize. A very solid woman, with a bandbox, pushed a boy along to bring herself nearer. A man on the other side, who had been very busy with his paper, now folded it up and fixed his eyes on the umbrella. A shop girl, who seemed to be out on an errand, cast covetous eyes, and thought of the swell she could cut over the other girls if she had that particular piece of personal property. An old man with a very prominent nose finally observed in subdued tones: "I live next door to Johnson, and I'll return him his umbrella." "Johnson!" exclaimed the young man in the loud suit, "Why, that's our superintendent, and as I am going to the office, I'll carry it to him." "Seems to me he's my grocer, but I won't be sure of it," remarked the solid woman. "However, I'm an honest woman, and it will be safe with me." "Look here!" exclaimed the man with the paper. "You are a nice crowd, I must remark. I was just laying low for you. The gent is my brother, and I'd like to see some of you try to walk off with his umbrella!" This settled—all but the shop girl. She turned white and red, moved about uneasily, and finally decided it was now or never. She suddenly rose up, walked to the end of the car, picked up the umbrella, and tipped her way to the rear door and passed out. "Thank you, miss!" It was the large, shrewdly dressed man, who was standing on the platform with his hand extended. "Don't mention it!" snapped the girl in reply, as she turned over the property and dropped off. And then everybody chuckled and slapped himself on the back to think he had been wise enough to let the umbrella alone. A Fortune With His Wife. All the Athenians know Dan Talliferro, the colored barber, who did business in this city and afterward moved to Jacksonville, Fla., and married. Dan was a polite and respectful man, and had the good will of our people, who will be glad to know that he will soon come in possession of a handsome fortune estimated at \$100,000 or more. His story is a strange one. On Dan's removal to the land of flowers he met a colored girl of Key West, and after a brief courtship the pair were married. It now seems that the proudest blood of Castile flows in the veins of this octogenarian, for she is a lineal descendant from a Spanish General who commanded troops in St. Augustine when it was under the dominion of that country. This old general was a great rovie, and becoming attached to a mulatto girl, a descendant of the Minorcas, raised a family of children by her. On his deathbed he repented of his liaison, and left these children his entire landed property in Florida, including 80,000 acres, much of it lying in the principal cities of that State. A portion of the ground on which the Ponce de Leon Hotel stands was purchased from the heirs, while they still own valuable possessions all over that city, as also in Key West, Tampa, Tallahassee and other places. This property has never been divided, being controlled by an old aunt to Dan's wife, who lives in fine style at St. Augustine, and was recognized as the head of the family. There are now only seventeen heirs to this vast property, and, as they are all of age, have demanded that a division be made, arrangements for which are now in progress. The best lawyers in the State are employed. There is no question of doubt about the title to this property, and not an acre is in dispute. When Florida was sold by Spain to the United States there was a clause in the trade by which this Government was pledged to protect the titles of the Spaniards who had private landed interests. Under this clause Don Dan's wife was to—Athens (Ga.) Danes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1891. Ahab's Covetousness. LESSON TEXT. (1 Kings 21: 1-14. Memory verses: 15-16.) LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Stinging and Storing. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Godliness is profitable unto all things. -1 Tim. 4: 8. LESSON TOPIC: The Sin of Covetousness. LESSON OUTLINE. I. Ahab's Disappointment. 2. Jezebel's Cruelty, vs. 15, 16. 3. Naboth's Murder, vs. 11, 16. GOLDEN TEXT: Take heed, and beware of covetousness.—Luke 12: 15. DAILY HOME READINGS: M.—1 Kings 21: 1-16. Ahab's covetousness. T.—1 Kings 21: 22-40. Ahab's miserable end. W.—1 Sam. 8: 1-9. Kingly oppression foretold. T.—1 Kings 12: 1-15. Writing under oppression. F.—Matt. 21: 33-46. Seizing the inheritance. S.—Matt. 36: 57-68. Unrighteousness condemned. S.—Acts 7: 54-60. The stoning of Stephen. LESSON BIBLE READING. INSTANCES OF STONING. Aohan (Josh. 7: 22-26). Adonai (1 Kings 13: 18; 2 Chron. 10: 13). Naboth (1 Kings 21: 9-14). Zechariah (2 Chron. 24: 20, 21). The householders' servants (Matt. 21: 33-36). Stephen (Acts 7: 54-60). Paul (Acts 14: 19, 20; 2 Cor. 11: 25). Holy men of old (Heb. 11: 37). LESSON SUNDAY SCHOOL. I. Naboth's Vineyard. Naboth (1 Kings 21: 9-14). Zechariah (2 Chron. 24: 20, 21). The householders' servants (Matt. 21: 33-36). Stephen (Acts 7: 54-60). Paul (Acts 14: 19, 20; 2 Cor. 11: 25). Holy men of old (Heb. 11: 37). II. Family Interference. The Lord forbid... I should give the inheritance... unto thee (3). The land shall not be sold in perpetuity (Lev. 25: 23). So shall no inheritance of... Israel remove from tribe to tribe (Num. 36: 7). I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers (1 Kings 21: 4). The prince shall not take of the people's inheritance (Ezek. 46: 18). III. Foolish Despondency. He is his dowry upon his bed... and would eat no bread (4). What shall I do?... they be almost ready to stone me (Ezek. 17: 4). Ho requested for himself that he might die (1 Kings 19: 4). Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart (Ezek. 7: 13). It is better for me to die than to live (Job 4: 3). 1. "Give me thy vineyard." (1) Naboth's possession; (2) Ahab's demand; (3) Demand; (4) Despondency; (5) Decision; (6) Death. 2. "The Lord forbid it me." (1) The coveted vineyard; (2) The forbidden transfer; (3) The sacred appeal. 3. "Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased." Ahab's disappointment:—(1) Its causes; (2) its manifestations; (3) its outcomes. (1) The covetousness of the covetous; (2) The sin of the covetous. IV. JEZEBEL'S CRUELTY. I. Taunting Her Husband: Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? How glorious was the king of Israel to-day (2 Sam. 6: 20). Ahab... whom Jezebel his wife stirred up (1 Kings 21: 25). Then said his wife... Renounce God and die (Job 4: 9). Let the wife see that she far her husband (Eph. 5: 33). II. Perverting Her Subjects: She wrote... Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high (9). Thou shalt not wreat the judgment of the stranger (Dont. 24: 17). Come with us, let us lay wait for blood (Prov. 1: 11). Let us then invert the judgment of any (Prov. 31: 5). They set a trap, they catch men (Job. 5: 25). III. Staying the Innocent: Carry him out, and stone him, that he die (10). The innocent and righteous slay thee not (Ezek. 22: 26). Curst be that taketh reward to slay an innocent person (Dont. 27: 25). If ye... shed not innocent blood (Job. 1: 22). I have sinned in that I betrayed innocent blood (Matt. 27: 4). 1. "She wrote letters in Ahab's name." (1) The king's authority; (2) The queen's cunning; (3) The noble's subservency; (4) The victim's fate. 2. "Thou didst curse God and the king." (1) A false accusation; (2) A sufficient pretext; (3) A brutal conclusion. 3. "Stone him, that he die." (1) A predetermined sentence; (2) An unrighteous execution. V. THE NABOTH'S MURDER. I. The Mock Trial: They... set Naboth on high among the people (12). Men of Balai bar witness against him (1 Kings 21: 13). False witnesses are risen up against me (Psa. 37: 12). The whole council sought false witness against Jesus (Matt. 26: 59). They... seized him, and set up false witnesses (Acts 6: 12, 13). II. Stoned to Death: Then they... stoned him with stones, that he died (13). All Israel stoned him with stones (1 Kings 21: 25). Naboth is stoned, and is dead (1 Kings 21: 14). They cast him out of the city, and stoned him (Acts 7: 58). They stoned Paul, and dragged him out of the city (Acts 14: 19). III. The Vineyard Seized: Ahab rose up... to take possession of it (16). He will take your fields, and your vineyards (1 Sam. 8: 14). I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth (1 Kings 21: 7). Let us have this vineyard, Restore Lot's vineyards (Neb. 5: 10, 11). Let us kill him, and take his inheritance (Matt. 21: 38). 1. "The news of his city... as if Jezebel had sent unto them." 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The prince shall not take of the people's inheritance (Ezek. 46: 18). III. Foolish Despondency: He is his dowry upon his bed... and would eat no bread (4). What shall I do?... they be almost ready to stone me (Ezek. 17: 4). Ho requested for himself that he might die (1 Kings 19: 4). Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart (Ezek. 7: 13). It is better for me to die than to live (Job 4: 3). 1. "Give me thy vineyard." (1) Naboth's possession; (2) Ahab's demand; (3) Demand; (4) Despondency; (5) Decision; (6) Death. 2. "The Lord forbid it me." (1) The coveted vineyard; (2) The forbidden transfer; (3) The sacred appeal. 3. "Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased." Ahab's disappointment:—(1) Its causes; (2) its manifestations; (3) its outcomes. (1) The covetousness of the covetous; (2) The sin of the covetous. IV. JEZEBEL'S CRUELTY. I. Taunting Her Husband: Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? How glorious was the king of Israel to-day (2 Sam. 6: 20). 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THE SNOWFLAKE'S SONG. BY SAMUEL E. COWAN, M. A. You thought the skies were very dear: You thought a storm was brooding near: And thought that Heaven were a frown, And so you fled, and hid you down, But all the time the cloud was I, Waiting for you to come. With a laugh and a smile, I fluttered down, and hid you from: Yes! all the time the cloud was I, Waiting for you to come. With Heaven's crown, thy world is bright Thy storm hath burst in states of light: Thy face is all the sun, thy eyes are stars, Thy heart is all the love, thy words are words of love, thy words are words of love, thy words are words of love. Weaving for thee Celestial fabrics, like the snow, I'll all the time the cloud was I, Waiting for you to come. CHING LEE. BY GRACE BROWN. Mr. Moor stood and stroked his long grey beard with a dreamy look in his small, deep blue eyes, as he glanced thro' the open door across acres of glittering vineyards to the gray mountains beyond. The little crowd of Chinamen standing before him with small books in hand, waiting for the settlement of their monthly accounts, regarded him from their seats, and with a patient patience born of a civilization that has learned for thousands of years, to labor and to wait. Returning his attention to the business in hand, he smiled and nodded to a gentle looking stranger, who, carrying to the store, and then reached forward to take from the slender, yellow fingers of Lu Wing, the book he held toward him. The stranger looked on curiously, as one after another, a Chinaman stepped forward, compared books, and with now and then a chopped English word of accent—Mr. Moor was an upright man in his dealings with Christian or heathen—passed his bill, and either paid, or crossed to another part of the store to begin a new account with the boyish clerk stationed there. Then the last Chinaman had departed toward a general store, and the stranger, across the way, in the outskirts of the vineyard he cultivated, the stranger approached the counter. "Wah!" said the merchant stroking his beard with a gleam in his deep, blue eyes, "how can I serve you stranger?" "I should like some crackers and cheese by and by," was the answer, "but just now, could I have a little talk with you?" "Certainly!" was the reply, "Shall we set on the porch? It is more pleasant and breezy like that this mornin'." "I am from the East," said the stranger, seating himself on a stool, and slowly declining the cigar tendered him, "and feel a natural interest in the Chinese question. You seem surrounded by the objectionable heathen and I would like to open my mind to you." "Wah!" with a glance across the way where the objects of their solicitude were gliding to and fro in front of the white tents, in preparation for the evening meal, "I have nothing to say to a Chinaman save as morals and honesty is concerned—old I reckon honesty might be considered one of the morals, eh, stranger?" The gentleman nodded with a smile. "Oh! if anyone could use it, I thought God made the Chinaman. I should have answered, yes, probably, but should have doubted all the time, my own private doubts; for really, with their narrow localities, and with what they do seem to have nothing to do with the orthodox creation in the Garden of Eden, with live and the apple and the serpent and all that scriptural paraphernalia—now that they're with a child's appeal in the blue eyes. Receiving to this appeal only a smile, the merchant continued. "When I first set up this store, my daughter Beth—she is at boarding school now—was a baby, and she found out she was the first, the strongest believer in Independence I ever see, and never knew no difference between black and white, and she was a good girl, folks is concerned: So when we come here altho' she had never seen a Chinese, she took to him at once. Ching Lee was the one she seemed to lavish her youthful affection upon, a man, and he was a good fellow, and she was high. At first he seemed embarrassed by her attentions, and only growed glummer under her numerous smiles. One day, she ran away to his tent, just across the way, and he brought her home in his arms, Wah! when I reached to take her, she just showed her soft, white arms around his neck and ootically patted and then kissed his solemn, yellow face, and she said that Chinese was converted that moment. "You know the Scripture says, 'Of such is the Kingdom.' Wah! Ching Lee took this bit of the Kingdom of Heaven right into his pagan heart and was pagan no longer. "As Beth growed older the two became better and better friends. She even coaxed him to go with her to Sunday School, and he had one month in the school house, and he took his place with Beth among the infants in the primer class, greatly to the consternation of teacher and scholars. "Air your eyes open enough, stranger, to see that green pointing to the mountain over that?" pointing to the nest. "We used often to go thar on pic-nics and eat air some pleasant and some very unpleasant mem'rs' provided with that spot. "About ten years ago, when Beth was five years old, and about the prettiest, cutest bits of bonamity anywhere around, we had some Eastern friends 'staying us, and gettin' air pic-nics in their honor. Of course Ching Lee met 'em, and as he was always handy and not at all preooming, we was glad to hev 'em. "Wah! we had hed one of the days to remember; we had climbed and

UNDER THE GUILLOTINE. THE TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE OF A FRENCH EX-MAJOR. A Night of Horror Which Turned Redoux's Hair White. On one of the latest evenings of the year just closed—M. Antoine Redoux, one of the most famous of the French Ex-Majors, Paris and ex-Mayor of one of the towns of central France, found himself in Baker Street, London: On this particular evening, M. Redoux, having well dined—without his usual prudence—was returning to his hotel in early night, when he noticed that a heavy fog, mixed with a drizzling rain, was falling. He sought refuge under a doorway, which happened to be the entrance of the famous Tussaud Museum. To avoid a cold, and to find a comfortable shelter as well as to satisfy his curiosity, the ex-Mayor of one of the towns of central France threw away his cigar and ascended the stairs leading to the wax salons. (On the threshold of that long hall where stood, in improbable immobility, this strange gallery of personages, all of whom he had known, most of them wearing crowns, all with ponderous fashion plates of centuries past, M. Redoux felt a thrill pass through him. An object caught his vision. Though quite in the back it seemed to dominate the entire hall from the platform of the wax salons. Without really painfully articulated Redoux, his throat still sore. "Yes; the collar piece has no springs, and it was the joints that made the noise that frightened you. And as to the knife—" Here the porter raised the steps of the platform and raised from its person a green wax figure. "Two days ago it was taken to be repaired." At these words M. Redoux stood on his legs and shook himself as if to test their solidity. Then catching a glimpse of himself in one of the mirrors he saw that he had aged ten years. He gave in silence—this time with sincere conviction—credence to his "fears." "That don't look like me," he said, "I'm not that old." "You ought to be ashamed of your jaw." "Who are you talking to?" "To you, old wadd bag!" You talk of wrestling! Why, I kin grease the floor with your arses!" "Don't get my dander up," warned Steb in a tremulous voice, "or I'll tronce you!" "Tronces me! Say, old blowhard, I kin lather you with one hand tied behind me! If I could only get at you I'd make you holler in one round!" "Shot up!" "Went up, and you ain't big 'nuff to make me!" "Yes I am!" "You're a liar!" "Take that back!" "Never!" "Take that back or I'll come in and make pulp of you." "You dasn't! I'll dare ye to come in and p'ut a finger at me!" "Some more of the sort followed, and Steb got the idea that he must enforce his authority or suffer a loss of prestige. He was the older but also the bigger man, and he kept getting mad until he finally peeled off his coat, unbuttoned the door, and dodged in. He made for Williams, but the latter ducked under his arm, upset me at the door, and was off like a shot, and before pursuit could be organized he was beyond reach. Old Steb stood in the back door and watched him for fully five minutes before saying a word. Then I heard him growl: "Consarn him for skipping out, but I've got the consolation of knowing that he's the forty-third man I've licked out of his boots in the last five years!" A Russian Countess in Journalism. An interesting newspaper woman is the Countess Ella Norzkaikoff. She is an English woman, the wife of a Russian count who spent seven cruel years in Siberia. At last through court influence he was liberated and now, a confirmed invalid from the sufferings and privations of his exile, he dictates to his devoted wife his Siberian experiences. Some of her work, "A Night with the Nihilists," "Escaped from Siberia," &c., has attracted much attention. Kennan is quite interested in her work. The Countess Norzkaikoff is a lady of pleasing address, with large, dark eyes and an Englishwoman's fresh coloring. Chicago Father—Mario, what was young Smithkins' saying to you last night? Chicago Daughter—In the parlor pa? Why—he—she asked me to marry him. "Oh, that was it, eh? I thought he was saying something about the world's end."

Old Steb's Forty-third. My father was Sheriff of a certain county in Kansas about twenty years ago, and during a certain summer we received on a sentence for six months a very tough fellow named Joe Williams. He had been sentenced for attempted horse stealing, and my father knew that a sharp watch must be kept over him or he would take French leave. Joe had put in about two weeks on a term when my mother started off on a visit, was hurt en route, and father had to go to her. His first deputy and assistant jailer was a man of fifty, named Stebbins, who was his cousin. "Steb" was a peppery old chap and a great brag and liar. According to his statements he had licked more men, killed more Indians, run down more horse thieves, and helped lynch more desperadoes than any other man living. Father cautioned him over and over about watching Williams, who was the only prisoner we had, and "Steb" sturdily replied: "You got right along and rest easy, Henry. If I was fool 'nuff to let him get away I'd expect to be shot and throwed to the gophers." Father had scarcely gone when Williams began calling, and I went into the corridor with the old man to see what was wanted. I was only 10 years old, but I can vividly recall everything. The jail was made of rough stone and one-half of it was the Sheriff's residence. The jail part was one big room, with a plain but stout iron-gated door leading into the corridor. As the weather was warm, both corridor doors were open. When we looked in on Joe he said: "See here, Steb, I hear you are bragging a good deal about how many men you have put on their backs." "There's no brag about it," replied the old man. "I never found a human I couldn't lay down in five minutes." "That's all wind, and you know it," retorted Joe. "You ought to be ashamed of your jaw." "Who are you talking to?" "To you, old wadd bag!" You talk of wrestling! Why, I kin grease the floor with your arses!" "Don't get my dander up," warned Steb in a tremulous voice, "or I'll tronce you!" "Tronces me! Say, old blowhard, I kin lather you with one hand tied behind me! If I could only get at you I'd make you holler in one round!" "Shot up!" "Went up, and you ain't big 'nuff to make me!" "Yes I am!" "You're a liar!" "Take that back!" "Never!" "Take that back or I'll come in and make pulp of you." "You dasn't! I'll dare ye to come in and p'ut a finger at me!" "Some more of the sort followed, and Steb got the idea that he must enforce his authority or suffer a loss of prestige. He was the older but also the bigger man, and he kept getting mad until he finally peeled off his coat, unbuttoned the door, and dodged in. He made for Williams, but the latter ducked under his arm, upset me at the door, and was off like a shot, and before pursuit could be organized he was beyond reach. Old Steb stood in the back door and watched him for fully five minutes before saying a word. Then I heard him growl: "Consarn him for skipping out, but I've got the consolation of knowing that he's the forty-third man I've licked out of his boots in the last five years!" A Russian Countess in Journalism. An interesting newspaper woman is the Countess Ella Norzkaikoff. She is an English woman, the wife of a Russian count who spent seven cruel years in Siberia. At last through court influence he was liberated and now, a confirmed invalid from the sufferings and privations of his exile, he dictates to his devoted wife his Siberian experiences. Some of her work, "A Night with the Nihilists," "Escaped from Siberia," &c., has attracted much attention. Kennan is quite interested in her work. The Countess Norzkaikoff is a lady of pleasing address, with large, dark eyes and an Englishwoman's fresh coloring. Chicago Father—Mario, what was young Smithkins' saying to you last night? Chicago Daughter—In the parlor pa? Why—he—she asked me to marry him. "Oh, that was it, eh? I thought he was saying something about the world's end."

