

# South-Jersey Republican

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VOL. 28.

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

NO. 51

## COOK'S IS THE PLACE TO PURCHASE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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

Jewelry, Silverware,  
Clocks and Novelties.

And Cheap, too! Come see them soon.

N. B. Marking done free of charge.

**CARL. M. COOK,**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

## It is at C. E. HALL'S

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

**COOK and PARLOR STOVES.**  
**HARDWARE and TINWARE,**  
**FURNITURE, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.**

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

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

**GEORGE ELVINS**  
DEALER IN  
**Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes**  
**Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,**  
**Agricultural Implements, etc..etc.**  
N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

New Lard!  
New Lard!

At M. L. JACKSON'S  
Cor. Second St. and Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

Our own make of Sausage

**SPECIAL BARGAINS**  
In Clothing.

We have secured property adjoining our new store at Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business to the Ledger Building 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,  
(Ledger Building.)

13th & Chestnut.  
(New Store.)

## THE WEEKLY SCHOOL REPORT.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Week ending Dec. 12, 1890.

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

### ROLL OF HONOR.

#### HIGH SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie E. Alden, Teacher.	Hattie Reading
Sam. Drake	Howard White
Bertie Jackson	Frank Brown
James Scullin	Johanna Hoyt
Edgar Cloud	Chas. Bradbury
Will Parkhurst	Russell Trout
Lella DePuy	Percy Whitton
Will Hoyt	Chas. C. Jacobs
Laura Baker	Maurie Loveland
Minnie Tilton	May Morris
Josephine Rogers	Frank Hall
Eddie Anderson	Lettie Budd
Alma Filling	Bethie Matthews
Geo. T. Gilligan	Fannie French
Chas. D. Jacobs	Lawrence Knight
Austin Scullin	Ida French
Nina Monfort	Lillie Jacobs
Ida Blythe	Chas. Hoffman
Minnie Hale	Victor Moore
Belle Hurley	Edith Anderson
Maud Leonard	
Evelyn Edsell	

#### GRAMMAR.

Miss Clara Cavilleer, Teacher.	Chas. Dilks
Mabel Elvins	Gertie North
Samuel Layer	Corn Wilde
Lizzie Layer	Emma Henshaw
Blanche Jones	David Praester
Chas. Campanella	Georgiana Hewitt
Horatio Hooper	Joelle Henshaw
Rebecca Mack	Lewis Cordery
Lathrop Mack	Herbie Cordery
Robert Miller	May Shewey
Willie Cloud	Samuel Lyons
Maud Leonard	Harry Thomas
Nellie Hester	Mirilla Smith
Anna Holloman	Gertie Thomas
Maurice Whittler	Edna Ballard
Wilbur Adams	Paul Snow
Annie Walther	

#### INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Sara Crowell, Teacher.	Amos Hurley
Eddie Hoffman	Joe Herbert
Willie Simons	Edwin Thayer
Parker Treat	Morris Simons
Grace Fluke	Grace Thayer
Ollie DePuy	Henish Jone
Orta Moore	Allie Mick
Bertie Rood	Willie Mick
Julia Gravatt	Harry Walther
Charlie Layer	Bertie King
Minnie Holmes	

#### PRIMARY.

Miss Nellie D. Fog, Teacher.	Richard Buzby
Bessie Hoffman	Sam Mack
Ollie Holland	Harry Mack
Millie Randall	George Buzby
Katie Anderson	Ernest Jackson
Mamie Windup	Harvey Horn
Mary Layer	DeWitt Morris
Eugenia Collins	Morton Crowell
Helen Winchip	Clarence Browning
Florence Howe	Harvey King
Rosie Rood	Henry Layter
Cora Crowell	Mark Morris
Sarah Henshaw	John Morris
Nettie Loholey	Hugh Davies
Eliza Lobley	Kred. McHale
Beasie Morris	Clarence Westcoat
Ollie Lear	Elmer Horn
Edith Simons	Harry Mathis
Nettie Rood	Howard Buckley
Jessie Ross	Llewellyn Jones

#### LAKE SCHOOL.

Miss Hattie A. Smith, Teacher.	Alice Hartshorn
Mary Rugo	Margaret Roberts
Katle Pinto	Jennie Hartshorn
Fred Nicoll	Georjiana Kienzle
Dela Nicoll	Josie Sackner
Mary Pinto	
Rosa Stuhmer	

#### MAIN ROAD.

Mrs Grace U. North, Teacher.	Mary Logan
Little Ordile	Whittle Keyser
Cora Fields	Chris. Jenison
Allie Slade	Emma Logan
Geo Parkhurst	Cella Espostio
Nellie Ayers	Amelia Espostio
Ollie Adams	Pedro De Stephen
Pearl Adams	Ralph Coast
Ward Campanella	
Frank Jenkins	

#### MIDDLE ROAD.

Mrs Minnie B. Newcomb, Teacher.	Henry Horn
Paul Sutlin	John Horn
Iris Seely	Willie Vanaman
Mamie Jacobs	Caroline Peterson
Phoebe Newcomb	Frank Westcoat
Little Gerton	
Lulu Campanella	
Chas. Garton	
Clarence Anderson	Willie Altero
Dudley Farmer	Willie Anderson
Charlotte Campanella	Mary Altero

#### MAGNOLIA.

P. Chadwick, Teacher.	Annie Holser
Willie Small	Edith Clappert
John Hunter	Geo. Mori
George Heiser	George Shaw
Christian Holser	
Bertha Heiser	

#### COLUMBIA.

Miss Nellie Tudor, Teacher.	Henry Horn
Josephine Craig	John Horn
Albert Westcoat	Willie Vanaman
Harry Westcoat	Caroline Peterson
Mary Westcoat	Frank Westcoat
Bertha Horn	
Joseph Abbott	

#### UNION ROAD.

Miss Bertha Moore, Teacher.	Jesse B. Fitting
Eddie O'Neill	Harold Werner
Albert Julian	Mary Crescenzio
Kate O'Neill	Antonio Capella
Chris. Mittal	Eduardo Capella
Amelia Fitting	
Emina Mittal	

#### STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.	Total on Roll	Percentage	Percent of Absentees	Days of Truancy
1 High School	65	61	94	18
2 Grammar Dpt.	62	54	90	31
3 Intermediate	47	40	85	38
4 Primary	71	58	81	60
Total Central	245	214	85	154
5 Lake School	42	32	77	50
6 Main Road	44	37	84	57
7 Middle Road	34	29	85	10
8 Magnolia	21	20	79	27
9 Columbia	31	23	78	80
10 Union Road	30	27	90	18

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



\$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin (Tray, N.Y.) at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$2 to \$100 a week, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, spare moments only to work. You can draw a few dollars a day for every worker. We start you furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STIBBES & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

E. STOCKWELL'S.

We have a new supply of goods suitable for the

Holidays!

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

Stamped Linen Goods,  
Felts, Plushes,  
And Velvets.

A large line of

Dry Goods

and

NOTIONS.

Butterick's Patterns on hand.

## BILE BEANS

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 "AT-IT-70" PHOTOGRAVURE

MAILED FOR THIS (COPPER or STAMP).

Address ERICK MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

## WHAT

### SCOTT'S CONSUMPTION SCROFULA BRONCHITIS COUCHS 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 Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

Lord & Thomas' NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

Advertised in 4000 papers and journals.

Agents bound in cloth and gold, mailed.

Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N.Y.

SPECIFICS.

PISO'S SECURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

GONSMON.

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

PISO

The best Cough Medicine

is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Children take it without objection.

By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

# Christmas Supplement.

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO ALL.

## IN THE SCALES.

The front season's open, and sportsmen now look  
For a chance to take them to some pruning  
hook,  
Where the fish, so they say, quickly jump a  
hook,  
Though where it may be—well really you  
see—  
They don't like to give it away.  
With one little fish they return home a  
night,  
And for reasons quite prudent they keep  
from eight.  
But they tell of the size as Leviathan,  
quite—  
No doubt it is so—but somehow you know  
They don't like to give it a weigh  
*Frederick H. Curtiss*

## PRUDIE'S FORTUNE.

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

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

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

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

"Trifling courtesy!" exclaimed Joe, his face getting red, and his temper rising again in spite of himself. "Trifling courtesy, indeed, for an enraged young lady to walk home from singing-school with a man who is almost a stranger, and stand with him holding her hand, for half an hour in the moonlight at the gate!"

"Half an hour!" cried Prudie, indignantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes—I think I do," faltered Prudie, blushing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Willis never did come again,

but sent a delicate little note in his stead, saying that the term of his vacation had expired, and he had received news from home which required his immediate return, and regretting the circumstances which made it impossible for him to keep his engagement. He wrote also that he could not state definitely when he would be able to make another visit to Galestown.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## PLEDGED TO POVERTY

### THE ORDER OF THE BROTHERS OF NAZARETH AND THEIR WORK.

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

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

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

which suggests to the passer-by that it was once the home of some well-to-do New Yorker. It is two stories and a half in height, and has a veranda running across the front.

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

Little is known of the Brothers of Nazareth. This is not strange, as the order is only about two years old. No iron chains are made.

The first operation is the making of the links. The material comes in coils, each containing from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet of round iron rod, which is of uniform diameter and of various sizes, corresponding to the different styles of chains. A piece of this wire is placed in the groove of a powerful machine, the wheel is started, a twisting motion imparted, and the iron comes forth in a spiral roll, looking as the outer strand of a rope might if separated from the component parts. The groove into which the iron is pressed, and the spiraling arrangement about which the coil is formed, make the coil exactly uniform throughout, the links being the same distance apart, and of the same size. The machine does its work rapidly; but little time is consumed in converting the eighty or more feet of rod into shape for chain links. The next step in the manufacture of a chain is the cutting of the links. The spiral coil goes from the hands of the first workman to another who places it in a long sheet-iron trough, suspended high as a man's head, one end being considerably lower than the other. One end of the coil is then submitted to the operation of the cutting machine, which at a single blow strikes off enough of it for a chain link. The

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

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

Any layman desiring admission to the

order shall be expected to make a visit of six weeks or more to the Mother House of the order.

He may then be admitted for a year at least.

He may then, if so desired, take the

vow, and if he approves himself to the committee, he may after five years of novitiate, if he so desires, take the

vows of poverty, chastity, celibacy, and obedience for three years at a time.

When these vows have been taken, the

novitiate succeeds in making

simple vows for a year, which he may be released by the Bishop

for good and sufficient reason.

Brother on entering the novitiate is to

decide whether he is to be a poor man,

and whether they may, if they desire, retain the control of such property as they wish, which are forbidden from that time to spend any such property on themselves.

Wondering how this unique brotherhood was prospering, I visited the

Home the other day. I had never met Brother Gilbert, and as I sat in the reception-room awaiting his appearance, I wondered what manner of man

was this who, as a member of a Protestant sect, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, had given up the world,

in the fullest sense of the word, to follow Jesus of Nazareth and like Him, to minister to the poor and the outcast.

When he entered the room it seemed to me for a moment as though a young monk had stepped out of the fifteenth century. I saw before me a

slight man of dark complexion, with

earnest, quick, piercing dark eyes, his

face clean-shaven and his hair closely

cropped. He had the earnestness and

vigor of youth, apparently having had

his life before him. He was dressed

in a loose serge gown, which came to

his feet. In color it was a soft, rich

brown. It had flowing sleeves and

was buttoned on the right shoulder

and side. The gown was confined at

the waist with a girdle of soft brown

leather pleated into the shape of a rope,

which went twice around his body,

falling at his left side, where it was

twice knotted, the two ends being

tipped with little balls of the same ma-

terial.

I had not exchanged ten words with

Brother Gilbert, however, before I

was convinced that there was nothing

of the fifteenth century about him

except his gown, but that, on the

contrary, he was a practical man of

his time. One cannot converse with



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

Every man's success is within himself and must come out of himself. Not true, adding, and just success can come to any man in any other way.

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

The Andes have sunk seventy-six

feet in 120 years.

For the earnest man or woman share is

its families surmounted, another will

quietly submit itself to the aspiring

spirit; and before that is reached other

difficulties must again be met.

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Weird, ghostly echoes of the wintry wind  
Moan in the leafless tree,  
And weary visitors can scarcely find  
The pathway o'er the sea:  
But, cheerly, we meet around the hearth  
The friends of long ago—  
With dance, and song, and happiness, and  
mirth,  
Under the mistletoe.  
If with a sigh we think of summer days—  
Amid the winter gloom,  
As we traverse the dark and lonely ways,  
Here bright lamps will thine;  
And joys of love and friendship charm us  
still,  
And make our glad hearts glow—  
We have a spell against the wintry chill,  
Under the mistletoe.

The log! the log! let me feel the eager flame!  
Letting its ruddy blaze  
Flash brightly on some simple, homely game,  
What laughter never stirs;  
What better than the hawing winter blast  
Its like rage may show?  
Its murrays will no gloom around us cast,  
Under the mistletoe.

It could only gape and stare. From  
some unscarred bairn the girl drew a  
sword, like a flash of silver fire, and  
whirling it around her head, began to  
scream, to shout, to strike.

Her red Turkish slippers were now  
thrust into ugly overshoes, and Esther  
walked as if foot-sore and weary.

Even the holiday splendor of the little  
shops failed to arrest her notice.

"Hark!" interrupted Hagan. "There  
is somebody at the door."

He went forward in answer to a  
sharp knock. Into the room sprang  
the coachman whom both had seen on  
the village common.

"Hark!" she groaned, "I'm awful-

ly cold and very hungry!"

"Hold up, girl!" he answered, not  
unkindly. "I know of a public-house  
near by—we'll stop there. You shall  
have a cup of tea, and I'll comfort my  
poor family and master."

And absent ones, by mountains, woods, and  
lakes,  
In quest of faraway,  
Have settled blessings home for our dear  
ones.  
On the joyful Christmas Day,

If o'er their heads in distant, cloudless  
skies,

A tropic sun may glow,  
The warmth that fills their hearts is from old  
times,  
Under the mistletoe.

—Joseph Verrey.

## A Yule-Tide Marriage.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

VILLAGE common swept by a keen north wind, and iron-bound with December frost. Right and left, little shops, decked in Christ-mas green, hung out their cheery brightness on the rapidly darkening twilight. At a bleak corner, where two streets converged, on a dilapidated platform, raised a few feet above level ground, stood a man, talking to a crowd of curious people gathered about him—some to listen, some to scoff, some with hands thrust in pockets, either for comfort's sake, or to guard the gains against the attacks of the speaker.

He was seedy and old, and the frost of this Christmas-eve had reddened his eyes and nose, and lent an extra dash of color to his cheeks. He shook a bottle of dark liquid in the faces of his hearers, and shouted:

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and try my Life Elixir. It will cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, and a good many more, as Shakespeare has said. Every bottle is warranted to add five years to your life, or money refunded. Walk up! There's not the ghost of an excuse for any of you to die under the age of Methuselah!"

The villagers showed little haste in seizing the opportunity thus offered.

Milton was hard—few, perhaps, cared to prolong life to such an appalling period. Some good-natured jokes passed from mouth to mouth; then there was a stamping of half-frozen feet, a general desire to get out of the outskirts of the crowd, as a carriage drew up near the old platform.

It was an elegant vehicle, drawn by a pair of spanking bays, with docked tails, and driven by a coachman in livery. Inside, a hand in a fur glove pulled down the window, and the pale, sickly face of a man, muffled in seal-skin, looked out on the old quack and his audience.

"My friends," went on the frost-bitten voice on the platform, "I'm a-going to show you a living illustration of the power of my elixir. Lord knows that seeing ought to believe."

In a young woman, that was at death's door but a month ago—an undertaker notified, and coffin and shroud made—life a-dying, like the last spark of a rocket, I snatched her from the very jaws of the tomb, as she'll take her Bible oath before any magistrate. Give her a good long look, and my word you'll know that Hagan's Elixir is the wonder of ancient and modern times, all for one dollar, and cure a dead certainty, or money refunded!"

A woman stepped upon the platform, and stood beside the medicine-man. She dropped from her shoulders a long coat, with a hood attached, and thus dressed turned herself to the gaze of the crowd.

She was a handsome young creature, fantastically dressed in thread-

bare velvet with tinsel trimming. Her skirt, abbreviated several inches above the ankle, revealed limbs of exquisite beauty; and a pair of little feet in red Turkish slippers. Her yellow bodice was cut sloping at the throat and short in the sleeves, for the display of a luscious white neck and ample bust. Indeed, the hand, fine symmetry of her whole body reminded one of sculpture—but it was sculpture alive, and throbbing with vigorous blood. Her skin wore the marble whiteness of perfect health—her lips were red, her eyes like brown velvet. From her chestnut braids fell upon her shoulders, and swept her hips with their raveled tips.

"Rescued by me from the grave—she stands!" cried old Hagan, and nothing lighter in the way of reading than that. But I never remember a book like *D'Aulnoy's History of the Fairies*. Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular histories have presented it, and the name of the city has a special import, but with few exceptions a surprise.

Under my window to night in the hotel as Damascus I heard the perpetual rippling

and nothing lighter in the way of reading than that. But I never remember a book like *D'Aulnoy's History of the Fairies*.

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We manufacture  
Berry Crates & Chests

Of all kinds. Also,  
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We have just received our Spring  
stock of goods.

Can furnish very nice  
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At Bottom Prices. Manufacture our  
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## The Republican.

[Entered as second-class matter.]

SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1860.

The Sioux Indians in the Bad Lands of South Dakota are again fighting among themselves. Two ranches were killed by Apaches in Arizona near the Mexican frontier.

Sitting Bull, the Indian chief, was killed by the Indian police at his camp in North Dakota. The police had been sent to arrest him and shot him when he resisted. In the fight his son and six other Indians were killed and forty three wounded. The arrest was ordered because Sitting Bull was about to lead his band of Indians to join the hostiles in the Bad Lands.

The National Commission in charge of the Columbian World's Fair at Chicago, after surrendering almost autocratic powers to the local directory have at last by their report to President Harrison taken hold of the business end of the World's Fair business.

Philadelphia members of Congress are working hard for the passage of the bill appropriating \$2,000,000 for the erection of a new mint in that city.

Horses have been furnished to each of the twenty or more life-saving stations along the New Jersey coast, to assist in hauling the apparatus to wrecks. One additional sloop has also been added to each station.

If the government must loan farmers money at two per cent on cotton and corn, and store it, why should it not set up pawn shops for other people?

Following the steps of other educational institutions, our State Normal and Model Schools have decided to adopt a set of colors,—of dark blue and gold.

PROTECTION  
OR FREE-TRADE.  
WHICH?

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## GOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Speak no evil of the silent few we stand prosperly well. The road to wealth is not paved. The wisdom of the owl is all in its way. Truth is more of a stranger than fiction. It's a wise child that won't go a step-father. Perseverance will conquer most obstacles. A barking dog never bites while he is barking.

We live in haste; we have sterility for repentence.

A wise man thinks of death, but not the time.

Blessed are the rich, for they shall inherit the earth.

If you call have a man forget his grief call him a fool.

You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust.

Every man has a show in life, but few of them find it circums.

The world is full of rascals who are selling "whip behind."

The most miserable people are those who make pleasure a business.

The man who tries to please everybody is as fickle by nature as a puppy.

The man who is really anxious to do something for you is usually poor.

If a man could see himself as others see him he would pull down the thorns.

Pleasure is like molasses—too much of it spoils the taste for everything.

Many a Congressman envies mosquito. His bill always goes through.

A man of flattery deserves should never be made the Cashier of a bank.

Most people know what they don't want, but few know what they do want.

Thump your head, and if it thumps like a ripe watermelon, keep your mouth shut.

A bigot is a kind of human ram, with a good deal of wool over his eyes, but no horns.

The soul is elevated, the heart is禁锢, by contemplating the highest models.

Life is like a game of whist—its mysteries will be solved when the last trump is played.

There is no seed so sure to produce a big yield as wild cat, and the crop is repentance.

Unless a man has a character that won't show dirt, he had better keep out of politics.

About the first thing that strikes a man who runs away is the scarcity of places to run to.

Consider the man who always punctuates how much time he wastes waiting for other people.

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his wife has taken the job off his hands.

The difference between a suitor and an office-seeker is that one pays court and the other courts pay.

We may shut our eyes to a painful truth, but we don't shut our ears—it's about somebody else.

Sink not beneath the imaginary sorrows, call to your aid your courage and your wisdom; think on the sudden change of human scenes.

Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self—selves, even thinking of nothing but one's own soul.

Satiety is acute reaction. Pleasure, like bubbles floats on the surface; those who drink deep imbibe bitterness.

The most valuable thing in this world is time, and yet people waste it as they do water, most of them letting it run full head, and even the most prudent let it drizzle.

It is a wise man who can remember ten days after a great deed was done that it was his wife and not himself who did it.

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

If a man can laugh at no other time, he can generally laugh when the joke is on some one else who outlaughed at him.

Old age is covetous because it has learned by experience that the best friend a man has in this world is his pocket-book.

When a woman says anything mean about a man she always winds up her remarks by saying: "And the men are all alike."

It is always night when a man makes a resolution to get up early in the morning, and morning when he makes a resolution to go to bed early at night.

When a woman doesn't care whether her husband habitually sees her in curl papers or not she must feel very sure of his love—either one way or the other.

A weak mind sinks under despatch as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides—when the moon is full and when there is no moon.

The chronically unhappy man who persists in trying to sour humanity should get him to his closet with his woes, and give sunshine a chance to warm his neighbors.

## A PROFESSIONAL FINDER

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

## SYMBOLISM OF FLOWERS.

The Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Hindoo and Chinese Ideas.

In all ages, and among almost every people, flowers have been adopted as symbols, types and emblems of human conduct, virtue and vileness. The round and especially the rose, which was the badge of the Lancastrian and York rivals to the English throne.

But the symbolism of flowers dates back to periods far older than the time of the war of the roses. The ancient nations had their emblematic flowers. The special flower of the Hindus, for instance, has always been the marigold. The Chinese display in their national flower the gorgeous chrysanthemum. The Assyrians for ages proudly wore the water lily. Egyptians delight most of all in the heliotrope; though the papyrus leaf, used by the ancient Egyptians in place of paper, may also be regarded in a high sense as the symbolic plant of the land of the Nile.

In the Roman custom to Juno was devoted the lily, to Venus the myrtle and rose, to Minerva the olive and the violet, Diana had the dittany, Ceres the poppy, Mars the ash, Bacchus the grape leaf, Hercules the poplar, and Jupiter, naturally, the monarch of gods.

So we may infer that among the Romans, the lily and the rose were the emblem of power, the myrtle and the rose of love, the olive and the violet, of learning, the ash of war, and the grapeleaf of festivity.

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