

Mount Tabor Record

VOL. XVI.

MOUNT TABOR, N. J., MORRISTOWN, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

NO. 2.

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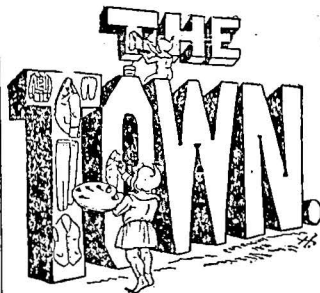
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Friday's Services.

MORNING.

Rev. E. V. King, of Paterson, preached the morning sermon. Rev. Mr. Ruth announced the first hymn, and Rev. J. S. Gilbert offered the prayer. Mrs. Keatley, of Paterson, sang a beautiful solo.

Mr. King's text was taken from 85 Psalm, 10th verse. "Mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

"There is no sweeter joy than that of reconciliation. This is true even in human relationship, but how much more in the higher region of spiritual things. The word of God is full of this theme. It is a revelation of God's plan of reconciliation. Where help is extended, there is always strength upon one side and weakness upon the other, and weakness is always miserable. Pardon is the act of one. Reconciliation is the act of two. Our text sets forth the great truth of reconciliation. Mercy is very near to truth.

Righteousness wanders a stranger without peace. But mercy had gone away from truth, and righteousness had parted company with peace. We have all passed through this condition in our own experience.

The prodigal had in his character, the same elements that exist in our own boys and girls, possessing many good and amiable traits. In his return to his father, mercy and truth met together. In the angel's song over the plains of Bethlehem, we hear the notes of peace and reconciliation. There must be a yielding upon one side or the other, before there can be reconciliation. Often in our poor and weak human nature the nobler instincts are stifled, and the baser elements come to the front. In Judas we see what a man can become, when the baser elements gain complete ascendancy. Yet even in his remorse he showed some noble elements of character. Peter was an opposite character. He had all the good that belongs to an ordinary human life. He was a grand man, yet even his strength became an element of weakness. In the basest and most degraded man we often see elements of nobleness and good.

Let us never lose faith in humanity. Refusing to nourish the graces of the heart will starve them. Nothing can live in this world without food. Mercy feeds upon sympathy. Righteousness feeds upon prayer. Peace feeds upon kindness. Refuse these graces exercise, and they will dwindle and separate.

Our spiritual faculties can no more live without exercise than our physical can.

Many people are hindered in their development, because they do not come sufficiently into contact with others. These graces often dwindle because we set them to work alone. Nothing can exist alone. Every grace has its own department. Yet they must work in company. Jesus sent forth his disciples, two and two. Verbal kindness is of no worth without heart development. Paul understood this matter, and joined faith, hope and charity together. James also united the various Christian graces together. We must work proper methods.

The separation of these graces disturb the harmony of the moral universe. Harmony is the law of the Universe. The stars and all the heavenly bodies obey this law. This law is fixed by God. We cannot trifle with it or get away from it. If we violate it trouble and suffering will surely come.

Jesus is the great centre of Christian truth. Let us gather all the flowers of these graces in our hearts, that our homes may be happy and full of love. These Christian graces have all been united by Christ, cemented by his blood. In him truth and mercy have met, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

That is a grand union when all these graces clasp hands in the human soul. We have all seen and enjoyed family unions, but how much grander the union of all these heavenly virtues in a human heart. Man-kind have always been looking for happiness. For happiness men have crossed the ocean, scaled the mountains, and gone down into the depths of the sea. But in these simple graces of the Christian life can true happiness alone be found.

The thoughtful and earnest sermon of Mr. King was followed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Jordan, of Brooklyn. Rev. S. D. Decker gave out the last hymn, and Rev. T. Walters pronounced the benediction.

AFTERNOON.

Rev. S. P. Hammond, D.D., was presiding elder in charge.

Rev. E. S. Jamison preached the afternoon sermon. The opening exercises were conducted by Revs. Messrs. Tomlinson and Fowler.

The Forest Quartette conducted the singing, as they do at every session.

Mr. Jamison took for his text Mark 6, 32 verse, "give ye them to eat."

The disciples had just returned from a mission upon which they had been sent by the pastor. Jesus seeing that they were weary, invited them to go into a desert place to rest a while. But a great multitude reached the spot before them. The disciples seeing that there was no food for them, requested the Master to send them away. In this, the disciples were not in harmony with the Lord Jesus who said in the language of our text, "give ye them to eat." Are we not in our neglect of opportunity, very often like these disciples. Jesus directed the multitude to be seated upon the green grass, then took the few loaves and fishes, supplied by the little lad, blessed, broke them and fed the hungry thousands. Great multitudes to-day are starving for the bread of life. The Church of Christ must give them to eat. This is a personal duty from which there is no escape. We can find these hungry souls everywhere, at the seaside and upon the mountain top. Infidelity would persuade these people that they are not hungry at all, but such reasoning will never satisfy a hungry human heart. All men use bread in some form. No hungry man will refuse it. The disciples helped others as well as themselves. In giving bread to others, they received a portion for themselves. So as we break the bread of life to others, our own souls are fed. In helping others, we help ourselves.

We must not be disheartened by the magnitude of the work. Great endowments are not essential to success in soul-saving work. Gifts of song and speech are helpful, but not indispensable in the Lord's work. If we bring our little to Christ he will multiply it a hundred-fold. We must begin with what we have. God comes into our littleness, sanctifies and multiplies our few loaves and fishes. Under the transforming power of Christ, very small instrumentalities are made potential. Things of small value become of great worth and power when massed together. In life's small duties can be found elements of success and power. Let us gather up every fragment of time, talent and influence, and consecrate them to the Master's use. We get by giving and lose by withholding.

There must be a giving before there can be a getting, or outlay before there can be a return. If the farmer keeps his seed in the barn, he will never reap a harvest. Our resources gain by communication, as the loaves and fishes multiplied when handed over to the multitude. If we would succeed we must be in close communication with the Lord Jesus Christ. We can never outgrow our need of the divine Lord. Eloquence, music and architecture can never take the place of the Holy Ghost. We must have the abiding presence of Jesus.

The demands upon us are many. Men must die without the bread of life. So let us take the little gifts that we have to our divine Master, and he will make them potential. If we do this, we will have peace in our souls, joyful victory over death, and an immortality of joy and glory in Heaven.

The sermon was earnest and practical, and was followed with prayer by Rev. S. H. Doolittle. Dr. Hammond pronounced the benediction.

EVENING.

Rev. J. O. Winner, D. D., was the preacher of the evening. Rev. Mr. Van Duesen gave out the first hymn.

Mr. Winner's text was II Cor. 5th chapter and 14 verse. "For the love of Christ constraineth us." In all the range of literature we cannot find so concise a statement of the essence of Christian truth. It is both concise and comprehensive. The apostle argues that if Christ died for all, they were all dead. Against the dark background of human sin and sorrow he beholds the cross of Christ. The text represents the passion of our Lord Jesus. Our Lord's intense love was manifested in the awful sacrifice of calvary. Desire and love are of small value unless manifested in action. We may partake of the holy enthusiasm of Jesus, without it we will be of little value in bringing sinners to salvation. This is the great object that is set before us in the gospel, but alas! how our fervor is apt to decline. In how many hearts is the desire to save souls a burning and holy passion?

We should desire this more than anything else and be willing to sacrifice anything to it. A few, burning with a holy zeal to save souls, would accomplish more than thousands of ordinary Christians. Some believers seem to settle down to a personal enjoyment of religion, that really has in it an element of selfishness. John Scarlet was a bright example of holy zeal. John the Baptist, the wilderness preacher, was moved by an intense desire to reform men, and herald the coming Christ. Not until believers are endued with this holy enthusiasm will they amount to

much. The conviction that Christ is able to save here and now, will give wonderful power to the proclamation of the Word. We cannot attain to this intense and glyic enthusiasm, without a struggle. Our natural tendency is to retrograde, for the world is full of allurements. So God must come and stir up the pure mind of His people and His ministry, and so in His providence they are often sorely tried and tempted. Jesus passed through a forty days struggle in the wilderness, ere He entered upon the work of His ministry. Thus, the great head of the church entered upon his work through the gateway of temptation and suffering. Paul passed through a severe ordeal before fully prepared for his great life work. If we were so anxious for the salvation of souls that we could not eat or sleep, what a mighty work would be accomplished upon this camp ground. The church has wealth, learning, and sound influence, but is fearfully deficient in this zeal for souls. What a change since the old times, when Chalmers declared of Methodists that they were "all at it and always at it." How many have been upon their knees, asking God's blessing upon the preaching of His Word to-night.

This is an age of reforms of all sorts, social reforms, labor reforms, and temperance reforms, but every reform that has any power in it, must be grounded in the gospel of Christ.

The gospel proposes to save men from all sin and evil. The salvation of sinners is the one great design of the gospel. Did you ever know a Methodist preacher to sit in some brotherhood upon a prayer meeting night, and let his prayer meeting go to the dogs? I have. Did you ever know Methodists who could only attend the Sunday morning service, and gave all their week nights to benevolent and social orders? I have. Humanity is not saved in masses, but as units.

He who has his soul filled with this holy enthusiasm have their intellectual natures made clear and bright. He who is right upon this point, is right upon every point. The men and women who are right with God, are right upon all the great questions of reform.

This is the spirit that we need. How bright and sustaining it is! How it keeps our hearts young, and our spirits sweet. We must get in the right attitude, get right down in the straw. Many of us would do well to stop preaching and go to praying. Brother, sister, seek it, and seek it now. Seek it in prayer, watchfulness and meditation. God help us for Jesus' sake.

This fervent sermon upon soul-saving was followed by an exhortation from Rev. J. H. Robertson.

Programme of the Camp Meeting Services.

Saturday, August 20th—Epworth League and Young People's Meeting.

Week of Aug. 21st to 28th—Gospel Services as follows:

Prayer meeting, at 6:00 A. M.; Bible Reading, at 9 A. M.; Preaching each day at 10:30 A. M.; 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Children's Meeting, at 4:00 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, at 6:00 P. M.; Meeting at Mrs. Fitzgerald's Cottage, at 8 A. M., 1:00 P. M. and 6:00 P. M.

The Forest Quartette of Drew Theological Seminary will lead the singing during Camp Meeting at the public services.

THOSE WHO PREACH.

Saturday, Aug. 20—Epworth League Day—10:30 A. M., Rev. Dr. Raymond; 2:30 P. M., Rev. Robert R. Doherty, L.L. D.; 7:30 P. M., Rev. James W. Marshall, D.D.

Sunday, Aug. 21—10:30 A. M., Rev. Homer Eaton; 2:30 P. M., Rev. A. B. Wilson; 7:30 P. M., Rev. J. W. Marshall, D. D.

Monday, Aug. 22—10:30 A. M., Chas. Waldron; 2:30 P. M., Home Missionary Society; 7:30 P. M., A. J. Conklin.

Tuesday, Aug. 23.—10:30 A. M., F. S. Cookman; 2:30 P. M., Foreign Missionary Society; 7:30 P. M., W. C. Kinsey.

Wednesday, Aug. 24—10:30 A. M., A. B. King, D.D.; 2:30 P. M., C. S. Bayman, D.D.; 7:30 P. M., R. K. Boyd.

Thursday, Aug. 25—10:30 A. M.—L. C. Muller; 2:30 P. M., D. B. F. Randolph; 7:30 P. M., Geo. W. Smith.

Rev. Chas. M. Anderson is doing nicely at Rutherford.

Free Library.

The entertainment given last Saturday evening for the benefit of the Free Library Association was a success from an artistic as well as a financial point of view. The various numbers on the programme were well rendered. The song entitled, "Barbara Frietchie," as given by Mrs. A. D. Sturges, the reading by Miss Jessie Craigie Ellis, of "Old Mother Goose," and the piano duet by the Misses Wilkinson, were worthy of particular mention. The singing by Miss Ella Laforgé was deserving of note.

The Uneas Club Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Asa S. Iglehart, Edward Bonwell, D. Stewart Iglehart and Edward G. Johns, gave three selections, which met with well merited approval.

One of the features of the entertainment was the "Grecian Plastiques," given under the instruction of Miss Jessie Craigie Ellis, by the following young ladies: Mrs. John Contrell and Misses Mamie Carminade, Helen Barrett, Tracy Woodward, Catherine Allison, Elizabeth Wilkinson, Margaret Ellis, Carrie Montgomery, Sue Ekins, Lizzie Dufford, Florence Northcote and Ida Rittenhouse.

The entertainment closed with Tableaux, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," accompanied by the well known song and chorus, and "The Soldier's Dream," the enticing picture of home being given by Miss Mattie Woodward, Master Roy Barrett and little Miss Beth McCabe.

A large and delighted audience filled the Auditorium to overflowing. Much credit is due to the committee of ladies consisting of Mrs. R. M. Ekins, Mrs. Dr. Stiekie, Mrs. Jas. Montgomery, Mrs. McCabe, Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. A. L. de Groff, who prepared and directed the affair. Over one hundred dollars was cleared, which sum will be expended in the purchase of new books.

FISH AS A FOOD

The housekeeper in each family will do well to remember the fact that there are 1,000 different species of edible fish in this country. Not that she need expect to be called upon to choose from this bewildering lot each time she goes to the fish-market, but only because the mention of possible fish in such large quantities as this makes the mere fact of selection for dinner a more important and awe-inspiring achievement.

Prof. Atwater, in the recent report issued by the Fish Commission, has settled the number of edible fish at no less than that, and Prof. Atwater's authority is not to be disputed.

The food value of fish is a matter of great interest to anybody who eats fish. It would be worth while to trace back the legend about the value of fish as a brain food and discover, if possible, whether the originator of the idea ate fish in large quantities, for the idea is a brilliant fraud.

In the first place there is no proof of the fact that fish contains phosphorus in larger quantities than any meat does. In fact, the analysis of fish has proved that it does not. And in the second place, there is no proof that phosphorus is any more of a brain food than any other substance.

The real value of the commoner kinds of fish as food is about as follows: In all fish there is a larger per cent. of water and a less per cent. of fat than there is in a like quantity of the flesh of fowl and domestic animals. There is therefore less nutritive material, pound for pound, in fish than in flesh.

In the flesh of the flounder there is 16 per cent. of nutritive material and 18 per cent. in the fresh cod. In the latter fish, the herring, the shad, the whitefish, the mackerel and others, the per cent. of nutrition is somewhat higher and nearer the value of beef, which ranges from 25 to 33 per cent.

Curiously enough dried and salt fish are more nutritious than the same fish when fresh. Salt codfish contains 28 per cent. of nutrition, salt mackerel 47 and desiccated codfish as high as 82 per cent. Part of this increase in nutrition per pound is to be accounted for by the fact that the waste materials, the bone, skin and refuse, are more or less removed from dried and salt fish; the removal of the moisture also has considerable influence.

Because of the presence of so much water the juicy shellfish, such as oysters, clams, lobsters and crabs, have a low per cent. of nutrition—the oyster being rated as low as from 7 to 19 per cent., with the lobster about on a par at 18. Nearly all of the oyster—as

much as 87.3 per cent.—is water, in a quart of oysters the solid portion weighing but two to five ounces. This, of course, makes oysters a costly food, since, in order to be properly nourished by oysters, one would need not only to buy, but eat them in extremely large quantities.

The nutritive value of any kind of food is proportioned to the amount a given quantity contains of three things—protein, carbo-hydrates and fats. Of these three the protein, containing nitrogen, seems to be the most essential to human well-being.

The American fault in eating is eating too much fat, sugar and starch—that is, too much fat and carbo-hydrates—and not enough protein. "This," said Prof. Atwater recently, "is a natural result of our agricultural conditions, which have led to the production of large quantities of maize, which is relatively deficient in protein and of excessively fat beef and pork. Our agricultural production is in this sense, one sided."

FIRE AT STIRLING.

The residence of John Tuohig at Stirling, N. J., was burned to the ground about six o'clock this morning. The fire started in the garret, cause unknown, and all that was saved of the contents was clothing. The contents was insured for \$500, which will about cover the loss. The building was owned by Alfred Mills, Esq., of Morristown, and insured for \$1,200.

Items of Interest.

The many friends of Rev. R. S. Arndt will be pleased to know that he is much improved in health.

Rev. Geo. F. Apgar resumed the active work of the ministry at the last session of Conference, and was appointed to Mechanicsville.

Rev. James R. Bryan is enjoying his first year at Washington.

Rev. James I. Boswell, D. D., still continues to write for the *Church Press*. He wields an able pen.

Rev. Henry Baker, D. D., is serving a second term at St. Paul's, Newark.

The many friends of Rev. George F. Dickinson and wife will deeply sympathize with them in their great sorrow, the death of their son Charles. He was a young man of bright hopes. His last end was peace. His death took place after a lingering and painful sickness. The funeral took place at the parsonage of Trinity M. E. Church, Newark, N. J., on the afternoon of June 2nd. Revs. Drs. VanHorne, Buttz, Brice, VanBenschoten and Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, took part in the services.

My First Sermon.

BY REV. JOSEPH W. DALLY.

Can anybody explain how it is that, if you have a bottle of mucilage and a bottle ink open before you upon your desk, you almost invariably put your pen in the mucilage and your brush in the ink? It appears to be a subtle instinct connected with literature. This beautiful trait which so infallibly establishes our identity with the human family has its annoyances; but it furnishes the mind something to stick to. It is said of Sir Isaac Newton (and the same thing is said of several other great thinkers) that he cut two holes in his study door, of different sizes to accommodate the entrance and exit of two favorite cats, one large and the other small. Some one called his attention to the fact which he had overlooked, that the large hole would have answered for both cats; but how true it is that no man is thankful to find that he has laboriously made himself ridiculous. The absent-minded minister who pronounced the burial-service over a happy bride and groom is said to have resented any allusion to it afterward. Some of our most joyful hours are spent in getting away from people who remember the hopeless follies of our youth.

And yet, now that I remember the extraordinary conceit that led me to preach my first sermon, I affectionately admire the friends who thought I was capable of it. When I recall the ease with which I expounded Isaiah to a middle aged and respectable audience that Sabbath afternoon, I am filled with joy that youth is too jubilant to feel its ignorance.

It was in Red Mills, N. J., a town so called because there never had been any mills of that color in the place. It was in the Summer time, when nature was much more exultant than I. Dr. Buttz, my teacher and pastor, (and a more blessed man never breathed the breath of life,) urged me to minister there, as he had an unexpected call elsewhere, and it had come his turn to supply it in accordance with a plan arranged among the pastors of Interson. I had previously struggled with a text for several days, had written out a full set of notes, and had utterly exhausted the commentaries and myself. When I arrived at this town, I began to wish that my pastor had been free to come himself. I mounted the pulpit and tried to feel comfortable; but the more I tried, the more I wasn't. The preliminary services passed off tolerably well, but the sermon was picturesquely disjointed. I recollect that, as I felt the subject deliber-

ately slipping away from me, I held on with might and main to the text; and when the text began to grow nebulous I raised my voice into resounding volubility to keep my courage up. So long as I could maintain the appearance of having something to say, I had a glimmering presentiment that the blessed people would imagine they were hearing something. But I dipped into matters indifferently; it was the ink and mucilage ever again. Sometimes I stuck fast, and then I was for a moment free. I became hot all over. Isaiah suddenly seemed a sealed prophecy. How I wrestled with the English language! How I helplessly tried to tie up to an idea! How I struggled to get to a finishing point! But a curious thing about this is, that it is painfully difficult to stop talking when you are saying nothing. If you are in the wish and whirl of speech, and your voice is pretty well keyed up, the thunder of rolling words goes tumbling around with no appropriate place to pause. It is like a car on an incline without any brake—it goes on down till it's broke. It is useless to ask me how I closed—I don't know. The conclusion is among the mysterious occurrences of life. I sat down in a high state of perspiration. To my horror, nobody in the audience was asleep—they had evidently been kept awake to see what in the world I was coming to. Although my object in preaching had primarily been to teach righteousness and declare the Gospel, I am free to say that I doubt if the Word was presented to edification that day. My main idea when the benediction was pronounced, was to escape into the glory of the sunshine and give myself a chance to breathe. I wanted to get somewhere by myself where I could carefully consider myself.

As I came down the aisle, a good old lady with white hair and a heavenly smile, intercepted my precipitate flight, and told me how much she had enjoyed the sermon. If she had struck me with a club I should not have been more surprised. I am afraid my face betrayed an utter disbelief in her statement. Blessed women, who nourish hope in the face of defeat and keep the trumpets of salvation bright and tuneful!

The world was queer looking to me after that. He who has flung the Gospel standard into the air and felt in his hands the sword of the Lord, is changed henceforth. The earth cannot be the same to him again. His nostrils are filled with the breath of God. And no matter how feebly the task of the humblest disciple has begun, the flash of all the gems in Heaven gleam in his crown when his work is done.

A CARD.

The following has been received by the Editor of the Record in reference to Dr. Osman of Morristown:

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 25, 1883.

Mr. Editor: It was a remark of wide application made by the late Homer Greeley, that he who caused two blades of grass to grow where but one was before produced, deserved well of mankind. On the same general principle, it is doubly true, that one who is a conservator of any good thing already existing, especially should it be part and parcel of the human organization, should be honored and sustained by his fellows in all the walks of life. It is a pleasure to the writer to have a tooth so situated that it is less work to extract it with discomfort and disfigurement, restored to its usefulness, and preserved in its original excellence by Osman, the dentist, by a most skillful and delicate operation, and through several years have elapsed, my gratitude has suffered no diminution nor the work any deterioration. I believe him to be unexcelled as a conscientious and skillful dentist.

E. T. BLACKWELL, M. D.

Dr. Jas. C. Dustan,
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SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE
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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
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Horses Shod in The Most Careful Manner.

Particular attention being paid to those that interfere or are troubled with quarter cracks, lameness from careless shoeing or other ills that horseless is heir to.

Thirty-three Years Experience in the Business in Morristown.

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ESTABLISHED 1845.

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ROCKAWAY AXE

Conceded by woodchoppers to be the BEST axe in the world. Beware of the so-called Genuine Rockaway Axe sold by unscrupulous dealers.



Chopping, Broad, Post, and Nail Axes. The genuine Rockaway Hand-made Axes are made by William McKinnon, Hand-made, ROCKAWAY, N. J.

The Good Will Institute, of Roseville.

REV. A. H. BROWN.

MY DEAR BRO.—I gladly respond to your request for a brief history of my reading room enterprise in Roseville, hoping that others may be encouraged to utilize the things which otherwise would be wasted, so as to prevent some boy or young man from going to waste.

Thinking of the wealth of newspapers and magazines that lay upon my table, the thought arose, why not open a room, and place these papers there that others may get some benefit from them, and let the papers do a double service by helping those who lack.

The thought soon resolved itself into action. A circular was thrown out inviting persons who had papers or odd numbers of magazines or pictorials to donate them.

The response was prompt and generous—papers, magazines and bound volumes were cheerfully given; Youth Companions, Golden Days and Our Youth abounded. Newspaper files were made by a gentlemanly mechanic, odd chairs were given by the ladies, small tables were picked up, all the furniture from a creak to a water cooler were freely given.

The room was opened; it was not large but the only one that could be secured on the main street. It proved so attractive to the boys that they filled it every evening to the entire exclusion of adults.

While we felt sorry for the men, we welcomed the boys.

The room was kept bright and cheery and the boys crowded it from six and a half to nine and a half o'clock. "Did they never give you trouble and annoy you?" They were boys. Said Dr. J. M. Freeman to the first wife of Rev. Dr. G. H. Whitney, "How many children have you?" "A houseful" she replied. "How many does it take to make a houseful?" "One boy." And we had twenty and sometimes thirty.

True, there was sometimes an exuberance of youthful spirits, sometimes the love of mischief would predominate, but all this while we knew they were not making other neighbors nervous by pulling their door bells, they were not breaking down their own nervous system by smoking cigarettes, they were not naughting around the swinging doors of the saloon to become familiarized with and poisoned by the tainted and raven laden air which tries to escape there from.

Some of them, a few, seemed to regard the opportunity as a boon almost too good to last, and whatever took place they never swerved from their book. And do you wonder that my heart would go out in prayer and I would silently say God bless that boy? But then it was the other boy that needed that prayer the most.

The room being too small it was closed in the spring; the next winter, during an extra meeting, my son was trying to persuade a young man to begin a new life. "What's the use?" said he, "I could not keep religion if I got it. I've no home such as you have. I would have to go to the saloons evenings or else loaf on the streets."

I then said, God helping me, the young men shall have a place to spend their evenings other than the saloon.

So I have asked God to open up some place of resort which should prove as attractive as the saloon and yet be as free as God's grace, "without money and without price."

The prayer is being answered. In October we expect to open what I have designated as THE GOOD WILL INSTITUTE.

This will consist of a reading room and library, a small gymnasium and bath rooms, and a social room for games and conversation.

We have as large a variety of innocent games as we can procure, from jack straws to chess, but cards, pool and billiards will find no place in these rooms.

This account would not be complete did we not allude to the principle upon which we expect to raise the funds requisite.

The whole institution being free to all, funds must be provided independent of those who are benefitted thereby. And while considering what method to adopt to secure the funds needed the desire possessed us to have this institution stand not only as an expression of good will to all men but also as an object lesson of faith in God.

So we have concluded to work on that basis, viz., to make known our requests to God, trusting that He who brought the fish to the disciples will influence men to give their offerings voluntarily, for the carrying forward this work so full of blessing to humanity.

We have not and do not propose either to incur debts or to ask an individual for a dollar.

Jesus Christ has said "whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the father may be glorified in the Son."

We believe in the power of that name. We believe in the boundless limitation of the word "whatsoever." We believe in the omnipotence of faith, for "all things are possible with God" and "and all things are possible to him that believeth."

They who crouch to those who are above them always trample on those who are below them.—Henry Thomas Buckle.

They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.—James Russell Lowell.

God always gives us strength enough and sense enough for what he wants us to do.—Ruskin.

AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM.

Testing the Weights and Measures Once in Twenty Years.

A few days ago the weights and measures in common use at the standards department, Old Palace yard, were taken across to the house of commons, and there officially compared with the units that were buried in the wall of the house twenty years ago. The exact spot of the burial is in the wall of the staircase leading from the central lobby to the committee rooms up stairs. Quite a number of people had gathered together to see the ceremony. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, president of the board of trade, supported by several of his officials, including Sir Henry Cleeve, the speaker and Miss Peel, Mr. Plunkett, first commissioner of works; Colonel Carington, representing the lord chamberlain; Mr. Cheney, warden of the standards, and his predecessor, Mr. Chisholm; Mr. and Mrs. Palgrave, and a whole host of pressmen and artists. There is a window just opposite the standards tomb, and in the bright sunshine stood the units taken from the other side of Old Palace yard, and very delicate and elaborate apparatus for making comparisons.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach opened the proceedings with a little speech. He said: "We are met today to perform a very necessary and important ceremony. You are aware that there are four standards of weights and measures in this country which are kept within these walls, at the mint, at the Royal society's and at the British museum. They are preserved in this manner in order that from time to time they may be compared with the standards in actual use. These comparisons are of the very greatest importance to the whole community, for by these units the weights and measures, not only of this country, but also of the colonies are practically regulated. These standards have been immured here for the last twenty years. It is twenty years since this wall was opened, and the standards in use were then found to be absolutely correct."

Mr. Cheney next, amid breathless silence, went to the wall, which had been opened already, and took thence the case containing the imperial standard of measure. With hands carefully covered with white gloves the warden seized the solid square bar of bronze, which is 38 inches long and 1 inch square in section, 36 inches having been carefully marked off. This bar was compared microscopically with apparatus so exquisite that a variation of even 1-100,000th part of an inch could be detected. After some calculation had been made Mr. Cheney declared that there had been no change whatever—an announcement received with enthusiasm by those who witnessed the burial twenty years ago, and had now come to watch the resurrection.

The warden then proceeded to unearth the imperial standard of weight. This is a little cylinder of platinum 1.35 inches in height and 1.15 inches in diameter. Extraordinary precautions are taken in the case of this pound—which, by the way, is worth over forty pounds in the platinum market. It is inclosed in a case of silver gilt, itself inclosed in a case of solid bronze. Mr. Cheney had already removed outer cases of mahogany, lead and oak. Moreover, the platinum pound is wrapped, as a further precaution, in Swedish paper that contains no silica. A comparison was effected on a balance in a vacuum, where, by means of a microscope again, a variation of 1-10,000th part of a grain could be noted. Again there was no alteration to speak of.

Mr. Cheney, addressing the assembly, said he had finished the comparison between the immured and imperial standards, and had found them in the same condition and to all intents and purposes unaltered.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach then said an official report would be published in due course, and suggested that with the speaker's permission they should now adjourn the meeting for twenty years.

The hint was taken, and the standards were then replaced in the wall, which was duly sealed. A mural brass plate marks the precise spot.—Pall Mall Budget.

A Crumpled Bit of Paper.
It was only a dirty, crumpled piece of paper. The rain and the dust had marked and blotted it, the wind had tossed it and scores of pedestrians had trampled it under foot.

At last a newsboy picked it up. He was about to throw it away again, but the thought struck him that it might be a lottery ticket. It looked like one, and the ragged youngster's face brightened as the possibility grew upon his imagination. "Yes," said a pleasant faced gentleman whom the youngster had stopped to ask, "that is a lottery ticket. It is good for the next drawing too."

The boy looked up at the big buildings around him—the homes of millions, the offices of millionaires—and his surroundings gave that direction to his fancy. What if that crumpled ticket made him rich? He would have an office down town. He would dress in broadcloth like the men he saw in there through the windows. His mother and little sisters should wear silk and jewels and not work any more, and ride in carriages.

The ticket brought him luck it seemed. He sold all his papers soon and then with a light heart he ran home to tell that tired and weary mother of his good fortune. She smiled and humored his fancy.

That was years ago.

The boy of that day is a sturdy and prosperous man of business now. His dream has been realized—more than realized.

The lottery ticket was a blank. He has forgotten it long ago—forgotten that he ever had a lottery ticket.—New York Herald.

MORRIS PLAINS HOTEL.

Chas. G. Weise, Prop.,
Morris Plains, N. J.

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.
First-class accommodations. All the modern improvements.

Parties wishing to visit the State Asylum can secure good entertainment either as transient or permanent guests.

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PRICES MODERATE.

Morris County Savings Bank.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Thirty-Seventh Semi-Annual Dividend.

The Managers of this Bank have ordered paid from the earnings of the past six months, to the depositors entitled thereto under the By-Laws, a semi-annual interest dividend at the rate of three per centum per annum on all accounts of \$5.00 and upward to \$2,000, and at the rate of two and one-half per centum per annum on the excess of \$2,000, payable on and after Tuesday, July 19th, 1892.

Deposits made on or before July 2nd, 1892, will draw interest from July 1st, 1892. For the accommodation of depositors the Bank will be open on Saturday, July 2nd, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and in the evening of that day from 7 to 9 o'clock.
June 25th, 1892.
H. W. MILLER, President.
H. T. HULL, Sec'y and Treas.

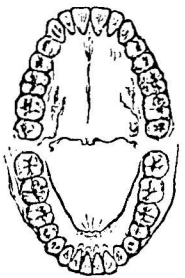
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CEMETERY WORKS,

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Work done only in the very best manner



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TWO BLOCKS ABOVE THE POST OFFICE.

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Ague Cure**

contains an antidote for all malarial disorders, so far as known, is used in no other remedy. It contains no Quinine, nor any mineral nor deleterious substance whatever, and consequently produces no injurious effect upon the constitution, but leaves the system as healthy as it was before the attack.

WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Malarial Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular dated July 1st, 1892, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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Newark Conference Seminary--Rev. Geo. H. Whitney, D.D.,
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Ladies' College, Gentlemen's College, Preparatory, Classical, Latin, Scientific, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Highest advantages afforded in Music, Art and Elocution. Hackettstown, N. J., lies among the Schooley's Mountain Range, and the location is unsurpassed for beauty of scenery and healthfulness. The building will accommodate nearly Two Hundred boarders. It cost \$215,000 and has been pronounced one of the finest of its class in the land. The school has had unusual prosperity from the beginning.

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Blended Tea

Notably Take the Lead.

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