

Mount Tabor Record

VOL. XXI.

MOUNT TABOR, N. J., MORRISTOWN, N. J., MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1897.

NO. 8.

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ASSETS.	
January 1st, 1897.	\$1,665,396.57
LIABILITIES.	
Due Depositors.	\$1,470,238.74
Int. Dividend Jan. 1st, 1897.	24,827.03
	\$1,495,065.80
Surplus.	164,330.77
	\$1,665,396.57

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SATURDAY'S SERVICES.

MORNING.

Rev. T. C. Gordon and Rev. Dr. Halleron conducted the opening services. Rev. J. H. Timbrell preached from Rom. 13th chapter, 10th verse, "Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

Law is a subject of great dimensions and of vast importance. It is something concerning which we all have trouble. Some have an idea that eighteen centuries ago the law passed away, that love took its place.

Law is eternal and its demands must be met. I do not care what the scholars or higher critics may say, I take the words of the Lord Jesus. I believe that a beautiful light will yet break forth from the law and the prophets that will amaze and startle the world. We are saved by the law, i. e. from the law of sin and death by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. We do not get free from the law of sin and death because we do not enter into the law of the spirit of life.

The 7th chapter of Romans describes the struggle of a seeking soul, not the normal life of the true Christian.

There is just as much law in the 8th or Romans as in the 7th. We can get the victory over the carnal mind and the world.

The chapter in which my text occurs begins with law and ends with love. "Nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Love is as old as law, and there is as much love in Sinai as in Calvary.

Love appears in the Old Testament, as an element behind law. Law prevails everywhere. Every atom is under law. All created objects from the archangel beside the throne to the tiny insect that sports in the summer breeze, is under law. No being can violate law and have a happy time of it.

God's law is only another word for His will. If we want to get in harmony with God, we must go to Him in accord with the spirit of life. You can see the stars through the telescope, but you must observe the laws under which the telescope works. So in spiritual things. We must come to God in accord with the law of the spirit of life.

After your conversion, you entered into another struggle.

How many in all our churches are bearing the cross like the man of Cyprus. They work, give and deny themselves from law and not from love. Such a life has little joy in it. A vast number of God's children have no higher conception of the Christian teacher than this. They are in the hands of the law and have never fully been brought to Jesus. The trouble is not with the law. We are simply on the wrong side of the law.

Many keep the law of the land simply because they are afraid not to keep it. But such are not good citizens. You would not want them to be near neighbours. So many keep God's law simply through fear.

Our text indicates another principle that comes in after law, that of love.

Many keep the laws of the land without really knowing what they are. They keep them because they are in harmony with them. Love gives us the victory over law.

There is the same difference between one who serves God from fear and one who serves him from love, that there is in war, between a volunteer and a conscript. God wants volunteers not conscripts.

How can we get this love. By complete surrender to God's will.

Though not usual the sermon was followed by an altar service. Mr. Timbrell's sermon was a fer-

vent and forcible presentation of his theme and touched many hearts.

AFTERNOON.

Rev. E. Clement, pastor of the M. E. Church at Andover, preached from Prov. 16 : 25 : "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

EVENING.

Rev. Dr. Lanceley a distinguished preacher of Canada, preached in the evening, a sermon of great force and originality, taking for his text, Ecc. 3rd Chap., 15th verse. "That which hath been is now."

It is a very common remark that time flies. Does time fly or do we fly?

What a mystery is time? In heaven there is do time, and no sin. What bearing has time upon immortal beings like ourselves? Memory presides over the past. Hope over the future. Past, present, future. Of these the present is the most important.

Hope is a very beautiful sentiment, but it conveys no information.

The past has furnished us the great battle fields that have given us our civil and religious liberty. The past has beaten out all the great vices. The cross stands behind us. We are this moment just what the past has made us. We are not all that we hoped to be. We are what we have been.

Sin forgiven is not forgotten. Hope is a beautiful gift of God, given us not to make us idle, but to stimulate us in our work. Hope is greatly abused, as is faith. Men believe things that they ought not to believe. Hope was never meant to produce a gentle languor over our spirits.

A man may use this beautiful gift of God just to destroy and not to save his life. The future is the idol of the hour. We have given the future about all that we have. The world needs your religion now. The people that you would help will soon be gone. The present is just what the past has made it.

It is utterly impossible to give any outline or sketch that will do justice to this sermon, so unique was it both in thought and delivery.

Miss Hall followed the sermon with a solo.

Dr. Halleron followed with an eloquent exhortation.

SUNDAY'S SERVICES.

MORNING.

This was the last day of the Camp Meeting. Rev. Dr. Lowrie conducted the morning love feast, which was excellent in spirit and in the number and power of its testimonies.

Rev. James Montgomery, D. D., at the regular preaching service made the opening prayer.

Miss Kinsey sang a solo in a charming manner.

Rev. Dr. Buchtel, pastor, of Calvary Church, East Orange, preached the morning service, taking for his text, John 17th chapter and 19th verse, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself."

This chapter contains the priestly prayer of Jesus. He says "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

The sermon was a fine one, on the lines of these glowing words.

AFTERNOON.

Sermon Sunday afternoon was preached by Rev. Dr. Halleron, of the Port Jervis, N. Y., M. E. Church.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. Ps. 107 : 8.

1. The fact apprehended.

The summer season brings us into tangible relations with the goodness of God. Our life is largely in out door converse, with nature. The coolness of shade, the balminess of the atmosphere the gladness that everywhere pervades animated existence, the diversified exhibitions of the divine prescience, the adaptation of means to end "lead us from nature up to nature's God." Dull indeed must be that soul that on an August evening remains unmoved while floods of amber and gold burnish the mountain summits, course down their precipitous sides or dapple the heavens and fling a splendor on the sea with marvellous effects.

Or when sauntering down the lane the perfume of the hay, the brush of the apple or the rustle of the harvest as the summer breeze sweeps it into billows of blessing for our needs. All surely must produce within us the feeling of gladness which eventuates in devoutest praise of Him who doeth all things well.

You will see God's goodness in the material world and on our own land. Let me invite attention to the globe itself and the laws which govern it. Its diurnal and onward motions which cause day and night and the alteration of the season. The preponderance of water over land as three to one which is essential to land life, the lunar attractions which cause the tides and so prevent stagnation. The flowing up from the Caribbean sea the Gulf Stream whose warmth carries the Isothermol lines far into the higher latitudes giving temperate climate to lands that would otherwise be incased in eternal ice. The undulations of the soil, the hills, the deils, the mountains, the valleys and plains by which the atmosphere is purified, moisture precipitated, rivers deposit alluvial soils and irrigate lands which would be arid and producing great fertility. The color which predominates so suitable to the visual organs. Indeed were the color, red or blue or purple, sight would be an impossibility. Mahomet chose green as the sacred color and for good reason.

We might turn to the human system as a temple in which the Creator's praise is sung. All know that the 263 bones are of varying dimensions, that it contains 500 muscles. That dynamo, the heart, which puts to shame the mightiest engine of modern mechanism, and is only 4x6 inches, beats 70 times a minute or 100,000 times a day or 36,792,000 times a year, and lifts at each beat 2 1/4 ounces of blood, or 656 pounds an hour or 734 tons a day, equally a piece of 122 foot tons a day or one ton 122 feet high. The lungs contain one gallon of air at each inflation or 34,000 quarts a day. The atmospheric pressure on a person of medium size is 15 pounds to the square inch, or a total of 40,000 pounds, and yet so nicely adjusted that a man can

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3. Freedom from epidemic.

Among the innumerable mercies bestowed upon us we may notice further our freedom from epidemics; when cholera scourged Hamburg, the port of departure for Germany, it became paralyzed—commerce fled its streets, fires burned on its squares for the destruction of the fatal germs. A general dread took hold of our sea-board cities, drastic measures of quarantine were instituted, and to them are ascribed our immunity from the scourge. Above all there were humiliations of heart, deep searching of soul, and God who has never forsaken our land spread his sheltering wings over us, and with the exception of a few sporadic cases, we were mercifully preserved.

4. Exemption from foreign wars. God has placed two oceans between us and the contentious empires of Europe and the barbarism of Asia. The click of the electric telegraph warns us of danger, our coasts are rock-ribbed against armor-plate and rifled guns and where harbors approach our cities, bold headlands capped with granite command the channels, whereas in the countries mentioned, a single monument or an imaginary line that may be crossed in a moment are the only divisions between them. The peoples of the far Orient are often decimated by plague and famine but in our most stringent times, and too often stringent because of our own improvidence, there is bread for the hungry and labor for the industrious. And should the saloons be banished we would need neither a gibbet nor a poor house.

5. Household Good. Let me for a moment call up the household blessings which we possess. I would not imply that our paths have been entirely smooth, and heaven knows many, many have been the afflictions that have come to us all and will come, but after all, these have not been unmitigated sorrows, for with every affliction has come the grace Divine, abundant in its sustaining. The Shepherd may have gathered the lambs in His enfolding arms but His rod and His staff have comforted us, and the scenes that have darkened our heavens have but revealed the aurora of the divine mercy and presented the splendor of the glorious promises of God.

ii. God's goodness in the Soul Realm.

1. A Wonderful Realm. The soul-realm which we rightly term the subjective is wonderful. Here resides volition, from here we put forth power, we conceive mighty projects, all may indeed be said to be Omnipotence in miniature for many of the divine attributes are possessed by us through the necessary limited degree.

The soul realm reaches beyond the mountains roams among the stars and compels them to surrender the secrets of their constituent elements. In its march it fellowships Omnipotence and keeps step with angelic hosts. Death flies from its threshold and is but the key, that unlocks the pent up life, giving it larger realms for action.

2. The soul is the field of God's highest beneficences. The gospel

is good news. It contains within itself all the possibilities of a glorious heritage. The gospel is God in exhibition, God in explanation, God in perfection of action. Nature presents a partial view of God, and in its survey men have become sceptical. In the gospel scepticism is impossible. Nature is the resultant of divine activities. The gospel is God Himself. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father also."

Imagining one's self into God's likeness, dreaming one's self into the bliss ineffable is simply peurile. Hoping to be good is of no avail.

I must build myself up into the life of God by thorough application of Gospel methods; persistency which demands all energies, uses all means, stems all tide, will make an artist, a mechanic or a saint. How sublime then the altitude thus attained by us—the joy, the glory, the fruitness here and hereafter. Beggars? No, but kings and priests and royal enthronement.

3. That is the highest goodness which gives the highest self in its bestowal. During the late war, many men procured substitutes, some with good reason; others gave their money, but the man that gave himself was the noblest patriot of all. They gave the boy in blue a soldier's burial within the lines of the Confederacy. Why? Simply because when wounded the young aid stuffed the order into that wound, which produced blood-poisoning. He gave himself.

In the gospel God has given the dearest self. Hear it: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Let me call attention to the most remarkable contention possible in this world or any world, Paul says we are laborers together with God. I cannot do without God and I speak reverently when I say God cannot do without me in the carrying out of His gracious purposes, as witness the flood and Noah, the deliverance from Egypt and Moses, Babylon's impious King and the revelation of the true God by the heroism of the Hebrew children. This great goodness is seen in the triumphant end of the Saints. Caesar dies with honors but cringes as his doom approaches, Paul, How is it? You are in an hour to be beheaded, the lictor is ready. Hear Him: "I am now ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the Righteous Judge will give me in that day and not to me only but unto all them also that love his appearing."

So I sing:
"In hope of that immortal crown I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my three score years Till my deliverer come,
And wipes away his servant's tears And takes his exile home."

REUNION OF THE 15th REGIMENT

The annual reunion of the Fifteenth Regiment, N. J. Vol., will take place at Somerville on Thursday, September 2d. The citizens of Somerville are making every arrangement to give the "boys in blue" a grand time. The business meeting will be held in the Court House at 10 a. m. The parade will be at 2 o'clock. Grand mass meeting in Germania Hall at 2:30; the address of welcome will be made by Hon. James J. Bergen, president of the Board of Commissioners. Response for the regiment by Col. E. G. Budd, president of the Fifteenth Regiment Association. Addresses will be made by Hon. Mahlon Pitney of Morristown, Vice-Chancellor John R. Emery of Newark, Senator R. S. Kuhl of Flemington, and Col. E. W. Davis, Governor Griggs is expected to be present. The exercises will be interspersed with music by a male quartet and an excellent brass band. In the evening there will be a grand display of fireworks and a band concert, which will be free to all. A cordial invitation is extended to the general public.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

Increase in Churches and Preachers in Ten Years.

The United States is the only country in which an official census omits matters relating to the religious belief of the inhabitants. In every European country, in Canada, South America, India and Australia, when a census is taken by governmental or local authority, inquiry is made into the religious belief of the inhabitants, and the custom is universal to ascribe to the minor children of a family the religious creed of the parents or guardians. In the United States, however, the antipathy to any admixture of religious with secular matters has always served as a bar against inquiries by census officials on religious matters, and the nearest approach to such information has come, therefore, from statistics of church sittings. There is kept, too, but not by any official authority, a record of the number of ministers of each religious denomination, and a comparison of the figures for the last few years is interesting as showing the changes which are going on in the various denominations.

Ten years ago there were in the United States 38,522 Baptist churches and 25,377 Baptist clergymen. There are now 45,802 Baptist churches and 31,572 Baptist clergymen. Ten years ago there were in the United States 48,263 Methodist churches and 28,075 clergymen of the Methodist creed. There are now 52,236 Methodist churches and 33,601 Methodist clergymen. There are 13 subdivisions of American Baptists and 17 of American Methodists, but for the purposes of ordinary computation they are spoken of as Methodists and Baptists collectively. Ten years ago there were in the United States 6,910 Catholic churches and 7,658 Catholic clergymen. There are now 12,627 Catholic churches and 9,906 Catholic clergymen. Ten years ago there were 7,992 Lutheran churches and 4,215 Lutheran clergymen. There are now 9,493 of the former and 5,685 of the latter, the increase being due in considerable measure to the large and steady immigration from north Germany and Scandinavian countries to the United States. Ten years ago there were returned in the United States 369 Jewish synagogues and 303 rabbis occupying pulpits in Jewish synagogues. There are now returned 548 synagogues and 290 rabbis, though obviously the latter number is much too low, and the disparity arises from the fact that there are a considerable number of rabbis who do not appear in the church records as such, as they also follow other pursuits. Ten years ago there were in the United States 12,437 Presbyterian churches and 9,654 Presbyterian ministers. By the last figures at hand there were 14,530 Presbyterian churches and 13,476 Presbyterian clergymen. Ten years ago there were 3,540 Episcopal churches and 4,139 Episcopal clergymen in the United States. There are now 5,979 of the former and 4,580 of the latter.

All religious organizations in the United have grown in membership and church accommodations during the last ten years, but the gain, as the figures show, has been somewhat unevenly distributed.—N. Y. Sun.

GROWTH OF INFANCY.

Americans and Canadians Will Be Essentially One People.

The moral of the whole situation is that a common civilization is making for relationships between England and the United States that questions of political jurisdiction will be powerless to break up; while the facts of commerce, and of immediate contiguity as neighbors clear across the continent, must make the people of the United States and Canada essentially one people in the very early future. The immense movement of young and energetic Canadians across the line into the United States will in its turn undoubtedly be followed by a great movement of young and energetic Americans across the line into Canada. A great many American farmers are going into the new Canadian northwest, American lumbermen are at work in the Canadian forests, and American engineers and miners are taking an important part in the development of the rich mineral resources of Canada. Our American travelers are becoming more and more fond of summer sojourns in the picturesque and healthful country to the northward, while Canadian travelers find constantly increasing attractions in the United States. Canada is producing scholars, historians, novelists, poets and artists who will testify very cheerfully that they find Boston, New York, Washington and Chicago most hospitable and most ready to welcome them. Such debated matters as tariffs and jurisdictional questions must in the long run adjust themselves to the general growth of intimacy across the border.—Review of Reviews.

"Trisbie is the laziest man I ever knew."

"What makes you think so?"

"He actually seems to be glad that he's getting bald-headed; so that he won't have to comb his hair any more."

—Cleveland Leader.

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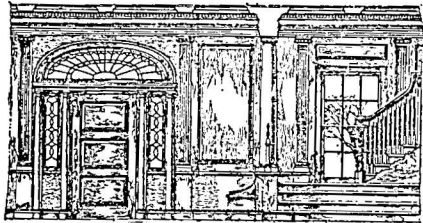
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Single Subscription, - 40 cents
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An additional subscription given with each Club of ten (\$3.00)

Address all communications to VOGT BROS., Publishers, Morristown, N. J.

Entered as second-class [mail] matter at the Post Office, Morristown, N. J.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Aug. 23, 1897

MOUNT TABOR IS 709 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL! THE FIGURES ARE ACCORDING TO THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THIS STATE.

PREACHER JIM'S CAMP MEETING.

"Well, I've enjoyed my visit to Kentucky immensely," said Mr. B., tilting back his chair. "I believe I've seen just about everything from a moonshine still to a coon hunt, but I do wish I had happened to come in camp-meeting time. I've longed to see a genuine old fashioned colored camp meeting ever since I was a little shaver."

"Well," replied Dr. M., "all that's necessary is to speak to Preacher Jim, and we can have the meeting with a flood-tide of enthusiasm in twenty-four hours."

"What, all the excitement and religious fervor that you read about in order in twenty-four hours?"

"Just exactly that," replied the doctor. "I'll drive up to the mountains this afternoon. I have a couple of calls to make out that way anyhow, and to-morrow night you shall have your camp meeting." The doctor was as good as his word.

He drove up to the old man's cabin, and after praising the little "tater patch" that did duty for a garden, stated his errand.

The old negro rubbed his forehead as he always did when perplexed, and then answered, "I'll done hev ter do some purty lively scatchin' massa doctor, but I reckon I kin gadder dem in."

As soon as the doctor was fairly on his way back to the village, Jim started out to call in his dusky flock. The cabins were often far apart, but the old man trudged on until by eleven o'clock nearly every family in the whole region knew of the great meeting to be held the next evening.

Nor was Preacher Jim willing to trust to his own powers of exhortation and pleading to arouse the old-time fervor: "Heah, you Nicerdemous, you'se dun got ter get 'ligion ter-morrer night, and you'se dun got ter rattle wid old Satan mighty powerful. Yuh heah me?"

So he went the rounds, picking out here and there from his fold some wayward sheep who was to "rattle" and be reclaimed.

Among those of the old man's pre-lecting was a long, lank, lean negro named Tom, "Bachelor Tom," the village folks called him, for the little weather-beaten cabin boasted of no portly Dinah, and the heavy dark hoe-cakes that he ate every morning were of his own baking. Naturally Tom was queer. The doctor could have told you that, for every spring Tom made his way to the doctor's office, and every spring the ailment was the same—a morbid fear of being bitten by a rattle snake or having yellow fever.

They were his only ailments and he died without having them.

"Massa," he would say, digging his toes in the well worn Brussels that covered the doctor's office. "Aint yuh dun found nuffin' yet wat's dun gwine ter cure yelluh fevah or rattle snake bite fer subtain," and would go away shaking his head and moaning "I'se dun gwine ter hev one on dem dis veah sunnah fer subtain. I jest knows I is."

However in spite of the prevalence of snakes and fever Tom was still alive and apparently in fairly good fighting trim.

The morning of the eventful day dawned bright and clear, and in every cabin great preparations were being made for the evening's big meeting.

Mammy's were busy washing, patching, baking, and hurrying up their youngsters, bidding them "Flax around mighty lively, and dun get der daddy's boots greased" while "daddy" himself did up the odd chores, or worked away on the broken harness and rickety cart that were to "tate the ole" woman and pickaninnies' to the camp ground.

When the doctor and Mr. B. arrived the meeting was in full swing.

Two, or three women in strict obedience to their leader's command, were seated on the mourner's bench apparently in deep despair.

Bachelor Tom was there too, but had "rassled" and conquered and was now jubilant in his victory. When the doctor and his friend arrived he was standing on the bench, his long body reaching up in the air until the head just escaped the low rafters of the old barn that did duty for a meeting house.

"Glory! glory! glory!" he shouted, waving his long lean arms. "O, glory! glory! glory! I ain't afraid ob nuffin'." In the apparent excess of his joy, he gave a spring; there was a resounding whack as Tom's head struck the rafter, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Nuffin' can hurt ole Tom now," he shouted clapping his hands, "Glory! glory! glory! I ain't afraid ob nuffin'." Just then he saw the doctor, and throwing out his arms in a gesture of despair he added, "ceptin' rattlesnakes and yelluh fevah," and dropped like a shot to his empty place on the bench.

In spite of Tom's shortcoming the meeting continued until Preacher Jim's picked dozen had obeyed orders and "rassled mighty lively" and in addition to these there had been seven or eight true seekers, and Preacher Jim's camp-meeting was a success after all.

The ridiculousness of the pre-arranged program, Bachelor Tom's break-down, and the weird songs and uncouth antics of the truly repentant could not take away the genuineness and sincerity that characterized the close of the meeting, and Mr. B. saw a true old fashioned colored camp meeting with all the picturesque, true fervor and incongruities which so strongly mark the race.

'Bachelor Tom' never got the religion he sought until the day of his death.

The yellow fever and rattle snake bite which he so feared would usher him into eternity came very nearly keeping him out side the heavenly gate when at last the great forever dawned for him. It was a run away horse that brought Tom to his death bed.

The poor black chest was crushed in and Tom's moments were numbered.

"It's all up, my poor man," said the doctor leaning over the crushed form of his old friend and patient.

"Doctor" the dark eyes opened and gazed with love into the face that bent above his.

"Doctor, I ain't afraid of nuffin' now." Then fainter and more slowly came the whisper "Glory! glory! glory!" and so Tom passed through heaven's gates—a ransomed soul.

AFFECTING ODD WAYS.

Eccentricity Means Vanity More Often Than Genius.

It would be interesting to know how many people experience within themselves a struggle not to be what is called "odd." An eccentric young acquaintance who reveled in gowns and hats of bizarre patterns, never by any chance got anything like anybody else's. She got up in the middle of the night, saddled her pony and took long, lonely rides. She dissected mice and all sorts of available animals, rejoicing in the shrieks of the "other girls" for the sake of shocking whom she doubtless indulged her whims. She carried little snakes around in her pockets. Finally she became engaged to a man whom she had known only two days, and was married to him within a week. It is not strange that after living with her husband less than a year they were divorced. Then, with a broken heart, which had its use as an antidote for "oddity," she retired with her caprices to an upper room in her father's house, and the outside world heard little more from her. ***

It is quite worth while for parents to consider, when they find "oddity" cropping out in a child, whether his little foibles are not cherished by him as much through a desire to make himself conspicuous, to "show off," as from a spontaneous and irresistible impulse. Oddity is a thousand times oftener mere silliness or vanity than genius, and all the common sense in the family may well be brought to bear upon its destruction.

One of the chief accomplishments to be taught the young is what the clever author of the "Petrie Estate" calls "The art of living with others." The odd person is apt to miss this altogether, and thus be shut out from those sweet, common blessings which should bloom daily in every peaceful and well-ordered household. It may be complained that conventionality, if too strictly insisted upon, warps and degrades our civilization. This is undoubtedly true, but, on the other hand, a certain amount of conformity to routine, and to what is known as "good manners," must be exacted from each individual, or the happiness of large numbers will be impaired. Conformity to higher precepts requires a considerable degree of uniformity as well.

There are none so good to live with as the comfortable ones whom we can count upon; or, as the saying is, can "put our finger on" when we want to know how they stand. For all that most of us care, the eccentric ones may go their brilliant ways and glory in their freedom from the usual shackles. The great majority of good people recognize an obligation to pare off their eccentricities, and live humbly and modestly according to a rather close and binding law—a law of love.—**Woman's Home Companion.**

WINDMILLS OF ANCIENT ORIGIN

Men Learned to Harness the Air Currents in the Earliest Ages.

From the earliest antiquity, wind has been employed as a motive power, but it was not until the thirteenth century that it was used to turn the mills of Holland, France, Germany and Belgium. In Holland especially, the thirteenth century was a century marked by growing intelligence that fostered inventive talent, and Dutch millwrights and engineers were celebrated for their skill in mechanics and engineering.

The avariciousness of landlords prevented the general use of windmills in England. Of a man who to-day tries to take more than belongs to him we say that he wants the earth, and it is inconceivable to us that a time ever existed when a man could claim the proprietorship of the air. Such, however, at one time was the power of men holding vast estates in England that mills to be propelled by water or air were heavily taxed to pay for the use of the wind which blew them from over some lord's domains. As to the form these mills took they were at first built movable, with the sails turned in the direction of the prevailing winds of the country in which they were situated, so that they were in operation only when the wind was from a certain quarter. They were afterward built on a float. To turn the mills to the wind two methods were invented. In the German mill the whole structure turned on a post, which gave it a very ridiculous appearance, as if the bulky tower and superstructure were attempting to walk around on one still. In the Dutch type the roof with the axle and spars alone are movable. But they were both operated by a wheel and pinions within or by a long lever without. The basement was generally built up of boulders or heavy stonework, and the interior was fitted up with pumps or with various kinds of machinery. Half a century ago nearly the whole of the grinding, stamping, sawing, draining and pumping of the low countries of Europe was done by wind power. And even now, after nearly six centuries of constant use and the introduction of many rivals into the field of motors, the people of Holland have never found anything better for their purposes. The Zuyder Zee, which is to be emptied and added to the land area of the country, will be pumped dry with windmills, but they will be of the automatic type known as the American mill.

Despite the erroneous popular notion that windmills are antiquated, their use is constantly increasing. A traveler in Holland records the fact that from a car window he counted 30, two-thirds of which were of the American type, in the space of ten minutes, and one journeying on the New York Central will become aware of these features of the landscape in our own country before Troy is left a hundred miles behind. All over central New York, Ohio, and westward across what we used to be taught in our school geographies was the great American desert, now in Kansas, Nebraska and eastern Colorado, these windmills may be seen. Sometimes they are built like the Eiffel tower, an openwork structure of steel or iron, in which are pumping works, and surmounted by a wheel made of slate. The receiving surface of these American mills is made up of blades of small width set at an angle into cross bars connecting the arms of the mill. This construction is much lighter than that of the Dutch mill, stronger and of greater capacity for a given diameter, and it responds to every variation of the wind with the lightness and certainty of a bird's wing.—**Modern Machinery.**

The Temple of... Nine boxes of assorted colors and sizes were brought out from Kansas City one day lately and turned over to the Shalom colony near Las Cruces, N. M. This is the fourth consignment of infants that has reached the colony this year, and at present about 20 parentless little waifs are being cared for there under the direction of a peculiar religious sect, who term themselves "Faithists." The colony was established about 15 years ago by the once noted Dr. Tanner. He is still the moving spirit in the undertaking, and is assisted by John B. Newbrough and A. M. Howland, of Boston. All property is held in common by the colonists, and their diet consists of vegetable matter only. Howland is the chief spiritual adviser, and is the author of the colony's Bible, which the New Mexican supreme court has declared, in deciding a suit, to be a most remarkable, illogical and incongruous publication. The house of worship is called "the Temple of Tac," and the principal hymn is sung to the air of "Dixie."—**St. Louis Globe-Democrat.**

Excellent Plain Fritters. An excellent plain fritter is made as follows: Boil a cup of milk until it is reduced one-half. Flavor the boiling milk with a few drops of vanilla, make a batter that "cleaves from" the saucpan, add two eggs and stir in a tablespoonful of whipped cream. Roll this batter lightly on a floured board and cut it into balls the size of English walnuts. They will swell like cream cakes after frying in hot fat three minutes. Dredge them with sugar and serve at once.—**N. Y. Tribune.**

(Continued from fourth page.)

excruciating pain from a disease which, coupled with heart failure, ended his life. When the writer was pastor of Franklin Street Church, Newark, he was appointed a committee with the late lamented Dr. Brice to convey to him the profound sympathy of his brethren of the Newark Preachers' Meeting. We found him calm in the confidence of salvation and ready for any change his Lord might decree. His recuperate energies were remarkable and he soon rallied, but was subject to such attacks more or less frequently up to his decease. We received special invitation to visit him in the private hospital, New York City, last winter. A critical operation had been performed. His recovery seemed very doubtful. On that bed of pain, the beaded perspiration standing out upon his brow he expressed in measured accents his unshaken confidence in God, his absolute reliance upon Jesus Christ and a bright hope of a glorious immortality. The end was not yet. He mingled with us at Conference with some of his old time fervor. On June the 19th, 1897, in the quiet of his home in Newark, where he had resided since his retirement from the active work of the ministry and in the presence of his family he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

The funeral obsequies were held in the Central M. E. Church, Newark, Tuesday, June 22nd, and were in charge of Rev. S. P. Hammond, D. D., Presiding Elder of the Newark District, and were attended by a representative body of the Christian and general public and a large number of his brethren of the Conference. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. J. R. Bryan, C. S. Coit, Henry Spellmeyer and W. H. Morgan. The pall bearers were Rev. Drs. Tuttle, Meeker, Lowrie, Barnes, Mason, and Dodd. The interment took place in the beautiful Cedar Lawn Cemetery of Paterson, N. J. Rev. Dr. M. D. Church officiating.

Several new members have recently been received into the fellowship of the Middle M. E. Church, Rev. Isaac Thomas, pastor.

That was a good sermon preached at the last session of Conference by Bishop Andrews.

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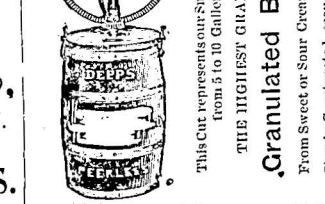
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MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN I. MORROW.

BY D. HALLERON, D. D.

To delineate the character of a deceased friend who has been to you an ideal personality is not an easy task.

To cold criticism the terms employed may seem fulsome eulogy but you feel they are below the truth. But when you remember that the modesty of him who has passed away would compel temperate expression. You are forced to withhold that meed of praise which your heart prompts. Further, the surviving relatives whose hearts are riven with their irreparable loss have a claim to recognition and where refinement is present that would hide its grief from public view your embarrassment is assuredly not diminished. It is with such feelings that the writer undertakes to furnish the readers of the MOUNT TABOR RECORD with a short memoir of the late Rev. John I. Morrow. I trust I will be pardoned for saying that to me he was an ideal man and minister. Tall and spare in physique, so as to compel attention even from strangers.

Shapely and harmonious in feature, benign in expression, gentle in manner, thorough in friendship, transparent in motive. Guileless as Nathaniel, tender as Saint John and inflexible as St. Paul in adherence to the right. Thus this man has stood before me for twenty-five years; part of that time moving in an orbit far above me but for more than fifteen years a deep, warm continuous sympathetic brotherliness which intensified as the years passed and as his life came into close view commanding my profoundest admiration and I will say my warmest love. Further, he was to me a perfect gentleman, suave, respectful, appreciative, chaste in expression, holding himself in perfect poise under all circumstances and adapting himself to all environment, putting you at ease in a moment by a salutation that possessed a charm that cannot be expressed in words.

When I had heard of my brother's death I was dazed as I had not heard of any recent recurrence of disease and in parting from him at Conference his hand clasp had not lost its force. And this was specially so as on June the ninth, this year he wrote me in his usual clear hand, "I wish you were nearer that we could meet more frequently as in past days," with but a slight intimation of increasing infirmity. I felt instantly I had lost one of the truest friends of my life, our Conference a tireless officer, our Insurance Society its founder, moulder, manager and indefatigable secretary and treasurer, our Itinerancy a sacrificial member and our Faith a spotless representative!

The Rev. John I. Morrow was born in Paterson, New Jersey, February 5th, 1823. His parents were possessed of ample means, his father being a representative manufacturer of that city. Thus his early environment conduced to that ease of manner and that refinement of social qualities for which he has been so justly noted. In his early years he was placed in charge of the Rev. Clarkson Dunn, of Newton, N. J., who was an ordained clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church and who had attained quite a notoriety as an educator all through Northern New Jersey. The training here was of inestimable worth to our brother, and he never failed to speak in appreciative terms of its curriculum and government. At fifteen years of age he was apprenticed to the dry goods business in his native city and soon became so proficient that he was appointed to the management of the establishment. Here the very important element that made his ministerial life so successful and gave him a permanent place in the history of the Conference developed, namely, a remarkable business capacity; for after all with the drill of the schools a good knowledge of business methods is of priceless value to our ministry.

We may be commissioned to preach and be cautioned against "the serving of tables," yet the varied interests that necessarily come to us demand thorough business treatment and here our success may largely hinge. Would not a knowledge of the principles of commercial life be worth attention in our Theological Seminaries?

Brother Morrow was savingly converted in the Cross Street M. E. Church, Paterson, N. J., in his 18th year, under the pastorate of the late Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D. The activity of his nature could not content itself with a mere profession of Christianity. He sought work and soon came to be noted for his aggressive piety. God designed him, however, for a wider field. He was soon called to the Christian ministry. He obeyed "the Heavenly vision" and sought to qualify himself for preaching the blessed Gospel of the Son of God. He entered Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y., and remained two years, and in 1845 matriculated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., which was then beginning to take rank as an institution of thorough scholastic training. He remained but one year and joined the

old New Jersey Conference in 1846, and on its division in 1858 into the New Jersey and Newark Conferences he found himself in the Northern division of the State. His appointments were: Moorestown, Hope, Bound Brook, Bloomfield, City Mission, Newark; Bethel Church, Staten Island; Madison, Woodrow, Staten Island; Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island; First Church, Rahway; Emery Church, Jersey City; Summerfield Church, Staten Island; Port Jervis, N. Y.; Belvidere, Newton, First Church, Dover; Asbury Church, Hackensack; Davis Memorial Church, East Newark; Dashiell Memorial, Newark; Maplewood, Assistant Secretary of the American Sabbath Union, with Rev. J. H. Knowles, D. D., as Corresponding Secretary.

HOME LIFE.

Brother Morrow was married to Miss Caroline B. Gillmor in 1848. We hope we infringe on no privacy of the home when we say many of his letters to the writer breathe the tenderest references to his family. Mrs. Morrow is a lady of culture and is gifted with rare sympathy and great common sense, and was indeed a helpmeet in the full scriptural sense. His home was a veritable Bethel, the quiet ministrations of its love made the ground sacred and restful. This elect lady with her daughter, Miss Lizzie Morrow awaits with undimmed hope a glorious meeting in the home of angels. It would be improper to pass from this without mentioning this daughter, Miss Morrow. She will pardon the writer when he says that the Newark Conference will not soon forget her devotion to the interests of its Insurance Society which occupied so large a part in the thoughts of her father. We noticed a change in the chairography last year in the issuance of claims for the families of our deceased brethren. In that lady's presence in a hospital in New York City, Brother Morrow declared to the writer his own obligation to her in this work saying: "I have never had to worry about the affairs of our Insurance Society, the brethren may not know it but this daughter has added my duties to own and you know how carefully they have been managed."

AMONG HIS BRETHREN.

Brother Morrow on first acquaintance might have been deemed cold in manner and not readily accessible to new acquaintances. This was not so, but was owing to the natural reserve of the man and the habit of the Christian gentleman. Indeed, of all men he was most brotherly among men. He was genial, companionable, with a touch of natural humor at another's wit; the faculty of unconsciously stealing his way into your affections and once there, there for life. He was not openly aggressive nor loud in manner, but when you knew the man you were captivated by him.

He never entered the arena of debate on the Conference floor, and although possessing a thorough acquaintance with Methodist usages he listened with rapt attention to their enunciation by others.

He was a young man among his brethren. He lived in a throbbing present. The historic past commanded his veneration. The future hung luminous with hope, and often with prophetic eye beheld the trend of events and its glorious outcome. He never abandoned a friend unless proved unworthy and then with an effort he dropped him forever from his thoughts.

AN OFFICIAL.

Brother Morrow attained a unique position here. It may not be known to the Methodist public that the sessions of our Annual Conferences throughout the world pass under review by our highest judicial and legislative body, the General Conference, which meets quadriennially and is composed of ministers and usually of some of the best business men among the laity. An officer is appointed by each Annual Conference termed an Engrossing Secretary whose function is to re-write the doings of the Conference and transmit the same to the General Conference. Brother Morrow for forty years filled that position in the Newark Conference and we are credibly informed without a mistake in orthography or correction in matter. His writing was as clear and legible as copperplate. The General Conference at least twice expressed its highest commendation of his work.

Nor have his brethren been oblivious of his labors for at one session of the Conference he was presented with a valuable gold watch in recognition of his labors. This was to him a surprise as he never anticipated the least reward, only the esteem of his brethren.

In 1872 the Newark Conference Life Insurance Association was founded on the assessment plan. To whom could we look for the management of such a society but to Bro. Morrow? He at once entered into its spirit and with a committee sought the best light possible and now after an existence of twenty-seven years it has not only proved its firm solvency but a blessing of inestimable value to the widows and orphans of our heroic itinerants. In that time he says in

his last report, "We have paid out \$47,459.89 to the widows and children or other legal representatives of our deceased members and this at the cost to the beneficiaries of \$5,998.25, whereas for the same amount, the cost in the regular insurance companies would have been \$23,574.34." All this, not on the principle of simple charity, but on the most sagacious principles of business, which combine all that is noble in charity and all that is correct in business ethics. This Association was his child in life and in death is his splendid monument?

AS A MINISTER.

Brother Morrow was an ideal minister. There was a flavor of the antique in his address which arrested your attention. His voice, a treble pitched in the natural key, at once held his hearers. His sermons were not long or brilliant in the ordinary sense. They were full of the marrow of the Gospel and attracted the listener to the matchless life of his Lord. There was at times a touching pathos in his appeals as his whole countenance brightened with the majesty of his theme. Strong men quailed and in many instances revivals of great and wide-reaching influence followed. His sermons were thoroughly prepared. His language a pure Anglo-Saxon; his style clear, chaste, and at times inspiring. He never ascended into sublime expression, and his most cautious friends never blushed for a momentary "slip" in his language. His life was a magnificent background to his pulpit efforts. Not in one authenticated instance were his motives impugned or his integrity questioned. He was without a peer in the Newark Conference in church erection, and in church improvement. He was tireless for the temporalities as well as for the spiritualities of his charge. Uncounted money was placed in his hands and was accounted for to the last penny in the most business-like method of book-keeping and with scrupulous exactness. He was a ministering angel in the home of sorrow. His sound judgement, the careful adjustment of his sympathies. His enlightened knowledge of the human heart and the methods of the Divine Spirit, together with a gentleness in persuasion gave him helpful access to the heart of the mourner.

In 1894 our Brother asked for and received a supernumerary relation to the conference. The only reluctance in our minds was an unwillingness to drop him from the active ranks, but we were consoled by the labors of his Life Insurance work, and welcomed him to many of our pulpits as Assistant Secretary of the American Sabbath Union.

Retiring from the activities of the pastorate, the dread'd step of a minister's life, was taken by our revered Brother in the most kindly spirit. No minister lives who does not so fear that ordeal. His purposes are varied, the world needs his vigilance, sin demands his stern opposition; his ideals are so exalted as to remind one of some mountain peaks which seem to recede the more you advance and are only comforted in the thought of their final attainment in this life. While the trumpet calls of God to go forth to battle ring out from the Word, we say in the face of these, "You must put off the harness, retire to the hospital or superannuation, never again stand shoulder to shoulder with the undaunted heroes of the faith" is an affliction of fearful portent. Some men wither under it and soon expire, others criticize the authors of their retirement and pronounce the cause ecclesiastical despotism. Others bow to the inevitable graciously, and while never boastful of their achievements are regaled by the memory of victories obtained. They ripen in the evening sun or mellow with the early frost, and before leaving us pronounce benedictions upon us that are as redolent as those of John the Divine when borne to worship in the arms of Ephesian Saints.

Bro. Morrow was of the last class. It was to him no untoward Providence that weakened his vocal powers, that gave gentle stoop to his once stately form; that chiselled into furrows of care his classic features and thinned the iron grey locks that in earlier years fell in beautiful profusion over his temples. No, the decline was natural. He was only ripening for the sceptre and the crown! There was no gloom in his greeting at Conference, but was always busy with the needs of the widow and orphan.

The Conference of 1896, which was held at St. Paul's Church, Newark, was honored by an address from him on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry. His topic was "The times we live in and the Christian forces and activities that have been steadily at work during the past half century for the growing intelligence, purity and refinement of the human family." He received the unanimous vote of thanks of the Conference for that address.

THE END.

During the last few years our beloved brother suffered, occasionally, (Continued on third page.)

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