

JULY

JACK'S JOE AND JESUS' JOE.

Joe was well known in the village of Buell; all his life had been spent there. Weak in mind, but strong in body, with a kind heart and gentle disposition, he was one whom the little children did not fear, but also, so much of a child himself in his fearlessness of those who are so ready to lead into wicked ways and evil habits any who may come in their way! Thus, through evil companions, did Joe become the poor tottering drunkard who so often wandered aimlessly about the street, innocent and harmless, but cursed with the appetite for rum.

In Buell, as in so many of our villages, a hotel opened its doors to the public; and as Joe grew up the usual attractions which may be found about the public-house tempted him to spend his leisure hours there. Here, too, Joe soon found he could pick up many bits of money by doing errands for and waiting upon the travelers who made the hotel a stopping-place. Often would some reckless or thoughtless one offer a drink at the bar for some service done, and soon it was that Joe would willingly do heavy tasks if only his reward might be a treat. Rapidly Joe sank into a drunkard, and it was a common sight to see him lying on the drunken gutter in some alley or filthy sleeper or more dangerous place, where, had not some pitying hand been reached forth to rescue him, he would have lost his life.

Jack Strong was the landlord of the hotel, and Joe being the errand-boy of the place, the villagers called him Jack's Joe. This also was the name he applied to himself, and many there were who knew him by no other name. No one in all that village put forth an effort to win him away from the wretched life he was leading; all who thought of such a thing at all would quiet their consciences by deciding that he was too much of an idiot to understand their intentions. So Joe was left to Jack Strong and the devil, and rapidly was Jack's Joe becoming the devil's Joe.

At the end of the village farthest from the hotel was a pleasant cottage surrounded by a large lawn on which grand old trees and beautiful plants combined to give it the appearance of comfort and beauty. Here an invalid clergyman had recently come to find for himself and family a peaceful home. Delicate in health, but earnest in his desire to help those around him into the way which leads to the Saviour of the world and to the eternal life beyond, seldom was he seen upon the streets; but no stranger was he to the villagers, for many a troubled and sorrowing one had sought the words of comfort and sympathy which he could give. Even poor drunken Joe had received words from this faithful messenger of Christ which in some of his sober moments he would think over. At last there came a day when an errand took Joe to the clergyman's house. The errand was done, and he lingered for a few moments before opening the gate which led to the street. As he stood looking back towards the house a little delicate figure appeared at his side, put out her hand and said:

"Oh Joe, I saw you yesterday and I was so sorry."

"Who be you, little un?" said Joe. "I'm Flora, and my father was sorry for you too."

"Sorry for me, little un?"

"Yes, Joe, you were asleep in a muddy ditch and we saw you. What made you go to sleep there, Joe?"

"Why, little un, I'm drunk, I were; that's nuffin. Gentlemen's give Jack's Joe whiskey; then Joe gets drunk like gentlemen; that's nuffin."

"Joe, have you any house to sleep in?" asked Flora.

"No, little un, no house; sleep anywhere. Poor Joe got no home; sleep with horses sometimes—no home, no nuffin. Jack's Joe, nuffin else."

Little Flora looked pityingly up in his face. Something in the look awoke Joe to new thought.

"Oh, little un, poor Joe got no home, you got home; Joe got nobody; you got good folks—care for you; nobody cares for Jack's Joe."

Flora had been early taught to love her Saviour, and it was an every-day occurrence for her to speak some word for him when the opportunity presented. Little child though she was, it was her way for comforting others, if she saw them in need, to tell them something of Jesus and his love, and now with this sorrowful outburst from the poor idiot, "Nobody cares for Jack's Joe," how natural for Flora to exclaim eagerly:

"O Joe, Jesus cares for you so much."

"Jesus! Who is he?" said Joe. "Do he live here?"

"No," said Flora; "don't you know who Jesus is? He can save you from being a drunkard, Joe, and he can make you a good man and give you a home and friends and warm clothes and when you die he will give you a beautiful home with him. Oh, won't you let him alone and come here and see my papa; he can tell you where Jesus is so much better than I can. I'm only a little girl, but I'm Jesus' little girl, Joe."

Flora's father saw the two in earnest conversation as he sat at his window, and learning that Joe had been at the house and that he was sober, he was curious to know in what his little daughter and poor Joe could together take such interest, and walking down to the gate was just in time to see the eager look on the face of Joe and the glad, happy smile of his little daughter as she uttered her last sentence, "I'm Jesus' little girl, Joe."

"O papa, can you not tell Joe who Jesus is? He wants to know. He won't drink rum if Jesus will care for him, and Jesus will be his friend, won't he, papa?"

Then in language so simple that the smallest child could understand the clergyman told to that poor weak-minded youth the story of the cross and Jesus' love. How wonderful it is

that this old but ever-new story will so often be understood by winds so weak that they seem incapable of comprehending things most easily understood by ordinary intelligence; but in this we see the love of God towards creatures, opening for all a way of escape from the everlasting doom of the wicked.

Joe stood as one enchanted. He understood the simple language. The thought that there was some one who cared for him, who loved even poor Joe, was very new and very delightful to him, and when he turned away into the street he looked back with a pleasant smile and awkwardly bowed his farewell. Day after day for a time he would come to the gate and sit down; if noticed or spoken to by any one he would rise and run back to the village. Even Flora could not get to speak to him. One day the clergyman, sitting in the shade of a large tree, saw Joe approaching slowly and watchfully but he did not discover the one who was carefully watching him. Joe threw himself down on the grass and resting his elbows on his knees and his chin upon his hands, muttered to himself, "Jesus cares for Jack's Joe. Joe loves Jesus. Joe be Jesus' Joe. Won't drink whiskey any more if Jesus cares for him. Be Jesus' Joe."

The clergyman, listening to his words, rose from his chair, and folding his hands offered a silent prayer to God that the friendless youth might indeed find that Friend who would never leave or forsake him.

The slight noise made by the clergyman in rising did not escape the quick ear of Joe, who, lifting his head from his hands, saw so near him the one who had told him the good news of Jesus, his Saviour and his friend, and gilding softly to his side, folded his hands and stood with bowed head. The clergyman immediately knelt with him upon the green grass and poured forth an earnest prayer that God would give to this afflicted child the blessing which he alone could give. As he proceeded with his prayer he noticed that Joe was following him word by word, and then in simple language he prayed in such a manner that Joe, in repeating his words would be praying himself and Joe followed him to the end.

They rose from their knees, and the clergyman, extending his hand, Joe took it, exclaiming, "Oh, Joe knows who Jesus is, and he is Jesus' Joe; no more Jack's Joe, no more whiskey, no more wicked Joe. Jesus loves Joe. Joe has home, friends, all in Jesus!" And surely it seemed that God had been pleased to work a glorious change in the heart of this neglected one. Never again was he seen at the hotel; and though many of those who had offered him drink in days past still held out the temptation to him, he was never known to taste the intoxicating cup. Helpless and weak as he seemed a strength was given him of God which proved a strong barrier against all the wiles of the evil one. But surely Joe felt his weakness, and well he appeared to know whence his strength came. Often when some strong temptation would come upon him on the streets, he would clasp his hands and repeat aloud the prayer of the clergyman. He never forgot it, and so often was it repeated by him that it became a familiar prayer to many others.

Many years did Joe live in his native village, a bright and shining light proving by his Christian life the wonderful power of God's grace and his tender mercy towards the weakest and most humble of his creatures.—*American Messenger.*

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down, until I knew she had gone to her sewing.

We have some things laid away in that drawer that the gold of the world could not buy, and they are things that grieve us both, until our hearts are sure. I have not looked at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat, with a part of the rim gone, some stockings, little trousers and a coat, two or three spoons, bits of broken crockery, a whip and some toys. My wife goes to the drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, while her tears fall on these little things.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time since he went away, but we can't get over grieving. His going was like covering our everyday existence with a pall.

Sometimes when we sit alone in the evenings a child will call out as our boy used to and we will both start up, with beating hearts, and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is so quiet now!

I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle, but he is not there. I listen for his merry laugh his pattering feet, his joyous voice, but there is no one to climb over my knees no one to search my pockets and tease for presents; and I never find the chair-turned over, the broom down, or the rope tied to the knobs.

I would like to have some one tease me for my knife, to ride on my shoulders, to lose my axe, to follow me to the gate when I go to be there when I come home, to call "good night, papa!" from a little bed so long empty and my wife would give this world's possessions to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there, as he used to be.

It is well enough to hang up a chromo with "God Bless our home," so it but it will do no harm to helping on the matter by a little less fretting. A great many people ask the Lord to do what they won't lift their fingers to do themselves.

Age appears to increase the value to everything except women and butter.

DEATH AND MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

That:—

The bride must not keep the pins which fastened her wedding dress.

It is bad luck to whistle or hum the air that a hand plays at a funeral.

"Twice a bridesmaid, never a bride," is a proverb which needs no comment.

Marry at the time of the moon's waning and your good luck will wane also.

If two marriages are celebrated simultaneously one of the husbands will die.

Fair or foul weather upon one's wedding day, augurs a happy or unhappy married life.

If a girl who is engaged accidentally lets a knife fall, it is a sign that her lover is coming.

The girl who steps accidentally or otherwise on a cat's tail, need not expect to be married the same year.

The husband must never take off his wedding ring; to take it off will insure bad luck of some kind.

If two persons think and express the same thought at the same time, one of them will die ere the year passes.

If two young girls are combing the hair of a third at the same time, it may be taken for granted that the younger of the three will soon die.

If at the cemetery there be any unusual delay in burying the dead, caused by any unlooked for circumstance, such as the tomb proving too small to admit the coffin, it is a sign that the deceased is selecting a companion from among those present, and one of the mourners must soon die.

ABSURDITIES OF LIFE.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in the water up to your knees fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean, dry market.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last forever, and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

To buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

To suppose that every one likes to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

The perpetual struggle of affection to pass for an alibi.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners, and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money, that you are in want of it.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his services of plate to his rich neighbor frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

That any man should despair of success in the most foolish undertaking, in a world so overstocked with fools.

SHE ENVIED THE WIDOWS.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were gathered around a cozy fire-place in a fashionable home the other evening, when it was suggested that each name his paramount wish. After the majority had gone through ordinary wishes of beauty, wealth, power, etc., one of the ladies startled the company by saying:

"If some good fairy gave me the power of making a wish that would be absolutely granted it would be this: That I be born a rich young widow with two children."

"Why?" asked several of those present.

"My society life is a dead failure. I feel that I am going to be an old maid. Every one is now pointing the finger of pity at me. The trouble is, I won't marry anyone who has ever courted me, and those I would have will not have me. If I had been born a rich young widow all this would have been averted. I could go where I pleased, do as I pleased, be as independent as a bird, have the whole world at my feet, and, in fact, be serenely happy."

"But why do you want the children?"

"A woman can't be happy without children. She must have something to love, and I can't stand solitude. And, besides this, a widow is more greatly respected with than without children."

ADVICE TO SLANGY GIRLS.—If young ladies, who, through associations with young men whose limited education and poverty of ideas compel the use of slang in lieu of correct expressions, comprehend the meaning of many of the terms thus put into innocent mouths, they would be shocked at the vulgarity of their companions. Almost without exception words and phrases popularly denominated 'slang' are drawn from the slums; they are the inventions of the most depraved elements of human society, and should be avoided by all persons with any pretensions to refinement and gentility.

A robber met a coal dealer on a lonely road and stopped him.

"Your money or your life," said the robber.

"Who are you?" said the coal dealer.

"I'm a highwayman."

"Good enough, I'm a low-weightman," said the coal-dealer.

"Shake. We should be friends."

And they were.

O. H. Kimmig, Pen Artist.

1018 Arch St., Phila.

Engrosses to order, in the most elegant style, every description of Pen-work, such as Certificates, Invitations, etc. Also, visiting cards, elegantly printed and sent by mail for 25c. per dozen. Send stamps for price list of Wedding Invitations, etc.

JOSEPH BISHOP, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Cinnaminson ave., above Broad, PALMYRA, N. J.

Will cheerfully furnish at short notice PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS, AND ESTIMATES.

C. B. COLES, Lumber Merchant.

MANUFACTURER OF BOXES, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS MOULDINGS, &c.

Brackets and Scroll Sawing, OFFICE, 14 KAIGHN'S AVE., CAMDEN, N. J.

april 10-20

PURE LEHIGH COAL.

Under cover, \$4.75 per ton, delivered. Orders received at W. W. Rutherford's Store for L. W. HURLING'S SONS, RIVINGTON, N. J.

SEEDS

EVERYTHING IN SEEDS S. Y. HAINES & CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE ALLEGER ORGANS

4 SETS OF BRILLIANT REEDS.

10 BEAUTIFUL STOPS.

THE ALLEGER ORGAN, for \$90.00.

Special 30 Day offer now ready. The Alleger Organ, for \$90.00. This organ will be sent on 30 days' test trial. 25.00 of the balance now in cash. They are beautiful, they are sure, they are lasting. Address the manufacturer.

ONLY \$20. This Style Philadelphia Singer.

THE COMMON SENSE LIFT AND FORCE PUMP.

Makes a complete Fire Department for any Community. Home out of a common wood pump, at a very small cost. Works for 100 feet. If you need it to put out a fire, and extremely handy for lots of other things.

Ready for action in the neighborhood of a Mine. Energetic business men who will give it proper attention are wanted to handle this pump in every town in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia and North Carolina, and will be accorded control of suitable territory not already occupied.

CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer.

Office: 28 N. E. CITY HALL SQUARE, Philadelphia, Pa.

SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED Baugh's \$25 PHOSPHATE

Ever since its introduction. Its sales during the past year have exceeded all previous years, and we look forward to an unprecedented demand this year for this and our other brands of RAW BONE MANURES.

If your dealer has none of our goods on hand, send your orders direct to us.

Send your orders in early and you will not be compelled to wait when the season is fully upon us.

For Baugh's Phosphate Guide and other Circulars and information, address

BAUGH & SONS, Manufacturers of the Celebrated BAUGH'S \$25 PHOSPHATE

220 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

HUMPHREYS' MEDICAL OFFICES.

300 N. Second St., Phila., formerly Dr. J. M. & J. B. HOBBS' OFFICE.

Established 40 years. For the cure of all Special Diseases, including Results of Youthful Impudence, Venereal, Etc. Call or write and be cured by a Graduate of Jefferson College, with Hospital experience. Hours, 9 to 5, 6 to 9. Consultations.

AFFLICTED & UNFORTUNATE

After all others fail consult Dr. LOBB

329 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa.

30 years experience in all SPECIAL & A. Diseases. Permanently restores those weakened by early indiscretions, etc. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours: 11 a. m. till 7, and 7 to 10 evenings.

BAUGH & SONS, Manufacturers of the Celebrated BAUGH'S \$25 PHOSPHATE

220 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Sold by Express or sent by mail on receipt of cash. In advance of the 1st of January, 1894.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT HIGH ARM "JENNIE JUNE" SEWING MACHINE

IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.

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WINDOW GLASS. A. C. LAMAR, MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS

SOLE DEALER IN FRENCH PLATE, CATHEDRAL, COLORED, ENAMELED, AND VESTIBULE GLASS.

COLORS GROUND IN OIL, AND DRY. READY MIXED PAINTS, ALL SHADES QUALITY GUARANTEED.

* NO ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. * 68

OFFICE, 9 1/2 MARKET STREET, FACTORY, FRONT ST., AND KAIGHN'S AVENUE, CAMDEN, N. J.

Mill - Work, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, &c. COOPER, STONE & CO., HARDWARE AND Builders' Supplies in general.

Nos. 32 and 34 Kaighn's Avenue, Camden.

WM. C. SCUDDER & SON, Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Shutters, Mouldings, Etc.,

PLANING MILL, SASH FACTORY, AND LUMBER YARDS. Also, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in BUILDING LUMBER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We have a large stock constantly on hand, under cover, well seasoned, and sold at lowest market rates. Manufactured to order, at short notice, by super workmen.

Front and Federal Streets, Camden, N. J.

FRENCH PLATE MIRRORS, STEEL ENGRAVINGS, ETCHINGS, &c. PICTURE FRAMES OF ALL KINDS AND PATTERNS. OLD FRAMES REGILT. PRICES REASONABLE.

Restaurant and Dining Rooms, 2108 ATLANTIC AVENUE, (Opposite P. & A. C. Depot.) ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. OPEN ALL NIGHT. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. W. H. ATKIN, Proprietor.

KIMBALL, PRINCE & CO., VINELAND, N. J., LUMBER MERCHANTS.

MANUFACTURERS OF Doors, Windows, Blinds, Mouldings, &c. Hardware, Rockland Lime, Cement, Paper, Three-Ply Roofing Paper, &c.

**Missing
Issue(s)**

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADANCE.

Three—After children have attained the age of four years their teeth should be periodically examined by a dentist.

Four—The mouth should be thoroughly rinsed night and morning.

Five—Wheaten bread is injurious to the teeth.

MOT.

A close following of these hints

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