

South Jersey

Hoyt & Son, Publishers.

VOL. 44

HAMMONTON

We carry a line of

Plows

and

Castings

Cultivators
Diamond Harrows
Wheelbarrows
and small Garden Tools
Rakes
Hoes
Drags.

If you need

Fertilizer

for any crop, call on us.

Our stock comprises—

Mapes' Complete Manures,
The Taylor Provision Com-
pany's Special Potato and
Corn and Truck Manures,
Pifford's Pure Ground Fish
Guano,
Berg's Raw Bone.

GEORGE ELVINS.

If you have any

Household Goods

You wish to sell, notify

L. FRANK HORNE, Auctioneer.

For the most news
get

The REPUBLICAN

Expert Shoe Repairing--

Half-soleing and Heeling a Specialty.
Have the work here not later than
Mondays and Wednesdays.

T. B. PAULLIN.

Dr. C. E. DARR, DENTIST

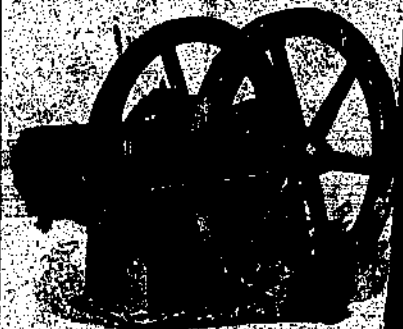
Office Hours: 8:30 a.m. to 12, 1:30 to 5 p.m.
Evening by engagements.
106 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

John Walther The BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT

Has removed to the shop lately occupied
by A. L. Heinicke, on the County
Road, and is ready to do
Any Work in His Line.

DR. J. A. WAAS, Dentist

Cogley Building, Hammonton, N. J.



The Brown Gas and Gasoline Engine

gives universal satisfaction

J. W. ROLLER, Hammonton, N. J.

**Harness, Blankets,
Robes, Whips,
Trunks, etc.**
At L. W. COGLEY'S.

B

A. B. B.

Jr. C. E. Sunday afternoon.

Epworth League, M. E. Church:
Meets Sunday evening, at 6:45.

Junior League, on Friday afternoon,
at 3:00 o'clock.

Study the topic on inside page.

Church Announcements.

Baptist Church.—Rev. Whitahire W.
Williams, Pastor. 10:30 a. m., "God's
favor to Abram." Communion service
following. 7:30 p. m., "A fool's sneer."
Week of Prayer commencing to-morrow
night. Special program each service.

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. R. Middleton
Pastor. Usual services.

Presbyterian Church.—Rev. H.
Marshall Thurlow, Pastor, will preach.

Universalist Church.—Rev. E. W.
Peebles, of Charlton, Mass., will occupy
pulpit morning and evening, to-morrow.

Italian Evangelical.—Rev. Arnaldo
Stasio, Pastor. Sunday services: Sab-
bath School, 10 to 11; preaching, 11 to 12
prayer meeting, 3:30 p. m.

St. Mark's Church.—Rev. Paul F.
Hoffman, Rector.

Printed Signs.

The following is a list of ready-printed
signs, on good cloth or card board, in
black ink, for sale at the REPUBLICAN
office. Price, 5 cts. each, or six for a
quarter. Special prices on large lots.

No Trespassing or Gunning!
Keep Off!
For Sale!
For Rent!
For Sale or Rent!
For Sale—Inquire Within!
No Dumping on these Premises!
Ice Cream To-Day!
Patrons Vouchsafed Executed!
No Admittance!
No Smoking!

Signs with other wording will be printed
on short notice, and at reasonable prices.

Ask for a copy of the

Tribune Farmer

BANK BROS.

Hundreds of

Greatly reduced in order to
lessen our stock.

After taking an account of the
this item and not enough of the
decided to reduce prices from
to be sure of its disposal.

Our reduction on Men's and Boys' Clothing, Gent's
Furnishings, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Clothing will
interest you if you appreciate the price. Money saving
on good up-to-date merchandise.

BANK BROTHERS,

111 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Done neatly and promptly at the

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

The Expense of a Gas Range

Is confined to the moments of actual use.
When the cooking is done the expense
ceases, if you turn off the flame; if you
don't, it isn't the range that's extravagant.

Gas Ranges sold by Hammonton Gas Co.

We pay carfare to Philadelphia and return on presentation of your return ticket and the purchase of a certain amount.

WAK HALL'S January Clearance Sale Is Under Way

It's a great opportunity for those who have not purchased winter suits or overcoats. The values we give are very fine and the saving decidedly substantial, considering style, workmanship and material.

Men's all-wool overcoats in Kerseys, Friezes, Fur Beavers and the popular fancy chevots and worsteds which were made especially for the long Tourist coats.

\$40 Overcoats are \$32.50
\$35 Overcoats are \$27.50
\$30 Overcoats are \$25
\$27.50 Overcoats are \$22
\$25 Overcoats are \$18
\$20 Overcoats are \$15
\$15 Overcoats are \$11.50
\$10 Overcoats are \$7.75

Men's all-wool suits—principally in chevots and worsteds—both in the single and double breasted styles, reduced as follows:

\$22.50 Suits are \$16.50
\$20 Suits are \$15
\$18 Suits are \$14
\$16.50 Suits are \$12
\$15 Suits are \$11.50
\$13.50 Suits are \$10
\$12 Suits are \$9

Boys' all-wool overcoats in sturdy popular fabrics.
\$18 Overcoats are \$12 **\$16.50 Overcoats are \$10**
\$13.50 Overcoats are \$8

Boys' all-wool suits—long and short trousers—
\$18 Suits are \$13.50 **\$15 Suits are \$9**
\$12 Suits are \$8.50

Women's Clothing

Women's Fur Neckwear reduced—\$5.00 to \$35—worth \$7.50 to \$55.00.

Women's Fur Coats of fine electric seal, satin lined throughout, \$35 and \$30 coats reduced to \$23.

Women's Stylish Suits, superbly tailored, are reduced as follows:

\$35 and \$45 Suits for \$25 **\$25 Suits for \$15**
Liberal reductions in house coats, furnishing goods, underwear, neckwear.

It's a harvest-time for buyers, and they get strictly high grade goods.

Wanamaker & Brown

OAK HALL,

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

And Mrs. Maxwell, superstitious, was content.

COLLAR BUTTON SLOT MACHINE.

Drop a Nickel in the Slot, and Out Pops a Button of Any Sort.

The collar button slot machine does not have a clumsy, angular, towering superstructure, like that of the chewing gum or chocolate outfit. No, the collar buttons are set under a projecting cylindrical glass shield in vertical rows on the face of a metal cylinder, perhaps eight inches in height and four inches in diameter, standing on end on a pedestal that supports the machine.

In these vertical lines of collar buttons appearing at regular intervals all around the face of the cylinder there are all sorts of collar buttons; the buttons in each column are all alike, but there are numerous columns, each different from all the others.

Here may be found buttons with long shanks and buttons with short shanks; buttons with big or with little heads, and buttons with solid tops and buttons with hinged tops; all sorts of collar buttons. A little inscription on the front of the machine tells you to turn the cylinder until you have brought the buttons of the style you want to the front.

Appropriately, the handle on top of the machine, by which you turn it, is a knob in the shape of a magnified collar button, and, turning that, you can revolve the cylinder so as to bring the buttons you want to the front and in line with the machine's delivery opening at the base, you drop a nickel in the slot at the top, and check the lowest button on that column is detached, to drop into the little tray in front of the opening, where it can be reached by the purchaser.

Over One-third Is Forest.

"Wooden Russia" is the name applied to the vast forest areas of Russia in Europe, which cover nearly five hundred million acres, or thirty-six per cent of the entire area of the country. In Russia houses built of any other material than wood are almost unknown outside the cities, and wood constitutes the principal fuel.

Feminine beauty should appeal to the heart rather than to the eye.

Just Wanted to Know.

He was a new flagman at a railroad crossing in a Pennsylvania town, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and his hours were from seven in the morning until seven at night; but he was instructed not to leave until the "Limited" express, which was due at the crossing at two minutes before seven, had safely passed.

All went well for about a month. But one night the Limited had not passed at seven o'clock. About twelve minutes past seven the gateman heard it in the distance, and taking a good grip on his red lantern, he planted himself in the middle of the track of the Limited.

The engineer was trying to make up lost time, and the train was speeding, but he brought it to a standstill at the first wave of the red light. He jumped off his engine and ran ahead to find out why he was signaled.

"What made you signal?" he demanded, angrily, seeing no evidence of danger.

"What kept you?" calmly questioned the gateman.

A Rope Seven Miles Long.

Glasgow, Scotland, is the proud possessor of the biggest rope that was ever made for hauling purposes. Strangers view it as one of the "rights" of the city.

Manufactured to haul cars through one of the subway, the rope is seven miles long, four and five-eighths inches in circumference, and weighs nearly sixty tons. It has been made in one unjointed and unspliced length of put-ent crucible steel.

The rope forms a complete circle around Glasgow, crossing the Clyde in its course, and is intended to run at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

Knew Her Grammar.

The judge's little daughter, although she had talked several times through the telephone to her father, had never gone through the formalities necessary in calling him up. The first time she tried it she took the receiver off the hook, as she had seen others do, placed her lips to the transmitter, and said: "Hello! I want to talk to papa."

"Number, please?" said "central." "Singular," she answered, surprised at the question, but proud that knew something of the rudiments of grammar.



"A BOY LIKE YOU."

She laughed. "You see I have changed. Well, well, well, and so you're married. I told you you'd marry—you didn't believe me then?"

"Ah, but you were right." "Of course I was right. Shain't we sit down? Or won't your wife let you? I say, are you henpecked? You used to be the sort of boy who'd be henpecked. Perhaps you've improved since those days?"

"Perhaps I have. There are two chairs—"

"Thanks. Do you know this is very funny to me, to meet you in the capacity of a married man? Do you remember how you used to vow that never, never, never—" She broke off, and burst into laughter again. "And shall I own something? After you were gone—sometimes when I was inclined to be sentimental—I used to half believe you."

She leaned forward and fixed her eyes on him in just the manner he used to find so irresistible. Somehow it seemed less distracting now. The eyes had not altered perhaps, but her face was older and that expression looked out of place on it. There was even a sadness to him in beholding the change that time had wrought in her. The woman whose memory had thrilled him so was gone. He had thought about her so much, and now she did not exist. It was pathetic, and what was more painful still—this wreck of Nora Jermyingham could not join with him in mourning for her. He wept alone.

"You are not glad to see me!" she said.

He was not; he was sorry. His very soul was full of regret, of sympathy. But he could not tell her so and he listened for ten minutes courteously to her distressing provocations, her disheartening pleasantries. Then he rose.

She would not make a conquest of him again, she knew it perfectly; he had escaped from her chariot wheels for all time.

"Then I suppose this is the last time you will be likely to see me?" she said, shaking hands in good-bye.

"I suppose so," he answered. But to himself he said that the last time he had ever seen her had been nine years ago.

Mrs. Maxwell looked up inquiringly as he returned to her. "Amused yourself, dearest?" she said innocently.

"I shall be amused to-morrow," replied Maxwell, "when I can laugh at myself! To-night, somehow, I cannot."

come and watch me lose all our money in the Casino."

She had never been more bewitching or coquettish in their courtship than she was during that evening. Far more plainly than the man himself she realized that she had a rival—though it might be only a memory—and she put forth all her forces to annihilate her. Beautiful, doubtless? Jack would never have been captured by a woman who was not good-looking. And a woman of the world also? Jack hated schoolgirls! "Nevertheless," mused Mrs. Maxwell, contemplating her reflection complacently in one of the mirrors of the gaming rooms, "I think I ought to be capable of holding my own against the lady, I really do!"

The wrong horse came in again, and again, undeterred by ill-fortune, she drew a ticket from the bowl.

As she lifted her head she felt her husband beside her give a galvanic start. The next instant, following the direction of his gaze, she knew the woman.

"Plain!" she meditated, "evidently fallen off! Now I wonder if she has charm of mien enough to make him lose sight of that or if I dare venture on an heroic course?"

"My darling, don't you think we've played this little game long enough?" said Jack in a strained voice. "Let us go into the terrace."

He could not even trust himself in the same room with her, couldn't he? It was too bad; really, it was humiliating. She rose hesitatingly, and together they left the Casino, she trying to appear unobtrusive, but within trying to nerve herself to a fight in

existence entirely until it led to him by the sight of her strange tremor at the prospect of seeing her once more.

He loved his wife sincerely. Twelve years ago he could have contemplated meeting Mrs. Jermyingham with- out giving. But he had been married two months. The time had not passed his love, but it had naturally killed the romance. After all, to love a woman is a great deal more than to love a woman in love."

He was bound to acknowledge to himself that he was frightened by the thought of seeing Mrs. Jermyingham again. He had, as a matter of fact, avoided the Casino since he knew she was in Dieppe.

He put down his paper, and looked at the novel he was reading. How was it, and how trustful? What was the mood? Stillness as it was, it cut her to the heart. Bah, he was a fool—why should that woman him afraid to venture out of the house? He was not fond of her still—was he not?

The novel dropped to Mrs. Maxwell's lap.

What are you thinking about, darling, she asked.

He was thinking how charming you are that frock, my dear," he answered. He preserved the habit of making graceful speeches to his wife. His bachelor friends said he forgot she was—that it was the force of

hook her head doubtfully.

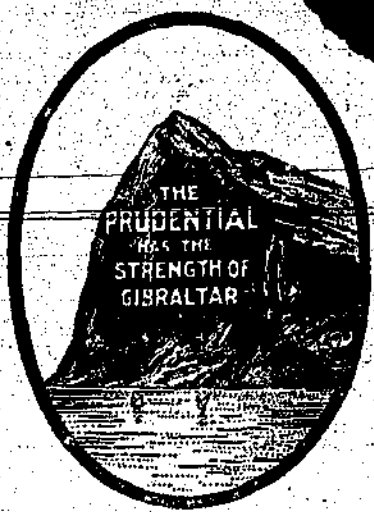
There was a nasty black wrinkle on your eyebrows, Jack, and you're fugging your mustache, as you always do when you're 'put out.' I do so warming in this frock, I admit it you weren't thinking so."

She obeyed a sudden impulse.

She came here. Do you remember after we were married, you asked me a question? You asked me if I ever cared deeply for another man yourself."

Never turn away an Agent

unless you are fully insured. We could show you letters from many policy-holders, thanking Agents for having insured them.



Write for information of Policies.

The Prudential

Insurance Co. of America. Home Office, Newark, N. J.
Incorporated as a stock company by the State of New Jersey.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres. EDGAR B. WARD, 2nd V. P.
LESLIE D. WARD, Vice Pres. EDWARD GRAY, Sec'y.
FORREST F. DRYDEN, 3rd Vice Pres.
GEO. S. TRUNCER, Asst. Supt., Williamstown, N. J.

Dainty Things on Sale.

Confectionery. The Apollo Chocolates. Every box a useful souvenir. 40 cents to \$3.50.
Perfume. Imported—Roger and Gallet's, \$1 to \$3. Pinaud's, \$1 to \$3.
Domestic—Paul Riggs, 10 cents to \$3.50.
Coigate's, 25 cents to \$3.
Eastman's, 25 cents to \$1.
Lazelle's.

Art Articles. Combs, Brushes, "Lather Brushes, Puff Boxes, etc.

Cigars. Imported and Domestic.

Prescriptions accurately compounded

RED CROSS PHARMACY.

We have a full line of

Dry Goods

Suitable for Holiday Gifts for the Ladies.

Mrs. Geo. W. Leach, Hammononton
Trowbridge Building, Bellevue Avenue.

Mourning Goods a Specialty.



Lucas Paints

They are backed by the knowledge and experience of sixty years making; by the testimony of thousands of satisfied users; by our "Challenge" of superior brilliancy, gloss, covering capacity, and durability. Ask your dealer.

John Lucas & Co. Philadelphia

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

224 Federal Street.
Statement January 1st, 1906.
Assets . . . \$65,350,108.01
Not including Trust Funds, which are kept entirely separate.
Pays
2 per cent subject to check without notice.
On average balances of \$500 and over.
Safe Deposits
Boxes in fire- and burglar-proof vaults for valuables and important papers, \$2 and upward.
Safe and Treasurer.
JOHN J. BURNETT, President.
JOHN J. BURNETT, Vice Pres. & Trust Officer.
JOHN J. BURNETT, Sec'y and Treasurer.
JOHN J. BURNETT, Asst. Sec'y and Treasurer.
JOHN J. BURNETT, Asst. Sec'y and Treasurer.
Established 1873

About Gas and Electric

For some time there has been growing dissatisfaction with electric lighting and the gas supply to consumers in Hammononton. On Wednesday last, at the annual meeting of the Gas Company, a number of business men, including Rev. G. R. Middleton, Messrs. Robert Steel, M. L. Jackson, W. J. Smith, Wm. L. Black, and Samuel Bank, called and had a "heart to heart talk" with the officials. And their language was plain in speaking of very inefficient service given, exorbitant rates in monthly bills rendered, and vastly increased cost of lights. Some complaint was made, also, of the difficulty in procuring lamps and other supplies.

The managers expressed surprise, stating that these complaints were new to them; that their gas and electric plants were the best obtainable, and the unsatisfactory products must be owing to incompetent employees. They promised immediate investigation and improvement.

Don't wait too long, gentlemen, for delays are dangerous. Hammononton is paying a high price for lights, and wants the best.

The greatest racket ever known in Hammononton was heard from twelve to one o'clock Monday morning. Guns of every caliber, pistols, shotguns, church bells, and vocal chorals, made a din that shook the town. But New Year's Day comes only once a year, and we heard no complaint from any one.

Several cases of diphtheria have appeared in Winslow, and some of our people are concerned because Winslow children are now attending school here. Sanitary Inspector Cunningham, who has charge of the cases, says that at this time he can see no danger of a spread of the disease, as the cases are under rigid quarantine.

Republican and

Tribune Farmer

one year each, for

\$1.25

Pennsylvania

Railroad.

W. J. & S. Railroad

Schedule in effect Oct. 3rd, 1905.

Trains leave Hammononton as follows:

For Philadelphia—
Express, 7:50 a.m., 5:50 p.m., weekdays; Sundays, 8:30 p.m.
Accommodation, 6:00, 7:15 a.m., 12:30, 4:10 p.m., weekdays; Sundays, 8:30 a.m., 4:51 p.m.

For Atlantic City—
6:17, 11:40 a.m., 2:40, 5:45, 5:55 p.m., weekdays; Sundays, 9:20 a.m., 5:45 p.m.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.

J. H. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.

Geo. W. BAYN, General Passenger Agent.

Established 1893

Do your Eyes Trouble You?

Careful attention given to Eye Examinations.

ROBERT STEEL

Your Jeweler and Optician

Watch Repairing Promptly Done.

THE INDIAN

The motorcycle that won the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Exposition. The only other prize was awarded to a foreign machine.

Get wise, and buy a motorcycle that is right

E. A. CORDERY

Holiday Suggestions . .

Perfumery Brushes
Cigars Toilet Soaps, etc.

Prescriptions promptly and carefully filled.

W. J. LEIB, Druggist, Second & Bellevue.

At Eckhardt's Market

will be found a full line of

Beef, Fork, Veal, and Mutton of the best quality. Our Hams, Bacon, and Smoked Sausages are surpassed by none.

PRICES RIGHT

THIS PAPER

is for sale every Saturday morning at

Henson's News Room

Back numbers can be had at the REPUBLICAN Office.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1906

Council meeting to-night.
Mrs. Frank Erwin is quite ill with grippe.
Mr. and Mrs. Lenz spent a day or so in Philadelphia.
B. Warrington is building an addition to his residence.
BUILDING STONE for sale—good quality. Eighth street and Second street. J. S. FRIZZIO.
Prof. Baker and son have taken rooms at Mrs. Estabrook's.
Rev. J. H. Wilson and family moved to Brooklyn this week.
A nine-months-old daughter of Isaiah Morgan died last Sunday.
FOR SALE—A Hardman square piano in fair condition. Make an offer. W. J. COOPER, Bellevue Ave., Town.
FRESH CANDIES at the Candy Kitchen. Candies, cream mint, peanut brittle, wafers, etc. and others.
Dr. David T. Davies, of Philadelphia, was in town on Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kondal received a fine New Year's present, a boy.
G. A. R. Post meeting this afternoon at two o'clock. Installation of officers.

WANTED TO RENT, in Hammononton, a house or two-story house, by March. Address "R," Republican Office.
Mrs. Adin Westcott is so much improved that she was down stairs on Thursday.

Born, in Hammononton, Dec. 30th, 1905, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heath, a daughter.

Arthur Elliott has been granted a divorce from his wife, on the ground of desertion.

THE HOME BAKERY will have on sale today, 100,000 rolls, milk bread, cream rolls, and every other kind of cake, pie, bread, etc., etc. By the way, have you tried their bread? If not, try it. It's the best thing you ever ate. On sales at Candy Kitchen and at Wagon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, from Connecticut, spent a day or two with Mrs. Edwin Crowell.

Mrs. P. H. Jacobs has returned home from Hahnemann Hospital, improved in health.

Golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. David McAnany, next Monday evening.

WANTED—DRESSMAKING. Mrs. J. S. REED, corner of Washington and Pleasant streets.
S. E. Brown is installing the steam heating plant in O'Donnell's fine new office building.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Rogers and daughter, from Haddon Heights, were here over Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph H. Jonek, of Tom's River, is visiting relatives here. The Doctor is expected, also.

FOR SALE—Two building lots on Pleasant street, near Tilton street, at reasonable price. Inquire at 25 Central Avenue.

Rev. H. T. Taylor will move into the house on Second Street, just vacated by Rev. J. H. Wilson.

Overseer of the Poor Barnhouse consulted an attorney, on Thursday, in regard to the Olinto injury case.

Mr. and Mrs. Reely, of Toga, Penn., spent a couple of days with their cousin, Mrs. Chas. A. Leonard.

LOST and FOUND HEADQUARTERS, the Hammononton Office. Try a two-center. Everybody will read it.

The Hammononton Cranberry and Improvement Association this week declared a dividend of 75 cts. a share.

Regular meeting of the Board of Trade next Tuesday evening, in Fireman's Hall. President and Secretary to be elected.

Mrs. Maude Leonard made her parents a flying visit last week Thursday, staying long enough to take dinner with them.

HIGHEST PRICES paid for all kinds of old junk in large or small quantities. Found 2 and I will call. W. C. LINDSEY, Hammononton, N. J.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church held on Feb. 22nd as the date for their bean supper—to be given in Bellevue Hall.

Mrs. Emma Holloway has gone to fill a position as nurse in one of the large hospitals in outskirts of Trenton. We all wish her success.

TURN OVER A NEW LEAF—Invest 25 cts. on this book. "Healing the Sick" by H. W. Mount. Don't hesitate. You can make it a life-time investment. The book you have over made. It solves the mystery of healing, restores production, and shows the true cause of many diseases and fully explains the remedy. Now is the time to start out on a true and sure method, that this year may be called a happy New Year to you. To your health and to the world. This book will prove its value to all. Send 25 cts. to H. W. Mount, Hammononton, Atlantic City, N. J. I will send it to you at once.

Insert with the A. R. Phillips Co. Barlow Publishing Agency, N. Y.

Mrs. Nettie M. Monfort was welcome guest of her parents.

Mrs. Grace Osgood came home from Washington for the holidays.

Some one has asked us about the two young fellows who took a trip to Beethoven, the other day.

WHAT YOU WANT is to keep the eye of the eye. TO THE REPUBLICAN.

Mrs. Tittel, a graduate of the Woman's College, in Frederick, Md., succeeds Mrs. Yates as teacher of the Second Grade of our Central School.

A representative of the employing printers of New York City is canvassing South Jersey for men to take the place of strikers in the metropolis.

New Year's Day was the eighth anniversary of Master Edward Burt's birth, and a company of his young friends assisted in making it pleasant.

DRESSMAKING. Latest designs in perfect style. Mrs. WILKINS, Valley Ave., near Bellevue.

Charles F. Crowell and family spent New Year's with relatives in Atlantic City, and attended the wedding reception of his niece, Mrs. J. Harold Seal.

Langell John broke his arm while visiting in Philadelphia in company with Edward Ballard. He fell, and threw his arm back to save himself, with the result stated.

THE audit of town accounts was completed last Sunday, not from choice, but because that was the last day of the year, after Council meeting, and the new State law required it to be done.

MILLES Raspberry Plants for sale. Good young stock. S. H. HANCOCK, Corner Ave. and Third Street.

That great pumpkin in J. H. Marshall's store contained 567 seeds. There were 104 aces; 51 Falsberg came nearest, at 560; Mrs. Osgood second, 575; Mrs. C. H. Wilson, 576.

On the first school day of the new year, pupils from out-of-town paid tuition to the amount of thirty-four dollars, for the month of January.

We give you and I pay school taxes, let these school taxes be paid in advance, thus secured, help to pay the bills.

Fill in as present and positive as possible. Every day. These things are the only things that will give you the best thing you ever ate. On sales at Candy Kitchen and at Wagon.

THE Hammononton Shoe Company is one of the busiest firms in Jersey. With more orders than they can fill, all hands busy six days every week, no wonder they smile. One of their employees said: "I have worked there seven years, and never lost a day because of a lack of orders."

It is impossible to have a clear head, an active brain, a vigorous constitution or a strong body when the digestion is weak or when the stomach is out of order. KODOL Bismuth will put the stomach and digestive organs in good condition and improve the general condition. Sold by Marshall & Brown.

THE Electric Light Company ran their big dynamo for fifty consecutive hours, between Monday and Thursday, to change the Hammononton Telephone Company's storage batteries. It is well worth one's time to visit the latter place; the apparatus appears to be the best obtainable.

FOR SALE—CHERRY—Imperial, 6-man house, and lot, 3rd street, near Bellevue Avenue. Call on Mr. H. W. Mount, 25 Central Avenue, or on Mr. H. W. Mount, 25 Central Avenue.

A fair-sized audience greeted Mr. Ellsworth Plumstead, the entertainer, Wednesday evening. It was one of the most delightful nights of the season; and the stars were forgotten in enjoyment of the programme. He is master of the art, and carries his humor with him.

YOUNG may be just as stupid and prodigious as you please, but he will never be a great man unless he has a good head. KODOL Bismuth will put the stomach and digestive organs in good condition and improve the general condition. Sold by Marshall & Brown.

THE Peoples Bank

Hammononton, N. J., Dec. 16, 1905. The annual election for the officers will be held at the banking house on Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1906, between one and three o'clock p. m.

W. H. TILTON, Cashier.

Charming Music

Can't be gotten out of important musical instruments. A good instrument, well attuned, in skilled hands, to become an charm.

Our display of Holiday Musical Instruments. Includes these points of excellence. Violins, Guitars, Mandolins; how appropriate as gifts! We have them all, as well as all other "best made" instruments.

W. C. JONES, The Watchmaker.

Coal

Hard, cheap, reliable. Chestnut, \$6.25 a ton. Other grades as low as \$5.25. Pen Coal, three kinds, \$4.25.

H. L. MONFORT, Second St., 1 mile west of Piquette.

Sporting Goods

You will find the Finest Assortment that has ever been in town At PATTEN'S.

We are closing out

A lot of Ladies' 75 cent and \$1.25 Kid Gloves in tans, browns, grays and blacks, at 25 cents per pair.

These gloves are all soiled, some so slightly that it is hardly noticeable, others more, but the worst pair in the lot is a big bargain at 25 cents.

We are also closing out some damaged German and Saxony Wool at half price.

W. L. BLACK.

Hardware, Stoves,

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GOOD Short Stories

During his late campaign in New York, W. B. Hearst told the story of a man in an automobile who, having run down a pedestrian, clapped on his brakes, and looking over his shoulder, shouted: "Hey, there, get out of the way!" The man who had been knocked over, yelled back: "Great heavens, you're not coming back, are you?"

A school teacher instructing her classes in grammar wrote this sentence on the board, for correction: "The horse and the cow is in the lot." No one seemed to know what was wrong with it, till at last a little boy raised his hand. "What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "You should put the lady first," corrected Johnny.

A man entered a restaurant, took a seat, and, after a little deliberation, asked the waiter for "a plate of dy-specks." The waiter reported the uncomplimentary request to the proprietor, whereupon the latter approached the customer and informed him that they did not "serve dy-specks."

"Then," was the reply, "why don't you take them off the bill of fare?" A man came up to a lecturer in a hotel in Kansas City, saying with enthusiasm: "Well, sir, I enjoyed your lecture very much last night. I didn't see you there." "Oh, I wasn't there," the lecturer replied. "Well, what do you mean by telling me you enjoyed my lecture, and you were not present?" "Oh, I bought tickets for my girl's father and mother, and they both went!"

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was sitting to D. C. French, he rose suddenly one day and walked over to where the artist was working. He looked long and earnestly at the work, and then, with an inimitable droll, said: "The trouble is, the more it resembles me the worse it looks." After the sculptor had finished the bust, he asked Mr. Emerson to inspect it. "Well," he said at last, "that is the nose I shave."

A young lawyer received a call from a farmer in need of legal advice. The lawyer looked up the statutes, and told the farmer what he should do. "How much?" said the farmer. "Well, let's call it three dollars," said the lawyer. The farmer handed over a five-dollar bill. The lawyer seemed embarrassed. After searching his pockets and the drawers of his desk, he rose to the occasion and pocketed the bill as he reached for a digest. "I guess, neighbor," he remarked, as he resumed his seat, "I shall have to give you two dollars worth more of advice."

An honest and stupid Irishman, who had worked for a coal dealer half a year, and shown no capacity to learn his duties, was finally discharged. "Go to the office and get your money," he was told. "I've been patient with you, but you are too thick-headed to learn anything," said the proprietor. "All right, sir," answered Barney. "I've learned wan ting, anna. If you have, and learned it, I'll not discharge you," said the proprietor, bantering. "Now, what you learned," Barney replied, "is that I shan't be back to work."

THE PLACE IN NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

The representative Editors of Both Sexes Say It Is Not the Place for Her.

"Is the Newspaper Office the Place for a Girl?" is the theme of an editorial symposium in the Ladies' Home Journal. Some time ago Edward Bok sent letters to one hundred men and women editors asking: "If you had a young daughter, desirous or forced to go into the outer world, would you, from your experience as a newspaper woman, approve of her working in a daily newspaper office? If not, why not? And under what, if any, circumstances or conditions would you sanction it?"

Of the fifty women addressed on the subject forty-two responded—all but three in the negative. Of these twenty were married and nearly all that twenty were mothers. There were thirty answers from the fifty men editors, who were unanimous and emphatic in their opinion that the newspaper office was not a fit place for a girl. They take much the same general view of the matter: that the exigencies of newspaper work is a severe tax upon the physical strength, and that the influences of a newspaper office are almost sure to corrupt a girl.

Shakespearean Criticism. "Feller name of Shakespeare fooled our folks pretty well last week," said Mr. Stoddard. "He gave a show called 'Julius Caesar' down to the city hall, an' blamed of the whole thing wasn't made up out of pieces that he'd been spoke at the school exhibition here for twenty years."—Baltimore American.

DOWN IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Brother of Julia Arthur Tells of Life in That Quarter.

"Some years ago, I was traveling through the Southwest representing a Cincinnati manufacturing concern," said Arthur Lewis at the Holland House recently. Mr. Lewis is a brother to Julia Arthur, the well-known actress, and is interested in the manufacture of automobiles. "It was a bit rougher down there than it is now," continued Mr. Lewis, "and it isn't any too smooth now. I remember it was a hot day and we were running along a narrow-gauge railroad leading into Fort Worth, Texas. I was standing on the rear platform of the train when it slowed up at a sage brush station. I carelessly noticed three men standing on the platform. Suddenly there was a pistol report. One of the men staggered and fell, the second jumped sideways and made off for the bush with a swift, ricocheting movement, like a pheasant. The third man pulled a gun and took two shots at the fugitive, but missed. Then he bent over the fallen man. The man who had been shot—I caught it just as I ran up—said grimly: 'Never mind me; get him.' Without a word the man jumped on a horse and started after the one who had done the shooting."

"We carried the wounded man onto the train and stretched him out in the parlor car. He was a great, big, bronzed fellow. I learned that he was the sheriff of the county and that he and his deputy had rounded up a Mexican horse thief and were taking him to Fort Worth. The Mexican was all right until the train pulled in. Then he changed his mind or something, for he suddenly grabbed a gun out of the sheriff's belt, let go one shot and made off. When we opened his shirt there was a wound in his breast that would make your heart sick. It looked as if you could stick your fist in it. The sheriff was game. He directed us how to take his clothes off, to make a cold water compress and make him as comfortable as possible. When everything was done that could be done he said, quietly: 'Thank you, boys, but I guess this will be enough for me. I guess I am through.' Then he told us what he wanted done with his horse. He had a letter written to his wife, and he had put his mind at ease, he seemed to lose consciousness. He was that way for half an hour and then he stirred. We asked him if he wanted anything and he shook his head feebly. Then he said, weakly: 'Say, if it would be a good joke on that greaser if I did die.' He didn't say anything more. When we got to Fort Worth he was taken off the car to a hospital. Some years later I was in St. Louis—it was during the Republican convention of 1896—when a man touched me on the shoulder. I looked up. It was the sheriff and he looked as fine as a colt. I said: 'How is the greaser?' The sheriff said broadly: 'We got him and he ain't enjoying the same extraordinary good health as yours truly. Have a drink? I found out that the sheriff had pulled around after several months and that the Mexican was killed resisting arrest.'—New York Tribune.

Restlessness.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no paradise, however defended,
But has one vacant chair!

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient and assuage the feeling;
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Trouble Ahead.



Mrs. Whyte—I hear that Bill is making a lot of money.
Mr. Black—Yess, but I think he'll have trouble paying it.

DECOY STEER LEADS OTHERS TO DEATH.



Bill is a handsome red and white steer and he makes his home in the stock yards of Swift & Co. in St. Joseph, Mo. He is 2 years old and is one of the most intelligent animals imaginable. He is employed as a decoy and he has led many thousands of his kind to their death during the time he has been in the business of slaughtering.

At one time Bill was the wildest of the wild steers in the yards. He came fresh from the Texas ranges and was as full of life and vigor as it is possible for a steer to be. That was the reason he was selected to take the place in the killing chute of his predecessor, who had grown old and a little bit lazy. It is necessary that the animal used in this business shall not grow fat or slothful. He must be energetic, full of life and willing to work.

The task of taming Bill was undertaken and he was soon a docile animal and full of vigor and life. He was then trained to his work. It took a long time to teach him, but he finally learned what was wanted of him and he is now a perfect decoy. Briggs, the manager of the western territory of the Salvation Army, recently took a trip through the yards of Swift & Co. and he took a great interest in Bill. Said Briggs, Pebbles:

"I never saw a more intelligent animal than Bill. He leads about 1,000 of his kind up the killing chute every day and does it with an intelligence that is remarkable. He takes his place in front of a bunch of cattle and tries to attract their attention. After he gets them all to looking in his direction he starts up the chute and as the leader nears the end he curls up and allows those following to pass by. If the cattle are inclined to hesitate he will start again for a few feet and then curl up again, and in this way he teases them on until they arrive at the fatal pen. The animal seems to be gifted with almost human intelligence, and it is wonderful the way he has been trained. He seems to take pride in his work and at times seems to display almost a mischievous delight in luring the herds to their death."

Briggs, Pebbles tells also of a big black ram who leads the sheep to the slaughter pen. He employs the same methods as Bill does, but of course he has an easier position, for sheep are proverbial for their tendencies to follow the leader. It is no difficult matter at all for this black sheep to get a big flock to follow him up the long chute that leads to the killing pens. The foolish animals fall into line and trail up the steep pathway with patting feet and are soon in the pen, while the black sheep who lured them on remains huddled against the side of the fence, ready to go back and call another bunch of bleating animals up the narrow way.

Curious Lamps.

A fiery lamp has the charm of novelty. It hails from the West Indies and is quite a pretentious affair, being eighteen inches high and built in three stories. It is made of wicker and bamboo cages, with little doors.

In these cages fireflies are imprisoned, and are cared for and fed. The lamp is one of a collection brought together at the National Museum in Washington by Mr. Walter Hough.

The collection includes lamps of all ages, from those of ancient nations to lamps of to-day. There are old English lanterns there that would delight the heart of the collector of curios.

Among the Chinese lamps are those made of bamboo and used to light alleyways. They are the illuminators that so often lead to conflagrations. Eskimo lamps, old-fashioned olive oil lamps, and Japanese lanterns suspended from sticks add to the interest of the collection.

The Question with a Twist.

"The question," replied Prince Tuan, "is whether or not there shall be any partition of China."

"It occurs to me," said Prince Chung, "that the main question is whether or not there shall be any partition of you and I."—Baltimore American.

A young man seldom believes that a girl enjoys a kiss unless he has it from her own lips.

CONQUERING A GRIZZLY.

Nearly all old Californians, says the author of "Early Days in California," have heard of "Mountain Charley," who lived in the Santa Cruz mountains where he hunted bear and deer. Of his adventures, many of which were remarkable, there is none stranger than his fight with a grizzly.

One morning he started out with his gun. He had gone but a short distance when he found himself face to face with a grizzly. The bear was sitting on his haunches, reaching for scorn, when Charley came upon him. The hunter tried to bring his rifle up, but, being at such close quarters, the bear disarmed him by striking the weapon with its paw and knocking it out of his hands. At the same time he embraced Charley.

Both fell to the ground. Being on a hillside, they rolled over and over until they reached the ravine below, when the bear loosened its hold, yet did not seem inclined to give up the fight.

Charley realized that his only chance was to "wind" the bear by striking him with his fist over the heart. He landed a blow as near the region as possible. He struck first with one fist and then with the other in rapid succession when he found the bear weakening.

By this time they were close to the embankment of the creek. The bear had lost no time in getting in his scratches and bites. It had made one wound over the hunter's forehead and down the cheek to the nose, and had torn one of his eyes from the socket. It had also fastened its teeth in the man's left arm, and made an ugly wound there.

With a desperate lunge Charley shoved the bear over the embankment into the water. They were weak to stand, he was exhausted, and the ground. The bear was apparently in the same condition. It waded to the opposite bank and lay down.

At last the bear rose to its feet and walked up the stream, frequently stopping and looking back, as if hesitating whether or not to renew the fight. Going at a slow pace, it finally disappeared.

When Mountain Charley thought he could move with safety he crawled to the stream and drank a little water, then washed the blood from his face, pushed the eye back into the socket and crawled to his home. He was taken to San Jose for medical treatment. The bones of one arm were broken. Several months passed before he recovered. His eye was not destroyed, but his face was so disfigured that his friends hardly knew him. Not discouraged, however, by this terrible experience, however, he continued to hunt until game became scarce.

Proof.

A low cry of anguish fell from her lips.

"My heart is broken!" she moaned. Guardedly we expressed a doubt of this.

"Yes, yes!" persisted the girl, wildly wringing her hands. "For why, else have I to-day written fewer than ten pages in my diary?"

Now although we had comparatively small understanding of the subtler motives of the everlasting feminine, we felt instinctively that here was proof not lightly to be gainsaid.—Detroit Journal.

Thatched Cottages Disappearing.

Gradually and too surely the old thatched cottages of England are going. Where the thatch exists it is not substituted for it; it is repaired when necessary with straw or reeds, more commonly with the former. But where a thatched cottage tumbles to pieces or is burnt, the new one that takes its place is given a slate roof, writes an English correspondent. Large numbers of the old cottages, with the wooden beams amid their bricks and the thatched roofs, are destroyed by fire. There is little chance of stopping a fire when it has laid hold of the wood or the thatch.

The Professor's Dilemma.

Booker—Prof. Delvington is in a terrible quandary.

Hooker—Why, what's the trouble?

Booker—He has discovered a new disease and can't find any germ for it.

Chicago News.

And Do It First.

Askit—What is your understanding of the Golden Rule? Does it mean: "Do unto others as you would like to be done by?"

Bizzoso—No; my interpretation is: "Do unto others as you would be liked by." Philadelphia Press.

Run or Be Run.

Jones—They say the running expenses of Slubb, Jobb & Co. eat up all the profits.

Smith—How so?

Jones—Slubb was running for Congress and Jobb was playing the races.

—Puck.

"TOO FANCY."

The English Grandmother Did Not Like the Girl's Name.

Charles Lamb, most devoted of brothers, once informed Mrs. Cowden Clarke that he was in the habit of calling his sister "Marie," when he was alone together, Mary when he was with friends, and Moll before the servants.

It is easy to guess that this whimsical reversal of what would have been the usual gradation in dignity was announced to counteract some mild protest of the gentle Mary at being reduced to "Moll" under any circumstances. Even Moll or Polly would scarcely have fitted her quiet, old-fashioned, charming personality—but Moll! No wonder the genial Charles took delight in such a triumphantly complete mischief.

No small matter is more annoying to a large number of people than an error in their names, or any unwelcome liberty in their use. That this has always been the case many centuries' accumulation of jokes upon the theme bears witness; but it is especially so to-day when, in a welcome reaction from the public and general use of nicknames and pet forms—the undignified reign of "Mame" and "Piggie," "Milly," and "Margie"—even the smallest tots are addressed at full length by the stateliest of long names. So it is easy to sympathize with the feelings of a certain Annabel, whose delightful English grandmother has been spending the summer with her American grandchildren.

She is a fine, bright, spirited old lady, with white curls puffing out under the quaintest of caps, black eyes snapping alertly behind large glasses, and the softest and sweetest of English voices; but a voice, alas! with not an h in its vocabulary that is not misplaced.

Annabel is 16, and sensitive in her dignity. She is heartily fond of her grandmother, and too sensible to mind the absence of her mother, but she has been unable to reconcile herself to their effect upon her own pretty name, which in conjunction with the determined old lady's announced opinion that it was "too fancy to use the 'ole of bevery day," descended suddenly from romantic Annabel to plain Hannah, a name she has always particularly disliked.

"My granddarter Hannah's 'air grows on her 'ead as 'andome as hever I see," was a compliment which brought no joy. "My Hannah 'as heyes like hophes, they're that changenble." "My Hannah 'as an 'eart and an 'ead that do the family credit." "Hamercan or Henglish, my Hannah's as good a granddarter as I'd hank." She has felt so mean not to be pleased when the dear old lady has proudly proclaimed such opinions to visitors.

But recently relief arrived unexpectedly. A maid came into service in the household whose name was really Hannah, and the old lady soon found the ensuing confusion troublesome.

"Hannah's too fancy," and Hannah fetches in the "ousmaid," she announced, tranquilly, at breakfast the other morning. "Hannah, 'ereafter I'll call you Bell."

"O granddarter, do!" cried Annabel, fervently.

"I'm 'appy to find you halways hamble about trifles," rejoined the granddarter, with approval. "It's a hercolent trait, Hannah—I mean to say Bell."

Time's Franks.

Every one notes that the passage of time seems now swift and now slow; but it is not given to every one to express his cognizance of this fact in Mrs. Herlby's bewildering language. "Sure, an' yistherday the hours was dragging at me heels as if they'd staves tied to him," remarked the good woman as she bent over the scrubbing-board, wringing with Mr. Herlby's one white shirt; "an' here's to-day they're galloping that fast it's me all can't catch the tails at them."

"Yistherday at this time," she continued, after one fearful glance at the clock in the corner, "yistherday at this time it was nowhere near half past ten, an' to-day it's all but twilve!"

Nice but Not Satisfactory.

They were his first pants, and he proudly wore them off to school. When he returned at noon, his mother and sister were curious to learn about his experiences, and how he comported himself.

"Do you like your pants?" asked his mother.

The young man hesitated a little, as one who likes to criticize, and said, diffidently:

"Y-y-yes—but, mamma, can't you put some patches on them? All the other boys have 'em." New York Judge.

"Did you do nothing to remunerate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest.

"Yes, sir, we searched the pockets," was the reply. Sacred Heart Review.

The Result.

Towne—Newman took part in an automobile race not long ago.

Brown—That so? How did he come out?

Towne—On crutches, about a month later. Philadelphia Press.

