

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

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VOL. 29.

HAMMONTON, N. J., JANUARY 31, 1891.

NO. 5

Your Eyes!

Do they need attention?
Don't neglect them?

We test eyes free of charge, and guarantee our glasses to give satisfaction. You will find at our store all kinds of Spectacles and Eye-glasses, — Gold, Silver, Nickel, Bronzed, Steel, Celluloid, and Rubber.

CARL M. COOK,
Jeweler and Optician.

It is at C. E. HALL'S

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

COOK and PARLOR STOVES,
HARDWARE and TINWARE,
FURNITURE, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.
Stove-pipe in all shapes and sizes. Stove repairs got to order at short notice. Job-work of all kinds promptly attended to. Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

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

GEORGE ELVINS

DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,
Agricultural Implements, etc., etc
N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

New Lard!

New Lard!

At M. L. JACKSON'S,

Cor. Second St. and Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

Our own make of Sausage

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In Clothing.

We have secured property adjoining our new store at Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business in the Ledger Building to the new store, which is the most centrally located in Philadelphia. Great Bargains for Men and Boys before removal. This large stock of Suits and Overcoats will be sold at a great reduction in prices.

A. C. YATES & Co.,

Sinth & Chestnut,
(Ledger Building.)

13th & Chestnut.
(New Store.)

THE WEEKLY SCHOOL REPORT.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Week ending Jan. 23, 1891.

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

ROLL OF HONOR.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie E. Alden, Teacher.
Bertie Jackson
Mark Pressey
Sam. Newcomb
Will Parkhurst
Horace Stuart
Lella DePuy
Will Hoyt
Mettie Tilton
Annie Fitting
Eddie Cordery
Annie Scullin
Ida Hyatt
Gertrude Smith
Belle Hurley
Hurlbert Tomlin

GRAMMAR.

Miss Clara Caville, Teacher.
Samuel Lyster
Harry Rutherford
Harry Simons
Anna Holland
Nellie Hurley
Frank Tomlin
Lewis Cordery
James Baker
Eddie Hoffman
Joe Herbert
Edna Ballard

INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Sara Crowell, Teacher.
Nellie Jones
Roy Alexander
Beulah Jones
Ollie DePuy
Lewie Alexander
Bertie Rood
Charlie Lyster
Edward O'Neill
Grace Fiske
Edwin Thayer
Julia McHose
Vernie Ross
Katie Davis
Annie Millet

PRIMARY.

Miss Nellie D. Fogg, Teacher.
Mittie Rundall
Mamie Winchup
Katie Anderson
Eden Winchup
Mary Lyster
Rosie Road
Annie Whitson
Cora Crowell
Mollie Fiedler
Bessie Morris
Jessie Rogers
Florence Howe
Jessie Rogers
Norris Hurley
Elmer Horn
Harry Mathis
Hans Trudellus

LAKE SCHOOL.

Miss Hattie A. Smith, Teacher.
Margaret Roberts
Herbert Hartshorn
David Roberts
Lewis Pinto
Johnnie Tell
Sarah Roberts
Lorenz Cloud
Lorenzo Rlenzi
Willie Norcross
Johnnie Brown
Della Nicolai
Pressey Brown

MAIN ROAD.

Miss Grace U. North, Teacher.
Mary Jenison
George Parkhurst
Mary Keyser
Alice Smeeth
Mollie Swift
Chas. Slack
Frank Jenison
Chas. Logan

MIDDLE ROAD.

Miss Minnie R. Newcomb, Teacher.
Paul Scullin
Mamie Jacobson
Phebe Newcomb
Josie Garton
Dudley Farrar
Win. Taylor

MAGNOLIA.

P. Chadwick, Teacher.
John Helser
George Helser
Chris Helser
Willie Small
Josephine Small

COLUMBIA.

Miss Nellie Tudor, Teacher.
Josephine Craig
Willie Vanaman
Bert Weacoat
Clarence Peterson

UNION ROAD.

Miss Bertha Moore, Teacher.
Eddie O'Neill
Christ O'Neill
Katie O'Neill
Charles Fitting
Charles Fitting
Geo. W. Fitting
Annette B. Fitting
Geo. Werner
Lizzie Werner
Artie Werner
Ernest Werner
Jap. H. Fitting

STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.	Total on roll.	Average Attendance	Per cent of Attendance	Days of Absent	Days of Tardiness.
1 High School.....	73	61	83	56	18
2 Grammar Dept.....	41	35	85	52	12
3 Intermediate.....	41	31	75	38	12
4 Primary.....	24	21	87	23	7
Total Central.....	251	210	83	228	47
5 Lake School.....	41	30	73	63	5
6 Main Road.....	44	31	70	47	23
7 Middle Road.....	30	21	70	37	17
8 Magnolia.....	33	24	72	37	7
9 Columbia.....	27	16	59	40	8
10 Union Road.....	33	23	69	34	10

"A smile" in the bar-room makes tears at home.

Farm for Sale.

71 Acres.

50 Acres under Cultivation.

Good house, barn, and other buildings. Fruit,—Apples, Pears, Peaches, Black Walnuts, and Chestnuts.

Located four miles from Hammonton, two miles from Elwood, on the main road.

Inquire on the premises, or address
Z. LOCKWOOD, Elwood.

STOVES

We call your attention to the price of Stoves at our store. We can furnish any kind you may desire. Or

A Suit of Clothes
May please you better.

A Horse for sale for \$25.

W. M. GALBRAITH,
General Merchandise,
At ELM.

SAMPLE
COPIES
FREE.

ARE YOU A BAPTIST?
By Profession?
By Education?
By Association?

If one, and you are not already taking it, you need

THE EXAMINER,

THE

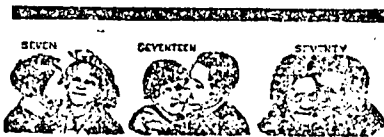
Leading Baptist Paper,

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH, representing the denomination of the whole country rather than any part thereof.

Send \$2, one year's subscription price, addressing "The Examiner," Box 3661, New York City, and receive credit to Jan. 1, 1892.

AGENTS WANTED

SEND FOR
CIRCULAR
OF TERMS.



To cure Intoxication, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy.

**SMITH'S
BILE BEANS**

Use the SMALL Size (40 Little Beans to the Bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.

Suitable for all ages.
Price of either size, 25c per Bottle.

MISSING 7-7-78

J. F. SMITH & CO. MAKERS OF "BILE BEANS" ST. LOUIS, MO.

For sale by all druggists.

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E. STOCKWELL'S.

We have a new supply of goods suitable for the

Holidays!

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

Stamped Linen, Goods,
Felts, Plushes,
And Velvets.

A large line of

Dry Goods

and

NOTIONS.

Butterick's Patterns on hand.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years by private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a specific cure for the disease named.

- These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.
- | LIST OF PRINCIPAL DISEASES. | CURES. | PRICE. |
|---|--------|--------|
| 1 Fever, Congestion, Inflammation..... | 25c | |
| 2 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic..... | 25c | |
| 3 Crying, Colic, or Teething of Infants..... | 25c | |
| 4 Diarrhea, of Children or Adults..... | 25c | |
| 5 Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic..... | 25c | |
| 6 Cholera Morbus, Vomiting..... | 25c | |
| 7 Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis..... | 25c | |
| 8 Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache..... | 25c | |
| 9 Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..... | 25c | |
| 10 Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach..... | 25c | |
| 11 Indigestion or Painful Periods..... | 25c | |
| 12 Whites, too profuse or too scant..... | 25c | |
| 13 Group, Cough, Difficult Breathing..... | 25c | |
| 14 Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Eruptions..... | 25c | |
| 15 Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pain..... | 25c | |
| 16 Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria..... | 25c | |
| 17 Piles, Blind or Bleeding..... | 25c | |
| 18 Catarrh, Inflammation, Cold in the Head..... | 25c | |
| 19 Whooping Cough, Violent Cough..... | 25c | |
| 20 General Debility, Physical Weakness..... | 25c | |
| 21 Kidney Disease..... | 25c | |
| 22 Nervous Debility..... | 25c | |
| 23 Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed..... | 25c | |
| 24 Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation..... | 25c | |

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL, (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 107 Fulton St., N.Y.

SPECIFICS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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

PISO

The BEST Cough Medicine is "Piso's Cure for Consumption." Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

NOTES
Grandmother knit for the baby
A jacket of blue,
No color for boys," so she wrote it,
"What this one will do."
And she sent a gold pin with a blank for a name.
To wait till he came.
Next day came from lovely Aunt Mollie—
Now, what do you think?
All centered, embroidered, and dainty,
A jacket of pink.
"The dress a girl-baby in blue is a shame!"
She wrote. "What's her name?"
"Dear grandma," wrote mamma one morning,
"Your jacket in blue
Is just the right thing for our baby."
His eyes are so blue."
And her note to Aunt Mollie was strange,
You may think:
"Our dear little girl is so pretty in pink."
I fear that you'll say her two letters
At variance seemed,
Or that I'm telling you something
I could but have dreamed;
But the fact is, her stories were nothing but true.
For the twins were both jackets—the pink and the blue!

FALSE TO HIS FLIGHT.

Never shone the sun upon a fairer creature than was Edith Haselden, and never, until now, upon a happier one. Her life had been a summer's morning—all brightness and joy. Even love, that which of storm and calm, of smiles and tears, had been productive of nothing but happiness to her. The scene was changed now; she had to endure her first trial; her lover was to bid her adieu that evening for some months, as he was about to pay a long-promised visit to an old friend of his father's in Paris.

Edith was pacing the garden belonging to her residence, anxiously awaiting his arrival. She felt unhappy beyond what the occasion warranted; she did not fear he would forget her; she was too true herself to suspect treachery in others; her love was so pure, so undivided, that it seemed impossible that she could have bestowed it on one unworthy. No, it was not a doubt of his affection, or his constancy, that caused her present uneasiness, but an undefined presentiment of evil.

She did not know Horace Seaton; there were few who did. Even those far more conversant with the world than she could dream that beneath that warm, glowing manner there was hidden, a cold, calculating selfish heart. It was true that he loved Edith Haselden as much as such a heart ever loves; she was young and beautiful, and that gratified his pride; she loved him and that pleased his vanity.

He had kept his appointment with her, and the moment of parting had arrived. They were sitting on a garden bench; both appeared sorrowful; his arm was around her, and he whispered words of love and hopes of future happiness.

"Edith, my own Edith," he said, "you have promised to remember me, and to greet my return with pleasure; one more request and I have done. Accept this ring and promise me, as you value my peace, that no other hand shall remove it. On my return, dearest, it shall be replaced by another at the altar. Will you not promise me?"

The blushing girl hesitated; again that chilling, vague uneasiness crept over her heart; but she banished it and placed her hand in her lover's. The large, dark eye of Edith would have been staring at that moment, with its intensity of lustre, but that it was softened into mild beauty by the tears which trembled in it. She looked at him with an expression in which love and entire confidence were blended.

"Horace," she said, "I will; I do promise that this ring shall never be removed but at the altar. I will not ask you to remember me while away—it will be implying a doubt that you would not; but for me, I will think of you day and night; I will hold that spot sacred; I will hold communion with none here but Him who now sees us, and who knows the truth or falsehood of our hearts. To him will I pray for your happiness, whatever my fate may be."

They parted; and oh how the fond girl cherished the memory of that parting scene and the words he had uttered. For days afterwards she fancied that she could hear his voice floating around her; could still feel the pressure of his hand as he placed the ring upon her finger. She little thought they had parted forever; that

the voice and hand would henceforth be dead to her; that she had wasted her warm heart's best and freshest feelings on one who would outgrow them; those feelings which the heart entertains but once, which we would give empires—worlds—to entertain again.

He had promised to write to her and had broken his promise. Edith counted the hours each day until the post was delivered with a wild and throbbing heart; but each day proved him more forgetful. At length strange rumors reached her of an approaching marriage between Horace Seaton and a young lady in Paris of great fortune. They crushed and chilled her spirit, and the gay, the happy Edith was no more.

Will not—we cannot—describe her feelings. When first she heard those tidings she treated them as base calumnies. She wrote to him—her letter was unanswered. She accidentally met an acquaintance who had just returned from France, and from him she learned that the report was too true. Her lover had been for some weeks married. She heard the intelligence with a calm and composed countenance, but with a withered, blighted, breaking heart.

Three years had elapsed, and Edith Haselden stood gazing from her casement upon the lake below, while the soft moon shone in unclouded loveliness. The next day was her marriage day. A gentleman named Fortescue had seen and admired her; love is too strong a word. He admired her beauty, was not repulsed by her coldness, and after a few months' acquaintance obtained a cool, careless consent from her to become his wife. She was strangely altered; no longer the buoyant, enthusiastic girl with looks and thoughts equally fresh and glowing, she had become the calm, unimpassioned, dignified woman. Tears had washed every trace of the rose from her cheek, and what with her paleness, and the constant repression of every feeling on her countenance, she had acquired the appearance of one of Canova's statues, cold, yet wondrously beautiful.

"Edith stood some time at her casement in deep thought; at length she murmured, 'It must be!' and turning from the window, seated herself at a desk from whence she removed a small packet of letters. She trembled violently as she rose and walked towards a fire at the end of the room. She held them over the flame for an instant, and in the next they were burning.

"So perish all remembrance of him!" she said.

Again she walked towards the window, and took from her bosom a miniature. She appeared collecting courage to destroy that also. A pang shot over heart and brow as she gazed upon the picture. She pressed it convulsively to her lips; and bitter tears, in spite of her desperate efforts to repress them, burst forth in torrents, as if from a source long pent up. She passed her hand over her brow, as if to ease its burning pain.

"I cannot—oh, I cannot destroy his picture!" she said again; and also looked on it long and fixedly.

Dreams of other days flitted before her, and she sobbed as if her heart would burst.

But this emotion passed away. She was again still, calm and beautiful as Parian marble. She unveiled the chain which supported the miniature of Horace Seaton. Again she gazed upon it. The thought that at that time tomorrow it would be guilt for her to gaze upon the picture came across her mind; and she resolved, though she could not destroy it, never again to behold it. She placed it in paper, which she carefully sealed, and locked it in her desk.

"Now, then, it is over, and I shall become another's without one thought of him lingering in my breast," she murmured; but the tone of misery and utter desolation was in contradiction to her words.

It was morning, and Edith was arrayed in her bridal dress. Not the quivering of a lip, not the trembling of an eyelid, betrayed what was passing in her heart. She walked steadily up the aisle of the church; she uttered the responses in a low, yet audible voice. But this calm was unnatural, and was soon to be destroyed.

The ceremony was nearly over, and

Fortescue took her hand, upon which he was to place the wedding ring. He gazed at its death-like coldness and was surprised to see that a jeweled ring, which he had noticed her constantly wearing was not removed from her finger. She had forgotten that, and now the recollection of the vow she had made never to let another remove it than the man who, however false he had proved, was still Horace Seaton, the playmate of her childhood, the idol of her first affection, flashed upon her. The long, long interval of weary days and sleepless nights and wasted years faded away, and she remembered only their parting hour, and his words, "I will replace it with another at the altar." At this moment the bridegroom attempted to withdraw the ring. It was too much. The last stroke overcame poor, fragile Edith Haselden.

"Never, never!" she murmured, as she struggled to release her hand.

In the struggle the ring was removed, and fell upon the marble steps of the altar. She gazed upon it for a moment, in speechless misery; then a loud, wild scream escaped her—so loud, so wild, that the hearers felt the blood run cold in their hearts. She fell. Fortescue thought she had fainted, and he raised her head from the floor; but it fell heavily on his arm. He shuddered. The color had forsaken her lips; those bright, beautiful eyes were closed forever. Edith Haselden was dead.

Using Shakespeare's *Dust as an Aid*.
The Vicar of Stratford recently announced from his pulpit that he "does not object to his church being commonly called Shakespeare's Church, nor to receive gifts for it in honor of his immortal memory." Apparently not. I should say, from the following fly-leaf recently distributed among his congregation, that, so far from "objecting" to the use of Shakespeare's name, Mr. Arbuthnot regards the poet as a veritable gold mine:

STAFFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.
The church contains the dust of the greatest poet of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are anxious to make it more worthy the worship of God and of his illustrious dead. What we intend to do:

To repair thoroughly the steeple (estimated cost, £270); to replace the ancient oak backs to the height of the window sills (estimated cost, £238); to repave the church, substituting, if possible, marble for stone (estimated cost, £280); to cleanse and repair the walls, etc. (estimated cost, £338); to erect a new reredos, including sculptured figures (estimated cost, £1,771); to alter and improve the choir rail and gas fittings (estimated cost, £130); to replace the warming apparatus (estimated cost, £120); and to replace the old pianos (estimated cost, £217).

The estimates have been approved by Messrs. Bodley & Garner, who are the architects for the work, and amount in all to £2,333. It is a beautiful task to hear from anybody who will undertake any part of this scheme, or will give substantial help. If you cannot do this, will you at least give sixpence or a shilling towards its completion by placing it in one of the church boxes?

O. ARBUTHNOT, Vicar.

A Well-Known Traveler.
Paul Du Chailu, the writer and traveler, is fifty-two years of age. He is under the average height, round-shouldered and not at all handsome. His face is strong and his forehead commanding. He has French blood in his veins, which is shown by his vivacious manner. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and his conversational powers are great. He has done a vast amount of work, but is a fine fencer. His long journeys in African jungles do not seem to have injured his constitution at all.

Had Read Them All.
When Willie Collins was presented to President Grant, two gentlemen made a bet that Grant had never read one of Collins's works. As soon as the President met the novelist, he told him that he had read all of his works, and thought that "No Name" was the best.

Hard Pushed.
An Ohio farmer sent a note to the county judge forbidding him to issue a marriage license to his daughter. It had no effect, for the "girl" went there herself and swore she was thirty-five years of age.

Men's feet do not consist in gaining his or that position; but being content to fill any.

Be-true lose an anchor than the whole ship.

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