

# South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

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VOL. 27.

HAMMONTON, N. J., FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

NO. 6.

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### SCHOOL REPORT.

The following pupils have received an average of 90 in deportment, 80 or above in recitations, and have been regular in attendance, during the week ending Friday, Feb. 1st, 1889, and thereby constitute the

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

##### HIGH SCHOOL.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Henry Stockwell	Lilla Ruby
Chester Crowell	Myra Patten
Willie Hoyt	Ida Vaughn
Willie Parkhurst	Lizzie Gross
Charlie Jacobs	Carrie McDougall
Harry Monfort	Nellie Tudor
Chas. Moore	Helen Miller
Bertie Jackson	Mamie Wood
Barton Champion	Laura Baker
Eddie Cordery	Lizzie Seely
Sammy Newcomb	Nellie Monfort
Willie Beverage	Mabel Donahy
Mark Pressey	Milly Jones
James Scullin	Lucy Hood
Zina Roberts	Ida Morton
Chas. Cavilleer	Lizzie Walther
Hurry Baker	Jessie Kutherford
Clayton Loveland	Annie Kitting
Etta Hall	Anna Stone

##### GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Miss Annie L. Weston, Teacher.

Minnie Cale	John Baker
Belle Hurley	Charlie Bradbury
Mamie Loveland	Allie Seely
Katie Galloway	Mary Leonard
Hurlbert Tomlin	Gertie Smith

##### INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Susie L. Moore, Teacher.

Percy Whiffen	Myrtle Smith
Charlie Hoffman	Ada Cale
Edith Anderson	Annie Walther
Harry Simons	Willie Seely
Bertie Matthews	Samuel Irwin
Maggie Miller	David Pruster
Blanche Jones	Ivy Smith
Herbert Cordery	Frank Tomlin
Johnnie Hoyt	Lyle Allendar

##### PRIMARY.

Miss Nellie G. Fogg, Teacher.

Richard Ruzby	Bertie King
Willie King	Charlie Laver
Willie Simons	Lydia Bowes
Albert Irons	Louie Colwell
Maud Wilson	Mary Burgess
Amos Hurley	Louie Hurlley
Charlie Galloway	Laura Warner
Willie Meyers	Joe Baker
Howard Bradbury	Henry Whitfen
Ora Moore	Mary Fitzpatrick
Danille Ballard	Harry Walther
Willie French	George Dilks
Willie Galloway	Morris Simons
Jay Brown	Howard French
Willie Mick	Samuel Albertson
Harry Potter	Nick Mick
Harry Laugham	Elmer Horn
Harvey Horn	Allie Mick
Anna Harris	Josie Harris
Joe Herbert	Mary Quatelli
Roy Allendar	Artie Potter
Richard Waller	Beulah Jones
Ollie DePuy	Elwood Jones

##### LAKE SCHOOL.

Miss Sarah Crowell, Teacher.

Francesca Passalacqua	Lulu Hopping
Mary Tell	Joe Courtois
Jane Cloud	Rosa Tell

##### MAIN ROAD SCHOOL.

Miss Grace U. North, Teacher.

Willbur Adams	Chas. Slack
Charlie Campanella	John Lucca
Mattie Swift	Nuno Aiello
Geo. Parkhurst	Antonio San Tazio
Cora Fields	Ed. Seasley
Anon O'Neil	Willie Keyser
Ida Keyser	Chas. Jensen
Frank Jensen	Willie Weckerly
Allie Slack	Wardie Campanella
Ole Adams	Taliph Coast

##### MIDDLE ROAD SCHOOL.

Miss Clara E. Cavilleer, Teacher.

Anatol Scullin	Howard Monfort
Archie Kitley	Isle Seely
Alfred Patten	Josie Garton
Angelo Jumaia	Katie Garton
Charlie Anderson	Lille Jacobs
Dudley Farrar	Nick Seasley
Harry Jacobs	Phoebe Newcomb
Rob Farrar	Pert Scullin
	Theo. Palmer

##### MAGNOLIA SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie L. Carhart, Teacher.

Albert Reimann	Joseph Young
Clarence Littlefield	Katy Reimann
Chas. Littlefield	Louis Doerfel
Chris. Helser	Lana Grunwald
Kiddie Bernhouse	Pauline Grunwald
Eddie Dgerfel	Willie Doerfel
Ida Roller	Willie Small
John Young	

##### COLUMBIA SCHOOL.

Miss Minnie Newcomb, Teacher.

Mary Piper	John Abbott
Edwin Peterson	Esie Westcott
Joseph Abbott	Maggie Craig
Carrie Abbott	Jeannie Stewart
Estella Westcott	Albert W. Westcott

##### ELM SCHOOL.

Miss Laura B. Dudley, Teacher.

Laura A. Wood	Howard Eyaal
Donald Chapman	May Sorden
May Harper	Sherman Eyaal
May Jones	Roy Wilson
Deborah Forman	

### STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.	Total on Roll	Average Attendance	Percent of Attendance	Per cent of Absentees in	Cases of Truancies
1 High School.....	61	57	93	21	12
2 Grammar Dep't.....	40	35	87	31	20
3 Intermediate.....	51	41	80	35	28
4 Primary.....	92	81	88	32	14
Total Central.....	214	221	90	113	74
5 Main Road.....	35	22	63	45	23
6 Main Road.....	39	18	46	25	20
7 Middle Road.....	49	15	30	18	18
8 Magnolia.....	31	30	97	18	14
9 Columbia.....	45	32	71	34	42

Latest Cabinet gossip gives Gov. Rusk, of Wisconsin, the War portfolio, and places Senator Allison as Secretary of the Treasury.

San Francisco papers and San Francisco people are "talking war" in regard to the Samoan question.

Mr. Cleveland is to become a member of a New York law firm.

## COAL.

Best Lehigh Coal for sale from yard, at lowest prices, in any quantity.

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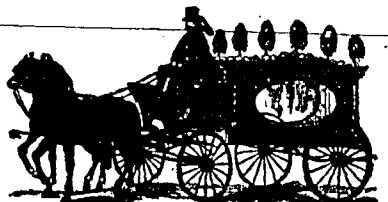
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## House,

## Barn.

Price Low, terms easy.

Most of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

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There is many a rest in the road of life  
 If we only would stop to take it,  
 And many a house from the better land  
 If we only would pause to make it.  
 To the sunny soil that is full of life  
 If we only would pause to take it.  
 The grass is green and the flowers are  
 bright,  
 And the wintry storm prevaileth,  
 Better to hope though the clouds hang low  
 And to keep the eyes still lifted,  
 For the sweet blue sky will soon appear  
 When the ominous clouds are puffed  
 away.  
 Or an evening without a morning,  
 And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes  
 Is the best of the day.  
 There is many a gem in the path of life  
 Which we pass in our idle plume  
 That is richer far than the jeweled crown  
 Or the crown of thorns.  
 It may be the love of a little child,  
 Or a mother's prayers to heaven,  
 Or our own good will and thanks  
 For a cup of water given.  
 Better to weave in the web of life  
 A bright and golden thread,  
 And to weave the will of a ready hand  
 And bands that are swift and willing,  
 Than to snare the delicate, tender threads  
 Of life and to break them.  
 And then blame heaven for the tangled  
 web.  
 And sit and grieve and wonder.

Grandfather didn't leave me his property, after all. I might have known he wouldn't, because he said he was going to leave everything to his wife, but I was sitting entirely different from what he set out to do.

There, for instance, was the day—well, I don't just nicely settled in a country home, that was where all went patiently for the cow grandfather wanted to buy and brought an organ instead. Nobody could play on it, but I did. Grandfather always did seem to buy things that he didn't want, but nobody ever did, and so we had to try and console ourselves for the disappointment of reflecting what a fine addition it would have been to the place. The organ was, until the morning grandfather suddenly made up his mind that he needed another horse, and brought our gentle, star-faced Day.

There were four of us in the family: grandfather, mother, the sweetest and dearest woman that ever lived, myself, and a little girl of five, my sister, and my cousin. Little just of age, looking about 17—pretty, selfish, idle, and vain.

[illegible]

And when his will was read the day after the funeral, I, for one, was very disappointed. I had expected, in all my sessions, with the exception of \$500 to my mother and \$500 to myself, were to be left nothing. I was disappointed, but I was not "dismayed," the daughter of his son John.

It was only a week after the reading of the will when my cousin and I were invited to a party at the coolness somewhat astonishing in such a babyish looking little thing: "You must be looking for another home. I have decided,"—a young man grandfather had died—"in a short time, and we will leave this little cottage ourselves."—

My mother, when we went into our room—a fine large square room it was, bright over the porch, and held a comfortable bedstead, and a large wardrobe.

I wasn't well enough educated to be a governess, and, besides that, mother and I couldn't bear the thought of being separated. I was only a child, and he day father died, ten years before; and we finally came to the conclusion that a small store was the very thing.

My mother, I thought it was the next question.

"The only thing that I think of  
said, as at all suitable is a fancy  
and sense, as grandfather used  
to say," and I kissed her, and she  
kissed me in return, with a tender look  
in her gray eyes (mother has the softest  
and tenderest gray eyes in the world);  
and then she said, "I am so glad  
looking for the store, and in less than a  
week had found it; a nice new little  
lark in a thriving village a few miles  
away from grandfather's place, mean-  
ing very much to me, as you know."  
I was very morningful, and so I  
looked at it. The street on which it  
stood was the main one of the village,

and before the door grew a splendid old and  
hickory tree, which made me less sad to  
part with our oak; and directly opposite  
to the front door, a small garden, with  
sitting well back from the road, with  
half an acre of garden about it. And  
well, that small store did look pretty  
well, more so, rather stout middle-aged  
touched with the contents of the goods  
sidewalk to observe the general effect.  
It was a lovely sunny summer  
morning, and I was feeling singularly  
full and cheerful after observing the  
general effect, I seated myself in the  
sitting-room at the back of the store  
and began to read the morning paper.  
Mother went into the tiny kitchen  
and began making cherry tarts, and  
I had just called to me to come and see  
how splendid the cherries were, when  
a stout, middle-aged, black-looking  
man came in and shut the door with  
a bang.  
I went out as quickly as I could, and  
there he stood, looking at me, and  
gentleman, very red in the face, and  
evidently in very bad temper.  
"Look at that, ma'am, look at that,"  
said he, as I came forward, holding out  
his hand, "that's the way you do it,  
the buttonless wristband of his shirt  
sleeve. "No buttons, and I buy buttons  
by the gross, and, by heavens,  
there's never one in the house. You  
don't like buttons, do you?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"I'll take one - and you look as  
though you would sew it on for me."  
I took the button, and he asked for  
needles and thread, with a smile, for  
it struck me as being somewhat odd  
that my first customer should want one  
shirt button, and almost demand my services  
in the matter. I went to the drawer  
of greatest difficulty I resumed and kept a  
demure countenance while sewing it  
on.  
"Um?" said the gentleman, half  
amused, as I fastened the thread; "nice,  
though not at all handsome, and would  
wear well I should think." I  
looked up and saw his eyes fixed  
on me, and he asked me to give him  
tidy (one of mother's prettiest patterns),  
and thought that if it didn't suit him,  
he must be hard to suit in the way of  
clothing.  
After the gentleman had said "Good-  
day, ma'am," to mother, who came  
into the store looking as sweet as a rose  
and saying, "thank you, ma'am," to me, and  
good-bye, and he had held out his hand  
to me, I saw that my dear little girl  
whom mother gave the two biggest  
cherry tarts; and altogether our first  
day of shoekeeping was a profitable  
one, and the beginning of my  
business life, anyhow.  
We soon discovered that the jolly-  
faced gentleman was the owner of the  
little shop, and he had a large family.  
Mullaway, Mr. Mullaway by name (though  
that blessed mother of mine always  
called him Mr. Mullagatway, after a  
fashion she had of mixing up names in  
the family), and he had a wife, and  
four older boys, "Mr. Black," "Mr. White," and  
their older lawyer, whom we had known  
for twenty years, "Mr. France," in-  
stead of "Mr. Francis."  
His wife had died nearly two years  
before we came to the village, and the  
household since that time had been in  
the charge of an old nurse, who was to-  
tally incompetent to manage so large  
a family.  
"But you see, ma'am," said Mr. Mul-  
lagatway, one afternoon, to my moth-  
er, "I couldn't please any one over  
here, and I was obliged to leave the place."  
"You're not good at breaking hearts - never  
was and never will be; but, to tell the  
truth, ma'am, we're all at stakes and  
want to get out of here," said my father.  
"Ma'am," found Rosie and Frankie, my  
dear afternoon just about playing tea  
party with the little tea-set I bought  
the day before; and what do you  
suppose the old nurse and milk and  
pudding-sauce, ma'am?"  
"I'm sure I can't guess, Mr. Mulla-  
gatway," said mother.  
"I'm sure I can't guess," said my father,  
of chloral in the milk jug, and arnica  
in the sauce-boat! Yes, ma'am, they  
indeed taken the bottles from my medi-  
cine chest, which, where else had placed on  
the floor, and I was obliged to try to  
capture the canary which had flown  
out of its cage!"  
The darling said my mother,  
sitting up in bed, and upturned face  
he child on her knees.  
"Certainly, ma'am," said Mr. Mul-  
lagatway, "but I was frightened all the  
more because they were my darlings, and I  
was afraid of losing them. I was tried to  
ever did before, and I've been devilish  
ever before, ma'am; but the young  
ones set up such a hullabaloo that, to  
save my skin, I was obliged to give up  
o, ma'am, the old confusion and mis-  
management goes on, with meals so  
irregular that I don't know whether  
I'll have dinner or my supper, or my  
dinner or my supper."  
"I assure you I sympathize with you  
heartily," said my dear mother.  
"Believe you do, ma'am. Good-  
evening, ma'am," said my mother, and  
she went to bed, and I went to bed, and  
the little Mullagatway children were the  
only ones left in the house.  
Harry, the oldest, named after his  
father was a frank-faced, merry-hearted  
boy, immensely pleased when I made  
him a gay neck-tie, or handed him a  
new ball of yarn, or a new box of  
br his button-hole.  
The second child was Lily - a bright  
little thing, and, like all the human  
family I have ever known, brown as a  
erry.  
It was her delight to keep store. It's  
twofold cunning, to truly sell things, Miss  
Lily, and she was a very cunning little  
one of her song; "and when I grow up  
I mean to have a store exactly like this,"  
she would say, "and p'raps you'll  
make me for a partner, dear Fair-  
bank!"  
"Most certain! I will, my dear, my dear,"

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

"These men did not fight," replied with a magnanimous heart, Reye. "As his part is that goeth down to the bottom, and his part be that tarrieth by the staff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me, thank God, in these times of war, of famine, of pestilence, of gone weeks and months, and of a world and sees his house untouched of incensary, and have his family on the step of grief, if, by telegram he has found out the death of his wife, and if there are Amalekithish disasters, and there are

**AMALEKITHISH DISEASES,**  
that sometimes come down upon one's home, and that the day of work at the day when Ziklag took fire, there are families in my congregation whose homes have been broken up. No doubt suffering arose in the night, no doubt wept amidst the curtains; but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned, they are gone. How do I feel, when these cases come down upon the quietness of the scene—scarlet fevers, or pleurisy, or consumptions, or undefined disorders of the kind, which have broken up the life of that family, and carried them away from Ziklag in ashes! And you go about sometimes weeping, and sometimes enraged, wanting to get back your loved ones, and you are not satisfied when you wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes!

Some of you went off from home, and counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed so long as a week. Oh, how glad you were when the time came for you to go aboard the steamer, or on rail-car and start for home! You were glad to get home, and glad where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the door-bell, and, behold! it was wraped with woe. You found that Amalekith Death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had befallen yours. You go about weeping and the desolation of the house is before you. How do I feel, when the eyes closed, and the noble heart stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more tears to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington, and asked that through him he might get a consularship to some foreign port. My friend told him that he would do so, if he would go away from your beautiful home, for into foreign port?" "Oh," he replied, "my home is gone." My friend said, "I will do so, if you will, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

Why these long shadows of bereavement across these audiences? Why is it that in almost every assemblage such is the case?

**THE PREDOMINANT COLOR**  
of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron, or brown, or velvet? Oh, no! originally so? "The world is not as it once was," and the world is not. There is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills, expecting only beauty and loveliness, you find devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashes!

In Ulster County, New York, the village church was decorated until the fragrance of the flowers was in the air. The maidens of the village had emptied the places of flowers upon one marriage altar. One of their own number was affianced to a minister of the gospel, and the bride was to leave his home. With hands joined, amidst a congratulatory audience, the vows were taken. In three days from that time one of the girls stood at the altar, and said, "I go to earth, for heaven." The wedding march broke down into the funeral dirge. There were not enough flowers now for the coffin lid, because there had all been taken for the bride's home.

**THE DEAD MINISTER**  
of Christ is brought to another village. He had gone out from them less than a week before in his strength, now he comes in death. The church-bell bewailed him. The solemn procession moved around to look upon the still face that once had beamed with messages of salvation. The people gathered, and he was laid to rest at him. And some of those whom he had comforted in days of sorrow, when they passed that silent form, made the place of dread, and the church-bell bewailed him. The village emptied of its flowers—some of them put in the shape of a cross to symbolize his hopes, others put in the shape of a crown to symbolize his glory. The church-bell's lights blown out in one strong gust from the door or a sepulchre! Ziklag in ashes!

Think this sermon to-day because I was really you as David rallied his men, for

**THE RECOVERY OF THE LOVED**  
and the lost. I want not only to live heaven, but I want all this congregation to go home, to be with their loved ones. I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. I have or other Sabbaths over other inducements, I am not going to let you go. I am, hoping to reach your hearts, to try another kind of inducement. Do you really want to join the companionship of your loved ones who have gone? Do you really want to be with David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may, and to tell you how.

First remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory you must travel the same way as they did. You must go to the land of the dead Egyptian been captivated and he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his men followed after. He said, "I will go to the land of the living, and I will go to the land of the living."

[illegible][illegible][illegible]



[illegible]