

South Jersey Republican

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NO. 25

Freihofer's

Bread,

Fresh

Every

Morning,

at ROBERTS'

Second St., Hammonton.

The Bottom is out

of the Flour market!

Our prices are right on this article, so give us a call when in need of Flour.

Bran is Lower.

We are following the market, and do not quote prices on it.

We are selling Lion Coffee at 10 cents.

Arbuckle's at 11 cents.

Half-pound cans Rumford's at 12 cents.

5 pounds Washing Soda, 5 c.

Sugar at a discount in lots of 25 pounds and over.

Geo. Elvins.

The Fines on Bicycle Riders.

After repeated efforts to have the law enforced, our Town Marshal has succeeded in having fines imposed on four riders. He was compelled to request a justice who resides over a mile and a half from town hall to hear the cases and dispose of them. The justice was governed entirely by the law, and did not take his law from a street poster. Being a rider himself, he had no personal prejudice against the defendants.

It is to be regretted that these young men should have been so unfortunate, as no one of them would have intentionally violated law, and each is popular and highly respected; but they are the victims of non-enforcement of the law on previous occasions. Having been given to understand that we have no sidewalks in this town, and that "a coach and four" could be driven through any bicycle ordinance (even though prepared by three well-known lawyers, as was ours), bicycle riders believed that no ordinance would be enforced. Indeed, the parties arrested admitted the charge, but stated to the justice that the law had never been enforced. The justice replied that he had nothing to do with what had been done, but he proposed to go according to law whenever cases came before him.

The Marshal contends that as the law prohibits riding on sidewalks, he will try to prevent it. He has nothing to do with the condition of the roads; if he had, he might be accused of discriminating against riders. The rider must prove the condition of the roads at his hearing. It has been decided by a court having jurisdiction that a rider can use a sidewalk to avoid an obstruction, whether of mud or sand, but he must return to the road as soon as the obstruction has been passed. He cannot, however, use this decision as a pretext for riding on a sidewalk, as the road must be in an "entirely impassable" condition to give him that privilege; and should he make oath that the road is impassable, he may regret such statement should another party test his statement by using the road.

It is sometimes asked, "If the town will not allow riders on the sidewalks, why does it not repair the roads?" The question is certainly a very pertinent one; but are the people ready to vote more money for that purpose? Good roads cannot be had for nothing. It is a matter of taxes and dollars.

The justice was as lenient as possible, imposing only a small fine for the first offence,--not that he expects to be so lenient in every case, but because he knew that the young men before him were good and law-abiding citizens.

Now, looking at the matter from both sides, if the sidewalks are not protected, where are pedestrians to travel? They must walk somewhere, either on the road or the sidewalk. If women and children must keep on the road, there will be danger from horses and wagons. If on the sidewalks, the "hog riders" may knock them down and instantly vanish. Two children have recently been severely injured on the sidewalk of Main Road, and the riders did not even stop to learn whether they had killed their victims or not.

It is claimed that the Marshal does not see all the violations. True, but because some take the risk of violating the law, and escape detection, is no excuse for others. We have but one Marshal in this town of "magnificent distances," and he can be in but one place at a time. He is endeavoring to do his duty, and should receive the encouragement of every citizen who respects the law. But any citizen can report cases, as it is not the duty of the Marshal alone. Any one who considers himself imposed upon by the law can compel others to conform to it by simply making a statement of facts.

One party arrested was not fined, as he rode on the sidewalk on Grape Street (a bed of sand), which the justice considered a reasonable defence, and very justly, too, as the sidewalk was a necessity on an "impassable street," but the rider would have been compelled to

take the street again as soon as it could be done. The other riders admitted that Central Avenue was not impassable.

The bicycle law of the state supercedes any provisions of our Charter, as it repeals all other laws relating to bicycles, and it has been decided by one of the courts that failure to pay the fine can be followed by imprisonment; and it is not obligatory to bring action for the fine as a debt.

I wish to request all who are opposed to the bicycle ordinance to suggest something better. Do not state that riders might do this or that, for they will not, and have brought the law on themselves. If allowed privileges, some abuse them. We cannot reserve certain sidewalks on each street, as all must be protected alike. I therefore ask this question of those who are dissatisfied,--How would you arrange the matter to do justice to both interested parties, pedestrians and riders?

P. H. JACOBS.

Choose right, and God will help you to do right.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c. a bottle at Crowell's Drug Store.

Valentine & Hood UNDERTAKERS AND Funeral Directors.

All business in their line promptly and carefully attended to.

Embalming a Specialty

Office and Residence,
208 Peach Street,
Hammonton.

G. F. LENZ

has bought the

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BARBER SHOP

corner Third St.
and Bellevue Ave.,

Hammonton,

And solicits your patronage.

First-class Work only.

Clean towel to every man.

Coal!

Coal!

Coal!

Best grades of coal at lowest cash prices for cash, under sheds, and we can deliver it clean and dry even during wet weather.

All coal delivered promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

E. STOCKWELL,
Cor. Bellevue Av. and Third St

Oil Stoves

Repaired

by

WILLIAM BAKER,

No. 25 Third Street,

Hammonton.

Confectionery

Only the choicest.

Bread & Cakes

Always the best.

J. B. SMALL,

Cor. Second and Bellevue,

Hammonton.

W. H. Bernshouse Real Estate and Insurance Agent

Notary Public,
Commissioner of Deeds,
Office, 101 Railroad Ave.
Hammonton.

Wm. Bernshouse, STEAM

Saw & Planing Mill

AND
Lumber Yard.

All varieties of the
Finest Mill Work.
Sash, Doors and Blinds.

FIRST GRADE

Cedar Shingles

A Specialty.

Near the Railroad Stations,
Hammonton, N. J.

W. R. TILTON & Co., FIRE INSURANCE

We represent companies that are among the best.

Our rates are with the lowest.
Insurance given us will have prompt and careful attention.

W. R. TILTON, Notary Public.
HARRY L. MONFORT,
Commissioner of Deeds.

The Spencian Business College

1520 and 1522 Chestnut Street

13th YEAR

Incorporated under Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

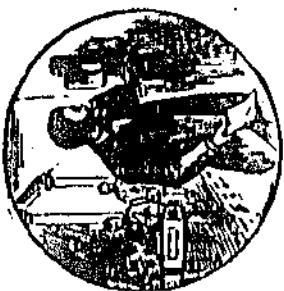
A SCHOOL where young men and women are thoroughly trained and equipped for business, thus enabling them to earn their own living. It has no antiquated methods. Actual Business Practice from the start.

Other Colleges in Philadelphia not permitted to use our system.

The Shorthand and Typewriting Departments

are used to their utmost to supply the increasing demand for our stenographers. Now is the time to prepare yourself. VISITORS WELCOME.

GET THE BEST



Americans will reap rich financial harvests in Cuba, whether it be annexed or not, and in the years not far distant the population will be largely American. The United States has the financial capital will predominate and American ideas of government will obtain. On account of the right hand of fellowship now extended by Uncle Sam, Americans will be welcomed by the Cubans, and given enormous grants, not only in money, but in land, and the relations between the two countries will be very close, and the commercial interests of one identical with those of the other.

On account of the chaotic Cuba and great recuperative powers, and when the present chaos has been assured him, the Government will be able to recover its strength. It will be the case that until all traces of the recent domination will have disappeared. The

She: You won her hand, then?
He: I'm er I presume so. I'm under her thumb.

Attendant Why, how can they make a noise when they talk with their fingers?

Doctor Well, don't actors speak louder than words?

Cold Climate, Big Brains.
The colder the climate the greater the size of the human brain.

The Company
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

...are very
...for them
...entire world
...entative of
...were the us
...times that, in
...Primo Matala
...knowledge

...to have pity how
human was a fair emblem of
them, and Mordecai the repre-
sentative of gentleness. Such
images of anxiety in ancient
and this Israelite bowed to the
ground, it would have been an
act of respect for his character

and erect in his doleful, in his splendid tomb in West-
y, and at Tyburn hung on a
morning until night in the
morning multitudes. Haman's
a little late, but it came,
silly in a straight line, and

"I am glad I am to see that you and your intimate friends," he

“Him, ha-
bless me!
double and
night.”
—
Less th

Where is he? Hum, ha,
A splendid fellow! Pay him
and let me have him every
man Half Native Born.

WHEN THE SKIES CLEAR OFF.

The prospects will be brighter, The clouds will be lighter, An' the souls of us be whiter, When the skies clear off, With sweeter notes a-singin', An' sweeter birds a-singin', When the skies clear off.

The after-ill jingle, Till your fingers tingle, Old friends meet a-mingle, When the skies clear off, An' trouble, like a feather, Will go sailin' off the weather, Will stir an' dance together, When the skies clear off.

There's a sign of light a-comin', An' you hear the wagon hummin', An' you'll be marchin' to the drummin', When the skies clear off, No more what's the trouble, I'll break just like a bubble, An' you'll drive in harness double, When the skies clear off.

HANNAH'S FURROW.

"I think it is smoke,"

"And I think you are wrong."

The first speaker was a young woman with a sweet face, expressive of much silent resolution and great self-control. The second speaker was an old man, whose faded brown eyes had a startled look as if suspecting that people were about to bring him trouble, or else asserting that they had already brought it.

The old man was known among the ranchmen as old John Blaisland. He owned a great ranch. The young woman was called Hannah. "I don't know what her 'other name' is," the old man would have told a questioner. "She came from the East, somewhere, wanted to be a housekeeper, Mrs. Tutbury, and I didn't care. That's all I know about it. I don't care what her name is. I am a little selfish of what she wants; they all want something."

It was the mystery enveloping Hannah like an atmosphere, and it was the old man's suspicion of her motives and purposes, that made her presence an annoyance to him in spite of any words to the contrary. When he now told her that any sign of smoke about the mirror was a mistake, she simply replied: "If young John were here, he could tell us."

The faded brown eyes began to flash. The husky voice trembled with petulance.

"Young John," he snarled, "I guess if old John don't know, you won't pick up any information from that young man."

It might have seemed as if he were angry with "Young John"—no, with the young woman who mentioned his name.

"Now, I know," he silently said, as he turned away. "I am sure now for young John than old John. The much going on between those young people. Next thing there will be a marriage. I don't want her meddlin' with that young man."

This old young person, like Hannah, came from the East, had proved very acceptable to the old ranchman, and was a great favorite with him. The ranchman in the neighborhood, to distinguish the two, called one Old John and the other Young John. People sometimes thought they were father and son. No; there was a son at the East who had offended his father, and had been forbidden to come or even to write to him. The old man wondered sometimes whether he did not trace familiar features in this young adventurer from the East. Any fanciful resemblance was not pleasant to the old ranchman. He drove it from his thoughts as he would drive a cloud of mosquitoes from his home.

And Hannah, who still lingered back of the barn, watching that smoky stain on the blue of the sky. It was Sunday morning. The great prairie was, though in reality anything but shut in. It had such an openness to the wide, wide sky. There was no resemblance of fence or wall in any direction until, in the east, one saw a fold of bluish cloth along the prairie's rim. That meant the Rocky Mountains.

"I think it is growing," she murmured. "That smoke-cloud is rolling up bigger. What if it should come this way, and sweep over the ranch? And yet he does not think it is smoke. I wish John were here! When will he come? He said he would be home on Monday morning at this morning and go with us to church."

"Hannah! It was old John calling. 'Daniel, Daniel! What's that sky won't you see?'"

Hannah made no reply. It was of no use to notice all his faint blinding or to see the old man's face, with its control in her steadfast gaze. The man's silence, and went into the house, while the old ranchman shuffled feebly to the barn and began to harness the horse into the wagon.

"I have horses in abundance, but they are all of with the men watching the cattle," he muttered, "and so, John, I must pull us to church. Humpf! I soon as will say we can't go, that there's a fire out on the prairie. Now, guess! If my John was here, he could tell about that smoke!"

He dropped the harness as if banding the coil of a snake. "What has he said? 'My John'?" That was the name

also of the offending son in the East. This father never knowingly mentioned the name of "My John." Lifting the harness again, he now arrayed Jim in it.

"What do I smell?" he asked.

"Young John would have told him 'Smoke,' but he was not willing to smell anything of the kind."

In the meantime, Hannah had given occasional glances at the suspicious northern sky. From a window she glanced to look toward the east. In alarm, astonishment, terror, she dropped a bonnet whose green trimmings would have set off her fair face even as an apple's emerald foliage sets off its pinkish white blossoms.

"Oh—Oh—Oh! I did not look that way at all, and here it is right upon us! The wind must have shifted," she exclaimed.

Over at the right was a large towering cloud of a dun-brown color, with ragged, filmy edge, compact in the center, and of a deeper hue there, as if its heart were a secret and a mystery, signaling that its mission was ruin.

"Sir, sir—sir," she stammered, as she met old John. "The fire will soon be upon us. Young John is not here. Help me harness Jim into the plough!"

"W-h-what?" he stammered in reply, so dazed that he was like one pastruck.

Hannah flew out of the house, and quickly unharnessed Jim, attached him to the plough. At Mrs. Tutbury was better in an emergency than one would have supposed. She now came up bravely, like an old-fashioned Dutch cruiser at a critical moment in the battle-ship.

"You drive the horse, Mrs. Tutbury, and I'll hold the plough, and we will make a furrow all about the buildings. Oh, if Mr. Blaisland would just help and burn the grass on the prairie side of the furrow!"

Hannah was more deferential to her style of address than was the housekeeper. The latter was plain and portly. "Here, here, Old John! Come and help!" she screamed, in the same breath giving the order. "Get up there lively, Jim! Up with you, get it!"

She resumed her command to the ranchman: "Burn the grass all outside the furrow! Quick, sir, quick! We will all be burnt to a cinder if you don't dry round! Get up there, Jim! faster, old boy!"

After this last equine order, the fat housekeeper, rosy and puffing, skillfully steered Jim down the east side of the farm-house. Hannah guided the plough, the muscles swelling in her firm, shapely hands, and along her bared, brown wrists. Her eyes glanced downward to see that the ploughshare was running right, and then they were lifted to the heavens. Those deep eyes of blue were filled with prayer's reverent supplication.

"God help us, God help us!" she murmured. Behind the plough trotted the old ranchman, kindly, the grass outside the furrow, and leaving a rapidly widening space of black, fire-ravaged ground between the ranch building and the awful conflagration driving over the prairie.

"Now the north side," said Hannah. "The east side is of the most consequence. Ready?"

"Get up up, Jim! Come on, old John!" screamed Mrs. Tutbury. The smoke was now all about them, and Hannah would say, "the east side is safe! Thank God!" and press stubbornly on.

But where was young John? More than once Hannah had prayed, "God keep him!" Had he been overtaken by that awful fire, scorching, suffocating, burned to death? He was somewhere out on the prairie. His horse was wild. His plough was great. He knew the prairie; but there was that terrible agony of flame, without wheels, yet rolling on, that horrible driving fire, without wings, yet steadily flying! Who could escape all this?

The north side had been furrowed and burned over, when Hannah caught one quick look of horse's hoofs, and on came the beautiful brown Betty, bringing her master, young John!

"Thank God!" he shouted, as he leaped from Betty's steaming back, kissed Hannah, and then, seizing the plough-handle, cried: "Leave this west side, and go for the south side! Quick! Run, Hannah, fast, and be doing the grass up to the southeastern corner!"

There was a crouching form that soon appeared, a torch in his upturned hand. His face was blackened by the smoke of the latest prairie. "He don't come. He don't notice me," he muttered. "I've been scolded and stung. They don't notice me," muttered old John.

They did notice him when the work of earlier had been completed, and out of a wide, blackened waste, rose the unburned buildings, safe behind that long, protecting furrow. They found him lying insensible at one extreme corner, as if dead, with his head in his hand. The heat, the excitement of the unusual effort of his age, had overcome him. They carried him to his bed.

"What do you mean by that?" "Nobody cares for me here," he moaned. "Send for my John."

"Your son?" asked young John. The answer burst his heart in anguish. "Nobody cares for me here," he then murmured again. "Send for him."

"We will, but we care for you, grand pa," said Hannah. "We are your John's children."

"W-h-what?" asked the old man, the

faded brown eyes opening wide in astonishment.

"Hannah and I—we were brother and sister; and—and—we thought if we came, some time it would come about that we could tell you, and you could tell him, and you would be reconciled to father and be willing to see him, and—"

"The old man here broke in with a cry that came from a heart once more tender and sincere before its Maker: 'Thank God! Bless you, bless you, and send for my John!'"

"My John" came, and the coming wrought wonders in the old father, physically and spiritually—Golden Rule.

THE "PROUD" SPANIARD.

A Former Captain General of Cuba that Was Not Over-Scrupulous.

As the question of Spanish good faith is prominent in the press these days, this pretentious article, which was written by a Cuban, is of interest to all who are interested in the Cuban question.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE ONES AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Young Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

When my papa comes home from school, he always says to me, 'What a fine day! It is just like a day in the month of May.' I like to hear him say that, because it makes me feel like a queen.

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Amias Clow, an Englishman. Clow was three and one-half feet high and lived to be 103 years old. Jeffrey Hudson, who belonged to Queen Henrietta Maria and King Charles I., also achieved much notoriety during the thirty-three years of his royal life. To the time he was 30 Jeffrey was exceedingly small. After that he began to grow, and in a little while reached the height of three feet. Mr. Hudson was as blustering and daring as any gentleman measuring six feet or more might be, his hardihood even going so far as to lead him into fighting a duel. This feat he performed sitting on horseback, that he might be the same height as his opponent. The dwarf's hand was steady and his eye was true, and he fatally wounded his antagonist. A former duke of Milan made a tad of collecting dwarfs. He kept a number of them in his palace, and had little rooms six feet high and eight feet square built for their especial use. Perhaps the smallest race of people now known to us is the bushmen of Australia, whose average height is four and one-half feet.

Children's Like Sayings.

"Do you like candy, mamma?" asked a four-year-old child. "No, dear," was the reply. "It always makes me sick." "I wish you would let me eat a little," said the child. "I will let you eat a little, but you must not eat too much."

"Why, Freddie," exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year-old, "are you ashamed to eat candy?" "No," replied the child. "I am ashamed to eat candy because I am so fat."

"I wish you would let me eat a little," said the child. "I will let you eat a little, but you must not eat too much."

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RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST. Rev. T. H. Athey, pastor; Sunday services: Preaching 10:30, Sunday-school 11:45, Junior C. E. 3:30 p. m., Christian Endeavor 6:30, Preaching 7:30. Weekday prayer meeting Thursday evening 7:45. Boys Brigade; meets Wednesday eve, in S. of V. Hall.

CATHOLIC. St. Joseph's. Rev. rector Sunday Mass 10:30 a. m., vespers at 7:30 p. m.

EPISCOPAL. St. Mark's. Rev. Edwin C. Alcorn, rector. Celebration of Holy Eucharist 1st and 3rd Sundays at 10:30 a. m. Other Sundays, 7:30 a. m. Morning Prayer, Litany, and Sermon, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 10:30 a. m. Evensong 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Friday Evensong, 7:30. Saints Day Celebration, 7:30 a. m. Special services in Advent and Lent.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Rev. W. N. Ogden, pastor. Sunday services: class 9:30 a. m., preaching 10:30, Sunday-school 12:00 noon, Epworth League 4:00 p. m., preaching 7:30. Class Tuesday and Wednesday evenings 7:45. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:45 p. m. Mission at Pine Road.

PHRENYTICAN. Rev. G. B. Van Dyke pastor. Sunday services: preaching 10:30 a. m., Sunday-school 12:00 noon, preaching 7:30 p. m. C. E. prayer meeting Wednesday 7:45 p. m. Church prayer meeting Thursday 7:45 p. m. Missions at Folsom and Magnolia.

ITALIAN EVANGELICAL. Rev. Thomas Fragale, Pastor. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at 9 a. m., Saturday, 7 p. m., preaching.

UNIVERSALIST. pastor. Sunday services: preaching 10:30 a. m., Sunday-school, 12:00 noon, preaching 7:30 p. m. Sociable alternate Thursday evenings.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. Mrs. Chas. E. Roberts president, Mrs. B. E. Brown secretary, Mrs. Wm. Rutherford our responding secretary.

FRATERNAL.

ARTISANS ORDER OF MUTUAL PROTECTION. D. C. Horbert, M. A.; A. B. Davis, Secretary. Meets first Tuesday evening in each month in Mechanics' Hall.

WINSLOW LODGE, I. O. O. F. A. H. Birdsall, N. G.; William H. Bernhouse, Secretary. Meets every Wednesday evening, in Odd Fellows Hall.

SAWYER TRIBE I. O. O. F. Robert E. Thomas, Secy.; Chas. W. Austin, Chief of Records. Meets every Tuesday's sleep in Red Men's Hall.

M. D. TAYLOR LODGE, F. & A. M. D. S. Cunningham, Master; Alonzo B. Davis, Secy. 2nd and 4th Friday nights in Masonic Hall.

JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS. John Bakely, Councilor; L. W. Purdy, R. S.; A. T. Lobley, F. S. Meets every Friday evening in Mechanics' Hall.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL POST, G. A. R. W. H. H. Bradbury, Commander; Lyford Boyington, Adjutant; H. F. Edsall, Q. M. Meets 1st and 3rd Saturday nights in S. of V. Hall.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS. President, Mrs. R. Rutherford; Secretary, Miss Lizzie Bernhouse. Alternate Friday eve, in S. of V. Hall.

GEN. D. A. RUSSELL CAMP BOWS OF VETERANS, No. 14. Capt. Wm. Cunningham; First Sergt., H. D. Rutherford. Every Tuesday eve, S. of V. Hall.

THE HAMMONTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. Harry Smith, president; Albert L. Jackson, secretary; W. DePoy, baseball manager. Meets every Monday eve, at Association Hall.

Sisterhood Branch, No. 56, O. Iron Hall of Baltimore. Sarah A. Hood, Pres't. Carrie A. King, Sec'y. Meets in Mechanics' Hall first and third Wednesday eve's, 8 o'clock.

Little Ba-Ha Council, No. 27, D. of P. Lizzie C. Bassett, Poehantons; Carrie A. King, K. of R. Meets Monday evening in Red Men's Hall.

Business Organizations.

Fruit Growers' Union, H. J. Monfort secretary, shippers of fruit and produce.

Fruit Growers' Association, J. R. Abbott secretary, shippers of fruit and produce.

Hammonton Loan and Building Association, W. R. Tilton secretary. Meets every 1st Thursday in Folsom's Hall.

Workingmen's Loan and Building Association, W. H. Bernhouse, secretary. Meets every 1st Monday in Folsom's Hall.

People's Bank, W. R. Tilton cashier.

MUNICIPAL.

CLERK. J. L. O'Donnell.

COLLECTOR & TREASURER. A. B. Davis.

MANAGER. Chas. E. Roberts.

JUSTICES. G. W. Prassey, J. D. Ryan.

CONSTABLES. Geo. Bernhouse.

OVERSEER HIGHWAYS. Roscoe Blackford.

OVERSEER OF THE POOR. Geo. Bernhouse.

NIGHT POLICE. J. H. Garton.

FIRE CHIEF. S. E. Brown.

VOLUNTEER FIRE CO. D. S. Cunningham, president; Chas. W. Austin, secretary. Meets 1st Monday evening of each month.

Independent Fire Co. Meets first Wednesday evening in each month.

LOCAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

Ed H. Chandler, attorney.

Roscoe Blackford, Inc.

Monfort Cycle Company

G. P. Lenz, barber

Valentine & Hood, undertakers.

E. A. Lehman, blacksmith and wheelwright.

John D. Hall, electrician.

John Frasch, Jr., undertaker.

Wm. Baker, taxidermist.

Hoyt & Bone, publishers, printers.

Robert Rice, jeweler.

H. Fiedler, tobacco and cigars.

M. L. Jackson, meat and produce.

L. W. Gogley, harness.

G. W. Prassey, justice.

W. H. Bernhouse, bicycles.

John Murdoch, shoemaker.

Wm. Bernhouse, planing mill, lumber.

Henry Kramer, (Folsom), cedar lumber.

George Elvins, dry goods, groceries, etc.

Frank E. Roberts, grocer.

Joseph Eckhardt, meat and produce.

Fruit Growers' Union, general merchandise.

Chas. Cunningham, physician and surgeon.

Geo. M. Bowles, cyclists' rest.

J. D. Hunt, baker and confectioner.

H. L. McIntyre, meat and produce.

Alex. Aitken, livery and boarding stables.

Wm. L. Black, dry goods, groceries, etc.

D. D. Folsom, macaroni, vermicelli.

Elmer Blackwell, coal.

P. Raner, macaroni, vermicelli.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the Atlantic County Circuit Court in a case wherein John Scullin in complainant and Franz Hoppe is defendant, I will expose to sale at public vendue on

Tuesday, July 12, 1898,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Alexander Aitken in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

All the following tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point in the centre of the Basin Road at the distance of one hundred rods Northeast of the Northern side of Main Road; thence (1) North forty-five degrees thirty minutes West, eighty rods to a stake; thence (2) North forty four degrees, thirty minutes East sixty rods to a stake; thence (3) South forty-five degrees thirty minutes East eighty rods to the centre of Basin Road aforesaid; thence (4) forty four degrees and thirty minutes West sixty rods to the place of beginning. Containing thirty acres of land strict measure.

Being the same premises that William M. Manger conveyed to Franz Hoppe by deed bearing date the 15th day of June, 1895 and recorded in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic County, in Book of Deeds 192 folio 105 &c.

SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated June 11, 1898.

THOMPSON & COLE, Solicitors.

Pr's fee, \$8.30.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, in a cause wherein Mary N. Crumpton et als are complainants and Jesse Whiffen et ux et als are defendants, I will expose to sale at public vendue on

Tuesday, July 12, 1898,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Alexander Aitken, in Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, all the following land and premises situate in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a point in the northwesterly side of Twelfth Street two hundred and fifty feet more or less southwesterly from the south westerly side of Grand Street; thence extending (1) northwesterly at right angles with Twelfth Street and along the line of Salonia Bernhouse's land, three hundred and eighty feet and two inches to the southeasterly side of Orchard Street; thence (2) along the same, southwesterly, one hundred and fifty feet to the easterly corner of Orchard Street and Madison Avenue; thence (3) along the north easterly side of Madison Avenue, southeasterly three hundred and seventeen feet and a half to the northwesterly side of Twelfth Street aforesaid; thence (4) along the same, northwesterly, one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning.

Being the same premises mentioned and described as four separate parcels and in four separate descriptions in two certain deeds from Margaret L. C. Nicola and husband to said Jesse Whiffen, dated the eleventh day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and recorded in the Atlantic County Clerk's Office, May's Landing, in book of deeds No. 178 page 81 &c., and from Margaret L. C. Nicola and husband and Kate Crumpton and Mary Natalie Crumpton to the said Jesse Whiffen, dated the eleventh day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and recorded in said Clerk's Office in book of deeds No. 177, page 120, &c.

SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated June 4, 1898.

CHARLES B. KING, Solicitor.

Pr's fee, \$13.25.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, in a cause wherein The Hammonton Loan and Building Association are complainants and Jesse Whiffen et als are defendants, I will expose to sale at public vendue, on

Wednesday, June 8, 1898,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Alexander Aitken, at Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey, all the following tract or parcel of land and premises hereinafter particularly described, situate, lying and being in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey:

Beginning at a point in the northerly corner of Vine Street and the Camden & Atlantic Railroad Company's land, — extending thence (1) northwesterly along the north west side of Vine Street fifty feet to the southwest side of Egg Harbor Road; thence (2) along the said side of Egg Harbor Road northwesterly seventy seven feet to a point; thence (3) southwesterly and parallel with said Vine Street to the aforesaid Railroad Company's land; thence (4) southeasterly along the line of said Railroad Company's land seventy-seven feet to the west side of Vine St., the place of beginning.

SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated May 7, 1898.

THOMPSON & COLE, Solicitors.

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May 28, 1898.

DOWN TRAINS. UP TRAINS.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Hammonton as follows: Down trains, accommodation, 7:21; expr. 7:14 a. m., 6:02 p. m. Up trains, accommodation, 8:0