

# South Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

VOL. 37.

HAMMONTON, N. J., AUGUST 19, 1899.

NO. 33

## AT ELVINS'

Heavy White Clipped  
Oats, old, 38 c. per bush.  
No. 1 Timothy Hay, old,  
90 cents per hundred.  
Flour, Cracked Corn,  
and Meal, are all  
quite a little lower  
this week.  
Best quality dark  
Jar Rubbers  
4 cents per doz.

Dairy Brand  
Condensed Milk  
is excellent.  
It is cheap at  
8 cents per can.  
Best Black Pepper,  
5 cents quarter pound.

## GEO. ELVINS

W. H. Bernhouse  
Real Estate and  
Insurance Agent  
Notary Public,  
Commissioner of Deeds,  
Office, 101 Railroad Ave.  
Hammonton.

Frantz A. Lehman  
Practical

## Blacksmith

and

## Wheelwright.

Second St., near Pleasant,  
Rear Bernhouse's Mill  
Hammonton.

## 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.

## A Great Bargain!

Reading Special Bicycles,  
\$22.50,  
Ladies' and Gents'  
Hamilton Bicycles—  
Ladies' only, \$18.50

At A. L. Patten's  
Bicycle  
And Sporting Goods Store.

## A New Wagon Shop

I have taken the Jno. Walther  
shop, on Third St., and will do  
all work in the wheelwright  
and blacksmith line.

Horse-shoeing a specialty.

## HARRY CORDERY.

## SHOES.

Always a Good Stock

Only the Best!

Shoes made to Order is my  
Specialty, and full  
satisfaction is guaranteed.

Repairing done.

J. MURDOCH,  
Bellevue Avenue,  
Hammonton. : : N. J.

## The People's Bank Of Hammonton, N. J.

Authorized Capital, \$50,000  
Paid in, \$30,000.  
Surplus, \$17,000.

R. J. BYRNES, President.  
M. L. JACKSON, Vice-Pres't  
W. R. TILTON, Cashier

DIRECTORS:  
R. J. Byrnes,  
M. L. Jackson,  
George Elvins,  
Elam Stockwell,  
G. F. Saxton,  
O. F. Osgood,  
J. O. Anderson,  
W. J. Smith,  
W. R. Tilton,  
W. L. Black.

Certificates of Deposit issued, bearing  
interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per an-  
num if held six months, and 3 per cent if  
held one year.

Discount days—Tuesday and  
Friday of each week.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent,—\$3  
\$3.50, \$5, and \$10 per year.

## HARNESS.

A full assortment of hand and machine  
made,—for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips,  
Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. COGLEY,  
Hammonton, N. J.

A fine female Newfoundland  
dog recently adopted A. J. Johnson's  
family, and made herself perfectly at  
home, choosing the cellar as her place  
of residence. Later, her puppies were  
born in this underground tenement, and  
no one dared to enter the cellar,—  
the jealous mother fearing harm to her  
offspring. As the Johnsons do not  
want the canine family, an arrange-  
ment was made, and the new owner  
took possession of them on Thursday.

List of uncalled-for letters in the  
Hammonton Post-Office, on Saturday  
Aug. 19, 1899.

Pietro Colangelo, 2  
Pasqual Ferrares  
Miss Nicolina Frantantara  
Miss Christina D. Owens  
Vincenzo Pantolffi  
Robbina Rappa  
A. Stillwell  
A. Scelara  
Bruno Scola  
Antonio Tomoccone  
FOREIGN  
Giovanni Chiberta  
Angelo Di Pippa

Persons calling for any of the above  
letters will please state that it has been  
advertised.

M. L. JACKSON, P. M.

## Bismark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health.  
Indomitable will and tremendous energy  
are not found where Stomach, Liver,  
Kidney's and Bowels are out of order.  
If you want these qualities and the  
success they bring, use Dr. King's New  
Life Pills. They develop every power  
of brain and body. Only 25 cents, at  
Crowell's drug store.

## Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill.,  
makes the statement, that she caught  
cold, which settled on her lungs; she  
was treated for a month by her family  
physician, but grew worse. He told her  
she was a hopeless victim of consumption  
and that no medicine could cure her. Her  
druggist suggested Dr. King's New  
Discovery for Consumption; she bought  
a bottle and to her delight found herself  
benefitted from first dose. She continued  
its use and after taking six bottles, found  
herself sound and well; now does her  
own housework, and is as well as she  
ever was. Free trial bottles of this  
Great Discovery at Crowell's Drug Store.  
Only 50 cents and \$1.00. Every bottle  
guaranteed.

## Wood & Herbage Sale

For Taxes of 1897

## Town of Hammonton

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a  
warrant issued by G. W. Prosser, Esq., to  
make the taxes laid upon unimproved and  
untenanted lands, and upon lands tenanted  
by persons not the lawful proprietors, who  
are unable to pay their tax in the Town of  
Hammonton, County of Atlantic, State of New  
Jersey, the Collector of said town will, on  
Monday, Sept. 18, 1899.

at the hour of one o'clock p. m., at the Town  
Council Room, sell the timber, wood, herbage  
and other vendible property found on the  
premises taxed to the under named persons,  
to make the taxes and costs annexed to their  
respective names, with interest at the rate of  
twelve per cent per annum from Dec. 20th,  
1897 to the date of sale.

The costs in each case will be 85 cents.

Block	Lot	Acres	Tax
Atkinson, Hannah Est.	11	21	6 89 88
Blaker, Henry	3	pt 65	5 1/2
Brown, J. W.	10	13	10 20 1/2
Bucolo, J.	9	2 1/2	10 12
Caporale, Joe.	6	Yates	10 4 08
Clement, B.	17	23	8 08
Corpus, Ozario	13	23 1/2	30 5 40
Cosentino, Julia E.	17	near 1	45 3 08
Cross, Elizabeth	14	5	8 88
Davidson, Alex.	11	pt 18	10 1 70
Elvins, Wm A Est.	8	5 1/2	5
English, Rosetta	7	33	7 48
French, Antonio	4	Hyman	5 1/2
Gifford, Jonathan	17	17	12 1/2
Hartmann, Ralph	11	67	5 1/2
Hartmann, Mrs M E	15	pt 27	5 44
Hopkins, C D	10	17	20 88
Keshell, P Est.	9	pt 32	4 1/2
Kieselbach, H	11	Hyman	5 88
Kramer, H	5	Hay 51	5
Lawrence, Mrs J H	15	4 1/2	8 08
Matthe, Wm	4	Hyman	5 1/2
Matthews, W W	17	43	65
McFarland, Wm	3	pt 37	5 1/2
McNamara, May	3	Trone	1 4 88
Moleno, H	2	11	12
Monso, Jos	14	Brown	10 80
Mouillio, Carmen, Jr	18	28	20 64
Nones, G W	11	pt 68	5
Rehmann, Julius	2	65	10 12 1/2
Rexford Est.	9	83	5 80
Robinson, Mary	11	Hyman	1 44
Rosetta, J. or O J. Yates	5	Yates	18 8 52
Ruggerio, Peter	10	40	5 52
Schneider, Herman	3	18	10 15 08
Stafford, Samuel	17	18	12 1 78
Stokes, Ezra	2	70	10
Thayer, H Est.	3	66	4
Thomas, Anna	10	21, 22	20 5 84
Trotter, A N	17	pt 45	8 1/2
Walker, Mrs S	13	12	20 6 08
Worrell, Orlando	1	48	20 1 24
Wharton, James	10	3	10 1 82
Whitney, Thos	10	0	10 68

A. B. DAVIS, Collector.  
Hammonton, N. J., Aug. 19, 1899.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me di-  
rected, issued out of the New Jersey Court of  
Chancery, in a cause wherein The People's  
Bank of Hammonton, N. J., is complainant  
and The Fruit Growers' Union and Co-Opera-  
tive Society, Limited and als., are defendants,  
I will expose to sale at public vendue, on

Saturday, Sept. 16, 1899.

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at  
the hotel of Mrs. Alexander Aitken, in the  
Town of Hammonton, in the County of Atlan-  
tic and State of New Jersey, all those tracts  
or parcels of land and premises, hereinafter  
particularly described, situate, lying and being  
in the Town of Hammonton, in the County of  
Atlantic and State of New Jersey,—

1. Dwelling and stable at the corner of  
Railroad Avenue and Thirteenth Street, hav-  
ing a frontage on Railroad Avenue of one  
hundred and twenty-nine feet, and on Thir-  
teenth Street of one hundred and fifty feet.  
2. Beginning at the intersection of the  
centre line of Washington Street with the  
easterly line of the thirty feet right of way  
described in the agreement mentioned in the  
attached advertisement; thence south-eas-  
terly along the centre of Washington Street  
about one hundred and thirteen feet to a  
corner; thence northeast to the northeast-  
erly side of Washington Street; thence south-  
easterly along the same fifty feet to a corner;  
thence northeasterly three hundred and forty  
feet to the southerly line of Railroad Avenue;  
thence northwesterly along the said Railroad  
Avenue fifty feet to a corner; thence north-  
easterly to the line of the Camden & Atlantic  
Railroad Company; thence along the said rail-  
road northerly two hundred and twenty  
feet and nine inches; thence southwesterly on  
a line parallel with Thirteenth Street about  
two hundred feet to a corner of lot one;  
thence along lot one northerly one hun-  
dred and twenty-nine feet to the easterly side  
of Thirteenth Street; thence southwesterly  
along the said side of Thirteenth Street one  
hundred and eighty-seven feet to the north-  
erly side of Washington Street; thence north-  
westerly to the middle of Thirteenth Street;  
thence southwesterly along the middle of said  
Thirteenth Street about two hundred and five  
feet to a corner; thence to a corner in the  
right of way of the Philadelphia and Atlantic  
City Railway; thence northeasterly along the  
same to the easterly line of the thirty feet  
right of way described in an agreement men-  
tioned in the annexed advertisement; thence  
along the said easterly side northeasterly to  
the place of beginning.

Subject to such rights as the Philadelphia  
and Atlantic City Railroad Company and its  
successors may have in the right of way, not  
exceeding thirty feet, mentioned in an agree-  
ment between Fruit Growers' Union and Co-  
operative Society, Limited, and the Philadel-  
phia and Atlantic City Railroad Company dated  
April 23, 1884, and recorded at May's  
Landing, in Book No. 3 of Miscellaneous  
Records page 311, &c.

2. Beginning at the intersection of the east-  
erly side of the thirty feet right of way de-  
scribed in an agreement mentioned in the  
annexed advertisement with the northerly side  
of the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Railroad  
Company; extending thence northeasterly  
along the said easterly side of the said thirty  
feet right of way to the middle of Washington  
Street; thence along the middle of Washing-  
ton Street northeasterly eighty feet to a cor-  
ner; thence south forty-seven degrees and  
fifty minutes west one hundred and seventy-  
two feet to the northerly line of right of way  
of the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Railroad  
Company; thence along the same northwesterly  
about two hundred and eighty feet to the  
place of beginning.

Subject to the right of the Philadelphia and  
Atlantic City Railroad Company and its suc-  
cessors to break the switch connections and  
take up and remove all materials furnished by  
it in the coal siding and trestle, under the  
agreement of August 4, 1886.

SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated August 19, 1899.

THOMSON & CO., Solicitors. pr. fee, \$17.00

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me di-  
rected, issued out of the Circuit Court of  
Atlantic County, in a cause wherein The  
Peoples Bank of Hammonton is complainant  
and B. Crescenzo is defendant, I will expose  
to sale at public vendue, on

Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1899.

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at  
the hotel of Mrs. Alexander Aitken, in the  
Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic and  
State of New Jersey, all that certain tract or  
parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the  
Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, and  
State of New Jersey,—

Beginning at a point in the centre of Pine  
Road, at the distance of three hundred and  
twenty rods Northwest of Main Road; thence  
extending (1) North forty five degrees and  
thirty minutes West eighty rods to a point;  
thence (2) North forty five degrees and thirty  
minutes east twenty-four rods to a point;  
thence (3) South forty five degrees thirty  
minutes East eighty rods to the centre of  
Pine Road; thence (4) along the same South  
forty four degrees and thirty minutes West  
twenty-one rods to the place of beginning,  
containing ten and one half acres of land,  
arbitrator measure, being the same premises  
that Anna Clark conveyed to B. Crescenzo, by  
deed dated March 20, 1898, and of record in the  
Clerk's Office of Atlantic County, in Book of  
Deeds 123, folio 678, &c.

Tract No. 2.—Beginning in the centre of Pine  
Road one hundred and eighty rods from the  
centre of Main Road and corner to one Camp-  
bell's line; thence extending (1) along said  
Campbell's line Northwesterly and at right  
angles with said Pine Road eighty rods;  
thence (2) Northwesterly and parallel with  
Pine Road twenty rods; thence (3) South-eas-  
terly and parallel with first line eighty rods to  
the centre of Pine Road aforesaid; thence (4)  
along the same Southwesterly twenty rods to  
place of beginning, containing ten acres,  
being the same property that John A. Robin-  
son conveyed to John Crescenzo by deed  
dated October 2, 1895, and of record in the  
Clerk's Office of Atlantic County in Book of  
Deeds 106, folio 282, &c.

SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.  
Dated August 5, 1899.

THOMSON & CO., Attorneys. pr. fee, \$9.95.

## G. F. LENZ, The Barber

3rd and Bellevue,  
Hammonton, N. J.  
Good stock of the  
Best Brands of Cigars.  
Has three chairs  
every Saturday.

## Eli H. Chandler. Attorney-at-Law

Official Town Attorney,  
Arlitz Building, Hammonton,  
Room 37 Real Estate & Law Building,  
Atlantic City.  
In Hammonton  
every Thursday  
Practice in all Courts of the State.  
Money for first mortgage loans

## 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.

## D. D. FEO HAMMONTON, Italian and American STEAM MACCARONI.

Manufacturer of the finest Vermicelli  
and Pappi Pasta.  
Macaroni in packages, with directions.  
The loose, as well as the packed of the  
very best quality, and nothing inferior  
to the imported ones.

Steamship Agent. First-class tickets to  
all parts of the world, with twin-screw  
express service.

## NEW STORE

and a most reliable line of  
all the popular brands of  
Tobacco, and my own make

## CIGARS

Is what I call the attention  
of my old friends, and new  
friends. Also, well selected  
line of sporting goods.

## FIEDLER'S.



## THE OLD HOME.

In the quiet shadow of twilight  
I stand by the garden door,  
And gaze on the old homestead,  
So cherished and loved of yore.  
But the ivy now is twining  
Untroubled o'er window and wall;  
And no more the voices of the children  
Is echoing through the hall.

Through years of pain and sorrow,  
Since first I had to part,  
The thought of the dear old homestead  
Has lingered around my heart.  
The porch embowered with roses,  
The gambled drooping eaves,  
And the songs of the birds at twilight  
Amid the orchard leaves.

And the forms of those who loved me  
In the happy childhood years  
Appear at the dusky windows,  
Through visions dimmed with tears.  
I hear their voices calling  
From the shadowy far away,  
And I stretch my arms toward them  
In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night winds answer,  
As I cry through the diurnal air,  
And only the bat comes swooping  
From the darkness of its lair.  
Yet still the voice of my childhood  
Is calling from far away,  
And the faces of those who loved me  
Smile through the shadows gray.

## A College Boycott.

A cloud of dust and smoke  
The train creakingly  
Drew up to the little  
station. A score  
of more or less  
of the college  
boys were waiting  
there. They were  
young men and  
young women  
on hand to  
meet the train.  
The coming of  
that train was  
one of the daily  
events in the  
college town. It  
was the beginning  
of the new term.  
Among the arrivals  
was a quietly  
dressed man of middle age with a gray  
mustache and keen blue eyes. A tall  
young man pushed forward with out-  
stretched hand.

"Father!"  
"John, my son!"  
A moment later the two were walking  
up the long main street beneath  
the beautiful maples. The young man  
lightly carrying the heavy traveling  
bag.

"By George, my boy," cried the old-  
er man, as he drew a long breath and  
gazed admiringly at the youth, "it  
does me good to see you—and to see  
you here. I seem to see myself again  
trudging up this very street—right  
to the top of the hill, I fancy—much  
the same way. And how are you, my  
boy? You know I haven't laid eyes on  
you for nearly a year."

"Quite well, father, and in excellent  
spirits."

"And the football knee?"  
"Seems all right again. I'll prove it  
to you when we do a little of that hill  
climbing that you promised me."

"Yes, yes, my boy," cried the old  
man with a merry laugh. "I hope  
you were your father got in mischief  
in those dear old days. And to think  
that I've let all these years slip by  
without revisiting the old home."

"As he spoke a group of merry boys  
and maidens passed by. They were  
walking along with a glance at the tall  
youth. The older man turned and took  
after them.

"How's that, my boy?"  
"What, father?"  
"Why, it seemed to me that they  
seemed to know you. Do you know them?"

"Yes, father; they are all college  
mates. They meant to snub me all  
right. Fact is, I'm boycotted."

"Boycotted, father? It's a funny  
story. You know I came here deter-  
mined to devote a year to rest and ac-  
tual study. I had the lame knee to  
get in shape, and there were certain  
lines of work I wanted to pursue."

"Prof. Patton. He's the only man in  
the college or in the town who knows  
John Sturges' father. I thought I  
wouldn't be very friendly at the start. The  
boys wanted me to join them in sev-  
eral things. They wanted me to try  
for the football team."

"But you promised me you wouldn't  
play again."

"I kept my word, though it was a  
temptation."

"The older man chuckled.  
"That's the joke, father?"  
"I was laughing to think of the  
greatest hindrance of '90 trying for a  
place on a village team."

"Of course they didn't know, and  
they didn't like my excuse. The knee  
said I was too lame. That was the  
beginning. I'm pretty sure they con-  
sidered me a shoo-in. Perhaps you  
don't know, but I made up my mind to  
go through this extra college year on  
the same amount that you would have  
paid for outside tuition. When they  
asked me for a contribution for the

gymnasium fund I had to refuse them."  
"That was quite all, my boy."

"The young man looked his father  
squarely in the face.  
"Besides, dad, there is a girl in the  
case."

"The older man started.  
"A girl in the case," he daily repeat-  
ed.

"Yes, father. A charming girl.  
But poor, very poor. She started in at  
college, but had to stop. Now she's  
teaching in a kindergarten. I think the  
girls—her college mates, you know—  
snubbed her because she couldn't dress  
quite up to their standard. And I  
think, too, they completed the boycott  
on me because I sympathized with her  
and paid her some attention. But  
she's quite a clever girl, father. You  
must meet her."

"Yes, yes," said the older man, a lit-  
tle hesitantly. Then he suddenly laughed.  
"So you're boycotted, both for lack of  
college spirit and lack of college funds,  
eh?"

"That's about the size of it, dad.  
Funny, isn't it?"

"Very. But where are you taking  
me?"

"To my boarding place. I thought  
you'd rather room with me than go to  
the hotel."

"Of course. And who is your land-  
lord?"

"It's a landlady, dad, and I'm her  
only boarder. Her name is Spencer—  
Mrs. Julia Spencer."

"Julia Spencer. Do you know who  
Julia Spencer is?"

"Why, no, dad, I don't."

"She was your dear mother's dearest  
and oldest friend. She was Julia Ran-  
ney then, the prettiest girl in the vil-  
lage. At least she was until she hap-  
pened to meet one prettier. Why, boy,  
Julia Spencer might have been your  
mother."

"I'm very glad she isn't," said the  
young man, with a bow and smile.

"And why?"

"Because I mean to marry Julia  
Spencer's daughter."

"The older man stopped short.  
"You mean to marry her?" he asked.  
His bright blue eyes sought his son's.

"Have you set your heart on this?"  
he slowly asked.

"Yes, father, I have."

"And you really mean to marry and  
settle down and take an active interest  
in your father's affairs? He's growing  
old and needs you."

"Yes, dad."

"The older man put out his hand and  
the younger firmly gripped it.  
"You're not?" said the father, "quite  
the surprise you may think it. I'm  
glad you're not. I'm glad you're not  
going to marry her. It's a little start-  
ling, coming from your own lips."

"Auntie has just turned the corner,"  
murmured the young man. "Will you  
meet her now?"

"I'll meet her mother first," said the  
father. "I'll keep her daughter away  
for a half hour or so. Which is the  
house?"

"The cottage back of the big tree,  
dad."

"The older man picked up the bag,  
and the younger one turned and walk-  
ed rapidly down the street.

"John," the older man called after  
him.

"Well, dad?"

"Don't let it slip your mind that the  
boycott must be lifted."

"The young man snuffed back at his  
father and the latter wisely watched him  
as he hastened up the street to-  
ward the trim little young woman who  
was slowly approaching.

"He explanation quite without the  
father's knowledge, because, as you will  
presently discover, he is the last man  
in the college who wants his merits  
admitted. And yet just a little ex-  
planation is due him. He came here  
quietly at his father's suggestion to  
add a year of special work to the edu-  
cation he had already received in one  
of the large Eastern colleges. He was  
prompted, too, by the necessity of giv-  
ing a strained knee a long rest, an ac-  
cident he received on the football  
field, for he was, if the daily journals  
are to be believed, the great half-back  
of '03. He came to this college because  
it was his father's Alma Mater and be-  
cause that father, who has left his  
many business interests and come  
across the continent to be here this eve-  
ning, desired him to meet and know his  
early friend and old preceptor." Here  
the professor bowed. "And now I  
have told you all. He went on his way  
telling you that your old classmate,  
John Sheldon Sturges, has just sub-  
scribed \$20,000 for the completion and  
equipment of the college gymnasium,  
and I want you to give him three  
cheers and the college yell."

There was a moment's hesitation and  
then the cheers and yell were given  
with a royal will.

"For, father," cried John, as the  
older Sturges pressed forward with  
hands outstretched to both his son and  
the blushing girl. "This isn't what I  
wanted at all."

But the father only chuckled.  
"I told you that boycott would have  
to be lifted," he laughingly answered.

"Of course. And who is your land-  
lord?"

"It's a landlady, dad, and I'm her  
only boarder. Her name is Spencer—  
Mrs. Julia Spencer."

"Julia Spencer. Do you know who  
Julia Spencer is?"

"Why, no, dad, I don't."

"She was your dear mother's dearest  
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the younger firmly gripped it.  
"You're not?" said the father, "quite  
the surprise you may think it. I'm  
glad you're not. I'm glad you're not  
going to marry her. It's a little start-  
ling, coming from your own lips."

"Auntie has just turned the corner,"  
murmured the young man. "Will you  
meet her now?"

"I'll meet her mother first," said the  
father. "I'll keep her daughter away  
for a half hour or so. Which is the  
house?"

"The cottage back of the big tree,  
dad."

"The older man picked up the bag,  
and the younger one turned and walk-  
ed rapidly down the street.

"John," the older man called after  
him.

"Well, dad?"

"Don't let it slip your mind that the  
boycott must be lifted."

"The young man snuffed back at his  
father and the latter wisely watched him  
as he hastened up the street to-  
ward the trim little young woman who  
was slowly approaching.

"Just like me," he muttered; "same  
old obstinacy. Ready to go through  
thick and thin for what he wants. God  
bless him, he's all right!"

With which closing apostrophe the  
older man caught up the valve and  
turned through the gateway that led  
to the cottage behind the big tree.

He looked back once more as he as-  
cended the steps. He could see the  
two figures, now side by side, coming  
slowly up the street.

"Boycotted," he chuckled, "boy-  
cotted!"

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Did you ever see your dog walking  
around and ground in a circle? Of  
course you have, but I don't expect  
you know why they do it.

Years and years ago, more years  
than you can count, perhaps, the dogs  
were all called like their cousins, the  
wolves, and had to beat out a hole  
in the grass or the snow before they  
could lie down. And the dogs have  
done the same way ever since. They  
will dig their noses down, too, so  
they could smell the rabbits and other  
animals they ate, a long ways off, so  
they never let their noses touch the  
ground, going to sleep with their noses  
resting on their paws. And they have  
done this ever since.

The cat is always washing herself  
and is known to be the cleanest of all  
the animals. Well, away back long  
ago the cats had to keep clean or the  
speaker would not be able to find out  
what she was for. The cat is always  
washing herself, and she is always  
washing her face. This isn't what I  
wanted at all.

But the father only chuckled.  
"I told you that boycott would have  
to be lifted," he laughingly answered.

"Of course. And who is your land-  
lord?"

"It's a landlady, dad, and I'm her  
only boarder. Her name is Spencer—  
Mrs. Julia Spencer."

"Julia Spencer. Do you know who  
Julia Spencer is?"

"Why, no, dad, I don't."

"She was your dear mother's dearest  
and oldest friend. She was Julia Ran-  
ney then, the prettiest girl in the vil-  
lage. At least she was until she hap-  
pened to meet one prettier. Why, boy,  
Julia Spencer might have been your  
mother."

"I'm very glad she isn't," said the  
young man, with a bow and smile.

"And why?"

"Because I mean to marry Julia  
Spencer's daughter."

"The older man stopped short.  
"You mean to marry her?" he asked.  
His bright blue eyes sought his son's.

"Have you set your heart on this?"  
he slowly asked.

"Yes, father, I have."

"And you really mean to marry and  
settle down and take an active interest  
in your father's affairs? He's growing  
old and needs you."

"Yes, dad."

"The older man put out his hand and  
the younger firmly gripped it.  
"You're not?" said the father, "quite  
the surprise you may think it. I'm  
glad you're not. I'm glad you're not  
going to marry her. It's a little start-  
ling, coming from your own lips."

"Auntie has just turned the corner,"  
murmured the young man. "Will you  
meet her now?"

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father. "I'll keep her daughter away  
for a half hour or so. Which is the  
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bless him, he's all right!"

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older man caught up the valve and  
turned through the gateway that led  
to the cottage behind the big tree.

Having given utterance to this ex-  
pression he went to the paddock and  
soon brought to the house an ostrich's  
egg.

For a whole hour it was boiled, and  
though there were then some misgiv-  
ings as to its being cooked, the shell  
was broken, for curiosity could no longer  
be restrained, and a three-pound  
hard-boiled egg was laid upon the  
plate.

But, apart from its size, there was  
nothing peculiar about it. The white  
and the yolk were of the usual color.  
It tasted as it looked—like a  
duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar  
to itself.

As it tasted twenty-eight hen's eggs  
to equal in weight the ostrich's egg,  
which was cooked, it was evident the  
host knew what he was about in cook-  
ing only one. There was enough and  
to spare; and before leaving the table  
the party unanimously agreed that an  
ostrich egg is good fare.

Hungry for a Kiss.  
The prettiest child story told lately  
is in French. A mother tells her little  
girl that because she has been naughty  
she will not kiss her for a week. Be-  
fore two days have gone by the child's  
lips hunger so for her mother's kiss  
that she begs her not to punish her any  
more. The mother says: "No, my  
dear; I told you that I should not kiss  
you, and I must keep my word."

"But, mamma, mamma," says the  
little girl, "would it be breaking your  
word if you should kiss me just once  
to-night, when I'm asleep?"

Knew What Was Coming.  
Little four-year-old Clara had been  
awakened very badly while her mother  
was entertaining a caller, and as the  
later was about to depart Clara said:  
"Please, Mrs. Brown, don't go away  
yet."

"Why, Clara," said Mrs. Brown,  
"I don't know what you are so fond of  
me for. Oh, it isn't that. It was the  
frank other work, however, that I was to  
be whipped as soon as you went away."

Wanted to See.  
Early one morning little Helen be-  
came restless and crawled out of her  
bed. "What are you doing, Helen?"  
called her mother. "I'm looking  
for a match," she replied. "What  
do you want with a match?" asked  
her mother. "Oh, I just want to light  
the gas to see if it's daylight," an-  
swered Helen.

His Constant Affection.  
"I love you very much, papa," said  
five-year-old Willie, who was sitting  
on his father's knee. "And I love you,  
too, Willie, when you are good," re-  
plied the father. "But, papa," contin-  
ued the little fellow, "not to be outdone.  
I love you just the same even when  
you don't do good."

How Time Flies.  
The governess had been reading the  
story of the discovery of America to  
her four-year-old charge, and closing  
the book said: "Just think, Mabel, all  
this happened more than 400 years  
ago."

"Governess!" exclaimed the lit-  
tle miss. "It's awfully how time does  
fly."

Why the Ocean Is Salty.  
"Can any of you tell me," queried  
the teacher, "why the sea is salty?"  
"What causes the saltiness of the  
ocean?" "I guess it's cause it's full  
of codfish," answered one little fellow.

Balzac Would Have Liked It.  
"On my word for his life, which  
he is a literary giant," said Balzac,  
"and I love you, too, Willie, when you  
are good," replied the father. "But, papa," contin-  
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## ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT.

Fit James O'Brien was a thorough  
Bohemian. He lived up to his last  
cent, and seldom occupied the same  
room for any length of time, a fact  
which led Tom Marshall to propound  
a conundrum which was greatly en-  
joyed by O'Brien's friends. It was:  
"Why is O'Brien like the Almighty?"  
The answer was: "Because he moves  
in a mysterious way."

A young Irishman once went to a  
kind-hearted old squire for a recom-  
mendation. An elaborate one was  
written and read to him. He took it  
to the party unimpaired, but did not  
know what the matter with it was.  
"What's the matter with it?" roared  
the squire. "Oh, nothing," said the  
squire. "Well, then, why don't you  
show it to the party?"

"At a meeting of the bishops, a mea-  
sure was proposed and explained by its  
originator, but with such incoherence  
that nobody understood it. A second  
speaker essayed to make the matter  
clear, but only tarried it. When he  
finished, Bishop Benjamin Smith,  
of Kentucky, tried to explain the  
question, and also the explanations.  
Feeling that he had called, he said:  
"Bishop Williams smiles. What has  
he to say about it?" "Only this," said  
the old bishop of Connecticut, "that  
the mess of Benjamin was found to  
be greater than the mess of his broth-  
er."

Balzac once promised Lireux, the  
manager of the Odeon Theater in  
Paris, a five-act drama, "The Springs  
of Quinola." He was so busy with  
other work, however, that he never  
had been long and urgently impor-  
tuned did he promise to read his piece  
to the company the next week. The  
company gathered about him on the  
day appointed, and he read his drama  
play fluently through to the end. Lireux  
was enthusiastic, ran up to shake  
hands with the great writer, and  
turned over the pages of the manu-  
script whose contents had played him  
mightily. But what was this? There  
were only four acts. The last pages  
of the manuscript were blank. In sur-  
prise the manager asked what it all  
meant. Balzac smiled, and admitted  
that he had not yet written out the  
fifth act, but declared that he had it  
as clearly in his head as if it already  
stood on paper. And, continued the  
story, Lireux, who was a very busy  
man, had two more outcomes of the plot  
in case the one I just read didn't  
please you."

A beautiful Chicago man courted a  
girl for three years without coming to  
a proposal. Finally, while he was vi-  
siting in St. Louis, he decided to pro-  
pose by mail. He sent the letter, and  
for two hours was one of the happiest  
men in Missouri. Then he began to  
believe he had been precipitate, and  
was assailed with doubt. That night  
he did not sleep. He thought all sorts  
of things, and vainly wished he could  
intercept the letter before it reached  
her. But that was his last thought.  
It was not until noon the next  
day that he received an inspiration as  
he was passing a telegraph office.  
Kneeling in, he selected a blank and  
hastily penned the following: "I love  
you, Mary. Chicago. Mailed your wrong  
letter yesterday. Please do not open  
and deliver to me on my return."

After that he breathed freer. That  
evening a telegram was awaiting him  
at the hotel. "John—St. Louis: No;  
you mailed right letter."











