

South Jersey Republican

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VOL. 47

HAMMONTON, N. J., DECEMBER 4, 1909

NO. 49

The Peoples Bank OF Hammonton, N. J.

Capital, \$50,000
Surplus and Undivided
Profits, . . \$45,000

Three per cent interest paid
on time Deposits.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

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

DIRECTORS

M. L. Jackson
C. F. Osgood George Elvins
Eliam Stookwell Wm. L. Black
Wm. J. Smith J. C. Anderson
Sam'l Anderson W. R. Tilton

W. J. ILLINGWORTH

Solicits your patronage
in all kinds of
Monumental, Marble & Granite Work
Also repairing and setting in Cemetery
monuments and satisfactorily done.
Egg Harbor Road and Peach Street,
Hammonton, - N. J.

Dr. R. R. MYROSE

DENTIST

O'Donnell's Building Hammonton
Office Hours: 8:00 to 12:00 a.m.
and from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m.
Phone 433 Closed Fridays

Osgood-Whiffen Conservatory of Music

233 Bellevue Avenue

Hammonton, : N. J.

PEACH TREES

We want to close out our small Peach
Trees this Fall, and offer them at a low
price. Following is a list of kinds,
numbers of each, and prices of same.

Cash with order.

1 to 2 feet, \$3.50 per 100

19 Belle of Georgia 9 Carman
17 Chairs-Choice 30 Crawford-Late
250 Elberta 229 Fox Seedling
3 Fitzgerald 10 Iron Mountain
12 Mt. Rose 3 Prolific
5 Sneed 39 Stum 8 Waddell
152 Old Mixon 13 Greensboro

2 to 3 feet, \$5 per 100

41 Belle of Georgia 91 Carman
250 Champion 35 Chairs-Choice
160 Crawford-Late 900 Elberta
82 Greensboro 500 Foxes
22 Fitzgerald 83 Iron Mountain
120 Mt. Rose 32 Prolific
27 Sneed 190 Stum
52 Waddell 200 Old Mixon

They are fine well rooted little trees,
just the thing to start right off and
make you a good orchard for
very little money.

We also have other grades, and
all kinds of trees.

If you need anything, let us hear from
you, with a list of your wants,
for special prices.

WEST JERSEY NURSERY

Bridgeton, N. J.

Buy Red Cross Christmas Stamps.

Every man, woman and child can aid
the fight against tuberculosis by simply
carrying out the pretty custom of seal-
ing their Christmas packages with a
stamp.

The Red Cross stamp is especially
adapted for the purpose. The design
for 1909, decorated with holly, and
wishing a Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year, was selected from competi-
tive drawings made by artists. Each
stamp sells for one cent. The Red
Cross Society has generously offered to
allow eighty per cent of the receipts from
the sale of the stamps to be retained for
local work,—only one-fifth being re-
turned to pay expense of printing the
stamps. If 1000 stamps are sold in
Hammonton, we shall have eight dollars
to spend in an anti-tuberculosis cam-
paign. A sale of 5000 stamps means
\$40; 10,000 will give us \$80; 50,000 a
commission of \$40.

The Tuberculosis exhibit, with its
accompanying lectures, have familiar-
ized us with the terrible ravages of the
disease; we have learned that people can
be taught how to cure themselves, and
how to prevent the spread of the disease.
We know that there is a world-wide
movement to stamp it out.

If we are to do our part in Hammon-
ton, we must have money for the work.
We are offered this easy way in which
to raise money. Show your interest in
the cause by buying stamps.

If every inhabitant of Hammonton
would buy one stamp, we should sell
5000. Think how large our fund would
be if we could average ten apiece.

Stamps will be for sale at the stores.
Ask for them.

What do You Want When you Buy Clothes?

Is it style, clever designing that covers up any defects
of figure, artistic workmanship that insures a pleasing
appearance, and excellent high-grade materials that are
necessary to produce garments of character?

EASY!

You can secure all these essential qualities and be sure
of satisfaction by placing your fall order with us.

650 new all-wool Styles to choose from.

An unqualified pledge to give you exactly what you want
and at a price that proves us worthy of your patronage.

Suits or Overcoats, finely tailored to order, \$16.50 to \$40
Trousers, \$3.50 to \$10. Let us show you.

Chas. Guber,

Odd Fellows' Hall,

Hammonton, N. J.

The New Blackberry,—

Ewing's Wonder

The most productive berry ever
introduced. Call and see
testimonials.

W. H. FRENCH, Sole Agent

For Atlantic County

East Third Street, Hammonton, N. J.

For Sixty-Two Years

THE Cumberland Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

has insured the property of its members,
paid all losses promptly, and saved
the assured from 25 to 50 per cent. of the
cost in a stock company.

For particulars see

Wayland DePuy, Agt.,

Corner Second and Cherry Streets,
Hammonton, N. J.

Bank Brothers.

Bank Brothers.

You can make your Christmas shopping a pleasant event by starting early,
and get the advantage of first choice.

Hundreds of useful gifts are ready, from a twenty-five cent
article up to a Twenty-five dollar gift.

The second shipment of the entire stock of a

CLOTHING

manufacturer who recently retired from business, are ready.

Suits and Overcoats at nearly one-half prices.

Despite the steady advance of all goods that go to make Clothing, we come
to you with the good news of a successful purchase
at prices that are seldom offered.

Men's Suit made to sell at \$5, marked at \$2.50

Men's and Young Men's Suit, made to sell at \$6, marked at \$3

Men's and Young Men's Suit, made to sell at \$7.50, marked at \$3.50

Men's and Young Men's Suit, made to sell at \$10, marked at \$6

Men's and Young Men's Suit, made to sell at \$12.50 and \$15,

we have marked at \$10.

Men's and Young Men's Overcoats, made to sell at \$7.50, marked \$5

Men's and Young Men's Overcoats, made to sell at \$10, marked \$6

Men's and Young Men's Overcoats, made to sell at \$12.50, marked \$8.50

Men's and Young Men's Overcoats, made to sell at \$15, marked \$9

Men's Corderoy Trousers at 75 cents,—value \$1.50

Boys' Knee Pants at 15 cents

Furs and Muffs

will make an excellent Gift, at a saving
worth taking advantage of.

Our collection of Muffs and Furs is larger than ever before.

It embraces all the newest and best styles, made by America's best furriers.

Prices from 95 c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50, and up to \$9 and \$10.



Bank Brothers' Store,—the Home of Good Merchandise.
Hammonton, N. J.

"The Best Trust Fund"

that has ever been devised—that's what the Monthly Income Policy has been called. It is absolutely sure in its workings, and is administered by one of the strongest financial institutions in the world.



THE PRUDENTIAL



PRESTO! And your old shoes are new
It takes the Shoe Wizard just twenty minutes to complete the job. No other shoe repair shop can in Philadelphia complete with the Globe Shoe Factory in quality of work and low prices—for we have the latest improved machinery, the kind used by the largest shoe manufacturers in the world.
Bring a pair of old shoes in to-day—and find a surprise waiting for you to-night.
Work Guaranteed.
GLOBE SHOE FACTORY
333 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. J. A. WAAS,
Dentist
Copley Building, 111 Hamilton, N.J.

ELVINS' STORE
Cor. Main Road
and Bellevue
Hammonton

Purina Food

Chick Scratch

Pigeon

Try it!

Do your Shopping with the Christmas Spirit!

Edison Phonographs and Records. Musical Goods, Sheet Music.	Eastman Kodaks and Cameras. All supplies.
Jewelry. The newest things, bought this Fall, in solid gold and gold filled.	Silverware. We have practically everything needed in Sterling and Plated ware.
Umbrellas. A good variety for Men and Women.	Watches. Elgin, Waltham, and The Howard. They give satisfaction.
Clocks. A good and useful gift.	Diamonds. A choice stock of Rings. I selected the stones with great care.
China. This line has proven very popular. Makes a choice wedding gift.	Pens. —Waterman and Wirt the two best. A cheaper yet satisfactory stock of Sanford & Bennett make.

This store offers a freedom to come and look over the various lines of goods.

We want to serve you well and secure your patronage.

Your Jeweler and Optician,

ROBERT STEEL



THE Telephone has made it possible to do shopping and marketing satisfactorily, and with comfort, economy and despatch.

Practically, every store and shop caters to telephone trade and pays special attention to telephone orders; so telephone buying has now become a habit with hundreds of thousands of people.

When you want something that cannot be secured in your local shops, the Long Distance Service of Bell System connects you with the biggest markets of the country, even though you are hundred of miles away.

The Delaware & Atlantic Telegraph & Telephone Co.

S. H. AVIS, Agent,

Mr. Vernon and Phoebe Avis,

Atlantic City, N. J.

Every Bell Telephone is the centre of the system.

Electric Flat Irons!

30 Days Free Trial.

Save your Complexion. Uniform Temperature. No Dirt. Is never too Cold. Is never too Hot. Is always Ready. Needs no Relubing.

Hammonton Electric Light Co.

The Republican.

Hertz & Son, Publishers.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
WILLIAM C. HERTZ

SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1909

"Our Jim."

Shop early, and in Hammonton.

WICKEN-Baby Cough for sale, cheap.

Stores are beginning to look

quite like Christmas.

AND Mrs. N. K. Stulpha is reported

as being seriously ill.

DID it ever occur to you that neither

man nor woman is a photograph.

Board of Education meeting

next Tuesday evening.

DANCE Every Saturday evening in Blue

Anchor Hall. Genu 25 cents; ladies free.

Remember Dr. Grant's lecture,

next Wednesday evening.

GET Your good automobile license next

at the office of the Registrar.

Keep watch for the date of the

beautiful play of "Our Jim."

KEY FOUND—Prove property and pay time

at this office.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bassett and Miss

Lille were Hammonton visitors.

PARLOR Suite for sale. Mrs. E. F. Horne,

at Third Street.

Boy Ruffier and family, who are

told, have moved to Wilmington, Del.

DON'T Put it off any longer—only three

weeks before Christmas.

Born, at Neco, about two weeks

ago, to Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Westcott, a

son.

ZAMBONES' Danish and Popular cloth

to be sold, brown, red, and black.

A new clothing store in the

Spear building. See big ad on last

page.

FOR RENT—Room house—near station.

P. O. Box 227.

Workingmen's Loan and Build-

ing Association meeting next Monday

evening.

STORE For Rent on Bellevue Avenue.

Inquire of J. B. Elliott.

Wm. H. Berenshouse has moved

his office into his new quarters, across

the railroad.

Mrs. H. K. Smith, Candy Kitchen, Fresh

fruit bottles. Also fresh home-made

candies on hand all the time.

Chas. Guber, the tailor, moved

into the Trowbridge building, vacated

by Mr. Harris.

Mr. Harris' new office is at the corner

of Third and Main streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubick are to

spend part of the winter in Philadel-

phia, leaving town Dec. 15.

A picture recently framed will please

any friends with a Christmas gift. Place your

order early, with Swain.

Good progress is being made on

the new school building. The second

story floor is now being placed in po-

sition.

HOUSEHOLD Sewing Machine for sale.

W. H. Andrews, Central Avenue.

All the county teachers are ap-

pointed to be in Atlantic City, attending

the second Institute, held yesterday and

to-day.

WILSON in Doubt, that your farm with

street. H. W. Miller, Agent, Hammonton, N. J.

Town Council meeting to-night,

the last for this year. One license to be

granted, and much other business to be

considered.

WANT to Sell Your Farm? Try the R. A.

Wright Agency. Come to the office, 111

Call or write H. W. Miller, Agent, Hammonton, N. J.

Geo. Hickman is suffering with

a broken left ankle, caused by a falling

tree while working near Winslow, on

Wednesday.

CHILDREN! Nothing would please the

little folks as well as a photograph of you.

Two extra pages this week.

STUDIO closed to-day, also every Friday.

"Our Jim" will be played at

Union Hall by the Bazaar Club.

ZAMBONES' Molasses for December.

Miss Catharine Robinson is the

assistant teacher in the Lake School.

Miss Ella Dadd assists at Middle Road;

Miss Emma Barry at Magoolia.

ZAMBONES' 44 inch Ladies' cloth in blue,

125 and green, at 50 c. yard.

The Baptists had a good day last

Sunday, at their thanksgiving services.

Contributions for the day amounted to over

one hundred and thirteen dollars.

TWO furnished rooms for rent, for light

housekeeping—each one of bath.

Mrs. H. McManey, Third Street.

Miss Bertha Twomey, Notary

Public and Commissioner of Deeds, will

be pleased to see her patrons in the new

office, Front and Twelfth Streets.

LOST—Nov. 13th, black fur necktie,

between Robert McKoon's home on

Central Avenue and Bellevue Hall.

Rev. Dr. Countermine's house-

hold effects arrived on Thursday, and

the same leaves on Friday.

GOING For first-class room and bath, on

H second street, above Pratt. Inquire of

John Mague.

Everybody enjoyed the excellent

meal of the DeBee Minstrel band, last

Monday. It was certainly a treat.

The show, that evening, was high grade.

ZAMBONES'—Pussy handkerchiefs for

Christmas work.

To-morrow evening, at the Pres-

byterian Church, Pastor Countermine's

topic will be "The Two Great Spirits."

This is the first of a series of sermons on

hundred topics.

RASPBERRY PLANTS (Miller) For sale.

Good young plants. Caggle's Store,

Ham, N. J.

Miss Mamie Eckhart is the only

representative of the Hammonton High

School at the State Normal School

this year. She spent Thanksgiving

with her parents, at Folson.

PIANO For sale. Inquire of

Mrs. H. McManey, Fresh Street.

A look at Mr. D. M. Ballard's

crucifix, which is like a glimpse of a

picture, with its row upon row of craves

of the handsome red fruit. One look is

enough to whet the appetite.

CHURCHES—Black Cap Pianos—about

twenty hundred of these for sale. One

of the largest and most productive black cap

known.

F. J. Flitting & Son.

Topics at the Baptist Church to-

morrow will be as follows: 10:30 a. m.,

"A cloud with a silver lining."—Lord's

Supper following.

7:30 p. m., "Causes

and remedies for Christian unbelief."

ZAMBONES'—All-wool goods in brown,

blue, red, 35 in. wide, 50 c. yard.

The weather was unfavorable to

the Band boys last week, consequently

their comedy play did not draw near

the crowd they desired. But those who

did go were pleased, and the boys are

not discouraged.

The P. O. S. of A. lodge room

will be an interesting place next Mon-

day evening, there being a large num-

ber of initiations and re-initiations.

Every member should attend, and help

make things interesting.

GOING TO LOAN on flat mortgages, \$100

to \$200 down here at 4 per cent.

U. S. Jacobs, 60 Richmond Ave.,

South Orange, N. J.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Allan Spidel

invited all members of the Baptist

church and congregation to a social at

the parsonage, on Tuesday evening.

The invitation was generally accepted,

and the evening spent most delightfully.

Miss Ella I. Horton has been

entertaining a schoolmate of long ago,

—Mrs. A. Elizabeth Wager Smith, of

Philadelphia, a writer on war history.

She has a book now about ready for

publication. Her daughter, Miss Curtis

Wager Smith, is a noted artist, an

illustrator of books and magazines.

PICTURES—Paintings by Miss Edith

P. Dudley, are on sale in Smith's window.

Appropriate Christmas presents. Make

your selection early.

The third number of the lecture

course is billed for next Wednesday

evening, Dec. 8th, Dr. Rolland D.

Grant's lecture. His subject will be

"The Tragedy of Three Friends." Dr.

Grant has lectured here twice, and no

one who heard him will willingly miss

next week's lecture.

RIGHT Most respectable and helpful Xmas

light would be to present your, instead

of other relatives or friends, with a past-

stock for account, closed in their name to

Third Department of Hammonton Trust Co.,

starting 3 per cent. interest. Accounts can be

started with \$100 or more, starting an

account is very simple, no trouble to explain.

HEAVY steel gliders, with con-

crete arches, will support the sidewalk

in front of W. L. Black's store. A four

foot wide panel, the whole length of the

store, will admit light to the great cel-

lar. Work is progressing rapidly, with

Mr. Adlington in charge. The dirt is

being hauled onto the school grounds.

LET us make a handsome enlargement of

the last picture we made for you. Better

place the order soon—time is getting short.

C. H. Handall, Swain.

Charles H. Vaughn, a Hammonton

boy, was married last Tuesday evening

in Camden; to Miss Adeline Fox.

Rev. S. H. Price officiated. Wesley E.

Vaughn acted as best man, and Miss

Isabella Fox was bridesmaid. After a

trip to Niagara, etc., the young folks

will reside in Camden for a time, then

move to Hammonton. Charles is agent

at Atco station.

FREE to Boys

SEND ME.

Not mine to mount to courts where seraphs sing,
Or glad archangels soar on outstretched wing;
Not mine to stand on celestial choirs
To sound heaven's trump, or strike the gentler wires.
Not mine to stand on celestial choirs,
Where Michael thunders or where Uriel waits.
But lesser words a father's kindness know;
Be mine some simple service here below:
To weep with those who weep, their joys to share,
Their pain to soothe or their burdens bear;
Some exile in his now-forgotten home to greet;
To serve some child of Thine, and so serve Thee.
Lo, here am I! To such a work send me!

—Edward Everett Hale.

...A Crimson Elopement...

"cheerfully admit that it is an
admission," said the dean of the depart-
ment, "so anything that my admission
to the only cheerful thing about it.
But your son is now of age, and
during the last year of his mis-
adventure, you supplied him with enough
money to light his cigarettes with
Elzevirs, I can't see—how you can
blame a college which is in London if
the boy chooses to buy diamonds and
face for a chorus girl who is in New
York."

The stout, chop-whiskered parent
from Chicago held up a fat, white hand
of protest.
"I put Jim in your charge," he said.
"And you gave him money enough
to be independent of every one,"
concluded the dean. "Oh, I don't mean,"
he explained, "that the boy neglected his
work. If he had done that, or if
it had come to our notice that he was
leading a riotous life, he would, in the
natural course of events, have been
reprimanded to you long before this. I
only wish now that he had been. But
so far as any of us could see, his con-
duct was above reproach, and that is
just what makes his present position
so surprising."

"Well, but he is not stopping at buy-
ing diamonds. He's had the impu-
dence, so his roommate writes me, to
propose to marry the woman."

"Really? I am sorry to hear it, but
the fact doesn't alter my opinion. Per-
sonally, Mr. Ferris, I am willing to do
all that I can for you, but as the lad
graduated last spring, and, as a result,
ago, he voluntarily severed his con-
nection with the graduates school, I
must insist that the university is no
longer in any way responsible."

"I don't care who's responsible," de-
clared Mr. Ferris, "so long as I can
keep my son from marrying a music
hall singer!" With which remark he
bounced out of the office and boarded
a car for his downtown hotel.

Meanwhile, in a typical study not a
thousand yards from where he had
been talking, a distressingly somber
couple—a tall, broad-shouldered, blonde
lad and a slip of a dark-eyed girl—
were clasping hands across a flat-
topped desk and looking long into each
other's somewhat frightened face.

"I really believe you're sorry," said
the boy in a thoroughly masculine en-
deavor to conceal his own weakness by
accusing his comrade.

But his comrade was not so to be
convinced.

"You know I'm not Jim," she re-
proachfully replied. "Only—"

"Only what?"

He pressed her hand encouragingly,
and with that pressure her face
cleared.

"Only nothing," she laughed up at
him.

He bent far across the desk to kiss
her, brushing aside a neglected volume
on patristics that fell with a regretful
thud to the floor.

"That is a risky thing," she added.
"Wasn't it?" Jim stonily cor-
rected. "I can make it all right now
in fifteen minutes, and there is only
one thing in the whole day that I am
going to regret."

"What's that?" she asked with
puckered brow.

"That I have all, probably to be

LOOKING LONG INTO EACH OTHER'S FRIGHTENED FACE.

to advance against the pronouncing
of sentence.
Jim fidgeted with some papers on
the desk.
"Well, well," cried the father.
"If you think I'm quite understand-
ing you," James submitted.
"Oh, yes, you do!" snapped Mr. Fer-
ris. "You're over twenty-one, and I
suppose you've some little sense left.
Here I write to you, telling you that
your roommate appealed to me to
save you from shutting out."

He hesitated, and a flush of pride
saved Jim's savior-faire.
"Be careful, sir!" he cried.
"A chorus girl," the father con-
tinued. "I write you that, I say, and
I get no answer. Then, when I'm near-
ly wild, I come a day earlier, find at
my hotel your telegram saying that if
I want to see you before you're mar-
ried, I'd better come at once; and now
you say you don't understand me!"

"Well, sir?" Is that the way you
talk to your father? Look here, Jim,
the elder man went on in a tone that
sounded not a little, "you know you've
got me caught. When a son gets to
know his power over his father, heaven
help the old man! But I've been a
pretty good sort to you all along, have
I not?"

"Yes," he admitted, "barring one
thing."
"Well, come to that later on—that
one thing. But I have been a good
sort, haven't I? I've considered my best
even if I differed from your opinion of what
was good?"

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sort, haven't I? I've considered my best
even if I differed from your opinion of what
was good?"

THE LUCK OF SUMMER BOARD

An experienced "summer boarder"
was relating some of her adven-
tures in Padman's Magazine. One son
who stayed at a farmhouse which
was quite homelike—"So homelike," in
fact, in fact, that the daughter of the
house didn't scruple to do just as she
would—have done—when alone. She
had no musical talent, but she prac-
ticed five hours daily. I made no
complaint, and left in the odor of
sanctity, trailing a good reputation
behind me." The next incident was as
follows:

"Another farm I found, where the
people were all kindness, and wanted
only one family at a time, they said,
where mosquitoes are unknown, but
poison ivy is plenty. With experi-
enced eye I noted the old-fashioned
porch in the wide hall, and was
pleased to find that no one played it.
After a few weeks' bliss I saw, one
day, a bedroom being prepared for oc-
cupation. My heart sank, and I fell
right down when I heard that two new
boarders were to arrive the next
morning."

Two ladies came, "boarders—or bor-
ders?" I asked, looking them over and
through and through.
In the morning, after breakfast, my
chair—mine, by right of three weeks' oc-
cupation—had been dragged to the
other end of the piazza, and was now
a fragrant work caper while I slept
ly after a noise as of a thousand tin
kettles and cast burst on my ear. The
old piano, that venerable bellfellow—
I forgot to say that the house was a
hundred—and forty years old—had
been awakened, and in company with
the voice of the young lady, who had
no voice, was shrieking out rag-time
and all the current horrors.

Saturday night brought a "popper"
and a "young fellow," evidently the ad-
vanced "feller" of the disturber of the
peace. The camel had got his head in
the tent.

Sunday morning they appropriated
most of the piazza. "Poppers" cigar
and "mommer's" perfume pervaded the
air, the "young fellow" reclined in the
chaise longue, and the "feller" fed him
with candy while she balanced herself
on the edge.

"Perhaps I am a disagreeable, crusty,
unsociable creature, but I did not join
the family party, although I had
known the whole of them for three
weeks."

"Oh, I'm coming to that. See here,
you're well-to-do in your own right;
but it's a sum that, with your bring-
ing up, wouldn't last you five years.
You've all heard of the Gilded Age,
that means—but, by thunder, if you
marry this woman, I'll cut you out
without another cent—I will, so help
me!"

The elder man brought down a huge
letter from the desk, but Jim gathered
no courage from the curtains.
"What would you think of a man,"
he slowly and distinctly asked, "who
gave up a woman he had told he loved
for a threat like that? Candidly, now,
what would you think of him?"

As Mr. Ferris, Sir, would probably
have put it, his bluff was melted.

Old Favorites

The Engineer's Story.
No children, no dogs, no cats, no
chickens, no horses, no
My hands are shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain in my breast;
But here, on the twilight shadows,
I will tell you a tale—Gradus God.
I will tell you a tale—Gradus God.
I will tell you a tale—Gradus God.

We were lumbering along in the twi-
light.
The night was dropping her shade,
And the Gladiator labored—
Climbing the top of the grade:
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grade slowly
Till we reached the upland crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time—
Lost to the scheduled night.
Of the up-grade's heavy climb,
I had known the miles of the grade,
That stretched a level track,
So I reached the upland crest,
And pulled the lever back.

Over rails a gleaming,
Thirty at looking that night,
The engine leaped like a demon.
Breathing a new glory,
But to me—ahold of the lever—
It seemed a child's play.
I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night.
And my eyes on the track before me,
I abated with the Drummond light.

My hand was firm on the throttle,
As we swept around the curve.
When something fell in the shadow,
Struck by the beam of the light.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was a child at its play!

One instant—blue awful and only,
The world fell around in my brain,
And I amote my hand hard on my fore-
head, as if I had been smitten.
To keep back the pain:
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad, irresistible
While the cries of the dying, the night
wind,
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the en-
gine,
How I got there I never could tell—
My feet clung to the crossbar:
While the cowcatcher sloped to the
rail.

One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance and
measured.
The speed of our sickening flight.
My mind, thank the Lord! it was
steady:
I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I knew little more—but I heard it
—The groan of the anguished wheels,
And groaning thinking the engine
In agony trembles and reels.

One red to the day of my dying,
I shall think the old engine reared
back.
And as it recoiled, with a shudder,
I swept my hand over the track.
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
And I heard the engine of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As racked by a deadly pain.

Brighton Tragedy

By GUY BOOTHBY
CHAPTER VII.—Continued.
"Your terms will suit me admir-
ably," he observed, "and since you
will in all probability be put to some
extra trouble you will perhaps allow
me to write you a cheque for half the
amount in advance, with another fifty
pounds wherewith to purchase any
things she may require."

Miss Pinifter felt as if she could
have thrown her arms round his neck
and had scored a triumph, and the
Patagonian Ralls would be hers after
all. Surely, she argued, this was an
omen that her luck had turned and
that Fortune would smile upon her
after all. Summoning all her courage
to her aid, she managed to falter out
"That is, of course, as you please."

Her relief may be imagined when
she saw him take his cheque book
from his pocket and pick up a pen.
Two minutes later she was pre-
sented with a cheque for £100.
"It is a cheque for half the amount,"
said Mr. Pinifter, "and the other half
I shall allot to her," asked Miss Pin-
ifter.

"It is not necessary," he answered
with a wave of the hand. "It is Miss
Pinifter's establishment, and that fact
speaks for itself."

With another low bow he turned
and left the room. Had the school-
mistress been more of a woman of the
world she would have repeated the re-
mark: "I made just now and have said
to myself, 'This is really the most ex-
traordinary lawyer I ever encountered.'"
But she was too happy at the mo-
ment to give any thought to the matter.

Half an hour later, a cab drove up
to the door, and Mr. Tolson slipped
out of it and gave his hand to a young
lady dressed entirely in black. She
was unusually tall, and possessed of
fine features, and she carried
herself with a grace which was prob-
ably attributable to her Southern
origin. Judged from a distance, she
seemed somewhat advanced to be
come a pupil at a boarding school; but
as we have already seen, she had been
satisfactorily acquainted with the
world, and had been there some time.

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Old Favorites

The Engineer's Story.
No children, no dogs, no cats, no
chickens, no horses, no
My hands are shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain in my breast;
But here, on the twilight shadows,
I will tell you a tale—Gradus God.
I will tell you a tale—Gradus God.
I will tell you a tale—Gradus God.

We were lumbering along in the twi-
light.
The night was dropping her shade,
And the Gladiator labored—
Climbing the top of the grade:
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grade slowly
Till we reached the upland crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time—
Lost to the scheduled night.
Of the up-grade's heavy climb,
I had known the miles of the grade,
That stretched a level track,
So I reached the upland crest,
And pulled the lever back.

Over rails a gleaming,
Thirty at looking that night,
The engine leaped like a demon.
Breathing a new glory,
But to me—ahold of the lever—
It seemed a child's play.
I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night.
And my eyes on the track before me,
I abated with the Drummond light.

My hand was firm on the throttle,
As we swept around the curve.
When something fell in the shadow,
Struck by the beam of the light.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was a child at its play!

One instant—blue awful and only,
The world fell around in my brain,
And I amote my hand hard on my fore-
head, as if I had been smitten.
To keep back the pain:
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad, irresistible
While the cries of the dying, the night
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Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the en-
gine,
How I got there I never could tell—
My feet clung to the crossbar:
While the cowcatcher sloped to the
rail.

One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance and
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The speed of our sickening flight.
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Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.
Business in these lines properly and
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Reasons**
Why it pays to build of Concrete:
First, it lasts; Second, it satisfies;
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The other ninety-six reasons you
will find if you will examine a
house of this kind, or if you
will call on the

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Full Meals 25 Cents
Choice Oysters and Clams
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Families served with Oysters and Ice Cream
on short notice. Both Phones.

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Office, Spear Building,
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Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla,
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and that is
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For which we are
Sole Agent for Hammonton.
They are Best and Cheapest
Wm. BAKER, Agent
26 N. Third St., Hammonton

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The Danbury Bargain Stores,--Incorporated

1624 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City

In the Kirk Spear Building, Hammonton



We desire to call your attention to a few facts that may interest you.
We are the manufacturers of Clothing,—

Direct from the Mills to the wearer

upon which you save the profit of the wholesaler and retailer. This means to you a saving of 38 cents on every dollar you spend with us.

The wage-earner cannot buy a good suit of clothes at the regular prices, because provisions and rent will not permit it.

But the opportunity we offer you is so rare that it is to your interest to take advantage of it. For instance, a regular \$15 suit you can buy of us for \$9.50

And the same proportionate reductions prevail with every garment we offer for sale.

Also a great line of Cloaks, Suits, Skirts, Furs, etc

To convince you of the above facts, we cordially invite you to pay us a visit, and be convinced.

Yours very truly,



The Danbury Bargain Stores,--Incorporated

1624 Atlantic Ave.,

between Kentucky and Illinois Ave.,

Atlantic City.