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FOR THE CURE OF  
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The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PAINLESS cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern countries to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Verily this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S SWEETENED CASTOR OIL will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S  
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,  
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,  
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,  
The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Prepared at No. 351 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

## A Trip to Dakota.

NO. II.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised to tell your readers something of Dakota farming.—The Red River is the boundary between Minnesota and Dakota, and my visit was to the Dakota side of the valleys and gave me a good idea of the prairies. The land is flat as a floor, and without trees except along the streams, which are fringed with timber, and are in that way recognizable at a long distance. The earth or soil is black, and so entirely unmixed with sand or gravel—so entirely free from grit—that one could use it for tooth powder; and when wet it makes the most superior quality of mud imaginable, which when transferred to the plank side-walks of a town is like soap, making locomotion very risky. In the rainy season, a city street of that material becomes impassable to anything less than a high rubber boot. But the winters are so steadily clear and cold, usually without a thaw, that moving about in the clear, bright air, altho' frequently more than forty degrees below, is a positive pleasure. The mud lasts for a few weeks in the spring. But for cultivation, nothing could be better than this black soil. It is easily worked, and produces (they say) forty bushels of wheat to the acre—multiplication of the truth by about the figure 2. Eighteen bushels would be about correct. It is, however, really an excellent section for farming, its superiority being attributed to a subsoil of clay not more than eighteen inches below the surface. The cold winters give the hardness to the wheat which is so much valued, and which commands the highest price. The farmers are, however, just now much discouraged by the low price for grain. Wheat is selling there at just about the cost of production. There seems to be the same liability to over-production in agriculture as in manufactures. India and Australia, with their immense area and cheap labor, are now coming into direct competition with our western wheat country; and Dakota farmers are discussing diversity of crops. Many are beginning to look toward stock-raising; but there are no free grazing ranges, and the cold winters impose the necessity for housing and foddering cattle in the winter, in both which respects the great grazing states further west have the advantage. Wheat, heretofore the only crop, is so easily raised, and so readily turned into money, that it will not be given up as long as farmers can make a living at it.

The occupants of your small fruit farms would be interested by the large scale on which western farming is done. It is seldom that farms are of less size than the quarter section (160 acres), and there are many of 3000, 4000, 6000, and 8000 acres, farmed by one man. A "section," one mile square, is quite common in one farm. I was on a farm where I saw the first furrow of the fall plowing started. That furrow was one mile long, and for the whole distance—not meeting with a stone or a stump to turn it from its course—it probably did not vary at any point four inches from a straight line.

I had the pleasure of visiting the so-called "Dalrymple farm." It is a combination of farms, managed by one man for himself and others. Mr. Dalrymple farms, in that way, nearly one hundred thousand acres. The part I was on was composed of three or four adjoining farms of, together, about twenty thousand acres. Another farm, which I did not visit—known as the Grandin farm—contains about forty-five thousand acres, and produces a quarter million bushels of wheat, and is provided with its own elevators at different points, and with its own barges on the river. It is worked in divisions, each under a superintendent, and all connected by telephone with a central office, from which the book-keeper every night calls the roll by telephone at each station, and keeps the accounts with each of the three hundred men employed. The operations on each farm, the purchase of

supplies for the hands, the marketing of the grain, the providing of machinery, etc., in all its details, can readily be seen to be a large and varied business for one man to direct.

It is said that Mr. Dalrymple took the land of all these farms, only five or six years ago, in a wild state, with the agreement that when the land had paid for itself, one-half was to be his; and that most of it has virtually paid for itself, although it has not yet been divided. So, by giving his services, putting in no money, he has in five or six years become owner of over forty thousand acres, with its buildings, elevators, machinery, etc. It is very questionable, however, whether land in such large holdings pays as well as small farms. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. D. He is a bright, intelligent gentleman, in middle life.

Bell, the telephone inventor, predicts that very soon it will be easy for a New Yorker to call up a San Francisco telephone correspondent, and engage him in conversation.

P. T. Barnum presented the high school of Bridgeport, Conn., with a gold medal fund of \$1000.

A GOOD MANY FAILURES.—During the year 1883 there were 10,568 failures in business in the United States and Canada. Some of these were big concerns and some were very small. Failure is sorrowful business to any man, especially if it is his health that fails. A great many times 10,568 people fall in health in the course of a year. Many of them might have been saved if they would take Brown's Iron Bitters, the great family medicine and restorer of wasted health.

Mr. Gilliam, caricaturist in "Puck," though well known to fame, has yet to reach his twenty eighth year.

A prominent Democrat at Albany says that Governor Cleveland has called the Democratic leaders about him, not with the view to making cabinets, but to make their acquaintance and learn of them.

"Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefit derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Having been afflicted with scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in blotches, ulcers, and matter sores all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

An ivy vine on the wall of St. Peter's Church, Perth Amboy, is in perfect vigor and luxuriance although the main stems were completely severed about five feet from the ground, last April. It bloomed as usual, last Summer, and is apparently as flourishing as any of the vines.

Uncle Sam is apparently in some doubt whether to use that Spanish treaty for a cigar lighter or a front door mat.

A Deckertown, Sussex County, farmer, who is sixty-two years old, and has always lived near Deckertown, says he has never yet ridden in a railroad car, although he daily visits the railroad station to forward milk to his customers.

Gen. and Mrs. McClellan, and their daughter will spend the winter at Wormley's, Washington, leaving their Orange Mountain home immediately after the holidays. A large number of society people will winter at Wormley's, New York City furnishing a large contingent.

In the United States Senate, Monday, the bill establishing a commission to inquire into the alcoholic liquor traffic was passed, and the temporary appropriations for the navy were reported. The House was not in session.

The Gun Foundry Board recommends an immediate appropriation of \$17,000,000, to establish two foundries and purchase steel for the manufacture of heavy cannon.

The Turkish Legation at New York officially denies the reports of the massacre of Christians by Moslems in Macedonia.

President-elect Cleveland is said to have offered the position of Attorney-General to Senator Garland, of Ark.

A force of men from Whitot, Dak., was on Sunday preparing to attack the town of Traverse, in the contest over county seat.

A prominent army officer, while advocating the adoption of the Nicaraguan treaty, argues that it may involve the United States in the controversies between Russia and Great Britain.

When the stork's wife reaches the bottom of the flour barrel, she rings the knell of her husband's hopes.

A tempest in a tea-pot—the French flurry in China.

China begins the use of postal cards next week. It is thought the Empress will give a chronicle to every postmistress who can prove that she has deciphered one, to encourage education.

A Washington dispatch describes how the Greely explorers spent Christmas last year. It is vastly more important how they enjoyed it this year. In 1883 they chewed seal-skins; in 1884 we hope they masticated turkeys.

"What beautiful Christmas weather" everybody said. Yet it was cold to the fireless and terrible to the starving.

Santa Claus has returned to the Polar regions, oblivious to the fact that the Powers have a standing reward for whoever will locate the pole.

A Paris dynamiter says Americans paid for the explosion under London bridge. This fellow knows it is safe to lie at long range.

While this country is too long away its opportunities in bickering over treaties, the French are quietly but resolutely building their Isthmus canal.

Southern manufacturers are generally reported to be running on full time, and to be meeting with a good demand for their wares.

B. Platte Carpenter, of New York, been appointed Governor of Montana.

A reward of \$5000 has been offered for the discovery of the authors of the London Bridge outrage.

It is reported that General Gordon recently severely defeated the rebels at Amsterdam.

The New Orleans Exposition was opened Tuesday, President Arthur starting the machinery by electricity.

Hon. James G. Blaine, believing that Democratic animosity in Indiana would prevent the successful prosecution of his libel suit against the Indianapolis Sentinel, has instructed his attorneys to dismiss the suit.

Governor Abbott and other officials are touring along the New Jersey coast to glean information about oysters.

John L. Sullivan, the Boston bruiser, narrowly escaped death at the hands of men whom he bullied.

Governor Abbott and his party spent a busy day Wednesday among the New Jersey oyster-men.

Uniformly cold weather, with the thermometer from 2 to 15 degrees below zero, is reported at many Northern and Western points.

Unless the company grants their request a strike of the Western Union telegraphers, beginning at New Orleans is impending.

Mr. Evarts has openly entered into the contest for United States Senator from New York.

Two Georgia moonshiners were killed in an encounter with revenue officers, and several of the latter were injured.

A school teacher was a little crochety the other morning, and made the girls stand around a little livelier than usual. One of the little ones, who had been upbraided, exclaimed to her companion: "Never mind, Cleveland is elected and she'll be turned out!"

Princess Beatrice is still without a husband. The men who want her are not high enough up in the social scale, and the men she wants are away off in America, editing papers.

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ton Bakery.

Patronize home industry, and encourage home enterprise. By so doing you will be better enabled us to serve you, and thus deserve your patronage.

## Baker's Liquid Yeast

Which most people prefer, made fresh every day.

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As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

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in preference to any other house in New York.

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Fly-Nets, Dusters, Hoods, etc.,

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including Trunks, Valises, etc.

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Oak and Pine Wood for Sale,

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Cuttings, for Summer and kindling,

\$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS

five and a-half feet long, for chicken

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DENTIST,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Office Hours,—Wednesday, Thursday

Friday, and Saturday of each week.











SADING DATE.

Filled with a quiet sadness akin to tears,  
 From the heart came forth from no ungulate  
 In spring,  
 Heeds this stream, whose tongue runs  
 faltering,  
 I watch this graceful falling of the year's  
 A breeze takes all the heat of grassy  
 Round the river faded pappas where they  
 are clung;  
 A crown rises round the falcon's  
 ring,  
 Pale on high though a dying grass appears,  
 Each air is tremulous with hovering foam,  
 The moment some loved charm is taking  
 of year,  
 From every year that falls from summer's  
 strain,  
 Dies in my breast, some fresh her love en-  
 dears;  
 O Autumn I haste; blow fresh through heart  
 and brain,  
 The ring and ring of the reviving strain!

**THE THIRD BOWL.**

"Draw your chair close up. Put your feet on those kinks. You will find them soft and warm. Light another pipe, and fill your glass, Philip. It is a bitter night. My old bones shudder when I hear the wind wail over the house and through the oak-tree. Capital punch, that John has a knack at the article that I have rarely seen equalled—never surpassed. He is a prince of servers. I have never seen his like. I have had him with me now and then. It must be thirty years, at least—it is thirty-two years next Christmas week, and I have never quarreled with him, and he has never quarreled with me. A rare history for master and man. I think it is because we love each other's

“One more bowl, John—but one. It shall be the last; and, John, get the old Maraschino, one of the thick black bottles with the small necks, and open it gently. But you know how, old fellow, and do your best to make us comfortable.”

“The wind howls! Philip, my boy, I am seventy-three years old, and seven days over. My birth-day was a

An old bachelor! Yes, verily One of the oldest kind. But what is age? What is the paltry sum of seventy years? Do you think I am any older: In my soul than I was half a century ago? Do you think, because my heart beats slower, that my mind is less vigorous? My feelings are less buoyant, less cheerful, if I am less forward only weeks instead of years? I tell you, boys, that seventy years are a day in the sweep of memory; and each young forever young, is the motto of an immortal soul. I know I am what men call old, I know my cheeks are wrinkled and my hair is grey, but my heart and soul are thin, and my head gray even to silver. But in my soul I feel that I am young, and I shall be young till the earthly ceases and the unearthly and

"I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty-two. I have never advanced a day since then. All my life long since that has been one day—one day that I have never seen. It is a succession of hours, events, or thoughts has marked my advance.

"Philip, I have been living forty years by the light of one memory—by the side of one grave.

"John, set the bowl down on the hearth. You may go. You need not sit up here with me. I will see to each other to our rooms to-night. John, Go, old fellow, and sleep soundly.

"Phil, she was the purest angel that flesh ever imprisoned, the most beautiful child of Eve. I can see her now. Her eyes rayed the light of heaven—her brow white, calm, and holy—her

"The child of weath, she was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood. It was a dreamland, and she moved through the scenes of her life as if on have seen the angelic visitors of your slumber, move through crowded assemblies, with out effort, apparently with some superhuman aid.

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"I must pause to recall the scenery of the old, familiar spot. There was a

a hundred yards from the house, and which kept always full and fresh, an acre of pond over which hung willows, and maples, and other trees, while on the surface the white blossoms of the lotus floated lazily on the ripples with Ego's face and the white blossoms of the lotus.

The old house was built of dark-stones, and had a massive appearance, not relieved by the sombre shade in which it stood. The sunshine seldom penetrated to the ground in the summer months, except one spot, just in front of the front windows, where it loved to land and play, as if it loved the place, and as if it loved the old place. And its sunshine loved it, why should not?

"General Lewis was one of the pleasant, old-fashioned men, now quite gone out of memory, as well as out of exist-

his place, and his punch. He loved his