

# South Jersey Republican

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NO. 30

## We are Very Careful

in the buying of all our merchandise, but especially so in our endeavors to secure the very finest quality of

Coffees Teas

FLOUR

Butter and Lard

If in any of these articles you are unable to obtain entire satisfaction, we think we can suit you.

**GEORGE ELVINS,**  
Bellevue Ave. & Main Road.

**Full Line of  
Groceries,  
Provisions,  
Flour,  
Feed,  
Hay,  
&c.**

AT  
**P. S. TILTON & Co's**  
Hammonton.

Orders called for,  
Carefully filled, and  
Promptly delivered  
We solicit your patronage.

**Henry Kramer,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**FANCY SHINGLES**  
Posts, Pickets, etc.  
**BERRY CRATES.**  
Folsom, N. J.

Lumber sawed to order.  
Orders received by mail promptly filled;  
Prices Low.

**Frank C. Hartshorn,**  
PRACTICAL  
**HOUSE PAINTER,**  
Hammonton, N. J.  
Satisfaction guaranteed on all work.  
Orders by mail attended to.

## Many People

Have awakened to the fact by adopting our Baking Pan or 5 cent Money Order plans, they are saving from 3 to 5 per cent. on their cash purchases.

This is not intended for such, but for those who have not as yet given the matter

sufficient attention to avail themselves of this opportunity to make their money go as far as possible, which we think is the duty of every one under existing circumstances.

Buy your Groceries from us, for CASH, and save an average of 4 per cent. payable in CASH or otherwise as you may decide.

**Frank E. Roberts,**

Grocer.

Orders taken every morning, and delivered promptly.

Bring us your orders for Job Printing.

**Wm. G. HOOD**

Successor to Alex. Aitken  
Hammonton Hotel

**Livery and Boarding Stable.**

Carting and Delivering of all kinds done promptly, on short notice.  
Single and Double Carriages to hire, by the day or hour.

GO TO

**Wm. Bernhouse's  
Lumb'r Yard**

For all kinds of  
Lumber, Mill-work,  
Window-glass,  
Brick, Lime, Cement,  
Plaster, Hair, Lath, etc.

**Light Fire Woods**  
For Summer use.

We manufacture  
**Berry Crates & Chests**  
Of all kinds. Also,  
**Cedar Shingles.**

We have just received our Spring stock of goods.

Can furnish very nice

**Pennsylvania Hemlock**  
At Bottom Prices. Manufacture our own Flooring. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Our specialty, this Spring, will be full frame orders.

Your patronage solicited.

## U. S. MILITARY RESERVE.

The REPUBLICAN of July 13th gives the figures of the War Department that there are 9,946,043 citizens of the United States who are liable to military duty (roundly, ten millions), and then sets it down as "a rash move on the part of any foreign nation to lock horns with a country that has a military reserve of ten million able bodied freemen to draw upon." This is all very fine on paper, and in the slow times of thirty five years ago might count for something, but not nowadays. Wars are settled now before raw material can be drilled and prepared. Besides, where are the arms to put into the hands of one-half this number, or even a million of them?

Again, the arm which the Army of the U. S. uses will not compete with that of the troops of Germany or France. What was it that decided the battles of Aconqua, Concoan, Placilla—especially the first named, where 40,000 men in an entrenched position on a hill, with a river in their front, were easily defeated by less than 10,000 men of the same race? It was that among the ten thousand were four thousand Mauchler rifles, and when the Grasse rifles of the forty thousand could not reach the attacking party, they were being mowed down by the Mauchlers; and on a closer approach it was death to show a head above their earthworks. Oh, no; numbers do not decide the day, now. Again, suppose that three or four millions, under the same conditions of arms, were put in the field; they would not be a match for half a million such troops as Germany or England could put before them. The old G. A. R. men would be worth ten to one of any levies that could be got into shape in four months' time. Let us not hug ourselves with the delusion that we are invincible, or despise those who might be our enemies, or keep ourselves in ignorance of them. We are a great people, and have great resources, but ten millions of men in civil life are not that many drilled soldiers; and while such troops as we could get ready in a few months would be more than a match for an equal number of Russian, Chinese, Brazilian, Mexican or Peruvian soldiers, they would not equal half the number of German, English, French or Japanese soldiers. Besides, do you suppose an enemy would wait several months for us to get ready? I guess not. We would find that an eventful period,—short but severe. Our navy is

good (in fact, part of it excellent), what there is of it; but unless we raise it to an equality with that of Great Britain it will not be of much practical use to us, and in time of peace no merchant marine to speak of, it is a costly and useless appendage. America should be ashamed of itself that it has no merchant marine, while even poor Norway represents her flag in foreign waters, and does more foreign trade under her own flag than we do.

G. D. COLEMAN.

Chamberlain's is the best of all. Vincent J. Barki, of Danbury, Iowa, has used Chamberlain's cough remedy whenever in need of a medicine for coughs or colds, for the past five years, and says: "It always helps me out. If any one asks me what kind of cough medicine I use I reply, Chamberlain's, that is the best of all." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freymeyer house, Middleburg, N. Y., on knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others, and says it is excellent for any kind of a bruise or sprain. This same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. Sold by druggists.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not have now the opportunity free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and to cost you nothing. Croft's Pharmacy.

## WHY RENDER EXCUSES or UTTER SELF PRAISES?

The long and short of it is, we are positively selling Good Clothing at a lower price than any other house in the city.

Fresh arrivals from our workrooms—

### 500 Men's All Wool Suits,

Made to sell for \$12 and \$15, divided into two lots, and marked \$6.50 and \$8.50. Wonderful value these. We'll return your money instantly if you can match them anywhere for less than \$12 and \$15.

**F. S. GIBSON & CO.,**  
S. E. Cor. 2nd and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia.  
old East End. Oldest Clothing Store in America.

## Why not go

where you can get all kinds of

## Fresh and Salt Meats,

### VEGETABLES IN SEASON

The Cured Hams, Flitch, Dried Beef, Boneless Ham, Salt Pork, Ham Bologna, Beef Bologna, Smoked Sausage, Corned Beef—sugar cured—finest in the market.

We also have a fine Creamery Butter, which can't be beat for the money—25 cts. a pound. Try it. Fresh Eggs and Poultry.

### H. L. McIntyre's

## New Meat Market.

Open on Sunday morning from 7 to 9.

## BARRELS

**W. & H. O'Donnell Steam Barrel Factory,**  
Swanson & Moore Sts., Philadelphia.

### Barrels for Apples, Pears, Cranberries, etc.

Any size required made and shipped promptly,

## SHOES.

Always a Good Stock

### Only the Best!

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

Repairing done.

### J. MURDOCH.

Belle Vue Avenue,  
Hammonton. : : N. J.

A. H. Phillips. W. A. Faunce.

### A. H. Phillips & Co.

Fire Insurance.

### MONEY

### FOR Mortgage Loans.

Correspondence Solicited.

1323 Atlantic Avenue,

Atlantic City, N. J.

### GEO. STEELMAN,

Merchant Tailor.

Suits made to order, on short notice, and guaranteed.

### Scouring & Dyeing.

In Black's Building.

Hammonton.

## P. RANERE,

The Hammonton Steam

### Macaroni Works

(Established in 1889)

The best Macaroni made in the United States. Try them. Sold Wholesale and Retail.

Dealer in Imported & Domestic

## GROCERIES.

Just received a new lot of Imported Olive Oil.



## D. D. FEO

STEAM

Manufacturer of the Finest

### MACCARONI.

VERMICELLI,

And Fancy Paste,

And dealer in

### Imported Groceries

## WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Cleanse the Bowels and Purify the Blood.

Cure Diarrhea, Dysentery and Dyspepsia, and give healthy action to the entire system.

**CALLING THE COWS.**  
I don't know why; I don't know how.  
But surely, "was no harm at all,  
To stop a minute at the paws  
And listen to her milkling call."  
"Co—Bess—Co!"  
It sounded so  
Across the yellow-tasseled corn!  
Surely, the man was never born  
Who would not leave his team and come  
To help her drive his cattle home.  
The old folk lived across the hill,  
But surely, "was no harm at all  
To kiss her, while the field were still  
A-listening to her milkling call."  
"Co—Bess—Co!"  
It sounded so.

I made the tatty robin start,  
The squirrel bent the leaves apart  
To see no walking down  
Toward the sleepy little town.

I don't know how, I don't why,  
But surely, "was no harm at all;  
The stars were in the summer sky  
Before the cattle reached their stall.

"Co—Bess—Co!"

It rings on so.

The moos, from off its great white shield,  
Was tossed it back into the field,  
And still the whispering echoes come  
And follow me, a-walking home.

—Norman Bane, in Songs and Ballads.

### KITTY'S MISTAKE

**ITTY**—don't you ever mean to marry?"  
The speaker was pretty. Nao'mi Stearna. She was seated in Kitty Preston's pretty morning room.

"There now, Naomi! You needn't begin that sort of question just because you are engaged and I am not?" Kitty laughed as she spoke.

"But seriously, now, Kitty!"

"Seriously, Naomi, I have not as yet found one I care for!" As Kitty spoke her cheeks flushed, and she questioned herself if she was telling the truth.

"How about Philip Morton?" asked

Naomi.

"Nonsense! Phil hasn't stability of character. He would never cling to anything or any place. I'd be afraid to trust myself with Phil."

"You may be right," assented Naomi. "I have heard father say that Phil was a 'rolling stone,' but there's Harry Brooks, not much to him."

"No—Harry is lazy. No girl ought to marry Harry until he gives evidence of some energy of character."

"Well, then, there is Howard Graves."

"He thinks too much of his money and position, and, after all, he isn't any better than many a poorer man. That is, I don't want any of them. It is that I think I am too good for them, but I don't want to marry."

Kitty gave her hairbrush an impatient little toss.

"Well, don't wait too long, Kitty. You make a mistake in that," said Naomi, with a shaking shake of her head. "First, have a boy."

"Second, to me I had better wait forever than to make the mistake so many girls make," replied Kitty, soberly.

"Naomi ran lightly down stairs and home, to glance shyly at the new ring sparkling upon her finger, while Kitty strolled out into the rose-scented garden.

She began to think of what she had said, when she was interrupted by Aunt Margaret. She was a dear old lady, whom Kitty had invited to make her home with her. Her father, Dr. Preston, had died five years ago, and two years later her mother had allowed him to go. Kitty meant to take up the duties of life bravely, but she felt so lonely! Then she thought of Aunt Margaret away up among the Vermont hills, who was lonely also. Why shouldn't they live together? So Kitty wrote for her to try for one winter. They grew to love each other, to dearly hold not separated.

"Do you want to be alone, Kitty?"

"No, I only feel a little sober."

"Naomi has been telling me about getting married."

Think what dreadful times some of the girls have had since they married. I'd rather stay with you, Annie!"

Aunt Margaret knew Kitty might have added "and be like you," for this quiet, gentle woman was a maiden lady. Something in Kitty's face had touched her heartstrings, and she passed quietly into the house, leaving Kitty to her reflections, which oddly enough were turned upon Ernest Seabrook just as that same moment opened the gate and walked toward her. Mr. Seabrook was a tall, dark man of impressive reputation and kindly impulses. He was forty-three years old, but Kitty always forgot his age. She liked him, in fact, much better than any of her young lovers.

She was startled as this thought thrust itself upon her. Was he her lover? She had driven with him, had walked and sailed with him; he had frequently been her escort on picnic occasions. When the young lover could go, he had, but, as far as through all! Kitty had never thought of him as a lover. He seemed more her father or an elderly friend. Kitty felt there were other thoughts to be analyzed, but there was no time now; the instant attend to her caller. "Good morning, Father!" He had known her from her childhood, but he had never called her "Kitty," since he came home from a long absence abroad.

"Good morning, but why don't you call me 'Kitty'?" Other people do," she exclaimed. "You used to call me 'Kitty'."

The Osbornes lived at Longwood. They were her friends and relatives of the Seabrooks. Kitty was gladly welcomed by all.

"It's been a good day,"

"I've been to the market."



## LADY BUTTON-EYES.

The busy day is done  
At my weary little end.  
Rock a candle to me, lads;  
When the night-winds softly blow  
And the stars in the river—  
Chirp and chirp and chirp again,  
Upon the haunted green  
Fairies dance around their queen—  
Then from yonder misty skies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Through the mink and mist and gloom  
To our quiet, cozy home,  
Where to singin' sweet and low,  
Rocks a candle to me and fro!

Where the clock's dull monotone  
Tells of the day that's done;  
Wheels the moonbeams hover o'er  
Playthings sleeping on the floor—  
Where my weary wee ones lies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Cometh like a fleeting gnat  
From some distant e'en coast;  
Never foal-fall can you hear  
At the far-off faraway shore;

Never whisper, never word  
From that shadow-quencher heard.  
In ethereal realm, light,  
From the realm of joy and spirit;  
In the depth of yonder skies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Layeth her hands upon  
My dear weeny little one,  
And those white hands, overspread  
Like a veil the curly head,  
Seem to fondle and caress  
Every little sulky face;

Then she smooths the eyelids down  
Over those two eyes of brown—  
In such soothin', tender wise  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Dearest, feel upon your bosom  
That causin' magic now;  
For the crickets in the glen  
Chirp and chirp and chirp again,  
While upon the haunted green  
Fairies dance around their queen,  
And moonbeams never o'er—  
Playthings sleeping on the floor—  
Hush, my sweet! from yonder skies  
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Eugene Field, in Chicago Books.

## TWO PIECES OF SILVER.

BY LEWIS H. EDDE.

UERTEA los gringos!" Black Rosa's small, angular form shook with rage. Her face grew blacker than its natural hue, if that were possible. Trembling in every limb, she glared wildly at the shaggy, long-bony finger in the faces of the group of miners who, with jests and jeers, had met her supplications for charity.

"Get out of this!" one shouted. "We have got plenty of money," cried another.

"We're diamonds in the city," said a third. "Get out! No beggars allowed!" they all shouted.

"Muerte a los gringos!" repeated the woman, with a shriek which would have chilled the blood of man unused to her vicious ways. The crowd pushed and jostled her, and laughed at her murderous denunciation.

Manager France, of the Bull Domingo, heard the disturbance between the miners and the miserable old woman as he came up the guillotines.

"Herr, my good man," said he, "here are two dollars. You and I better stay around here," he added, kindly, as he took the money and called blessing upon his generous soul. "The men are not bad to giving alms, and they will only treat you unkindly."

"He's a better be savin' them two dollars to help out the pay-roll of the Bull Domingo," remarked a saloon-keeper, who had been keeping a slate for nearly three months for the accumulation of workmen on that property.

"It's a woman as always breaks a sucker's heart!" urged a miner. And then the crowd fell to discussing the material affairs of a camp, and for a time forgot the Mexican woman who occasionally came up from Durango on a begging expedition.

Sonora Rosalina Ortiz once enjoyed a happy home in the City of Mexico, her birthplace. She had all the opportunities of education, both in Spanish and English, and in her early married life had a fine home. But misfortune came to her in the death of her husband and two of their three children, after the loss of all the property they possessed. They had for several years made their home in the United States, where Sonora Ortiz had died, leaving his widow penniless. Poverty and sin were her undoing, and when the Colorado mining fever filled the mountains with fortune-seekers of high and low degree, Sonora Ortiz came to Durango. She had sunk so low in vice and sin that she was accounted well fitted for anything from beggar and petty thief.

She was married to a hardened character known as "Robber Dan," an American whose life both in and out of the penitentiary was a series of misdeeds. He had earned his title as the hard-earned her. They were well

mated in their criminal career, though the woman thus far had known no more of life than it is afforded by vice.

The ill-treatment she had received at the hands and tongues of the miners at Rico had burned into her soul like a hot iron, though the wound was largely healed by the soft words and silver so kindly bestowed by John France. But, since she was not likely to die to all—save her own race—and equally incensed to insure the blessings which she had invoked, neither her curse nor her prayers were heeded. However, none who knew her had any faith in Black Rose's possession of good will toward anyone of American or European blood.

Even Robber Dan's companion in crime, the lame, hunched-up, and crooked-hand bandit of robbers in Southern Colorado, did not escape the vindictive spirit of Black Rose.

But the woman was useful to the bandits, and when plentifully supplied with drink, there was no crime too black for her wicked heart, nor scheme too deep for her cunning brain. If she possessed a single redeeming trait, no one had been able to discover it.

Durango, the front door, where the glory of Durango's life, when it was born in the lifetime of a new town.

But there was then little regard felt for the future by the fortune-hunters who swarmed the streets and filled up the hotels and held high revelry in the saloons and dance halls of that new camp.

Honest men with capital, seeking to double their investments in a fort-

night, stood on the same level of association with the horse thief and the road agent. Many a man had gambled drunk over the same bar.

The crack of the stage-driver's whip was but the echo of the pistol shot.

John France stood leaning with his back against the end of the bar in the saloon attached to the leading hotel of the town. His hands were thrust into the side pockets of his sack coat, while his face wore a puzzled look. John France's handkerchief was missing.

"Going to the mine in the morning," he said to the clerk, "and I'll be back in a minute later, as France approached the desk and asked for writing material.

"Stage leaves at 2 o'clock."

"Well, call me a half-hour earlier,

and don't, for your head, let me miss the stage. I must be at the mine to-morrow.

"I'm not the man to do him," asked the sheriff.

"Look him up," answered the manager of the Bull Domingo, sternly.

"Look him up! That is the little rascal who came to me a few minutes ago begging for money. I gave him two bits, and he shows his gratitude by stealing my handkerchief."

The attention of the loungers about the hotel office was attracted to these loudly spoken words, when the girl who had not been seen for a week, and who had been underdone to the sheriff, so she didn't get the ones she was after in the first place, but I reckon the death of her ol' man 'n' Pete Johnson suited her nobetter, wen she come to size up the job, for they was gonna give one—she's a Swede.

They say them Mexicans has al-

ways got a grudge ag'in somebody,

but never remembers a kindness; but that play was made, it looks like of Black Rose didn't forget John France.

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## COST OF RUNNING A GREAT SHIP.

he had been surrounded by a half-dozen passengers, and soon forgot the world on the inside.

Coming to the interior, what?

The cost of running a big ocean liner.

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About \$60,000 Consumed for Expenses in a Round Ocean Trip.

The cost of running a big ocean liner.

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night, stood on the same level of association with the horse thief and the road agent. Many a man had gambled drunk over the same bar.

The crack of the stage-driver's whip was but the echo of the pistol shot.

John France stood leaning with his back against the end of the bar in the saloon attached to the leading hotel of the town. His hands were thrust into the side pockets of his sack coat, while his face wore a puzzled look.

"Going to the mine in the morning," he said to the clerk, "and I'll be back in a minute later, as France approached the desk and asked for writing material.

"Stage leaves at 2 o'clock."

"Well, call me a half-hour earlier,

and don't, for your head, let me miss the stage. I must be at the mine to-morrow.

"I'm not the man to do him," asked the sheriff.

"Look him up," answered the manager of the Bull Domingo, sternly.

"Look him up! That is the little rascal who came to me a few minutes ago begging for money. I gave him two bits, and he shows his gratitude by stealing my handkerchief."

The attention of the loungers about the hotel office was attracted to these loudly spoken words, when the girl who had not been seen for a week, and who had been underdone to the sheriff, so she didn't get the ones she was after in the first place, but I reckon the death of her ol' man 'n' Pete Johnson suited her nobetter, wen she come to size up the job, for they was gonna give one—she's a Swede.

They say them Mexicans has al-

ways got a grudge ag'in somebody,

but never remembers a kindness; but that play was made, it looks like of Black Rose didn't forget John France.

"She's got plenty of money," cried another.

"We're diamonds in the city," said a third.

"Get out! No beggars allowed!" they all shouted.

"Muerte a los gringos!" repeated the woman, with a shriek which would have chilled the blood of man unused to her vicious ways. The crowd pushed and jostled her, and laughed at her murderous denunciation.

Manager France, of the Bull Domingo, heard the disturbance between the miners and the miserable old woman as he came up the guillotines.

"Herr, my good man," said he,

"here are two dollars. You and I better stay around here," he added, kindly, as he took the money and called blessing upon his generous soul.

"He's a better be savin' them two dollars to help out the pay-roll of the Bull Domingo," remarked a saloon-keeper, who had been keeping a slate for nearly three months for the accumulation of workmen on that property.

"It's a woman as always breaks a sucker's heart!" urged a miner.

And then the crowd fell to discussing the material affairs of a camp, and for a

# BRIAR PIPE 'GIVEN AWAY



WITH EVERY  
**ONE  
POUND**  
bale  
OF

## DUKES MIXTURE

for **35 cents**  
Every pipe stamped  
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Men's, Youths', Boys' and  
Children's

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Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gents'  
Furnishing Goods  
Ladies' Shirt Waists,  
Wrappers, Millinery, Shoes,  
etc., etc.

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Pension & Claim Agent.

Belleme Ave. and Second St.,  
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All business placed in my hands will  
be promptly attended to.

O. W. PAYRAN,  
Attorney at Law.  
Master in Chancery,  
Notary Public.

Atlantic City, N.J.  
Hammonton office over Atkinson's

## Real Estate Office.

In the Brick Fay building,  
at Hammonton, Station.

We offer for sale

Several Improved Farms,  
Nice Homes in Town,  
Wild Land by the acre.  
Building Lots.  
Also, Properties for Rent.

Come and see us, and learn particulars.  
English, German, French, and Italian  
spoken and written.

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Physician and Surgeon.  
Hill's Block, Hammonton.

Office Hours, 7:30 to 10:00 A.M.  
1:00 to 8:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 P.M.

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AT

Swank's Oyster Bay.  
Bellevue Ave. and Second St.

JOHN ATKINSON,  
Tailor,

Second Street and Bellevue Ave.,  
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Garnments made in the best manner.  
Scouring and Repairing promptly done.  
Rates reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

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do more good than three in any other kind of  
school. Catalogues and Commencement pro-  
ceedings on application.

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Young Men's Suits, \$5.00

Boys' Suits, all wool, \$2

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Hammonton, N.J.

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## Real Estate FOR SALE.

1. A large and handsome house on Pleasant Street, only a few rods from the railroad, very convenient, with heater, conservatory; good barn, two lots.

2. A neat 7-room house on Second St., very convenient, beautifully finished, heated; one lot.

3. Good house and lot on Second St., very desirable.

12. Farm on Pleasant Mills Road, five miles from Hammonton post-office. 20 acres, partly in fruit; good house. A bargain.

14. The Lawson house, Orobard St. Fine house, 9 rooms, heater, easy terms.

15. A large house on Grape Street, 7 rooms, nearly new. Two acres.

16. Ten acres on First Road, four-inches. Cheap.

17. An attractive and very comfortable house on Central Avenue, seven rooms, halls, pantry, bath, hot and cold water, windmill; two acres, apples and other fruit. Fair terms.

18. Thirty acres on Seventh St., partly cranberry bog.

19. Forty acres on Oak Road; good house, barn, etc. Nearly all land in profit, including small cranberry bog. Reasonable price.

20. A house and large lot on Egg Harbor Road; six rooms, halls, attic; heated. A bargain.

21. Eight room house and two lots on Third Street; very convenient; heated throughout.

22. J. N. Jones' large house, next to the Bank, on Bellevue.

For any desired information in regard to the above, call upon or address Editor of *South Jersey Republican*, Hammonton, N.J.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Almshouse Committee of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of Atlantic County, until Thursday, July 25th, 1895, at 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing and laying about eight hundred feet of eight inch salt glazed Terra Cotta Pipe on the Almshouse grounds, at Smith's Landing, N.J. The work to be done under the direction of the Steward of the Almshouse, from whom general information concerning the same may be had. Proposals should be marked "Proposals for Sewer Pipe," and be addressed to the Almshouse Committee, Smith's Landing, N.J. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN C. ANDERSON,  
Clerk of Committee.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Almshouse Committee of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of Atlantic County, until Thursday, July 25th, 1895, at 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing twenty tons each of Egg and Stove Coal, on cars at Pleasantville, N.J. Bidgers will state price per ton of 2240 pounds, and colliery from which delivery will be made. Proposals should be marked "Proposals for Coal," and be addressed to the Almshouse Committee, Smith's Landing, N.J. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

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