

# South-Jersey Republican

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### Jeweler and Optician.

A FULL LINE OF

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### And Optical Goods.

Prompt and Careful Attention Given to all kinds of Repairing.

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That you will find what you want to go to-housekeeping with, for he keeps

COOK and PARLOR STOVES,

HARDWARE and TINWARE,

FURNITURE, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Stove-pipe in all shapes and sizes. Stove repairs got to order at short notice. Job-work of all kinds promptly attended to.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

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### Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

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Butter, Eggs, Lard, etc.

Wagons run through the Town and vicinity.

The Philadelphia weekly Press and the Republican, both one year for \$1.25, cash.

From Breckenridge, Col.

July 19th, 1890.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN,

Dear Sir:—I did not intend to make two letters of my trip here, but the fire broke me off and I wanted to get a letter to you by the next mail, so it had to be broken in two. I left off at Chicago. When I got my business done, I concluded to see the interesting sights as far as time would allow. Strolling down to Lake avenue, I beheld a lovely view. The lake, with numerous sailing craft on it, lay like a mirror before me, and the street was lined with structures as fine as any street I ever saw. Passing along it, I noticed a new hotel, built of granite, many stories high—I forget the number, but remember to have counted many buildings of ten and twelve stories. I went in the reception room. The walls of this room were of onyx. Philadelphia can show nothing so magnificent, so far as I know. Passing on, I saw a sign which read; "Art gallery, admission free Saturdays and Sundays." This being Saturday, I went with the crowd into the fine building, to see the works of genius. Here was a surprise. I was ushered into an exhibition of not merely beautiful paintings and fine statuary of modern art, but into the presence of the gods and goddesses. There stood Venus in various forms; there were Mars, Apollo, Mercury, and Jupiter. Some were veritable creations of the ancients, centuries before Christ, and others were modern copies from ancient works. Here was a feast I had not looked for. I studied these forms of marble with an interest than anything I can remember. Besides these, there was Augustus, Caesar, the victor in a hundred battles, and Rome's greatest conqueror, worthy of a place with Alexander, among the gods of his age, B. C., 49.

Here I lingered, unable to get away till my watch told me I must; if I was to take the six o'clock train. I left regretting I had not another hour to spend here, and hastened to the depot, got my trunk checked for Denver, boarded the vestibule train of chair cars on the Rock Island Road, and was soon off, passing slowly through the many miles of Chicago,—the second city in population in America. I saw this city in 1852. It was then a mud hole, and you had to carefully choose your way in passing along its streets, or you would be swamped. Now, New York cannot show such fine streets. What a change! And in so short a time! Verily man is a creator. Civilized man, with the aid of contrivances, compels the forces of nature to do his bidding, and what can he not do? He transforms the marsh into a magnificent city. The discoveries of science, and its application by machinery to the necessities and comforts of men, more than his genius as a conqueror, entitles him to a place with the gods.

At last we leave the suburbs of Chicago and speed through the rich farms of Illinois, the garden state of the Republic. I lived in this state ten years. It is here I grasped the hand of the immortal Lincoln, and labored for his election. My office was headquarters of the Republican committee of our county. Here several of my children were born, and two of them buried. I always feel an especial pride in this grand state. The crops looked well as far as the light of day would allow observation, and then I resigned myself to the comforts of my reclining chair for the night. Next morning we were in Missouri, passing through a most lovely country of rolling, rich lands, well cultivated with fine crops of wheat and corn. Here some wheat had been thrashed and corn was well tasselled out. We arrived at Kansas City at 10.30 A. M., stopped only 20 minutes, then sped away for Topeka, the plains, and Denver. This was Sunday, and but little was going on. The sun, however, was working, and blazed out on us with torrid force. At a stopping-place I inquired of a man at the depot how far it was to the "hot place"; as the air seemed to come from a furnace thrice heated. He replied that I need

feel no alarm until I began to smell the brimstone. The thermometer stood at 108 in the shade, the hottest day they have had in Kansas in years. I learned that they have very hot winds that dry everything up and that is why it is so arid in western Kansas and eastern Colorado.

We arrived in Denver at 7:30 o'clock A. M. Here I stayed till next morning at 8 o'clock, and put in a busy day. This is the queen city of America, the most beautiful gem set in the diadem of the Republic. Its clear atmosphere, its rolling surface, its mountains in the distance, its balmy air, and its mild and healthful climate, its beautiful residences, its railroad facilities, and favorable location to supply the mining region with its needs, and its being the Capital of the state, render it an important city, and a desirable place of residence. It is growing very rapidly. Lots offered me five years ago for \$400, are now selling for \$3,000. Why could not I have known this then? How easy to get rich if you have foresight enough. I will not stop to moralize here. It gives me pain to think what I lost.

We start for the mountains, fifteen miles away. The land is irrigated, and produces pretty good crops. We reach the mountains and go up a little stream, the head water of the South Platt river. We wind along its crooked banks, crossing it frequently, as the stream crowds against the rocks. The scenery is grand and interesting, until you have seen it often, and then it becomes common-place. We go up, up, up. Our locomotive puffs and tugs away, and at last brings us to the top of Breckenridge Pass. Here the air is rare and cold. I have taken the precaution to put on heavy undergarments, but I button my coat to keep warm.

We now descend. We have reached the continental divide; water runs to the Pacific ocean. On the heights we see snow. No steam is needed to carry us on,—the brakes are applied, and we drop down along the side of mountains, running as far as possible to make the grade a minimum, to Breckenridge, 11 miles from the summit, but only nine by wagon-road, and a little over 2000 feet below. Here I stop. Acquaintances are at the depot, and welcome me back for the summer, giving a cordial shake of the hand. I give my hand-baggage and check to the expressman, and hurry on to the neighbor who has the key to my cabin. I get this and open my little house of two rooms—12 x 14 feet each—and two closets, and find everything intact, but wofully dirty. I go to work with a will, and by night have things in tolerable order, and begin my season's residence in "bachelor's hall," in this picturesque little town of a thousand inhabitants, in the valley of the Blue River, surrounded with towering mountains, and in perpetual sight of the "beautiful snow." Yours,  
A. J. KING.

The Natural Bridge property has been sold to a Massachusetts and Virginia syndicate for \$300,000. It was bought from Col. H. C. Parsons and James G. Paine, who have owned it for a number of years.

## If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD  
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection.  
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

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PURE COD LIVER OIL  
With Hypophosphites.  
PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

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Hammonton, N. J.

**COAL**

Having stocked my yard with the best grades...

**LEITCH**

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Your patronage solicited to breed...

**W. H. JONES**

Office in Wm. Barstow's lamb...

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LONG JOURNEY.

Wald's my old uncle's place, is on the road; and I could not repress a sigh as I thought of the old place which had been mine for a couple of months, and then had to go to the hammer with everything else.

OF CHESTNUTS.

The most reckless, hard-riding, for nothing young scamp of whom you ever heard of Mr. Bracewell's commission. The one redeeming feature about me was the fact that I was a lover in my return. That was the best time in my life, and the best time in my life, and the best time in my life.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A Lecture Which Should Be Carefully Read by Every Young Woman. If all that mothers are to them came home to the perceptions of daughters at an earlier period, they would be more anxious than they generally seem to be to spare those mothers, to prolong their days, and save them from much of the exertion and anxiety that are likely to shorten their lives, and that if only from mercenary selfish reasons.

THE CANNING SEASON.

Canning is an improvement upon the old-fashioned method of preserving pound for pound in sugar. It retains more of the fresh and natural flavor, is far less trouble to prepare, and is economical. All fruits may be canned with or without sugar, as the sugar takes no part whatever in the preservation.

HUMOROUS.

THE IMPERTINENT EMPERATOR.—"Census-taker—"How old are you, madame?" "I count twenty-five springs." "O—T—"And how many do you not count?" "I don't know."

FARM NOTES.

SILAGE UNDER FIRE.—A few months since a barn of my neighbor, Charles Taylor, writes John Gould, of Ohio, with its contents of hay, straw and grain, was consumed by fire.

HOUSEHOLD.

TO BOTTLE GREEN PEAS.—Fill the bottles, which must be both clean and scoured as far as possible with freshly gathered peas and cork them. Put the bottles in a saucup of cold water up to their necks; put the cover on the pan; let the water boil up, and keep it boiling during the process.

HOUSEHOLD.

FOR SOFTENING THE HANDS, take one-half cupful of glycerine, one cupful of rose-water, one ounce of sweet-almond oil, and one ounce of castile soap.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

How Hugh Went to the Party.

A BRAZILIAN FRUIT.

FARM NOTES.

HORSE NOTES.

REV. DR. TAMMAGE.

made man is generally proud of... can do right with a wrong... doing is not so important as...

Elsie Burton was thought to give a party, and there had been little else thought about by the children on the block for several days.

Apt to Kill if Eaten and to Burn if Handled, Yet Very Refreshing. A Sun reporter found himself in a crowd that stood staring into a fruit store on this particular block.

HINTS ABOUT HORSES.—It costs more to keep a poor horse than it does to keep a good one. Change the feed of your horses often enough to make them relish it.

—Both the Point Breeds and Belmont meetings were financial successes. —The Eastern Park in Brooklyn has not been sold as a race track, as reported.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon. Subject: "The Wide Open Door." "And behold, a door was opened to heaven."—Rev. I. V. I.

for all repeating and believing upon the door of heaven is now wide open, the door of His empire is now open.

Among the slaves who were numerous in Greece. These slaves did not delay to gratulate themselves in their masters' good graces, who in return, they knew that the loved show and that she was so fond of fine...

Historical Anecdotes of the Table. "What a joyous and charming life the 'Parasites' lived. Simon, the tanner, who first made known the discourses of Socrates to the Athenians he is no longer a cook—he is a 'fricoteur'.

A Swiss Hunter's Danger. A short time ago a hunter on the shore of the Lake of Wallenstein, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of a pair of these destructive birds.

Did you know that Queen Elizabeth with her courtiers knew that the loved show and that she was so fond of fine...

