

Smith Jersey Republican.

VOL. 8.-NO. 10.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY OCTOBER 8, 1870.

2.00 PER YEAR.

Advertisements

The circulation of the Republican is much larger than that of any other newspaper published in this county. It is the only paper circulating throughout Atlantic County and is a desirable advertising medium. Advertisements are taken at low rates.

All bills for transient advertising will be presented upon the first insertion, when they must be promptly paid.

Advertisements must be handed in by Thursday evening to insure insertion the same week.

Special Notice

THE TERMS of subscription to the Republican will be as follows: \$2.00 per year in advance. \$3.00 if paid during first six months, \$3.50 if paid after six months.

The paper will be stopped at the end of the time paid for, when no order is received. Otherwise it will be sent until an order to discontinue it is received. All advertisements must be paid for in advance.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Proprietors: J. COCHRAN, Editor.

Business Cards

R. T. BALCH, M. D.
Special attention to the treatment of CHRONIC DISEASES.
Hammonton, N. J.
A limited number of in-door patients received. 43-53

THOMAS GLASS,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, PAPER HANGER AND GRAINER.
Orders or letters left with Mr. G. Valentin, Wheelwright, Hammonton, will be promptly attended to. 39-5a13

J. L. HOWELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
103 Elm Street,
Camden, N. J.
Prompt collections made in all parts of the State.

M. D. S. W. DEFOY,
GENERAL HARDWARE AND WHEEL-WEIGHT SUPPLIES.
Hammonton, New Jersey.

F. S. TELSON,
DR. GOODS, SHOES, FLOUR & FEED AC., &c.
Hammonton, New Jersey.

GEORGE ROBERTS,
PLASTERER & BRICKLAYER.
Particular attention given to setting ranges, boilers, stoves, &c. All orders for any kind of work, or orders left at my residence will be promptly answered.
Hammonton, New Jersey.

M. S. THOMPSON,
TAILORING DONE
AT THE NEW BRICK STORE.
Satisfactory guaranteed. An assortment of tailor's trimmings kept constantly on hand. 23-4
Hammonton, New Jersey.

C. J. FAY,
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS & OILS.
Hammonton, New Jersey.

W. D. PACKER,
REFRESHMENT ROOMS
Hammonton, New Jersey.

E. H. NORTH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Ham ton, New Jersey.

R. J. BRYNDEL,
REAL ESTATE AGENT and dealer in WILD AND IMPROVED LANDS.
Hammonton, New Jersey.

K. E. THOMAS,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Over Packer's Saloon,
Hammonton, New Jersey.

J. S. F. ABBOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & MASTER IN CHAN- CERY.
My's Landing, New Jersey.

H. SCHWENKHAMMER,
GROCCERIES & PROVISIONS,
44 Water City, New Jersey.

CHARLES M. NEAL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & PROCTOR OF AD- MISTRALTY.
OFFICE, 144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
Second Story, Front Room,
Philadelphia.

G. M. ENGLEHART & SON,
WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE
234 North Second Street,
Philadelphia.

PRINTING,

AT
Republican Office,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Where all kinds of Printing can be done in the best manner at short notice. The office is well supplied with

GOOD PRESSES.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY, No 27 MARKET ST., CAMDEN.
HENRY W. SCOTT,
Manager and Attorney.

L. H. ASHLEY,
Special Agt. for Atlantic Co.
7-12-17.

"Our Father's Home,"
OR,
THE UNWRITTEN WORLD.

By DANIEL MANNING, D. D., author of the popular "Night Notes." This master in thought and language shows us untold riches and beauties in the great world, with its blooming flowers, singing birds, waving palms, smiling clouds, beautiful bowers, verdant mountains, delightful rivers, mighty oceans, thundering voices, blasting heavens and vast universe with countless beings in millions of worlds, and leads us in such the unwritten words of the Redeemer, to a new and grander and surer binding. "Rich and varied in thought." "Chaste." "Easy and graceful in style." "Correct, pure and elevating in its contents." "A beautiful and good." A house of prayer. Commendations like the above from College Presidents and Professors, Ministers of all denominations, and the religious and secular press all over the country. Its freshness, freedom of language, with clear open type, fine penmanship, substantial binding, and low price, make it the book for the masses. Agents selling from 25 to 150 per week.

Send for a copy and introduce the work for us in every parish, and we will pay liberally. No religious or woman used without a license. Agents for the States, Territories, and Foreign.

Address: LEOLENA M. CURRY,
16 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
123 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
609 Market Street, Chicago, Ill.
101 N. Ninth St., St. Louis, Mo.
102 N. Main St., Springfield, Mass.

And prepared for all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING

Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Brochures, Labels, etc.

Shipping Tags, Pamphlets, &c.

Colors and Gold

Administrators' Notice to Creditors

Alonso Potter, administrator with the will annexed of Nancy Stewart, deceased, by direction of the Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, hereby gives notice to the creditors of said Nancy Stewart to bring in their claims, demands and claims against the estate of said deceased under oath or affirmation within nine months after they will be forever barred of any action therefor against the said administrator.

Dated May 17, 1870. ALONSO POTTER, Administrator.

FARM FOR SALE.

140 Acres. Consisting of 35 acres of IMPROVED LAND, considered excellent for trucking. 20 Young Orchard.

Good House and Barn about 20 acres of good Cranberry Land, daily clear, the balance WOODLAND.

Situated at Fox Neck, two miles from Point Pleasant, on Camden & Atlantic Railroad, one mile Muller River. Will sell the whole or a part. CHEAP! TERMS EASY.

For particulars apply to S. M. CAVLEER, Port Republic, Atlantic Co., N. J.

CONTINENTAL LIFE Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

Annual Statement January 1, 1870.

No. of Policies issued in 1869, 8,778
Amount Insured in 1869, \$21,246,000
Whole No. of Policies issued by the Company up to April 30th, 23,000

OFFICES, CONTINENTAL BUILDING, Nos. 22 & 26 NASSAU ST. COR. CEDAR, NEW YORK.

President, TUS LAWRENCE, Vice President, M. D. WYNKOOP.

Secretary, F. ROGERS, S. C. CHANDLER, Jr. DIRECTORS.

James B. Colgate, of Treavor & Colgate, Bankers, Chairman of D. D. P. (the Secretary of State's) National Bank.

Hilton Scribner, 139 Broadway. R. Ward W. Bogart, of O. M. Bogart & Co. Bankers.

M. D. Wynkoop, of Wynkoop and Hallenbeck, Bankers. H. C. Felt, of D. D. Newark, New Jersey. Luther W. Frost, New York.

Joseph T. Sanger, Merchant, No. 45 Liberty St. INCOME 1869.

Annual Premiums, \$1,826,750.20
Interest, 79,724.40
Rents, \$4,149.00
Accrued Interest, 15,554.00

DISBURSEMENTS. Paid claims by death, \$164,350.00

Paid for dividends, 1,174,055.00
Returned Premiums, 151,494.97
And Annuities, 150,702.67
Paid for Salaries, 150,702.67
Paid Commissions, 195,039.00

Total, \$880,486.73

ASSETS. Cash in Banks and in Company's Office, \$100,710.66

United States Bonds, 115,250.00
Bonds and Mortgages, 248,409.98
Premium Loans Secured, 1,174,055.00

(The actual value of the Policies securing these Loans is about \$2,250,000)

Loans on Stock, 74,178.41
Deferred Premiums, 807,908.21
Real Estate in New York, 294,750.00

Real Estate in other countries. Its true value, in case of liquidation, is estimated at \$20,019.35

Accrued Interest and Sundry Securities, 49,325.53

Total, \$3,500,102.50

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BRANCH OFFICE, Bordentown, N. J. 100 South and Union Streets. For sale by all the above agents. JOHN H. BRADLEY, A. M. Principal.

How Mary Morrison came to leave her Husband.

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

CHAPTER III.

"No man in the world should treat me so!" I cried. "It is shameful! It is unforgivable! I would not bear it! Mary, let us go home!"

"Then Mary broke down. She cried, she moaned, she shook—she moaned and wept again. Her broken rest and unwonted cares, her disappointment and suspense, added to my anger, were too much for her. I, all the time, continued my ill-judged sympathy, and pressed my foolish, but well-meant advice.

"I could not bear such treatment and what is more I wouldn't! It cannot be any woman's duty! Here you drudge from morning to night; you go nowhere; all you get in return is only neglect and indifference."

"But what would you do?" moaned Mary.

"Do! I would find out what to do! I would not live so, that's certain. I would drown myself first! I went on, working myself up. 'I would take poison—at least I would go. The idea! Taking you from such a home as you had, and bringing you here just to slave for him! Come, Mary, go home with me. You will, won't you?'"

"I don't know what to do, I'm sure," said Mary in a hopeless tone.

"Well then let me decide for you. Come, I'm your sister if I am not your husband, and I have some claim on you. Let us pack up and take the baby and go! When my gentleman comes back he will find by experience how nice it is to have people take French leave. And I hope his tea will be strong enough then, and he can twist the window-frames too," I added wrathfully, "and kick the boots about to his heart's content. And perhaps he will find some one who will toil hours at a time over his shirt bosoms," I said, thinking of 'the lady' he had gone off with. "Come, Mary," I added, "mother will be so glad to see you! I will go right away and do the packing. You go to bed, poor child, and get some rest. Yes, you have a home, I am thankful to say, and a mother too!"

"If this was cunningly said, it was the cunning of instinct, not of deliberation. Mary did often yearn in her poor, tired, tired heart for that home and that mother, and although she did not give me leave to take her to them, I went forward all the same, and took her consent for granted.

"I got her trunks and mine. I secured the house of everything Mary could possibly want either for the baby or herself. I packed summer clothing and winter clothing, and everything of my own, and also a lunch-basket, before retiring for the night. I went up again early in the morning, and sent Greta to order the omnibus. I dressed the baby, and hurried breakfast, and, in short, gave Mary no opportunity to resist or to reflect. Once or twice she said abruptly, 'O Kate! do you think it is right for me to go?'"

"Right!" I replied decisively,—"right to go to your own father's house! Yes indeed! you ought to be thankful you have such a home to go to. You would be wrong not to go, I think!"

"At last we were off. Mary wept when I sent her fairly started, but I settled myself in my train with a sense of triumph. Now Mr. Obstinatus would see whether it was best to annoy me and neglect Mary. I would teach him a lesson. I had explained to Margaret that I was taking Mrs. Morrison 'home to see her mother,' and she had nodded like a Chinese mandarin, and replied 'ya-ya.' It was early spring when I went out West, and it was early fall when I brought Mary back with me.

"Yes I had carried my point, Mary was at home. But somehow it did not seem as I had expected. Father and mother were of course surprised but delighted also to see us, and the baby was an endless source of interest. But the questions they asked were so unexpectedly embarrassing! Even father's simple, hearty 'How did you leave John, Mary?' I saw thrilled her and caused her to change color; so I hastened to make reply.

"Oh! John was well; but he was not at home when we left."

"Indeed!" said father, "where was he?"

"He left home on business," I replied, evasively, for somehow I felt that the true state of the case had better be explained first to mother.

"It is about the time his great law-suit is to come on," added father, "I presume he was away attending to that."

"Mary opened her eyes and glanced at me. Neither of us knew anything about a 'great law suit,' and it was a feeling, rather than a thought, that shot through me.

"Suppose I have been leading Mary astray after all!"

"But I resolutely put it down and busied myself in getting her settled in her 'own room.' How different it looked when ready for her occupancy from what it used to look. Beside the bed stood a crib. Baby clothing and baby toys were disposed about the room—the very trunks looked unfamiliar with the name 'Morrison' lettered on either end. 'Ah! I was forced to acknowledge to myself with a sigh, 'Mary can never be the same Mary as of old.'"

"After Mary had retired, which she did early, I sought mother and opened the conversation. 'Mother, I believe, 'does not Mary look miserable?'"

"Well, I do not know. She is tired with her journey, I suppose. There is nothing serious the matter with her, is there?"

"Yes, there is something serious the matter with her. Mary is not happy."

"Oh, she's a little homesick for John

I dare say," said mother in a pooh-pooching tone. "It is her first separation from him you know, but she'll soon get over that."

"Mother was never, it seemed to me, so hopelessly obtuse before. Finding that gradual approaches were not likely to assist me, I stormed the citadel at once.

"Mother," I said, "Mary has left John. She has come home for good."

"Left John! Left her husband! What for?" rejoined mother indignantly, and there was an emphasis on the word husband which, somehow, let a new light into my mind. It revealed that mother, Mary's mother though she was, recognized John's claim as superior to her own.

"I plunged into my story. I painted a glowing picture of John's neglect and Mary's wretchedness; of the dismal life she led; of John's lack of sympathy and persistent selfishness; how I had with my own ears heard him speak to her so harshly that she had left the room in tears, adding that having seen so much I could readily imagine how much worse it must be when they were alone together. I wound up with an account of what I called his abominable behavior in leaving home without explanation and accompanied by a lady. I hinted that he was growing into the use of stimulants which I suspected were not always as innocent as strong tea, 'and,' I added, 'I thought it was time she came home to me. Poor thing! I only fear that 'nothing' we do will ever make her happy.'"

"Mother sat in perfect silence while I told my story, and after I had finished it, at length becoming impatient I said, 'Well, what do you think, mother?'"

"Think!" said mother slowly. 'I don't know what to think. I must talk with your father,' and not a word more would I get out of her that evening.

"At breakfast Mary's eyes looked swollen and heavy, and father was very grave. 'Katharine,' he said when we rose, 'I would like to see you for a few moments in my office.'"

"So I followed him into the little den which we dignified by that name. My heart sank somewhat, I confessed to myself, as he gave me a chair, for he was a man of keen insight and always had his own notions of things, and very peculiar notions they were.

"Katharine," he began gravely, "what is this that your mother tells me? Is it true that Mary has left her husband?"

"Yes, father," I said faterly, "I believe so."

"Why has she left him, my daughter?"

"Because he was not kind to her, sir."

"In what way?" he asked. "Did you see any unkindness?"

"Oh, yes; indeed I did," I responded eagerly. "I could never have borne the half of what she did, sir."

"Tell me what, my daughter," he said, settling himself with an air of attention.

"Oh, he was morose and indifferent," I replied. "I did not feel inclined to go into specifications before him, 'for of course,' I said to myself, 'he does not want to be convinced.'"

"Katharine," he persisted gravely, "it is a very serious step that Mary has taken, and I must know what John has done to induce her to take it."

"Father," I replied, "I do not know that I can make you understand it—but I could see it—she was unhappy all the time—John was neglectful and staid away from home a great deal—and he did not study her comfort"—here I thought of the window-curtains and the boots, "and he seemed irritable—and he left her without any explanation, and altogether she was so unhappy that I thought she had better come home."

"You thought," replied he, darting a keen glance at me from under his eyebrows. "Was it your idea then, that Mary should separate from her husband?"

"I winced. 'I thought she had better come home,' I repeated.

"Did Mary want to leave him herself?"

"I think she wanted to come home," I replied evasively. 'We did not either of us think,' I added as reprehensibly as I dared, "that she would not be welcome here."

"And John," said father, taking no notice of my implied accusation—"had he no idea of this?"

"None that I am aware of, sir."

"Did John ever come home intoxicated, Katharine?"

"This was a dreadful accusation to come out of my accusations, and truth compelled me to say, 'Not that I ever knew, sir.'"

"Did he not know that Mary was unhappy?"

"I do not think," I said with a sneer, "that he took enough notice of her to know much about her feelings."

"How long did he expect to be gone when he left?"

"He did not say, sir. They said he went off with a lady."

"Did he leave no message—no word?"

"He wrote a note, sir, and said he had gone on business and would be back as soon as possible."

"How different the very same words sounded, now that my state of mind was a self-questioning, instead of a self-reliant one! It did not surprise me that father answered a little sarcastically—

"Oh, he did—did he?"

"Katharine," said he, rising, "you have led your sister into a wrong and a foolish step. I only hope it will not prove a fatal one for her happiness." And I went out feeling condemned, though I stoutly insisted to myself in the inward fight which arose, that I had acted for the best and was not at all to blame.

"Father talked with Mary alone, and she came out of the conference with eyes heavy with weeping. For two or three days she kept her room most of the time

—then a spirit of unrest seemed to seize her. She visited old haunts, she called on old friends—she greeted her many visitors with smiles, and apparent cheerfulness—showed them her boy, and helped them search the little face for a resemblance to its father. To this succeeded another fit of depression; and thus she alternated.

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