

Chambers's Journal

THE CONSTITUTION—THE BASIS OF OUR LAWS AND LIBERTIES

WOODBURY, N. J., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

NUMBER 15

VOLUME XVI.

Chambers's

Gallery of Photography

Fine Cabinet Photographs
\$2 PER DOZEN

By presenting this advertisement,
REGULAR PRICE—\$3.00.

DON'T FORGET

That You can find at Starr's the best assortment of
MEN'S and BOY'S wear.
GLOVES of all prices.
SHIRTS and DRAWERS of all prices.
SHIRTS, White and Colored of all kinds.
COLLARS and CUFFS of the best quality.
STOCKINGS at very low prices.
BED BLANKETS of all colors.
HORSE BLANKETS of all weights.
And to Cap All at the Very LOWEST PRICES.

C. W. STARR

Greens Block.
198 Broad Street, Woodbury, N. J.

MY HATS ARE MY BEST ADVERTISEMENT

THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

H. KAYSER

ONE PRICE HATTER,
10 SOUTH SECOND ST. (TWO DOORS BELOW MARKET ST.)

NO MORE COLD FINGERS

O'Connor's Patent Harness Fastener

EASILY ADJUSTED, WON'T BREAK, CHEAPER
than Leather at 1 cent a pair.

Agents—Good live hustlers, wanted in Salem, Cumberland and
Cape May Counties. Address

WOODBURY MANFG. CO., WOODBURY, N. J.

C. SELDEN JOHNSON

Justice of the Peace,
Real Estate, Insurance and Collection Agency,
No. 6 Cooper St., Woodbury, N. J.
Telephone No. 36. Notary Public

Books and Accounts Settled. Money to Loan on First Mortgages
Legal Papers carefully prepared in type-written form.

SALES MADE OR CLEARED REAL ESTATE FOR SALE or to
On Reasonable Terms. Rent in Various Localities.

RENTS and CLAIMS COLLECTED,
And prompt returns of same duly made.

Insurance Effectuated in First-Class Companies.

H. G. GREEN, Berkley, N. J.

COAL and LUMBER BUSINESS

Saw, Planing and Feed Mill.

All kinds of Feed ground on Tuesday's and Friday's. A large stock
of rough and manufactured Lumber constantly on hand
for building and repairing purposes.

PURE LEIGH COAL. Call and Examine my Stock
P. O. Address Clarksboro.

ONE HUNDRED PRESENTS

WILL BE GIVEN TO
THE FIRST ONE HUNDRED
PERSONS WHO GUESS IN
OUR NEW CONTEST JUST OPENED.

Send for blank and instructions.

GLOBE ASSOCIATION, SEWELL, N. J.

D. R. HANTHORN

Best Cemetery Work!

Yards on Cooper Street,
Woodbury, N. J.

Examine His Work and Get His Prices.

Official Figures. Commercial Values of
BAUGH'S MANURES

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY

BAUGH'S RAW BONE MANURES

Caterer and Restauranter

A. W. CLAPHAM,
265 S. Broad Street, Woodbury, N. J.

WEDDINGS AND SOCIAL GATHERINGS
Catered for and supplied with delicacies
of all kinds. My long experience enables me to
guarantee efficient service in this line.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS
At my restaurant. A trial respectfully solicited
Jan. 19, 1893-1. A. W. CLAPHAM

WOODBURY PRIVATE SCHOOL,
RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 5th.

For Circular address
CURTIS J. LEWIS,
WOODBURY, N. J.,
June 29, 1913-4m.

FOR SALE!

A house and lot on Dare street, Woodbury, N. J.
The house is new, neatly finished and papered
all over. Also house and lot on Lincoln St., nearly
new. These are both very desirable properties,
and will be sold at a bargain.
A number of other houses and properties for sale.

RENTS, INTEREST, Etc., Collected.
Real Estate Sold, Rented or Exchanged.
Fire insurance effected in the most advantageous
Companies by

William M. Carter,
SREYER AND CONYANGER,
127 S. BROAD ST., WOODBURY, N. J.

GOLD, SILVER and CHATELAIN
WATCHES.

Of the most improved and reliable patterns.
SOLID SILVER and SILVER PLATED
Watches. All work guaranteed, as
almost like new raised from the dead.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired
and Warranted.

Large Assortment of CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
at LOW PRICES.

R. G. PORTER,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
129 S. BROAD ST.
Opposite Court House Woodbury, N. J.

DR. A. GROFF'S
CELEBRATED
XXX
PENNSYLVANIA - DUTCH
HORSE, CATTLE and
POULTRY POWDER.

Thousands who have used it inform us that it is
the best in the market. For HAYES it has no
equal. It has been kept away. An excellent blood
purifier. Sold by grocers and druggists.

WOODBURY, N. J.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon

of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness
from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent
lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting
physicians at an autopsy 6 years ago, and soon
terrible ulcers broke out on her
head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all
came out. She weighed but 78 lbs, and saw
no prospect of help. At last she began to
take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once im-
proved. All work guaranteed, as almost like
new raised from the dead.

Hood's Pills should be in every family
medicine chest. They will cure all kinds of
blood and liver troubles.

Professional and Business Cards

W. M. C. CATTELL

Surveyor, Conveyancer
REAL ESTATE and Insurance Agent
P. O. Box 6 WENONAH, N. J.
Oct. 12, 1893-1y.

DR. STEINBOCK, DENTIST.
1620 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Painless extracting teeth with nitrous oxide
gas, 50 cents. Artificial teeth and gold fillings
a specialty. All work guaranteed, as almost like
new raised from the dead.

DR. THOMAS LEE,
Physician and Surgeon,
Corner Delaware and Harrison Sts., Woodbury,
N. J.
OFFICE HOURS: 12 to 4 P. M.
Special treatment of Stomach and Nervous
Diseases. Feb. 9, 1893-1y.

S. H. RICHARDS,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE—106 Market Street,
Camden, N. J.
Residence, Bridgeport, N. J.

WILMER B. HAINES,
Contractor and Builder,
Glassboro, N. J.
Plans and Estimates furnished on application.
Nov. 15, 1911-1y

AUSTIN B. SWACKHAMER,
Counselor-at-Law,
And Master in Chancery, Green's New
Building, No. 6 Cooper St., Woodbury, N. J.
June 9, 1893-1y

DR. C. T. BENNETT,
Dentist, Woodbury, N. J.
OFFICE on Broad St. opposite the Court
House, Woodbury, N. J.
A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M., every week day except
Tuesdays. Hours on Broadway Ave. first door
on the right from Broad St.

FRANK SICKLER,
Auctioneer,
TURNERSVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

F. REYNOLDS,
Carpenter and Builder,
WOODBURY, N. J. Estimates and plans
furnished.

E. USINGER,
Auctioneer and Contractor,
Bridges and Wharves built and repaired, by
contract or day work. P. O. address,
JANESBORO, N. J. Box 87.
Jan. 23, 1901-1y

B. SWEETEN,
Livery and Feed Stable,
Newton's Hotel, Woodbury, N. J.,
New Carriage and elegant driving horses always
on hand. Telephone No. 12. Building, 10th
and 11th Sts., Woodbury, N. J.
July 15, 1901-1y

JOSEPH F. SITLEY's
Real Estate Agency,
WESTVILLE and NEWBOLD.
Properties cared for, Rents Collected, Insurance
Plans, prompt returns made.
Feb. 23, 1901-1y

PHILADELPHIA IMMIGRANT
Employment Bureau.
Notice to Farmers.
All kinds of help, male or female always on
hand. Italian, Scotch, English, Irish,
Scandinavian, German, Poles and Hungarians.
Apply at our office.
KNOLL & SEIVERT,
343 SOUTH 2d St., Philadelphia. 427-38-1y.

ESTABLISHED 1855.
Charles Fichtel & Son,
JEWELERS
No. 516 S. Second St., Philadelphia.
Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewels, Silver
and Gold. Special attention paid to repairing, and ALL
WORK GUARANTEED.

CHAS. E. VON STEGE,
Carpenter and Builder,
WOODBURY, N. J.
Plans and specifications furnished. Mover
of buildings. Jobs done to order. Building
lots and raised. May 12, 1895-4m

JOHN H. CARPENTER,
Plain and Decorative Paper Hanger.
Calls attention of all who need work in his
line that he will promptly attend to all orders by mail
or otherwise, and guarantee satisfaction.
WHY NOT? He has had all his hands and
all kinds of Wall Decoration attended to promptly.
Try order respectfully solicited.
ESTIMATES GIVEN. P. O. Box 74, Residence, 23 Oak
Street, North Woodbury.

JOHN S. LUFTON,
FLORIST
GROWER OF PLANTS & CUT FLOWERS
Woodbury Greenhouse,
WOODBURY, (117-39) NEW JERSEY

Look at This!
SHEPP'S WORLD'S FAIR
Photographed. THE FIRST VIEWS OF
"The White City" ever published. Bound in a hand-
some, artistic, reversible cover.
ALFRED S. MARSHALL,
BOARD STREET PHARMACY GREEN'S BLOCK.



THE KISS OF GOLD

BY THE JORDAN.

CHAPTER XV.

Virginia, at the door of the box, stood
facing the crowd where Tom had dis-
appeared. A shudder shook her from head
to foot. She still seemed looking into a
pair of tormented blue eyes alight with
a shifting flame; the choked, gasping, cold
of a familiar voice were in her ears.

And yet—oh, could it be?—was it really
Tom who had stood there? That
gaunt figure, and sickly face, the dis-
torted eyes and coarsened mouth were
like a travesty on the memory cherished
so tenderly. The pity of it!

He raised a hand against the
curtain in the shadow, and she laid her
face upon it, closing her eyes and letting
the slow, heavy tears fall as they would.

A love born of long association is not
an easy thing to harden in the heart,
and this that pitiable moment, but it did
suddenly. She scarcely knew it herself, so
soon, so deep was the rush of compas-
sion, almost maternal in its intensity,
that took its place—

But gradually as the tears fell and the
throats of the awakening continued she
saw the truth. The passion that had
held her to the past was like a woman
coil whose strands in the weak places
she had persistently kept mended until
Tom's own hand had cut it tonight, leav-
ing in her grasp only a handful of frag-
ment shreds.

Something done with it and put away for
ever. Weak and morbid natures cling
to a sentiment when the ideal that pro-
jected it is lost. A proud and virtuous
heart leaps exultantly.

There was none of the triumph of
freedom tempering the first ecstasies of
Virginia's awakening. She was thinking
of Tom as she had first seen him
years ago. He lay on the steps of the
chapel that April morning when the
square was a glory of white clouds and
green, rustling leaves. The stiff student
cap, the white coat, the white gloves, the
glowing eyes. His gown was pushed
roughly back, one hand deep in his
pocket as he laughed aloud and snapped
his fingers at the jest as he rolled on
the grass, and in the caress of the sun-
light.

Then and now! Ages had rolled
between them. He lay on the steps of
the chapel that April morning when the
square was a glory of white clouds and
green, rustling leaves. The stiff student
cap, the white coat, the white gloves, the
glowing eyes. His gown was pushed
roughly back, one hand deep in his
pocket as he laughed aloud and snapped
his fingers at the jest as he rolled on
the grass, and in the caress of the sun-
light.

There was nothing to be done—no price
could pay, no sacrifice she could make—
to give him back that innocence and
know him again as he was that day?

"Virginia!"

There was a new significance in Rich-
ard's sudden speech when her arm, light
as it was, fell on her shoulder. "Poor
Tom! His bitterest enemy might pity
him now."

"Perhaps you would like to follow
him. Would you? If he lives alone,
I will go with you."

"What do you mean?" And her burn-
ing hand was on his arm.

"He seemed to me on the verge of a
collapse. I saw him, using, al-
though he looked like a man, as if he
hadn't, I think he would have gone mad."

"So she threw out her hands in a gesture
of despair.

"Yes, come. Woman get his address
at the box office. If not, I know where
the manager lives. Come. You will go
with me, won't you?"

"I made no answer in words, but gaz-
ing down into her questioning eyes a
flood of fealty poured from his, a long,
yearning, inspiring glance of passion
that struck her to the core of her trou-
bled soul.

CHAPTER XV.

Scarcely 10 minutes later Tom entered
his sitting room. It was dark. He hated
the darkness. He wanted light—light to
check the terrors from crowding upon him
and to reveal the truth. He had seen the
lamp, staggered by the striking fire and
fell exhausted into a chair, where he sat
with heavily heaving arms and head
fallen forward. His breast was warm,
his heart was in his throat, his
wide, circled eyes were sightless, but his
inward vision was the more hideously
clear. Oh, God, the pathos of what he
saw!

One after another he reviewed the
wickedness, the degradations of his
life. How closely they pressed together
as a series of steps, each one lower, form-
ing a stairway and descending into a
grulf! He stood faltering upon the edge
of the last, the darkest hungry for the
roar of an incoming torrent in his ears.

There yet! He had stood face to face
with Virginia, not with the white mem-
ory which had always followed him, but
with the living woman whose warm
fragrant lips had surrendered to his kiss
for one ecstatic moment, long, long ago.
Oh, that servant, remembered kiss! Oh,
her deep, mystical eyes!

Those eyes! Ah, they had read him
through and through, making his blood
leap and shiver! Her power was still
unchanged. His brain, whose warm
desire had been, for that moment, un-
derstood more keenly, and life took on a
deeper meaning. She was his light, his
breath, his revelation, with power in her
small compass of one glance to save
him even from himself.

She was less to him than ever. With
the sight of Dawson's face had come the
thought of what he would not fit to stand
before her, not to fit to touch her hand.

With a cry like an animal, straggling
he threw out his arms. Oh, he could
be better—no worse! But to have al-
ways seen the good and loved it, and yet
with unstable feet to have drifted away

to all that was vile, even while keeping
his eyes fixed upon the beacon that shed
its light in vain for him—this was what
he had done! Oh, if he could go back! If he
only could like a child go back and be-
gin all over again!

He got up slowly and fumbled among
the things on the table until he found
the bottle he wanted—a little wine to
help quench this aching regret, this self
reproach in every heart throbbing! He
drained the glass thirstily, let his folded
arms rest upon the table and laid his
head upon them.

The things of the actual world slipped
away, and his sleep was troubled by a
dream.

He was alone. The night sighted around
him, the moon swung in the high, misty
spaces. He felt a sense of predestina-
tion as he moved along, as if each step
had been ordered by a will other than
his own, as if he must walk that road
and eventually see what lay ahead in the
misty of the blue, blue shadows.

Tom stepped forward, and he saw
himself clad in a long, white gown, made
pale green, a staff in his hand. The
silver at his feet became the sand of a
beach, and the sweet, monotonous whis-
pering of the sea, the desolate whiteness
the incessant sobbing of the sea.

Yes, he was walking on the very edge of
the fretting waters.

He slipped and fell into the sea, and
Virginia walked beside him. Her hair
was unbound. It softly lashed her
cheeks, and sometimes he felt its seking
her lips.

"Stay with me, dear," he whispered.
"Stay with me now."

He felt the warmth of her young, red
lips on his, but her eyes remained
wide and beseeching. She murmured
his name and led him on until they
stood before a building of antique and
white structure. It seemed to have risen
from the waters. The waves broke in
greenish turgid upon its steps, and
within he saw a fallen lamp spluttering
beneath a rain shower. As they passed
in the shadow of its door they heard the
sound of bare feet whispering upon
stone, and slowly up one staircase and
down another a silent multitude poured,
all garbed in white, like the people
in the simple vestments of the antique
world. Many of his friends were in the
throng, many of his old classmates; his
enemies, too—Delatole and Dawson. It
was a crowd that seemed to have risen
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