

Glenwood Gazette.

THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

Vol. III.

MATAWAN, N. J., NOVEMBER 27, 1890.

No. II.

MOTTO:—"SHORT RECKONINGS MAKE LONG FRIENDS."

Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the Essay Class, at

**Glenwood Institute,
Matawan, New-Jersey.**

ADDRESS, MISS J. A. KUECH, Manager
Editorial Rooms, No. 11, 2d Floor, Glenwood.

Issued Every Four Weeks; Except During Vacations, alternately by the boys and girls of the Essay Club; the even numbers by the former and the uneven by the latter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CTS. YEARLY,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Five Cents a Single Copy,
500 Copies in Each Number.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One Inch.....\$ 50
Two Inches..... 75
Four Inches..... 1 00
One Column (Ten Inches)..... 2 00

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TO ONE AND ALL.

The GAZETTE expects its patrons to understand that only ORIGINAL matter is presented in its columns, believing it is to the interest of the school to depend entirely on the capability of its students.

In accordance with the wish of the patrons, copies of all the numbers of the GAZETTE since its first issue will be kept on file in charge of a regularly appointed official. Also, by request, the names of the successive editors of Vol. II, and III will be printed regularly in these columns.

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HARRY VAN CLEEF, - EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL.

HARRY VAN CLEEF.

Thanksgiving, with its kindred joys and blessings has come again to us. The present issue of The Gazette we designate a "Thanksgiving Number." Beside being the first Holiday issue of the year, it is also the first number of Vol. III, sent forth by the sterner sex.

Our lady friends, the editor of No. 1 and her colleagues, made a decided success of their issue, financially as well as in a literary sense, and we sincerely congratulate them on their signal triumph; their entire issue of 500 copies being totally exhausted before the demand was filled.

It was so decided a hit all around that the masculine talent needs to feel a certain timidity as it presents its November issue to the public.

We sincerely hope that it will meet with equal favor.

Being issued on the eve of our own purely American festivity, we trust that the general charity and good nature which characterizes the occasion will be extended to the first Boys' sheet of the year.

Of all the boys who contributed to the Gazette last year, only two remain. The names in our table of contents, with the exception of the editor's, are all new to Gazette readers. We feel, however, that the school shall have no reason to be ashamed of the new contributors, even if they are all raw recruits.

As this is a Thanksgiving sheet we suggest that during the festivities now at hand, all may with feelings of gratitude think of the motives which impelled our ancestors to appoint such a day for public thanksgiving.

Our feast will be none the less enjoyed if accompanied by the remembrance of our patriotic and God-fearing ancestors.

We trust that when school reassembles on Monday next, we shall find that our day of banqueting has not reduced our school force as sometimes in former years, when the very desks groaned for companionship, and the generally well filled hall showed many an empty seat, so complete was the conquest of turkey, cranberry sauce, etc.

Our sister editor of the October issue may have had a motive in challenging us with the motto she chose for her sheet. It has become customary for each editor to select a motto for the consideration of the other side of the house, and to expect to see the subject handled in the succeeding paper. Did our rival editor conceal a threat when she chose:

"For there is naething said so soft,
That it ne comith out at laste?"

He who has the greatest number of secrets is generally the greatest rogue. The man with a clear conscience, a true heart and a noble, self-sacrificing spirit has little to fear if the record of his life be known to the world.

But how is it with one seeking to accomplish some contemptible act; even if the offence is nothing more than some petty breach of school discipline which the offender wishes to "keep mum?" He knows too well the truth of the saying,

"There is naething said so soft,
That it ne comith out at laste."

and consequently guards himself, as best he can, from the possibility of detection.

But his very actions often tell the story of his guilt. His movements are nervous and unnatural, he tries to assume a demeanor that he does not feel, and thinks often that the casual remarks of those about him are pointed directly at himself.

Years ago a dastardly murder was committed, and the victim with his dying breath said to his inhuman butcher, "This deed will come to light if the chickens have to scratch it out." This saying so affected the murderer that he took extraordinary precaution in the disposal of the remains. He took the body deep into an adjacent wood, and after burial, covered the grave thick with leaves, thinking the while, that his deed was hid from public view.

Years passed; the story of the murder was forgotten; when one day, while in the vicinity of the place where the deed had been committed, the vile wretch saw a hen with a brood of chicks scratching almost upon the grave of his victim. In his company was a fellow-villian and, feeling that there was honor even among thieves, he chucklingly pointed to the hen with her brood, saying, "Dying prophesies don't always come true."

Judging himself secure, he repeated the dying man's words in connection with the foul murder. His companion, incited by mercenary motives, spread the story far and wide, and guided the officers of the law to the grave where the bleaching skeleton clenched the chain of evidence which brought the murderer to his untimely end.

Was not the dying man's prophecy fulfilled? Was not the story of the crime brought to light even by the random scratching of a motherly hen?

So it is with all our secret doings. We can no more hide them than we can stop the progress of the sun in its course. "Murder will out" says the old maxim. "There is nothing covered," says Christ, "which shall not be revealed."

The above is only one of the many cases which continually go to prove the truth of this saying. Our fellow men are not blind, and no one can cover their misdemeanors so safely that they can rest easy. Says Burns, "There's a chiel amang ye taking notes," and with each succeeding discovery the world grows more and more distrustful, till even the sincere efforts of our fellow-men are criticised.

How often do we hear some one say, "That man is as sly as a fox;" and although slyness is not an absolute cause for censure, yet in the common mind secrecy and crime are so closely allied that we can hardly think of the one without combining it with the other.

There are innocent causes for secrets. Who does not desire to keep close the plan to surprise a friend with some party or Christmas gift? Though even in this case how often is the truth of the motto verified, and these little plans come to light before the day arrives? Yet here no particular harm is done. How different is the revelation in its results from that of the slander secretly spoken, the suspicious word whispered concerning another which in so short a time becomes emblazoned abroad.

Truly,

"There is naething said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste."

How the lips should be guarded before they are the cause of another's sorrow and pain. "The very walls have ears," says another old proverb, and "A little bird will carry the tale," is a remark frequently heard.

But it will have to be granted that there are some concealments which in this world are never brought to light.

The secret of love oft remains in the heart of the possessor till death, and the secret of some heroic life well spent, but unrewarded, is unrevealed until he who knows all secrets shall say, "Come thou up higher."

But soon the time for all concealments will be past, and, when this earth has ceased to be, the Righteous Judge will reveal to the assembled universe all "the deeds done in the body." "For there is nothing hid which shall not be manifested," and

"There is naething said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste."

THE NEW SWING-LOG.

GEORGE S. HOBART.

When the Doctor looked at the swing one day

And noticed the swing-log rotton to be,
He said, "That log must come down right away,

And a new one put up in the tree"

So he called a man of mighty strength,
And ordered him a log to hew;
A tree was measured of proper length,
Out down, trimmed close, and laid to view.

The Doctor then, to the young men spoke,

And asked them the log in its place to haul.

The boys soon found it was no joke,
And soon they all a halt did call.

When the strength of the boys did not avail,

To the girls they called to give them aid.
Their efforts united did not fail,

And soon the log in its place was laid.

A look of joy o'erspread each face,
The air with loud huzzas did ring,
For now the log was in its place,
And now the boys and girls could swing.

Now this a lesson to boys may teach:
That in the struggles of this life,
If they at last success would reach,
The girls must aid them in the strife.

AN IMPROMPTU THANKSGIVING.

ELMER GERAN.

The Thanksgiving of 1888 promised to be the dullest day of its kind that I ever expected to pass; the thought of having no Thanksgiving dinner, however, stood uppermost in my mind.

Mamma was sick, or rather unable to do any work. Papa was away from home, and we were told we must wait until Christmas for the usual feast. All the boys in town were to enjoy a big dinner at their relations. There sat Henry and I ransacking our brains, for something to do to celebrate the day.

Suddenly the thought occurred to me that Henry and I might get up some sort of Thanksgiving dinner of our own. I mentioned it to him and as the thought struck him favorably, we decided to launch out and see what we could do.

We went first to the barn where an old stove was stored, and at once decided to do our cooking there. We set it up, used bricks for legs, and cut a hole in the side of the barn for the stove-pipe to go through.

All this before we knew where to get anything to cook. No one to play cook if we had ever so much material for the dinner.

We sat down on the feed-box and thought where we could obtain a turkey. Henry said he paid Bill Jones' toll to Keyport; that was three cents, and as he had lots of Turkeys, which, seemingly had cost him nothing, being raised on his father's farm, he ought to give us a Gobbler.

Well, Jones lived in Chesequakes; there was nothing to do but walk there, through all the sand; so we started, found him at home, explained our long journey and our pitiful need, and begged as only one can who is in earnest.

As luck would have it Jones was feeling right well that morning, and though he laughed at us most heartily, we saw by his manner that he had decided to give us what we wanted. I could see Henry's face light up and his eyes dance with joy.

After giving him many thanks, we started homeward with our trophy, which I carried under my arm. Suddenly, the despondent Turk glanced down, and his eyes fell upon Henry's red nose.

Well! Well! I had often heard my mother tell how a Gobbler could fight, but never did I realize it in such a forcible manner as now. The way it flopped its wings was laughable to Henry, but black and blue spots to me. Finally I exclaimed that those wing feathers must come off. I held the gobbling Gobbler between my knees, while Henry sawed off the feathers with his new jack-knife.

We arrived home safe, but not sound, and put the Turk under a barrel, while we planned about cooking him. Henry thought of a colored man by the name of John Green, who had been a cook in the Aster House, New York. We sought him out, related to him our story and promised him as much Turkey as he could comfortably navigate with, if he would but recall his past science and cook for us. "You're a pair!" he said, but consented to do it, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion with as great enjoyment as we.

He soon had the biped in the oven roasting. Henry and I were flying around like pegless tops first to the house then to the barn. Mamma was in the parlor all this time innocent of what was occurring at the barn, and we were mighty still getting from the pantry what John sent us for. I told John to make a list of what he needed to make a good dinner, which he did.

I tell you, my countrymen, there was some cooking done in our barn that day! When it was finished Henry and I thought it nice enough to invite Mamma and Sister to share with us.

We carried all the things unseen to the house, and silently set the table, Mamma having promised to let us have possession of the dining-room for a while.

Well, you should have seen John as we had him all fixed up to suit the occasion, with a cast-off suit of Papa's, laundried shirt, clean collar and cuffs and an apron. After we had things all ready, we rang the bell for dinner, as was the custom.

My! My! you should have seen their faces, as they entered the dining room, when their eyes came in contact with that table, loaded with Turkey and vegetables. We had Oranges, White Grapes, Bananas and Nuts for dessert; got them at the store and had them charged, to be paid for from our coming spending money.

Just as we sat down and were passing remarks upon our dinner, Papa unexpectedly came home with a gentleman from the city. Of course we had to explain the proceedings to them, which was the cause of many a laugh during the meal.

And I do believe Papa was proud of

us, for he exclaimed "What Boys!" with a look he always wears when he is pleased with our conduct.

But let me tell you, Thanks was never given over a more happy and enjoyable feast, than that, in our house, on that Thanksgiving Day of November 1888.

The Joys of Thanksgiving Day.

LOUIS DUBOIS.

What is Thanksgiving day?

It is a day of rest,
When free from daily labor
We enjoy of things the best.

It is a day of brightness
When all our friends we meet,
And have in fullest measure,
The things we like to eat.

The rich brown roasted turkey,
Potatoes sweet and round,
Cranberry sauce and pickled peaches,
And cakes with icing crowned;

And that wonderful yellow mixture,
Pumpkin pie by name;
Mince pie with raisins plenty,
Doughnuts of Yankee fame.

And what fun in the evening,
To roast the chestnuts then;
To sit by the open fire place
Telling stories until ten,

And having had these good things,
Which we have had before,
We'll thank the Bounteous Giver,
And humbly hope for more.

YE CHRONICLE.

I. Now it came to pass in the eleventh month, on the fourth of the month, in the administration of Benjamin, the President, that all the States went up to cast their votes. At that time they did vote by a new system, which is the Australian System, and stakes were placed at one hundred feet from the Polls, which no man might pass beyond, who was a buyer of votes. Now the disciples of the school, who studied matters of law, did pass beyond the same and did study out the new system, and learned much thereof. And it came to pass when the day of voting was past that the Democrats had won through the length and breadth of the land.

II. And it came to pass in the same month, in the days of Chas. the Second, (which was one by surname Jaggar) that he, being Chief Ruler of Glenwood Institute, issued a decree that a coat of white paint should cover the lower part of the windows of the Hall of Learning where the young men of the school did sit for to keep the disciples from being distracted by the world without; which matter when accomplished being not

properly esteemed by the young men did call forth from them many and loud murmurings.

III. Since it hath for ages been the custom for the whole land to feast after the Harvest, the Chief Magistrate of the Country sent forth a proclamation that the custom be observed during the full of the moon in the month, which is the month of November, being the eleventh month of the year, eighteen hundred and ninety. Now Chas. the Second, Chief Ruler of the School, did also decree that the disciples refrain from assembling themselves together at the Hall of Learning on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eight days of the same month, to the intent that they shall each and every one abstain from all labor to give thanks on that day, and to feast on turkey and pie and all the good things of the land in their tribes, each in the dwelling of their tribe, according to the sacred custom of their fathers before them.

IV. There hath also gone forth a decree that the Glenwood Mission Band hold a Fair on the second of the twelfth month which is the month of December, the Xmas month, in the Presbyterian Lecture Room, as has been done aforetime, and that all the inhabitants of the town and all the disciples of the Hall of Learning shall come up thither and obtain each and every one his Christmas gifts as aforetime, for the celebration of the last and greatest Feast of the year, which is kept on the twenty-fifth day of December, being the twelfth month. This Feast is kept not only by the people of this great and Mighty Nation, but by all the peoples of all lands, save only the heathen, who know not of the Feast, neither observe it. Many and divers are the gifts which the maidens have set forth on divers and many tables.

There is to be a slight change made in our calendar as published in the last catalogue, in order to gratify those who wish a little longer vacation at Christmas. The vacation will extend from Friday before Christmas to the Monday after New Years. This will put off the beginning of the third and fourth terms one week and Commencement will be June 17, instead of June 10, as advertised.

F. D. Woodruff, the Keyport Jeweler, has just completed an optical course with Dr. Julius King, of Cleveland, the best authority on glasses in this country, and has fitted up a room specially for examining eyes for all defects that can be corrected by refraction.

Oculists prescription carefully filled.

Pumps of all kinds at C. A. Geran's,

FROM THE TURKEY'S VIEW.

GEORGE S. HOBART.

One bright day in November as I was strolling along a country road, thinking about one of my young lady acquaintances, my very pleasing meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sound of voices which seemed to come from over the hedge that bordered one side of the road.

Impelled by curiosity I looked over and saw two turkeys engaged in an earnest conversation. They were so interested in their talk that my approach was not noticed, and they continued to gobble to each other. As I understand turkey language I was able to follow what was said, and will translate it here for your benefit, hoping you will be interested in a turkey's view of Thanksgiving.

"Well, Gob!" said the younger, "Thanksgiving will soon be here again, and I suppose you will be among the unfortunates who are deprived of their heads on that unlucky day."

"I hope not," said the other, "I have kept my head in its proper place for ten years and I don't expect to lose it now. Besides, Farmer Jones is a kind-hearted man, and I hardly think he has spared me all these years to meet this fate at last."

"I don't know about that," said his companion. "You and I are the only Thanksgiving birds the farmer has and one of us will surely go to the block. Of course, I, being such a beautiful fowl, will not be killed and despoiled of all my fine feathers; but you, being old and ugly and of no use whatever, will be the unlucky one. I'm sorry for you, but you can't expect to live forever."

"Perhaps you are right," said the older resignedly. "I am afraid my race is about run. Still, I wouldn't mind having my head taken off if it could end there, but the idea of being feasted upon afterwards is very repugnant. The very thought of it makes me sick. How would I feel if it really happened, which, as you say, may be the case? Ugh! I suppose I'll have to stand it, though. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' as I heard somebody say about a month ago."

"That's the way to look at it," said the younger one cheerily. "It will soon be over; but let us talk of something more agreeable. I wonder why the farmer has been giving me so much to eat lately! I have had all the choice tidbits for the last two months. I think it must be because he is, like all men, captivated by beauty, of which I have a great deal. You, on the contrary, have none at all and so you don't get the best of everything as I do."

"You may attract more attention now than I do," was the answer, "but I can comfort myself with the reflection that, if I am to be the Thanksgiving turkey, when I am laid on the table I will then be the center of attraction, and, besides, although I may not have had so much to eat lately, just imagine the good things with which I shall be stuffed Thanksgiving morning. For once, at least, I shall have all that I can hold."

"Small comfort that," observed the younger. "The stuffing will soon be transferred from you to the mouths of those whose center of attraction you are, and you will be as empty as you ever were."

"I didn't think of that," said the old turkey, thoughtfully. "If I am stuffed simply to satisfy the appetite of human gluttons and not for my own individual benefit, then I would rather live and not be stuffed. I warn the farmer that if he does select me for the Thanksgiving dinner, when he finishes the stuffing and attempts to eat me, he will soon wish he had let me end my days in peace. I am old and tough and should be spared. It would be wiser for him to select a young and tender turkey, like you for instance."

"No danger of his being so foolish," said the other confidently, "I am too beautiful to be killed. By the way, there are boys in the farmer's family and they can eat anything and everything. I've no doubt they could dispose of even such a tough skeleton as you are. I pity them, though, if they do."

This seemed to exasperate the older fowl and he retorted sharply, "I would pity them still more if they should attempt to eat such a proud bird as you! You are so stuck up that if anybody should try to swallow even a small part of you it would stick in their throat and choke them."

"Do not insult me!" cried the young one fiercely. "You may be tougher than I, but if you say too much I will save the farmer the trouble of killing you."

"That is big talk for a little bird!" said the other contemptuously. "Why, if you should attempt to fight with me, old warrior that I am, I would clean you up so completely that even if the farmer wanted to kill and eat you, there wouldn't be anything left of you to eat."

The next thing I saw was what seemed to be a single confused mass of feathers with heads and claws sticking out here and there, blood and feathers flying indiscriminately all over the ground and the whole revolving at a terrific rate. In the midst of the miniature whirlwind the farmer suddenly appeared on the scene

and took a hand in the fight. With an exclamation not very elegant, he seized a club and hurled it at the contestants. It struck the old turkey on the head. He fell to the ground, gave a last gobble, and expired. The young one stood over his fallen enemy and gobbled triumphantly, but his triumph was short, for the farmer seized him, carried him to the block, and the next moment he had joined his antagonist in the land where all bad turkeys go.

Involuntary Contributions.

WHAT WE TELL THE TEACHERS.

Usury is the use of money.

An endorser who does not wish to become responsible for the worth of a note endorses it "without remorse."

Montreal is noted for the number of people in a small place.

Rocks are of two kinds, Ingenious and Aqueous. Ingenious Rocks are made of fire, and Aqueous Rocks are made of water.

Rocks whose corresponding strata are not continuous with each other are called uncomfortable.

Motion is in the direction of the force oppressed.

There are three forms of Attraction: Gravitation, Coertion and Adhesion.

LATIN AS SHE IS WROTE.

I am importing—Ego emporto. You are establishing—Vos confiros. He is loving—amandum. We occupy—Nos occupos. You summon—Vos vocos. They devastate—Vasto. We do import—Nos facios importos.

LATIN AS SHE IS TRANSLATED.

Inter Sequanos et Helvetios—Between the Sequanis and the Helvetions. Noreiam oppugnamas—We attack a town in Noreicum. Noreiam oppugnabant—They attacked a town in Noreicum. Treviri Noreiam oppagnabant—A people of Northern Gaul attacked a town in Noreicum. Dicit Treviros Noreiam oppugnaturus esse—The people of Northern Gaul will be about to attack the Dicit. Noreiam oppugnate—Attack ye a town in Noreicum.

ENGLISH AS SHE GETS WROTE
(FROM THE SPANISH)

Can you to mend my gloves? does wish the americans give to us bread? are thou courage to go in the night at the wood? to who do you wish to see? What time is it, Miss Virginia? I do not know I have not watch? Where is your? is in my father's? No will he go out? No sir he no wish to go out? When you wish for sale your book? I wish for sale it today? does will your friend lend me a black coat? What sale this man? he sale some fine oxes? I am write a letter

to one friend? Are thou going out? I am not going out? Who going out? My brother go out? Where does he going? he going at the garden? to whom house do you go? I am going to the house of the good Englishman? What do you reed? I am reed a note? I am not reed what you reed? I am not know him? with who is she there? with some spaniard gentlemen? What does your servant has to do to day? does this carpenter made a good table? go out he in the night? at whom house you take my son? I take him at the shoemaker house? going he out? What are you find? to whom look for that gentleman. What does will your friend lend to my brother? does the dutchman speaking instead of listening? What does the servant doing? is merchant that gentleman? They writing in listening of read? are you going to see to Miss Isabel this night? I can not going to night?

A Novel Thanksgiving Feast.

JAMES MASON.

I will tell you of a dinner,
Six of us have planned to make
For Thanksgiving day, to-morrow,
And for good companion's sake.

There's Geran, VanCleaf, and Zebley,
VanMater, Dubois and me;
And the way we'll eat the turkey
Will be worth while to see.

VanMater's has been selected
As the place to hold the feast;
And the one to pay for dinner
Is the one that eats the least.

A discussion has arisen
Of the fowls we like the best;
And each one seems to differ
From the liking of the rest.

Now Geran wants some chickens;
VanCleaf says duck's his choice;
Zebley thinks geese are better;
"Straight turkey!" says Dubois.

VanMater wants a guinea;
Which is only for a bluff;
He says he'll eat the whole of two
Before he has enough.

Zebley has been elected
The chief cook for the crowd;
The way he'll cook the dinner,
Will make us all feel proud.

And girls, we here invite you
To help eat up the feast;
If you'll but come and dine with us
I'll have a sweeter taste.

Thanksgiving day! Hurrah!
It comes but once a year,
We'll laugh, and chat, and talk, and eat
Of all the bounteous cheer!

You may buy horse clippers from \$1.65 up, at C. A. Geran's,

WITTICISMS.

Dear Sister-editor of the October issue, an imp with malice in his heart must have fingered the type of your sheet a month ago, and he must have worked with wit, too. How else can some of the typographical errors of that number be accounted for? In the editorial where the editor waxed eloquent, alluding with pride to the largest issue of our periodical, the June number, she designated it the "crowning copy" of the year. The imp makes it read the "crowing copy." That was malicious wit surely.

But how wicked he became when he spoiled a line of a poem, making "Where his six sisters sit" read "Where his six sisters set."

There were other mortifying mistakes, but we allude to these two only.

We hope this imp will not succeed in meddling with the type of the present issue, and thus give the girls a chance to laugh at us in their turn.

Teacher to U. S. history class:—How much money did Penn offer to the King's secretary to omit his name from the State, Pennsylvania?

Answer:—Twenty guineas.

Teacher:—Correct!

Earnest pupil speaking up:—The lesson does not say he offered money. It says guineas.

Teacher:—What are guineas.

Pupil:—Hens.

The other night a miller flew
Into the editorial room,
To see if there was anything new
In the Glenwood Gazette,
Which was coming out soon.—H. Z.

One of the scholars of the geography class, when asked what strait would be passed in going around South America, answered "More Jelly." Another, attempting to correct the mistake, spoke up, "No, Gellatine." Would Magellen be able to recognize his name?

Teacher to bright boy in arithmetic class:—What is a stockholder?

Boy:—One who insures stock.

Teacher of history, on asking what were the sacred books of the ancient Persians, was answered, "The Khedive." This bright pupil should compile a new history.

"What is the feminine of lad?"

"Laddie," was the ready answer.

"What is a bigamist?" asked the teacher.

Prompt reply from E. G.—"One who deals in flowers."

As the winter approaches,
The slippery cockroaches
Begin to stiffen with cold:
They drop in the soup,
Doubled up in a loop,
And feel very sickly and old.—C. G.

A small child in our neighborhood being asked the difference between a mule and a donkey replied, "the mule looks like a guinea-pig and has hoofs."

No sound of revelry there was that night,
Though in our Classic Hall assembled were
The ghosts of chaos and bewilderment,
Silent they moved, with hearts astrir
Till all was done.

All things changed places speedily,
And when the hurried deed was o'er,
They quick were gone.

Next morn they slept till roused betimes,
By clanging sound of breakfast bell,
Then 'neath the questioning gaze which read their
Their own eyes fell. [crimes

In school was hurrying to and fro'
While blushes swept the cheek of many a maid;
Cries of "Give me my comb, pills, scent and mug!"
"I've lost my slippers I'm afraid!"
From those whose loss we little "Rue,"
For many a precious thing was spilt or rent;
Confusion reigned till school was overdue,
Then scholars to their seats were quickly sent,
When ghosts revealed themselves to all
Through their embarrassment.—H. V-C.

Military Notes.

Our company has undergone many changes since the boys last wielded the pen in behalf of the Gazette. Col. Doddridge has left us and is succeeded by our worthy Major LaMont. Capt. Fountain, who was last year "Anchored" among us, has his place very successfully filled by Lient. Geran, who makes a most dignified young Capt. Sergt. Van Cleaf takes the rank left vacant by Lient. Ely, while Corp. Van Mater is promoted to 1st. Sergt's place, and Louis Dubois becomes a Corporal.

In addition to the regular commands we have the following proposed, "Fours right, Razzle, Dazzle, Through the parallel bars, March!" Marking time in a coal-bin is very unsatisfactory Eh, Corporal?"

We presume that the new white shoulder straps signify that the company has been purified from foreign elements.

Since Amateur Photography has become such a popular form of amusement for many of our school members, the question naturally arises "Where is the best place to procure supplies for this interesting branch of science?" The answer from several, who have had dealings with various houses, is "Littlewood & Co., of 33 John St., N. Y., cannot be excelled by any House in their line of trade, their prices being reasonable, their goods of uniform excellence, while the proprietors are always anxious to please,

Notices.

Wilson Hodges is attending school at Claverack, on the Hudson. We wonder whether the trains run as conveniently for him from there, as they did from Matawan.

Frank Cooper, who is clerk this year in a Drug Store at Red Bank was present at the reading of the October Gazette. All were pleased to see him. We hope the Boys' poet will come often.

G. Howard Morse, one of Glenwood's former students, was in town visiting friends recently.

F. D. Woodruff, the Keyport Jeweler, is now putting in a larger stock for the Holidays than has ever been in Monmouth county before. Fine watches, chains, seal, wedding and friendship rings, and other staple goods in immense quantities, and many fine novelties and cased silver goods for wedding and holiday presents.

Nearly the whole circulation of the GAZETTE goes into the families of prominent and well-to-do people, and on this account it is becoming to be recognized by business men as one of the very best mediums for advertising. Our next issue will be a CHRISTMAS NUMBER, and will possess several features making it specially valuable to advertisers. We at present contemplate printing an extra number of pages and an extra number of copies, if all goes well, besides adding some other features that are still under consideration.

The best family liniment, Cook's Marjoram Cream, 25 cents a bottle, at A. Bell's Drug Store, Matawan.

The usual Holiday Entertainment of the Institute will be given the Friday evening before Christmas, December 19. More definite announcements will be made later.

Best kerosene 10¢ a gallon, at Geran's Hardware Store.

Hydrolein, 80 cents per bottle, at A. Bell's Drug Store, Matawan.

Fine Dress or Plain Business Suits
MADE IN LATEST STYLES BY
CHAS. MATZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Next to J. P. Applegate's law offices,
Main St., Matawan,
Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

EVERYBODY SURPRISED

AND

WONDERS

HOW THEY SELL

A Cart for \$10
A Buggy for \$50

YOU SAVE FROM \$20 TO \$50 ON A
WAGON WHEN YOU BUY AT

THE SHANTY,

MATAWAN, N. J.

Cheapest and Best Place in
the County.

This space is reserved for
H. P. Lisk, the Butcher, whose
advertisement will appear next
issue.

Quick Time. Low Rates. Good Service.
J. L. M. DOMINICK,
Matawan and Keyport Express.
ALSO AGENT FOR
ADAMS' EXPRESS CO.
Packages called for and delivered free.

CHILDREN,

Did you know that William Clark, in the
Bissell Block, has
Fresh Roasted Peanut Every Day,
and also keeps the best
Candies, Fruits and Nuts in Matawan?

BROWN

— THE —

CLOTHIER,

DEALER IN

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, ETC.

SUITS TO ORDER,

from \$18 to \$35.

TROUSERS -- TO -- ORDER,

from \$4 to \$10.

OVERCOATS TO ORDER,

from \$18 to \$36.

A PERFECT FIT IS GUARANTEED.

No. 12 Commercial Block,
MATAWAN, -- NEW JERSEY.

T. E. SHEPHERD GROCER.

Oldest Established Business in Matawan.

A lot of

APPLES

just in and selling fast at moderate prices.

Superior stock of fresh Family Groceries
always on hand.

Cartan & Devlin,

DEALERS IN

Coal, Lumber, Grain, &c.

Stoves for the Million!

Both Heating and Cooking, at
Fountain's Stove Emporium

MATAWAN, NEW JERSEY.

CALL AND SEE THE

BELGIAN LAMP

AND PATENT STEP-LADDER CHAIR

At Bissell's Furniture Warerooms,
Main Street, Matawan.

JEHU P. APPLGATE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

MATAWAN, N. J.,

Office 2 doors above Matawan House.

GRIGGS.

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS.
TEAS,
COFFEES,
SPICES,
CANNED GOODS,
FINE BUTTER,
FRESH EGGS,
SWEET POTATOES,

Commercial Block,
MATAWAN, N. J.

GRIGGS.

G. P. CLAYTON,
Main Street, Matawan,
BUTCHER.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Fresh Meats of All Kinds.

BEEF,
VEAL,
MUTTON,
LAMB,
PORK,
POULTRY and
SAUSAGES.

Smoked Meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
PUFFS, FOUR-IN-HANDS,
Tecks, Windsors and
FULL DRESS SHIRTS.

All the styles of
LINEN AND CELLULOID
COLLARS & CUFFS

at
William Miller's, Main St.,
MATAWAN.
Agent for Celebrated Monarch Shirts.

FROM HEADQUARTERS.

We have thrown on the market the best lot of real money savers that has ever been the people's good fortune to see, in the line of dry goods, fancy goods, notions, millinery, hosiery, cloth capes and jackets, fur capes, gents' furnishing goods. They SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. Each one deserves a close examination. THE GOODS and PRICES will bear it. Don't expect you are going to be disappointed. Save, happily. We are leading in efforts to please you. And can't afford to disappoint a single soul.

JOHN TEMPLETON,
Front street, Keyport, N. J.

PAVILIONHOTEL

Keyport, N. J.

Ernest Weickert,
PROPRIETOR.

Now Open for the Winter.

TABLE BOARDERS TAKEN.

For Terms Apply at Office.

W. H. BAKER,

DEALER IN

Fish, Oysters and Clams,

MARKET FOOT OF

Broad Street, Keyport.

WAGON IN MATAWAN USUALLY
on MONDAY and WEDNESDAY.

A. H. WHITE,

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE

PHOTOGRAPHER.

All work finished in the highest style of the art.

Popular New York Prices.

CABINETS \$3 50 PER DOZEN.

See our 3/4 life-size, hand-made

CRAYON at \$6.50,

a perfect marvel. Call at our parlor and see our work.

25 Broad Street,

RED BANK, N. J.

Mansion House,

JAMES M. BUTLER, Prop.

Keyport. N. J.

J. FREY,

FASHIONABLE HAIR CUTTER,
AGENT FOR THE LAUNDRY.

Choice brands of Cigars always on hand. Also FREY'S famous HAIR TONIC for ladies and gentlemen's use. Sure cure for Dandruff or money refunded. 50c. and \$1 a bottle.

14 Commercial Block, Matawan.

H. JAMES,

Watches, Jewelry
and Fancy Goods.

FRENCH MILLINERY.
REMEMBER THE HOME TRADE.



FOUNDED 1835.

Seven Experienced Teachers.

GLENWOOD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

Matawan, Monmouth County, New Jersey.

Catalogues and Circulars on application.

For further information or particulars call on or address the Principal,

CHARLES A. JAGGAR, A. M., PH. D.

Smith Bros.

MATAWAN, N. J.

DRESS GOODS,
 MERINO UNDERWEAR,
 HOSIERY,
 GLOVES,
 CORSETS,
 UMBRELLAS,
 RUBBER CLOTHING,
 BOOTS AND SHOES.
 MEN'S WINTER BOOTS in variety.
 All kinds of Rubber Boots and Shoes.
 OILCLOTHS and RUGS.
 Just Received, new Stock of WALL
 PAPER.

F. VAN DORN,

— DEALER IN —

Stoves,
 Ranges,
 Heaters,
 &c., &c.

Tin Roofing,
 Gas Fitting
 and Plumbing

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Main Street, Matawan.

Prescriptions of All Physicians
 ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED AT

Slater's Drug Store

where you can find the largest stock of
 TOILET ARTICLES,
 PERFUMERIES,
 COSMETICS,
 SPONGES,

Hair, Shaving & Tooth Brushes
 in town. A full line of

TRUSSES.

Also all the leading

PATENT MEDICINES.

Remember the Place,

SLATER'S DRUG STORE,
 MATAWAN, N. J.