

Glenwood Gazette.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

MOTTO :—"LET HIM WHO WINS BEAR THE PALM."

Vol. IV.

MATAWAN, N. J., DECEMBER 9, 1891.

No. 3.

Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the Essay Class at Glenwood Institute, Matawan, N. J.

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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.

No anonymous contributions can be accepted. In every case the author must be known to the editor.

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 for one year will be printed regularly in these columns.

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Special exercises to which the public are invited are held at the Institute every Wednesday afternoon at 3:30.

NETTIE STRAUB, - EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL.

As this is the December number, and therefore the Christmas issue of our paper, we wish, at the very outset of our editorial, to send forth a Christmas greeting to all our friends, far and near.

As the Holidays are before us, friends, teachers and comrades, we wish you a very Merry, Merry Christmas and the Happiest New Year greeting, 'ere we leave Glenwood's Halls for a short ten days vacation.

Since the reading of the last Gazette, many new pupils have joined our ranks. Boys and girls we extend to you a hearty welcome to Glenwood! Scholars we will do all in our power to make it pleasant and agreeable here for the new comers.

Boys, we are not aware that any of the girls have asked yet, or *even thought* to ask, "Where, oh! where is the Athletic Club?" Girls, it seems as though the boys are afraid their athletic club would not come to notice doesn't it?

In their last number, the boys accused the girls of studying the fashion, to which, we, do, *dare* reply. The fashion book seems more in vogue with our brothers, than on our side of the aisle. We are in doubt whether the *white gloves* used by

the cadets, are worn for fashion's sake or is it because cold weather is coming(?)

"Boys, how do you keep them so clean and white?" "Do you go to the kitchen and ask for a *basin*, in which to wash them?"

You will do us a great favor by replying to these questions as the girls may want to wear gloves in their class of "Physical Culture."

A Letter of the 12th Century.

In the year of our Lord 1193
Castle of Tenebreuse,
Dukedom of Austria. }

To Bertha, my most dear twin sister, William sendeth greeting from a strange land :

As my beloved master, the most noble King Richard of England, has given me a few hours to use my pen, I will write thee a few lines and tell all about our victories and hardships.

When we sailed for the Holy Land from Sicily, from whence I did send thee word, I had expected to write thee sooner than this, but as we made no halts I had no time, for I was always by the side of my dear, brave master, Richard of the Lion Heart, for so he is called.

When we came to the borders of Palestine, we found it was held by a very brave prince named Saladin, with his army.

The Saracens, that is the name of the people who hold the country, fought so bravely that we could not capture it.

At last, through my master's brave exploits, we won one city on the coast, called Acre.

Richard of the Lion Heart, has a very bad temper when it is fully aroused and it brought him into difficulty in this wise.

When Acre was taken, the haughty Duke of Austria, Leopold, set his banner upon the wall of one of the towers, which I must admit, he had fairly won, and my master, being angered by this act, tore it down and threw it into the ditch, which hot deed cost him sorely in the end.

King Philip of France, who also led a large force of crusaders, left us at this time because he was jealous of my

crippled brother, fast asleep. She tiptoed in very softly so as not to waken him, and went to one corner of the room and there fastened the bunch of holly, and taking me out of my wrapper, made me fast to it, and lighted me.

After I had begun to blaze quite brightly, she began to dance about, and wakened her little brother, who lay and clapped his hands for glee. It was evening and I was the only light; I had begun to think that I was doing a little good.

As I was growing smaller, the little girl sat down on the floor beside her little brother, and began to tell him all about the good times she used to have when her mother was alive and that she remembered a Christmas when she had a tree all lighted up with fifty of such candles, with presents hanging on the tree, and everything lovely, "But since mother died, father has taken to drinking, and he spends all our money; that is why we can't have a Christmas the way we used to. Oh! if he only would stop drinking, we could be just as happy as we once were."

While the little girl had been telling this story, her father had been outside listening to her, and her tale took him back to the time when he was a sober man, and happy with his young wife and little children. A deep feeling of shame came over him, and he could not bear to go into the room. Having a little money in his pocket, he went out and bought some presents which he brought home to them saying, as he put the gifts in their hands, "My children, from this day I will drink no more, but save my money, and next year you shall have the kind of Christmas you had when your mother was alive."

Though I was only a bit of colored wax, I believe I had something to do with all this, and when the little girl took down the branch of holly with the least bit of candle left, and laid us away in a box, where she keeps her treasures, I heard her say "You dear little candle you shall go on next year's tree, with all the other things we shall have then."

So I am living in hopes of seeing great things next Christmas.

A fair little girl
With curly hair,
One Sabbath day
Climbed on a chair.

But down she fell,
And with much alarm,
Her mother found
She had broken her arm.

But 'tis not an arm
That is broken alone,
But for breaking the Sabbath
She had to atone.

—Virginia Clark.

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Miscellaneous Department.

Our Football Players.

W. P. BISHOP.

One day last month, eleven men bold,
Came over from the town of Freehold.
They expected to win a football game,
But our little team "got there" just the same.

Elmer Geran, who played left end,
At every scrimmage, had a hand to lend.
His brother Henry was centre rush,
And was in the thickest of every crush.

Burnett and Gehlhaus, each played guard,
So it was written on the score card.
They both did well at every heat,
While Hobart "got there with both feet."

Fordham and Chattin were the tackles,
On Van Mater's feet there were no shackles
When a Freehold man, around the end
His way successful, did try to wend.

Kreamer, the left half-back, was our pride,
And Major, the captain, ran at his side;
DuBois, full-back, made the ball crack,
When his big feet gave it an awful whack.

Our subs., meantime, had nothing to do,
As the bold eleven played the game through.
The score stood eleven to twenty-four,
Although it right well might have been more.

COMMUNICATIONS.

My Dear Friend.

I herd that you took Fred hat and R.
H. to you had it on your head Because
Some girl told me So I wish you Would
put My on then Would get 100,000 hisses
and I dont no how Much love how do
you feal I will close My M——
how When Where
any Place

By all that is military, Major, do not
keep us at a "carry" for more than ten
minutes consecutively. You may not be
aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless
true, that the force of gravity has consid-
erable influence on a nine-pound rifle.

THE CADETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONMOUTH DEM-
OCRAT:

Do you still think that Freehold would
have won their first game with Glenwood
if Mabon had not been injured? Are
you still of the opinion that Glenwood's
football players are timid? Or has the
recent game convinced you that Glen-
wood is not so slow in playing football as
you seemed to imagine some time ago?
Ours truly, FOOTBALL.

Major, how do you execute this com-
mand? "Right shoulder arms, march."

The champion peanut roaster in town
is William Clark. If you don't believe
it, try him. He also has the best assort-
ment of candy, fruit, nuts, etc., in town.
His store is in Bissell's Block.

The largest variety of Holiday Goods
in china, glass, silver, toys, skates, robes
—thousands of suitable presents—at T.
H. Roberts & Co., Keyport.

Solving the Mystery.

JESSIE ANTISELL.

Our brother dear,
You wish to hear
The name of our society;
So clear your brow,
I'll tell you now,
To save you more anxiety.

We think we may
Most frankly say,
And show no impropriety,
That "F. F. S."
Means nothing less
Than our "Fine Fun Society."

What is the office of those white gloves
that you see displayed so conspicuously
by the cadets? Are they to keep their
tender, little hands from being injured
or dirtied by contact with the hard and
perhaps not over-clean rifles? Or, are
they intended to keep the guns from be-
ing tarnished by contact with the some-
times not overclean hands of the cadets?
Or, are they worn to hide the dirt on
these same hands? Or, are the cadets
ashamed to allow their hands to be seen?

FOOT BALL NOTES.

Glenwood's football club added an-
other victory to its list on the 21st of last
month, when it defeated Freehold again,
by a score of 21 to 11. The Glenwoods
came out in their new suits for the first
time, and made a somewhat striking, if
not altogether elegant appearance. The
game was played at Matawan and a con-
siderable number of spectators were
present from this place and vicinity, who
were unanimous in praising Capt. Kil-
patrick for the excellent team he had de-
veloped from raw material.

Beyond the enormous and prejudiced
decisions of the referee, nothing occurred
to mar the game except the accident to
Valadier, Freehold's full back, who was
so unlucky as to break his ankle in the
early part of the contest. We extend
our sympathies to the unfortunate play-
er and would assure him of our sincere
wishes for his speedy re-appearance on
the field.

Louis Du Bois, one of our most reli-
able football players, met with a painful
accident last Wednesday. While chas-
ing the football down the bank he fell,
causing a painful sprain in his ankle,
from which he soon recovered.

Q. Who did the best playing for Free-
hold on November 21?

Ans. The umpire.

On the Football Field. "I don't fight
without 'propercation.'"

On the fourteenth of last month quite
an interesting and exciting game of foot-
ball took place. The contestants for the
honors of the day was the Rutgers team,

from New Brunswick, and our boys. The
opposing team being much heavier, and
more experienced than our Gold and
Gray, won, of course, the laurels, the
score being at the finish 32-0 in favor of
our adversaries. But, boys, don't let
outsiders say that "Glenwood isn't in it,"
to use a slang phrase, but pitch right in
and win for her a reputation of having a
football team that Matawan will never be
ashamed to acknowledge.

E. Geran (to opponent in the Spanish
football game) "Who is that little half-
back who acts so fresh? Somebody
ought to hit him."

Opponent. "That's my brother."

Our boys scored another victory in
football last Saturday when they beat a
team of Spanish boys from Brooklyn by a
score of 8 to 4.

HOW THEY SPENT THANKSGIVING.

During the Thanksgiving vacation
George Kreamer and Charles Gold-
thwaite visited their homes at Bellport,
L. I.

Frank Burnett spent Thanksgiving at
Marlboro with George Hobart.

Hobart and Burnett spent part of their
vacation visiting Valadier, who broke his
ankle while trying to down Hobart play-
ing football.

Reese Alexander ate his Thanksgiving
dinner at Middletown, Del.

F. Manning spent his Thanksgiving
vacation at home. His "pa" would not
let him out.

Louis Du Bois spent Thanksgiving with
John Van Mater at the latter's home.

Myron L. Campbell spent his Thanks-
giving at a horse race, and, on his drive
home, the wagon gave way and accident-
ally threw Myron into the mud.

On Thanksgiving Day Henry and El-
mer Geran, in company with Fred
Schock, attended the races held at Sage's
race track. So intently did they watch
the race, they heeded not the drenching
rain, and consequently were wet to the
skin.

PERSONALS.

We have noticed lately that a number
of our "gentlemen" friends across the
aisle, have been coaxing their (may they
be called) moustaches, to sprout. We
do not know which will win in the end,
but Will and Charlie seem to be in the
lead of their fellows; although they are
having a desperate struggle between
themselves.

A few days ago Fred French enjoyed
a drama with a fair belle of Glenwood.

Miss Kuech, G. M. Farry and Mary
Jaggar are on the sick list.

The Powers of Chattin are Warne pretty well lately.

Glenwood was favored on November 22 to a flying visit from William Valdes and Mario Cook. They looked well and happy, and we were glad to see them.

Major Kilpatrick is in great demand as an entertainer in this region. His last performance was at Morganville a week ago to-night.

It is frequently noticed that one of Matawan's nice, tall, slender and tender belles succeeds in making herself conspicuous about the time when some of the Red Bank students are on their way to and from school. They express their feelings by gentle gestures, sweet smiles, tipping hats, etc. We hope that personal conversation will soon take the place of this foolish nonsense.

The second report of the year was out about three weeks ago and shows perfect punctuality, attendance and deportment for Frank Burnett, Will H. Osborne, L. Reese Alexander, Benjamin Gutmann, Mary Emma Arrowsmith, Nellie Halsey, Nora Huisart, Daniel Mason, Emily Warne, Frank Smith, Mabel Clark and Chapin McClean.

Charley, I think it is a sin to steal a girl's breast pin.

Who says boys can't wash dishes? They can, for they proved it the night of November 21. But why did they run at the sight of girls? Was it because they were ashamed of the trade or their inefficiency?

Several of our cadet officers are to be congratulated upon their promotion in rank. Sergeant Henry Geran is now second lieutenant, Corporal Frank Burnett is first sergeant, Corporal Louis DuBois is second sergeant and Corporal Fred Schock is color sergeant. This will require the appointment of four corporals before the end of the year to supply the vacancies made by these promotions. Privates, do your best. Appointments are not made by lot.

Our first issue of the year was an "Alumni Number"; last issue had an alumni page; in this issue the alumni have entirely fizzled out.

MARRIED.

CONOVER—HAYWARD.—On November 19, 1891, by Rev. W. C. Alexander, Carrie Hayward to John A. Conover. Both of Matawan and former students of Glenwood.

SCHOOL NOTES & CLASS-ROOM CURIOSITIES

Professor Kilpatrick has formed a new class in Elocution which is very well patronized indeed.

Teacher:—How do you get to New

York, from Jersey City? Bright Boy:—Go across the Brooklyn bridge.

Physical Culture is proving so attractive that Miss Clark has been strongly urged by many ladies in town to start an evening class for adults.

Miss Kuech's class in Chittenden's English Composition is becoming very much interested in the subject.

Student in Reading Class. There are 3,780 countries in the United States.

We were very much pleased with the recitations of last Wednesday, but some of the older scholars had better look to their laurels, or they will have them snatched from their hands.

Insurance is a security against gain or loss.

We understand by the lectures from the Major that the officers in drill are not what people think they are. Look out, boys!

Some months ago we thought we were all fond of Physical Culture but as the days go by we become more and more interested in it. Any class with a teacher as enthusiastic on this subject as ours is, could not help becoming fond of this exercise.

A new interpretation of the law of murder was recently given by one of the Civil Government Class. She said: "If two persons should get angry and kill each other on the impulse of the moment, neither would be hanged, since the deed was unpremeditated." Fair sister, how many lives do these persons possess?

We have been told by one of the Composition Class that "The wretch was caught by the neck of the back."

LITERARY.

The Glenwood Literary Society has had two good meetings since our last issue. On November 20, the new officers were inaugurated with the usual amount of speech-making. Ex President Geran inaugurated his successor with the following words:

As president of this society
No more of it I'll be,
Tis not with much reluctance
That I have been set free.

Though I've tried to do my duty,
In every meeting too
To keep the members quiet,
'Twas more than I could do.

So to you, elected president,
Our great benevolent Schock,
I'll present this little gavel
With which you'll make many a knock.

The other speeches were well up to the usual standard but we have not space to give them in full.

The last meeting, on December 4, was very well attended indeed, in spite of the

storm, and one of the best meetings held yet.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the Cony Standard, Augusta, Me., Cheltenham Reveille, Ogontz, Pa., the Phonographic Magazine, Cincinnati, O., the Reveille of P. M. A., Peekskill, N. Y., Echo, Fitchburg, Mass., Wellesly Prelude, Wellesly, Mass., the Sunny Hour, New York City, Peddie Chronicle, Hightstown, N. J., Our Dumb Animals, Boston, Mass., the Advocate New Brunswick, N. J., the Academic, St. Albans, Vt. and the Freehold Institute Magazine, Freehold, N. J.

The most interesting of all our exchanges is the "Sunny Hour published by a boy for boys and girls," \$1 a year. The "editor and proprietor" is fourteen years old.

He is also manager of a shoe mission in New York. He receives contributions of cast off shoes, has them repaired with the cash contributions, and presents them to the needy. Among those who have contributed to this fund are Queen Victoria, the Khedive of Egypt, the Queen of Greece, Queen of Roumania, President of Venezuela, Count de Lesseps, Baron Rothschild, General Sherman, Dr. Pasteur, John Wanamaker, Cardinal Gibbons and a host of other dignitaries. The list of contributors to the columns of the Sunny Hour contains names of equally well-known people.

Oh, I was fifteen cents out.
Ask Jessie what 'tis all about.

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Grammar Class Department.

Christmas Night.

LILA ARROWSMITH.

On the wondrous night of story,
On the night told of so long,
All the air was filled with glory,
All the sky was full of song.

And the earth shone soft with glory,
And the stars were shining bright,
As the shepherds told their story
Of the Babe that wondrous night.

Told the story of the Savior,
Who, upon that night was born
To redeem his wicked nation,
And to save a world forlorn.

Sinners heard the word with gladness,
Angel hosts their praises sang ;
And throughout the slumbering ages
Swift the happy music rang.

A Christmas Story.

PART I—NELLIE HARRIS.

Lillian Arnold was a bright, pretty, little girl ten years of age. Although her parents indulged her in all her wishes, she was sometimes very selfish. She had a kind heart and did many good deeds, notwithstanding her selfishness.

Two fairies followed Lillian, one a good one, the other a bad one, who was always prompting her to do naughty things, while the good one tried to make her do good acts.

One day she said to herself. "I guess I will be a real good girl this year and not be selfish, and will give my mamma and papa a Christmas present." But the bad fairy whispered in her ear: "Don't you do it, they do not expect anything, and Santa Claus will give you presents anyway," so Lillian gave it up and did not think any more about it.

One day, as she went down the street, she met a little friend who said something to make her angry. The bad fairy said, "Slap her! she had no business to say that." This she immediately did. Christmas was drawing near, and Lillian began to wish for the things she most wanted. Meanwhile the bad imp was continually prompting her to do naughty things. Still, Lillian did not know these two fairies followed her, but she did know that she did some things which were not right.

One day the bad fairy said to himself: "I will fix her, I'll go straight to Santa Claus' house, and tell him what a naughty girl she has been." So straight to Santa Claus's home he went and there found him busy, looking over his list of boys and girls. He stopped to hear what the imp had to say. The imp then told Santa how bad Lillian had been, never, once telling how he himself prompted her to do such things.

How sad this made the good old Santa

feel, to think his favorite had been so naughty. Then he said, "Imp, are you sure she did all those naughty things?" The bad fairy replied, "Yes." Then the good old Santa said: "If she did all those naughty things, I am sure, I cannot give her anything except a bundle of sticks.

When the bad fairy went away, he left poor Santa Claus, crying and feeling very, very bad.

PART II—MAYTIE SIMPSON.

Meanwhile, the good fairy had been at work also.

He, seeing how mean the bad imp had been, tempting Lillian to do wrong, and then telling Santa Claus about it, determined to set matters straight by himself going to Santa Claus to tell him of the good things she had done.

So the next day, going to Santa, he found him very sorrowful because,—as he thought,—Lillian had been so very naughty. Making known his errand he said: "Now Santa, you see that imp came here and told you of the naughty things Lillian has done, but he never mentioned himself in the matter at all, did he? Well, you see, Santa, if it had not been for him, she would never have done these naughty things."

"Well!" said Santa Claus, looking pleased.

"But she is not wholly bad;" continued the fairy, "only thoughtless, and has done many kind and good acts also, which you have never heard of at all."

"Well, Well!!" cried Santa, growing very much interested.

"Yes, she is always very sorry when she is naughty, and often, when she has done something wrong, has gone to her mother and asked her to forgive her. She once helped a poor lame girl to her home, has given all her pocket-money to an old woman, and she is always kind to her little sister, Amy, who is sick, showing her picture-books, when her friends are out playing."

"Well, well, well!!!" and Santa almost fell off his chair in pleasure and amazement.

"What do you think of that, old Santa Claus? Don't you think you can give her something this Christmas?"

"Yes, yes! I can certainly give her something. Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Santa, "If she does not have a jolly Christmas this year, it will not be Santa's fault."

So, pleased with his work, the good fairy departed. And Lillian had a happy Christmas that year.

MORAL:

Now, boys and girls; you all know that

the good fairy is conscience, telling you to do right; and the bad fairy is the whisper in your heart, telling you to do wrong; but Conscience is the fainter voice of the two and consequently the less attention is paid to it. But, boys and girls, listen to the fainter voice, though the other may seem the pleasantest, and you will never regret it.

Oh, the fare with which, on Christmas,
The table is loaded down ;
With the turkey in the oven
Roasting a golden brown ;
And the pudding on the dresser
Full of plums as it can stick.
Oh, what a busy day it is,
For jolly old St. Nick.

—Nellie Harris.

The Autobiography of a Christmas Candle.

NELLIE T. HALSEY.

The first thing that I can remember of myself, was when I was being put in a very large glass window, with many others like myself. There were red ones, pink ones, blue ones, green ones, and white ones, I was a pink one, and thought I was as pretty as any, and a little bit prettier.

While we were enjoying the city sights, which were new to us, people were passing in and out of the store, some buying, and some only admiring.

As no one bought me, I had begun to think that something was wrong about me, for I was now about the only one left.

At last, I saw a poor little girl out on the street, gazing through the window at me; she had only a thin shawl around her shoulders, and her feet were almost out of her poor little shoes, I felt so sorry for her, and was wishing I could make her a little brighter; I was not long thinking about it, for as I looked up I saw her coming in the door, holding in her cold thin fingers a penny, which she had found on the sidewalk while sweeping it off. She looked very sweet but sad, as she timidly asked to buy me. "The pretty pink one," she said. I felt very glad, for had I not been wishing I might make her happy?

On the way home she found, in the street, a little bunch of holly, which she quickly picked up, saying to herself "What a nice little Christmas tree it will make for my little crippled brother."

We went up a poor dirty street, where it looked as though Christmas had never been heard of. After walking quite a while, we came to a poor tumbled-down house, which the little girl entered, holding me tight in her hand. She opened the door on her left, and I saw on the floor, on an old quilt, her poor little

lord, and returned to his country. I doubt not he will create a scandal about Richard, because he hated my master very much.

Saladin, the brave leader of the Mohammedans, as I have told thee, sent my master a most noble white horse, because he had seen him a few days before giving commands to his men on foot.

We had a terrible battle at a place called Joppa, then our King marched toward the Holy City.

Richard often behaves unlike a king, for instead of sitting gravely on his royal steed to watch his men at their labors, and give commands, he does spring from the saddle, and where the men be few, he helps them with pick and spade. Once when he asked the duke Leopold to do the same, he was very much offended and became very angry.

Richard struck him, and the duke would stay no longer with the army, but went home in a very bad temper. Thus, by a second passionate act, he stirred the lasting anger of Leopold.

A great many of my king's soldiers had left him, because of his temper and because of the great hardships to be endured, so when he took count of his men, he found he had not enough to take Jerusalem; but still we marched on.

When we came in sight of the Holy City he sadly turned his head away, and said, with tears in his eyes, "They who are not worthy to win it, are not worthy to behold it."

While we were still encamped by the Sacred Wall, news came to him from England that his brother John and King Philip were talking of him in a very evil manner, and together had usurped his throne.

He made up his mind to return. We embarked, but on the way we encountered terrible storms, which wrecked his ships, ours being driven into the Adriatic Sea.

In this sea our ship was robbed by sea robbers.

He could get home no other way than on foot through Austria.

He started and took with him only myself; he himself disguised as a merchant, and I as groom.

On our way Richard, my lord, fell ill with a fever at a little inn, in which he was captured, through my carelessness, for which I can never forgive myself.

I went to the kitchen to get a mug of fresh water, for which my sick master was pleading; in my belt was the king's glove which I had forgotten to conceal. It was a glove such as no merchant ever wore.

The people noticed the embroidered

gauntlet and asked me questions concerning it, to which I tried to give evasive answers, but failed to conceal the truth; so they guessed my lord must be a great personage.

Duke Leopold was sent for at once and soldiers were sent to capture my master; Leopold having now his revenge on Richard.

When he found himself captured he said nothing, though he might have blamed me very severely.

He was taken to one of Leopold's castles, and there held as a prisoner.

When I begged him to forgive me for being the cause of his capture, he only smiled upon me and said "I forgive thee freely."

Afterward, he was given up to the Emperor of Germany, who holds him in close confinement.

I have been allowed to accompany my master through his captivity.

One day when I was allowed my liberty in the castle court, I heard, to my delight, a song without the wall which transported my thoughts to our dear old England.

I ran in and told my master to listen. As I watched him, a pallor came over his face; then the pallor left, and an expression of radiant joy spread over his features.

He said nothing to me but, when the singer finished the strain, Richard took it up and sang it through, when he was answered again by the same joyous song from without.

He did not explain to me what it all meant, but I afterward learned that the singer was Blondel, a minstrel with whom King Richard had composed the song years before in happy England.

Blondel had sung outside of every castle in Germany in the hope of finding his king by the familiar song. Of course he failed, until he came to this castle, Tenebreuse, the one in which we are confined.

I am writing this with a very old and worn-out quill and with hardly enough light to see, as it is nearing twilight.

I have bribed the little son of our jailer to take this letter to thee, in all haste.

As my master is calling me I will have to bid thee farewell.

Now, my dear sister I will ask a very great favor of thee. It is this: As thou lovest our King, as thou shouldst, for he is a most gracious sovereign, go to Queen Eleanor, his mother, and acquaint her with his captivity, immediately.

I do not care about the rescue of myself, I would suffer death to right the wrong I have done him by betraying

his whereabouts; but for my sake, as thou lovest the king, and thy brother, I entreat thee to go to the queen, and if needs be, on thy knees, deliver her son, King Richard from his living tomb, as he is pining to death in his cell.

A great sum will be demanded for his ransom, but his mother will have it raised.

Tell no word of this to John the Usurper, or he will accomplish the death of her brave lion-hearted master. Thee will not fail of reward if thee bring about a release.

Fare thee well, and God bless thee, in secrecy, from thy anxious

BROTHER WILLIAM.

Castle of Tenebreuse.

Santa Claus.

NETTIE STRAUB.

There is an old tradition, in Holland takes its rise, That Santa Claus at Christmas swift gallops through the skies.

His sleigh is drawn by reindeer, who gallop from roof to roof— No person has ever seen them, or heard the sound of their hoof.

He stops at homes of children, fills stockings in their place; Makes old and young folks happy, brings smiles to many a face.

From many a couch there rises glad heart of childish joy, Expecting wild surprises in candy, nut or toy.

Folks say we must be good, for Santa hears all we say, And do as good children should, else be sad on Christmas Day.

Oh, who will be sad to have Christmas come! I know all the children in all Christendom Are waiting for toy and candy and drum. And who won't be glad to see the pie, from Which Jacky Horner pulled out the big plum With his courageous little left thumb? —Jennie La Rue.

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 Dec. 23 Annual Holiday Entertainment.
 Dec. 24 Holiday Vacation Begins.
 1892.
 Jan. 4 School re-opens.
 Jan. 28 Day of prayer for Schools.
 Jan. 29 Second Term ends.
 Feb. 1 Third Term begins.
 Feb. 22 Washington's Birthday.
 Feb. 22 Third Term Ends.
 Apr. 1 Fourth Term begins.
 Apr. 4 Easter Recess.
 Apr. 14-18 Commencement.
 Jun. 8

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