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DECEMBER

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

For the Business Men of Riverton Palmyraland Vicinity DR. CHARLES S. VOORHIS

Dentist Gas administered. Cor. Morgan Avenue and Fourth St PALMYRA, N. L.

DR. SAMUEL W. COLLIN Dentist 404 Thomas Avenue Riverton, N. J.

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MRS. A. B. POWELL Dressmaker Buits and Evening Dres 261 W. Brond Street, Palmyra, N. J. Samples submitted and goods purchase desired

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331 W. Broad Street Palmyra 620 Arch Street, Philadelphia Clean your carnets rugs, etc. on the floo with a "PEERLESS" Suction Cleane Weight 25 lbs. Price new \$17.5

chines to hire 75c per da If interested send postal for a fre F. H. QUARTERMAN

JOHN POINDEXTER

Shoe Repairing Tucker Building - RIVERTON

A Hopeless Case. There was a brilliant reception a the house of Mrs. Amory. Among the guests was a certain Mr. Mackenzie

a man of grave and somewhat tacture demeanor, whom several of the your ladies present had tried to engage is conversation, but with little success. One of them spoke to the hoste

"He seems to be rather uneasy and out of place at a party like this," sh-Yes," replied Mrs. Amory, with bright smile; "he can't talk anythin but sense."

The Pygmy Hippopotar The little black people of Africa, ac-dramatically described by Stanley, are not the only pygmies produced by that derful continent. In Liberia an Sierra Leone are found pygmy hippo potamuses. These animals are descrit-ed as being more like pigs in theil habits than like their gigantic rela dves. A good mudhole is quite suffi-cient for them. They seem to prefe-solitude in their native haunts, goin-shout singly, and when two are seen in company they almost invariably consist of a mother and her calf.

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Dry Cleaning a Specialty Bell Phone Work called for and deliverd Special attention to rush orders

ADA E. PRICE

manded.
"Yes, ma'am—you see, ma'am—O
Lord, miss, I've set fire to the tar," be
walled. "You see, miss, I was gettin'
ready for the man to fix the roof, an' I
opened the barrel of tar, an' It
wouldn't run, so I thought, you see,
ma'am, I thought I'd melt It—yes,
ma'am,"
"Well, Malachi, you're an idiot, that's
what you are, and I never want to see FOR SPORTING GOODS Ammunition, Loaded Shells, Cart-ridges, Electrical Supplies, Bicycle Sundries, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Glazs, etc. what you are, and I never want to see your face again. You've melted it all right, and I'll have to buy more tar at S. J. CODDINGTON

right, and I'll have to buy more tar at \$8 a barrel."

Malachi was discharged, and the man who applied to put on a new roof was installed in his place.

"Clean up the place." said Florence when asked what he should do until more tar arrived for the roof.

Florence started for two and any and arrived for two arrived for the formal formal for the formal for REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE. Fire Burglar Automobile Insurance

Florence started for town and so missed the call that the girls paid. She was back the next morning, how-ever, to see her new man started on 416 Lippincott Avenue Riverton, N. J Commissioner of Deeds

W. J. CHAMBERLAIN is work.
"Get some of that fertilizer, Joseph. R. I. Reds, Columbian Wyandottes Special Prices: Balanced Ration Grain 13 he for Suc. Prepared Grit 11 he. for 10c Prepared Grit 11 he. for 10c Regs for hatching Eggs for invalid. 736 Parry Avenue, Palmyra, N. J. Post card orders for 50c or more delivered. All PRED prepared for the requirements of season. poor condition and will never yield anything unless we work on it." Joseph stared in blank amazement. "Fertilizer, ma'am." he said. "Is it

at pile of rotten stuff that was lyin out youder what you're speakin' of?"
"Yes, yes!" answered Florence.
"Right there at the side door."
"Weil, I'm after dumpin' it in the brook, ma'am." he announced. "You "Some women," said Mr. Hewligu: "are awfully hard to please. I'm mak-ing my wife a birthday present o.

brook, ma'am," he announced. "You told me to clean up the place, and I done it, ma'am, to the best of my ability." And he straightened up his somewhat bent shoulders as if to emphasize his brilliant stroke of work.

It was too much added to the loss of the barral of \$1,000, and yet she doesn't seem to ap-"Great Scott!" said the other man

the barrel of far, and Florence sat down on the damp cellar floor and cried, but not for long. She soon dried the tears on her old apron and vented her bitter anger on the head of Joseph. He stood for a moment listening, then "Same thing," answered Mr. Hewli gus. "I told her the other day I wa going to get my life insured for that amount of money and give her the policy, and all she said was, But think House have think, Henry, how long I may have to wait for it!" "—Chicago Tribune. ne stood for a moment listening, then turned and went out, muttering:
"I thought it was a lady, but I might of knowed diggin' in the dirt never made a lady yet." And Joseph was a thing of the past.

Morocco Leather.
Sumac, the powdered leaf of the sumac plant, the finest varieties of which grow in Sicily, is used in tan ning goatskins, and sumac gives a clear, white tannage, unaffected by the action of light and therefore suitable for dyeling into colors where permanents. was a thing of the past.

Florence sat upon the stone wall to think it over. Eight dollars for the tar of yesterday, \$12 for the fertilizer of today. Ideas were not always practical, and ideals did not materialize as they might. Fight as she would against them, the tears would come again. The sound of wheels on the road near at hand roused Florence. She turned to see the express wagon from the general store about to deliver the barrel of tar She lumped down from the fence and hurrhed to the gate which led to the old stable.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you doling? Driving the express wagon?" she exclaimed as she recognized in the driver one of Goshen's leading young me.

"Helio, Flor" he express to the table of the stable. or dyeing into colors where perma-ence of shade is desired. A genuine morocco" is goatskin tanned with nence of shade is desired. A genuine "morocco" is goatskin tanned with pure sumac, but there are many up holsterers who could not give this definition offhand. Goatskins dyed with babool pods or similar barks are only imitation moroccos, although it takes an expert to discover the difference. Long wear, of course, reveals the deception. Roan leathers are sumactanned sheepskins.—Manchester Guardian.

"Hello, Flo?" he cried as he tied the

the wall. Dick took out all the not began to light it.

"Didn't your iden work out?" in said,
"Not yery well," she admitted: "The
iden is all right, but skilled infor is
hard to get, and after all 1's, only a The Mushroom

Farm

woman."
"What about the ideals?" suggested
Dick as he puffed away. "Secus to
me you told me that you had ideals
as well as ideas."

[Copyrighted, 198, by N. E. Daley.] By J. LUDLUM LEE "Oh. I still have them—in my mind. of course, but they are so hard in real life."

"Copyright, 186, by P. C. Eastment.

The girls were holding an indignation meeting. Clara Carruthers was curied up on the window ledge, Myrile Reed up on the window ledge, Myrile Reed and stretched herself comfortably on the lounge. Mary Sands was perched the side of a table swinging her feet, while two or three other girls were will two or three other girls which apparently had nothing but work the lounge. Mary Reed was reading the Goshen Leader, the principal local paper.

"Girls, R ought to be stopped. Here she is advectibing for a man to fix the foof of that did stable. Yesterday she wanted a man to fix the furnace, and the day before it was a boy she wanted to waster the mushroon beds. Her family are popt snough without encouraging Florence Weiss is any more of her foolish fads. Why doesn't she marry, as the rest of us have doesn't make any she hates the men and wants to raise mushrooms and make a for tune of her own. Her grandmother left the \$200, you know, and that is what she invested in the mushroon fad."

"Let's go down in a body and apply for the job," suggested Clara. "It is a glorious day, and the walk will do us good."

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"Let's go down in a body and apply for the job," suggested Clara. "It is a glorious day, and the walk will do us good."

"Let's go down in a body and spily for the job,

"But I didn't mean it," she whispered as she nestled close to his neck.

"Didn't mean it!" he cried, looking down at the radiant face. "Well, but see the moon through the glass this mouth."

You told me you had ideas of your own find an ideal lessles, so I got out to give the other fellow a decent chance."

"No, I never give the moon a unlocking the door of the old stable. Dressed in a short walking skirt and scarlet sweater, with an old tam-o-shanter on her golden hair, she made a picture most unfarmer-like. Her bine eyes sparkled with anticipation as she entered the cellar of the stable to view her precious mushrooms. Florence had ideas and ideals, and she meant to live

"Mon are such stupid creatures," she assured him. "I didn't think you'd take no' for an answer, and my ideas didn't were to be happy in a home with you, and you, Dick-oh, you old dear-you three the same my idea!" up to both. If the family expected her marry just to replete their purse ey would be sadly disappointed. Women were born for nobler things, she argued, and she would go forth and make money with her own hands and brains and not the herself to any man.

She knelt down by the side of one of the beds and with a spoon cut off a tiny manhands. The strains of the wedding march The strains of the wedding march sung in several different keys by un-trained voices reached them, and they were confronted with the girls, who having failed in their mission the day before, had returned to meet with bet

of the beds and with a spoon cut off a tiny mushroom sprung up overnight. She examined the spawn in another bed, felt the temperature of a third and then went to the door to call Main-chi, the boy whom she employed to do before, had returned to meet with bet ter results.

On the wedding day among the presents arrived a sharrel of tar labeled "Stick to it." Dick suspected his paternal parent, while Florence has always attributed it to Mainchl. It stands in the yard of "Mushroom Farm." the title of their country place, so called because Dick asserts that his hopes sprang up in a night. chores."
"Malachi, Malachi!" she called out, manachi, manachi!" she called out, but Malachi did not appear, so she went out to look for him. Behind the stable on the side hill she found him covered with tar and beating a fire. "Malachi, what is all this?" she desprang up in a night.

One Way to Get Food.
Four young fellows left Kimberley to try their luck at diamond digging to try their nuce near Christiana. South Arrown near Christiana, South Arrown near South coming from, a bright tilea struck one, they we of them, who, stalking out of the tent said, "All right, mates, leave it to me." night. Proceeding to the camp store, he asked "awhile, for a small bottle of diamond acid, in but, a which the digger cleans his diamonds ed a spi of impurities before seiling them.

of impurities before selling them.
"Yes," said the owner, "but surely you want some stores?"
"Well, I do," said the starving one.

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," was the shopkeep-er's response. "Make your order out

The miner acquiesced, and there was great rejoicings in those poor beggars' tent when the wagon delivered that tent when the wagon delivered that order. It is evident that the store-keeper thought the party had found some diamonds, or what use could have been the acid! After this luck changed, and the account was paid, the storekeeper Joining heartily in the storekeeper Joining heartily in

The New Pootman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unlooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicoolas Waln, a gifted minister of the Friends who lived in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century, to morify the carnal pride of his wife? The story is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Waln was an only daughter, and for those days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a fostman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her bushound at the suit of the formal price of the story is as follows:

"Look, Rhoda," her triends knew they must her more disturb her in the morn ing. At 5 o'clock, however, some girls came for tea. Rhoda always had some new dainty for them. Today, after them on whist part of some competed some chopped unitate and mixed them into a paste and mixed it them into a paste and

only daughter, and for those days pos-sessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a fostman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her husband at frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to couply with it. Accordingly the next time the corriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of designation the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very absoquious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her ow howsand.

In some provinces of Spain the wit-ness must cross the thumb of one hand over the foreinger of the c'er; then, kissing this symbolic, if primi-tive, cross he announces: "By this cross I swear to tell the truth"

When She Has Lost Her Charm. "You're never grateful for the tyran-of your parents." says the Philoso-er of Folly, "till you meet the girl

OF RHODA

[Copyrighted, 1:08, by N. E. Daley.]

"You don't? Oh, how I wish I didn't! If I see it face to face, you know, I linve lots of luck, and I how three times and say 'Good evening. Lady Moon,' very politely.".
"Why. Rhoda Stratton, I never knew you? exchained Jack, I never knew you? exchained Jack, "I really can't help it. Jack, It's atavism, I think."

"Say, Rhoda, if you really think you won't sell any more stories this year, why don't you marry me, and then it won't matter?", Jack had asked her to marry him nearly every week for the

"I can't, Jack, I don't want to be "I can't, Jack, I don't want to be married." pleaded Rhoda.
"You'd better. You might starve."
"No, I won't Maybe I can find a hunchback and teach his hump, and that will change my luck and break the spell of the thirteen."
"R-h-o-d-n." gasped Jack. "Where did you learn all this?" dld you learn all this?".
"I don't know. I have always known

But, alas, she dreamed. She dreamed a spider was spinning a web in the rungs of her chair.

She remembered her dream when she awoke and called to her maid to bring her a book which was on her desk. As she drank her carly cup of tea—a habit formed in Eug'and—she perused the pages of her dream book and found what she wanted.

"To dream a ynder soles his web." "To dream a rpider spins his web

Much encouraged, Rhoda was soon dressed. She always walked before sitting down for a long day at her-

Broadway, but no such luck came to A screem of laughter came from the "What is it. Barbara?" queried Rho-

his pocket."
"Is it off a left hind leg from a rab-bit shot in a graveyard?" asked Rhoda.
"Rhoda." exclaimed the girls.
"She's as bad as Bob," remarked

Jack.

"Well, that's the only foot that's lucky anyway." said Rhoda:

"Rhoda dear, how can you believe" such things?" arked Mrs. Welles. "A girl so sensible in other ways and one who puts so much heart into her work, and you are methodical too."

"Mrs. Welles." answered Rhoda soterly, "some one has said. There is a screw loose in every one. That is my loose screw I suppose. I don't know,"

o confinued, "that I really believe thing. Thirteen or the thirteenth I a Tilke, really. I wouldn't begin a urney on Priday or do anything of portance then. Of course I do my gular work just the same. I should pasitively ill," she added, "if I had off is a seat marked 13 at a play or the same of the same

chair by Barbara, who was an expert to palmistry. Barbara read: "You have the author's hand, all right—drooping headline with a forked end, a rather large thumb and a curv-

ed outside, which shows imagination. Your mount of Jupiter is well developed and has a star on it, which shows that you are ambitions and that your ambition will be realized. Your life line is long, and, yes, you have a line which shows superstition. You will be married soon and have quite a long life."

iffe."
"Thanks, Bab, dear, if that is all true. But I do not intend to be married soon, however."
"The off-iald plans of mice and men, etc.," quoted Harbara. "You know the rest, Rhoda. You will be married soon, dear. Your hand tells the tale."

the tale."
They bade ber goodles, chaffing her a little.

Jeck imgered, gave her hand a gentle squeeze and said, "See, dear, the fates are against you."

"Well, it is not you, necessarily," scorafully;

"Oh, isn't it? Do you think I shall let any other man marry you? Not

Not long after this Jack called just as the postman was leaving the mail. He took from his hand an envelope with a blue figure in the corner, a mark of a well known magnzine. He entered Rhoda's study, waving it over his head, yelling, "Where now is your

fatal 13? She reached for the letter, which he held beyond her reach. He teased her for awhile and then gave it to her. Her story was accepted. The envelope contained a generous check. "Now, Miss Rhoda, now what have you to say?"

"Pooh!" That's only one in four months."

months."
"Well, it's one, and you said you

Rhoda laughed.

Rhoda laughed.
"Have a cup of tea. Jack?" she
asked. "Two lumps?"
"One, only one, and no cream. You'd
make a nice wife, wouldn't you? You
have poured tea for me for dive years
and you can't remember now how
many lumps I take. Woe is me!" But
there was a maughty twinkle in his
eye. During the rest of the year Rhoda

did not sell another story, whether it was really because it was the thir-teenth year of her writing, who could tell?

When the year ended, she tric
ngain. The first did not sell either.
Jack said, "You must go to pastur

He had to go to Europe on business, and he meant to take Rhoda along. He teased her to marry him. "Rhoda, dear. I love you so, and I have waited five years."

"Well, walt seven, like Jacob " "And then get Leah-no, sir-ee; I'll walt not another day." he said stern-"I am going home now, and you can think it over, and when you cide to marry me let me know. til you say 'come' you will not see

Ithoda, then another and another Then she began to think. She misses

Her aunt, who had returned from trip, asked, "Rhoda, what have you done to Jack?" "Nothing." answered Rhoda, "He Finally she teleph

"Hello, is that you, Jack?"
"Yes, Rhoda." me have a cup of ten this after You mean it? You know what

invitation implies?"
"Yes, I know," meekly.
It was a pale Rhoda who was clasped in Jack's dear arms—for such they

had become to her—that afternoon.
but a happy one.

Jack told her he was going to Eu
rope, so they would have to be married soon, and then as she consented
the little goose's superstition crept in
again. "We will be married on Wednesday," she declared.

"Why on a Wednesday, dear?"

"Jack, dear, don't- you know the
rhyme?

"Monday for wealth.
Tuesday for health,
Wedneaday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Baturday no luck at all."

So they were married on a Wednes-day. Jack didn't care. She was so lovable he was glad to take her, super-stition and all.

Code Messages by Wire.
It seems strange that even now there are many regirctions on the use of as ordinary a thing as a cable or telegraph wire. Yet it is true that nobody is permitted to send to or through Por-tugal anything having to do with the deeds or thoughts of anarchists and that code messages of any kind are forbidden in Tripoli, Bosnia, Roumelia,

forbidden in Tripoli. Bosnia, Roumelia, Roumania, Herzegovina, Bulgaria and other Balkan states. After that it seems unnecessary to mention that Turkey forbids code messages, but it is a little "urprising to fitld that you can send a message to most parts of Persia in only one language—that is, French—and if you address most places in the land of the shah your message will be translated into the tougue of Gaul and diplomacy when it reaches Teheran. eaches Teheran.

Lawyers who give secret tips to sur-vivors of rich people as to how wills may be broken are usually disliked for putting on beirs.

Most Valuable Influence.
The influence of one man of genius is of more value than that of many persons capable of instructing, but not if stimulating.

By BERTHA GOBB SANFORD

for Ruth Jeffrey as, with a long drawn sigh, she closed her desk at the end of the day. What was there in it, after

sign, she closed her desk at the end of the day. What was there in it, after all? she asked herself. She looked ahead and imagined one day following another in unvaried monotony. She fancied she could see her hair turning gray and the color fading from her cheeks, though for that it must have taken a very big stretch of the imagination indeed.

If what return was life making her for all the effort that she was putting into it? A negative reciprocation at best, She was not compelled to marry. She had proved herself capable of independence. It was five years since she had entered upon her business career. Her vim and optimism had made for a success even beyond her most sanguine anticipations.

Only a month ago she had accepted at practically her own terms a position that hundreds of women might well ency her and probably did. Surely it was an unseasonable time for her to feel blue and discouraged. There must

ency her and probably did. Surely it was an unseasonable time for her to feel blue and discouraged. There must be some definite cause for her unrest. Buth set herself the task of discovering it.

Finally, with a somewhat shame faced yet wistful little smile, she was forced to admit that the disturbing undercurrent began to ruffle her thoughts about the moment that she had stood by her office window that morning and from the height of many stories watched a young man clad in a fur lined overcoat step out of his resplendent motor car and enter the building.

Who the man was did not matter, nor that he was wealthy. It was the woman in the car who stirred old yearnings in Ruth's heart. She had with her for comfort and inspiration and of the fur lined overcoat," the nurse explained, "And she has requesting the speak of you as the geniteman of the fur lined overcoat," the nurse explained, "And she has requesting the speak of you as the geniteman of the fur lined overcoat," the nurse explained, "And she has requesting the speak of you as the geniteman of the fur lined overcoat," the nurse explained, "And she has requesting the speak of you as the geniteman of the fur lined overcoat," the nurse explained, "And she has requesting the speak of you as the geniteman of the fur lined overcoat," the nurse explained, "And she has requesting the speak of you as the geniteman of the fur lined overcoat," the nurse explained, "And she has requesting the speak of your said the speak of your she doesn't realize that it was my car that in line it was my car that it was my car that in line Flually, with a somewhat shame

Who the man was did not matter, nor that he was wealthy. It was the woman in the car who stirred did yearnings in Ruth's heart. She had with her for comfort and inspiration through the day the memory of a man's farewell kiss.

This pretty and refreshing bit of sentiment in the midst of a heatter.

workaday world Ruth had witnes nearly every morning, to be sure, since she had been in her new position. But never before had it plunged her into such an implacable mood of disco "Well," she commented to herself, as she pinned on her little tallor made hat, with a gesture of wholesome de-termination, "this will never do at all, It's my own fault. I refused him, and

that's all there is about it. At the time matrimony seemed such an obvious commonplace transaction in comparison with the allurement of independence—and now, well, it's no use thinking about it. I may bump into romance my day." mance any day." The wind on the night in question was blowing a huggicane. When Ruth tried to open the outside door of the building, she found the resistance too

nuch for her strength and was obliged to fall back a moment.

As she made a second attempt the door yielded with a suddenness that almost upset her equilibrium. She heard some one immediately behind her say, "Allow me," and was aware of a masculine coat sleeve, fur lined, holding back the door for her to pass,

Buth thanked the auxiliary arm nyeo fall back a me Ruth thanked the auxiliary arm mechanically, half conscious of a tinge of resentment in her gratitude that she should be in any way beholden to the man upon whom that woman, whom she envied, also depended. But the next moment, with characteristic impulsiveness Buth found heavely also that was half grief, half anger, and threw herself upon the couch section. ing a derby hat down the sidewalk.

Just as she was about to rescue it from an imminent mud puddle at the corner something struck her a fearful blow, and she lost consciousness.

In the days of delirium that followed In the days of delirium that followed Ruth sometimes imagined that a heavy door was swinging back upon her; that a man stood by and would not rescue her. And again she would shrink in fear from a plunging automobile that bore down upon her, while the man and woman within the car lauiched and woman within the car lapiched and kissed each other. And always the man wore a fur lined overcoat.

When Ruth had recovered sum. ciently to be interested in her sur-roundings, she noticed first the tall fragrant. American Beauties by her

"Who sent them?" she asked the nurse languidly.
"A gentleman, Miss Ruth."

"What gentleman?"
Faint and weak though Ruth's voice was, the nurse detected in it a note of suspicion.
"He did not leave bis card. Miss

Ruth," replied the nurse, blushing at her own subterfuge, but Ruth did not observe her confusion.

Why Mr. McDonald did not wish his identity disclosed in connection with the roses the nurse did not know. But he had insisted upots being an anony-mous benefactor, and it was not her concern to demand his reason for it. "What does he look like?" Ruth per-sisted.

"He's young and very distinguished looking," asserted the nurse, both her manner and words bespeaking unshak-

manner and words bespeaking unshak fible conviction.

And then came the crucial question.

"Does be wear a far lined overcoat?

"Not alwaya." admitted the surred is a pathetic attempt to save the situa-"I thought so," returned Rnth. "I

"Thought so," returned that.

hate him,"
"That's only natural, I suppose, dear.
But you must remember that he len't really to blame if it was his car that ran into you. After the accident he held you in his arms all the way home so that the motion of the car would

"H'm" commented Ruth. "His mo-tive is obvious. He's afraid I'll sue him for damages. I despise him. When did he send these recor?"

casting a sly glance at her patient.

"Romantie!" repeated Ruth, "It's lucky you were not the one run over. That man would have had you thanking him for the privilege, but he can't bribe me with daily visits and floral contributions. You see there isn't the ghost of a chance for snything communic in the situation. He's married.

"Oh!" exclaimed the nurse, with unsatistakable disappointment." I didney. [Copyrighted, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham 1 8 know, Miss Ruth. I beg your parcon.
So that was why he presented roses anonymously and why her patient hated him. Possibly before he was married—it was thus the nurse allowed her imagination to put two and two to-

"Don't keep any more or an roses, please, and don't let him co here any more." Ruth gave her ord wearily and was soon asleep.

Norman McDonald continued to chowever, and to send roses, quite however, and to send roses, quite

bowever, and to send roses, quite unconscious that the latter never foundtheir way to Buth's sickroom.

The reports that the nurse save him
from day to day of the girl's recovery
were not gralifying.

"She doesn't seem to gain at att." the
nurse complained one moraling discousolately, "She sits up, but she has no
animation—no courage hardly. She
never mentions her work, and they ray
she was heart and soul devoted to it
before the—before her illness. The
wistfulness of her little pale face in
enough to break your heart."

enough to break your heart."

The young man looked very thought

"I suppose she has never asked to see me?" he inquired at length.

"I have never heard her speak your name. Mr. McDonald," replied the nurse evasively.

"No, of course. It isn't likely that she would, it's a blessed thing, though, that she described.

nurse explained. "And she has requested me not to let you come here, Mr. McDonald. I hadn't the courage to tell

you before,"
The young man showed no surpr but looked deeply troubled. "Well," he said finally, "at least I can telephone, and I'm sure you'll tell me if there is ever any way I can be of further service to her. When she

of further service to her. When she has fully recovered, I shall hope...
"Oh, Mr. McDonald", the nurse_in"Oh, Mr. McDonald", the nurse_interrupted, "I suppose I haven't anyl
right to tell you, but sometimes in her
delirium Miss Jeffrey used to mention
some one for whom she seemed to care
a great deal—some one evidently whom
ske had refused to marry. I realize
that I am betraying confidences, but I
thought perhaps you might know him. thought perhaps you might know! and that it might do her good to him. She called him 'Laddle.'" nin. She called him 'Laddle.'"
The young man started at the name
then broke out into a hearty laugh.
The nurse cautioned him to be quiet
but the caution came too late.
"Who's there?" It was firsth's voice

calling anxiously from the room above. The nurse had no evasive snawer ready, but had she had one at her tongue's end there would have been not time to utter it, for at the sound of Ruth's voice Norman had bounded up Ruth's voice Norman had bounded up the stairs two, three, at a time and now stood on the upper landing with the girl crushed rapturously to him. "Oh, Laddle, Laddles" turn cried towards "It know your languages."

"Ruth, Ruth, what is it, little one? Tell me, dearest," pleaded Norman,
"Go back to her," the girl gaspel finally through her sobs.

"Go back to whom?" asked Norman, utterly mystified. "Ob, you are cruel. Why did you come? I've watched you kiss her good-by every morning when you left her at the office, and I envied her then, though I didn't know it was you. I-I only remembered what I had lost. Ok, don't stand there and atte.

don't stand there and prey me.
back, go back!"
"Ruth, sweetheart, listen! There is
no one to go back to. That is my state
you have seen me with. Surely you't
knew I would wait for you—and you And Ruth let herself be comforted and loved and klassed—like any tired

Quarter. The term "quarter," used in war-fare, originated from an agreement anciently made between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of a soldier taken in action should be a quarter of his bay. Probably it means

quarter of his pay. Pro the expression was commonly used at one time. As a modern warlike term, to give quarter means that the prisoners of war should be sent to the rea of the army and there lodged and fed by the captors until exchanged or released on the termination of heatil

Refributive Justica.
You may expert from observer had you have done to another law

After Dinner Note.
The fellow who has a story every occasion is all right if the customs don't come too osten.

WALTER L. BOWEN

The New Bra is devoted to the busine and home interests of Riverton and Palmyra, independent of politi-cal or religious belief—the people's paper. Subscription One Dollar a year

in advance Advertising Rates on application

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ute guarantee of satisfactioney back and no quibbling. Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, a

Keith's Theatre.

Vaudeville will be ushered in at B. I Keith's Theatre truly in a blaze of glory the week with Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Per beginning with Monday, the 2nd. It kins. really sets a phenomenal pace for di-The extraordinary success of that charm iday feature, Gus Edwards'"Son, Revue," (in which Gus Edwards himse appears.) justifies holding this headling attraction over for a second week. There art fits five people in the cast, mostly charming young girls, including Miss Lillian Boardman, the accomplished comedienne and vocaliste. There are no less than five scenes in the act, including Times Square, New York; an Italian street scene; on the Levee, Mississippi etc., with the song revue of old favorites, travesties and ballads, including some f Mr. Edwards' latest song hits. This be the best built for the money. Ask is one of the most pretentious vaudeville acts ever staged, and it issure to continu

A welcome return after a long absent Father and Mother"). Mr. Steger is dramatic artist and also as a tenor of rare quality, and he has been particularly happy in having found in this play a vehicle so admirably suited to his rare talente. The late Bishop Potter said of "The Pifth Commandment," "Like the colors of the setting sun lingering in the skies long after the day has passed, so lingers in my mind the memory of some land and Federal streets, Philadelphia, lanuary 14 to 28, promises to allow. beautiful playlet with its touching song.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

go and see it.'

will spend the evening with the two Wesleys, the founders of the Methodist

Special services are to be held next week by the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. See special

J. G. NOORDEWIER, pastor

St. Paul's Baptist Church The Sunday services at St. Paul's Bar

tist Church are as follows: Preaching 11 a. m. Sunday School 3 p. m. B. Y. U. P. 7 to 8 p. m.

Prayermeetings on Wednesday ev

REV. F. LYNCH, Pastor.

Swearing in Spanish Witnesses some provinces of Spain the wit-must cross the thumb of one d over the forefinger of the other; a, kissing this symbolic, if primicross he announces: "By this I swear to tell the truth."

"You're never grateful for the tyran my of your parents," says the Philosopher of Folly, "till you meet the girl they forbade you to go with, 20 years

When a man tells you he wishes you to understand that he is a gentleman you may take it for granted that he

How do you like my new tie?' in-fred the young men who would be

First American Financies—I have ab-olutely no patience with the people who go to Monte Carlo and drop all

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

Happy New Year! Compton the Grocer will close his stoll day Monday. Mr. Datis Reed is on a busi Cape Charles, Va.

Mrs. Charles Walton and son, Josep ent Wednesday in Frankford, Pa. You can get your safety razor blades harpened at Stiles' drug store for 2c each. Datis Reed and family spent Monday n Lambertville with P. S. Cummings

Mr. George Read, of Philadelphia, is pending the week with Mr. and Mrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cole, Jr., of Phila-delphia, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cole. John Poindexter has opened a she

dain street, Riverton. Misses Linda and Vera Williams spent hristmas with their sister, Mrs. George

Baylie, of Burlington. Mr. John Coyle spent the Christn nolidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs ames Coyle, of Westfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warrington, Pallsington, Pa., spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. John B. Watson. Mr. and Mrs. Orville Marple and daughter, of Hightstown, are st

The annual meeting of the stock of the Burlington County Fair Association will be held shortly after the first o

A New Year's reception at Riverton Porch Club, Monday, January 2, from 3 to 5 p. m. All Club members may bring friends.

Beverly, and his sister, Miss Phillips, of Scranton, Pa., were entertained at dinner on Wednesday by the Misses Underwo Mr. C. T. Woolston has secured the agency for the E-M-F five-passenger touring car for \$1000; acknowledged to

J. Lawrence Lippincott, of Riverton Benjamin Lippincott and John C. Dud-ley, of Cinnaminson, and Albert H. Hodis Mr. Julius Strger, presenting that beautiful play of heart interest. "The jurors for the December term of court. jurors for the December term of court. Mrs. Blizabeth Hunter, age 71 years died on Wednesday. The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon at 1.30, from the

January 14 to 28, promises to celipse anything before attempted in this line in I want every man, woman and child to the Quaker City where the two weeks exhibit idea originated.

S. Thornton Hollinshead and Leste

Helen Field, Edith Wile Letitia Chambers, Ethel Hilson; George Evaul, Dewitt Houghtaling, Charles Durgin, Calvin Durgin, Richard Reed,

n the afternoon August, Jr., son of into the life beyond, after suffering three was held Thursday morning with prison was a promising youth of twenty-siz ommunity in their bereavement.

Church, Riverton. The Sunday after Christmas, the Fea

cision, January 1, 1911. rgan Prelude, "Fantasia" Ralph Kinde

Evening Prayer 8 p. m. J. Varley Robe

"O Holy Night" Adolph Adams, D. B Hymn, 434 Address, "Praise the Lord"

Vesper Hymn; 642

Recessional Hymn, 511
Organ Postlude, March in D Henry Smo The Feast of the Circum

11 s. m., Sermon and Holy Con

Closed all day Monday

A Happy New Year

It is with a deep sense of appreciation for the patronage and kindly relations of our customers during 1910 that we extend our sincere wish that 1911 may be a year of happiness and prosperity to you and yours.

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We wish you HAPPY NEW YEAR

ven more useful and successful this com

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

****** How a Marine Slipped His Cable ********************

Ensign l'eabody should have been in the men were treated more like brutes than human beings, instead of today, when every sailor, whether officer or eaman, has his rights. But there are seaman, has his rights. But there are natural tyrants who are by nature tyrangulcal, and Peabody was one of them, though he kept within the regulations, using insult instead of committing a violation of an officer's restrictions.

Tom Spencer was a marine on board a United States cruiser. He was a good soldier, always spick and span Presbyterian Church Notes.

Special services will be held next Sabbath. New Year's Day, in Calvary Church as follows.

10.15 a. m., the session will meet in the pastor's study for a prayer served and the sound for his enlisting in the marine corps was that be hoped some day by good for and the bood and pastor's study for a prayer served and the sum of the form the pastor's study for a prayer served and the season or other. Peabody conceived a dislike for Spencer. Some reason or other, Peabody conceived a dislike for Spencer and the reception of new members.

In the County Court on Tuesday the pastor and Collins, of Moorestown, have left for a and was well educated. The reason

will spend the evening with the two
Wesleys, the founders of the Methodist
Church, who have written some of the
Persbyterian Sunday School was held on
Tuesday night and a pleasing program
Frendered. Awards for four years attendance were given to Assistant Superin
How Year right by uniting with us in
this day of worship.

There had been a liberty party on
hore and some of the leave men had
got into a fight with the natives—the
roals of the coast of
Pers—and when they returned Peabody was officer of the deck. Spencer
was one of them and gove release of the cornfield twenty
of the coast of
Pers—and when they returned Peabody was officer of the deck. Spencer
was one of them and gove into a fight with the natives—the
roals from the road was a puff of blue
smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker.
We had the fences down and the spot two minutes later,
was one of them and gove into a fight with the natives—the
roals from the road was a puff of blue
smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker.
We had the fences down and the spot two minutes later,
was one of them and some of the leave men had
to find a fight with the natives—the
roals from the road was a puff of blue
smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker.
We had the fences down and the fences down and he for the order of the
roals from the road was a puff of blue
smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker.
We had the fences down and the fence and some of the leave men had
and the edge of the cornfield twenty
at the dige of the cornfield twenty
of the coast of
pers—and when they returned Peabody was officer of the deck. Spencer
was one of them and some vertices—and the natives—the
smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker.
We had the fence and some of the leave men had
anticle for the cornfield twenty
of the coast of
pers—and when they returned Peabody was officer of the deck. Spencer
was one of the leave men had
at the edge of the cornfield twenty
of the coast of
pers—and when they returned Peabody was officer of the deck. Spencer
was one of them and some returned Peabody wa hatred getting the better of his dis-cretion, used a common opprobrious epithet in connection with Spencer's

> Here was a case of mutiny. In some of the world's navies even in time of peace to strike an officer means death. The penalty is not so severe in the United States navy, but it means imheld Thursday morning with prisonment, Spencer was put in from an Requiem Muss at St. Peter's and charges preferred against him. It was in the hot season, and there is no telling how long a time may elapse before a man may be brought before a court martial. It was probable that Spencer would either be sent home un-der guard for trial or would be held new him, and his parents, brother and till the crulser went porth. It was too

The ship's master at arms was made responsible for him and watched him to see that he didn't get away to shore. It was a grim prospect for the prisoner. The insuit he had received would be no palliation for his offense. He might have preferred charges against Peabody, but on no account could be Peabody, but on no account could be have taken the law into his hands. In-stead of a commission, he would doubt-less get at the least calculation dis-

spencer, who was in the social scale far above his comrades, had but few intimate companions. His only chum was Bob Sawin, whose father was a captain of a merchant vessel.

The trouble on land had subsided and liberty parties were again going ashore. They usually left the ship at four bells in the evening. One afternoon Sawin put in an application for liberty. There was a young ensign aboard who had been ill ever since the cruiser had left United States shores, and on this very afternoon he had returned to duty and was officer of the deck. It was his nart to call off the names of the liberty

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STEELE'S STURDY STOCK wn in New Jersey, with its soil, and clims es, and is ready to start growth again an a splanted. Ornamental landscape plans executed. Beautifully illustrated estalogu-T. E. Steele, Pomona Nurseries, Box O Palmyra, N. J.

C. W. LUDLOW

cer was not Sawin, but never a man spoke, and when the party was checked off the cutter bore them. Spencer sitting in the stern sheets, to the dock. Meanwhile. Bob Sawin was hiding under a tarpaulin on the fo'c's'le. There he remained till darkness spread a friendly mantle far more to the purpose, then let himself stealthily down by the anchor chains, dived, swam under water as far as he could hold his breath, came to the surface and swam to shore. The next morning he swam to shore. The next morning he returned with the party in Spencer's

ashore made for the mountains and within a few days was lost to any searching party that might be sent for him. He had some back pay stored away in his pockets, by means of which in time be returned to the United States. He was not missed aboard ship till the master at arms hunted for him at "pipe down" to put him in the brig for the night.

When 'the Spanish-American war came on Spencer enlisted in the army.

came on Spencer enlisted in the army. distinguished himself and came back a captain. Either before or after the war he succeeded in getting his navab-slate spunged off, so that he could be-gin in United States service again This he did through a relative who GEORGE DISNEY MILLS.

OBEYING ORDERS

along the highway in sets of for tust as we heard the report of a rifle. At the edge of the cornfield twenty

just the same. The government w

with the roof sinking in. It had no en and who was poorly door, smoking a pipe. She saw us swarming up the hill, but did not move. Our curses filled her ears a mo-ment later, but she puffed at her pipe and looked at us indifferently, "Where is the man who fired the

who it was."

There was only one room in the cabin. Lying on the floor under the rude bedstead, with his gun beside him, was the man. We hauled him on the steps did not rise up nor cease to puff. She did not look at us nor at him. The man was a squatter, per-haps twenty-two years old. He was "white trash."

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NOTICE

Riverton, N. J , Dec. 16, 1910 The annual meeting of stockholders of the Cinnaminson National Bank at Riv-erton, N. J., for the election of directors and such other business that may prop-erly come before it, will be beld at its banking house on

Tuesday, January 10, 1911 etween the hours of two and three 'clock p. m.

NOTICE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of The Riverton and Palmyra Water Company, for the election of seven directors and the transacted of such other business as may properly come before said meeting, will be held at the office of said company in the Borough of Riverton, County of Burlington, and the state of New Jersey, on Thursday, the twelfth day of January, A. D., 1911, between 2.30 and 330 p. m.

By order of the Roard of Directors.

HOWARD PARRY,

Secretary.

"Fur why?"

"You don't want to see your own husband hung, do you?"

"I'll sit yere," she answered as she settled down.

"Now, then," said the officer to the husband, "do you want to kiss your wife and child before you go?" I looked to see soft lines come into the man's face, but I observed not one single one. It was a face of wood or stone. He looked at the woman and not understood. She did not even look up. I doubt if they had ever exchang-ed kisses. Perhaps he had never taken the infant in his arms. It seems cruel ground, his arms having been first tied behind him. He said no word and made no struggle. You would have thought that something like that had been part and parcel of his daily ex-

the moved aside for us to pass in. We brought out everything and made We brought out everything and made a pile in the grass. She assisted us in no way. The baby woke up again, with a wall, but before nursing and crooning again she filled and lighted her pipe. One of the troopers gave her a match. When ordered to move, she walked away about ten fards and sat down under a bush. The old cabin was fired, and in a quarter of an hour it had disappeared. What we had carried out could have been taken away in a wheelbarrow. The provisions conin a wheelbarrow. The provisions con-sisted of a small piece of bacon and about five pounds of corumeal. The bugle blew "Attention!" and the troop-

areless tones.
"Got a father and mother She shook her head.
"Any friends to take you in?"
Another shake.
I took out and handed her a five do

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and 11 a. m ; 3 and 6.30 p. m.; Sundays

4 p. m.; holidays 8.30 a. m.

P. R. R. TIME TABLE In effect Sunday, Nov. 27, 1910.

12 16 12 19 12 4

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