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RIVERTON

The double entry system of book keeping now in common use was first practiced in Italy in the latter part of In Scotland the corn and grass fields

I couldn't help grumbling:
"'Well, you know, Joseph, I gave in.
But I still think I won that hole after "The boy, with a frown, turned shocked and reproving eyes on me. Disgusted with my greed for holes, he whispered hurriedly, so that my opponent should not overhear:

"Shut up, can't you? Do ye want to break she man's heart?" — Rew. These are termed rigs. John Brown was executed at Har-

John Brown was executed at Har-pers Ferry on Dec. 2, 1859. It was shortly after 11 o'clock in the morn-ing. Two thousand soldiers were ranged around the scaffold when he was brought from his prison house and placed in a wagon which was to convey him to the scene of execution.

Man In Hard Luck—I am reduced to the paintul expedient of asking you to buy the diamonds in my wife's jewelry and to replace them with mitations. Jeweler (examining the jewels)—Your wise evidently has preceded you in evolving that clever plan—Jewelers' Circular.

Virginia's Vegetable nov vo Garden

By Temple Balley | 0 3 11

Corright, suc. by Associated Literary Press.)
Virginia came in, all grubby from digging in her vegetable garden.
"I don't see," her aunt said, "why you like to dig in the dirt."
Virginia flushed. "If you would let me have flowers." she began.
"I never could fuss with flowers," Miss Cornella grumbled. "They ain't useful, and I believe in people being useful."
Virginia did not argue the question. In fact Virginia did not argue anything. She was still a fair, shrinking child, in spite of her twenty-one years.

child, in spite of her twenty-one years. She had come to live with her aunt when she was a little girl, and it had not taken her long to find out that argument with that strong, stern personality was like beating her head against a stone wall.

home was the beauty of the country surrounding it. Virginia's childhood had been spent in the city and her aunt's rambling white house, with the orchard to the right of it, and with MRS. WILLIAM H. CALEY

Miss Cornelia's ideas as to the du-ties of young women were old-fash-loned. Ehe liked to see Virginia per-forming domestic tasks in the kitchen or in the living-room, where they me and to marry me. But you won't be happy with the doctor—you won't be happy with anybody but me, Vir-

She had begged the privilege of ta-king care of the vegetable garden when she found that she could not have flowers. Of late, too, there had been a deeper reason for Virginia's toy in her out-of-door work. Across the nce was another garden, and in this



and refused to recognize that the son of the family was different from the others. She would not admit that

Virginia's. Virginia had spoken of it that morning in a shy conversation over the fence.

"I don't see how you make your lettuce and radishes grow so fast," she had murmured. "Mine are just beginaling to show above the ground, and yours will be ready to eat before many days."

"Well, a man knows more about such things," Mark had said, with a glance at the slender hands on the fence rail. "It doesn't seem as if a woman ought to dig."

"Oh, I'd die if I didn't, Aunt Connella would keep me sewing in the

Oh. I'd die if I didn't, Aunt Cornella would keep me sewing in the house, and I love to be out of doors."

"It's a shame," Mark muttered, "that you cannot do as you please. If I.—" He stopped Suddenly.

Virginia knew what he wanted to say to her. She knew that he loved her, and she knew, too, that he would never tell her as, long as he was a poor and struggling farmer. She knew that even if he did ask her Miss Cornella would never consent to their marriage.

She sighed and he saw her shadowed eyes.

owed eyes.
"I wish I could tell you all that is in my heart. Virginia," Mark said.
"Utrginia smiled bravely and said.
"But you mustn". Mark," and then she had run away from him into the

Was it

never forget that dizzy walk home from the bospital in the stinging, pour ling rain; the savage pleasure she ear perfenced in the cruel way it whipped her hot cheeks and half froze the angry blood curding flercely through the rebellious little body.

She had been a fool to go there, of bourse. And she faced the verdict of her own common sense with the keenest sense of humiliation she had ever known. To be refused admittance to with a man she did not love.

In the morning she went out early
to work in the garden. She could hear
Mark's, whistle, but even when he
called "Good morning" she did not go
to the fence. Her broad hat hid her
burning cheeks and her hands trembled as she dug around her radishes.
Presently Mark came closer and
called, "Come here, Virginia."

There was a masterful note in the

Presently Mark came closer and called. "Come here, Virginia." est sense of humiliation she had ever known. To be refused ambittance to the room where her lover presumably lay dying because she could not give an affirmative answer to the attendant's inquiry as to whether she were an affirmative answer to the attendant's inquiry as to whether she were an affirmative answer to the attendant's inquiry as to whether she were annot," she cried, and in a moment she was transformed. Like a fash it had come to her what it would mean to have the spring go and summer come without these moments of happy meeting.

"I am not, Mark," she said again.
"Why, you—" Then her voice died away. She could not tell him what is she thought of him. That was the man's part. Mark looked down at her." I know what you want to say, Virginia," he told her, gently, "and I wish you would say it. It seems as if I had no right to ask you to love me and to marry me. But you won't be happy with the doctor—you won't be happy with the doctor—you won't be happy with the doctor—you won't she called the come of humiliations he had ever known. To be refused ablitance to the room where her lover presumably lay dying because she could not give an affirmative answer to the attendant's inquiry as to whether she were "anything to the patient," was bilter anough of itself; but to come face to face with Chalmers's mother and Al-lies Bester, about to enter where she had been denied, and to be met by a matter of fact they were systyling to each other. Both she and Chalmers knew that far better than any spoken word or circlet of gold could signify, but no formal engagement existed between them, and she could not be the first to proclaim their love.

They told her at the hospital, that if he lived through the night the chances were he would recover. The following day a paragraph in the paper stated that young Chalmers was pro-

he lived through the night the chances were he would recover. The following day a paragraph in the paper stated that young Chalmers was pronounced comparatively out of danger.

A succeeding item hinted at his approaches between hinted at his approaches he was a processing the succeeding the proaching betrothal to Alline Bester. And within a week the young fullback

charged from the hospital Sylvia, her mother and father sailed for Japan.



Aunt Cornella stared. She had not Nine weeks later Sylvia sat reading ought of it that way.
"When I am with Mark." Virginia

"When I am with mark," virginias said, "I see beauty in everything. It was he who first made me see the wonderful things in my vegetable garden. When you wouldn't let me grow flowers he found me crying to. "Boston Mass., December 3.
"Dear Little (irl—Why did you run away without one word of farewell? Is it possible that, after everything, you can still be in the dark about how I feel toward you? Have I been mistaken in assuming that you feit the same? the ordinard under the apple tree, and he showed me the beauty of useful things. Out of the little things of life he gets so much that is interesting and wonderful, and you never showed me any beauty, Aunt Cornelia.

my first on reawakening to the ratio The old woman knew that it was true. Things had been commonplace to her always. To Virginia life would

cands of miles away—and word or line of explanation! "The governor and my ma so cut up about the accider so cut up about the accident that I have concluded to retire from the gridiron for the present. Thus you see, everything considered, I return to college a very dejected and gloomy soph. Will you not drop me a line from the far of orient that life may seem something less than a blank, dear, and the world a nabitable place instead of one vast, aching wilderness?

"As always,"

"Billy."

instead of one vast, aching wilderness?

"As always.

"Billy."

Byivia read the letter several times with a variety of emotions. Then she crumpled it and tossed it into the trash basist. Afterward, she went over to her writing desk and penned a cloudy polite little note in reply that effectually shut off any possible excuse for further correspondence. When the letter was sealed, the little resolute line of her lips relaxed into quivering and she broke into a storm of tears.

Early in the following autumn the Marbutys returned to America.

nowers in the front garden."

Intemperance in France.
Interperance in France.

"I-suppose—I-should," was ti very subdued response, halmers bit his lip. Suddenly

Sylvia looked up tentatively, her eyes

osity itself, and she could not be so selfish as to wear flowers when her friend had none.

Their tongues wagged busily as they climbed the stairs to the elevated road in great haste lest they miss even one strain of the fiddler's music. Their hearts were beating quickly in anticipation of the even parted. "Do you think he did wrong in this?" Sylvia shook her head, her black tashes shadowing the pink rim of her cheek.

"Oh!"

He caught her close to his heart morrow, dear, or will it require a "Will you cross the ocean with me to-longer time to get accustomed to Brown's identity?"

Owns His Home.
"Have you ever seen the Canadia ockles?"
"No."

pings, a few half-tones—of Brown.

She opened her scrapbook and pasted them all in with painstaking fingers. Never had there been a man like Brown on the Yale gridiron. Every day added fresh laurels to his aiready brilliant record. He was worshiped by his classmates, idolized by his team and adored by the girls.

From the wreck of her shattered hopes, Sylvia had risen to join in the universal hero worahly. On her manital was a panel of the invincible firown; in her bursan drawers were in numerable likenesses and unificances. She carried his petture in a thy locket about her neck, and on her deak was a porcelain painting of him.

She gianced amilingly at the dozen different caricatures each newspaper had prously named as the 'ouly true likeness' of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years comparined of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she opposed the years of the mighty one. Then, with a queer little pane at her heart, she of the panels of the mighty one the panels of the mighty one the panels of the mi

The Wearing and earnestly; a little sob caught in her throat. How she had loved him! Could it be really true, she asked her-self, that he had changed so much-and cared for that other (?), cared enough to marry her, as report said? of the Yellow

er decided to use yellow as her color scheme at the last of the series of bridge parties she was giving is not known. It may have been that it was her favorite shade; it may have been that it harmonized with her costume of the afternoon, or, it may have been simply because yellow spring flowers, jonquils, dajsies and tulios were plentiful in the forstat tulips were plentiful in the florists'

For an instant Sylvia stood holding the sheet between trembling, ley fingera. Should she see him? All the fierce resentment and wounded pride of the past year surged up in her defense; with a swift impulse she seized a pen and dashed down a single word and signed it "Sylvia." But the very fact that she had se-lected yellow instead of any other hue in the rainbow made all the difference in the world to her faithful cook,

Norah.

Norah was a daughter of the Emerald isle and she never lost an opportunity to go to a St. Patrick's ball whenever the anniversary of that good saint's birth rolled around. And in all the five years that she had been in the country she had never failed to dânce the opening waltz with big Pat Deasy from her own County Cork. The succeeding hours were the long-est Sylvia had ever spent in her life, but Chalmers arrived promptly. She greeted him with her most formal little Every attempt he made to lead the

conversation into personal channels was balked by her, and finally Chal mers broke out abruptly: "Look here, Sylvia, the last time Norah's mistress had chosen the Norah's mistress had chosen the afternoon of St. Patrick's day for her bridge party, and when the last guest had gone and Mrs. Cardinger's duttes as hostess were over, she stepped into the kitchen to give a word of praise to her cook for the extra effort she had made to have the pastries and coffee toothsome and dainty. "Have you forgotten-Alline?" she

coffee toothsome and dainty.

"And, Norah, I want you to wear
a bunch of those lovely longuils to
your ball tonight. They will add
much to your appearance. Also, you
may serve dinner at 6:30 instead of
seven, so as to be in plenty of time,"
she said good naturedly. Mrs. Cardinger appreciated the faithfulness of
Norah and she knew with what pleas. doing. Only recently I learned of the report in the paper which you must have seen. I went at once to Miss Bes-ter and told her the true situation. She man. We shook hands and parted friends. On my word of honor, that is the sum and substance of the whole Norsh, and she knew with what pleasure the girl had looked forward to the ball of the evening. thing. By George, Sylvia! who is that fellow?" Chaimers had caught sight of the panel on the mantelshelf, and

Norah gang over her cook stove, and when dinner was over she mounted the stairs to her room to dress in her finest frock. And in her hand she

owers ner mistress had given her. She pinned them this way and that

the paner on the manteishelf, and the color flooded his face. Sylvia blushed, too, and said, fool-ishly: "Isn't he a wonder?" "To judge by the gushiness of the press—he is." was the half-disgusted "You know him well, of course?" at

enough to marry her, as report said?

A sharp rap on her door interrupted
the painful train of thought, and Sylvia
rose and turned the knob, schooling
her face into unconcern. It was a special, in Billy's own handwriting, and
she tore open the envelope with crimsoning cheeks:

"Dear Sylvia," it ran. "May I call at

four on a matter of importance? Am sailing at daybreak for Germany to take up the study of medicine in Ber-iin. Please do not refuse me.—Billy."

saw you it was an understood th

interposed, coldly.
"That affair was all m

"You know him well, or course?" sne queried, fencing for time. "Oh, after a fashion! Do you?" He gave her a quick, keen look. "Only in this legendary sort of way," and she indicated the pile of clippings on her desk, her eyes traveling com-prehensively from one wall to another where were displayed the more or less ludicrous prints. "I suppose he's a per-fect idol of the girls, isn't he?" she asked, demurely.

mers grunted. "I happen to know that he doesn't care a fig for but one in the world—and she won't

"Oh," exclaimed Sylvia, "what stupid she must be!" Chalmers rose and paced the length f the room, then back again. He topped in front of Sylvia's chair; his of the ro stopped in front of Sylvia's chair; his voice had changed when he spoke. "Is it possible, Sylvia, that this fel-

Sylvia laughed constrainedly. you see," she said, "I had to have something to keep up my interest— somebody. It—it's a sort of fad, you

and ask you to be his wife, would yo

and it was not without a control to how Pat would like them best that she finally arranged them in her belt, pinned there by a sharmrock Pat himself had given her the year before. On her way uptown to the ball Norah stopped to call for her chum, Katie Malone, who was maid-of-all work to a family in the next block. shaimers bit his lip. Suddenly ne sat down on the arm of her chair and deliberately drew her head against him. "Listen, dear," he began excitedly. "I want to tell you a few things about— Brown. He had a serious accident last his people didn't want him to play football any more. He didn't make any rasn promises, but rather than have them worry, he took an assumed name—" work to a family in the next block. "An' you must share my bouquet, Katie, my darlin'," she said to the girl. Her big Irish heart was gener-osity itself, and she could not be so

"Sweetheart, I—I am Brown."

miss even one strain of the fiddler's music. Their hearts were beating quickly in anticipation of the evening's pleasure, for Katle, too, had a son of Erin who awaited her coming with anxious eyes. It was not the custom in their set to be called for by their beaux—it was a waste of time, and the dancing and the escorting home again were the important things.

Bright lights streamed from each of the great ballroom windows as the "I haven't missed a game. And—and—Billy, please let me talk, I—I think it would be something of a distinction, really, to be pointed out as Mrs. Brown."

things.

Bright lights streamed from each of the great ballroom windows as the girls approached the building where the Irish ball was an annual social function. They entered the cloak-room to dispose of their outer garments just as the orchestra inside began an introductory number.

Flushed and smiling, Norah and her chum made their appearance in the wide doorway of the ballroom to scan the assembled crowd for familiar faces. No sooner had they stepped onto the shining floor than they were pounced upon by half a dozen strange young men who demanded by what right they came to St. Patrick's ball wearing the colors of the Orangeman? And, without further ceremony, the beloved bouquets were torn from the helts of the two girls and trampled under foot by the hasky young Irishmen.

Norah had been innocent of the breech of stiquette she was making in wearing the flowers and her chum had been as guittless of error. Now, as they retired to the dreasing room. "Have you ever seen the Lanadan Rockies?"
"No."
"Then there is a glorious treat in store for you."
"Don't you believe it. if I ever get money enough to go to the Canadian Rockies my house will need painting, it always does whenever Laegin to think I can see daylight alignd."

red faced and not knowing whether to be angry or merry, they looked at each other and broke into laughter.

"Faith, and I never thought of it at all, it all, it all, and it is a soft of the sorry I was so generous with my bandquet."

"It's nothing at all," retorted Enter the sorry is a sorry at all, and it is a sorry is a so generous with my bandquet."

ly worn flowers—and yellow flo at that—sent her by his hated ri-she must indeed have reprotes

It was late in the evening that irish reel was proposed, and the chestra struck up the merry m to which the feet of no true son the verdant land can remain qu Norah, a new-found admirer in wake, was taking her pisce, hair had become tumbled, her che were as rosy as apples and he lashed blue eyes sparkled I monds. If her heart was he monds. If her heart was new
did not let it dangle on her ale
that all who passed might see
In the intricacles of the reel, I
by counting ahead, could see it fore many moments she must hands with Pat Deasy, and her thumped excitedly at the pro Would he recognize her? Wou

Would he recognize her? Would he press her fingers—never so slightly. It was her turn and she put he hand in the great one Pat_extended. Yes; he held it closely, more closely than any other partner would dare to hold it. Quick as a fiash, Norah detached the green shamrock pin from her belt and, when next ahs met Pat in the dance, slipped it into his palm. Across the petals was written in gilt letters, "Come Back to Erin."

When the reel was over and the dancers stood about the refreshment table or sat in cool corners. Pat sought out Norah, the message of the pin having been too much for him to resist. And, perhaps, after all, he had been mistaken.

"Norah, is it all over between un" he asked, his color rising to the sooss.

he asked, his color rising to the roots of his well-brushed black hair. "An' why should it be?" soked the

"Sure, you wore the yellow for to the ball and who but that he are to you—to spite me?" he asked.

"It's a silly Mick you are, Pat," she retorted, making room for him beside her on the bench. "It was my lady who gave them to me off her own table to wear to the ball to charm you with. Oh, Pat!"

And, on the way home, Pat and Norah decided to visit the priest by fore another St. Patrick's sail should take place. But so busy were they in their own affairs that they did not see Katle and her beau deciding the same thing in the other end of the elevated coach.

"Whenever I think of the meanes trick I ever played," said Detective Jack Reeves, "I am sorry for the ma I played it on. He is dead now an I can't forgive myself."

In the original Oyster Ocean, under the Academy of Music, years ago, a stuffed turkey roosted on a shelf. Those lined up at the bar could see the turkey reflected in the large mir-

one day Reeves lifted the stuffed tur-key off its perch and substituted a live one. The bird seemed to enjoy it and strutted back and forth on his

his friend Jim and said: "Come overto the Ocean and have something."
Jim was willing.
With a glass of whisky in his hand
at the Oyster Ocean bar, Jim gased
into the mirror. Suddenly his face assumed an ashen hue.
"Look, Jack, look!" he exclaimed,
his hands trembling. "See the turkey,
see!"

"What's the matter?" asked R

"What's the matter?" asked Reeves.
"That turkey has been stuffed for years."
"Stuffed! The cussed thing is alive—
it's walking around and looking at us."
"You're dreaming."
"It's come at last, Jack. I've got 'em; I've got 'em!" shouted the unhappy Jim, and, deshing his glass to the floor, he ran from the place.—Cleve-land Press.

The Seat of Punctuation.
At the time Colonel Ressevelt was carrying on his simplified spelling inversement in Washington there was a meeting of educators at finite Creek Mich., and they visited the great any stariums there. "They were shows

HE NEW ERA RIVERTON, N. J.

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Builder L. F. Lowden has the contract Butered at the Post Office, Riverton, as or Dr. 8 W. Collin's new house to be crected at Fourth and Thomas avenue

It is an admirable bill that is the offering at B. F. Keith's Theatre during th ek of January 80. It is quite unpre everything from high-class comedy drama and musical features to comedy acrobatic acts. In fact it is a comedy program throughout, with here and there a thrill thrown in for good measure. give a musical Thursday evening, Pebruary 2nd, in the church. Silver offering. Miss Valerie Bergere, than whom there is no greater favorite upon the Philadel phia stage, remains for a second and last demonstration .! her abilities as a men's new work. W. Greenspoon & Co with her romantic and emotional role of Carmen" last week. The story is a simple one of domestic differences, en-titled, "Billie's Pirst Love," from the each night by different min sters of great power.

an Merrill & Co. have an ac medy bicycle line. These clever peopl tour of the globe. They call themselve name for a much funnier act than the word would imply. Their tamous"Mer-rill trick," which they especially feature

me, is a Greek by birth and edu cation, being the only Hellenic artiste on the vaudeville stage. Miss Nichols has a most magnetic personality and the most individual way of getting her songs over the footlights, and has already bee the hit of many musical comedy successes otably "The Sutan Sulu," Mrs. Newlywed," etc. Miss Nichols will 80 covers were laid. After the banque

Bvery one remembers Laddie Cliff. Bogland's greatest boy comedian and grotesque dancer. Beery time Laddie comes to Philadelphia he makes firmer friends of his audiences, and seems to Moorestown, on Thursday, March 23. have his marvellous talents in sure grasp. At the evening session an address will be made by Professor Prancis H. Green, of seems to be well-nigh unbounded. Every West Chester, Pa. to show us a new side of his genius new material of the brightest kind, and hours. The man gave his name as Charles Johnson but later changed it to has also written some new songs himself Laddie will be found one of the biggest treats of the stage week in Philadelphi

Educational Train Will Stop a Delanco.

The New Jersey State Board of Agr culture, co-operating with County Boards and Granges, and in conjunction with the State Agricultural College and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, will conduct a series of egricultural lectures on January Slat. Pebruary 1st, 2d Edward the State and Slat Shoughout the Slat Shoughout the State and Slat Shoughout the Sl with the State Agricultural College and

The train will run on schedule time a the people afe requested to be at each train and to occupy the cars as soon as the train stops. Two cars will be used play is confined entirely to electric pleas

On Wednesday, Pebruary 1, the trai city. The electric cars are very much improved this year, and beautiful models are shown. They are the coming car p. m. The talks will be "Soil Treatment for suburban and city driving, and in the gus," Mr. C. C. Hulsart; "Application of Spray Mixtures," Prof. Blake; "Cover Crops and Manures," Dr. Davis. folks, for they are so simple in manipula

Christ Church, Riverton.

Fourth Sunday after Bpiphany, January 29, 1911.

11 s. m., Morning Prayer, Litany an

Wednesday 8 p. m., G. F. S. mon

Thursday, Peast of the Purification

Friday 5 p. m., Evening Prayer.

isl Missionary and Mus Service at Christ Church Next Sunday.

Organ Recital 7.45 p. m.
oring Song" A. Holle
aretto A. Thon

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

Miss S. Taylor, of Philadelphia, vi Mrs. Adams, of Darling, Pa., spen Miss M. S. Myers left Riverton today

Mr. and Mrs. Author Dorrance went o Augusta, Ga., on Wednesday. Charles Armstrong, age 57, died this norning at 11.30 after a long illness.

Dr. Murcy and wife were at Cape May

Wednesday to attend the funeral of

Plans are in progress for the extension and improvement of the J. L. Lippincott

t Bast Riverton, Saturday, January 26

p. m. at butcher shop of W. N. Mattis Little Joseph Lezenby fell on a piece o

oft hand. Dr. Marcy was in attendance

A pumber of friends tendered Mrs Morris Steedle a surprise party last Monday evening in honor of her birth-

A local lodge wants a set of resolution

The Progressive Bible Class of the Cal

vary Presbyterian Sunday School wil

A reliable tailor will open Monday

A valuable collie dog owned by John

E Sheibley, and supposed to be suffering with rabies, was shot by Marshal Quig-

Mildred Anna Geiss, infant daughter o

Mr. and Mrs. John Geiss, died on Wednes

phia today at 1.30, for interment at

Přiendship Lodge, No. 11, Shepherd

of Bethlehen will give a box social Sat

be music, dancing and other interesting

The annual banquet of the Golder

Hour Circle was given last Friday eve

ing in the Presbyterian Chapel. The

An institute of the Burlington County

Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Pirst Baptist Church

Last Monday night Marshal Quigley

Automobile Show opened on Monday night in the Third Regiment Armory.

The second of the course of four lecture

drick Bangs addressed a crowded ho

Mr. Bangs was presented to the audience by Mrs. Thomas Roberts, and from hi pening description of how his lecture received its curious title, to the closing acident, "A Day with Roosevelt," his

nearers enjoyed such a treat as it is bel-lom the good fortune of a country town

ectures have certainly placed the residen

cription of Mr. Baugs or his lecture would be futile, as those who heard him well know, and those who did not cannot

RBV. P. LYNCH, Pa

Preaching 11 a. m. Sunday School 3 p. m. B. Y. U, P. 7 to 8 p. m.

features. Bilver offering at the door.

Police Mattis.

doing this work please address

Mr. Irving S. Collins, of the firm of

Mr. Irving S. Conins, or a ten days' trip Phone 54-A Por sale at Auction.-Gun Club House



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A perfect granulated

Try it-15c package.

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10% discount on all Embroideries for the next two

weeks

morning at 526 Main street. Will do al kinds of cleaning; also ladies and gentle MRS. ALFRED SMITH The St Paul's Baptist Church is having good success at their revival services and wishes the aid of all. Preaching

Sunday Papers Not Legal.

Hereafter it will be necessary for pub ion for advertising in advance from firms that might take advantage of the ruling the Supreme Court that bills for Sun day advertising are not collectable. The me ruling will probably make the effect of legal advertisements inserted on Sunto take advantage of this may make pended upon the legality of the Sunday paper.—Asbury Park Journal.

urday night at Roberts Hall. There will The New Prudential Calendar. Have you seen the new 1911 calendar of the Prudential? The picture represents a young mother holding up her big, blue eyed baby for the attention of an admir tables were prettily decorated and about ing world. The new calendar is free and on request to the Home Office of The Prudential, Newark, New Jersey

NELLY'S ROBBER

By DONALD ALLEN

arrested a suspicious looking colored the villager who wanted the doctor, or John Murphy. Tuesday morning Recorder Coddington committed him to the county Jail pending an investigation.

In Christ Church parish house, Riverton, on Pebruary 3, at 3 p. m., there will be a meeting of women from all the Christian bodies in Riverton and Palmyra for intercessory prayer and to forward the interest of the Poreign Mission. John Murphy, Tuesday morning Re-

were so few calls that the night girl could put in most of her time with a book or her fancy work.

could put in most of her time with a book of her fancy work.
On this particular night, the month was June, the weather haimy, and the moon made the street almost as light as Agy. If flooded into the office until there was as need of a lamp. Miss Nelly turned out the light and sat by the window. After half past ten o'clock the village grew so quiet that she became drowsy and might have indulged is a cat-nap had not her half-closed eyes suddenly lighted on a man walking in the middle of the street. He isad rubbers over his shoes, and moved as noiselessly as a ghost.

Leaning out of the open window, the girl saw the stranger pass along for a block, and after a halt of three or four minutes turp and retrace his steps. She drew in her head and moved back a little and presently she saw him at the front door of the post office. It was the village post office sad grocery combined, with its windows defended by wooden shutters. The man left the shutters alone and gave all his attention to the door. It was certain that he was a robber, and the girl found herself trembling as she watched. There was no watchman in the village, and the constable had no telephone in his house. The county sheriff was at Medina, eight miles away, and even if the girl called him up he would be too late.

had no telephone in his house. The county shariff was at Medina, eight miles away, and even if the girl called him up he would be too late.

The fellow had the door open in five or six minutes and had disappeared inside. The night was so still that the ring of a telephone call would reach his ears, in which case he might come running out and take revenge. He had only to come up an outside stairway to be in the office. On a table in the room sat a glass bottle in which the other girl had brought cold tea for her lunch.

Miss Neily promptly picked it up

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The Prudential

girl had described the robber's height—his prying open the door—his panicky departure and her own feelings, but the sheriff looked as wise as an

"Very clear-very clear, but we "Very clear—very clear, but we must not neglect the slightest clue, you know. Did you notice the color of the man's eyes?"

"He was too far away."

"Just so. Did he have a limp?"

"I can't say that he did."

stranger?"
"I didn't recognise him, but it may have been some resident of the village in disguise."
"Just so, Miss Hampton—Just so.

When he had departed, Miss Nelly of days he brought a lame old tramp or days he brought a lame old tramp-over for her to identify. The Weary couldn't have run a rod to save his neck. No; he was not the man, and he was turned loose and told to go west and found a town! This was not

all, however.
"Would you say that the robl blandly asked the sheriff.

Miss Nelly couldn't be sure.
"Did he have on goggles or only plain spectacles?"

She couldn't positively say. "Did he have a finger or missing from either hand?"

He might have had. "His eyebrows? Did Miss Nelly notice them particularly? If the right man, with the right eyebrows, be

She was doubtful. "Very well, Miss Hampton. You have given me many valuable clues, but it is possible that I may have to call again. I must compliment you on your coolness and bravery."

Why should the sheriff want to come again? The girl asked herself the question, recalled what a manly man he was, and then looked into the mirror and blushed a triffe. Then she said to herself that it was his duty to get all the information he could to

American, working the job on the American plan?

Really, now, but come to think it over, there was something in his gait to remind her of a highland Scotchto remind her of a highland Scotch-man, but she didn't feel like saying that he was one.

No—of court thot; but the detail was valuable. Would she say, from the robber's gair, that he had ever suffered amputation of the toes or heels, on account of frost bites? Did he have a cough; if so, was it an asthmatic cough, and perhaps he was the criminal. the criminal.

asthmatic cough, and perhaps he was
the criminal.
Miss Nelly thought there had been
no frost bites, and she had taken no
notice of a cough of any sort or kind.
She would go over the facidents in
her mind again, and if she could recall a cough or a frost bite the news
should at once be forwarded by telephone. Mr. Strothers was thankful—
so thankful. He intended to_devote
all his life to the capture of the redhanded criminal and mything in the
way of a clue would arises his lasting
gratitude. He would asil again and
let her know how the case progressed.
It was a week later that the sheriff
made good his word. He told Miss
Nelly on the quiet that he had had
three deacons, two elders, one minister, two poets and a doctor under surveillance, but couldn't say that any
one of them was guilty. Could she remember whether the robber wore a
celluloid or a linen collar? Were his
linger nails polished or only syraped?
When he came rushing out of the
place did he give utterance to any remark—an appeal to his aged mother—
a profane ejaculation—an expression
of surprise that anyone had bottles
to waste?

Miss Nelly had beenu wanting to
lauch for some time. Now she gigled

her with admiration. "No, Miss H ton, I do not. If I catch you inst shall be a very happy man."

with all manner of remedies-baths

"How about the 'spot on the wall' cure?" I asked him. "I haven't heard of that. What is

"It's very simple," I told him, "ye very efficacious. I presume that some light from the street lamp or the moon usually gets into your bedroom? Well, where it strikes the wall you well, where it strikes the wall you will be pretty sure to find spots that seem to stand out vividly from the dark background. Select one of these patches of brightness, one preferably not much larger than a silver dollar, Settle down comfortably in such a way that it will be within easy range of your vision without straining to see it. Then gaze at it steadily.

if possible, think of nothing but the one idea. "I am going to sleep!" "Before long your eyes will begin to feel tired, and they will gradually

they will close. Again open them. Presently you will find it impossible to open them, and the next instant you will be asleep."

Recently I again met him, and found him full of enthusiasm "That was a splendid scheme," he said. "I sleep like a top nowadays—

am asieep almost as soon as I touch, the pillow. But I can't for the life of me understand why that should have worked when everything else failed." It "worked" for the reason that I

had succeeded in lodging in his mind the idea that it would work. Chronic insomnia, such as my friend suffered rom, is in many cases nothing mor than a habit, and may accurately be described as the result of a frame of mind. It is distinctly a psychical rather than a physical malady.-H. Ad-

There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She got all the information he could to lead to an arrest; and it certainly was her duty to aid him.

Two days later, the sheriff appeared again. He had heard of a mysterious man on horseback. Did this robber first appear mounted on horse or mule? Did he dismount and hitch his horse to a post like an honest farmer? Did he mount again when departing?

Miss Nelly was sure that he arrived and departed on foot. She was so sure that she smiled at his question.

Did she think he belonged to the Black Hand, or was a straight-haired American, working the job on the

A RUSSIAN PRISONER.

Six Weeks, In writting of the Schle

hard labor in the convict mines of S beria and for an attempt to escap from there had been sentenced to the chained to a heavy wheelbarrow

row Siberia to St. Petersburg no con the prisoner, the gendarmes were afreid to leave it behind. It was there fore decided to place Schedrin with his convoy in one cart and the wheelbarrow behind in another. For several months, day and night, Schedrin and the gendarmes galloped through Schedra upon a troika (a three horsed cart or sledges, while another sped behind them upon which the wheelbarrow reposed, causing the deepest anagement among the peasants in the villages through which they passed. Upon the arrival of the prisoner in SS. Peter and Paul he was once again chained to the barrow, and only affar he had been six weeks in the Schlueselburg was he finally detached from it and given freedom of movement within the narrow confines of his cell. "When they unchained me, said Schedrin subsequently, I could not get enough movement. I wanted to run and run, and it seemed to me that I could never stop. How strange it is that men who can enjoy perfect freedom of movement never realize the wonderful happiness that is theira." he prisoner, the gendarmes wer

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nd Main at the following hours: 8.30 and 11 a. m ; 3 and 6.30 p. m.; Sundays 4 p. m.; holidays 8.30 a. m. out of his sight. If a domestic by the

prepared, and only the remains of the repast signified the presence of the master of the house.

When Cavendish died in 1810 he left behind blue nearest

behind him nearly a million pounds sterling, besides a insting reputation ar a scientist and writer on natural phi-losophy.—London Telegraph.

Black Eye For Blackstone,
"Your honor," said Moman Pruiett,
the criminal lawyer, "since reports
and modern law are not sufficient to
convince you, let me read this section
from Blackstone, the father of the
common law, an undoubted authority.
He supports my contention precisely,"
"You had as well sit down, Mr. Prulett. I have decided the point against
you," replied the court. "You need
not cite more cases. I have overruled
your demurrer and do not care to hear
you read the section."
"I know you have, your honor. I
know you have," sarcastically said the
redoubtable lawyer. "I know it, but I
just wanted to show the court what a
fool Blackstone was."—Kansas City
Times.

First Use of the Word "Keresene."

The word "keresene" seems to have been first used in the United States patent No. 12,612 of March 27, 1955, granted to Abraham Gesner of Wildensburg, N. Y., and assigned to the Marth Avenders Recogne Galight. famsburg, N. Y., and assigned to the North American Kerosene Gaslight company. In the preamble to his spec-ification Gesner states that he has 'invented and discovered a new and serful manufacture or composition of matter, being a new liquid hydrocar-ion which I denominate 'kerosene.'

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s due to the fact that we have adhered to a policy which has been conservative, yet along progressive lines. We offer to our customers modern facilities for the prompt and proper transaction of their financial affairs; ample vault and safe room for storing and save-guarding of their money, notes, insurance policies and other valuable papers, and such liberality of treatment as is consistent with prudent banking.
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Wagon leaves Riverton 7 a. m. Driver, JOSEPH H. PIKE PROMPT AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE ASSURED

CASH NOT NECESSARY Every morning the philosopher would leave a note on the hall table naming what he wanted for dinuer. No one saw him place the note there; but, accomploused to the note there; but, accomploused to the note there; but, acc

We will set up in your home a Gas Range or Gas Water Heater at once and wait for first payment on same until April I if you

We make this offer to anticipate spring rush of orders.

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JOSEPH T. EVANS

Wesley Connor, 2d, and son, are stay

Miss Mame Plum and Miss Robr we in Philadelphia Saturday.

Mrs. William Rosch spent Monday i Philadelphia with her father Mrs John Harbourne of Philadele

Mrs. Charles Slater; of Philadelphia spent Tuesday with Mrs. A. H. Walters Miss May Stern Keuser has returned

Mrs. Oliv r Cross, of Philadelphia spent Monday with Mrs. Richard

Miss Reith Lebo, of Philadelphia, spr n Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank

Pa., spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs B. Keuser, Jr. Mrs. A. C. Roray is visiting her sister. Mrs. William Recce, of Newark, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wiggins have re turned home after spending severa weeks in Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Kildare and Miss Berthe oll, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday th Mes Charles Ellis.

At the men's meeting next Sunday afternoon in the Methodist Church Datis Reed will make the address.

Mr. Albert Goodwin and family, of Henry street, have returned home after spending a month in Miliville.

Miss Mae Macpherson and Mr. Wilfor Miller, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Powell.

ber of young men at a stag party last Tuesday in honor of his birthday. Mrs. Edith Sleeper will address the

women's meeting in the Methodist Church next Wednesday afternoon. A rummage sale will be held in The Field Club rooms on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 9 and 10.

Miss Nellie Mulligan, of West Chester Pa., has returned home after a week's stay with Mr. and Mrs. E Kenser, Ir. Mrs. Harry Kemmerle, Sr., and Misser

Sunday and Monday with Mrs. William Sunday will be McKinley Day. The day is marked by the wearing of a pink carnation, the favorite flower of the martyred President,

Mrs. J. E. Greenwalt has returned to her home in Harmony, Del., after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray.

The social given by the Ladies Aid of the Baptist Church Wednesday night it the basement was a decided success

The special services at the Methodist Church will be continued next week. On Tuesday evening Rey. R. A. Conover, of Pensauken, will preach; and on Thurs day evening it is expected that Rev. H Burkett, of Delanco, will be the speaker.

was to have been the subject of the ser-mon at the Methodist Church last Sunday was postponed until next Sunday morning. In the evening the pastor wil speak of "Christ's Question to Needs

of the Inter-Church Pederation of Tren

It has been erroneously reported that Barclay Peak, who killed his cousin. Katic Auderson, many years ago and who was sentenced to twenty years in State Prison, is out on parole. Ex-Senato Samuel K Robbins who as a young law yer; along with Robert S. Gaskill, defended Peak at his iamous trial, states that Peak served out his full term less the usual comutation for good behavier and is therefore not on parole. Peak now stands churged, with attacking a Barlington resident with a blackjack and will probably have to meet the charge in the usual course but not as a prisoner who has violated his parole.

Many taxpayers, whether owners of automobiles or not, will be interested in the resolutions adopted by the State Board of Agriculture at Trenton last week, which protested against "the enactment of any law having for its subject any additional concessions to non-resident nutomobilists." A similiar view was expressed by the State Grange which met at Atlantic City notlong ago. Taked together as the representative organizations of the agricultural interests of the production of the pr

organizations of the agricultural inter-ests of New Jersey it is safe to assume that the sentiment of at least fifty thousand farmers was voiced. This attitud on the part of such an influential elemen nanufacturers and their allies in this State ast Pall when they tried to buildoze the islative candidates into pre-election pledges to support "reciprocity" legisla-tion this Winter, if elected.

Moravian Church Notes

vices in the Moravian Church nex 9.30 a. m , Sunday School and par

Bible class.

10,30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor, Paul S. Meinert, M. A.

7,00 p. m., Y. P. S. C. F. Subject
"The Bible's attitude towards Mission Work" led by the postor.

7,30 p. m., song service. Anniversary of the Ushers Association. Sermon by

You are cordially invited to work

Card of Thanks

Baptist Church Notes At the annual meeting of the Philathea lass, held at the home of Mrs. W. K. tager, last Priday evening, the follow-

Vice-president, Mrs. Thomas Br Secretary, Mrs. O. P. Caldwell. Treasurer, Miss Helen Sawyer.

Assistant secretary. Mrs. R. W. Gi bon. Teacher, Mrs. W. K Stager. Assistant teacher, Mrs. A. C. Hirsch. 2d assistant teacher, Mrs. A. P. Bard. 3d sesistant teacher, Mrs. G. T. Hardy. One year ago this class started with a nembership of 15 and during the past year has increased its membership to 45, thus being the largest women's organized Bible Class in the county.

The notices for the coming week are at

egular preaching service of the church. 2-30 p. m., Bible School including the bilow Baraca Class for young men and the Philathen Class for young women. Congratulations are hereby extended to this Bible School for having the largest men's organ zed Bible Class and

Class in the county.

Evening service of worship at 7.80 posisting of a short service of song and praise followed by the regular prese service.

Pastor Steinmetz will preach at both torning and evening service. Tuesday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock Postor Steinmetz can be found in the ommittee room of the church to meet

all inquirers. Tuesday evening at 8 p. m., regular

Friday ofternoon at 3.80 the boys and church. Illustrated talks to which all Friday evening at 8 o'clock the Boys Brigade meets in the basement of the church for instruction and drill under the

ommand of Captain Royal Jones. Thursday evening, Pebruary 2nd, the Thilow Baraca Class will hold their nitial banquet in the basement of the church.

All are welcome to all of the above services.

REV. SAMUEL STRINMETZ.

On last Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grubb were tendered a pleasvery pleasant and happy evening was ent and at 12 o'clock they adjourned to the train for Philadelphia.

The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs.

Lewis R. Skeen, Mrs. Lee Potts, Master Harry Potts, Mr. W. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Miss Gladys Warren. Mr. and Mrs. George Grubb, Mr. Royal Grubb, Miss Sadye Grubb, Mr. Harme Born, Muster Millard Grubb ant Mr. Edwin G. Grubb.

About 11 p. m. a very substantial lunch was partaken of. Speeches were made, also dancing participated in. A difficult jig danced by Prof. Alexander were sung by Mrs. Skeen, assisted by the leader of the band, Prof. Semi Quaver. The party was unanimous in their applause and all were pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

A CHINESE STRATAGEM.

Legend of How the Projected yasion of an Indian Rajeh · Was Averted.

Rajah Suran, who was one of the agrilest rulers of India, overran the estire east with the exception of Chiaddress at the afternoon session. This reduction includes all Protestant Churches and 1800 ministers were invited to attend today's gathering.

It has been erroneously reported that Barclay Peak, who killed his cousin.

The emperor called a council of his

We know of many who are all in trim for the start in the Bible contest, which commences next week. There are, however, many from whom we have not yet heard, and it is time they got into line. The New Ena is a prime necessity, and unless you order at once you may be left without a paper from which to cut the coupon certifying that the necessary reading has been done. There is only one coupon in a paper, so that a copy is reading has been done. There is only one coupon in a paper, so that a copy is essential: for every competitor. If you have not already ordered the paper, you had better do so, and if you have, what better blessing could you confer upon some friend than by inducing him or her to take up this easy Bible study course and sending Trie New Eas during the erm it covers? Think about this and "do it now." We take this opportunity erm it covers? Think about this and "do it now." We take this opportunity of thanking the large number who have spoken, words of appreciation for giving the people of Riverton and Palmyra the opportunity of reading these "Suggestive Questions," and for the course of Bible study as previously outlined. A revival of Bible study as previously outlined. of Bible study promoted by the secu Press is causing all good people to rejoi Use the attached coupon for yourself of noted by the secula

Send THE NEW ERA from now to January 1, 1912, the close of the Bible Question Club Contest, for the special price of \$1.00 enclosed. Count me a member of the Local Club.

Name. Address

The Old Testament Canon

Last Sunday evening the Rey. Mr opic, the formation of the Old Testa Bible. Having traced in previous lec-tures the history of the English transla-tions, be explained that his present purpose was to pass to a consideration of the Bib'e in its original form; of what the Bible is, and of how it came to be

"that no other book has been translated intó more languages, that there is hard a dialect in which the Scriptures, cithe Strah and Marguerite spent the "Rubber Band" of thirteen pieces. A Accordingly the Bible has assumed a a very important place in the literature of many of the nations of the world.
"So pre-eminent a position has it at-

tained among ourselves and in our litera-ture, Buglish and American, so vast has been its influence upon our institutions that sometimes one almost forgets that the Bible is not an English work, but came to us from a distant land, from people whose mode of life and ways of and from a time far autedating the be-

ginning of our civilization.

"The Bible is not a single book, but as its very name implies, a whole set of books, a library in fact, the work of many different authors, embracing various forms or kinds of literature and extending over a period of more than a thousand years. The Old Testament presents a national literature. It i ot the complete literary product of the Hebrews by a great deal, but it is a truly onsisting of such works as they esteemed n it are preserved the ancient tradition he historical records of the nation from its beginning to post-exilic days, the f priests and lawgivers, the wisdom of Hebrew seers and philosophers, the song-of Hebrew phets and the messages and sermons of Hebrew prophets. This collection comprising the thirty-nine books from Genesis to Malachi inclusive is

termed the Hebrew Canon. the formation of the Canon, which h ably by Rara atter the return of the J w from Babylon and continuing until the second century B. C. He spoke also of the high veneration for the text of the Bible which was one of the results of lews with Greek civilization. After the the Scriptures became such that 'in them" the Jews grew to "think they har eternal life." Out of these inordinately high views developed the Jewish doctrine of verbal inspiration and absolute innow given way to a view at once more spiritual and more rational which re-gard-thefe iptu-i writerarather than the pose of the revelation of spiritual trut) not for the inculcation of historical o scientific knowledge. The speaker pointed out that while the Old Testament ex hibits all the diversity, all the varieties of sharacter and origin that may be ex pested in a national literature it is a fact

peeted in a national-literature it is a fact that no other literature is linked into one whole like this, institut with one spirit and purpose. In the deepest sense the Bible is one, the inspired, authorita-tive record of God's radual and pro-gressive revelation of Himself to humanhooks were ever a onit of the Hebrew Cauon though they contain many passages, that are spi itually ceitiying and might with profit be drawn on somewhat more extensively than they are for purposes of devois nal realing. Moreover they are almost the sole source of our knowledge of the affairs of the Jewish nation during the critical period embraced in the last three centuries of the Christian era. On incidents in the books of the Maccabees Longfellow bases his posm "Jadas Maccabeus."

The topic next Sase' sy night will be "Poetry and Prose in the Ola Testament."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

the Sunday School Lesson by Rev. Dr. Linscott For the In-ternational Newspaper Bible Study Club.

Jan. 29th, 1911.

Copyright, 1911. by Rev. T. S. Livecett, D.D.:

Jehoshaphat's Good Reign in Judah,

Chron. xvii: 1-13.

Golden Text—Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteorsness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. vi: 33.

(1.) Verses 1-4 — What advantage was it to Jehoshaphat in being the son of a good father and the successor of a good king?

(2.) Does a good predecessor, in any position lessen or increase the response. (2.) Does a good predecessor, in any position lessen or increase the respon-sibilities of his successor? Why? (3.) What did Jehoshaphat do to protect his kingdom and how did it show wisdom?

ages?
(11.) Will love and loyalty to God
guarantee us against the seduction of
riches and every other temptation. also against every other real loss?

(12.) Verses 7-8—What is the chief guarantee of the permanent success of this country?

(13.) What are the three public in-

grandeur of the Bible what can you say for, or against, the State making

(19.) Verses 12-13 — What would have been the difference, in the success of Johoshaphat, if he had possessed the same ability but was not find forms. sessed the same ability but was not a God fearing man? (20. What is the chief element of greatness in a nation?
(21.) Why should an individual, like a nation, lay up store for the fu-

(22.) What is the influence of tru

fhis widow by wholly natural mean-Elijah haying known her in advance? (21.) What induced this widow to divide up her scanty supply of food and water with Elijah? (22.) Is there any way to explain this story except by God's miraculous increase of the food? (23.) What is the practical import of this story to us? (24.) Verses 17-24—What is the proof that every trouble to a Christian is a blessing in disguise? (This ques-tion must be answered in writing by members of the club.) Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 12th, 1911. Elijah's Victory Over the Prophets of Baal. I Kings xviii:1-2, 17-46.

Who Jones Was

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastmen

protect his kingdom and how did it show wisdom?

(4.) What should we do to protect ourselves from our spiritual enemies?

(5.) What king or kings reigned in Israel while Jehoshaphat reigned in Judah?

(6.) Why was God to good to Jehoshaphat?

(7.) If a man is true, all round, to God, does that alone guarantee his success?

(8.) Wasser for the grant of the success when he got there. He didn't know (8.) Verses 5.5—Which gives us the whether his name was Jones or Mont

(6.) Verses 56—Which gives us the greater influence, and why, great ability or thorough goodness? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

(5.) What are the qualities in us which tend most to make people love and be kind to us?

(10.) Is it possible for everybody to have his heart "lifted up in the ways of the Lord," and what are its advant ages?

(11.) Will love and loyalty to God that a wealthy man living in New Ha-

ven became interested in the case and determined to follow it up as a fad. ination by alienists. Jones was found (15.) What are the three public institutions upon which we most depend for our true prosperity?

(14.) Whr: analogy is there between the methods of Jehoshaphat and that of our public schools, and adult Bible Classes? (16.) Verse 9—lu view of the moral grandeur of the Bible what can you say for, or against, the State making its teaching compulsory in the public schools?

(16.) Why ought not all adults, whether professed Christians or not attend and take part in some adult Bible Class?

(17.) Verses 10-11 — Taking the world as it is, which is the retronger influence a great nation like this cap exert among the nations, and against invasion, a powerful navy or loving righteousness?

(18.) What had been the general relationship between the nations here mentioned, and the former kings of Judah, and what had wrought the great change for the better?

(19.) Verses 12-13 — What would have been the difference, in the suc. For two weeks the wisest and keenest of man worked over Jones to relate the shook his head at each one. Then a list of trades was called over. He did not know what a scythe or a plow was.

For two weeks the wisest and keenest of man worked over Jones to re-

est of men worked over Jones to re-kindle the lost spark, and then things-changed about just as might have been looked for. A majority of the com-mittee and through them four-fifths of the public denounced the man as an impostor. It was argued that he was a tramp who was looking for a soft thing, and it was even urged that he be arrested. Only the New Haven man stuck to him, and perhaps that was (22.) Why is the induced of true Christianity upon business enter prise?
(23.) May "mighty men of war" be come equally distinguished in the arts of peace?
Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 5th, 1911.
Elijah the Prophet Appears in Israel I Kings 17.
Feb. 5th, 1911.

**The Christian of the Induced of true through obstinacy than anything else. He went back and reviewed the whole case from the beginning. As Jones had no money, it was fair to suppose that he had reached the city on foot. A man out of his right mind and acting queerly could not have traveled far even over country highways without being noticed or taken up. As the newspapers, daily and weekly, had Feb. 5th, 1911.

(Copyright, 1911, by Rev. T. S. Linscott D.D.)

Elligh the Prophet Appears in Israel. I Kings 17.

Qolden Text—They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. Ps. xxxiv:10.

(1.) Verse 1—Is the spirit of prophecy a thing of the past? Give your reason.

(2.) How did Elijah know of the coming of famine?

without being noticed or taken up. As the newspapers, daily and weekly, had given the case so much prominence, but without anybody coming forward, his nearest relatives were not subscribers to any public journal or lived in a secinded locality. Again, Jones must have been a man who frequently absented himself from home or his wife would have been worried about him and announced his disappearance. This was the correct line of reasoning, and it soon brought results. (2.) How did Elijah know of the coming of famine?

(3.) Why did God send this famine?

(4.) Does God in these days ever send famine, or other calamity, typunish the people for their sina?

(5.) Versys 2-4—What reason is there to believe that God's word to Elijah, to go to the brook Cherith, was any different to directions true Christiana receive to-day, to move from one place to another?

(6.) What, if any, difference is there between God's method of telling a man that his sins are forgiven, or telling him to move to another town?

(7.) When God answers our prayers for guidance, does he des thy difference in the guide in spect a machine shop in the sum of the street one day as they were passing a machine shop show the sum of th Aristians receive to-us, from one place to another?

(6.) What, if any, difference is there between God's method of telling a man that his sins are forgiven, or telling him to move to another town?

(7.) When God answers our prayers for guidance, does he ase thy different voice than the one with which he spake to Elljah?

(8) When God answers our prayers for guidance, does he ase thy different voice than the one with which he spake to Elljah?

(8) When God answers our prayers for guidance, does he ase thy different way. The two men traveled over the highways with a horse and buggy. As soon as they were out of the city when forty-five miles away and just as they were descending a long hill with the word of the city when forty-five miles away and just as they were descending a long hill with the word of the city when forty-five miles away and just as they were descending a long hill with the word of the city of the knew Jones. On the second day, when forty-five miles away and just as they were descending a long hill with the contraction of the city of the knew Jones. On the second day, when forty-five miles away and just as they were descending a long hill with the contraction of the city of the knew Jones. On the second day, when forty-five miles away and just as they were descending a long hill with the contraction of the city o

of a true man mistaking the voice of God. or is it always safe to follow without doubt?

(3.) Verse 6—What reason is there to believe that literal ravens fed Biljah?

(10.) Did the ravens bring the food direct to him, or did they deposit i where he could obtain it, and all unconscious that they were feeding Elijah?

(11.) What reason is there to believe that food, raiment, and home, are guaranteed to the Christian?

(12.) Are daily needs ever miraculously provided for us in these days? Give some reasons.

(13.) Verse 7—When our supplies fail, from one source, what does God say to us through that fact?

(14.) Is God's guidance of through circumstances, as real and as profitable, as if He were to speak from the clouds with an audible voice? Give your reasons.

(15.) Verses 89—What reason is there to believe that when all the means we know that that we can rest with certainty that God knows a way, and will in due time reveal it unto us?

(16.) "Our extremities are a vays God's opportunities," but d es noisy generally come to us from the aucres which we would naturally expect or from unlikely sources? Give your reasons.

(17.) The extending His kingdom on the earth which means does God that he would naturally expect or from unlikely sources? Give your reasons.

(17.) The extending His kingdom on the earth which means does God mand that he was staying a little longer to that he would naturally expect or from unlikely sources? Give your reasons.

(17.) The extending His kingdom on the earth which means does God that he was all the way in the continuence of the corn plantes; in use to take the way and just as they were descending a long hill with a house and stair shop at the food of it, they encountered a woman. She when encountered a woman. She when encountered a woman. She when encountered a woman. She with a house and got down and kissed her. Nothing alled him now. He was all unit me?

Samuel rubbed his eyes, stretched and gaped and got down and kissed her. Nothing alled him now. He was also an inventor. He way he

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London Pavements in the Old Time. Occasionally a side pavement adde to the comfort of the foot passenger to the comfort of the foot passengers and spared them the necessity of floundering through the deep mire of the roadway. These pavements, however, were only partial, and passengers made use of the highway, soft with mud and flith thrown from the houses and obstructed with heaps of manure, which dogs and swine made their lair. The latter animal was so useful a scavenger and could be kept at so little expense as to account for the pigstles which stood in the main streets of all our towns, even in London. When a royal procession was expected to pass along the narrow roadway dogs and our towns, even in London. When a royal procession was expected to pass along the narrow roadway dogs and pigs were driven indoors and gravel was thrown down to make the road passable. Usually, however, the streets were left in their primitive noisomeness.—"Denton's England In the Fifteenth Century." Punished With Starvation.

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By Frank H.Spearman Mustrations by AndréBowles

Karg was lighting a cigarette. "I

had finished his cigarette. With his right arm broken and two bullets through his chest, Baggs fell on his

after, and knew that they were bottle

SYNOPSIS.

ars and the ranch crossing, and asked Paggs to put up some kind of a fight for the crossing until more of the posse tame up—at the least, to main sure that nobody got any fresh horses.

The boy was cooking supper in the kitchen, and Baggs had done his milking and gone back to the corral, when two men rode around the corner of the barn and asked if they could get something to eat. Poor Baggs sold his life in six words: "Why, yes; be you Banks' men?"

Du Sang answered: "No; we're from Sheriff Coon's office at Oroville, look-

chapted HI.—McCloud became acquainted with Dicksie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the series ble gave him a message for Binchair.

CHAPTER IV.—"Whispering" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crased miners and that was the reason for the superintendent and account of the superintendent of the supe

shead.

CHAPTER VIII.—McCloud worked for lays and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dick-tie eritcising his methods, to Marion

sile criticising his methods, to sarron Sinclair.
CHAPTER IX—A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenge of the passenge of

stranger was "Whispering Smith."
CHAPTER XI.—Smith approached Sin-ciair. He tried to buy him off, but failed He warned McCloud that his life was in danger.

Corally Into Lance Dunning's presence.
Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for. Dickre interfered to prevent a shooting af-

re interfered to prevent a shooting affray
that the shooting that the
fray
that the shooting affray
that the shooting affra

Then she agreed.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Arriving at the sump, they learned Smith had followed lem from the ranch to be sure of their fe journey. McCloud offered the aid of so men and equipment. Momen and equipment.

CHAPTER XIX.—Smith told Dicksie
the story of his rullroad career.

CHAPTER XX.—Lance Dunning readily accepted the aid of McCloud's men,
who made much progress. Smith enter-

through his chest, Baggs fell on his face. That, however, did not check his murderer. Rising to his knees, Baggs begged for his life. "For God's sake! I'm helpless, gentlemen. I'm helpless. Don't kill me like a dog!" But Du Sang, emptying his pistol, threw his rifie to his shoulder and sent builet after builet crashing through the shapeless form writhing and twitching before him until he had beaten it in the dust soft and flat and still. ined Dicksie.
"HAPTER XXI.—McCloud succeeded pairing the flood. He accepted Dun-ner's hospitality.

CHAPTER XXII.—Dicksie and Marion visited Sinclair at his ranch. He tried to persuade his deserted wife to return to him. She setused.

CHAPTER' XXIII.—A train was held up and robbed, the bandits escaping. Smith and McCloud started in pursuit.—
CHAPTER XXIV.—They hit the wrong trail, righted themselves and again started pursuit.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Bunday Murder. Banks posse, leaving Medicine Bend before daybreak, headed northwest. Their instructions were explicit: To Their instructions were explicit: To scatter after crossing the Frenchman, watch the trails from the Goose river country and through the Mission mountains, and intercept everybody riding north until the posse from Sleepy Cat or Whispering Smith should communicate with them from the southwest. Nine men rode in the party that crossed the Crawling Stone Standard working Stone aving the river the three

rived. He found some supper in the kitchen, and the tired man and the whispering Smith was too experienced a campaigner to complain. His party had struck a trail 50 miles north of Sleepy Cat and followed it to the Missions. He knew now who he was white-capped Saddles of the Mission range afforded a landmark for more than 100 miles, and toward these the sed steadily all day. The southern pass of the Missions opens on the north slope of the range into a pretty valley known as Mission on the north slope of the range into a pretty valley known as Mission Springs valley, and the springs are the head-waters of Deep creek. The posse did not quite obey the instructions, and following a natural instinct of safety five of them, after Banks and his three deputies had scattered, bunched again, and at dark crossed Deep creek at some distance below the springs. It was afterward known that these five men had been seen entering the valley from the east at sundown just as four of the men they wanted rode down South Mission pass toward the springs. That they knew they would soon be cut off, or must cut their way through the line which Ed Lunks, ahead of them, was posting at every gateway to Williams Cache, was I rebably clear to them. Four men rode that evening from Tower W through the south pass; the fifth maa lad already left the party. The four men were headed for Williams Cache and had reason to believe, until they sighted Banks' men, that their path was open.

sighted Banks' men, that their path was open.

They halted to take counsel on the suspicious-looking posse far below them, and while their cruelly exhausted horses rested, Du Sang, always in Sinclair's absence the brains of the gang, planned the escape over Deep creek at Baggs' crossing. At dusk they divided; two men lurking in the brush along the creek rode as close as they could, unobserved, toward the crossing, while Du Sang and the cowboy Karg, known as Flat Nose, rode down to Baggs' ranch at the foot of the pass.

rode down to Baggs' ranch at the foot of the pass.

At that point Dan Baggs, an old locomotive engineer, had taken a homestead, got together a little bunch of cattle, and was living alone with his son, a boy of ten years. It was a hard country and too close to Williams Cache for comfort, but Dan got on with everybody because the toughest man in the Cache country could get a meal, a feed for his horse, and a place to sleep at Baggs', without charge, when he needed it.

Ed Hanks, by hard riding, got to the youing at five o'clock, and told Baggs the hold-up and the shooting of

Du Sang answered: "No; we're from Sheriff Coon's office at Oroville, looking up a bunch of Duck Bar steers that's been run somewhere up Deep creek. Can we stay here all night?"

They dismounted and disarmed Baggs' suspicions, though the condition of their horses might have warned him had he had his senses. The unfortunate man had probably fixed it in his mind that a ride from Tower W to Deep creek in 16 hours was a physical impossibility. mpossibility.
"Stay here? Sure! I want you to "Stay here? Sure: I want lay," said Baggs, bluffly, "Looks to se like I seen you down at Crawling stone, ain't I?" he asked of Karg. "I lighting a cigarette. "I he answered, throwing away his match. natch.
"That's hit. Good! The boy's cookng supper. Step up to the kitchen
nd tell him to cut ham for four more."

and tell him to cut ham for four more."

"Four?"

"Two of Ed Banks' men will be here by six o'clock. Heard about the holdup? They stopped Number Three at
Tower W last night and shot Oille
Sollers, as white a boy as ever pulled
a throttle. Boys, a man that'll kill a
locomotive engineer is worse'n an Indian; I'd help skin him."

"The hell you would!" cried Du
Sang. "Well, don't you want to start
in on me? I killed Sollers. Look at
me; ain't I handsome? What you going to do about it?"

Before Baggs could think Du Sang

me; and I manasone what you go ing to do about it?"

Before Baggs could think Du Sang was shooting him down. It was wanton. Du Sang stood in no need of the butchery; the escape could have been made without it. His victim had pulled in engine throttle too long to show the white feather, but he was gying by the time he had dragged a revolver from his pocket. Du Sang did the killing alone. At least, Flat Nose, who alone saw all of the murder, afterward maintained that he did not draw because he had no occasion to, and that Baggs was dead before he, Karg, bad Snighed his eferarette. With his

with the boy."

There was some stirring. Kennedy talked a little and at length stretched himself on the floor. When all was still again, Dannie's hand crept slowly from the breast of his companion up to his chin, and the little hand, feeling softly every feature, stole over the strange face.

"What is it, Dannie"

"What is it, Dannic"

"Are you Whispering Smith?"

"Yes, Dannic. Shut your eyes."

At three o'clock, when Kennedy lighted a candle and looked in, Smith was sitting with his back against the wall. The boy lay on his arm. Both were fast asleep. On the bed the dead man lay with a handkerchief over his face.

beaten it in the dust soft and flat and atill.

Banks' men came up within an hour to find the ranchhouse deserted. They saw a lantern in the yard below, and near the corral gate they found the little boy in the darkness, screaming beside his father's body. The sheriff's men carried the old engineman to the house; others of the posse crossed the creek during the evening, and at 11 o'clock Whispering Smith rode down from the south pass to find that four of the men they were after had taken fresh horses, after killing Baggs, and Banks had drawn around the pass and along Deep creek. Bill Dancing, who had ridden with Banks' men, was at the house when Whispering Smith srived. He found some supper in the correction and the two men that did while Kennedy and Bob Bcott watch
Deep creek. The boy gives a good description, and the two men that did
the job here are Du Bang and Flat
Nose. Did I tell you how we picked
up the trail yesterday? Magples. They
shot a scrub horse that gave out on
them and skinned the brand. It
hastened the banquet, but we got there
before the birds were all seated. Great
luck, wasn't it? And it gave us a
beautiful trail. One of the party
crossed the Goose river at American
fork, and Brill Young and Reed followed him. Four came through the
Mission mountains; that is a cinch and
they are in the Cache—and if they get
out it is our fault personally, Ed, and
not the Lord's."

Williams Cache lies in the form of

williams Cache lies in the form of a great horn, with a narrow entrance at the lower end known as the Door, and a rock fissure at the upper end leading into Canadian pass; but this fissure is so narrow that a man with a rifle could withstand a regiment. For 100 miles east and west rise the grantic walls of the Mission range, broken nowhere save by the formation known as the Cache. Even this does not penerate the range; it is a pocket, and runs not over half-way into it and out again. But no man really knows the Cache; the most that may be said is that the main valley is known, and it is known as the roughest mountain fissure between the Spanish sinks and the Mantrap country. Williams Cache lies between walls 2,000 feet high, and within it is a small labyrinth of canjons. A generation ago, when Medicine Bend for one winter was the terminus of the overland railroad, vigilantes mercileasty classed out the Williams Cache lies in the form of Sang.

up ly the Cache for the night. The shexill's men were sleeping on the floor of the living room when Smith came in from the kitchen. He sat down before the fire. At intervals sobscame from the bedroom where the body lay, and after listening a moment, Whispering Smith got stilly up, and, thoteling to still the fingle of his spurs, took the candle from the table, pushed aside the curtain, and entered the bedroom.

The little boy was lying on his face, with his arm around his father's neck, talking to him. Whispering Smith bent a moment over the bed, and, setting the candle on the table, put his hind on the boy's shoulder. He disensaged the hand from the cold neck, and sitting down took it in his own. Talking low to the little fellow, he got his evil name, Williams. Since his day it has served, as it served before, for the hand or once it in the legacy of his evil name, Williams. Since his day it has served, as it served before, for the hand from the cold neck, and sitting down took it in his own. Talking low to the little fellow, he got his evil name, williams. Since his day it has served, as it served before, for the hand or outlawed men. No honest man lives in Williams Cache, and few men of any sort live there long, since their lives are lives of violations, and the head come to be his friend, and after the child had sobbed his grief inloagarange heart he ceased

hat on the table hear which resource had seated himself. "Why don't you come out when I send a man to you, or send word what you will do? What have you got to kick about? Haven't you been treated right?"

any open in searching for him; and that he would join any posre in searching for him; and that he had not seen him for three months.

It "Likely enough," assented Whispering Smith, Seat Whispering Smith, you the simple that he had not seen him for three months.

He rode in here last night after killing and Dan Baggs. Your estimable to the head of the work of the seath of the pole of the pole of the seath of the work of the thing of the pole of the pole of the seath of the work of the thing of the work of the work of the thing of the work of the work of the thing of the work of the thing of the work of the thing of the work of th

and states. The state is a second part of the state of th

A cieer night and a good moon made a long ride possible, and the Crawling Stone contingent, headed by Stormy Gorman, began coming into the railroad camp by three o'clock the next morning. With them rode the two Youngs, who had lost the trail they followed across Goose river and joined the cowboys on the road to the north. The party divided under Kennedy and Smith, who rode through the Door into the Cache just before daybreak.

"I don't know what I am steering you against this morning, Farrell," said Whispering Smith. "Certainly I should hate to run you into Du Sang, but we can't tell where we shall strike him. If we have laid out the work right I ought to see him as soon as anybody does. Accidents do happen, but remember he will never be any more dangerous than he is at the first moment. Get him to talk. He gets nervous if he can't shoot right away. When you pull, get a bullet into his stomach at the start, if you possibly can, to spoil his aim. We mustn't make the mistake of underestimating him. Rebstock is right; he is a fright with a revolver, and Sinclair and Seague are the only men in the mountains that can handle a rife with him. Now we split here; and good luck!"

"Don't you want to take Brill Young with you?"

"You take both the Youngs, Farrell.

We shall be among rocks, and if he tries to rush us there is cover."

Bill Dancing, with Smith, Stormy Gorman, and two of the cowboys, were heading a draw to cross to the north side of the Cache, when three men rode out into the road 500 yards ahead and halted.

Whispering Smith spoke: "There come our men; stop here. This ground in front of us looks good to me; they may have chosen something over there that suits them better. Feel your guns and we'll start forward slowly; don't take your eyes off the bunch, whatever you do. Bill, you go back' and help the men with the cattle; there will be four of us against three then."

"Not for mine!" said Bill Dancing, bluntly. "You may need help from an old fool yet. I'll see you through this and look after the cattle afterward."

"Then, Stormy, one or two of you go back," urgad Whispering Smith, speaking to the cowboy foreman without turning his eyes. "There's no need of five of us in this."

But Stormy swore violently. "You go back yourself," exclaimed Stormy, when he could control his feelings. "We'll bring them fellows in for you in ten minutes with their hands in the air."

ahead of the line, and let me do all the talking. See that your guns are loose

talking. See that your guns are loose outli never have but one change to pull, and don't pull till you're real;
The albino is riding in the middle no 7, isn't he? And a little back, playing for a quick drop. Watch him. Who is that on the right? Can it be George Seagrue? Well, this is a bunch. And I guess Karg is with them."

Holding their horses to a slow walk, the two parties gingerly approached

Sang. Yes, I'll toll you, Du-Bang. I carry an inspector's card from the Mountain Stock association—do you want to see it? When we get these catile to the Door, any man in the Cache may come forward and prove in the property. I shall leave instructions to that effect when we go, for I want you to go to Medicine Bend with me, Du Sang, as boon as convenient, and the men that are with me will finish the round-up."

"What do you want me for? There's no papers out against me, is there?"

the round-up."

"What do you want me for? There's no papers out signist me, is there?"

"No, but I'm an officer. Du Sans. I'll see to the papers; I want you for murder."

"So they tell me. Well, you're after the wrong man. But I'll go with you; I don't care about that."

"Neither do I, Du Sang; and as you-have some friends along, I won't break up the party. They may come, too."

"What for?"

"For stopping a train at Tower W Saturday night."

The three men looked at one another and laughed.

Du Sang with an oath spoke again:
"The men you want are in Canada by this time. I can't speak for my friends; I don't know whether they want to go or not. As far as I am concerned, I haven't killed anybody that I know of. I suppose you'll pay my expenses back?"

"Why, yes, Du Sang, if you were coming back I would pay your expenses; but you are not coming back. You are riding down Williams Cache for the last time; you've' ridden down it too many times already. This round-You are riding down Williams Cache for the last time; you've ridden down it too many times already. This round-up is especially for you. Don't deceive yourself; when you ride with me out of the Cache, you won't come back."

Du Sang laughed, but his blinking area was steady, as a steady as a steady.

back."

Du Sang laughed, but his blinking eyes were as steady as a cat's. It did not escape Whispeling Smith's notice that the mettlesome horses ridden by the outlaws were continually working around to the right of his party. He spoke amiably to Karg; "If you can't manage that horse, Karg, f can. Play fair. It looks to me as if you and Du Sang were getting ready to run for it, and leave George Seagrue to shoot his way through alone."

Du Sang, with some annoyauce, intervened: "That's all right; I'll go with you. I'd rather see your papers, but if you're Whispering Smith it's all right. I'm due to shoot out a little game some time with you at Medicine Bend, anyway."

"Any time, Du Sang; only don't let your hand wabble next time. It's too-close to your gun now to pull right."

"Well, I told you I was going to ome, didn't 1? And I'm coming—tow!"

With the last word he whipped out

With the last word he whipped out is gun. There was a crash of bulls, Chestioned once by McCloud id reproached for taking chances, Whispering Smith answered simply. I have to take chances," he said. "All task is an even break." I ask is an even break."
But Kennedy had said there was no such thing as an even break with whispering Smith. A few men in a ceneration amuse, baffle, and mystify other men with an art based on the rinciple that the action of the hand quicker than the action of the eye.

Ith Whispering SmRh the drawing (a revolver and the art of throwing

is shots instantly from wherever his and rested was pure sleight-of-hand. To a dexterity so fatal he added a judgment that had not falled when confronted with deceit. From the

or send word what you will do? What have you got to kick about? Haven't you been treated right!"

Being in op position to complain, but shrewdly aware that much unpleasantness was in the wind, Rebatok beat about ride; he had stock beat about ride; he had been in bol three weeks and hadn't as een Du Sang for three months. "You shirt the first man he's killed, and it att's goin't to be the last."

Whispering Smith lifted his finger and for the first times miled. "Now proman and some we've to the rey you err, Rebatock—it is 'a goin't to be the last."

Whispering Smith lifted his finger and for the first times miled. "Now proman and some we've to be the site."

Whispering Smith lifted his finger and for the first times miled. "Now proman and some we've you do. Bill, you go back and lead to go be the last."

Whispering Smith lifted his finger and for the first times miled. "Now you for a Fat Rascali" "Know You for a Fat Rascali" "Know

horses of the outlaws stood like statues, but Smith had to fight with his horse bucking at every shot. He⁶ threw his bullets as best he could first over one shoulder and then the other, and used the last cartridge in his revolver with Du Sang, Seagrue, and Karg shooting at him every time they could fire without hitting one another. It was not the first time the Wilthat on the right? Can it be George Beagrue? Well, this is a bunch. And I guess Karg is with them."

Holding their horses to a slow walk, the two parties gingerly approached each other. When the Cache riders halted the railroad riders halted; and when the three rode the five rode; but the three rode with absolute alignment and acted as one, while Whispering Smith had trouble in holding his men back until the two lines were 50 feet apart.

By this time the youngest of the cowboys had steadied and was thinking hard. Whispering Smith hafted. In perfect order and sitting their horses as if they were riding parade, the horses ambling at a snall's pace, the Cache riders advanced in the sunshine like one man. When Du Sang and his companions relined up, than 12 feet superined the two lines were shiele like one was the leas pressive of the three men. Be rode on the right, his florid blood ing under the tan on bis need arms. He spoke to the cowboys the ranch, and on the left the fellow Karg, with the broken blackeyed and alert, looked the over in front of him and node Dancing. Du Sang and his co ions were short-armed shiris; were slung at their pommels, a solvent and the sunshire like one man his coin one wore short-armed shiris; were slung at their pommels, a solvent and the sunshire like in the sunshire like one was the leas pressive of the three men. Be rode on the right, his florid blood ing under the tan on bis need arms. He spoke to the cowboys the ranch, and on the left the fellow Karg, with the broken blackeyed and alert, looked the over in front of him and node Dancing. Du Sang and his co ions wore short-armed shiris; were slung at their pommels, a solve at the little and had worthed togethed the little was not the first time the Williams Cache riders and had worted togethed bit. A single chance was left to Whispering Smith foot it. To ran instant his life they might do it. A single chance was left to Whispering Smith for it. For an instant his life they might do it. A single chance was left to Whispering Smith

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over him, revolver in hand, but the shot was never fired. A 30-30 bullet from the ground knocked the gun into the sir and tore every knuckle from Karg's hand. Du Sang spurred in from the right. A rifle-slug like an ax at the root caught him through the middle. His fingers stiffened. His six-shooter fell to the ground and be clutched his side. Seagrue, ducking low, put spurs to his horse, and Whispering Smith, covered with dust, rose on the battlefield alone.

Hats, revolvers and coats lay about

on the battlefield alone.

Hats, revolvers and coats lay about him. Face downward, the huge bulk of Bill Dancing was stretched motion-less in the road. Karg, crouching beside his fallen horse, held up the bloody stump of his gun hand, and Du Sang. 50 yards away, reeling like a drunken man in his saddle, spurred his borse in an aimless circle. Whispering Sinith, running softly to the side of his own trembling animal. side of his own trembling animal. throw himself into the saddle and adjusting his rifle sights as the beast plunged down the draw, gave chase to Beagrue.

HIS HAPPY THOUGHT.

How It Saved the New Train Dis-patcher From Being the Cause of an Accident.

An operator for a western rullroad An operator for a western railroad who had served his company long and well was called into the office one day and asked if he thought he could hold down the job of night dispatcher. He promptly replied that he could and was told to report for duty that night, and his chief instructed him in what he was to do. Just after the chief left the office the permy to blow and snice. the office it began to blow and snow, and the trains commenced to run inte. and the trains commenced to run late. The new night dispatcher soon had developed a bad case of "rattles" and almost cried. He did not want an accident, and he could not handle the trains. So a happy thought struck him, As fast as a report came in he replied, directing the conductor to take a siding and wait for orders, and it was not a great while until he had overy train on the division sidetracked. Then he took a book, lighted his pipe and sat down to wait for daylight. In

through a fieldglass. After a few min-tites an old fox made its appearance.

lites an old fox made its appearance. Slinking slowly forward toward the cat, it lay down within a few steps of it, ready to spring.

The cat had observed its enemy, but beyond keeping a sharp lookout on its movements it made no sign. Shortly a young fox joined the old one and almost immediately bounded at the cat, which sprang aside and struck its assailant so efficaciously across its face with its sharp claws that it retired quickly as it came. After an interwith its sharp claws that it retired quickly as it came. After an interthe old fox, adyancing slowly a carefully, made its attack, but the sult was the saize. The cat, splitt and hissing, struck out hard, and fox retired disconfited.

A minute afterward it again spraforward, but this time the cat; much the best of it and was left peace.—London Globe.

Trotter and Thoroughbred.

"The trotting horse is infinitely n practical and useful, speaking o broad lines, than the thoroughbred said a well known horse breeder, to Washington Heraid reporter. "A the oughbred has the speed for burst time, but when it comes to do his work every day, day after day a sli the year around, it cannot c pele with the trotting horse. The oughbred is rattle brained, has sense, is beyond all control. It do know when to stop or what to a race; it simply runs until it run any longer, whereas the thorse is under the control of it from start to fluish and obey at any time. The thoroughbreak rom start to hidsh and obey at any time. The thoroughb rally exceeds the trotter in a burst speed, but in 'the long run it cam compete. As a general proposition, is accepted among horsemen that it trotting horse is superior to the the oughbred for general purposes."

"Is this new business you're into tentative?"
"No, it ain't. It's dry goods."—B
more American.

tell me what a lawsuit is? Small Boy—Yes, ma'am, I can, a suit worn by a policeman.—Exch

Up to a certain point exposure to redium rays stimulates the germinate of seeds, but if that point is passed growth is stopped.

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Percy (exhibiting a bromide enlargement of kodak snapshot of himself riding a donkey)—See, Dick, I had this taken when I was away during the holidays. Do you think it does me justice? Dick—Why, yes, rather. But who's the awkward rider on your who's the awkward rider on you inck?-New York Times.

"Which side is your member of con-ress on in this attack on corporat-wealth?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntos

101. "I haven't heard him say mucl

102 way or another, but I reckon that

113 usual, he's on the inside."—Wash

Eddie—Do you have morning prayers at your house? Freddie—We have some kind of a service when father gets in.—New York Press.

He Wondered.
Indignant Customer—I want to return this jewel box. It's not ivory, as represented. Dealer (musingly)—Now, I wonder if it can be possible that element had false teeth—Cleve

His Peactical Mind.
Sculptor (to his friend)—Well, what
do you think of my bust? Fine piece
of marble, isn't it? Friend—Magnificent! What a pity to make a bust of
it! It would have made a lovely
washetand.

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Turn About.

Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies' thought would suit him. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot, Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant:

"I may mention to you that this genteman is no other than Mr. Rudysel Kipling."

"Is that so?" she replied. "I never heard the name before."

Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady and remarked: Turn About.

marked:
"Possibly you may not be aware that
the gentleman who brought me here to
day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author."
"Oh, indeed," was her reply. "I don's
though the name."—London Chronicle.

Projudiced Opinion.

"What did the poet mean when he called his country 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'?"

"He was probably referring to bachelors and married men," said old Mr. Smithers sadly.—Stray Stories.

Little Willie-What is logic, pa? Pa

Logic, my son, is your line of argument in a controverse. Little WillieAnd what is sophistre? Pa-The other
fallow's.—Exchange.

Plant Savings Sanks.

All built plants have savings banksstorehouses that in fat seasons they
fill with substance which in the lean
days may be drawn upon. The leaf
bads on the bare winter branches of
plants are savings banks full of the
plant currency called starch. This
currency, accumulated in the easy
summer, makes life through the hard
wister endurable. Some plants, the
beet carrot and turally run particularly dise savings banks called taproots.
These plants have turned economy to
parelmony. They are misers. Their
banks, or taproots are bigger and
fines than themselves, hence their destruction, blan eats them, or, rather,
he cats their savings, their best part.—
New Orienns Times-Democrat.

9 PREFESTISTED TO BEEN BEET 6 noAsts Money

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JACK'S TEMPTATION

"It was misery of your making, and if it was death you brown making, and if it was death you brown making, and if it was death you brown to to an interested group about him, and the aim is taken through these two little tubes which are fitted with lenses. By means of this wheel the muzzle of the gun is raised or low-was blowless the last lense was a forbidding hard-ness in her voice and manner that chilled the sailor's heart.

"Flo," he urged as the last lense len

The young sailor was gifted with qualities which compelled attention and which made it a pleasure to hear

ted gunner with the words: "Why, Mr. Masters! How amazed I

And then turning to her party, she said, with perfect grace and compo-sure, "Mr. Masters, let me introduce ny uncle, Mr. Gilson of Los Angeles; and these young indies are my cou-ins, Miss May Golson, Mr. Masters, and Miss Angelotta Glison." Then, to ner friends, she explained, "Mr. Mas-ers is a former friend of mine from

The young lady's presence of mind had been so well and charmingly shown that probably none in the party except Jack Masters himself. not even the young lady's cousins, though it takes a woman to read a woman, detected a vague something the Floretta Williams' manner that inlicated her desire not so much to thow cordiality to the embarrassed gunner as to relieve the general strain.

However, the situation relieved, roung Masters pulled himself together and devoted all his attention to Miss Williams, his former Kansas friend, and her party.

Two hours were spent in inspecting above and below, forward and aft, ex-plaining the mysteries of turret and tower, gun and bridge, rignals and codes and flags, details as to discipline and routine, the bow and the why and the why not in a thousand different particulars, and with infinite pa-tience.

Orten, as Jack anasters tried to catch Ploretta Williams' eye, he as often failed. No; once she did look at him, but it was when he had addressed her as "Ploretta," and the look had said with a plainness he could not misunderstand, "I am Miss Williams, please," and he had humbly swallowed the rebuke.

"(Oh. Flo." pleaded Jacks taking her reluctant hand and leading her to a secluded corner by at gundenringe, "dear Flo. I have been miserable ever aince I left you and I have suffered a thousand deaths."

little tubes which are fitted with chiller the sailor's heart. lenses. By means of this wheel the muzzle of the gun is raised or lowered and this other one is to swing it saterally as the man taking aim directs. This gun is effective at sixteen mi'es."

"The worm of the which which which is a frank talk? Don't refuse," he pleaded; "give me one chance."

"I have no ottle c. c ic. tog," she said, has the helped her down he a fig-onto the deck of the hiddless don't presume too much?

subject, however enticing that might be Fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a roudy, boytsh face, and a square-built, erect form, upon which the navy blue sat well, he was good to look upon; and his voice and speech, though to the close observer carrying the merest suggestion of impulsiveness, were pleasant to hear.

Pulling a lever, he swung back the breech block and, letting the visitors peer into the bore of the great weapon, he was showing them the process of charging the gun when he suddenly stopped, turned pale and trembled as though in mortal fear.

Women are 'proverbially quicker witted than men. At least the woman was in this instance; and Forestte will, liams quickly and tactfully relieved the tension of the situation by extending a delicately gloved hand to the discomfitted gunner with the words:

For a time the old love transformed the gunner. It sank in his ears, rioted in his blood and danced along every nerve. She, of all women, was found again, was near him and these was still hope when he had supposed hop was dead. He would live for her! H would possess her yet. But when? And then there fell

c'oud. There was the navy, and h had three years yet to serve and hi ship was to cruise around the world It would take him away from h Yould it? No! By all the gods, I should not! He would desert first cost what it would. He would give u everything, risk everything, name honor, manhood—everything, if necessary, to be with the woman he loved. The next morning Jack Master called at the address Floretta h

There was a long drive, inheheon There was a long drive, luncheon, a afternoon matinee, dirner and an ey ning concert. It was late that nigh helore Jack got the opportunity he longed for, the opportunity to tall with Floretta. Drawing her to a sea beside him on the lawn of the Glisor residence, he told her again of his love, of his repentance for the past, of what he had suffered in atonemen and of his hope to win and be worthy of her love.

"But Jack," said Floretta, "your heart may be right, but you are no

heart may be right, but you are no free. You belong to the navy."

It stung him and he burst out with:

It stung him and he burst out with:
"Hang the navy! I'll quit it. It's irksome, anyway. "I'll quit it and ilve
for you."

She looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment. "Quit it," she echoed,
"quit the navy! That's desertion,
Jack. You certainly are beside your-

said with a plainness he could not misunderstand, "I am Miss Williams, please," and he had humbly swallowed the rebuke.

But even as he talked of the any and of the things of war, his mind was far away, both in point of space and time. As he was explaining to them the wireless message system in use on the ship, memory was bringing to his mind wireless messages from a village among corn and wheat fields of faces of friends, of harvest field and schoolroom and pleasure party, and then of the subden end of it all; of an insane fit of jealousy, a penciled good by that had been a stab in the heart of love, and then of the new life with its suspense, its hopelessness and its trailing burden of guilty conscience.

And here she was by his side; fiere on the quarterdeck of the Kansas, the woman whose heart he had wounded in a moment of causeless frenzy—and he could get no word from her. She was interested only in the ship and his wonders. She had no interest in him. To her he was only "a former friend from Kansas."

The time had come for Miss Williams and her party to go, and the Maripoan's signal was already blow lag.

"Floretts—Miss Williams, hesitated Jack, with the earnestness of desperation in his voice," "I must have a word with you before you go.

"Why should you?" she returned coldly. "You are nothing more to me had you told not be and the had only in the ship and he could get no word from her. She was interested only in the ship and his on yourself and me, do you?" The sailor could answer nothing more to me had you to thing all this on yourself and me, do you? The sailor could answer nothing the party to go, and the maripoan's signal was already blow lag.

"Floretts—Miss Williams, hesitated Jack, with the earnestness of desperation in his voice," I must have a word with you before you go.

"Why should you?" she returned coldly. "You are nothing more to me had you to cally set with the head of the land of

foe, even your own desires. He true to the promise you made your country when you enlisted; be true to the flag. I am glad to have seen you ugain, glad to know you repent the wrong you did me, to know that you still love me. Jack, my heart is the same as it was. I shall never love anyone else. Go back to your ship and your duty; serve out your time and then come to see me with a clear conscience and an honest name."

There was a stringgle that hated far into the night, the old, old struggle between love and duty, between the broad and the mirrow way. Both the man and the woman knew what was right and boet, but the man was weak and it took the strength of both to hold him true.

me as my wife than as my sweet-heart?" And his heart almost stopped beating as he awaited for answer. Looking far off into the moon-lit spaces of the night, she said slowly: "Isn't that a good deal to sak, Jack?" "I know it's a good deal, Flo," he ad-litted, "but it would help me to carry vill help you, Jack.

will help you, Jack."
The next evening there was an impromptu wedding in the parlor of the Gilson residence, followed by a delightful dinner, and three weeks later Floretta received the following telegram from San Francisco:
"Transferred cruiser Chicago. Remain on Pacific coast. Promoted gun

captain. Two weeks furloing to Los Angeles. Jack." A PADEREWSKI STORY.

When the Great Musician Walked

His First Important Engage-ment In Paris. Paderewski's first really important engagement as a planist was in Paris. He was engaged to play in the drawing room of a fady famous for her musicates, and his fee, which seemed to him enormous, was \$20. He managed to persuade the humane agent to pay him in advance, and when Paderevski fad redeemed his cross suit from pawn and paid for shoes, gloves, the and other essentials he had no money left for eab hire, so be was forced to walk to the scene of his engagement.

The music loving andlence inspired him. He played with feeling, passion and mastery of his instrument as nev

and mastery of his instrument as never before. His success was instant and unmistakable. The poor player had suddenly become the liou of the hour, his dream had become a reality

when his hostess, remembering with regret the smallness of the fee for so marvelous a performance, offered him marvelous a performance, offered him her carriage for his return home. But Paderewski's pride came to the rescue In his courieous yet reserved way he made a formal bow, and, saying, "No. thank you, madame; my own is wait-ing," he stepped out for his long walk eward,-Pearson's Weekly

Somebody

mother's face after being turned down that he would marry Jean if he had to wait a hundred years. It had taken the strongest kind of parental authority to bring the girl to the school, and she was to be kept there as a pupil and a prisoner. No letters must be received or sent without being read. As she walked out on the ground, guards must be stationed to watch. If

guards must be stationed to watch. It allowed outside the grounds two

guards must accompany her.

She had been hurried from home, so that the determined man might so that the determined man might not get track of her, but in case he did he would be known by a scar on his chin. Miss Wells was to look for

"Trust me," replied Miss Wells when she heard the full particulars "There is neither love nor romance under this roof. My young ladies are nales around this sacred institution

on the Root

Miss Hyacinth Wells was an old maid. If she hadn't been an old maid. If she hadn't been an old maid she wouldn't have been the owner and principal of the Wells school for young ladies. Old maids have a fondness for opening schools for young ladies. It's their way of getting revenge for never having had any romance in their own lives. They become watch dogs and tyrants and gloat over it.

When Miss Jean Kelly arrived at Ravendale and the Wells school with her mother, she was left in the parlor while the mother and Miss Wells retired to a private room to have a confidential conversation. Miss Jean was to be sequestered on account of her being in love at nineteen. She was as good as engaged to a very determined young man, who was two years older. He had said to the mother's face after being turned down that he would marry Jean if he had

thought that this world would be al-together better off without men. Thomas and William are old and crippled, and they are the only two



have ceased to think of the youn Miss Wells expected to find a sulky nd obstinate young lady in Miss Jean, but was agreeably disappe he new pupil settled right into place and gave no trouble. Instead of sulk-ing she sang. There were fifteen other girls, and while all of them constantly kicked about the weak soups and the elemargarine on the thin slices of bread, Miss Jean thought it was romantic. No other woman in the world would have suspected her of duplicity, but Miss Wells did. Her heart and hand had never

opened the prison door to a young man with pencil and notebook in hand. He was taking the census of the country. That scar? It was

University students have long enjoyed a reputation as practical jokers, but there has been nothing quite so successful as the famous suhan of Zandhar hox of some years ago at Cambridge. One day the mayor of the town received the following wire from one Henry Lucas. Hotel Cecil. London: "The sultan of Zanzibar will arrive at Cambridge at 4:25 for a short visit. Could you arrange to show him buildings of interest and send carriage." The mayor rose to the occasion, and in due course foor dark complexioned gentlemen with turbans and volunihous trousers arrived at Cambridge. The mayor and corporation entertained them right royally, but to their chagrin they discovered a few bours later that the interesting orientals were simply a quarter of undergraduates who had played an immense practical joke upon the town.—London Spectutor.

The Night Writers. "Go away, sir," cried Miss Wells, and the door was banged on his heels. A week later, when the grocer's delivery boy drove up to the kitchen through the back gate, Thomas passed him, with a grumble. Something warned Miss Wells. She left a class

him with a grumble. Something warned Miss Wells. She left a class to walk through to the kitchen, and, behold, the grocer's boy was a young man! And the scar? Yes, it was there; but though he was driven away he went with his head up and a determined look on his face.

Then the various small boys earned various quarters by hanging around the grounds, but they failed in their attempts if they had notes to deliver. One day one of the girls gashed her hand. A doctor was sent for to dress it. With him came a young medical student. That is, he got as far as the door again; and then that scar gave him away.

Miss Jean Kelly had been in the school for three months when Miss Wells got a shock. One of the girls turned tattle-lale. She announced that many a right, about midnight, Miss Jean had sneaked out of bed and dressed herself and gone up through these for an hour. The said it was

there for an hour. She said it was for fresh air; tattle-tale said that a determined young man could reach the roof by climbing the big oak tree growing so near the wall.

Miss Wells compressed her lips; sho would see to it; she did see to it. Old Thomas was set to watch at night, but he smoozed the hours away. His old watch dog took his place, and

"Are you the young man Miss Kelly wanted to marry?" "She wanted to, and she wants to yet. I'm here tonight to help her down the tree. We are going to elope. I have a rope here, and I have a pro-

"Let her seemingly start for hom in the morning with her trunk. I'll take care of the rest. If you won't agree, down the tree we go, and you

are left right where you are!' Miss Wells gasped out a "uever!" and added that she would perish first, but when the young man started to slide the scuttle and signal to Miss Jean, things changed. She gave her seam, things changed. She gave he solemn word and was pulled up to keep it. She started her off on pre-tense of sickness at home, and as the girl was ready to depart she whisper

"If you never, never, never say anything about this I'll always say that if I ever marry any man it will be a determined young man who know what he wants!"

MADE IT IN RECORD TIME

"Golf enthusiasm has probably caused more argument and unique wagers than any other branch of sport," says G. J. Nathan in Outing. For instance:

"No more amusing illustration of this enthusiasm can be cited than the wager that was made several years man, but she could figure that if such had been the case she would not have given him up so easily. A mother dight be hoodwinked, but an old maid of a discussion over the fine points of the game, the ex-champion declared that he could play the 18 holes of the Garden City course.

of the game, the exchampion declared that he could play the 18 holes of the Garden City course in less than one hour's time and in 95 strokes or better. In view of the fact that the course covers about 6,000 yards and that it usually takes about two hours to make this distance of more than three miles, it is quite superfluous to say that his offer was snapped up on the spot. It was decided, furthermore, to settle the matter at once.

"Procuring two caddles, the player ordered one of them to follow him and the other to keep on ahead after the ball. The course is comparatively flat and the 'gallery' mounted bicycles to keep pace with the golfer who had set out to make a speed record over the course. At the cry 'Go!' from the timekeeper, he started. Keeping constantly on the run and shouting out to the caddy the club he intended to use next, he dashed around the entire course in exactly 46 minutes, making the 18 holes in 92 strokes, according to the tally, and thereby winning as odd a wager as has ever been laid by a golf enthusiast."

Among the most curious of the taxes which have from time to time been imposed are those upon chimneys and upon windows. The former tax was first enforced in 1662 and was at the first enforced in 1662 and was at the rate of 2 shillings upon every hearth or chimney. This was an obnoxious tax, and William III. immediately on his accession to the throne obtained some popularity by sending a message to parliament desiring that the imposition should be taken of (March 1. 1630), and his majesty's faithful commens compiled with its accertingly request. The window tax, of which our fathers and grandfathers still taik war not repealed units 1851.—Cornbill Manusius.

****** Not a Military

Ah, she had it at last! she would go upon the roof herself and catch the triminals red-handed. She was all title dold to be catting around on house roofs at night, but the honor of the Wells school was at stake.

The second night after intitle-tale had given things away was a beautiful summer's night. It was a night for cats and lovers to prowl. An hour before midnight found Miss Wells estealing up the scuttle ladder and out on the roof. She was there to watch that tree. Yes, one of its limbs actually overhung the roof. It would be no feat at all for a determined young man. Miss Wells was scantily dressed. Her scant hair was hanging down around her neck, and she was barefooted in her slippers.

The watcher had been at her post nearly an hour when something hapened. She thought she heard some one in the tree, and in shifting her position she loat her grip and went rolling down the steep roof until schimney brought her up. She wan and from a further fall, but she must got back to her place. A cat could have done it, but, alas, she was not act. She was only an old maid with shaky nerves. She wouldn't have tried that climb for a thousand dollars. If she called out who would hear her? If she walted until day light—heavens!

And then she isoked up to see the figure of a man above her. Some thing told her that it was the determined young man with the scar on his chin. In addition, he told her say it are to the figure of a man above her. Some thing to do the state of the minute of the figure of a man above her. Some thing to the figure of a man above her. Some thing to the figure of a man above her and the staken upon himself. He was very cool about it After gazing down at her for three or four minutes he saked:

"You can't. There's no breaking and entering in climbing a tree."

"You garin?"

"To get you out of a scrape, if you are sensible. If not you'll be left for people to gaze at in the morning hour provided the became conselous and the streets the heard was a firm the provided the secure of a man above her."

"Yo

"Hi, you, there! Move on;" cried an officer who was marching in rear to drive on stragglers. Without a word Burge hurried forward, leaving his friend to his own regrets.

When the fight was over Burge sought Forester, but, not finding him, supposed that he had hidden his shame by desertion. He waited for a time, thinking that the coward might turn up, but he did not. Burge's regiment was ordered to the coast at the close of the war and was one of the first to embark for home. When he reached Montauk Point the first person he met was Mary Mills. She had come as a nurse. She inquired eagerly for her lover.

Burge prevaricated. He could not bear to deliver the message with which he had been charged. But Mary, with a woman's quick eye where love is concerned, saw that he was concenling something and assumed that her fance had been killed. Burge would much rather have broken such news to her than that he had turned out a coward. At last he told her the truth. Mary Mills went home bowed down with grief.

with grief.

The next morning she heard one of be tried for cowardice, when his name was mentioned, but in a different way from what she had expected:

Milton Forester, wounded in the st ach. Operated upon and expected to cover. Promoted to be captain, yiee J Kellogg, killed.

Kellogg, killed.
Forester after being left by Burge tried to rise. His object was to push forward with a view to getting himself killed. But he found himself too weak killed. But he found himself too weak to rise. At that moment a surgeon with an ambulance corps came burrying on, making histy examinations of the wounded lying on the field. Couing to Forester, he saw blood on his clothing, tore open his coat and said:
"A bad wound."
"I'Wounded?"
"Yes; in the stomach."
"Thank God!"
The surgeon looked at him with a

The surgeon looked at him with a puzzled expression, but there was no time for words, and after ordering a

The surgeon looked at him with a puzzled expression, but there was not time for words, and after ordering a rescue party to take him to a hospitat pushed on.

When the boys of '61 were shot in the stomach there was nothing left for them but to pass the dark portal. Not so in the Cuban war. By that time such progress had been made in surgery that Forester's stomach was labt bare, the wound sewed up, the stomach put back in place, and in time the patient was as well as ever. As soon as it was safe he was put on a transport and sent north. When as a convalence of the converted of the control of the converted of th

Knew Them.

"I am looking for a quiet piace to rest," said the tired looking man.

"I think we can safe'y promise you all the comforts of home." assured the hotel clerk.

"Not assured."

THE NEW ERA Published every Priday at 'RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D. WALTER L. BOWER

The New Bra is devoted to the busine and home interests of Riverton and Palmyra, independent of political or religious belief—the people's paper.

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Entered at the Post Office, Riverton,

"The Fortune Hunter" at the Garrick Theatre.

Cohan and Harris' production of Win-chell Smith's splendid comedy triumph. "The Fortune Hunter," is announced to commence a limited engagement at the Garrick Theatre, Monday, February 6th This play, which is the pen product of the author who dramatized George Barr McCutcheon's celebrated novel, "Brew ster's Millions" is, perhaps, the most talked about comedy that has been pre-sented on the American stage in a generation. Its recess has been the most siere will take on the importance of an

as a classic in comedy writing by many a two years' run at the Gaity Theatre New York City, and another of almost a year in length in Chicago. The original Gaity Theatre Company, which includes John Barrymore, Mary Ryan, Fornat Robinson, Sydney Ainsworth and all the players that have assisted in its phenomenal success, will be in evidence during the Philadelphia success.

be Philadelphia engagement.
Jn "The Portune Hunter" Winchell comedy, convulsively funny in its concep oped plot that catches the fancy and holds the tense attention of an audience from first to final curtain and in the end points a moral that may be studied and practiced with profit by young and old.

It is the sort of a production that sends an audience home feeling as though they would like to help their neighbors. The attendance will be large. Tickets for story tells of a young man who, reared in wealth and luxury, with an impracti-cal education, finds himself obliged to hand of some girl whose father is wealthy.

Fortune Hunter' began at the Garrick Story, Miss Jennie Weart, Miss Helen on Thursday morning, Febraury 2nd, and our readers are advised that if they Selby Williams and Miss Carol Becker. late seeing this fine play, it w be well to secure their reservation well in

Keith's Theatre.

A bill of extraordinary proportions Theatre during the week of February program but could serve as a headlin this banner bill must go to Mile. Adelin world's greatest dancer. Auall Philadelphia knows, Miss Genee was thelatestar of "The Soul Kiss," "The Silver Star," hits. Mile. Genee brings with her a con some of the greatest composers, including Gounod, DeBussy, Moskowpki and others of the world's best. Mile. Gene led by the greatest critics of th time to be the world's supreme mistre this city, having made her debut in the Varieties in New York City to tremer dous applause only a week or two ago. Mile. Genee will be the sensation of the town before her week's engagen

mong the novelties we have Ber Levy, the great Australian cartoonist entertainer and wit. Mr. Levy draws it can be seen from all parts of the bo

St. Paul's Baptist Church

The Sunday services at St. Paul's Be Preaching 11 a. m. Sunday School 3 p. m. B. Y. U. P. 7 to 8 p. m. Preaching 8 p. m. Prayermeetings on Wednesday

REV. F. LYNCH. Pastor

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

elen Cottrell and Mrs.

The cenaus of 1910 gives the popula on of Riverton as 1788 and Palmyra waship as 2801.

township as 2801.

Mr. J. M. Coddington, of Matawan, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

Mrs. J. M. Coddington, of Matawan, who is well known in Riverton, was taken serionsly ill on Wednesday.

A rummage sale will be held in The Pield Club rooms on Thursday and Priday afternooms, Pebruary 9 and 10.

Miss Anna Huston and Miss Clara Hoffman, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday

Hoffman, of Philadelphia, spent Sunda with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Hughes. The home of Mrs. Joseph Williams was ntered on Sunday night and a small amount of cash and two stick pins were

The supper, which was to have been given by the Golden Hour Circle on Peb-uary 16, in the Presbyterian Chapel, as been postponed until Tuesday, the

Miss Iva Jenkins will leave the tel phone exchange the last of Pebruary and will go to Terrelaute, Ind. Miss Under

The Burlington County Safe Depo The Burington County Sale Deposit and Trust Company, Moorestown, N. J., with its large capital, and still larger carned surplus, together with its record for carefulness, gives a reliable guaranty of safety.

Prof C. G. Davis will leave his worl at the school this week, to fill his posi-tion with Henry A. Dreer, Inc. For the alance of the school year Miss Stimus will have supervision and Mrs. William G. Wilson, of Palmyra, will be her assist-

Charles Armstrong, aged 57, died la Friday morning and was buried in Morgan cemetery Monday afternoon. Rev. R. Bowden Shepherd conducted the funeral services. Mr. Armstrong was well-known, having lived in Rivertoo for UNIQUE STORIES OF PENNbout 20 years.

The Riverton Pire Company elected the following officers Monday evening: Edward C. Stoughton, president; Edward H. Pingg, Jr., vice-president; Louis Corner, Jr., treasurer; William J. Thomason, secretary; Ogden H. Mattis, Sr., William B. Lynch, Thomas Earp, D. M. Clifton, board of directors.

Mr. Paul Pearson, of Swarthmore course at the Lyceum, on Tuesday, Feb ruary 7th, at 8 p.m. The lecture will consist principally of readings from the works of Mark Twain, and is considered one of the happiest of Mr. Pear-son's lectures. It is hoped that the single lecture 50c.

Fish and Game Warden Charles C Morton and Constable Throckmorto work for a living at the death of his of Mount Holly, while patroling the sh father. After many unsuccessulattempts of the Delawareriver, on Thursday night be finally accepts the proposition of a captured Ralph Wills, of Riverton, who mutual friend to go to a small town had his net set, contrary to law. Wills where eligible men are scarce and win the hand of some girl whose father is wealthy. Riverside, who committed him to the A set of rules is laid down, and a small county jail for ninety days in default of Pennsylvania town chosen as the place payement of a fine of \$100 and costs.

The Progressive Bible Class of the Pres ressability, and how beevent. in the Church Thursday evening. It was of crime. ually works out his own reformation and well attended and the high-class talent makes a large success of bis-life is left for was much enjoyed. Among those who participated were: Mrs. Frank Bell, Miss iminary sale of seats for "The Marion Reber, Mrs. Brehm, Mr. Howard

> Mrs. Mary B., wife of Mr. Samuel Baugh, in her 22d year, died early last Sunday morning after a long illness. The tuneral services were held Tuesday aftermoon at 1 o'clock at the home of her mother, Mrs. Rachel Murphy, 408 Waward street, conducted by Rev. P. L. Jewett. Interment was made in Morgan cemetery. Undertaker John C. Belton, of Moorestown, had charge of the

The I. W. Paxon Co., of Philadelphia and a number of others interested in the navigation of the Pensauken Creek, are the dredging of the stream, to permit the passage of vessels of larger carrying with the history of the Jersey coast, it capacity, equipped with dredges. It is also desired to have the fixed span bridges over the creek replaced by draw forming the islands and beaches which bridges. The Board of Engineers of the constitute the valuable part of the coast War Department has reported unfavor ably on the dredging plan but it is hoped to have their opinion reversed.

Marshal Miller Captures Dangerou

Henry Willis, the negro convict patient who escaped from the New Jersey State lospital last Friday afternoon, was cap ured Saturday morning at Riverton. Willis was headed towards Penningto when last seen, but a search of that ricidity reyealed nothing. The negro cluded a guard while he was

washing windows and made a successful dash for the woods near the institution. Willis was one of the most desperate patients confined in the institution. He 1909, from State Prison, where he wa erving a 12-year term for atroci

1908, and made his way to this section of the country. During November of that year he stopped at the home of John Borden in Hamilton Township and slashed Mr. Borden's wife with a razor.

Card of Thanks.

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UNIQUE STORIES OF PENN-SYLVANIA CRIME.

no empty saying is apparently to bave an. The first will appear next Sunday,

ania's Greatest Crime Mysteries," or the articles will appear each week. Crimes that have been the talk of cour ies for years will be attractively presented, with a view to bringing out the peat the horrible details.

Bach article will be clothed with the charm of graphic presentation and will read as engagingly as the works of the writers of the great detective stories.

The articles will have historical value in that they will present in concise and complete form the facts that became known piecemeal at the time of the occurances treated. The series will be of especial value to those who are making a study of criminal law and to those who study the causes and consequences

series will deal with "The Murder Mys history of Chester county—one in which two men gambled for high stakes, a life and a fortune on the table

Mr. H. S. Risley will deliver an illustrated lecture in the Riverton Lyceun May." This will be illustrated by on hundred colored views and moving pic tures one of which entitled "Shorty a

instructive. The Riverton and Palmyr and artificial assistants are dealt with

Mr. Risley is an entertaining speake and a master of the subject.

Admission to this lecture is by tick only, but tickets may be obtained free at Stiles drue store or from members of the local committee: Messrs. Coddin

Wagner Clark, Ward.

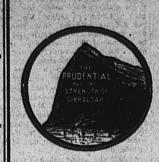
Street Opera House. The very mention of it provoker aughter it creates "Seven Days," the amous comedy that for more than two rears has been shaking this continent turn to get it now, and getting it to be

Days," the biggest comedy hit in a generation, that for two years ran uninterruptedly in NewYork, making the record of Broadway, starts an engagement at the Chestont Street Opera House, Philadelphia, ou Monday, Pebruary 6th. The Wagenhals and Kempe Co. is sending to Philadelphia the entire New York cast without a single change, a fact the public will appreciate as it means that "Seven Days," will be seen at the Chestout Street Opera House exactly asit was during its unprecedented New York rus.

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Old



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The Prudential

ears in New York must be exception rtaining. Mary Roberts Rinchar and Avery Hopwood wrote "Seven Days." Briefly, the comedy exploits the tribulations of a party of New York's smart set who meet for dinner and are quarantined for a week. That suggests limitless possibilities for fun, and nobody the play. Don't delay seeing "Seven Days." The engagement at the Chest-nut street Opera House is limited. There will be matiness on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THE BARY TURTLE.

The Young Animals Have to Paddle

Just so soon as a baby turtie emerges from the egg off he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious little brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that until a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish, and he at once seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the guif weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feeds unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process. Whatever the young sea turtle eats and wherever he eats it; facts not generally ascertained, one thing is certain—it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is

Tombe of Abstard and Heleiss.
Of the hundreds of thousands who
make a pilgrimage to Pere Lachsiso
on All Saints' day few doubt the authenticity of the most famous tombs.
One in particular is never questioned
—that of Heloise and Abelard, the
story of whose unbapary town is so

THE GHOST SPY

"General, we bring you a spy. While at work on the breach the enemy made yesterday we discovered this man or boy, whithever he may be, at times looking with ua, at times looking about him at the approaches, the mote, the walls, as if searching for a weak point. He did not remove his armor, as we did, for freedom to work and kept his visor closed. Suspecting him, we seised him."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the general. "Take him to the parapet and hang him in view of the prince who sent him." A gibbet was erected, a indder placed in position and the prisoner taken on to the parapet for hanging. He begged that he might offer his last advantion to his God in his own way, and when permission was given him, facing to the west, where the sun was sinking, he bowed low three times.

"He's worse than a heathen," cried the captain of the execution party. "He worships fire. Send him to hell, where he belongs." "General, we bring you a spy. While at work on the breach the enemy made

The youth was forced to climb the ladder, the noose was put about his neck, and the ladder was kicked away. There were a few jerks and all-was

quiet.
The night was dark. The sentry who guarded that part of the parapet where the spy hung was obliged to pass and repass the grewsome object on his beat. At first he would not look at it. Then in passing he turned his eyes toward it, as though compelled by a dread fascination. There was nothing of the body to be seen within the armor except a lock of hair that hung below the heimet.

"It dark armore was" swittened the

"It doth amaze me," muttered the sontry, "bow long these cavaliers wear their locks. Mayhap it serves for a rope whereby flatan lowers them into

the burning lake."

Encouraged by the thought, he gave the corpse a poke with his pike. As it swung back toward him he thought he heard a low moun. Darting to the end of his beat, he hid behind a stone projection and could not induce himself to again walk past the body. While he stood ehivering in his corner a wind sprang up, swaying the dreaded object and occasionally knocking the steel armor against the gibbet. To shut out the sound he put his fingers in his ears.

shut out the sound he put his ungers in his ears.

When he heard the relief coming he took up his pike and resumed his beat. There was the ghostly thing still awaying in the wind. The sintry was relieved, and his successor, a braver man, marched to and fro on his beat without fear. Once when passing it occurred to him to strike it with his pike. What was his surprise to hear it emit a hollow sound. He struck it as soon as the story was told faint it emit a hollow sound. He struck it again, with the same result. Then he put a hand under one foot and lifted it without any more exertion than would be required to lift an empty

"the davil has flown away with the spy's body?"

The captain came, examined the armor and stood aghast. Then he reported the fact to the general. The general came, is an and was conquered. They were superstitious in those days, and he believed that the spy was a supernatural being who had come to find out how best the stronghold could be taken. The ghost had seen that but a handful of men defended it. Besides, it had seen a circuitous path that led to the rear, over which a force might come and fire into the works from a greater height. The general went trembling back to his quarters. The next morning he saw the forces of the enemy drawn up prepared to climb the heights and a detachment moving toward the path leading to his rear. He ordered a white flag displayed on the battlements.

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Holidays.

From Philadelphia, South and West Prom all points Bast, New York an

For all points Bast, New York and Poreign—7:40 and 9:45 a m

and Main at the following hours: 8.3 and 11 a. m ; 3 and 6.30 p. m.; Sunday p. m.; bolidays 8.30 a. m

noces, took the burden to the other side of the most and sent a man back with the armor to hang it up, thinking to conceal the theft till we could take The girl who had achieved this great work and nerved herself to complete

Stories of W. S. Gilbert When Sir Henry Irving and Edwin Booth were acting together in London at doubled prices, the story goes that Mr. Herman Vesin, meeting W. S. Gilbert in the street, asked him whet

Gilbert in the street, asked him whether he had been to this quite exceptional show. "No," said Mr. Gilbert; "I have sometimes paid hiaff a guinea to see one-bad actor, but I will not pay a guinea to see two."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing the part of Falsaff at the London Haymarket, and the indispensable stuffing made him perspire profusely. Mr. Gilbert, who was in the theater, went behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have been expected to be congratulated on the excellence of his impersonation.

Glibert.—London Grapme.

Peter the Great as a Drinker.

There is preserved in the Bodlelan fibrary, Oxford, an innkeeper's bill for breakfast eaten in England by Peter the Great of Russia. The czar and his twenty companions managed to dispose of half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, tweive chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dosen of eggs, with salad in proportion. Peter was always a hard drinker. He would drink a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draft; after dinner he managed eight bottles of sack, "and so to the playhouse." But his favorite drink was hot pepper and brandy.

He Had the Bill. Tom (in restaurant)—Excuse me, old man, but would you mind paying my check? I haven't anything but a forty deliar bill. Jack—A forty deliar bill. Why, I never heard of a bill of that denomination. Tom—Here it is—a bill from my tailor!—Chicago News.

THE UP-BUILDING OF THIS BANK

is due to the fact that we have adhered to a policy which has been conservative, yet along progressive lines. We offer to our customers modern facilities for the prompt and proper transaction of their financial affairs; ample vault and safe room for storing and save-guarding of their money, notes, insurance policies and other valuable papers, and such liberality of treatment as is consistent with prudent banking.

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JOSEPH T. EVANS

Riverton

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Trout spent San Miss C. Lenors Gordon visited Re-nd Mrs. Steinmetz this week.

Mrs. Pernley spent Sunday and Mor day in Philadelphia with her mother. Mrs. C. Byans and daughter, of Mari-ton, spent Thursday with Mrs. Plum. Miss Christine Gaul, of Philadelphia isited Miss Ada Beswick on Sunday.

small new flag for the Palmyra school. George Wallace, of Philadelphia, spent Sanday at the home of Mr. W. B. Powell. Mrs. Warren Miller entertained the

Mrs. James Stewart, of Philadelphia, visited Mrs. George Rhondes on Wednes-

regular dance in the Lyceum on Febru-

Miss Marion, spent Sunday at German-

Philadelphia, spent Monday with Mrs.

Mrs. A. C. Zillinger, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. and

Mrs. A. H. Walters. Mrs. A. C. Zillinger and Mrs. A. H. Walters spent Tuesday with Mrs. C. F.

Slater, in Philadelphia. Mr. Harry Boarse and family, of West

All members of the P. O. of A. are re

south en I of the present property.

A rummage sale will be held in The Pield

Mrs. Acker moved from Cinnaminson avenue to the Hamilton property or

Methodist Church in a body on Sunday evening, the 19th, and Rev. P. L. Jewett will deliver a special sermon. Representatives from Riverside, Riv

night in The Field Club rooms to make plans for forming a base ball league. The Boys Brigade of the Baptis Church is growing in interest and mem

ership. All boys between the ages of 14 and 21 years are invited to enlist. Reception of members and commun at the Methodist Church next Sunday morning. In the evening the paster will tell of "Christ's Invitation to the Weary."

ings, which are being held in the Methodist Church, will be in charge of Mrs. Carl A. Peterson next Wednesday after

The Teachers Association of the Pres byterian Sunday School met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Craft on Tues day evening. After the business se

The first banquet of the Baraca Class t e Baptist Church. The room was

tendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School, next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. inducted by Mr. Datis Reed, superin-

Mr. Harry A Shaffer died on Wednes lay night after a long illness. The funer al services will take place Sunday after Samuel Steinmetz. Interment will be

Services ut Christ Church, Palmyra any: celebration of Holy Commun at 11 a. m., evening service at 8 o'clock. The subject of the address at the evening service will be "Has belief in the Divi-Authority of the Bible been affected by the Higher Criticism?"

At quarter of twelve Thursday night residents in the neighborhood of Arch and Third streets were a wakened by an explosion which rattled the windows and doors. Upon investigation it was found that a stick of framite had been thrown under the porch of the residen mall hole in the front of the house. Several times Mr. Vreck has recrive

were the first to be at their windows

Moravian Church Notes

Services in the Moravian Church nex

10.30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor, Paul S. Meinert, M. A.
7.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor prayermeeting. Endeavor Day will be observed. Consecration meeting led by the pastor. Subject "Why do you believe in Christian Endeavor?"
7.80 a. m. in the state of the state by the

7.30 p. m., an illustrated lecture by the mator. Theme "The Voyage of Life." You are cordially invited to worship

of the Church.

Pastor Steinmets will preach at bot morning and evening service.

During the mouth of February Pastor Steinmets will preach as series of sermons at the evening services on "Lessons from the Life of David." His subject for next Sunday will be "David under the Holy Hors."

Tuesday

prayer service of the Church.

The monthly meeting of the Philather
Class will be beid at the home of Mrs

Harry Ellis, of Heary street, next Thursday evening, at 6 o'clock sharp.

Priday afternoon at 3 30 the Boys and Girls meeting in the basement of the church. Illustrated talks to which all

boys and girls are invited.

Priday evening at 8 o'clock the Boys
Brigade meets in the basement of the
church for instructions and drift, under Mrs. Rudderow, of Leconey avenue, is the command of Captain Royal Jones.

Priday evening, Pebruary 3, at 8 o'clock; the regular monthly business meeting of the church.

You are welcome to all of the above

REV. SAMUEL STRINMETZ.

Hebrew Literature.

At Christ Church last Sunday evening dealing with the Old Testament as repre quested to be present next Thursday sentative of the National literature and night as there will be initiation. explaining, by reference to their contents the presence of poetry and prose of var

"To rightly understand and appreciate Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawson will give a the Old Testament." he said, "it is necessagou supper to a number of Philadel sary that the literary distinctions in its contents should be known and recog-nized. When they are recognized the Club rooms, over Childs store, next reading of the Old Testament becomes a Thursday and Priday, the 9th and 10th. | positive enjoyment as well as a means of and compilers, and in the personal char-acteristics of each as evidenced by his instances there is given an idealiz-

> the Song of Songs, both of the nature of any sort of record wherein the inner Lamentations, parts of Ecclesiastics and and graphically portrayed. many sections of the Prophecies." Other and benedictions found scattered throughout the different books. The arliest of these, the Song of Lamech Genesis 4:28-24) suggests that the most n the form of poetry. Job, Proverbs and Reclesiantics may also be described

as philosophy or wisdom literature.
"Some people," said the speaker, "object to any part of the Bible being classed as fiction; yet it would be passing strange were so common a form of liter-ature entirely absent from the Bible. One primary object of all meritorious fiction terns. The affair was very successful, about 75 being present.

The third and last of the men's successful, age, which have been held in the Methodist Church the past three weeks, will be dist Church the past three weeks, will be

> unequalled illustration of this type of Biblical literature. Their purpose is al-together instructional and this purpose is not frustrated, but greatly advanced tive. They will endure throughout al truths they embody. They are duplicated in the Oid Testament, as we might

xpect, since the parable represents a common and exceedingly ancient orienta method of instruction. Two notable king no reign over them (Judges 9.) and the story which Nathan told David, wherein the prophet uncovered David's

"It is said that some of the Old Tests ment books, as Jonah, Daniel, Bather and Ruth, may be partly of a fictitious char-acter. If so they are no less reliable as giving us vivid glimpses of the doings of those far off days, just as Scott and Ainsworth have lighted up and Bratish real and living to us Scotch and Buglish history. Ruth is a delightful picture of pranant life in the hill country of Judah in the days of the Judges, a peaceful con-trast to the prevailing tumultuousness

that even in those cruel days the spirit of over and unselfish dejection was existent "The book of Joseph is often made the a jet of a king of jeting which is not convenien; but it is a fact that it affords he greatest exhibition of the mi spirit to be found in the Old Testament It shows God as the Pather of all me without distinction of race or nation No other book in the Old Testamen oints out more clearly the great ommand of Christ to go into all the orld and preach the Gospel to every

be awarded according to the number of coupons sent in, and the merits of the written answers. You can get all the help you want with the written answers. Go in to win one of the solid gold medals. If you complete the course you will get a beautifully-engraved Diploma in

INTERNATIONAL PRESS BISLE QUESTION CLUB

I have read the Suggestive Que tions on the Sunday School Lesso published in THE NEW BRA, also the

people in paths of righteousness and pointed out the sure and fatal results o

"A large part of the Old Testament benefit. The Old Testament ceases to be ostensibly a history, intended by it a book of riddles and dark sayings, the writers to be taken as such, a record o human element in its contents becomes the events that marked the life and something real to us, it is seen to be a growth of the Hebrew nation, and an truly human product, bearing upon its account of the origin and development face, in its various forms and methods of of Israel's social, and religious instituwork, the impress of its human origin picture of these events. In the main ical selections. "among which are to be classed," he said, "the book of Job and that nowhere else in the world have w dramatic poems: the Psalms. Proverbs, and character of a nation is so faithfull

> The Phonograph.
>
> One need not be affuld of operating a machine too constantly, as there is little danger of wearing it out, and the motor will give better service when used frequently than when allowed to stand unused. In all cases avoid winding the spring too tightly. Stop when it offers strong resistance. In many cases it is specifically stated that the needles should not be used more than once, and these directions should be observed. Not to follow them means almost certain damage to the records. The machine should be kept well offed; otherwise its motion will become sluggish. Sewing machine oil may be used for that purpose. The records should be kept free from dust, as dirt clogs the sound to a wooden block. Such a cleaner of ways should be used on dusty record before they are placed on the machin—Suburban Life.

"Why are you sad, my dear? You ought to be supremely happy. Here, I've just inherited a fortune, and everything looks rosy. I can't understand why at such a time as this you should look so dismal. What is it? Have you heard bad news from home?"

"No, no; it isn't that. I'll try to throw it off. I suppose I'm foolish not to be thoroughly happy. Let us not mention the marter again."
"But I lindat on knowing what it is "But I lindat on knowing what it is

"But I Insist on knowing what is is that so depresses you. If it's anything that I can belp I shall"—
"Well, if you must know, I've just heard that the Snobleighs next door are going to move away, so she'll not be here to feel jealous of me when we begin to put on style after you get your money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Stent Flag.
On Jan, 18 every year, the annivermary of the battle of Waterloo, the
Duke of Wellington is bound to present
to the sovereign a small flag, which is
the annual reat in "petit sargenty" by
which the estate of Strathsleidsays is
held of the crown. The flag must be
a miniature tricolor or eagle of the
Napoleonic army, fringed with gold,
with a gilded eagle on the head of the
staff and the number of the year embroidered at the top corner of the flag
near the eagle. His Rent Flag.

"Before I married." said Mr. Hen-peck. "I didn't know what it meant so-support a wife."

"I presume you know now."

"Yes, indeed. I looked up the word support in the dictionary and discov-ered that one of its meanings is 'en-dure."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

(2.) How did Elijah know

(2.) How did Elijah know of the coming of famine?
(3.) Why did God send this famine?
(4.) Does God in these days ever send famine, or other calumity, to punish the people for their sins?
(5.) Verses 24—What reason is there to believe that God's word to Elijah, to go to the brook Cherith, was any different to directions true Christians receive to-day, to move from one place to another?

that his sins are forgiven, or telling him to move to another town?

(7.) When God answers our prayers for guidance, does he use any different voice than the one with which he spake to Elijah?

(8.) Verse 5—Is there any danger of a true man mistaking the voice of God, or as it always safe to follow without doubt?

(9.) Verse 5—What reason fs there to believe that literal ravens fed Elijah?

(11.) What reason is there to be-lieve that food, raiment, and home, are guaranteed to the Christian? (12.) Are daily needs ever miracul-ously provided for us in these days? Give some reasons. (13.) Verse. 7—When our supplies fail, from one source, what does God say to us through that fact? (14.) Is God's guidance of us through circumstances, as real and as

(20.) How would it affect the spiritual value of this story if it should
prove that God had directed Elijah to
this widow by wholly natural means
Elijah having known her in advance?

(21.) What induced this widow to
divide we have search smally of food divide up her scanty supply of food and water with Elijah? (22.) Is there any way to explain this story except by God's miraculous

(23.) What is the practical impo

proof that every trouble to a Christia is a blessing in disguise? (This ques-tion must be answered in writing by Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 12th, 1911. Elijah's Victory Over the Prophets of Baal. I Klugs xylli:1-2, 17-40.

Feb. 12th 1911. Copyright, 1911, by Rev. T. S. Lire att, D.D. Elijah's Victory Over the Prophets of Baal. I Kings xviii:1-2, 27-40. of Baal. I Rings xviii:12, 2(-4).
Golden Text—Choose you this day
whom ye will serve. Joshua xxiv:15.
(1.) Verses 1:2—How long had the
famine lasted in the land?
(2.) Did the Lord speak to Elljah
in any different manner to what he
speaks to those who serve him today?

(3.) Why had dod kept silpan away from Ahab for three years or during the continuance of the famine?

(4.) Would the 'suffering caused Ahab, by the famine have put him into a better frame of mind to realize his sin, and whether or not, does suf-

ful human nature did Ahab demonstrate in the way he accosted Elijah?

(6.) Why is it that sinners when they suffer for their sins generally put the blame on some one else?

(7.) In what respects was it true that Ahab and his house were the troublers of Israel?

that Ahab and his house were the troublers of Israel?

(8.) Verse 21—What test did Elijah propose to Ahab and the people?

(9.) Why did not Ahab slay Elijah when he was in his power and seeing he had been husting him for that pur-

(10.) Verse 21—Which is the more harmful condition, to be almost per-suaded to be a Christian or to be defi-nitely decided that we will not? Why? (11.) Why had the people of Israel been halting between serving God and

Baal?

(12.) Why could not the people answer the challenge of Elijah?

(13.) What can you say about the value of Elijah's advice to the people?

(14.) Verse 22—Was Elijah correct in his opinion that he was the only prophet remaining true to God? (See Chap. xix:18.)

Chap. xix:18.)

(15.) In what sense is the proverb always free, that "one man and God are always a majority?"

(16.) Is it always God's pian to give the victory to every man of God, so matter if he is alone and all the people are against him? Give your reseason.

faith in it?

(22.) Verses 30-39 — What proof have we to-day that the Lord is God, fully as convincing as this miracle?

(23.) How much value do you place upon conversions produced by such wonders as were here displayed?

(24.) Verse 40—What evidence is there that the wholesale slaughter of four hundred and fifty men. by Elligh, was done at the command of God?

Lesson for Sunday, Feb. 19, 1911.

Ellish's Flight and Return. I Kings avvill: 11—xix: 121.

AN ARTIST'S SEARCH

Mark Hammond, American artist in Paris, was lounging one morning after breakfast in his studio before begin-ning his day's work. He had received a newspaper from home and, as was usual with him on the receipt of home papers, he read every word, including advertisements. Enddenly he statted. His eye had lighted on the following advertisement:

doubt?

Temple court, New York city, she we had seen a court, New York city, she we had seen a court to believe that literal ravens feel flight?

(10.) Did the ravens bring the food direct to him, or did they deposit i where he could obtain it, and all unconscious that they were feeding fill.) What reason is there to be lieve that food, raiment, and home, are guaranteed to the Christian?

(12.) Are daily needs as the county of the court of the county of the co it, but no key. For awhile the purchaser was content to let the drawer remain closed; but, finally needing it, he fitted a key and opened it. It contained a2 few old papers so eaten by mice that he could make nothing of them. There was an envelope—no letter in it—parity destroyed. An address was on it, or the remains of one, as

fail, from one source, what does God say to us through that fact?

(14.) Is God's guidance of us through circumstances, as real and as in profitable, as if He were to speak from the clouds with an, audible voice; Give your reasons.

(15.) Verses 8-9-What reason is there to believe that when all the means we know fall that we can rest with certainty that God knows a way, and will in due time reveal it unto us? (16.) "Our extremitles are always God's opportunities," but does help generally come to us from the sources which we would naturally expect of from unlikely sources? Give your reasons.

(17.) In extending His kingdom on the earth which means does God most frequently use the weak or the mighty? Give examples.

(18.) In what sense can God command us to do a thing without our being conscious of it?

(19.) Verses 19-16-How did Elijah recognize this woman when he met her?

(20.) How would it affect the spiritual value of this story if it should grove that God his story if it should grove the God's copportunities, and the took to the heavelope with means does God most frequently use the weak or the mighty? Give examples.

(18.) In what sense can God command us to do a thing without our being conscious of it?

(19.) Verses: 19-16-How did Elijah recognize this woman when he met her?

(20.) How would it affect the spiritual value of this story if it should grove that of this story if it should grove that God his guidance of the guid

he succeeded in remaining at his ease till his breakfast (luncheon in Amer-ica), after which he began a bunt that

took up all his leisure time for weeks. Having made a list of all the streets in Paris whose names begin with C. Q and G, he gave several bours a day to hunting for Marcelline Cutter. He judged that she was a lady and confined himself to the best streets till he had exhausted them, then with but little hope began on the poorer ones, lighting at last on 43 Rue du Geindre, a dinny street near the Church of St.

a dingy street near the Church of St. Sulpice. A girl of twenty responded to his knock. She was shabbily dressd, but comely.
"I am looking for Marcellina Cutter said Hamme

"My mother is Marcelline Cutter, and I am Mabel Cutter."

Hammond knew his search was ended. Mother and daughter had lived daughter worked in a bookbinder; near by. It was an old story of a marriage for love, including a run away, and without forgiveness. Mar celline Seymour married Edgar Cut ter, an Englishman. There were n

ter, an Englishman. There were no means in either family, but Cutter secured a position in an American banking house in Paris, died and left his widow and daughter penniless. Mrs. Cutter was at a loss to know why she was inquired for. It could not be for an inheritance, for she knew of no relative who had means to bequeath her. The advertisement emanating from America indicated that she was sought for by the Beymoure rather than the Cutters.

Hammond left the two to send their address to New York and settled down again to his work. A mouth passed, when there was a rap on his studio door, and two laddes entered. Beneath their altered dress he recognized the Cutters. Then they gave him the sequel to his search. Edgar Cutter had a brother Hugh, who had worked his way from England to Colorado. There he prospected, mined, struck a bonanza and became very rich. He hunted for his brother, but could gain no trace of him except that he find married Marcelline Seymour. Dying childless. Hugh Cutter left his property to his brother and his brother's wife and children, if any, on condition that they were found within a year after his own demise. If not the property was to go to his cousin, a resident of the place in England whore the family had long lived. The year would have expired within air weeks after the date on which Hammond began his search.

Mrs. Cutter begged Hammond to name some way by which she might recompense him for his trouble and reward him for saving her and her daughter a splendid tuberitance. Hammond, though but a poor artist strugging to palate plettrees worthy to be hung in the Salon. decided to accept any campennation. He, however, decided to return to America with the Cutters and on arrival there was gerwarded to go with them to Colorado and become active in securing their in heritance. He finally accepted a consideratie reward, in the person of Mabel Cutter, whom he married.

Biobbs—Saphedde is always talking shout his noint of view. Silobs—Yea

lickets good for 30 days

8.30 a. m., Sundays only 2.00 p. m., daily except Sunday cave Riverton for Philadelphia 9.00 a. m., daily except Sunday 10.55 a. m., Sanday only 6.40 p. m., daily except Sanday 7.35 p. m., Sunday only

B. H. FLAGG, JR., Gen. Fht. and Pass. Agt.

P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect Sunday, Nov. 27, 1910.

| Phila. for Riverton. | Arrive at Palmyra | Arrive at Rivertum. | Riverton for Phila. | Palmyra for Phila. | Arrive at Phila. | |
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| 0 30 | 10 55 | 10 58 | 9 02 | 9 04 | 9 27 | |
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| SUNDAYS | | | | | | | | | | |
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| PM | PM | PM | 1246 | 1249 | 1 15 | | | | | |
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| 1 30 | 1 59 | 2 02 | 4 55 | 4 58 | | | | | | |
| 4 00 | 4.23 | 4 26 | 6 20 | 6 23 | 6 55 | | | | | |
| 6 20 | 6 46 | 6 48 | 7 52 | | | | | | | |
| 7 20 | 7 45 | 7 48 | 9 14 | 917 | 945 | | | | | |

rough and dry, or if you are no and would rid yourself of them, you

St. Regis Cold Cream

Por it is a certain preventative well as a speedy and positive cure for all forms of skin irritations caused by cold or inclement weather Sold in 10c collapsible tubes and in 25c

For sale by leading druggists everywhere THE ST. REGIS DRUG CO.

LUCKY IMITATION.

Famous Impersonator's Experience . With the Russian Autograt

Marshal Gourko, the famous Russian general, was a terrible autocrat. On one occasion an impersonator of cel-brated men was performing at a thea-ter in Odessa. One evening he receivter in Odessa. One evening he received a mysterious message, which read,
"Study General Gourko." In Russia
it is better not to inquire into matters
that one does not understand, and so
the artist spent an hour in privately
impersonating the autocratic Russian.
Just as the evening performance was
about to commence up order of arrests about to commence an order of arrest signed by Gourko was presented to the impersonator, and without explanation impersonator, and without explanation he was led through the streets to the marshal's palace and into an apart-ment where the terrible man was seat-ed. "They tell me that you imper-sonate celebrated men," he roared. "Impersonate me!"

sonate celebrated men," he roared.
"Impersonate me!"
Giving a basty look at Gourko, the
performer turned to the mirror to
"make up." It was an anxious time,
for if the marshal should take exception to the representation he had unlimited power to inflict punishment.
The impersonator dragged himself together and turned to the marshal a
copy of his own face and overbearing
manner. Gourko burst into a roar of
laughter, and the dangerous moment manner. Gourko burst into a roar of laughter, and the dangerous moment

EELS IN JAPAN.

The Restaurant Gook Catches Alive the Fish the Patron Selects. Entering a Japanese restaurant, a guest who wishes broiled eels and rice is led to a tank of squirming fresh water seis and bidden to point out the object of his preference, says a writer in the Delineator. The cook, who stands by, selects the wriggling victim of his choice, strikes its head amarily upon a wooden block and, squatting by it, grasps the creatury's neck, inserts a knife in the left side of the vertebrae and desterously runs it down to the tail, then, rapidly applying his instrument to the other side of the backbone, repents the process, leaving the eel split open.

Then, chopping the flattened eel into three inch lengths, the pieces are plauged into boiling water to make the skin tender, long hamboo splints used as skewers are thrust through them, and they are then placed on rods over glowing charcoal and broiled brows, being plunged from time to time into a vessel that contains old soy of the color and consistency of molasses. These preparations concluded, the steaming eels again are drained and placed in red lacquer boxes with rice and set before the customer.

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By Trank H. Spearman Illustrations by André Bowles

CHAPTER I.—Murray Sinclair and his ang of wreckers were called out to clean he railroad tracks at Smoky Creek.
CHAPTER II.—McCloud. a young read uperintendent, caught Sinclair and his rea in the act of looting the wreckers. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small summer to the men. McCloud discharged by whole outfit and ordered the wreckers burned.

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of MIA. Sincialr, the ex-dorman's desertation of the daughter of the late Richard Dunthe daughter of the late Richard Dunling of the late Richard Dunling of the late Richard Dunling of the late Richard Dunthe late of the late Richard Dunling of the late of t

method that Whispering Smith was to Bunt the deprivice.

CHAPTER X,—Sill Dancing a road meman, preposed that Binclar and his gang be sent to tuy with authority, to the stranger was "Whispering Smith."

CHAPTER XI.—Smith approached Sinclair, He tried to buy him off, but failed.

CHAPTER XII.—McCloud that his life was in danger.—CHAPTER XII.—McCloud wa carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for. Dict-nic interfered to prevent a shooting at

way, he had already signed for. Dicksie interfered to prevent a shooting affray.

CHAPTER XIII.—Dicksie met McCloud
on a lonely trail to warn him his life was
in danger. On his way home a shot
passed through his hat.

CHAPTER XIV.—Whispering Smith reported that Di Sang, one of Shelair's
gang, had been assigned to kill McCloud.
If and Smith saw Du Sang.

CHAPTER XV.—Whispering Smith
rounted Du Sang and told him to get out
of Medicine Bend or suffer. Du Sang
seemed no suffer. Du Sang
seemed on the same of the same of the same of the same
CHAPTER XVI.—McCloud's big constance of an infunction issued to Lance
rounning by the United States court. A
flood stifled further railroad operations.

CHAPTER XVII.—Beset by flood Dicksie asked Marion to visit her, Mariau
proposed asking aid to stem the flood
from McCloud. At first Dicksie refused
Then she agreed.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Arriving at the
cathp. they learned Smith had followed
them from the ranch to be sure of their
safe journey. McCloud offered the aid of
100 men and equipment.

CHAPTER XIVII.—Smith told Dicksie

100 men and equipment.
CHAPTER XIX.—Smith told Dicksi
the story of his railroad career.
CHAPTER XX.—Lance Dunning read
any accepted the aid of McCloud's men
who made much progress. Smith enter
tained Dicksie.

CHAPTER XXI.—McCloud succeede in balting the flood. He accepted Dunning's hospitality.

CHAPTER XXII.—Dicksie and Marior visited Sinclair at his ranch. He tried to persuade his deserted wife to return to him. She refused wife to return to him. She refused, the bandits escaping Smith and McCieut started in pursuit. CHAPTER XXIV.—They hit the wrong trial, righted themselves and again started pursuit.

the bandits, Du Sang among them, Single-handed he routed them all. He set ir pursuit of one, the other two being hopelessly gongded.

CHAPTER XXVIII. The Death of Du Sang.

Whispering Smith, with his horse lather, rode slowly back 20 minut a lather, rode slowly back 20 minutes later with Seague disarmed ahead of him: The deserted battle-ground was alive with men. Stormy Gorman, hot for blood, had come back, captured Karg, and begun swearing all over again, and Smith listened with amiable surprise while he explained that seeing Dancing killed, and not being what the list from Whinnaring Smith;

peculiar tactics which side he was shooting at, Gorman and his compan-ions had gone for help. While they angrily surrounded Karg and Seagrue, Smith slipped from his horse where Bill Dancing lay, lifted the huge head from the dust, and tried to turn the giant over. A groan greeted the at

"Bill, open your eyes! Why would you not do as I wanted you to?" he murmured bitterly to himself. A sec ond grown answered him. Smith called for water, and from a cantee drenched the pallid forehead, talkin softly meanwhile; but his efforts to re store consciousness were unavailing store consciousness were unavailing He turned to where two of the cow boys had dragged Karg to the groun and three others had their old companion Seagrae in hand. While two held huge revolvers within six inches of his head, a third wis adjusting a rope-knot under his ear.

Whispering Smith became interested, "Hold on!" said he, mildly, what it here?

what is loose? What are you going to do?"
"We're going to hang these fellows

answered Stormy, with a volley of hair-raising imprecations, "Oh. no! Just put them on horse

"Oh. no! Just put them on horses under guard."
"That's what we're going to do," exclaimed the foreman. "Only we're going to run 'em over to those cottonwoods and drive the horses out from under 'em. Stand still, you tow-headed cox thief!" he cried, slipping the moose up tight on George Seagrue's neck.
"See here." returned Whispering

are. How do you feel?"
"An't that blamed doctor here yet? Then give me my boots. I'm going back to Medicine Bend to Doc Torpy."
In the morning Whispering Smith, who had cleansed and dressed the would and felt sure the builet had not penetrated the skull, offered no objection to the proposal beyond cautioning him to ride slowly. "You can go down part way with the prisoners Bill," suggested Wrispering Smith. "Brill Young is going to take them to Oroville, and you can act as chairman of the goard."

Before the party started, Smith called Seagrue to him. "George, you saved my life once. Do you remember—in the Pan Handle? Well, I gave you yours twice in the Cache day before yesterday. I don't know how hadly you are into this thing. If you kept clear of the killing at Tower W I will do what I can for you. Don't talk to anybody." "See here," returned Whispering

"See here," returned Whispering Smith, showing some annoyance, "you may be joking, but I am not. Either do as I tell you or release those men." "Well, I guess we are not joking very much. You heard me, djdn't you?" demanded Stormy, angrily. "We are going to string these damed critters up right here in the draw on the first tree."
Whispering Smith drew a pocket-

whispering Smith drew a pocket knife and walked to Flat Nose, slit the rope around his neck, pushed him out of the circle, and stood in front of him. "You can't play horse with my prisoners," he said, curtly. "Get over here, Karg. Come, now, who is going to walk in first? You act like a school-boy, Gorman."

Hard words and a wrangle followed, but Smith did not change expression, and there was a backdown. "Have you fellows let Du Sang get away while you were glaying fool here?" he saked. "Du Sang's over the hill there on his horse, and full of fight yet," exclaimed

one.

"Then we will look him up," susgested Smith. "Come, Seagrue."

"Don't go over there. He'll set you
if you do," cried Gorman.

"Let us see about that. Seagrue, you and Karg walk ahead. Don't duck
or run, either of you. Go on."

Just over the brow of the hill near
which the fight had taken place, a
mian lay below a ledge of granite. The
horse from which he had failen was
grazing close by, but the man had
dragged himself out of the blinding
sun to the shade of the sagebrush
above the rock—the trail of it all lay
very plain on the hard ground. Watching him narrowly, Smith, with his
prisoners ahead and the cowboys
riding in a circle behind, approached.
"Du Sang?"

prisoners ahead and the cowboys riding in a circle behind, approached. "Du Sang?"
The man in the sagebrush turned his head.
Smith walked to him and bent down. "Are you suffering much, Du Sang?"
The wounded man, sinking with shock and internal hemorrhage, uttered a string of caths.
Smith listened quietly till he had done; then he knelt beside him and put his hand on Du Sang's hand. "Tell me where you are hit, Du Sang. Put your hand to it. Is it the stomach? Let me turn you on your side. Easy. Does your belt hurt? Just a minute/now; I can loosen that."
"I know you." muttered Du Sang, thickly. Then his eyes—terrible, rolling, pink eyes—brightened and he swore violently.
"Du Sang, you are not bleeding much, but I'm afraid you are badly hurt," said Whispering Smith. "is there anything I can do for you?"
"Get me some water."
A creek flowed at no great distance below the hill, but the cowboys refused to go for water. Whispering Smith would have gone with Seagree and Karg, but Du Sang begged him not to leave him alone lest Gorman should kill him. Smith canvassed the situation a moment. "Til put you on my horse," said he at length, "and take you down to the creek."

He turned to the cowboys and asked them to help, but they refused to

take you down to the creek."

He turned to the cowboys and asked them to help, but they refused to touch Du Sang.

Whispering Smith kept his patience. "Karg, take that horse's head." said he. "Come here, Seagrue; help me lift Du Sang on the horse. The boys seem to be afraid of sattine blood on seem to be afraid of getting blood on their hands."

thave been riddled with bullets. Isn't it terrible?" She sobbed suddenly, and McCloud, stunned at her words, led her to his chair and bent over her.
"If his death means this to you, think of what it means to me!" their hands."

With Whispering Smith and Sea grue supporting Du Sang in the saddle grue supporting Du Sang in the saddle and Karş leading the horse, the cavalcade moved slowly down to the creek, where a tiny stream purled among the rocks. The water revived the injured man for a moment; he had even strength enough, with some help, to ride again; and, moving in the same halting order, they took him to Rebstock's cabin. Rebstock, at the door, refused to let the sinking man be brought into the house. He cursed Du Sang as the cause of all the trouble. But Du Sang cursed him with usury, and, while Whispering Smith listened, told Rebstock with bitter oaths that if he had given the boy Barney anything but a scrub horse think of what it means to me!"
A flood of sympathy bore them together. The moment was hardly one for interruption, but the dispatcher's door opened and Rooney Lee halted, thunderstruck, on the threshold.
Dicksie's hand disappeared in her handkerchief. McCloud had been in wrecks before, and gathered himself together unmoved. "What is it, Rooney?"
The very calmpess of the two at

the table disconcerted the dispatcher. He held the message in his hand and shuffled his feet. "Give me your dispatch," said McCloud, impatently, Quite unable to take his hollow eyes off Dicksie, poor Rooney advanced, handed the telegram to McCloud, and beat an awkward retreat. caths that it he had given the boy Barney anything but a scrub horse they never would have been trailed. More than this concerning the affair Du Sang would not say, and never said. The procession turned from the door. Seagrue led the way to Rebstock's stable, and they laid Du Sang on sorte her.

CHAPTER XXIX.

McCloud and Dickele, of the fight in Williams Cac Mcdicine Bend in the nig sea, filling in the gaps between use leading to the north co-de the circuit complete, but

McCloud, and beat an awkward retreat.
McCloud devoured the words of the
message at a glance.
"Ah!" he cried, "this is from Gordon himself, sent from Sleepy Cat.
He must be safe and unhurt! Listen: n some hay.

Afterward they got a cot under him With surprising vitality he talked a long time to Whispering Smith, but at last fell into a stupor. At nine o'clock that night he sat up. Ed Banks Three of the Tower W men trailed into Williams Cache. In resisting arrest this morning, Du Sang was wounded and is dying to-night. Two prisoners, Karg and Seagrue. G. S.

and Kennedy were standing beside the cot. Du Sang became delirious, and in his delirium called the name of Whispering Smith; but Smith was at Baggs' cabin with Bill Dancing. In "Those are Gordon's initials; it is the signature over which he tele-graphs me. You see, this was sent a spasm of pain, Du Sang, opening his eyes, suddenly threw himself back. The cot broke, and the dying man rolled under the feet of the frighten-d horses. In the light of the lanterns they lifted him back, but he was bleeding at the weath paths deed st night long after Blake left. He is safe; I will take my life on it."

Dicksie sank back while McCloud re-read the message. "Oh, isn't that a relief?" she exclaimed. "But how can, it be? I can't understand it at all; but he is safe, isn't he? I was hearting slowly at the mouth, quite dead. The surgeon, afterward, found two passing through the stomach, ex-plained Du Sang's failure to kill at a distance in which, uninjured, he could have placed five shots within the com-

but he is safe, isn't he? I was heart-broken when I heard he was killed, Marion ought to know of this," she said, rising. "I am going to tell her." "And may I come over after I tell Rooney Lee to repeat this to head-quarters?" "Why, of course, if you want to." When McCloud reached the cottage Dicksie met him. "Katle Dancing's mother is sick, and she has gone home. Poor Marion is all alone this pass of a silver dollar. Firing for Whispering Smith's heart, he had, despite the fearful shock, put four bullets through his coat before the rifleball from the ground, tearing at right angles across the path of the first buthome. Poor Marion is all alone this morning, and half dead with a sick headache," said Dicksie. "But I told her, and she said she shouldn't minds the headache now at all." let, had cut down his life to a question of hours.

Bill Dancing, who had been hit in the head and stunned, had beek moved back to the cabin at Mission Springs, and lay in the little bedroom. A doctor at Oroville had been sent for, but had not come. At midnight of the second day, Smith, who was beside his bed, saw him rouse up, and noted the brightness of his eyes as he looked around. "Bill," he declared, hopefully, as he sat beside the bed, "you are better, hang it! I know you are. How do you fee!"

"Ain't that blamed doctor here yet? Then give me my boots. I'm going

"But what are you going to do?"
"I am going to get dinner; do you vant to help?"

"Funny or not, I'm going to help." unny.

"You would only be in the way."
"You don't know whether I should or not."
"I know I should do much better it

"You would go back and run the railroad a few minutes.".

"The railroad be hanged. I am for
dinner."

"But I will get dinner for you."

"You need not. I can get it for myself."

"You need not. I can get it for myself."

"You are perfectly absurd, and ifwe stand here disputing, Mariow won't
have anything to eat."

They went into the kitchen disputing about what should be cooked. At
the end of an hour they had two fires
going—one in the stove and one in
Dickste's cheeks. By that time it had
been decided to have a luncheon instead of a dinner. Dickste attempted
some soup, and McCloud found a strip
of bacon, and after he had cooked it.
Dickste, with her riding-skirt pinned
up and her sleeves delightfully rolled
hack, began frying eggs. When Marion,
unable longer to withstand the excitement, appeared, the engineer, flushed
with endeavor, was making tosat.

The three sat down at table togettie
ar. They found they had forgotten
the coffee, but Marion was not allowed
to move from her chair. When the
coffee, but Marion was not allowed
to move from her chair. When the
coffee was made ready the bacon had
been eaten and more had to be fried.
McCloud proved able for any part of
the program, and when they rose it
was four o'clock and too late, McCloud declared, to go back to the of-

accollith, confded and colored in the repesting, came in a cloud of conflicting rumors. In the streets, little groups of men discussed the fragmentary reports as they came from the railroad offices. Toward morning, Bleepy Cat, nearer the scene of the fight, began sending in telegraphic reports in which truth and rumor were strangely mixed. McCloud waited at the wires all night, hoping for trustworthy advices as to the result, but received none. Even during the morn-Marion and Dicksie, after a time, attempted jointly to get rid of him, but
they found they could apt, so the
three talked about Whispering Smith.
When the women tried to discourage
McCloud by talking hats he played the
wheexy plane, and when Dicksie spoke
about going home he declared he
would ride home with her. But Dicksie had no mind that he should, and
when he asked to know why, without
realisting what a fitish lingered in his
tace, she said only, no: if she had
ressons she would give none. McCloud
persisted, because under the finsh
about his eyes was the resolve that he
would take one long ride that evening,
in any event. He had made up his
mind for that ride—a longer one than
he had ever taken before, or expected
ever to take again—and would not be
balked.

Dicksie, insisting upon going home, sirangely mixed. McCloud waited at the wires all night, hoping for trust-worthy advices as to the result, but received none. Even during the morning nothing came, and the silence seemed more ominous than the bad news of the early night. Routine business was almost suspended and Mc-Cloud and Rooney Lee kept the wires warm with inquiries, but neither the telephone nor the telegraph would yield any definite word as to what had actually happened in the Williams Cache fight. It was easy to fear the worst.

beliked.

Dickste, insisting upon going home, went so far an to have her horse-brought from the stable. To her surprise, a house for McCloud came over with it. Quiet to 'Eo verge of solemnity, but with McCloud following. Dick- o walked with admirable firmness out of the shop to the curb. McCloud gave her rein to her, and with a smile stood waiting to help her mount. At the noon hour McCloud was signing letters when Dickste Dunning walked hurriedly up the hall and hesitated in the passageway before the open door of his office. He gave an exclamation as he pushed back his chair. She was in her riding suit just as she had slipped from her saddle. "Oh, Mr. McCloud, have you heard the awful news? Whispering Smith was killed yesterday in Williams Cache by Du Sang."

worst.
At the noon hour McCloud was sign-

1

right in to-to see Marion and courage failed me—I came here first Does she know, do you think? Blake saw him fall from the saddle after he

a simile stood waiting to help her mount.

She was drawing on her second glove. "You are not going with me."

"You':l let me ride the same road, won't you-even it I can't keep up?"

Dicksie looked at his mount. "It would be difficult to keep up, with that horse." killed yesterday in Williams Cache by Du Sang."

McCloud stiffened a little. "I hope that can't be true. We have had nothing here but rumors; perhaps it is these that you have heard."

"No, no! Blake, one of our men, was in the fight and got back at the ranch at nine o'clock this morning. I heard the story myself, and I rode

was shot, and everybody ran away, and Du Sang and two other men were firing at him as he lay on the ground. He could not possibly have escaped with his life, Blake said; he must

Give me the pin!" She put her

ands unsteadily up under her hat.
"Here, for heaven's sake, it you must have something, take this comb!" She slipped from her head the shell that held her knotted hair. He caught her hand and kissed it, and she could not get it nway.
"You are dear," murmured Dicksie. "if you are silly. The reason wouldn't let you ride home with me is because I was afraid you might ge

because I was afraid you might get shot. How do you suppose I should feel if you were killed? Or, don't you think I have any feeling?"
"But, Dicksie, is it all right?"
"How do I know? What do you mean? I will not let you ride home with me, and you will not let me ride home alone. Tie Jim again. I am going to stay with Marion all night."

CHAPTER XXX.

The Laugh of a Woman.
Within an hour, Marion, working over a hat in the trimming room, was startled to hear the cottage door open and to see Dicksie quie unconcernedly walk in. To Marion's exclamation of surprise she returned only a laugh. "I

have changel my mind, dear. I am going to stay all night."

Marion kissed her approvingly.

"Really, you are getting so sensible I shan't know you, Dicksie. In fact, I believe this is the most sensible thing you were ever suitly of." you were ever guilty of."
"Glad you think so," returned Dick-

you were ever guilty of."

"Glad you think so," returned Dicksie, dryly, unpinning her hat; "certainly hope it is. Mr. McCloud persuaded me it wasn't right for me to
ride home alone, and I knew better
than he what danger there was for
him in riding home with me—so here
I am. He is coming over for supper,
too, in a few minutes."

When McCloud arrived he brought
with him a porterhouse steak, and
Marion was again driven from the
kitchen. At the end of an hour, Dicksie, engrossed over the broiler, was
putting the finishing touches to the
steak, and McCloud, more engrossed,
was watching her, when a diffident
and surprised-looking person appeared
in the kitchen doorway and put his
hand undecidedly on the casing. While
he stood, Dicksie turned abruptly to
McCloud.
"Oh, by the way, I have forgotten
something! Will you do me a favor?"

something! Will you do me a favor?"
"Certainly! Do you want money or a pass?"
"No, not money," said Dicksie, lift-

"No, not money," said Dicksie, lifting the steak on her fork, "though
you might give me a rass."

"But I should hate to have you go
away anywhere—"

"I don't want to go anywhere, but I
herer had a pass, and I think it would
be kind of nice to have one just to
keep. Don't you?"

"Why, yes; you might put it in the
bank and have it drawing interest."

"This steak is—Do they give interest on passea?"

"This steak is—Do they give interest on passes?"

"Well, a good deal of interest is felt in them—on this division at least. What is the favor?"

"Yes, what is it? How can I think? Oh, I know! If they don't put Jim in a box stall to-night he will kill some of the horses over there. Will you telephone the stables?"

"Won't you give me the number and let me telephone?" asked a voice behind them. They turned in antonishment and saw Whispering Smith. "I am surprised," he added, calmiy, "to see a man of your intelligence, George, trying to broll a steak with the lower door of your store wide open. Close the lower door and cut out the draft through the fire. Don't stare, George; put back the broller.

"Where did you come from?" domanded McCloud, as Marion came in from the dining room.

20 miles this morning and came to the office in tears to got news of you."

Smith looked mildly at Dicksie; "Did you shed a tear for me? I should like to have seen just one; Where did. I come from? I reported in wild over the telephone ten minutes ago. Didn't Marion tell you? She is so forgetful. That is what causes wrecks, Marion. I have been in the saddle since three o'clock this morning, thank you, and have had nothing for five days but raw steer garnished with suashise." The four sat down to supper, and Whispering Smith began to talk. He told the story of the chase to the Cache, the defiance from Rebstock, and the tardy appearance of the men he wanted. "Du Sang meant to shoot his way through us and make a dash for it. There really was nothing else for him to do. Banks and Kennedy were up above, even if he could have ridden out through the upper canyon, which is very doubtful with all the water now. After a little talk back and forth, Du Sang drew, and of course then it was every man for himself. He was hit twice and he died sunday night, but the other two were not seriously hurt. What can you do?

Cloud gave her rein to her, and with a smile stood waiting to help her mount.

She was drawing on her second glove. "You are not going with me."

"You'il let me ride the same road, won't you-even if I can't keep up."

Dicksie looked at his mount. "It would be difficult to keep up, with that horse."

"Would you ride away from me just because you have a better horse."

"No, not just because I have a better horse."

"He looked steadily at her without speaking.

"Why must you ride home with me when I don't want you to?" he said, reproachfully. Fear had come upon her and she did not know what she was saying. She saw only the expression of his eyes and looked her. The sun had set. The deserted street hay in the white haif light of a mountain evening, and the day's radiance was dying in the sky. In lower toes he spoke again, and she turned deady white.

"I've wanted so long to say this, Dicksie, that I might as well be dead as to try to keep it back any longer. That's why I want to ride home with you if you are going to let me." He turned to stroke her horse's head. Dicksie stood seemingly helpless. McCloud slipped his finger into his waist-coat pocket and held something out his hand. "This shell pin fell from your hair that night you were at camp by the bridge—do you remember?" couldn't bear to give it back. "Let me see it. I don't think that is mine." "Great heaven! Have i been carrying Marion Sinclair's pin for a month?" exclaimed Mecloud. "Well, it won't lose any time in returning it to her, at any rate."

"Where are you going?" Dicksie's voice was faint.

"I'm going to give Marion her pin." "They claim to give it back." "They called again." Why what is the matter?"

"Olcksie'ds eyes opened wide. "Let me see it. I don't kney it be and here." Give it to me." "Dicksie dare you tell me, after a shock like that, it really is your pin?" "Oh i don't kney you under her hands unsteadily up under her hand

Whispering Smith, listening, said nothing for some time, but once she laughed peculiarly. He pricked up his ears. "What has been happening since I left town?"

"What do you mean?" asked Marion Sinclair.

He nodded toward the porch. "Mc-Cloud and Dicksie-out there. They have been fixing things up."

"Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"I mean they are engaged."

"Never in the world!"

"I may be slow in reading a trail,"

"Never in the world!"
"I may be slow in reading a trail,"
said Smith, modestly, 'but when a
woman laugh: like that I think there's
something doing. Don't you believe
it? Call them in and ask them. You
won't? Well, I will. "Take them in
separate rooms. You ask her and I'll
ask him."
In spite of Marion's protests the two
were brought in. "I am required by

In spite of Marion's protests the two were brought in. "I am required by Mr. Smith to ask you a very silly question, Dicksie," said Marion, taking her into the living room. "Answer yes or no. Are you engaged to anybody?" "What a question! Why, no!" "Marion Sinciair wants to know just one thing, Gebrge," said Whispering Smith to McCloud, after he had taken him into the dark ahop. "She feels she ought to know because she is in a way Dicksie's chaperone, you know, and she feels that you are willing she should know. I don't want to be too serious, but answer yes or no. Are you engaged to Dicksie?"

"Why, yes. 1—"
"That's all; go back to the porch,"
directed Whispering Smith. McCloud
obeyed orders.

obeyed orders.

Marion, alone in the living room, was waiting for the inquisitor, and her face wore a look of triumph. "You are not such a mind-reader after all, are you? I told you they weren't."

"I told you they were," contended Whispering Smith. "She says they are not," insisted

Marion.

"He says they are," returned Whispering Smith. "And, what's more, I'll bet my saddle against the shop they are. I could be missaken in anything but that laugh."

CHAPTER XXXI

A Midnight Visit.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Midnight Visit.

The lights, but one, were out. McCloud and Whispering Smith had gone, and Marion was locking up the house for the night, when she was halfed by a knock at the shop door. It was a summons that she thoug? she knew, but the last in the worldth: the wanted to hear or to answer. ckaie had gone to the bedroom, and standing between the portieres that curtained the workroom from the shop, Marion in the half-light listened, hesitating whether to ignore or to answer the midnight intruder. But experience, and bitter experience, had taught her there was only one way to meet that particular summons, and that was to act, whether at noon or at midnight, without fear. She waited until the knocking had been twice repeated, turned up the light, and going to the door drew the bolt; Sinclair stood before her, and she drew back for him to enter. "Dicknie Dunning is with me to-night," sald Marion, with her hand on the latch, "and we shall have to talk here."

Sinclair took off his hat. "I knew you had company," he returned in the low, gentle tone that Marjon knew very well, "so I came late. And I heard to-night, for the first time, that this railroad crowd is after me—God knows why; but they have to carn their salary somehow, I want to keep out of trouble fit I can. I won't kill anybody if they don't force me to it. They've scared nearly all my men away from the ranch already; one crippled-up cowboy is all I have got to help me look after the cattle. But I won't quarret with them, Marion, if I can get away from here peaceably, so Eve come to talk it over ence, have

"That's what makes me more anxious to show you now that I can and will do what's right."

"Oh, you multiply words! It is too late for you to be here. You are in danger, you say; for the love of heaven, leave me and go away!"

"You know me, Marion, when my mind is made up. I won't leave without you." He leaned with one hand against the ribbon showcase. "If you don't want to go I will stay right here and pay off the scores I owe. Two men here have stirred this country up too long, anyway. I don't care much how soon anybody gets me after I round them up. But to-night. I felt like this: You and I started out in life together, and we ought to live it out or die together, whether it's to-night. Marion, or 20 years from to-night."

"If you want to kill me to-night, "If you want to kill me to-night, I have no resistance to make."
Sinclair sat down on a low counterstool, and, bending forward, held his head between his hands. "It oughtn't all to end here. I know you, and I know you want to do what's right. I couldn't kill you without killing myself; you know that." He straightened up slowly. "Here!" He slipped his revolver from his hip-holster and held the grip of the gun toward her. "Use it on me if you want to. It is your chance to end everything; it may save several lives if you do. I won't save several lives if you do. I won't leave McCloud here to crow over me, and, by God, I won't leave you here for Whispering Smith! I'll settle with him anyhow. Take the pistol! What are you afraid of? Take it! Use it!

I don't want to live without you. If
you make me do it, you're to blame for
the consequences."

She stood with wide-open eyes, but

uttered no word.

"You won't touch it—then you care
a little for me yet," he murmured.

"No! Do not say so. But I will not

with me and everything will be al right. I will come back some evenin



"Here! Use It on Me!" let them keep in the clear. I heard to-night that Du Sang is killed. Do you know whether it is true?"

An oath half escaping showed how the confirmation out him. "And Whispering Smith got away! It is Du Sang's own fault; I told him to keep out of that trap. I stay in the open; and I'm not Du Sang. I'll choose my own ground for the finish when they want it with me, and when I go I'll take company—I'll promise you that. Good-night, Marion. Will you shake hands?"

McCloud will be at the door in five minutes. Do you want him in the street to-night?"

Dicksie fied to the telephone, and an excited conference over the wire closed in seeming reassurance at both ends. By that time Marion had regained her steadiness, but she could not talk of what had passed. At times, as the two lay together in the darkness, Marion apoke, but it was not to be answered. "I do not know," she murmured once wearily. "Perhaps I am doing wrong; berhaps I ought to go with him. I wish oh, I wish knew what I ought to do!"

minutes. Do you want him in the street to night?"

Don't sell me that!"

The laughed kindly, "Why, that's what it used to be; that's what it used to be; that's what it used to be; that's what it want it to be again. I don't blame you. You're worth all the women lever knew, Marion. I've learned to appreciate some few things in the lonely months I've spent up on the Frenchman; but I've felt while I was there as if I were working for both of us. I've got a buyer in sight now for the cattle and the land. I'm ready to selean up and say good-by to trouble—all I want is for you to give me the ome chance I've asked for and go along."

They stood facing each other under the dim light. She listened intenty to every word, though in her terror she might not have heard or understood all of them. One thing she did very clearly understand, and that was why he had come and what he wanted. To that she held her mind tenaciously, and for that she shaped her answer."

He waited a moment. "We always got along, Marion, when I behaved my self."

'I hope you always will behave yourself; but I could no more go with you nothing but good; but our ways parted long ago."

'Stop and think a minute, Marion, offer you more and offer it more honestly than I ever effered it before, because I know myself better. I am alone in the world—strong, and better able to care for you than I was when I maderiook to—"

'That's what makes me more anx ious to show you now that I can and will do what's right."

'Oh, you multiply words! It is too The control of the consing.

The magnical the time is the toth dark times, and the treat tonight?

Don't be accited conference were the wire a took of what had passed. At times, in take two lay together in the dark times, and to take was the two lay together in the dark as the world and the manured once wearily. "Perhaps I am doug wrong; perhaps I ought to go with him. I wish, oh, I wish I knew what I ought to del'.

Beyond receiving reports from Kennedy and Banks, who in the interval tode into town and rode out gagai

pering Smith, "and they are all ac-counted for. One horse supplied by Rebstock was shot where they crossed Stampede creek. It had given out and they had a fresh horse in the willows, for they shot the scrub half a mile up for they shot the scrub half a mile up one of the canyons near the crossing. The magples attracted my attention to it. A piece of skin a foot square had been cut out of the flank."

"You got there before the birds."

"It was about an even thing," said Smith. "Anyway, we were there in time to see the horse."

"And Sinclair was away from the ranch from Spturday noon till Sunday night?"

"A rancher living over on Stampede creek saw the five men when they crossed Saturday afternoon. The fellow was scared and lied to me about it, but he told Wickwire who they was "

about it, but he told Wickwire who they were."

"Now, who is Wickwire?" asked Bucks.

"You ought to remember Wickwire, George," remarked Whispering Smith, turning to McCloud. "You haven't forgotten the Smoky creek wreek? Do you remember the tramp who had his legs crushed and lay in the sun all morning? You put him in your car and sent him down here to the railroad hospital and Barnhardt took care of him. That was Wickwire. Not a bad fellow, either: he can talk pretty straight and shoot pretty straight. How do I know? Because he has told me the story and I've seen him shoot.

World can't make a man 'natty' if he is not naturally so. There is an old, stopp shouldered doctor uptown that I have been talloring for seven years. He buys four and year, and yet, except for a few days after he has broken in each new suit, he never looks nice. The trousers bag of the knees, the coat falls away in tront, and the shoulders begin to look sloppy. The man's drooping figure and fellow, either: he can talk pretty straight and shoot pretty straight. How do I know? Because he has told me the story and I've seen him shoot.

There were a few days after he has broken. The strain of the property of the

And then, when I took him away they sprang Tower W on me! That is the price, not of having a conscience, for I haven't any, but of listening to the voice that echoes where my conscience used to be," said the railroad man, moving uneasily in his chair. Bucks broke the ash from his cigar mto the tray on the table. "You are restless to-night, Gordon—and it isn't like you, either."
"It is in the sir. There has been a dead caim for two days. Something

"It is in the air. There has been a dead calm for two days. Something is due to happen to-night. I wish I could hear from Banks; he started with the papers for Sinciair's yesterday while I went to Oroville to sweat Karg. Blood-poisoning has set 'm and it is rather important to us to get a liter was a lad, a very good lad, who it is rather important to us to get a confession. There's a horse!" He stepped to the window. "Coming fast

Now, I wonder-no, he's gon word that Kennedy was looking for Whispering Smith. Bucks, McCloud and Smith left the car together and walked up to McCloud's office. Kennedy, sitting on the edge of the table, was tapping his leg nervously

with a ruler. "Bad news, Gordon."
"Not from Ed Banks?"
"Sinclair got him this morning."

Whispering Smith sat down. "Go "Banks and I picked up Wickwire on the Crawling Stone early, and we rode over to the Frenchman. Wickwire said Sinclair had been up at Williams Cache the day before, and he didn't think he was home. Of course I knew the Cache was watched and he wouldn't be there long, so Ed asked me to stay in the cottonwoods and watch the creek for him. He and Wickwire couldn't find anybody home when they got to the ranchhouse and they rode down the corral together to look over the horses."

Whispering Smith's hand fell helplessly on the table. "Rode down together! For God's sake, why didn't one of them stay at the house?" "Banks and I picked up Wickwire don Tit-Bits.

Dickale on the edge of the bea to her.

"Oh, Marion, thank heaven, you are reviving! I have been frightened to death. Don't mind the telephone; it is Mr. McCloud. I didn't know what to do, so I telephone him."

"But you had better answer him," said Marion, faintly. The telephone bell was ringing wildly.

"Oh, not he can wait. How are you, at dear? I don't wonder you were fright said to death. Marion, he means to fill us—every one!"

"No, Dicksie. He will kill me and kill himself: that is where it will ead."

"An arming me."

"Banks says: "I'm sheriff of this county, and will be a long time yet!" do county, and will be a long time yet!" of county and will be a long time yet! of county and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet!" of county, and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet! of this county, and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet! of this county, and will be a long time yet! of county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of this county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of this county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county, and will be a long time yet! of the county and will be a long time yet! of the county and will be a long tim

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before he was a week older. He meant you, Gordon, and the last thing Ed told me was that he wanted you to serve the papers on Sinclair."

A silence fell on the company. One of the documents passing under Bucks' hand caught his eye and he opened it. It was the warrant for Sinclair. He read it without comment, folded It, and, looking at Whispering Smith. pushed it toward him. "Then this, I guess, Gordon, belongs to you."

Starting from a reverie, Whispering Smith reached for the warrant. He looked for a moment at the blood-stained caption. "Yes," he said, "this, I guess, belongs to me." before he was a week older. He means

CLUTHES AND THE MAN.

Good Appearances Are Kept Up Only by the Way Garments Are Worn.

"You can talk all you please about clothes making a man," said a Walnut street tallor, "but I want to say right new that the smartest clothes in the world can't make a man 'natty' if he a not naturally so. There is an other than the same th

straight and shoot pretty straight. How do I know? Because he has told me the story and I've seen him shoot. There, you see, is one friend that you never reckoned on. He used to be a cowboy, and I'got him a job working for Sinclair on the Frenchman; he has worked at Dunning's and other places on the Crawling Stone. He hates Sinclair with a deadly hatred for some reason. Just lately Wickwire set up for himself on Little Crawling Stone."

"I have noticed that fellow's ranch," remarked McCloud.

"I couldn't leave him at Sinclair's," continued Whispering Smith, frankly, "The fellow was on my nind all the time. I felt certain he would kill Sinclair or get killed if he stayed there, And theh, when I took him away they sprang Tower W on me! That is the price not of the story and of the price not of the construction.

A TRUE STORY.

A TRUE STORY.

It Was Vouched For by the Gentleman

Some years ago in a certain town in the north a gentleman possessed of more money than education was asked to address the scholars attending one of the local schools some Sunday after-

"Well, childwen," said he, "I's not

mere was a lad, a very good lad, who went regularly to Sunday school and nivver missed. But one Sunday aft-ernoon as he was gawin' to school two bad boys met him and persuaded him to gan bird nesting wiv 'em. So they to gan bird nesting wiv 'em. So they went alang by the riverside, and by and by they came to a tree, and in the tree on a branch which overhung the watter was a nest. The two bad lads sent the good lad to climb the tree and fetch the eggs. Up he went and got on the branch, further and farther, and just as he was reaching out his hand to tak' the nest the branch brok', and he fell into the river and was drooned."

After waiting a few moments to allow his hearers to thoroughly grass.

low his hearers to thoroughly grasp the full extent of the catastrophe he resumed with:

"Children, the story is true, for the lad that was drooned was me."—Lon-

sang's own fault; I told him to keep out of that trap. I stay in the open; and I'm not Du Sang. I'll choose or yown ground for the finish when they want it with me, and when I go I'll take company—I'll promise you that. Good-slight, Marion. Will you shake hands'"

"No."

"No."

"Bur i' like your grit, girl!

Well, good-sight, anyway."

She closed the door. She had even is trength enough to both it before his footsteps died away. She put out the light and felt her way blindly back to the workroom. She staggered through it, clutching at the curtains, and felt her way blindly back to the the workroom. She staggered through it, clutching at the curtains, and felt her way blindly back. "Marion, dear, don't speak," Dicksie of the his footsteps died away. She put out the light and felt her way blindly back to the workroom. She staggered through it, clutching at the curtains, and felt her way blindly back. "Marion, dear, don't speak," Dicksie of the workroom and managed, to jay her on the bed. Marion!" he cried, suddenly constituted by fright to her untost at strength, Dicksie drew he unconstend the proposed her eyes a few minutes later to see the lights burning, to hear the telephone hell ringing, and to find the saddle and was helpless Sinclair put a soft bull brough Bank." how ere reviving! I have been frightened to death. Dot't mind the telephone; it as it is a railroad fight. Why didn't they send the bed to death. Dot't mind the telephone; it is a railroad fight. Why didn't they send the bed to death. Dot't mind the telephone; it is a railroad fight. Why didn't they send the bed beade her.

"Oh, Marion, thank heaven, you are reviving! I have been frightened to death. Dot't mind the telephone; it is a railroad fight. Why didn't they send the bed beaded her.

"Oh, marion, thank heaven, you are reviving! I have been frightened to death. Dot't mind the telephone; it is a railroad fight. Why didn't they send the bed beaded her.

"Oh, marion, thank heaven, you are reviving! I have been frightened to death. Dot't mind th

Glasses to Fit Four Eyes.

For several months a man had been going to various oculists, getting a pair of glasses, trying them for a few days and then taking them back. Two weeks ago one of his friends suggested an optician that he thought could do the trick and persuaded the troubled man to give him a trial. The result was the same as before, however, and the glasses were returned. Curious about the nature of the difficulty, the friend went to the optician and asked him what was the matter. "Why," replied the latter, "that fellow wants a pair of glasses that will suit both lamself and his wife."—Philadelphia