# MARCH

# THE NEW ERA

VOL. 23. NO. 9. RIVERTON AND PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1912. PRICE THREE CENTS



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## Obliging One's Friends

Yarrington promised his friends to buy the box they wanted for one day at the automobile races. The best thing Yarrington does is to oblige his friends, and all the others had said they had no time to attend to the matter.

The broker he went to said that while boxes were very scarce, he thought by paying a premium he might be able to wrench one by main force from the eager throngs that were battling for them, provided Yarrington would take it for the two days. When he escaped from the broker Yarrington had parted with $40, but he figured on quickly disposing of the box for Friday, and the $20 that would be left was not much split up among the crowd.

He had his first jolt the next morning when Plentz telephoned that imperative business called him to San Francisco, so his name must be scratched off the list. At noon Kernack called up to say there was a sudden rush of business at the office and it was absolutely impossible for him to get away Saturday, so Yarrington must count him out. At three Woodmere called up to say that since some of the party could not go he thought they might as well call off the party.

After Yarrington had confided some bitter things to himself over the treachery of humanity in general he hunted up the broker and asked him to take back the tickets. He had no compunction about this, as there was such a demand for them. The broker smoothly said he had such a quantity of boxes on hand that he really could not think of paying the full price for Yarrington's, but that he would at great personal sacrifice give Yarrington $10 for it.

Thereupon Yarrington said a few sharp things and departed, resolved to sell the tickets himself since selling was so much more profitable than buying.

He called up Wattles and asked if he didn't want a box for one day at the automobile races. Wattles jumped at the chance, so Yarrington sent over the tickets and a bill for $20. Wattles nearly tore the telephone out by the roots and the boy with the tickets came back looking very much as though he had been shot out of a gun.

It seemed that Wattles thought Yarrington was giving him the box, and so the bill offended him hugely.

After that Yarrington heard of a man who wanted to go to the races, and promised to send over the tickets. Before he did so Kernack phoned that on no account was Yarrington to dispose of the box, as he had some friends to whom he had promised it. After Yarrington had told the other man that he could not have the tickets Kernack called up to say that his friends were leaving town and he didn't want the box after all.

By this time Yarrington was in an exceedingly tense and nervous state and hated the world vehemently. He was a cynic on the subject of friendship and desperate as regards his $40. It was manifestly impossible for him to stand on the street corner and wave the tickets in the faces of the passers-by, but he hit on another plan.

Taking the office boy into a corner he thrust the hated tickets into his hands.

"You go out there to the track," he ordered, "and sell these tickets for what you can get. Don't you dare come back with them, because if I ever set eyes on them again I can't answer for the result."

A little later Woodmere telephoned that he wanted the seats for his cousin's family, and when he learned that they were unavailable he said that Yarrington might think that was the right way to treat a friend of long standing, but as for himself he had his own opinion of such conduct. He said that Yarrington might have known he would want the tickets if Yarrington had given the matter the slightest thought.

When the office boy came back that night he looked haggard. He said that by telling the people he was the only support of three widowed mothers and eight brothers and sisters he had sold the Friday tickets among the throng at the track for a paltry dollar apiece. He said he had intended to invest in one himself, but that in a lucky moment he had hunted out the box and sat in it. He regretted to say that it was the very worst one there for position and that after he had found he would have an unrestricted view of one post, a corner of fence and a blank wall he decided he would not buy a ticket.

"What did you do with the Saturday tickets?" Yarrington asked in a hollow voice.

The office boy burst into tears. "I—I lost 'em!" he sobbed.

"Well, that's lucky, anyway," said Yarrington.


## The Lehighway

Change *without interest* is as monotonous as a *blank wall*. Towns and villages *without beauty* are *no relief* to the traveler. Your interest *varies* with every tick of the watch on the Lehighway. The standard of the *world's finest trains* with a great gallery of beautiful scenes skirting the way.

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Philadelphia Ticket Offices: 900 Chestnut Street, 131 S. Broad Street, Reading Terminal and all Philadelphia & Reading Offices. Telephone: Walnut 2323


## The Gymnasium Class

"Honestly," exclaimed Miss Beck, in a tone of disgust, "if I looked like that'd—I'd refrain from this sort of work and wear kimonos the rest of my life!"

The other girls looked where she pointed and beheld a woman of undecided years hanging from the stall bars, in an earnest endeavor to cast off, or at least redistribute, some of her superfluous avoirdupois.

"Oh, I don't think she so bad," said Miss Short, anxiously glancing down at her own lower extremities and making a mental comparison. "Of course she's too fat, but she's well proportioned, I think!" and she felt her arm, near the shoulder, with an imperceptible sigh of relief to find that it, too, was proportioned to her other limbs.

"I do hope," sighed Miss Barclay, in a tone of perfect content with herself, "that this work won't decrease my weight." Then she cast an appreciative eye over her own plump charms.

"Well, all I can say," returned Miss Beck, as at a personal affront, as she peered down, trying to catch a glimpse of her own sylph-like legs—completely hidden by the voluminous folds of black bloomers unless she put one forward purposely—"is that it's lots easier to add than to take away, and as for as I'm concerned I'd hate to see myself in a position where I couldn't wear the present styles with any degree of comfort!"

"Say, just look over in the corner. See that girl—or woman, I suppose she is—catching the ball! Did you ever in your life behold any one quite so much higher in one shoulder than the other?" Miss Faither spoke.

"No one except yourself," replied Miss Short unfeelingly. "The director was saying last week that you'd need a seven year course to get you straightened up from side to side."

"I'm glad it's my shoulders instead of my hips, at any rate," retorted Miss Faither, maliciously glancing at her tormentor's slightly ungeometrical proportions.

"Well," said Miss Garvin tranquilly, "I'm waiting to be told of my chief deformity. Or must I wait until I've been here a while longer?" She viewed the mirrored image of her perfections with calm approval. "While you people are striving to get back to normal I'll be so far ahead of you in the graceful art that I'll be talking only the sign language. It's too bad that my friends are mostly deformed and crippled!" and she dexterously caught a ball that came whizzing her way.

"No, dearest," cooed Miss Beck, "you aren't as perfect as you think. But you don't learn of your imperfections until you've had a few lessons. It took me three before I was informed that I had one shoulder too high, one hip too large and a bad case of swayback! You're a mere kindergartener at it, and, of course, you can't yet understand! But you'll learn. So contrive to be happy, dear, until you have come to earth! You are young and you are beautiful, but you may be knock-kneed or pigeon-toed or bowlegged or even swayback, for all you know. It isn't my place to inform you, but you'll be informed in due season." She gave Miss Garvin a look of compassionate pity!

"Well, at any rate, if I am all those things. I won't advertise it by wearing silk stockings," exclaimed Miss Garvin. "See that young thing—she can't be more than forty—over there hanging on those rings that are fastened to the ceiling? I'll offer a special prize to any one telling me just where her ankles are—that is, where her calves and her feet are joined! I'll be blessed if I can tell!" She extended a well turned ankle, deliberately, before the others. "I may as well own that that's my one pride and glory," she confessed, shamelessly. "I may be fat or thin, straight or stoop shouldered—"

"Class in line!" ordered the director, and the girls hastened to their places.

"The third girl there!" The director pointed at Miss Garvin. "Please extend your ankle when you mark time! One would think you were a hundred years old, the way you land on your heels! I wish I could make this class understand! For beauty of ankle you simply have got to extend it at every step—that gives it suppleness. If you'd do that"—to Miss Garvin—"you'd soon see a vast improvement in that stockiness you have! Forward, march!"

### No More Chamois Skins.

"Chamois skins? No, madam, we have none," said the truthful druggist.

"But what are those in the window?" demanded the woman.

"Kid skins," replied the druggist. "They are sold as chamois, but they are not. I doubt if you can find a chamois skin in New York outside a museum. There are not enough chamois left in all Europe to supply New York for one day. They are being exterminated as the American buffalo was. They are now rigidly protected by game laws and are only shot during the open season by the sportsmen. Will you take a kid skin? Yes, madam, you will find it just as good, but it isn't chamois."

## LIFE AN UNCERTAIN GAME

### Systems for Reaching Old Age as Doubtful as Those for Acquiring Wealth.

The late John W. Gates, who was frequently spoken of as a "plunger," played Wall street on a system, and was thirty or forty million dollars ahead of the game when he died at the age of fifty-six.

Thomas A. Edison, luckily among those guests who escaped unharmed from the Carlton hotel fire in London, is now sixty-four. He also has his "system," applied to living, by which he declares he expects to attain the patriarchal age of one hundred and fifty.

A man died in Minnesota lately only eleven days short of the century mark. As is too often the case, this near-centenarian was a hard drinker and an inveterate smoker. Maybe if he had lived a temperate life he might have rounded out the full hundred years.

But it all goes to show what an uncertain game life is. Some men take things easy and pass off in their prime. Edison works 16 or 18 hours a day, intends never to retire, and is going stronger than ever at sixty-four.

The only positive assurance the wizard inventor can have in regard to the long span he looks to, and which all the world cordially wishes him, is that he has achieved 150 years' worth of work already.


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## The Rush of Business

"Oh, I never will get this Christmas list made out!" said the little stenographer, impatiently, as she hastily threw her notebook into a drawer and grabbed materials to answer the buzzer that was getting frantic. "This is the 'steenth time I've barely got it started when some one wants to write his friend that he enjoyed the dinner he took with him yesterday or wishes to inform some one whom he never saw and never will see that he received his valued favor—which he never even read through—but though he can do absolutely nothing for him he begs, most ardently, to remind him that—and so on! Huh! Talk about women gushing!"

The bookkeeper turned an appreciative countenance toward her and prepared to listen.

"Oh, buzz on!" she exclaimed crossly, as the summons became still more imperative. "I'm engaged for a while yet!" And she snapped a rubbed band across the buzzer to deaden the noise.

"Actually, there aren't ten letters a day that are absolutely necessary," she declared. "There's a lot of folderol, that passes back and forth, and gets filed as business, though it is simple waste of time and postage. When the men receive the letters they realize what rubbish they are and laugh at them. But when they get started dictating they like the sound of their own voices!

"Why," and she gave her notebook an angry fling, "this thing here, I warrant, has about one page in ten filled with business that needed to be transacted! The rest is gush and affectation! And yet the men pride themselves on their quickness and their lack of red tape and their ability to cope with big situations. And you won't find one man in a dozen who doesn't make supercilious remarks about detail and say that he hasn't time to attend to that—that's what he keeps clerks for!

"I heard Mr. Brown this morning tell his wife over the 'phone that he simply couldn't get home to her luncheon, he was so busy—his desk was simply piled with work. He was very sorry, but business had to come before pleasure and she'd please make his excuses to the guests and so on—all that rot.

"Well, I expected a busy day when I heard that and so I prepared for rapid dictation. Well, what did I get? To one man he wrote that the matter was on his desk and as soon as he had time he'd look it over and write him in detail, which he begged leave to trust was satisfactory! And to another he wrote that business, as he very likely knew, wasn't what it might be, and therefore he wouldn't be able to go into the matter, but we might in some months' time—perhaps—with which he trusted he might sign himself very sincerely! And to another that he was in doubt as to the advisability of taking out such and such a paper, just at present, but after due consideration he would write him further, and he desired, with great gusto, to subscribe himself his obliged friend. And so on through the whole list! Why, there wasn't a letter that couldn't have been done away with altogether, let alone being put off until after his wife's luncheon!

"But all those letters made him think he was a very busy man and I've no doubt that he thinks he's indispensable to the company!

"Some day I'm going to run off a lot of form letters, saying that I'm very sorry, but I haven't yet had time to look into the matter, but will write further when time permits. I think it makes the men feel good to tell people they are too busy to think. Perhaps it might be well for me to offer my services as thinker for them!

"They all know that they'll decide against whatever matter it is that keeps pending! It's a hypocritical attitude, to say the least. They pretend to themselves that they're busy. They pretend to the man to whom they write that the matter really interests them and that they're really going to discuss it, and think it over, when they know they aren't even going to look at it again! And they pretend to the company that they're doing business eight hours a day! And then they'll go home and pretend to their wives that they've had a hard day!

"Oh, I've known too much of them ever to marry one of them! Marriage is purely a confidence game, as I see it, and when you lose confidence—or start in without any—marriage is sure to be a failure!

"Yes, yes, I'm coming as fast as I can!" She moved toward the door. Then she turned a smiling counteance to the bookkeeper.

"Here," she said, good naturedly, "just remember that what I said was all hasty. Perhaps those men do a lot of pretending, but if you listen carefully you'll hear my own sweet voice telling Mr. Jacobs, in one more minute, how extremely sorry I am that I was delayed and that it was unavoidable! And, do you know, I'd be fearfully angry if they dared intimate to me that I didn't earn my salary or that I wasted a lot of valuable time just hearing myself talk!"

## RESTORING LIFE IN JAPAN

### English Scientist Tells How the Islanders Maul Those Who Are Virtually Dead.

An English scientist, Prof. A. Abrams, has recently been making a special study of the restoration to life practiced by the Japanese, and while he does not fully explain why the men come back to life after being to all intents dead, he does tell how it is done, and this in itself is interesting.

In jiu-jitsu if a man is knocked out, beaten senseless, killed or otherwise mauled, and if a man has been killed by a sunstroke or by drowning the restorer rolls the patient on his face and extends his arms sidewise. Then he strikes the patient on the seventh cervical vertebra with his wrist severely and regularly until the patient recovers consciousness.

Immediately he is placed in a sitting posture, his arms rotated and he is aided in walking, for otherwise he relapses into unconsciousness immediately and in some cases dies at once.

This system of pounding the seventh vertebra has been found peculiarly beneficial in some acute heart diseases and the effects of the treatment under Japanese manipulation seem almost miraculous at times. As yet there seems to be no clear medical explanation of the effects of pounding the seventh vertebra, but the genuineness of the cures and resuscitations frequently described by travelers is now scientifically established by Professor Abrams' investigations.—Health Culture.

## BODY IS TOO MUCH IGNORED

### Herbert Spencer on the Proper Balance That Should Be Maintained in Education.

Nature is a strict accountant; and if you demand of her in one direction more than she is prepared to lay out she balances the account by making a deduction elsewhere. If you insist on premature or undue growth of any one part she will, with more or less protest, concede the point; but that she may do your extra work she must leave some of her more important work undone. In primitive times, when aggression and defense were the leading social activities, bodily vigor, with its accompanying courage, were the great desiderata; and then education was almost wholly physical; mental education was little cared for, and, indeed, was often treated with contempt. But now the muscular power is of use for little else than manual labor, while social success of nearly every kind depends much on mental power, our education has become almost exclusively mental. Instead of respecting the body and ignoring the mind, we now respect the mind and ignore the body. Both these attitudes are wrong. We do not sufficiently realize the truth that as, in this life of ours, the physical underlies the mental, the mental must not be developed at the expense of the physical. The ancient and modern conception must be combined.—Herbert Spencer.

### None for Him, Thank You.

Representatives Hughes and Kinkead of New Jersey and Cravens of Arkansas, wits of the house, had just returned from the funeral of a colleague. They were discussing the pomp and publicity of a congressional funeral.

"I do not want such a funeral, do you, 'Gene?" said Mr. Hughes to Mr. Kinkead.

"No, Billy, I do not care to be put away with so much display. What about you, Ben?" said Mr. Kinkead, turning to Mr. Cravens.

"I don't want any funeral," responded the southerner, dryly.—Washington Correspondence in New York World.

### Barbarous Penalty.

Death by prevention of sleep is a legal form of punishment in China.

## Miss French's High Hopes

Mrs. Smithers had spoken so tenderly and so often of her son John that Miss French felt that she, the flattered recipient of those precious confidences, might even be willing to accept the name of Smithers in exchange for hers, for such perfection and virtue would come with it.

Miss French was passing a few weeks at a health resort. There she had fallen into the company of Mrs. Smithers so much that she felt it was no coincidence when she found Mrs. Smithers seated in her favorite corner sewing or when she went for a walk to the springs and found Mrs. Smithers slowly moving thitherward, to be easily overtaken.

On all such occasions Mrs. Smithers reveled in blissful recollections of beauties of her son's character or in golden dreams of his future.

Miss French listened with a fluttering bosom. It was not surprising that her previously untouched heart throbbed deliciously when Mrs. Smithers told of the chivalry in her son John's nature. Did an act of bravery or heroism reach her ears, never was she at a loss to recall something in John's brief but brilliant career that put the heroism of others completely in the shade. John was a lover of all things noble, of all good and true and upright things, and he abhorred all mean, weak and contemptible natures as thoroughly as he hated deceit and sin.

If a child crossed their paths Mrs. Smithers saw in it, not her own pleasure and love in perfect childhood, but John's. John couldn't see a child on the street without stopping to speak to it. And generous! And kind! And brave! And handsome! Oh, thoughts of John brought tears to his mother's eyes!

So when Mrs. Smithers pressed Miss French's hand tenderly and whispered in a voice trembling with emotion that John was coming to see his dear mother the following week, and that Mrs. Smithers looked forward to the joy of letting Miss French share the delights of his presence, Miss French pressed Mrs. Smithers' hand in return. As she did so she felt a thrill of warmth and happiness cross her heart.

It was most exciting and romantic to think that she was soon to meet a man who was almost, if not quite, perfect.

The listened with something of the mother's own excited intensity for the carriage wheels on the day of John's arrival. The thought even crossed her mind that she ought to express her appreciation of Mrs. Smithers for giving her this great pleasure. She pictured herself as she might be in the future, as a blooming Mrs. Smithers, sheltered and protected by John, the envy of all her friends, the possessor of absolute happiness.

Why did she feel so hopeful? Well, hadn't Mrs. Smithers assured her that John was so attached to his mother that he wouldn't dream of falling in love without his mother's sanction?

And hadn't Mrs. Smithers looked the world over in vain for a wife worthy of John—looked until she was almost tempted to admit that there wasn't a girl in the world capable of filling that exalted position? But now—Then Mrs. Smithers had smiled meaningly at Miss French and had patted her hand. Wasn't that reason enough for Miss French to anticipate a perfect future?

When the carriage finally arrived Miss French watched with an intensity that hurt, as each passenger stepped out of it. But when it was finally emptied she sighed a deep, deep sigh of regret.

He hadn't come!

She reached for Mrs. Smithers' hand to comfort the poor mother—but it was gone, and so was Mrs. Smithers.

With outstretched arms Mrs. Smithers was racing down the walk toward a wizened little man with a fast increasing bald spot and a propensity for loud talk, who was bickering with the driver over his fare and demanding his rights in a high pitched voice that reminded Miss French of a Punch and Judy show. His mother reached John before his transaction was completed and she threw herself into his arms before he was aware of her presence.

"Oh, hello, ma!" he said, casually, but in a penetrating voice. "It was sort of hard to get away—my books didn't balance last night, and I thought I'd have to stay over another day—but I fixed them. Here, ma, you carry this satchel, will you? I'll carry the other one."

Miss French fled precipitately from their path that she might escape the promised introduction. She required time to clear away the debris of her ruined air castles.

### In Society.

"How is it your society friend loves so to go to grand opera when she is so deaf?"

"Why, she sees all the latest styles in evening costumes and knows just what is the best each of her friends can afford."

"But she can't listen to the music."

"I know, but who does?"

### He Needs a Rest.

"Doctor, do you think a trip to Europe would do me any good?"

"Yes. Let your wife take it."

### Little Left.

"What's the matter here? asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?" "No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."

## PASTOR RUSSELL'S ADIEU TO INDIA.

### Found Large Hospitals For Decrepit Animals.

Other Observations on India, but No Reference to Missions—Foreign Investigation Committee Will Report Findings in Hippodrome Upon Its Return to New York.

PASTOR RUSSELL

Bombay, Feb. 25.—The Committee of the International Bible Students Association for the Investigation of Foreign Missions have spent three weeks in India and traveled over three thousand miles. The seven members divided the work amongst them at the various stopping points and will co-labor in the report. The committee will report its findings at a meeting to be held in the New York Hippodrome on March 31. A summary of today's discourse of Pastor Russell in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium is as follows:—

I had a great interest in your land and its people before coming to your shores, but my interest has been greatly increased by what I have witnessed during the past three weeks in India—not only in your largest cities, but also in your towns, villages and agricultural districts. As there are no other extremes in the world so great as between the caps of your Himalaya mountains and the wash of your coral strands, 29,000 feet below them, so likewise there can be found no greater contrast socially and financially than between your wealthy princes and your poverty-stricken lower castes. Although such contrasts are deplorable we have no remedy to suggest, except the Divine one—the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom.

**Generous Instincts of India's Wealthy.**

Although I have remarked of your hundreds of millions of hopelessly poor, I have not overlooked the fact that some of your wealthy have shown that they are not without generous instincts. Many of your merchant princes have evidently given largely to the charitable institutions, notably in Bombay, large animal hospitals having been provided for decrepit chickens, donkeys, etc.

However we may consider such benefactions, in view of *human need and suffering*, we cannot overlook the fact that sympathy is there, only waiting for the proper direction, which Messiah's Kingdom will shortly give.

Our forefathers saw the height of God's love for the holy angels and its condescension to the saintly of men, but they did not see its depths. They did not see that the Redemption accomplished by Jesus is ultimately to reach down to and embrace the very humblest and most degraded of humankind, dead as well as alive. How the precious Scriptures which tell of Jesus as the Savior of the world, as well as of the Church, escaped our notice, who can explain?

But surely glad are we that now we can see clearly that the Redeemer is a Propitiation for our sins, the Church's sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

This fuller appreciation of the lengths and breadths and heights and depths of love Divine is coming to Christian people as a benediction from heaven, just at the time when many are Higher-Critically repudiating the Bible and its God as unworthy of belief. The true view of God's Word we have intimated, namely, that all the families of the earth are to be blessed by Messiah's Kingdom, and that the Church, in process of election, is to be sharer with her Lord in that Kingdom.

**"In the Ages to Come."**

The heights and depths and lengths and breadths of Divine love toward the elect Church, the Bride of Christ, will not be fully exhibited to angels and to men, even during the glorious period of Messiah's reign. Saint Paul explicitly declares, "that in the Ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." (Ephesians ii. 6, 7.) Is it asked what opportunity there will be for further favors to be bestowed upon the Church at the conclusion of Messiah's reign?

If our astronomical concepts are correct, all the fixed stars are suns, and around each sun are planets. Are there, then, a thousand blazing suns? Yes, more! Are there ten thousand? Yes, more! Are there ten times ten thousand? Yes, more! Are there ten times a hundred thousand, a million? Yes, more! Are there ten times ten millions, a hundred millions? Yes, *more!* And if we allow an average of ten planets to each sun this would make more than a thousand million planets, all made not in vain, but eventually to be inhabited.

Alas! our poor minds are bewildered with such manifestations of Divine Power and Wisdom, even as we have already been bewildered in our attempt to appreciate the heights and depths of Divine Love. Will there not indeed, then, be quite a sufficiency of the Divine Program to be outworked through Christ and the Church to justify the Apostle's statement that in the Ages to come God will manifest the exceeding riches of His grace in His loving kindness toward us in Christ Jesus?

### Love All.

There is no balm to a man's heart like love, not only the love others feel towards him, but that he feels towards others. Be in love with all things, not only with your fellows, but with the whole world, with every creature that walks the earth, with the birds in the air, with the insects in the grass.—H. Fielding Hall.

# THE NEW ERA

Published every Friday at

RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor

WALTER L. BOWEN
Publisher

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

Subscription One Dollar a year in advance
Advertising Rates on application

The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

at reasonable prices. The insignia

Art Printing

is an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back and no quibbling.

Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, as second-class matter.


### Characters from Pickwick Impersonated in Exceptional Manner.

Selections from Pickwick, as rendered by Mr. Frank Speaight in the Lyceum Tuesday evening was one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season. Mr. Speaight impersonated the characters in five chapters of Pickwick in a wonderful manner, commencing with Mr. Pickwick telling his landlady, Mrs. Bardell, of his intention of engaging a man-servant, and the illustration of Mrs. Bardell believing that he was proposing matrimony and falling into his arms with the declaration that she would never leave him, was much enjoyed. After describing the journey of Mr. Pickwick and three companions to Dingley Dell, and illustrating their equestrian skill, Mr. Speaight described a gunning trip and Mr. Pickwick's ride in a wheelbarrow and his objections to being shot while there, for appearance sake, and finally came to the trial for breach of promise to Mrs. Bardell. In the court room scene Mr. Speaight showed exceptional ability in his facial expressions as he rapidly the took parts of Dodson and Fogg, lawyers; the judge, Mrs. Bardell, and numerous witnesses.

At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. Speaight said that he had intended to give selections from David Copperfield, and would do so later if he ever had the pleasure of coming to Riverton again, but thought it best to confine himself to one subject this time.

This was the last of the series of lectures under the auspices of the Library and was largely attended. The work that the Library is doing each year in giving the people of Riverton the chance to hear men of ability is much appreciated, and should be encouraged by all those interested in the intellectual advancement of the community.

### Welsh Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lewis will entertain at a Welsh dinner this evening, in honor of St. David, the patron saint of Wales. The table will be attractively decorated in red and yellow, with the centre-piece in the form of a Welsh harp. The menu, which is printed Welsh, will be entirely in the colors used for decorations, and the ladies will wear yellow jonquils, and the gentlemen red carnations. The souvenirs are tiny heart-shaped pincushions, and a sterling silver hat pin and a vase with the Welsh coat of arms will be awarded for the two best translations of the Welsh menu, which follows:

CEINIAU
Salat Aeron
Cawl Cenin
Deuglwn ar Haner Cragen
Cageru Olif Ervin Coch
Cywion Berwedig a Thafod
Pys Gleision Poten Rice
Thomato Tatws
Gwyrdd Ddail Paebir Thomato
Llymrig
Hufen Rheweding Melus Cacanau
Ceulfwyd Aeron Iseglledig
Aeron Llymrig
Coffee Caws Bara Circh

### Honor Roll for February.

Kindergarten. Distinguished—John Steedle, Elizabeth Corner, Anna Lochowitz, Edna Murphy. Meritorious—James Burr, Paul Burr, Georgie Brown, Edith Sullivan.

First Grade. Distinguished—Bessie Clark, Helen McDermott. Meritorious—Elizabeth Byrnes, Russell Miller, Leon Parkins, Aylward Taylor.

Second Grade. Distinguished—Dorothy Betz, Tilly Zizak, Virginia Karins, Annecta Pratt. Meritorious—Gwendolen McWhorter, Helen Quigley.

Third Grade. Distinguished—Elizabeth Karins, Catherine Rice, Marion Burr, Rebecca White Meritorious—de Hertburn Washington.

Fourth Grade. Distinguished—Catherine Brennan, John White. Meritorious—Reba Kern, May Kessler, Helen Leib, Lillian Moore, Grace Pilsbry, Margaret White, Grude Goodenow.

Fifth Grade. Distinguished—Emily Clark. Mary O'Donnell.

Sixth Grade. Distinguished—Pearl Anderson.

Seventh Grade. Distinguished—Helen Field, Emma Kipp, Josephine Westacott.

Eighth Grade. Distinguished—Catherine Watson. Meritorious—Ada Perkins, Mary McLaughlin, George Steedle, Kenneth Davis.


Knowledge and experience in respect to trust affairs are clearly essential to the successful administration of any trust office (Executor, Trustee, etc.) Individuals appointed to such offices frequently lack these essentials.

THE BURLINGTON COUNTY SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, Moorestown, New Jersey, acting as Trustee, etc., commands and places at the disposal of its clients the collective knowledge and experience of its Directors and Officers, in regard to trust matters—a great advantage to the estate and beneficiaries.


## WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

Mrs. M. W. Clement went to Newark on Wednesday.

Theodore Meskers moved today to Coatesville, Pa.

W. Lukens has purchased the milk route of R. A. Woolman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Perkins went to Hightstown on Saturday.

Mrs. Robert Cole entertained friends from Germantown on Sunday.

Arthur Wright spent a few days this week with his aunt in Ventnor.

Mrs. John Geiss, of Philadelphia, spent Wednesday with Mrs. Paul C. Good.

Charles Evans and family were at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City, over Sunday.

Mrs. L. O. Grenelle, of Columbus, visited Mrs. S. J. Coddington on Sunday.

John C. Stoltz and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Stoltz's brother at Fox Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nichols entertained Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, of Camden, on Wednesday.

Thomas and Edward Kerns, of Atlantic City, visited relatives in Riverton on Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Mason, of Millville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Watson Richman over Sunday.

S. J. Coddington has rented the Daniels property on Thomas avenue to John Hoyle, of Seventh street.

The first rehearsal for the opera "Iolanthe" was held at the home of Dr. C. S. Mills Monday evening.

A very successful moving picture show was given at St. Paul's Baptist Church, East Riverton, last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bioren returned from Browns Mills on Wednesday, after spending several days there.

W. H. Albertson expects to move to the Warner property on Washington avenue, Palmyra, next week.

Mrs. Louis N. Norris and children, of New York, are spending a fortnight with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Gibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Albertson and daughter, Margaret, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents in Glassboro.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Street Mills entertained a week-end party from Lansdowne, Philadelphia, Camden, Palmyra and Riverton.

Mrs. George S. Washington is spending two weeks with her daughter, Mrs. William Hudson Cumpston, of Harpers Ferry, W. Va.

WANTED—Competent man to take charge of Riverton Country Club Course. Permanent position to right man. Answer Box 53, Riverton.

Miss Martha Biddle left this morning for Florida, where she will be the guest at the home of J. C. W. Frishmuth, until the latter part of April.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Reath, of 1538 Pine street, accompanied by Mrs. Reath's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, of the Aldine, will sail on Saturday from New York to spend the month at Bermuda, returning just before Easter.

Mrs. M. L. Luckenbach, of Philadelphia, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Baker, 2917 N. 13th street, Wednesday evening. The interment will take place Saturday afternoon at Moorestown. The deceased was the only sister of Mrs. George W. McIlhenny, and was well known in Riverton.

Mrs. John S. Bioren and Mrs. H. Wright were among the patronesses of the Suffrage Bazaar and Exhibition held in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Miss Edith Coale was one of the ushers. Misses Dorothy and Elizabeth Roberts were aides at Mrs. Wright's table.

Miss Helen Billenstene was tendered a surprise party by thirty or more of her friends Saturday evening. All had a most enjoyable time. An amusing feature of the entertainment was a leap year proposal by each little lady to some young man of her choice, the best proposal receiving a prize, which was won by Miss Gertrude Schultz, of Philadelphia.

On Monday evening, March 4th, the Rev. F. W. Johnson, D. D., of Washington, N. J., secretary of the "Lord's Day Alliance of New Jersey" will deliver an address in Calvary Presbyterian Church at 7.30 o'clock. The subject will be "Shall the Sunday Law of New Jersey be Repealed." This meeting is open to all who are interested in the preservation of the Sabbath Day.

Two East Riverton residents were victors this week in suits for damages based on injuries received. Mrs. George Hepfner, Sr., was awarded $4,000 in her suit against the Parke's Coffee Company for injuries sustained nearly a year ago in Camden when she was run down by one of the Company's automobiles; and Lawrence Weber was awarded $2500 in his suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Rev. Mr. Lamb, of Trenton, working for the Children's Home Society, was in Riverton on Thursday. He is trying to raise an endowment fund of $100,000, and has over $35,000 already subscribed. This Society does an excellent work in taking uncared-for children and placing them in good homes, thus largely increasing the opportunities of those children by enabling them to have the inspiration and love of family life, instead of the care that an institution can give them. Many Rivertonians are interested in this work and contribute largely for its advancement.

### Special Musical Program.

At the next meeting of Philadelphia Music Teachers Association to be held on Wednesday evening, March 6, 1912, at New Estey Hall, Seventeenth and Walnut streets, there will be a very interesting program. The speakers include Mr. James Francis Cooke, president; Mr. Fullerton L. Waldo, associate editor *Public Ledger*; Mr. Harvey Watts, manager Philadelphia Orchestra; Dr. H. A. Clarke, University of Pennsylvania. The artists include Mr. Such, violinist; Mr. Maurits Leefson, piano; Mrs. Helchen Mohr-Cooke, soprano; Mr. Philip Warren Cooke, tenor; Mrs. Clara Viscum Joyce, contralto.

All music teachers and music lovers cordially invited.


## Our aim is always to get the best

We are now selling the DELFORD PASTEURIZED BUTTER made from the purest milk by the best makers, where they have the best dairies with plenty of good feed, pure air and good spring water.

Try it, and if not as we say send it back and get your money.

44c pound, only at

COMPTON'S

Phone 54-A

McCALL PATTERNS 10 AND 15 HOME HIGHER — McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50 YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

## Shirts

Just arrived—a new line of soft shirts in stripes and plain light colored madras, white pleated bosoms and full dress shirts at $1.00 each.

Other shirts with and without collars at 50c.


## MRS. ALFRED SMITH

Mrs. George L. Ridley entertained the 500 Thursday afternoon.

Stroud Richman, of Camden, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. W. H. Jones.

Mrs. Frank Troutman entertained her mother from Llanerch, Pa., on Tuesday.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

Communion services will be held next Sunday morning at 10.45.

Evening service at 8 o'clock.

Rev. Arthur Phillips, of Beyerly, will officiate at both services.

Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

### Christ Church, Riverton.

Sunday, March 3rd, second Sunday in Lent.

7.30 a. m., Holy Communion.

11 a. m., Holy Communion and Sermon.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7.30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Evening Prayer at 5 p. m.

Wednesday Litany and Address at 5.

Friday, Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.

The Rev. Charles E. Betticher, priest in charge.

### Unclaimed Letters.

List of unclaimed letters and postals remaining in the Riverton post office, February 29, 1912.

DOMESTIC LETTERS.

Biddle, Mrs. Edward
Blanche Mrs. John
Bryant Mr. Wm.
Carrier, Mr. Carl
Custer, Mrs. Louise
Heiter, Mrs. Anna
Jackson, Mrs. Sarah
Paulson, J. H.
Schwenk, Mrs. P. S.

DOMESTIC POSTALS.

Hall, Edwin C.
Kimble, Mr. Enos

CHARLES L. FLANAGAN,
Postmaster.

## DESERT OCEAN IN AFRICA

### Sahara to Be Covered With Ships and Surrounded by Fertile Fields and Forests.

The project of converting the desert of Sahara into a vast inland sea, one-half the size of the Mediterranean, is again being agitated, chiefly by Prof. Gotchegoven, a distinguished scientist. He believes he has worked out a satisfactory plan for the engineering work necessary, and is now urging that France add this to its other Northern Africa enterprises.

About one-fourth of the great desert is below the sea level, and by his plan of cutting a canal some 50 miles long to the north coast of Africa, the whole region would be covered with a sea from 10 to 60 fathoms deep and navigable by steamers, thus producing a flourishing traffic between French West Africa.

It is also argued that all the arid section surrounding the desert would be rendered as fertile as Europe, and that millions of people, now leading a precarious existence, could support themselves in comfort.

Two objections are raised by other scientists. One is the possible damage which might be done to Europe by an alteration of climatic conditions on a large scale, and another the imagined possibility that the equilibrium of the earth would be affected by the displacement of so many billions of tons of water. Most savants, however, consider that such objections are exaggerated.

### While There is Life.

Drummer—Well, I'm sorry I can't pay you that ten I borrowed from you last time I went on the road.

Auto Drummer—That's all right, old man. Some one of these days I may run across you on the road, when we'll even up matters.—Judge.


## The Odd Nickels and Dimes

that you spend every week, often thoughtlessly, often for things you do not need, would pay for a liberal sized Life Insurance policy in The Prudential. It is the best possible way to save money.

## The Prudential

Send us your age to-day, and we will be glad to quote rates.


## The Dimdummeries

"Whachu doin'?" queried the small boy as he peered cautiously out of the back gate into the alley where the apartment house janitor was superintending the cremation of a rubbish heap. The small boy's nostrils twitched appreciatively as he sniffed the bonfire.

Mike, the janitor, looked all around and then cautiously said: "Hist!" and crooked a finger.

"What is it?" gasped the small boy as he tiptoed hurriedly out and joined Mike on the windward side of the blaze.

"It's a cillybration, of mine," the janitor explained. "Every wance in a while I go through the rites."

"What rites?" in an awed whisper.

Mike poked in a recalcitrant wad of excelsior and, after swatting the blaze around the edges, put one fist on his hip. "You didn't know," he remarked, "that I was chief of the Dimdummeries before I came to this country, did you? Well, I was!"

The small boy dragged up a box that had escaped the blaze and sat down on it very close to Mike. "Tell me," he begged.

"The Dimdummeries," explained the janitor, "is a flourishing society in the ould country that has communicashuns with ghosts an' fairies—an'—an' sperits in general. Whenever a Dimdummery wants to talk to a fairy all he has to do is build a magic bonfire on a spot hit by the light of the full moon for five minutes on a Chuesday night. That's very important, picking out the right spot. And lay the first sticks pointing toward the north!"

The small boy peered at the base of the bonfire, but the janitor sighed. "They ain't any spots that the light of the moon hits on a Chuesday night in this neighborhood," he mourned. "That is, ixcipt some that is occupied by buildings and otherwise engaged. But I say the magic words over my fires and pretind it's a glade I'm in and that there are fairies peeking out——"

"Did you—did you ever truly see a fairy, Mike?" the small boy almost whispered.

The janitor laughed condescendingly. "Did I iver see a fairy, now!" he repeated, scornfully. "Well, listen to that! Ain't I telling you how I was the chief of the Dimdummeries and what for would they be making me chief if I couldn't see more fairies than any other man in the county? There was one fairy who—look out, you'll be in the fire, now!—who used to pop up just as sociable an' smoke a pipe with me iwery time I lit a fire for him! Wance he said: 'Mike, I like you—you're a fine lad, an' you may have two wishes—anything you ask shall be granted!'"

"I know what I'd have asked for!" breathed the small boy. "An airship an'——"

"Airship!" Mike repeated in disgust. "That shows your heedless disposishun! A real sensible person would have asked for a wagon load of money, wouldn't he? An' then he could-a got a fleet of balloons an' everything."

"Oh, of course!" agreed the small boy, much embarrassed. "Of course he would! But what did you do with all your money, Mike? If I was as rich as that I wouldn't work."

The janitor coughed and was very busy stirring the fire. "What did I do with it?" he repeated, scowling horribly. "I'll tell yer—much as I hate to do it. I stuffed it into old stockings, av coorse, and tuk a board off the wall and chucked 'em into the cavity. They was banknotes—an' the rats and mice ate 'em up. I should have wished for a bank that cudn't fail, for my second wish, an' then I'd have been a rich man today. Instead of wishing as I did for—for——"

"For what?" demanded the small boy.

"Candy," confessed the janitor, sorrowfully. "I couldn't think of anything I wanted so much as plenty of candy and I got it and ate it all up and that was the end of it!"

The small boy swallowed appreciatively. "Still, you had it," he said philosophically. "That wasn't so awful bad. Did you get chocolate an' caramels and lemon sticks?"

"Oh, all kinds," the janitor said, loftily. "I was sicker'n you ever dreamed of being, I tell you! It kind of soured me on that fairy an' I gave him the cold shoulder after that, but it didn't matter because right away the prettiest fairy I ever saw began coming out of a rose bush that——"

"Oh, tell me all about it!" demanded the small boy ecstatically.

"Will-le-le-le!" came down from the back porch of one of the flats.

"There's your mother now," said Mike. "And anyhow—the magic fire's all burned out!"

8484

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE CINNAMINSON NATIONAL BANK

at Riverton, in the State of New Jersey, at the close of business, February 20, 1912.

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and discounts | $157,776 58 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 25,000 00 |
| Premiums on U. S. Bonds | 460 00 |
| Bonds, securities, etc. | 115,266 29 |
| Banking house, furniture and fixtures | 17,865 50 |
| Due from approved reserve agents | 41,167 79 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 2,360 00 |
| Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents | 416 16 |
| Lawful money reserve in bank | 28,351 20 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasury (5 per cent. of circulation) | 1,250 00 |
| Total | $389,913 52 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital stock paid in | $ 25,000 00 |
| Surplus Fund | 12,500 00 |
| Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid | 4,733 25 |
| National Bank notes outstanding | 25,000 00 |
| Due to other National Banks | 2,171 27 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 318,988 00 |
| Demand Certificates of Deposit | 1,500 00 |
| Cashier's checks outstanding | 21 00 |
| Total | $389,913 52 |

State of New Jersey, County of Burlington, ss.

I, E. L. Williams, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. L. WILLIAMS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of March, 1912.

SILAS J. CODDINGTON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
JOSEPH MORGAN,
JNO. H. LEWIS,
J. LAWRENCE LIPPINCOTT,
Directors.

## ARE WEDDED IN WHISPERS

### Voiceless Oregon Couple Engage Clergyman Similarly Afflicted to Perform Marriage Ceremony.

The first wedding ceremony conducted in whispers, so far as is known, occurred at Vancouver, Wash., when a Portland dentist married a pretty young woman from that city, the wedding taking place at the home of Rev. Walter I. Eck, of St. Paul's English Lutheran church.

Mr. Eck was at the church, when two stylishly gowned young women appeared and informed him that his services would be necessary for the happiness of Miss Martha Frances Owens, who was to become the bride of Dr. Hugh Charles Smith, both of Portland. The witness was Miss Fay Forrest Gibson, also of Portland.

Two weeks ago, when ending a prayer in church, Rev. Mr. Eck suddenly lost his power of speech, and since then he has conversed in whispers.

Trying to recover his voice in vain, he whispered: "I can't talk; all I can do is whisper."

Touched by sympathy, the determined bride-to-be whispered back: "That will be all right. Just so long as it is quiet we don't care. We came over here to have a quiet wedding and you will do fine."

Going to the pastorate, the two to be married answered in whispers the whispered questions asked by the voiceless pastor.

### Queer Burial Customs.

The attempt made by thieves to plunder the grave of a famous Parisian actress reminds a writer in the Journal des Debats that the ancient custom of depositing valuables in tombs still prevails in France. But it is not only jewels and the like that are buried with the dead.

A few years ago it was the custom in La Vendee to put a polished stone within reach of the corpse. This was supposed to guide the dead on their new journey. In the district of Dinan a piece of consecrated bread was used for the same purpose. The people of the Bordeaux district place in the coffin a sprig of myrtle blessed at Easter. This is considered to insure entry into paradise.

On the borders of Brittany and Poitou a little pebble is placed on the tongue of the deceased. Without this it is thought he might plead his cause before the great tribunal with such volubility as would insure his condemnation without appeal.

### Women Students in Berlin.

The educational statistics of Berlin show that the number of women students is increasing there. The theological department alone shows a falling off, there being only one woman registered, while there were several last year. Besides the 258 women who attend lectures without matriculating, there are 12 women in the school of jurisprudence, 172 medical students and 659 in the department of philosophy. There are in all about 1,115 women students, of whom the majority are in the philology and history departments. The record shows that many of the important professors have student daughters and that these do not, as a rule, aim to perfect themselves in the branches taught by their fathers. Among the representatives of the official class is the daughter of Dr. Reickes, mayor of Berlin, who has matriculated in the department for the study of German.

### Supreme Confidence.

"Mrs. Grayson seems to have the utmost confidence in her husband." "I have often noticed it. I believe she would even eat mushrooms that he had picked."

## REAL ESTATE

RIVERTON
BUILDING LOTS—HOUSES
FOR SALE AND RENT
CASH OR EASY TERMS
RIVERTON AND EAST RIVERTON
PALMYRA AND DELAIR
A. E. PRICE
416 Lippincott Avenue, Riverton, N. J.

## SPECIAL MASTER'S SALE

By virtue of a decree of sale to me directed, issued out of the Court of Chancery of the State of New Jersey, in a suit wherein Mary B. Horner, et als., are complainants and Samuel W. Dawson, et als., are defendents, I will sell at

PUBLIC SALE
on
SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1912

Between the hours of twelve and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, to wit, at two o'clock, at the store of H. C. Worrell, corner of Broad and Main streets, opposite the station at Riverton, Burlington County, New Jersey,

All that certain lot of land situate, lying and being on the Easterly line of Main street, in the Township of Cinnaminson, County of Burlington, and State of New Jersey, and bounded as follows, viz.:

Beginning in the Easterly line of Main street at a corner to lot number forty-three, one hundred and fifty feet Northward of the Northerly line of Eighth street, thence extending Northwardly along the Easterly line of Main street, seventy-five feet in front or width to a corner of Mary C. Thomason's lot, thence extending Eastwardly of that frontage between parallel lines, at right angles to said Main street, forty feet to the building line, thence continuing on in the same direction one hundred and ninety feet more to the building line of Cinnaminson street, then on twenty feet more to the Westerly line of Cinnaminson street. Containing within said bounds, lots No. 42, 54 and the adjoining one-half of lots No. 41 and 53, on plan of Riverton, south of railroad. Being known as No. 713 East Main Street, Riverton, New Jersey.

Also all the following two pieces of land with the double frame dwelling thereon erected, situate in Riverton, in the Township of Cinnaminson, in the County of Burlington and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning in the Easterly line of Main street, at the Northwest corner of lot number twelve, fifty feet Northward from the Northeast corner of Seventh and Main streets, thence Northwardly along the Easterly line of said Main street, fifty feet in width or front to the Southwest corner of lot number 10, then Northeastwardly of that frontage between parallel lines at right angles to said Main street, thirty feet to the building line, thence in the same direction a further distance of two hundred feet to the building line of Cinnaminson street, then on twenty feet more to the Westerly line of Cinnaminson street. Containing within said bounds, lots number eleven and twenty-two (11 and 22,) as numbered on Samuel Rudderow's extension at Riverton. Being known as premises Nos. 621 and 623 East Main street, Riverton, New Jersey.

Including the inchoate rights of dower of Annasel Dawson, widow of William Dawson; Mary E. Dawson, wife of Brazilla W. Dawson; Kate V. Dawson, wife of John F. Dawson; Florence Dawson, wife of James C. Dawson; Elizabeth Dawson, wife of Alfred W. Dawson; Emily Cheesman, wife of Joseph Cheesman; Isabella Vanderslice, wife of Brazilla W. Vanderslice; Olivia Vanderslice, wife of Cyrus H. Vanderslice; Lizzie Vanderslice, wife of William F. Vanderslice; and Abbie Richards, wife of Royal R. Richards, and the estate in dower of Mary L. Richards, widow of Joel Richards, deceased, and the rights of curtesy of George H. Horner, husband of Mary B. Horner; George W. F. Gaunt, husband of Anna G. Gaunt; Henry H. Carr, husband of Laura A. Carr; Lemuel Weldy, husband of Catherine Weldy; Daniel Loughlin, husband of Theodosia Loughlin; Lemuel Dennelsbeck, husband of Phebe Dennelsbeck; Walter Hinman, husband of Mary W. Hinman; C. Blaine Hughes, husband of Bertha M. Hughes; Harry Sims, husband of Theodosia Sims, and Harry Treen, husband of Elizabeth E. Treen, in said premises.

Sold subject to the taxes of 1912.

The conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale or previously thereto, upon application to

C. V. D. JOLINE,
Special Master,
110 Market Street,
Camden, N. J.

OSCAR B. REDROW, Solicitor,
418 Market Street,
Camden, N. J.

Printer's adv. fee, $42.00

### Sudden End of Aged Pair.

Two old folks at Gympie, Queensland, Australia, died with pathetic suddenness a few days ago. When Arthur Morgan, aged seventy years, saw fire break out at some of his farm fencing, he excitedly ran to extinguish it, but after hurrying a few paces, the old man dropped dead. His aged wife ran to see what had happened, but the shock of finding him dead was too much for her, and she too dropped lifeless close to her husband's body.

### Geographical Glee.

Milwaukee, to the funnysmith, is but one vat of beer; Chicago is the windy burg, with lots of atmosphere; Sioux Falls, as the divorcee's joy, long since attained renown, and Brooklyn, to the humorist, is baby carriage town.


CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

## BANKING SERVICE

Banks are becoming more and more the custodians of the funds of the people, of both large and small means. This is due to a wider appreciation of the value of banking service as its usefulness is extended and its methods become better known. In the case of

THE
## CINNAMINSON NATIONAL BANK
OF RIVERTON
## THE BEST

service is assured. Its officers aim in every way to protect the interest of its patrons, making use of every means of precaution. It's up-to-date system of accuracy, promptness and the same careful attention to large or small depositors. It is a safe bank.

It is the bank for all the people—rich and poor, men, women, and children.

Your account is cordially solicited.

### AN IMITATION

of summer in your home will be given when our coal is used by you during the winter time. This is real coal. It burns steadily, clearly and with the proper degree of heat, and is clean and free from dirt and clinkers. You will never know what coal satisfaction is until you try this kind.

JOSEPH T. EVANS
5-12-11

Phone 13-x Jobbing

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Electrical Contractors

J. W. Rhoads, Mgr. 821 Highland Ave., Palmyra

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Everything for the Garden, Farm, Lawn and Poultry Yard. . . .

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The Palmyra Garage

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Oil, Gasoline and Accessories

BROAD STREET OPP. STATION
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## Your Warmest Friend

these days is

## COLLINS COAL

Also, in our variety of goods make sure that we do not handle what you want before buying elsewhere.

POULTRY SPECIALTIES

Hen-e-ta
Pratt's Poultry Regulator
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Nest eggs free with each package

Buggy whips free with each package of Seneca Stock Food

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## Annual Water Rates

OF THE
RIVERTON AND PALMYRA WATER COMPANY

Persons wishing to connect with the public water supply are required to sign an application permit, pay $3 to make the tap, which includes the cost of ferrule and labor.

| | |
|---|---|
| ½-inch tap, kitchen | $6.00 |
| Bath tub | 4.00 |
| Wash basin | 1.00 |
| Wash tub | 1.00 |
| The above is for either hot or cold water or both | |
| Water closet, self-acting, pan valve or reservoir | 3.00 |
| Outside tap, 50 feet or less | 6.00 |

Water rents due in advance, November 1st and May 1st.

JOSEPH MORGAN,
President.

HOWARD PARRY,
Secretary and Treasurer.


## Where Quality ..Counts..

the BERRY store is always a favorite. In buying Silverware it is always most satisfactory to deal with a house of established reputation for integrity. You can always depend on our goods being exactly as represented.

We can show you a good assortment of all the latest conceits in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

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## W. L. BERRY
—22—
South Second Street
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Bring in your

Razors, Razor Blades
Knives and Scissors

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## SHARPENED

| | |
|---|---|
| Thin Razor Blades | 2c each |
| Thick Razor Blades | from 5c up |
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| Razors, new handles | 25c |
| Knives and Scissors | 10c up |

## W. H. STILES
DRUGGIST
Riverton New Jersey

## C. W. LUDLOW
## Fresh and Salt Meats

Our own make
Sausage, Scrapple and Lard

521 Howard Street
Riverton

## INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Horace Barnes, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Earle McCuen.

Mr. and Mrs. McCuen, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with their son, William McCuen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pettit, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with friends in Palmyra.

Mrs. Eugene Smith, of Frankford, spent Wednesday and Thursday with Mrs. Hamilton Smith.

James E. Hires has sold his property on Fourth street, and has rented the Bonsor house on Lecouey avenue.

Mrs. James P. Cook and Miss Evelyn Harbourne spent Sunday in Philadelphia with Mrs. John Harbourne.

Real Estate Agent Blackburn has rented the Read property on Broad street to Mr. Lenhardt, who took possession today.

The annual minstrel show will be given by The Field Club in the P. O. S. of A Hall, April 12, and in the Lyceum April 13.

WANTED—Competent man to take charge of Riverton Country Club Course Permanent position to right man. Answer Box 53, Riverton.

LOST—Wednesday, February 21st, Palmyra or Riverton, gold locket Please return to Dorothy Sharp, Broad and Garfield avenue, Palmyra.

The Camden Elks went to Trenton Thursday night to visit a lodge there. A special train left Camden at 6.30, stopping at Palmyra for a large delegation

On Wednesday afternoon Governor Wilson signed the bill recently passed by the Legislature, prohibiting Justices of the Peace from performing marriage ceremonies.

Mrs. Charles Williams arrived in Palmyra today from Palmer, Mass. Rev and Mrs. Williams have taken possession of their house, 503 Cinnaminson avenue. Their goods arrived last Friday.

Next Tuesday night the regular prayer meeting hour will be given over to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society who will hold anniversary services in the Sunday School room of the Methodist Church. There will be stereopticon views of missionary work, and a special program.

According to the regular monthly reports of the Relief Departments of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, issued yesterday, the sum of $214,365.36 was paid to members during the month of January, 1912. Of this amount, $148,338.86 represents the payments made on the Lines East of Pittsburgh and Erie and $66,026.50 on the Lines West. Since the establishment of the Funds, a total of $32,365,590.92 have been paid out.

A district meeting of the P. O. of A of Camden county was held in Camden Wednesday evening. Other lodges were invited, and guests were present from Collingswood, Merchantville, Millville, Palmyra, and four Camden camps. About sixteen delegates attended from Palmyra. Mrs. Bessie Smith, of Reading, Pa., National president, and Mrs. Anna V. Blackburn, National past-president of Palmyra, were among those present. Mr. Baker, of Camden, district president was host. Mrs. Smith was presented with a cut glass fern dish filled with ferns.

Last Monday evening the members of the Alpha Dramatic Club of the Sacred Heart Church met at the home of Miss Agnes Kooker. The evening was interspersed with music and other amusements. The following officers were elected: Andrew Pfaff, president; Miss Elizabeth Graham, secretary. After the meeting the members were served with a luncheon by Mrs. Kooker and the speeches made after the same were enjoyed by all. Those present were Miss Agnes Kooker, Miss Bessie Haas, Miss Elizabeth Graham, Miss May Schuler Messrs. Andrew Pfaff, Clemmens A. Haas August Weber, Walter Markowski, Joseph Schuler, Herbert Kemmerle, Frederick Jaep, and Harry Bradshaw.

A very pleasant surprise was tendered Mrs. Levi Clark, Thursday, February 29th, it being her 16th birthday anniversary, although she has seen many more summers than that. Among those gathered to help Mr. and Mrs. Clark celebrate were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woolston, Mr. and Mrs. William Rudduck, Mr. and Mrs. William Wolcott Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark, Mr. and Mrs Elmer Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Creamer Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pancoast, Mr and Mrs. Harry Rudduck, Mr. and Mrs Joseph Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Beidemau, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lloyd, Mrs Bishop, Mrs. Charles Davis, Mrs. James Russell, the Misses Lillian and Elizabeth Woolston, Elizabeth and Ruth Clark Edna Lloyd, Marion and Francis Lippincott.

It is reported that the Public Service Corporation which has acquired control of the old Camden and Trenton Street Railway Company, known under reorganization as the Riverside Traction Company, will have a central heat and power plant constructed at Burlington. The lease under which the Public Service Corporation took control of the Riverside Traction Company is for a period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The corporation is reported to have guaranteed the $800,000 worth of five per cent securities in connection with the reorganization of the road, and aside from this guarantee is understood to have agreed to the payment of five per cent. on the preferred stock, and also dividends on a sliding scale, on some of the common stock.

Suit was instituted in Camden last week by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to recover $100 damages from Francis McAdams, of Camden, for an alleged violation of the law in connection with a stop-over privilege. It is contended that while on his way from New York to Philadelphia, McAdams left the train at Burlington and when he boarded a train later for Camden, he was told by the conductor that the ticket which he presented had no stop-over privilege. McAdams, however, remained on the train until he reached his destination and refused to pay additional fare. The conductor reported the matter to the company. Recently in the Circuit Court at Woodbury, there was a similar case tried, in which the company won out.

### Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services next Sunday in charge of the Rev. T. J. Bensley, Rector.

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.30 a. m., Matins and Litany.

11 a. m., choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist and sermon; subject, "This is the Will of God—Your Sanctification."

3 p. m., Sunday School and Rector's Bible Class.

3.45, Children's service and Catechism.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon; subject, "Growth in Holiness."

Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Holy Eucharist at 7 a. m., Matins and Litany at 9 a. m.

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Holy Eucharist at 9.15 a. m.

Evensong and Meditation at 4. p. m.

Thursday 8 p. m., Lenten service. Sermon by the Rev. E. F. Hayward, of St. Stephen's, Camden.

### Moravian Church Notes.

Services in the Moravian Church next Sunday. Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A., pastor.

9.30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible Class.

10.30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor. Theme "The Christ of the Cross, the Desire of all Nations."

7.00 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. Consecration meeting led by the pastor. Subject "The Christian Virtue—Patience."

7.30 p. m., an illustrated lecture by the pastor, "Moravian Missions in Suriname South America." This congregation supports a native evangelist in this field.

You are cordially invited to attend these services.

### Methodist Church Notes.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.30 a. m., general class meeting, led by Carl A. Peterson.

10.30 a. m., Holy Communion and reception of members.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School.

6.45 p. m., Epworth League devotional meeting.

7.30 p. m., the minister will deliver his annual temperance sermon.

The Christian Endeavor Society held a social in the basement of the Baptist Church Thursday evening.

## TAME GULLS OF SHETLAND

**Each Family in Lerwick Has Its Own Flock Which the Children Feed.**

There are many small villages in the world that have only one street; but Lerwick, in Shetland, besides having only a single street possesses only one tree, and it is not a very tall one either. There are no land birds there, not even a sparrow; but the sea gulls are plentiful.

The inhabitants of Shetland are very proud of their tree and very kind to the gulls, of whom the children make pets. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of one-streeted Lerwick are always shown, as a great curiosity, "the only tree in Shetland."

The sea gulls are the sparrows of Lerwick; and as such they have a greater share in the town's life than the sparrows of London. In the morning you will note that a sea gull sits on every chimney pot. Sea gulls swoop and hover over every roof in town. The air is full of their strange, high, plaintive, haunting cries.

Every house has its own familiar sea gulls and every street its own band of them. But, according to the Fruit Magazine, they never mix. The children in each house have a pet name for their own particular sea gulls; and, having called them by those names, they feed them every day.

Each sea gull knows what is meant for him. No bird attached to one house ever seeks to eat the food scattered from the house next door. He does not dare to do so. So all day long the sea gulls hover and call over the roofs of Lerwick.

The people of the town if they come across a little pile of rice laid upon the roadway step over it with care. They know that it has been placed there for some sea gull. And at night the sea gulls leave their appointed chimney-pots and fly gracefully away to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Noss.

## OLD FASHIONED FAMILY PEW

**In That Rested the Strength of the Church, and It Should Be Restored.**

One sometimes hears a deal of nonsense about the danger of creating a prejudice against religion in the mind of a child by making him attend church once a week. The danger would seem to be about one-tenth as great as that of arousing a prejudice against education by sending him to school twice a day. In both cases the remedy lies in the good sense of the parents and their estimate of the value of religion and education carefully instilled into the child's mind.

The strength of the church has been in the old-fashioned pew, with father at one end and mother at the other, and a stairway of more or less restless children. From that pew have gone out the upright, devout, consecrated men and women who have loved the church and maintained her worship and done her work in their several generations. For the sake of the church, and especially for the sake of the children, let it be restored.

If it be impossible for the children to attend both Sunday school and the church service, this writer would by all means teach them the catechism at home and bring them to church that they may learn to worship God in the congregation of his people.—Southern Churchman.

### Telegram That Saved India.

In connection with the Durbar, a museum of Mogul relics has been arranged, which contains, among other objects, the telegram which illustrates Montgomery's great saying, "The electric telegraph saved India." This is the famous telegram dispatched by Brendish on May 11th, 1857, which gave the news of the rebellion to the north of India, and enabled Lawrence and Edwardes and Nicholson to take steps for the disarmament of regiments on the verge of revolt, and to make those brilliant arrangements for the relief of Delhi by which—and probably by which alone—the mutiny was crushed out, and Delhi once more returned to her British allegiance.

# FITZHERBERT TO TRIAL IN SENATE

## Acetylene Gas Bills May Cause Big Scandal.

## RIDNER IS ALSO IMPLICATED.

**Governor Wilson Sends Message to Senate Advocating Adoption of Income Tax Amendment to Federal Constitution — Reapportionment Bill This Week.**

[Special Correspondence.]

Trenton, Feb. 29.—For the first time in several years a member of the New Jersey legislature is to be tried for "such an offense as inconsistent with the trust and duty of a member of this senate." The offending member is Senator Richard Fitzherbert of Morris county, and the offense of which he is accused, stripped of its legal verbiage and reduced to its lowest possible terms, is that he entered into negotiations with parties interested to withdraw for a consideration two bills which he introduced in the senate. The bills in question, should they become law, would, it is claimed, drive acetylene gas out of this state, and for that reason the Commercial Acetylene Gas company of New York, which has a factory at Harrison, Hudson county, has been particularly anxious to have the bills killed. The amount mentioned ranged from $500 to $5,000.

The trial of the senator was provided for in a resolution which was offered in the senate Monday night by Chairman Edge of the judiciary committee, to which the charges were referred when they were first brought forward last week.

After authorizing the senate to proceed with the trial the resolutions fix next Tuesday morning, March 5, as the date and directs the sergeant at arms of the senate to serve the necessary subpoenas and request the attorney general to be present to represent the committee.

**Ridner the Go-between?**

Accompanying the resolutions which were adopted was a report from the committee which told of the investigation which it had conducted that afternoon and set forth the nature of the charges. Briefly these are that the representatives of the gas company aver that one Dr. George S. Ridner made advances to them by which he undertook to procure either the withdrawal or the defeat of these bills upon payment to him of a certain sum of money and that the senator from Morris county, either at the inception of these negotiations or at any rate before their conclusion, became cognizant thereof, took part in the negotiations between the said Ridner and the Commercial Acetylene company and that whether the said senator was in fact to receive a portion of this money so to be paid or not, at any rate acquiesced in this method of the disposal of this proposed legislation with full knowledge of the transaction.

The probe into the scandal began Monday morning, when the senate judiciary committee, consisting of Senators Edge of Atlantic and Reed of Camden, Republicans, and Senator Fielder of Hudson, Democrat, held a preliminary investigation. Senator Fitzherbert, with former Senator William D. Edwards, his counsel, was one of the first arrivals. Assistant Attorney General Gaskill appeared for the committee.

Mr. Edwards asked the committee what the procedure was to be, and Chairman Edge replied that the committee proposed to make a report to the senate that night and then the senate as a whole would determine what should be done. Senator Edwards announced that Senator Fitzherbert would not offer any defense until formal charges had been preferred against him by the senate. Affidavits by Edward L. Katzenbach, Oscar F. Ostby, the general manager of the Commercial Acetylene company, and M. K. Wisehart, the New York Evening Sun reporter, containing about the same testimony as they had given before, were submitted, and W. M. Stallman, counsel for the Lackawanna railroad, swore that Dr. Ridner had requested that he (Ridner) be allowed to represent the company at Trenton. Dr. Ridner said that he was of some consequence at Trenton and spoke particularly about his influence with the senator from Morris. He did not, however, mention money.

**Ostby a Poor Witness.**

When Mr. Ostby was called as a witness he insisted upon giving no further evidence than was contained in his affidavit. In this he told of going to the Trenton House with Wisehart to meet Senator Fitzherbert and of the conversation he had there with the Morris senator.

Jacob L. Newman, a Newark lawyer, then read a statement in behalf of Ridner, in which he claimed that the doctor was innocent of all wrongdoing in the matter and if the investigation was not conducted so that the character and reputation of the doctor was safeguarded he would seek such redress as would be open to him through other tribunals.

The governor sent to the senate a message advocating the adoption of the income tax amendment to the federal constitution, in which he said:

"It seems to me of the utmost importance that this power should be bestowed in unmistakable terms upon the congress of the United States. The jurists who first interpreted the constitution of the United States believed that this power might legally be exercised by the congress of the United States under the terms of the constitution as it stands, but later decisions have embarrassed the exercise of that power by restrictions as to render it practically nugatory.

"The limitations under which these decisions are imposed upon the taxing power of the federal government practically deprive the congress of a free choice of the sources from which the income necessary to support the government is to be derived. They put the taxing power in a straitjacket. Every argument of expediency seems to speak in favor of this amendment by which some part of the limitation is sought to be removed.

"I urge it upon your attention as a subject worthy of the most thoughtful statesmanship. The confirmation of a large majority of the states has already been secured. It would be a conspicuous service to the country if New Jersey might add her vote to the number of states who are willing thus generously and in ungrudging public spirit to complete the necessary powers of the general government in the field of taxation."

**Reapportionment Bill Up Soon.**

United States Senator Frank O. Briggs was in Trenton Monday night, and it was said that he had come up from Washington to attend a conference of the Republican leaders of the state on the bill for the apportionment of the state into the new congressional districts which is expected to make its appearance in the legislature before the week is out.

Under the new apportionment New Jersey will have twelve representatives in congress, and the leaders have had considerable difficulty in carving out the districts in a way to give the party the most advantage.

Although the districts were not finally settled upon, there is good authority for the statement that they will be like this:

There will be no change in the lines of the extreme south Jersey districts, where Camden, Gloucester and Salem make the First; Cape May, Cumberland, Atlantic and Burlington compose the Second; Middlesex, Monmouth and Ocean the Third.

To the counties of Hunterdon, Somerset and Mercer, now comprising the fourth, is added a section of Warren containing about 15,000 population, to make the new Fourth district.

The Fifth will be made up of Union, Morris and a section of Warren of about 28,000 population.

The Sixth will be Passaic county, with the exception of the northern townships lying between Sussex and Bergen.

The Seventh will be made up of the northern slice of Passaic, Sussex and Bergen and the municipality of North Bergen in Hudson county.

Eighth District—Bloomfield, Nutley, Belleville, Eighth, Eleventh and Fifteenth wards of Newark, Kearny, Harrison, East Newark, the Seventh ward of Jersey City and the city of Bayonne, having a total population of 207,649.

Ninth District—Second, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, Tenth, Twelfth and Sixteenth wards of Newark, Irvington, West Orange, all the Caldwells, Montclair, Glen Ridge, Livingston, Verona, Cedar Grove, Essex Fells, Roseland, South Orange township, South Orange village, with a population of 210,963.

Tenth District—Orange, East Orange, First, Third, Sixth, Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards of Newark, with a population of 213,029.

The Eleventh and Twelfth will be cut off the part of Hudson county that is left.

**To Stop Marrying Justices.**

A number of prominent clergymen and laymen of the Catholic church attended Monday afternoon a hearing which the senate committee on miscellaneous business gave upon the bill which seeks to prevent justices of the peace from performing marriages. Alfred T. E. Sorrenson, a justice, having an office near the New York ferry in Jersey City, where, it is said, he does a lucrative business in the marrying line, opposed the measure. While the present law, he said, was not all that could be desired, justices of the peace doing wrong under it in marrying couples could be impeached.

John Bentley, a young attorney from Jersey City, created a storm when in opposing the measure he declared that the old notion that marriages were made in heaven had long been exploded. Ministers in Jersey City, he said, had steerers at the city hall to run would be brides and grooms to them. There was no need of throwing religion around the marriage ceremony, and to deprive justices of the peace of the right to marry couples would be placing a premium on immorality.

The church people present resented this, but they did not give overemphatic expression to their resentment. The facility with which people of this country could marry, Mgr. Fox of the Trenton diocese said, was the cause of so many divorces, and divorce was undermining society. Several other clergymen spoke in a similar vein, and Peter Backes suggested that the bill be amended so as to require the posting of the marriage license several days before the ceremony.

A hearing was given on Senator Stizer's bill which levies a tax of 15 cents a ton on fertilizers sold in this state, at which Ellsworth Haines of Hamilton square, Lewis Ridgeway of Mullica hill and Dr. Jacob G. Lipman, director of the state experiment station at New Brunswick, advocated the passage of the bill.

### Novel Way to Rest.

It seems imperative for a certain member of the family to rest an hour after the noon meal each day. The weather had grown mild, and to draw the shades so as to exclude the light kept out the air also, so the siesta lost much of its refreshing quality.

A thick pad of absorbent gauze some eight inches long and four inches wide was finished with an elastic band just tight enough to hold the pad securely. This was slipped into place over the eyes.

Days when the eyes burned or ached a compress wet with cool salt and water was placed under the pad, and eyes and nerves were soothed at the same time. By the last named means the eyes were strengthened and the crow's feet indicative of eye strain were ironed out.—Harper's Bazar.

### Dead Slang.

Is there anything so dead as dead slang? It must be quite fresh, or it offends the nostril. And no one should talk slang without the assurance that it is both infantile and immortal. John Galsworthy is modern. And in "The Man of Property" he produces the slang expression of the eighties. "A daverdy woman." It is a term of contempt for a woman. But is there any one born in the eighties who could explain that slang term, or remembers it? You must get your slang fresh—there is little of it that stands the tinned preservation.

### Justifiable Suspicion.

"I guess I must be getting old."

"Why do you think so?"

"A pretty girl dropped one of her gloves on the sidewalk this morning and I permitted another man to beat me to it."

### Change of Fortune.

Knicker—They used to have trouble keeping the wolf from the door.

Rocker—Now they have trouble keeping the Welsh rabbit from it.

## TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Palmyra Building and Loan Association of Palmyra, New Jersey

**Offices, 619 Garfield Avenue**

OFFICERS

President, Frank S. Day
Vice-President, William Rudduck
Secretary, William B. Hires
Treasurer, Albert N. Stewart
Solicitor, John G. Horner

DIRECTORS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Charles S. Voorhis | George H. Wiggins | Julius R. Fisher |
| John B. Morton | Elias Morgan | William S. Vaughn |
| Wilbur R. Harmon | James H. Keil | William A. Donaghy |

**RECEIPTS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Balance in bank, February 6, 1911 | $12,326 79 |
| Borrowed money | 5,000 00 |
| Dues on installment shares | 34,508 75 |
| Premiums on installment shares | 228 52 |
| Fines on installment sha's | 138 13 |
| Admission or entrance fees | 152 75 |
| Interest on Loans | 9,616 42 |
| Mortgage Loans repaid | 24,575 00 |
| Stock Loans repaid | 11,050 00 |
| Interest on cash in Bank | 219 39 |
| | $97,815 75 |

**DISBURSEMENTS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Borrowed money repaid | $5,000 00 |
| Int. on borrowed money | 71 67 |
| Withdrawals | 15,056 90 |
| Matured shares (75) | 15,000 00 |
| Loaned on bond and mtg. | 39,900 00 |
| Loaned on shares | 10,100 00 |
| Secretary's salary | 300 00 |
| Treasurer's salary | 75 00 |
| Treasurer's bond | 12 00 |
| Secretary's bond | 4 00 |
| Commissioner of Banking and Insurance | 21 00 |
| Postage | 8 60 |
| Rent | 40 00 |
| Watchman | 12 00 |
| Printing and books | 85 15 |
| Balance in Bank, February 6, 1911 | 12,117 43 |
| Dues and expense of N. J. League of B. & L. Associations | 12 00 |
| | $97,815 75 |

**ASSETS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans on bond and mtg. | $149,450 00 |
| Loans on shares | 19,275 00 |
| Dues unpaid | 1,067 54 |
| Premiums unpaid | 2 11 |
| Fines unpaid | 12 73 |
| Interest | 100 78 |
| Safes | 70 00 |
| Balance in Bank, February 6, 1911 | *12,117 43 |
| | $182,095 59 |

*Will be used for loan applications now pending.

**LIABILITIES**

| | |
|---|---|
| Dues paid in advance | $ 51 00 |
| Due stockholders | 182,044 59 |
| | $182,095 59 |

**VALUE OF SHARES**

| SERIES | Shrs. | Paid on Each Share | Profit on Each Share | Value of Each Share | Total Value | Gain for Year | Withdrawal Value | Series |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fifteenth | 105 | $132 00 | $56 59 | $188 59 | $19,801 95 | $10 85 | $168 30 | 15th |
| Sixteenth | 122 | 120 00 | 45 69 | 165 69 | 20,214 18 | 9 49 | 150 00 | 16th |
| Seventeenth | 116 | 108 00 | 36 07 | 144 07 | 16,712 12 | 8 21 | 132 00 | 17th |
| Eighteenth | 157 | 96 00 | 28 02 | 124 02 | 19,471 14 | 7 02 | 115 20 | 18th |
| Nineteenth | 220 | 84 00 | 21 07 | 105 07 | 23,115 40 | 5 90 | 98 70 | 19th |
| Twentieth | 277 | 72 00 | 15 22 | 87 22 | 24,159 94 | 4 84 | 82 80 | 20th |
| Twenty-first | 259 | 60 00 | 10 37 | 70 37 | 18,225 83 | 3 84 | 67 50 | 21st |
| Twenty-second | 244 | 48 00 | 6 54 | 54 54 | 13,307 76 | 2 91 | 52 80 | 22nd |
| Twenty-third | 254 | 36 00 | 3 61 | 39 61 | 10,060 94 | 2 02 | 38 70 | 23rd |
| Twenty-fourth | 387 | 24 00 | 1 59 | 25 59 | 9,903 33 | 1 19 | 25 20 | 24th |
| Twenty-fifth | 569 | 12 00 | 41 | 12 41 | 7,061 29 | 41 | 12 30 | 25th |
| Undivided | | | | | 10 71 | | | |
| Total | 2710 | | | | 182,044 59 | | | |

Meets at Y.M.C.A. Hall the first Monday evening of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
A new series of stock will be issued Monday evening, March 4, 1912.
Stock can be secured of any of the officers or directors.
Stock loans can be taken at any time on application to the secretary.
Fifteenth series will mature with the August meeting.

## P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect Sunday, October 1, 1911.

| Phila. for Riverton. | Arrive at Palmyra | Arrive at Riverton. | Riverton for Phila. | Palmyra for Phila. | Arrive at Phila. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A M | A M | A M | A M | A M | A M |
| 5 10 | 5 38 | 5 41 | 5 50 | 5 52 | 6 19 |
| 6 12 | 6 41 | 6 43 | 6 41 | 6 44 | 7 15 |
| 7 12 | 7 39 | 7 42 | 7 22 | 7 24 | 7 47 |
| 7 44 | 8 05 | 8 08 | 7 44 | 7 46 | 8 15 |
| 9 00 | | 9 23 | 8 14 | 8 17 | 8 39 |
| 9 40 | 10 01 | 10 03 | 8 45 | 8 48 | 9 15 |
| 10 30 | 10 55 | 10 58 | 9 14 | ..... | 9 39 |
| | | | 10 34 | 10 37 | 11 00 |
| | | | 11 16 | 11 19 | 11 45 |
| P M | P M | P M | P M | P M | P M |
| 12 00 | 12 22 | 12 25 | 12 22 | 12 25 | 12 50 |
| 12 40 | 1 08 | 1 11 | 1 30 | 1 33 | 2 00 |
| 1 20 | 1 50 | 1 52 | 2 30 | 2 33 | 3 00 |
| *2 00 | 2 28 | 2 31 | 3 08 | 3 11 | 3 37 |
| 2 30 | 2 53 | 2 56 | 3 38 | | 4 03 |
| 3 20 | 3 49 | 3 52 | 3 55 | 3 58 | 4 19 |
| 3 48 | ..... | 4 09 | *4 25 | 4 27 | 4 55 |
| 4 32 | 4 54 | 4 56 | 5 16 | 5 19 | 5 43 |
| 5 00 | 5 27 | 5 30 | 5 30 | 5 33 | 6 03 |
| 5 20 | 5 44 | 5 47 | 6 13 | 6 16 | 6 40 |
| 5 40 | 6 08 | 6 11 | 7 15 | 7 18 | 7 45 |
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| 6 32 | 7 00 | 7 03 | 8 30 | 8 33 | 8 55 |
| 7 20 | 7 44 | 7 47 | 9 45 | 9 48 | 10 15 |
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**SUNDAYS**

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| A M | A M | A M | A M | A M | A M |
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| 12 30 | 12 57 | 1 00 | 2 57 | 3 00 | 3 25 |
| 1 30 | 1 59 | 2 02 | 4 55 | 4 58 | 5 30 |
| 4 00 | 4 23 | 4 26 | 6 20 | 6 23 | 6 55 |
| 5 10 | 5 37 | 5 40 | 7 08 | 7 11 | 7 40 |
| 6 20 | 6 46 | 6 48 | 7 52 | 7 55 | 8 20 |
| 7 20 | 7 45 | 7 48 | 9 14 | 9 17 | 9 45 |
| 9 20 | 9 47 | 9 50 | 10 10 | 10 13 | 10 45 |
| 10 00 | 10 30 | 10 33 | 11 00 | 11 03 | 11 35 |

* Saturdays only

## HERO IS WITHOUT A JOB

**Medals Even From Carnegie Are Not Legal Tender, Says Calvin C. Williams.**

Calvin C. Williams, 51 years old, is walking the streets of Washington looking for work. He carries in the inside pocket of his threadbare coat, in a velvet lined case, a "Carnegie hero medal," a huge bronze medallion, a beautiful example of the highest art of the goldsmith, and a letter, dated May 1, 1911, from the Carnegie hero fund commission, Pittsburg, Pa., promising him, in addition to the medal, a cash award of $1,000.

Williams, formerly a hotel clerk, after a desperate struggle, saved two young girls from drowning in Wreck Pond, at Spring Lake, N. J., on August 7, 1908.

His was a conspicuous example of those acts of heroism to reward which the Carnegie hero fund was established. "But hero medals are not passports to employment, when one has reached the age of 51, and promises of $1,000 rewards are not legal tender for board and lodging," Williams said.

"I have been trying in vain to find something to do," he continued, replacing the black leather case in his breast pocket and carefully buttoning his worn coat across his chest, "but my age is against me. I had planned to invest my $1,000 in a little restaurant, but I have never received it, though repeatedly I have written to the commission pleading for the reward which came to me unsolicited."—Washington Post.


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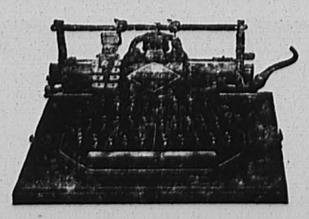

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### Inefficient Paris Postoffice.

The Paris chamber of commerce and the foreign chambers of commerce in Paris, to say nothing of thousands of private individuals, have been complaining bitterly of the non-delivery of English mails by the first post in Paris every morning. The mails get into Paris at ten minutes to six. If the train is very late they sometimes do not arrive there before 6:15. When this happens the letters are never delivered until the second post, which means that their recipients do not get them much before midday. As for newspapers and printed matter, these are never delivered by first post in Paris, no matter how early they arrive. The French senate has ordered an exhaustive inquiry into the matter, but there have been inquiries ordered before, and the postoffice promises amendments every few months. Meanwhile the letters and newspapers continue to arrive late, and the trade of the two countries suffers.—Paris Correspondent, London Express.

### Without a Break.

"This wireless is a great thing."

"Yes, indeed. Now an actress going to Europe can quarrel with her manager all the way across."

# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

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**SYNOPSIS.**

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill, Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. He overtakes them in the mountains of Tennessee. Murrell gets Yancy drunk and stabs him in a fight that followed. Hannibal escapes in a canoe.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Hannibal hears of the finding of Yancy's body. Price arrested as counterfeiter.

CHAPTER IX.—Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER X.—Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

## CHAPTER XI.

### The Shooting-Match at Boggs'.

The judge's faith in the reasonableness of mankind having received a staggering blow, there began a somewhat furtive existence for himself, for Solomon Mahaffy, and for the boy. They kept to little frequented byways, and usually it was the early hours of the morning, or the cool of late afternoons, when they took the road.

A certain hot afternoon brought them into the shaded main street of a straggling village. Near the door of the principal building, a frame tavern, a man was seated, with his feet on the horse-rack. There was no other sign of human occupancy.

"How do you do, sir?" said the judge, halting before this solitary individual whom he conjectured to be the landlord. "What's the name of this bustling metropolis?" continued the judge, cocking his head on one side.

As he spoke, Bruce Carrington appeared in the tavern door; pausing there, he glanced curiously at the shabby wayfarers.

"This is Raleigh, in Shelby county, Tennessee," said the landlord.

"Are you the voice from the tomb?" inquired the judge, in a tone of playful sarcasm.

Carrington, amused, sauntered toward him.

"That's one for you, Mr. Pegloe!" he said.

"I am charmed to meet a gentleman whose spirit of appreciation shows his familiarity with a literary allusion," said the judge, bowing.

"We ain't so dead as we look," said Pegloe. "Just you keep on to Boggs' race-track, straight down the road, and you'll find that out—everybody's there to the hoss-racing and shooting-match. I reckon you've missed the hoss-racing, but you'll be in time for the shooting. Why ain't you there, Mr. Carrington?"

"I'm going now, Mr. Pegloe," answered Carrington, as he followed the judge, who, with Mahaffy and the boy, had moved off.

"Better stop at Boggs'!" Pegloe called after them.

But the judge had already formed his decision. Horse-racing and shooting-matches were suggestive of that progressive spirit, the absence of which he had so much lamented at the jail raising at Pleasantville. Memphis was their objective point, but Boggs' became a side issue of importance. They had gained the edge of the village when Carrington overtook them. He stepped to Hannibal's side.

"Here, let me carry that long rifle, son!" he said. Hannibal looked up into his face, and yielded the piece without a word. Carrington balanced it on his big palm. "I reckon it can shoot—these old guns are hard to beat!" he observed.

"She's the closest shooting rifle I ever sighted," said Hannibal promptly.

Carrington laughed.

There was a rusty name-plate on the stock of the old sporting rifle; this caught Carrington's eye.

"What's the name here? Oh, Turberville."

The judge, a step or two in advance, wheeled in his tracks with a startling suddenness.

"What?" he faltered, and his face was ashen.

"Nothing, I was reading the name here; it is yours, sir, I suppose?" said Carrington.

"No, sir—no; my name is Price—Slocum Price! Turberville—Turberville—" he muttered thickly, staring stupidly at Carrington.

"It's not a common name; you seem to have heard it before?" said the latter.

A spasm of pain passed over the judge's face.

"I—I've heard it. The name is on the rifle, you say?"

"Here on the stock, yes."

The judge took the gun and examined it in silence.

"Where did you get this rifle, Hannibal?" he at length asked brokenly.

"I fetched it away from the Barony, sir; Mr. Crenshaw said I might have it."

The judge gave a great start, and a hoarse, inarticulate murmur stole from between his twitching lips.

"What do you know of the Barony, Hannibal?"

"I lived at the Barony once, until Uncle Bob took me to Scratch Hill to be with him," said Hannibal.

"You—you lived at the Barony?" repeated the judge, and a dull wonder struck through his tone. "How long ago—when?" he continued.

"I don't know how long it were, but until Uncle Bob carried me away after the old general died."

The judge slipped a hand under the child's chin and tilted his face back so that he might look into it. For a long moment he studied closely those small features, then with a shake of the head he handed the rifle to Carrington, and without a word strode forward. Carrington had been regarding Hannibal with a quickened interest.

"Hello!" he said, as the judge moved off. "You're the boy I saw at Scratch Hill!"

Hannibal gave him a frightened glance, and edged to Mr. Mahaffy's side, but did not answer.

The judge plodded forward, his shoulders drooped, and his head bowed. For once silence had fixed its seal upon his lips, no inspiring speech fell from them. He had been suddenly swept back into a past he had striven these twenty years and more to forget, and his memories shaped themselves fantastically. Surely if ever a man had quitted the world that knew him, he was that man! He had died and yet he lived—lived horribly, without soul or heart, the empty shell of a man.

A turn in the road brought them within sight of Boggs' race-track, a wide, level meadow. The judge paused irresolutely, and turned his bleared face on his friend.

"We'll stop here, Solomon," he said rather wearily, for the spirit of boast and jest was quite gone out of him. He glanced toward Carrington. "Are you a resident of these parts, sir?" he asked.

"I've been in Raleigh three days altogether," answered Carrington, and they continued on across the meadow in silence.

Here were men from the small clearings in homespun and butternut or fringed hunting-shirts, with their women folk trailing after them. Here, too, in lesser numbers, were the lords of the soil, the men who counted their acres by the thousand and their slaves by the score. There was the flutter of skirts among the moving groups, the nodding of gay parasols that shaded fresh young faces, while occasionally a comfortable family carriage with some planter's wife or daughter rolled silently over the turf.

The judge's dull eye kindled, the haggard lines that streaked his face erased themselves. This was life, opu-

Hannibal Gave Him a Frightened Glance and Edged Toward Mr. Mahaffy's Side.

lent and full. These swift-rolling carriages with their handsome women, these well-dressed men on foot, and splendidly mounted, all did their part toward lifting him out of his gloom.

A cry from Hannibal drew his attention. Turning, he was in time to see the boy bound away. An instant later, to his astonishment, he saw a young girl who was seated with two men in an open carriage, spring to the ground, and dropping to her knees put her arms about the tattered little figure.

"Why, Hannibal!" cried Betty Malroy.

"Miss Betty! Miss Betty!" and Hannibal buried his head on her shoulder.

"What is it, Hannibal; what is it, dear?"

"Nothing, only I'm so glad to find you!"

"I am glad to see you, too!" said Betty, as she wiped his tears away. "When did you get here, dear?"

"We got here just today, Miss Betty," said Hannibal.

Mr. Ware, careless as to dress, scowled down on the child. He had favored Boggs' with his presence, not because he felt the least interest in horse-racing, but because he had no faith in girls, and especially had he profound mistrust of Betty. She was so much easily portable wealth, a pink-faced chit ready to fall into the arms of the first man who proposed to her. But Charley Norton had not seemed disturbed by the planter's forbidding air.

"What ragamuffin's this, Betty?" growled Ware disgustedly.

But Betty did not seem to hear.

"Did you come alone, Hannibal?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; the judge and Mr. Mahaffy, they fetched me."

The judge had drawn nearer as Betty and Hannibal spoke together, but Mahaffy hung back. There were gulfs not to be crossed by him. It was different with the judge; the native magnificence of his mind fitted him for any occasion.

"Allow me the honor to present myself, 'ma'am—Price is my name—Judge Slocum Price. May I be permitted to assume that this is the Miss Betty of whom my young protege so often speaks?"

Ware gave him a glance of undisguised astonishment, while Norton regarded him with an expression of stunned and resolute gravity.

Betty looked at the judge rather inquiringly.

"I am glad he has found friends," she said slowly. She wanted to believe that Judge Slocum Price was somehow better than he looked, which should have been easy, since it was incredible that he could have been worse.

"He has indeed found friends," said the judge with mellow unction, and swelling visibly.

Now Betty caught sight of Carrington and bowed. Occupied with Hannibal and the judge, she had been unaware of his presence. Carrington stepped forward.

"Have you met Mr. Norton, and my brother, Mr. Carrington?" she asked.

The two young men shook hands, and Ware improved the opportunity to inspect the new-comer. But as his glance wandered over him, it took in more than Carrington, for it included the fine figure and swarthy face of Captain Murrell, who, with his eyes fixed on Betty, was thrusting his eager way through the crowd.

Murrell had presented himself at Belle Plain the day before. For upward of a year, Ware had enjoyed great peace of mind as a direct result of his absence from west Tennessee, and when he thought of him at all he had invariably put a period to his meditations with, "I hope to hell he catches it wherever he is!"

More than this, Betty had spoken of the captain in no uncertain tones. He was not to repeat that visit.

As Murrell approached, the hot color surged into Betty's face. As for Hannibal, he had gone white to the lips, and his small hand clutched hers desperately.

Murrell, with all his hardihood, realized that a too great confidence had placed him in an awkward position, for Betty turned her back on him and began an animated conversation with Carrington and Charley Norton.

Hicks, the Belle Plain overseer, pushed his way to Murrell's side.

"Here, John Murrell, ain't you going to show us a trick or two?" he inquired.

Murrell turned quickly with a sense of relief.

"If you can spare me your rifle," he said, but his face wore a bleak look.

"Don't you think you've seen about enough, Bet?" demanded Tom. "You don't care for the shooting, do you?"

"That's the very thing I do care for; I think I'd rather see that than the horse-racing," said Betty perversely.

Betty now seated herself in the carriage, with Hannibal beside her, quietly determined to miss nothing. The judge, feeling that he had come into his own, leaned elegantly against the wheel, and explained the merits of each shot as it was made.

"I hope you gentlemen are not going to let me walk off with the prize?" said Murrell, approaching the group about the carriage. "Mr. Norton, I am told you are clever with the rifle."

"I am not shooting today," responded Norton haughtily.

Murrell stalked back to the line.

"At forty paces I'd risk it myself, ma'am," said the judge. "But at a hundred, offhand like this, I should most certainly fail—"

"It would be hard to beat that—" they heard Murrell say.

"At least it would be quite possible to equal it," said Carrington, advancing with Hannibal's rifle in his hands.

It was tossed to his shoulder, and poured out its contents in a bright stream of flame. There was a moment of silence.

"Center shot, ma'am!" cried the judge.

"I'll add twenty dollars to the purse!" Norton addressed himself to Carrington. "And I shall hope, sir, to see it go into your pocket."

"Our sentiments exactly, ma'am, are they not?" said the judge.

"Perhaps you'd like to bet a little of your money?" remarked Murrell.

"I'm ready to do that too, sir," responded Norton quietly.

"Five hundred dollars, then, that this gentleman in whose success you take so great an interest, can neither equal nor better my next shot!" Murrell had produced a roll of bills as he spoke.

Norton colored with embarrassment. Carrington took in the situation.

"Wait a minute," he said, and passed his purse to Norton. "Cover his money, sir," he added briefly.

"Thank you, my horses have run away with most of my cash," explained Norton.

"Your shot!" said Carrington shortly, to the outlaw.

Murrell taking careful aim, fired, clipping the center.

As soon as the result was known, Carrington raised his rifle; his bullet, truer than his opponent's, drove out the center. Murrell turned on him with an oath.

"You shoot well, but a board stuck against a tree is no test for a man's nerve," he said insolently.

Carrington was charging his piece.

"I only know of one other kind of target," he observed coolly.

"Yes—a living target!" cried Murrell.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Portal of Hope.

"This—" the speaker was Judge Price; "this is the place for me. They are a warm-hearted people, sir; a prosperous people, and a patriotic people with an unstinted love of country. I'd like to hang out my shingle here and practice law."

The judge and Mr. Mahaffy were camped in the woods between Boggs' and Raleigh. Betty had carried Hannibal off to spend the night at Belle Plain.

"I crave opportunity, Solomon—the indorsement of my own class. I feel that I shall have it here," resumed the judge pensively. "Will you stroll into town with me, Solomon?" he asked. Mahaffy shook his head. "Then let your prayers follow me, for I'm off!" said the judge.

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the door of the city tavern, where he found Mr. Pegloe directing the activities of a small colored boy who was mopping out his bar. To him the judge made known his needs.

"Goin' to locate, are you?" said Mr. Pegloe.

"My friends urge it, sir, and I have taken the matter under consideration," answered the judge.

"Well, the only empty house in town is right over yonder; it belongs to young Charley Norton out at Thicket Point Plantation."

The house Mr. Pegloe pointed out was a small frame building; it stood directly on the street, with a narrow porch across the front, and a shed addition at the back. The judge scuttled over to it. The judge's pulse quickened. What a location, and what a fortunate chance that Mr. Norton was the owner of this most desirable tenement! He must see him at once. As he turned away to recross

"Yes—a Living Target!" Said Murrell.

the street and learn from Mr. Pegloe by what road Thicket Point might be reached, Norton himself galloped into the village. Catching sight of the judge, he reined in his horse and swung himself from the saddle.

"I was hoping, sir, I might find you," he said.

"A wish I should have echoed had I been aware of it!" responded the judge. "I was about to do myself the honor to wait upon you at your plantation."

"Then I have saved you a long walk," said Norton. He surveyed the judge rather dubiously, but listened with kindness as he explained the business that would have taken him to Thicket Point.

"The house is quite at your service, sir," he said, at length.

"The rent—" began the judge.

But Mr. Norton, with a delicacy equal to his own, entreated him not to mention the rent. The house had come to him as boot in a trade. It had been occupied by a doctor and a lawyer; these gentlemen had each decamped between two days, heavily in debt at the stores and taverns, especially the taverns. And thus handsomely did Charley Norton acquit himself of the mission he had undertaken at Betty Malroy's request.

That same morning Tom Ware and Captain Murrell were seated in the small detached building at Belle Plain, known as the office, where the former spent most of his time when not in the saddle.

"So your sister doesn't like me, Tom—that's on your mind this morning, is it?" Murrell was saying.

"Make it worth my while and I'll take her off your hands," and Murrell laughed.

Tom favored him with a sullen stare.

There was a brief silence, during which Murrell studied his friend's face. When he spoke, it was to give the conversation a new direction.

"Did she bring the boy here last night? I saw you drive off with him in the carriage."

"Yes, she makes a regular pet of the little ragamuffin."

"Is the boy going to stay at Belle Plain?" inquired Murrell.

"That notion hasn't struck her yet, for I heard her say at breakfast that she'd take him to Raleigh this afternoon."

"That's the boy I traveled all the way to North Carolina to get for Fentress."

"Eh—you don't say?" cried Ware.

"Tom, what do you know about the Quintard lands; what do you know about Quintard himself?" continued Murrell.

"He was a rich planter; lived in North Carolina. My father met him when he was in congress and got him to invest in land here. They had some colonization scheme on foot—this was upward of twenty years ago—but nothing came of it. Quintard lost interest."

"And the land?"

"Oh, he held on to that."

"Quintard has been dead two years, Tom, and back yonder in North Carolina they told me he left nothing but the home plantation. The boy lived there up to the time of Quintard's death, but what relation he was to the old man no one knew. Offhand, Tom, I'd say that by getting hold of the boy Fentress expects to get hold of the Quintard land."

"That's likely," said Ware; then struck by a sudden idea, he added, "Are you going to take all the risks and let him pocket the cash? If it's the land he's after, the stake's big enough to divide."

"He can have the whole thing and welcome. I'm playing for a bigger stake." His friend stared at him in astonishment. "I'm licking a speculation into shape that will cause me to be remembered while there's a white man alive in the Mississippi Valley! Have you heard what the niggers did at Hayti?"

"You let the niggers alone; don't you tamper with them," said Ware. He possessed a profound belief in Murrell's capacity. He knew how the latter had shaped the uneasy population that foregathered on the edge of civilization to his own ends, and that what he had christened the Clan had become an elaborate organization, disciplined and flexible to his ruthless will.

"Look here, what do you think I have been working for—to steal a few niggers? That furnishes us with money, but you can push the trade too hard and too far. The planters are uneasy. The Clan's got to deal a counter blow or go out of business. Between here and the gulf—" he made a wide sweeping gesture with his arm. "I am spotting the country with my men; there are two thousand active workers on the rolls of the Clan, and as many more like you, Tom—and Fentress—on whose friendship I can rely."

"Sure as God, John Murrell, you are overreaching yourself! Your white men are all right, they've got to stick by you; if they don't they know it's only a question of time until they get a knife driven into their ribs—but niggers—there isn't any real fight in a nigger, if there was they wouldn't be here."

"Yet you couldn't have made the whites in Hayti believe that," said Murrell, with a sinister smile.

Ware, feeling the entire uselessness of argument, uttered a string of imprecations, and then fell silent.

"Well, how about the girl, Tom?" asked Murrell at length. "Listen to me, Tom: I'll take her away, and Belle Plain is yours—land, stock and niggers!" said Murrell.

Ware shifted and twisted in his seat.

"Do you want the land and the niggers? I reckon you'll have to take them whether you want them or not, for I'm going to have the girl."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Bob Yancy Finds Himself.

Mr. Yancy awoke from a long dreamless sleep; heavy-lidded, his eyes slid open. For a moment he struggled with the odds and ends of memory, then he recalled the fight at the tavern, the sudden murderous attack, the fierce blows Slosson had dealt him, the knife thrust which had ended the struggle. Therefore, the bandages that now swathed his head and shoulders; therefore, the need that he should be up and doing—for where was Hannibal?

Suddenly a shadow fell obliquely across the foot of his narrow bed, and Cavendish, bending his long body somewhat, thrust his head in at the opening. He found himself looking into a pair of eyes that for the first time in many a long day held the light of consciousness.

"How are you, stranger?" he demanded, in a soft drawl.

"Where am I?" The words were a whisper on Yancy's bearded lips.

"Well, sir, you are in the Tennessee river fo' certain. Polly! you jest step here."

But Polly had heard Cavendish speak, and the murmur of Yancy's voice in reply. Now her head appeared beside her husband's.

"La, you are some better, ain't you, sir?" she cried, smiling down on him. "It's been right smart of a spell, too; yes, sir, you've laid like you was dead, and not fo' a matter of hours either—but days."

"How long?"

"Well, nigh on to three weeks."

They saw Yancy's eyes widen with a look of dumb horror.

"And you don't know nothing about my nevvy?—you ain't seen or heard of him, ma'am?" faltered Yancy.

Polly shook her head regretfully.

"Ten or thereabouts, ma'am. He were a heap of comfort to me—" and the whisper on Yancy's lips was wonderfully tender and wistful. He closed his eyes and presently, lulled by the soft ripple that bore them company, fell into a restful sleep.

The raft drifted on into the day's heat; and when at last Yancy awoke, it was to find Henry and Keppel seated beside him, each solacing him with a small moist hand. Mrs. Cavendish appeared, bringing Yancy's breakfast. In her wake came Connie with the baby, and the three little brothers who were to be accorded the cherished privilege of seeing the poor gentleman eat. Cavendish presented himself at the opening that did duty as a door.

"This looks like bein' alive, stranger," he commented genially.

"You-all ain't told me yo' name yet?" said Yancy.

"It's Cavendish. Richard Keppel Cavendish."

"My name's Yancy—Bob Yancy."

Mr. Cavendish exchanged glances with Mrs. Cavendish. By a nod of her dimpled chin the lady seemed to urge some more extended confidence on his part. Chills and Fever seated himself at the foot of Yancy's bed.

"Stranger, what I'm a-goin' to tell you, you'll take as bein' said man to man," he began, with the impressive air of one who had a secret of great moment to impart. "Ever hear tell of lords?"

"No." Yancy was quick to notice the look of disappointment on the faces of his new friends.

"Are you ever heard of royalty?" and Cavendish fixed the invalid's wandering glance.

"You mean kings?"

"I shore do."

Yancy made a mighty mental effort.

"There's them Bible kings—" he ventured at length.

Mr. Cavendish shook his head.

"Them's sacred kings. Are you familiar with any of the profane kings, Mr. Yancy?"

"Well, taking them as they come, them Bible kings seemed to average pretty profane." Yancy was disposed to defend this point.

"You must a heard of the kings of England. Sho', wa'n't any of yo' folks in the war agin' him?"

"I'd plumb forgot, why my daddy fit all through the war!" exclaimed Yancy. The Cavendishes were immensely relieved.

"Now you-all keep still," said Cavendish. "I want Mr. Yancy should get the straight of this here! The various orders of royalty are kings, dukes, earls and lords. Earls is the third from the top of the heap, but lords ain't no slouch."

"Dick had ought to know, fo' he's an earl himself," cried Polly exultantly.

"Sho,' Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth! Sho', that was what he was! Sho'!" and some transient feeling of awe stamped itself upon their small faces as they viewed the long and limber figure of their parent.

"These here titles go to the eldest son. He begins by bein' a viscount," continued Chills and Fever. "It was my great grandfather come over here from England. His name was Richard Keppel Cavendish, same as mine is. He lived back yonder on the Carolina coast and went to raisin' tobacco. I've heard my grandfather tell how he'd heard folks say his father was always hintin' in his licker that he was a heap better than he seemed, and if people only knowed the truth about him they'd respect him mo', and mebby treat him better. Well, sir, he married and ris a family; there was my grandfather and a passel of girls—and that crop of children was the only decent crop he ever ris.

"My grandfather said he never knowed a man with the same aversion agin labor as his father had. Folks put it down to laziness, but they misjudged him, as come out later, yet he never let on.

"Then one day he got his hands on a paper that had come acrost in a ship from England. All at once, he lit on something in the paper, and he started up and let out a yell like he'd been shot. 'By gum, I'm the Earl of Lambeth!' he says, and took out to the nearest tavern and got b'lilin' full. Afterward he showed 'em the paper and they seen with their own eyes where Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth, had died in London. My great grandfather told 'em that was his uncle; that when he left home there was several cousins—but they'd up and died, so the title come to him. He never done a lick of work after that.

"I'm an orphan man of title now and it's been my dream to take Polly and the children and go back to England and see the king about my title. Don't you reckon he's got the notion the Cavendishes has petered out?"

Mr. Yancy considered this likely.

The furious shrieking of a steamer-packet's whistle broke in upon them.

"It's another of them hawgs, wantin' all the river!" said Mr. Cavendish, and fled to the steering oar.

(To Be Continued.)

# Escaped in Time

James had paid Gertrude marked attention while she was visiting her aunt. Though others knew to a certainty that he intended proposing to the charming stranger, James himself was undecided.

"Meeting a girl at dances, only seeing her with her company manners on, isn't conducive to really knowing her," soliliquized James. "How can I tell that like the girl who when she was good, was very very good and when she was bad she was horrid. I'll solve the enigma. Accept her invitation to spend a few days at her country home. The rest will do me good. Then after that if we prove congenial, me for a benedict."

Gertrude was a vision of loveliness when she greeted her admirer at the station.

"So delighted you came," she said welcoming him with a joyful face. "We needed another for our tennis match."

"I'm too tired to play," commenced James.

"Don't be disagreeable but hurry; they're waiting for us," returned Gertrude.

After the game, at which the new-comer was badly beaten, Gertrude suggested a swimming contest.

"I'd rather not," complained James. "Let's sit in that inviting hammock."

"Your no sport, don't be a ditcher," said one of the party.

"If you insist, all right," answered James.

So in swimming they went. Every one except James enjoyed the cool refreshing waves. But, he never did enjoy anything he didn't want to do.

At dinner Gertrude commented upon the fact that her guest did not appear in a white suit.

"I thought I suited you all right," he replied.

"No, you seem to dislike all the things I find pleasure in. For instance, would you like to take a tramp through the wood?"

"Surely, let's start early in the morning," agreed James, glad for an opportunity to be alone with Gertrude.

After being abused for three hours because he insisted upon trumping his partner's ace, James retired, to be awakened at dawn by a gentle knock at his door.

"Hurry, I'm all ready," called Gertrude.

James jumped helter-skelter into his clothes and found Gertrude waiting for him, looking not quite as pretty as she had in the favorable gaslight.

After walking a couple of miles James protested that he felt weary and hungry.

"There's an apple orchard about a half-mile from here. We'll get some apples," said Gertrude, for nothing could deter her from continuing her walk.

A very sober couple appeared on the porch a few hours later. After a hearty breakfast Gertrude begged James to go fishing. He had to row around the lake for the rest of the morning in the broiling sun and all they caught were two small perch.

"Some strenuous life," he commented as the boat neared the landing and he was becoming bored by Gertrude's incessant talking of topics which did not interest him.

"These stunts are an everday occurence. Wouldn't you like to live this simple life?" questioned Gertrude.

"Not to my taste."

"The boys expect you to play in their baseball game," Gertrude called after James as he left her.

The baseball over Gertrude appeared with her golf bag requesting James to play with her. They chased the ball around the links until it started to pour rain in torrents.

"Its pouring," cried James.

"Oh, we always play in the rain," answered Gertrude.

Drenched to the skin they started home.

"What's the trouble with your face?" asked Gertrude.

"I don't know. It feels all face."

"Its swollen and has red patches all over it. Maybe its poison ivy."

After consulting the village doctor, who informed him that he had most likely touched some ivy in the woods and had a bad case of poisoning, James returned home on the next train to remain in the house for a week suffering intensely.

When James read of Gertrude's engagement to Harold Lifton, champion of the football players, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thanks to that poison ivy I escaped in time. If I was so tired out in a couple of days how could I have stood it for a life time?"

### Petrified Forest Giants.

Three petrified redwood trees that have been pronounced the very largest in the world that have thus far been discovered have just been uncovered from the debris of the mountain side, only a short distance from the famous Bohemian Club Grove in Sonoma county, California. This point is near the little town of Occident.

One of these prehistoric monsters, that make the pyramids of Egypt modern by comparison in their ages, measures 23 feet in diameter and is 350 feet in length. The two other petrified trees are 13 and 12 feet in diameter, respectively.—Scientific American.

### Getting the Value of Coal.

The scientific method of buying coal, not by weight, but by thermal value, is likely to be adopted by the St. Paul city government. The "B. T. U." system, it is called, the initials standing for British thermal units. The school board estimates that it will save six per cent., or $2,600, on 9,000 tons, the year's consumption. Many railroads are buying their coal, not for what it weighs, but for what it can do.—Springfield Republican.

# Proposal On a Fan

Lisette's grandfather was taking her back to Honolulu, after she had finished her course in a fashionable San Francisco boarding school. Lisette had been an apt pupil in conforming with American fashions. Her grandfather hoped devotedly the first time he saw his transformed little Honolulu lady that she had derived as much from the text-books as evidently she had imbibed from the style journals.

Jimmie spied Lisette as soon as the steamer left port. Anxious to become acquainted with her, he followed the couple on deck.

"We are especially fortunate," the old gentleman was saying. "Never have I been on a smoother sailing vessel. You wouldn't know we were moving. The waves aren't even nervous."

"Pardon me," broke in Jimmy. "We haven't started yet."

His inimitable smile must have been contagious for Lisette smiled back at him with the most beautiful smile that commenced in her great candid eyes and rippled all over her face. From that minute Jimmy was her devoted admirer.

Everyone called the lad "Jimmy," old and young were soon under the fascination of the big fellow with the round, over-grown baby face.

"Jimmy shadows that pretty little Honolulu girl all over the deck," said the captain's wife.

"Yes, and that old grandfather shadows them both. Just as soon as he's comfortably seated in his steamer chair, engrossed in some novel, he spies his granddaughter with Jimmy, and he's off after them."

"Jimmy came from the same town as we do," continued the captain's wife, and through some influence secured the appointment of paymaster in the navy; that smile must have been a birthday present to him, as I've rarely seen him without it except when he scowls resentfully at Lisette's grandfather."

Each day ripened the friendship between Jimmy and Lisette. The old man was nearly frantic; he grew thin and wore an habitual strained, worried look, afraid to leave them out of his sight for a moment, he could be seen hobbling up and down the deck all day long.

The time drew near when Lisette was to land. All smiles had left their faces. Jimmie was to go on and to go on meant a separation for months.

They bade each other good-by, but not a word of love or endearment had escaped Jimmie's lips.

"I'd rather die," he said to himself, "than ask a girl to starve on my income. If ever I'm promoted, then me for Honolulu."

"Please forward my fan," wrote Lisette to the captain's wife, "and have some friends on board write their names on it as a memento of the glorious days on the ship."

"What are you doing?" asked Jimmie as he noticed a young man scrawling his name on a fan covered with hieroglyphics.

"He's writing his name on your charming Honolulu friend's fan," explained a young woman standing nearby. "You're the next on the list. Last the best of all."

"Give it to me; I'll send it to her," said Jimmie, raging with jealousy.

When the fan was in his possession he scratched out all the names and in the small space left, wrote:

"Darling, what do you want with all those names when you can have mine for keeps? Received notice of my promotion this morning.—Jimmie Horton."

Jimmie was again his smiling self when he received a message from Lisette saying: "I'd rather have your name than any other under the sun. Grandfather is furious."

### Rattlesnakes That Swim.

There is one curious thing that the O. C. has noticed on the Winnipiseogees islands—the smaller islands—which are situated say a mile or so from the mainland—the presence of mice and once in a while a rat. Now, the question is, how do these pests get from the mainland to the islands. Swim? One old cottager says that he has a theory that perhaps the parent rates, or mice, come in luggage, like packing boxes, that convey the goods of settlers on the islands. Still, it is possible that they swim from the mainland. The O. C. once told the story that rattlesnakes now and then swam from Rattlesnake island to the mainland shore. Nearly everybody has laughed at the editor for making that statement. Well, if you don't believe it, ask Professor Thyng, the teacher of drawing in the Manchester public schools, who owns a piece of land on the Gilford shore, or did own a lot there. He will tell you that rattlesnakes swimming across the lake are not a myth by any means.—Manchester Union.

### Profusion of Butterflies.

A curious phenomenon, attributed to the abnormally hot summer, is being observed at Rouen, France, in the form of an invasion of butterflies. At night wonderful scenes are witnessed when the beautiful insects, of all sizes and colors, swarm in thousands round two powerful arc lamps which light the square near the Pont Corneille. The air in the vicinity of the square is so thick with butterflies that from a distance the spectacle resembles a heavy snowstorm.

### Baseball With a Diver.

A nation baseball-mad has developed in recent years such variations on the popular theme as night practice under electric lights and games in cramped quarters played with huge "indoor" balls and diminutive bats. But way up at the tip of Manhattan island is something really unique—baseball with the aid of a diver.

In a vacant lot near Broadway and 229th street a vital portion of left field is cut away by a broad slough, which once may have deserved its name of Tibbet's Brook. The amateur games played on this badly flawed diamond are remarkable more for heavy hitting than for scientific pitching; and deep left field is a favorite landing place for safe hits. The balls often sail over the helpless fielder's head to land in Tibbet's Brook with a beautiful splash. On Sunday afternoons a small boy is kept busy diving off the bank and swimming after balls when they come to the surface. He gets a share of the collection as his reward.

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# The Little Circus Rider

By PEGGY POWERS

"The circus is in town," announced Sidney.

"The last time I was at a circus," answered Meriven, "was when I was a little shaver with but a dime of my own. All morning I helped around the tent, fed the animals, brought pail after pail of water to the elephants, arranged the seats for the crowd and one hundred and one things in return for a bit of pasteboard which would admit one in the afternoon to the wonders of circusdom."

"Do you still remember how wonderful and magnificent it all seemed?"

"Hardly; my labors tired me out so that with all the noise, the din, the shouting and the music of the band, I slept through the entire performance."

"Let's go to the show this evening," said Sydney. "I was presented with two box seat tickets for allowing some posters of thrillers in the window of our shop."

Meriven and Sydney were astounded at the number of grown-ups present at the circus, how really fascinating the circus was to adults and how bewildering to try to watch the three rings at one time.

"The girl on that white horse is a marvel. So graceful and supple; she rides as easily as if she was seated in a rocking chair. How modest she is; nothing 'circusy' about her," said Meriven.

"She can't be more than sixteen," answered his friend.

"Outrageous for a girl no more than sixteen years of age to waste her

"She Can't Be More Than Sixteen."

youth and beauty in a traveling show. How in the world did she happen to join a circus! Sometimes whole families travel together, but there is no one else with the same name on the program."

"Look, that horse kicked 'Mademoiselle La Tour,'" exclaimed Meriven, excitedly. "Is she hurt? No, though that brave child must have felt the tumble; she's up again smiling and bowing to the crowd as if nothing had happened."

"She's a brave one," said Meriven, joining the applause.

The little circus rider was constantly in Meriven's thoughts, and the following evening found him again in the box. No only that night, but for four consecutive performances did he await the entrance of the daring young equestrienne.

Finally his desire to know something of the girl drew him to the box office, where he inquired: "If it were possible to assist her in some manner that she could earn her living in a less perilous fashion or probably make it possible for her to continue her neglected education."

"I am sure your intentions are most honorable, young man, but don't waste your sympathy on 'Mademoiselle La Tour,' who is the wife of the leading clown in the show. They both work double time to help pay their son's way through college. Now if you would like to meet their daughter," continued the manager, "who is standing over there with her young baby in her arms talking to her husband, 'the trapeze artist,' I'll be glad to introduce you."

"No, thank you," said Meriven, as he turned away from the box office. "How much wiser I was as a little kid to sleep through the whole show than wasting my pity on some young man's mother and spending eight dollars for box seats to plan the future education of that baby's grandmother."

### Hurried Eating.

One of the causes which leads to over-eating, especially among men and busy people generally, is the haste which frequently attends their meals. There is no enemy of over-eating like deliberation. If any of you doubt this, just try it! Eat slowly, masticating your food carefully, and see if you don't satisfy your appetite with less than you do when you gulp down each hurried mouthful. But more time might be given to eating than is often granted it by busy persons. You cannot enjoy your food when you eat it in a rush, and you spoil yourself for all future enjoyment by upsetting your digestive apparatus. When you eat slowly you accomplish two ends, for you eat less and have more pleasure in the process.

### Perfectly Lovely.

Mrs. Benham—It will be a great thing when women vote and hold office.

Benham—Yes; it will be perfectly lovely if a man runs against his mother-in-law, and she beats him.

# THE NEW ERA

VOL. 23. NO. 10. RIVERTON AND PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1912. PRICE THREE CENTS



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## Drawbacks of Matrimony

"This getting married," remarked young Mrs. Allison, isn't all that it's talked up to be!" She picked up her embroidery and resumed operations on a large blue butterfly.

The other embroiderers looked shocked, with the exception of the fluffy haired blonde, who giggled appreciatively. "Is Fred developing dyspepsia?" she inquired with mirthful solicitude. "My dear!" cried young Mrs. Allison, with wide-eyed protest. "Fred can eat anything, I'm happy to say. I ran completely out of ideas about meals day before yesterday, so I had fried soles for dinner, to break the monotony of steak and chops and roast and chops and roast and steak, and roast and steak—"

"That will do!" sternly interrupted the young matron with auburn hair. "That way lies madness. Some of us are housekeepers ourselves, you may remember."

"And," went on young Mrs. Allison, meekly, "Fred ate his sole with positive enjoyment, though I couldn't even bend my own. No, Fred is not dyspeptic."

"Well, then," said the fluffy haired blonde, "he must be getting the club habit."

"Wrong!" said young Mrs. Allison promptly. "Fred doesn't belong to a single club except the Beethoven. He hates smoke and he likes women, and he thinks that men's clubs are little short of relatively clean pigpens. Guess again."

"Well," said the fluffy haired blonde after a judicial pause, "there are only three causes that make a happy married woman sore on matrimony, if you will pardon the phraseology. They are dyspepsia, jealousy and lack of money. Is lack of money the canker that's eating the blush from your damask cheek, or words to that effect?"

Mrs. Allison shook her head again, emphatically. "Nobody has enough money," she said with conviction. "But that's the least of my troubles, and I have as much money as is good for me, no doubt. Besides, a woman's a fool to let money worry her, if it's only a matter of luxuries."

The fluffy haired blonde nodded assent. "Right you are," she said. "And, what's more, there are fewer fools than people would believe when it comes to that. But whatever is the trouble, Celeste?"

Young Mrs. Allison sighed lugubriously. "What I object to in matrimony," she explained, jabbing her needle vigorously into the left wing of the blue insect, "is this sensation of permanence. Married people feel so disgustingly settled in life, and I loathe feeling settled."

Every one smiled.

"Well, times are changing," remarked the auburn haired matron, with a suggestion of scorn. "Do you notice married people feeling so dreadfully settled these days?"

"I mean decent people, of course," corrected young Mrs. Allison concisely. The sense of being hopelessly settled descends upon you when you come down to breakfast the first morning after your honeymoon trip is over, and it continues with you from that time on. When I go to the matinee, or to teas, or to the settlement, guild, or anywhere like that, and see a lot of girls of just my own age, whom I went to school with, and who haven't married—old maids like you"—she indicated the fluffy haired blonde, who rose and bowed profoundly—"and see how positively juvenile and effervescent they look, and how delightfully unsettled they are in their attitude toward the world, I get pessimistic, that's all. I say to myself: 'Brace up, Celeste! You're a married woman, so hurry home or Fred will be there first, and will wonder what keeps you.'"

"I tell you," went on young Mrs. Allison, "you can just reverse what the old negro mammy said about spinsterhood and apply it to matrimony. 'I'se done hyar'd,' she said, 'as hit ain't so bad when yo' quit strugglin'.'"

Everybody laughed and young Mrs. Allison joined in doubtfully.

"By the way, Celeste," remarked the fluffy haired blonde abruptly, "you always used to go south with the Merritts to stay through January. You'll go this year, I suppose?"

"I should say not," answered young Mrs. Allison heatedly. "Do you suppose I'd go away for a whole month and leave Fred, when he simply couldn't go, no matter how badly he might want to? Why, what an idea! Are you crazy?"

There was another chorus of laughter.

"Oh, well," conceded young Mrs. Allison with a smile, "one might as well make the best of one's troubles."

First Requisite.

Nobody ever taught well who did not love to teach.—Mumsey's Magazine.

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## This Complex Existence

Kendall tiptoed to the bottom of the stairs and called "Mother!" in a voice which to the uninitiated might have indicated that he was one of those gentle, retiring children known generally as not daring, to speak above a whisper.

There was no answer. So, muttering to himself, "Well, I guess she ain't at home, or I guess she said she was going downtown today," he made a very subdued, genteel exit.

But Kendall had reckoned without his host. Before he had reached the street he was stopped by a voice from the front upstairs window. Mrs. Boyd had not been Kendall's another twelve years without having become more or less acquainted with his ways.

"Kendall, dear," she said, "where are you going?"

Kendall halted on the lower step and kicked the newel post viciously. Then he regarded the toe of his shoe with great disfavor.

"Play ball," he said. "Over in the lot with the fellers."

"But, you know, dancing school begins today," and his mother, sweetly. "You must come in and get ready."

She withdrew her head discreetly in time to avoid being convicted of hearing her son respond. "Aw, rats on dancing school! I ain't going!"

Then Kendall sat down on the step and bumped the railing with his bat for several minutes. There was no further sound from the house and he repeated his former remarks in a louder tone: "Aw, rats on old dancing, school! I ain't going this year!"

"Say, mother!" he shouted, belligerently. "I ain't going to change my clothes, anyway. These is good enough for old dancing school."

There was no response.

"Aw, rats!" Kendall said once more. "I wish there hadn't never been an old dancing school. Then maybe I wouldn't have to go."

After relieving his mind by giving the steps several much louder knocks than before, he rose and went into the house, kicking each step as he went. He draped himself about the banisters and swung there noisily until the sound of the maternal voice came to him from the upper regions.

"Come up, Kendall, and begin dressing."

"Aw, I don't want to go to old dancing school," Kendall reiterated. Kendall's vocabulary was somewhat limited. "Say, mother, don't make me go this year. Nobody but sissy boys go to dancing school."

There was no reply. Mrs. Boyd was past mistress of the art of coercion by silence.

"Well, anyway, I'm just going to wear my school clothes. I'll take my pumps, but these clothes is good enough."

Clump! Clump! Clump!

"Say, mother!" said a voice from the depths of Kendall's closet. "I don't have to wash my neck, do I? Say, gee! I gave it a good wash this morning. I ain't going to wash it again this afternoon."

Silence.

"Well, anyway, I ain't going to wash it tonight before I go to bed if I have to wash it this afternoon. I don't see what difference it makes. I'm clean enough to go and dance with a lot of girls and a lot of sissy boys."

Splash, splash, splash, from the bathroom.

"Say, mother, I ain't going to dance with no girls this afternoon. Maybe I'll dance with the teacher, but I bet I won't dance with no girls. Girls, they make me tired!"

Silence.

"Say, mother, I don't have to put on a clean shirt, do I? I don't see what makes you want me to put on a so many clean things. Gee! I bet dad'll be mad when he sees how big the laundry bill is."

Silence.

"Say, mother, this stocking's got a hole in it." Can't I wear the ones I have on? Well, anyway, I bet if I do have to dance with the girls I'll pinch their fingers so they won't want to dance with me again. Girls make me awful tired!"

"Say, mother, my foot hurts me awful, I bet my ankle's sprained. Anyway, I bet it will be if I dance all afternoon.

"I'm going to wear my pumps over to the hall and then I won't have to change them after I get there. It makes me tired having to change my shoes a hundred times every day. Well, anyway, I'm not going to change them when I come home. I'm going to wear my pumps. Well, anyway, if I don't wear them home this time I'm going to the next time. Say, mother, I won't have to walk home with any girl, will I?"

"No son," replied Mrs. Boyd, comfortingly, "That's one thing I don't consider absolutely necessary for your social salvation. The time will come soon enough when you'll want to."

"Gee! I bet it won't!" said Kendall. "Say, mother, tie my necktie for me, will you? Girls! I hate 'em! Gee! when I'm grown up I bet I won't ever go to dancing school or speak to a girl or anything. Gee! Don't I wish I was grown up?

"Say, mother, honest, do I have to go to dancing school?"

### Value of History.

Old wrongs are so hard to root up that every man sometimes becomes impatient and indignant and rebellious, except the man who knows and has long pondered in the very slow ascent of human society to every higher level that it has reached. Historical knowledge is got only by considerable labor. Any good man who loves his fellows, when he looks out over the world and sees it as it is, is pretty certain at times to accept some revolutionary plan unless he have a pretty good historical perspective.—World's Work.

## HOW TALKING SIGNS WORK

**Mechanism of These Changing Electric Light Bulletins Is Intricate but Operates Easily.**

The electric light talking sign was introduced to New York about ten years ago, one of the earliest if not the first one displayed being that at Broadway and Thirty-sixth street. By changing the firm or goods to be advertised such a sign becomes a permanent investment. This possibility is of equal value to the advertiser, for it is of course less expensive to hire such service for a desired length of time than to erect a large sign for his own exclusive use.

One of these talking signs, which is 75 feet long, has letters 5 feet high and 4 feet broad. The space is divided into fifteen monograms, as they are called. Each of these monograms contains forty-eight changes. That is, forty-eight letters and numerals can be shown in successively in that one 4x5 foot space. Each monogram space is perforated by forty lamps which form the forty-eight combinations.

The changes are controlled by a rather intricate arrangement which, according to the Edison Monthly, consists of a motor with a commutator for each monogram. By a system of metal dogs, not unlike the Yale lock in principle, the arrangement can be so adjusted beforehand that the proper connections are made with each revolution of the commutator to form the letters and figures wanted in a certain order. Readjustment can be made as often as desired, so that if the owner needs to have a new message each night he has only to plan out the combinations.

### Her Dad's "Pants."

"Father came to see me in the '1492' cast. He had never seen daughter 'play act,' and it was some occasion for him. Right proud he was, too. He sat down in the front row, and, turning continually to the people at his elbows, remarked that 'that one in the pink dress is my darter.'

"It didn't make any difference to father. He'd pick out any one of the girls. He couldn't have singled me out for sure on a bet. Every time he'd see some one dressed particularly fetching he'd say: 'That's Bertie; that's my darter.'

"In the show I had to play the boy in one of the scenes. When I came tripping out father guessed right for the first time. He stood straight up in his seat and yelled: 'Well, I'll be dinged if Bertie hasn't got on my pants!'

"Father was right. I had swiped a pair from him and had been using them without his missing them."—Exchange.

### A Nice Point.

"Every student of history knows that our Christmas customs are a development of Roman Saturnalia."

"Oh, surely not all!"

"I think so."

"No, no! There's no reason to suppose, for instance, that the Romans were all the time being lunched to do their Saturnalian shopping early."—Puck.

## Lucille's Mistake

By Adele Mendel

"How's Arthur?" asked Marcia.

"Finer than ever," answered Lucille, "but he travels so much that I feel like a telephone operator, saying Hello and Goodby to him so often."

"How long will he be in town now?"

"Arthur is away at present and doesn't expect to return for a week."

"Are you sure?"

"What do you infer, Marcia?"

"Only that I thought I saw him at the theater last night."

"Impossible. I had a letter yesterday."

"Maybe he returned since."

"Not without my knowledge."

"Well, the girl he was with—"

"Don't be idiotic," interrupted Lucille indignantly, "Arthur isn't taking other girls out."

"Lucille, I could swear on my bull dog's life that it was Arthur."

"You're too persistent. Didn't I mention Arthur was away?"

"What are you girls arguing about?" broke in Janet.

"About Lucille's future husband," commenced Marcia.

"Oh, I saw Arthur down town this morning, he deliberately walked by without even bowing."

"It wasn't Arthur," contradicted Lucille, vehemently. "I'm going home to write to him now."

"Poor Lucille," said Marcia. "Suppose Arthur was deceiving her. It's a great risk to marry a traveling man. I felt duty bound to tell her."

"People rarely thank you for telling them unpleasant truths."

"Why, she was as cross as two stick, and never even said goodby."

Upon reaching home Lucille found a 12-page letter from Arthur in which he wrote: "Don't know my next destination, but address your ever welcome letter to General Delivery, Kansas City, and it will be forwarded."

Found a 12-Page Letter.

"How strange, but it is merely a coincidence," thought Lucille.

"Lucille," called her younger sister, "Arthur just drove by in a cab and did not even look up!"

Lucille rushed to the window, and could only catch a glimpse of the cab, but the figure seated next to a lady looked strangely like Arthur.

"Saw Arthur at the ball game this afternoon," said Lucille's brother, "but didn't have a chance to speak with him."

"Yes, and I caught a glimpse of him at the restaurant late last night, drinking high balls," said her brother's chum. "He's some sport."

"It's incomprehensible," confided Lucille to her sister. "I can't endure this strain much longer. To think Arthur would be in town, and not come near me."

"A young man wishes to see you," announced the maid.

"Oh, Arthur," cried Lucille joyfully as she entered the dimly lighted library, giving him one long, fervent kiss. "Such tales as they have been telling about you and I nearly believed them. Have you been in the City? You didn't take a girl to theater, did you? You didn't drink highballs? You didn't forget your Lucille," she finished, giving him a hug. "Have you lost your voice? Why don't you answer?"

"I'm not Arthur," stammered the young man. "I'm his twin brother. Don't be so embarrassed. I rather like your sister's welcome."

"Forget, please," said Lucille. "Arthur never told me how much you resembled each other."

"Well, I wish I was Arthur. I promised him I would call on you when in town, but this is the first opportunity I have had."

"To think I doubted Arthur," said Lucille, after her visitor had departed. "But I fancy if any one had seen me kiss and hug an absolute stranger, they would have doubted me, too."

### But This Is Different.

"Fan," said George, "you know how I feel toward you. Do you reciprocate?"

"George," Fan said, with a shy glance, "does this mean annexation?"

### Suspicious Circumstance.

"Is that man a complete cynic?"

"Not a complete cynic," replied Miss Cayenne; "if he were, he would not go to such great and evident pains to think up cynical remarks."

### A Test.

Shakespeare was seen to weep.

"They never even asked me to report a championship game," he sobbed.

Plainly, he had failed in a test of literary ability.

## Boys Again

After dinner Mannows, who had gone east on a business trip, went out for a walk. Presently he found himself passing the buildings wherein he had had education forcibly instilled in him.

"Forty years old!" he said, a trifle indignantly, at length. "I don't believe it!"

As he still stood and stared some one passing bumped into him. Mannows, catching sight of the face in the glare of the street lamp, whirled him around. "Bill!" he howled. "If it ain't Bill!"

The captured man, after one look, broke into exclamation points.

Two rather portly men dancing on the sidewalk are apt to attract attention, so Mannows and his friend moved on.

"I was just mooning over the time when I was hiking up those steps," explained Mannows. "Greatest old college on earth, that!"

"Not while Harvard is still running," said Bill.

Mannows laughed, remembering. "Terrible rows Harvard and Tech used to have, eh? Odd how hot-headed boys will get. Why, I remember calling you every name in the dictionary because you were so chesty over Harvard and sneered at Tech! Tech meant more to me then than family, friends or fortune! I felt that you had insulted me personally!"

"So did I," confided Bill, "when you did a highland fling the time Tech licked Harvard at football! I remember meditating how satisfying it would be to slay you. Bloodthirsty little demons, college boys."

"That they are," agreed Mannows. "Too young to know better! It takes years to drill a little sense into them! Ever go back on class day?"

"I went two years ago," said Bill. "I tell you it made me feel good to see what a splendid class of fellows Harvard turns out each year!"

"Uhhuh," said Mannows. "Of course, Harvard is bigger, but when you come right down to it I guess the men who go to Tech are about the cream of the lot. Fine chaps, good families and all that."

"Oh, yes," said Bill. "But nothing like Harvard. I tell you——"

"Oh, come now, Bill," Mannows broke in complacently. "Of course, it's all right to stick up for your alma mater and all that, but you're old enough now to look at things with a sane and unprejudiced eye, and you must acknowledge that the mere fact that Tech is a scientific school would bring to it a brainier, more earnest set of students than would attend an ordinary university! Fellows with some real purpose in life, you know, and with aims—no society butterflies with more cash than brains ever chose Tech!"

"Well, just because Harvard isn't crammed with a lot of fellows with bulging foreheads doesn't hurt it, I'd have you know!" said Bill, warmly. "They are all around men who take an interest in all sides of life. I hate a narrow man! And in athletics—"

"Now, now!" interrupted Mannows, warningly. "You are never going to dig up that Gensler game, are you? Harvard never could take a licking gracefully—"

Bill stopped short and shook his finger under Mannows' nose. He tried to speak three times before he could get out the words. "Licking!" he repeated in strangled tones. "No one but a prejudiced, unfair, sponge-headed idiot of a Tech man ever would have agreed to that umpire's decision. If Harvard wasn't euchred out of a fair game by the most underhanded, unjust, outrageous decision that ever—"

"Everybody saw Gensler when he cheated!" Mannows shouted. "Everybody! Nobody with a grain of decency in him would have dared to claim that game! Harvard showed the yellow in her all right by having the sneaking nerve to object! She should have hid her head in shame! The Harvard men should have been egged off the grounds! They should have been ridden on a rail! All of the—"

"You with your bribed umpire!" Bill yelled. "I'd talk if I were you, yes, I would! Of all the disgraceful acts of Tech that was the limit! From top to bottom Tech is a moth-eaten, disreputable—"

"I'll punch your face!" Mannows bellowed, shaking his fist, "if you don't take back your slanders on the best—"

Stepping off the curb at the unnoticed crossing, both Bannows and Bill reeled, grabbed and fell in a heap. A passing boy helped them up. "Eyes must be getting bad," he commiserated.

Mannows and Bill paused to look after him.

"Say," exclaimed Bill, a bit sheepishly, "blamed if I haven't got a boy of my own as big as that—he enters Harvard next fall!"

"Umph!" said Mannows. "I'm an old fool! I'm 40!"

"I guess we'd better call it square!" said Bill.

### A Mean Fling.

"When you told Miss Slicer that I created a ripple in Paris, did she seem to be envious?"

"No. She said she guessed you fell into the Seine."

### Little Left.

"What's the matter here? asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?" "No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."

## THE STONE WITNESS OR GREAT PYRAMID

### God's Altar in the Midst of the Land of Egypt.

**Its Symbolic Teachings Corroborate Science and the Bible, Refuting Evolution and Higher Criticism—It Indicates Distance to Sun, High Calling of Church and Hope of the World.**

PASTOR RUSSELL

Cairo, Egypt, March 3.—The Committee appointed by the International Bible Students Association to report on Foreign Missions is homeward bound, instead of visiting the missions of eastern and southern Africa. They will recommend another commission for Africa and Australasia, etc.

We report Pastor Russell's discourse of today, from the text which he said referred directly to the Great Pyramid located near this city: "In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, * * * for a sign and for a witness." (Isa. xix. 19, 20.) Not only did God thus mention prophetically in Isaiah the great Pyramid, but also in Jeremiah xxxii. 20, where we read that "He set signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, even unto this day."

The location of the Pyramid is remarkable, and its size centuries ago marked it as one of the Seven Wonders of the world.

Scientists tell us that the measurement of its base on the four sides, at the level of its sockets, when added, gives as many pyramid cubits as there are days in four years, to the *fraction*—including the leap year fraction. The diagonal measurements across the base, N. E. to S. W., and N. W. to S. E., give as many inches as there are years in the precessional cycle of the stars. This cycle astronomers had already concluded to be 25,827 years, and the Pyramid corroborates the conclusion. The distance to the sun is indicated by the height and angle of the Pyramid to be 91,840,270 miles, which almost exactly corresponds with the latest figures reached by astronomers.

#### Spiritual Lessons Here Taught.

A key suggested in 1868 by a young Scotchman, Robert Menzies, and which began to open the Pyramid's religious lessons, was the Well. He wrote to Prof. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, "From the north beginning of the Grand Gallery, in upward progression, begin the years of our Savior's life, expressed at the rate of a year for an inch. Three and thirty inch-years, therefore, bring us right over against the mouth of the Well." In other words, that Well and the appearance of an explosion, picture our Lord's death and resurrection. In harmony with this the Downward Passage represents the course of sin and death, leading to destruction. The low Ascending Passage, blocked by the granite "Plug," represents the Law Covenant given to the Jews, but which none were able to keep, because "there is none righteous, no, not one."

From the time of our Savior the Gospel Dispensation began, symbolically represented by the Grand Gallery. It is a Dispensation of grace or favor nevertheless its Passageway is deep and narrow, leading to the "Goal" at the farther end. As the Grand Gallery has an end, so this Gospel Age will have an end. It will accomplish its purpose, which is the gathering of the "elect" to be the Bride of Christ.

Another interesting feature is that the Ascending Passage with its Plug represents exactly the length of the Jewish Age! And, similarly, the Grand Gallery represents (an inch to a year) the length of this Gospel Dispensation! It indicates that at a certain time the great favor of becoming joint-sacrificers with the Redeemer, and thus becoming joint-heirs with Him in His Kingdom, will terminate.

#### The King's Chamber Granite.

Before entering the Ante-Chamber or school, the pupil must stoop low, implying humility. No sooner has he risen than he finds himself confronted by a huge granite obstruction, known as the Granite Leaf, and he can make no further progress except by bowing low to pass under it. Symbolically it says, it is not sufficient that you have a desire for Godliness, and faith in Jesus, and a desire to be taught of Him; you cannot go further unless you make *a full surrender to God.*

The Passage leading from the Ante-Chamber to the King's Chamber is just as low as the Granite obstruction, which seems to say that as the one represents a condition of death of the will, the other represents actual death—only by actual death could our Savior or any of His followers pass into the Heavenly state, symbolized by the King's Chamber; for, "We must all be changed," because "flesh and blood cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

We understand the Horizontal Passageway leading to the Queen's Chamber to symbolically represent the trials and testings that will be upon the human family incidental to attaining human perfection, under the glorious reign of Messiah's Kingdom, when the Church as the Bride of Christ will be associated with her Lord in effecting human restitution to all the willing and obedient.—Acts iii. 19-23.

#### Love All.

There is no balm to a man's heart like love, not only the love others feel towards him, but that he feels towards others. Be in love with all things, not only with your fellows, but with the whole world, with every creature that walks the earth, with the birds in the air, with the insects in the grass.—H. Fielding Hall.

# THE NEW ERA

Published every Friday at

RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor

WALTER L. BOWEN
Publisher

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

Subscription One Dollar a year in advance
Advertising Rates on application

The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

at reasonable prices. The insignia

Art Printing

is an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back and no quibbling.

Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, as second-class matter.


### Justice.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes,
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppression
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Tho' the enemy seems to have won,
Tho' his ranks are strong if he is in the wrong
The battle is not yet done.
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

A man bowed down with labor!
A woman, young, yet old!
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of gold!
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might.
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### Interesting School Methods in St. Louis.

At the recent convention of the Department of Superintendents, National Education Association, held in St. Louis, there were present from the State of New Jersey, besides the State Commissioner of Education, twenty-eight city superintendents, two county superintendents, one College and one Normal School instructor. All but three or four of these men came from the northern part of this State.

A number of the assembled superintendents took the opportunity, during the first day's session, of paying a visit to the Shepard School, one of the best schools in St. Louis.

The rooms and halls of this school are literally covered with framed pictures, large and small, which have been presented to the school by the Patrons Society of St. Louis. This organization consists of men and women who are interested in educational work, and besides presenting pictures to the school, they offer silk banners to classes and medals to individual pupils for superiority in athletic and scholastic work.

Each class room in this building is supplied with an aquarium, also presented by the Patrons Society, so that the work of this organization is truly wonderful, as the same policy is followed with regard to all the public schools.

An interesting time was spent in the Primary Department where a great deal of practical work is combined with the theoretical. For example, in the third and fourth grades, the work in arithmetic is made interesting and instructive by the construction of small store-rooms, the pupils acting as buyer, cashier, and store-keeper.

Peas, beans, canned goods and artificial vegetables, scales, dry measures, etc., are used, the pupils making their purchases with artificial money. The grocer is compelled to weigh or measure all articles sold, and make out his check, which the buyer takes to the cashier, who receives all money and makes the necessary change. The buyer is then asked to explain the transaction in full. The pupils at the seats were also busy making the proper change.

This kind of work is carried out as far as possible in all classes, the result being that practically everyone is at work all of the time. This compels more thinking on the part of the pupils than is possible through purely theoretical teaching or book work.

The Domestic Science and Manual Training Departments give instruction to the grammar grades of six other neighboring schools, thus using the Shepard School as an educational centre.

Home study is discouraged in all grades below the seventh and instead a great deal of collateral reading is encouraged.

These are but few of the facts observed at this school. More may be written at some future time on this subject.

### Unclaimed Letters.

List of unclaimed letters and postals remaining in the Riverton post office, March 6, 1912.

DOMESTIC LETTERS.

Hall, Mr. Chas.
Moore, Miss Sallie
Pentingrow, Miss Louise
J. L., P. O. Box 418

DOMESTIC POSTALS.

Cramer, Mrs. Author
Malloy, Mr. Barl

CHARLES L. FLANAGAN,
Postmaster.

## WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

W. H. Albertson moved to Palmyra on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Gilliams went to New York on Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Cole is spending a week with friends at Oak Lane.

Mrs. B. M. Perkins is suffering from a severe attack of lumbago.

Mrs. C. C. Fitler returned home from Monticello, Fla., on Sunday.

Mrs. M. Hillson entertained Miss Fernivell, of Chester, over Sunday.

Mrs. Edith Snyder, of Williamsport, Pa., is visiting Mrs. D. D. Bastian.

Mrs. Ralph Gibbon was operated on at the Hahnemann hospital on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillson entertained the Grand Templars and their husbands on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Shain entertained his sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Sher, of Camden, on Sunday.

Royal B. Smith and family, of Lippincott avenue, expect to move to Collingswood the last of the month.

Mrs. Groves entertained the Afternoon 500 on Wednesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Hemple.

Mrs. Orville Marple, of Hightstown, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Perkins, Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Marcy spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. G. Whitner Rogers, of Ambler, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Evans entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cole, of Camden, and Mr. Kleckner, of Philadelphia.

WANTED—Competent man to take charge of Riverton Country Club Course. Permanent position to right man. Answer Box 53, Riverton.

Rev. C. L. Candee will make an address tonight at the annual meeting of the Golden Hour Circle, which will be held in the Presbyterian Chapel.

The will of Susan Brady, deceased, of Riverton, has been admitted to probate and letters testamentary granted to her nephew, Samuel S. Daniels. The estate is left to a number of nieces and nephews.

A basket of lima beans, shipped from C. T. Woolston's farm near Miami, Fla., sold in the Philadelphia market Monday morning for $7.00. They were the first in the market. Tomatoes sold at $3.00 a basket.

George A. McCoy, of Riverside, well known in Burlington county, who went to California for his health in the fall, died at Pasadena on Tuesday of this week. His body will be brought home for burial.

Mrs. William MacKinnon, formerly of Riverton, has returned to her home in Palmyra after being quarantined at her sister's house in Philadelphia for four weeks, where there were two cases of diphtheria.

The dancing class which was organized several months ago, and which has been holding its meetings in the school auditorium, is very successful, and will continue to give their dances every two weeks, the next one being on the 14th.

C. T. Woolston purchased the double house on Main street, belonging to the West estate, occupied by J. B. Watson and G. B. Claflin, at the Special Master's sale last Saturday. H. H. Murray bought the property formerly occupied by Mrs. West on Main street.

C. T. Woolston has a new 1912 Paige-Detroit self-starting touring car on exhibition. Mr. Woolston has taken the agency for the Presto starter, and already has several orders to equip cars about here. This starter is one of the best, and can be attached to any make of car for $25.

The annual school meeting will be held on March 19, at which time will be submitted, among other things, the proposition to convert the large school building at Fourth and Howard streets into a recreation hall at a cost of about $1200. The terms of three members of the Board expire this year—Messrs. Moyer, Washington and Moore.

There will be an organ recital and sacred concert at the residence of Mr. George L. Ridley, Main and Fourth streets, on Monday evening, March 18, at eight o'clock, under the auspices of the Music Section of the Porch Club. There will be a silver offering taken for the benefit of the fund for the purchase of a new piano. *2

Luther S. Davis and family, who have been at Fouke, Ark., for a year have returned to Jersey, and will engage in farming near Shiloh. They came from New Orleans by boat, arriving at Camden Monday afternoon, where they were met by a number of Riverton friends, who welcomed them back to God's own country and wished them success in their new venture.

Mrs. Mary A. Williams, of Chester, Pa., died suddenly on Wednesday of heart failure. Her body was brought to Riverton this afternoon and services will be held Saturday morning at eight o'clock at the home of her parents, and at the Sacred Heart Church at nine o'clock. Mrs. Williams was the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kerrigan. Interment Catholic cemetery at Moorestown.

Friends of Joshua E. Borton, of Moorestown, tendered him a complimentary dinner on Saturday in honor of his return from a trip around the world. The affair was held at the Bourse and was a strictly non-political gathering. About forty of Mr. Borton's friends were gathered around the board and a very enjoyable time was had. The dinner was confined to Burlington countians, Congressman Gardner being the single exception.

A miniature federation will meet in the Porch Club next Monday morning at 11 o'clock. The Porch Club has invited the Clubs in this district, which comprises all South Jersey, and it is expected that many delegates will be present. Mrs. H. C. Warren, president of the State Federation will preside, and the work of the Federation will be discussed at a Round Table. The subjects will be: 1, "What Our Club is Doing;" 2, "What Our Club Would Like to Do." Miss Helen Lippincott, who is district vice-president, has arranged for this meeting and made the preparations.

### A Plea for Women on School Boards.

The New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs is strongly in sympathy with every effort on the part of our legislators to bring about a closer and more helpful relation between the women of our State and our public schools.

They believe that just as the business man accepts the absolute necessity of experience in the proper conduct of his business, of the need of employing men whose education, training, and occupation have especially fitted them for his particular line of work, so the same principle must be applied in the efficient conduct of our National, State, and City affairs. They believe that no more glaring example of the failure to apply this principle in civic affairs can be instanced than in the conduct of our New Jersey school system so far as its relation to the women of the State is concerned. Which of a child's parents is it, who, from the day the child comes into the world, is constantly busied with its care, moral, mental, and physical, through all the years preceding and during its school life. Yet men have so organized our system of public education that the women of our State, students and guardians of the children by nature and necessity, have, practically, no voice in the government of that institution, which, more than any other, except the home, permanently influences the life of these children—the public school.

Here and there, often after a bitter fight, a woman is elected to a school board, but the mothers of the school children are not allowed to vote for her. Here and there, under city government, a woman member is appointed, while the mayor is so inclined and not too much influenced by local politics. In consideration of the price women pay in bringing children into the world, and of the devotion of the best years of their life to their care and training, is it not a matter of fundamental justice that women should have representatives of their own sex on all our school boards to add to the councils of these boards the woman's point of view?

The solution of this problem so far as elective boards is concerned is not yet before our Legislature, but a bill has just been presented which will, if passed, accomplish much in the case of appointive boards. This is Senate Bill 116, presented by Senator George S. Silzer, which provides that, where boards are appointed, they shall be so constituted that one or more women shall, at all times, be a member or members thereof.

Will not each voter of Riverton interested in the cause of education write to our Senator and Assemblymen urging their support of this bill and so perform an act of simple justice for our women?

COMMITTEE.

Cramer & Rogers have painted the interior of their store, built a cashier's desk, and employed Miss Jessie Hullings as cashier.

Thieves entered Robert Turner's hen house on Thursday while the family were at church and got away with eleven of his fattest hens.

### School Meeting.

At the March meeting of the Riverton Board of Education held Monday evening Miss Edna J. Thomas, of Delanco, was elected as teacher for the balance of the term.

A letter was read from the clerk of the Cinnaminson township Board of Education in reply to the notification by the Riverton Board that the tuition fee for 1912-13 would be thirty dollars per pupil, stating that the Board could not pay this amount, and that it would be necessary to make other arrangements.

### School Notes.

The following bulletins were received during the past week: Official Register of Howard University, Rutgers College, Pennsylvania Polytechnic Institute, Maryland College for Women, The Frances Shimer Record, The Perkiomenite.

Miss Wolcott visited the Ethical Culture and the Speyer Schools, of New York City, during the past week.

Mr. Leymel visited the Shepard School at St. Louis and also the Superintendents Convention in the same place. Emerson and Jefferson Schools and portable schools at Gary, Ind., were inspected during the past month.

Miss Thomas will teach for the remainder of the year.

Miss Borton has taken Miss Helen Evaul's place until she returns. She is visiting the Moorestown schools now.

### Traffic Tied Up.

A freight wreck on the west-bound track late Tuesday afternoon demoralized the passenger train schedule until far into the night. Both tracks were obstructed, and until the wreckage could be cleared away and the tracks repaired passengers were transferred around the wreck. The accident was caused by three cars leaving the rails in switching across the main tracks to a siding. Many commuters from Riverton and Palmyra were delayed in getting home, and not withstanding the company posted a large sign at the Camden terminal giving notice of the wreck, a number of passengers did not know of it until their train stopped between stations. Several walked home from Delair. The work of the wrecking crew was watched with much interest by a hundred or more residents from both towns.

### Will Riverton Have a Base Ball Team?

The most important subject considered at the annual meeting of the Riverton Athletic Association Tuesday night was whether or not Riverton would have a team in the field this year.

The Delaware River League will probably be composed of Riverside, Florence, Palmyra, Delanco, Beverly, and Riverton—if Riverton has a team.

With league teams on both sides of her Riverton will be entirely out-classed unless she can compete with teams of this class. This means a paid team, for even the local players want money.

It is up to the residents of Riverton to indicate whether or not they want a team—and will support it. It means money to have a team worth while—probably $35 or $40 a week.

The directors were instructed to see what could be done toward financing a team.

A meeting of the Delaware River League will be held in The Field Club rooms.


## Our aim is always to get the best

We are now selling the DELFORD PASTEURIZED BUTTER made from the purest milk by the best makers, where they have the best dairies with plenty of good feed, pure air and good spring water.

Try it, and if not as we say send it back and get your money.

44c pound, only at

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McCALL PATTERNS 10 15 HOME HIGHER — 50 YEAR — McCALL'S MAGAZINE BEGINNING A FREE PATTERN

## Shirts

Just arrived—a new line of soft shirts in stripes and plain light colored madras, white pleated bosoms and full dress shirts at $1.00 each.

Other shirts with and without collars at 50c.


## MRS. ALFRED SMITH

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Laverty last night.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

H. J. Bell, of Princeton Theological Seminary, will preach next Sunday.

Morning service at 10.45.

Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Evening service at 8 o'clock.

The regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting will be omitted.

There will be a meeting of the congregation on Thursday evening, March 14, at 8 o'clock, to determine whether they are ready to call a pastor and if the way be clear to call one.

### Christ Church, Riverton.

Sunday, March 10th, third Sunday in Lent.

7.30 a. m., Holy Communion.

11 a. m., Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7.30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Evening Prayer at 5 p. m.

Wednesday, Litany and Address at 5 p. m.

Friday, Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.

The Rev. Charles E. Betticher, priest in charge.

## The Quest

Anything that is homeless arouses one's sympathy and a homeless cow should naturally share in this outpouring of kindly emotion. But the night that the McLane's cow lost her happy home nobody in the summer community sat up and wept in tender commiseration.

Just why the cow should have chosen to wander from the comfortable, hay stuffed barn toward dusk when the McLanes' man had his back turned for a fatal instant is one of the mysteries of bovine psychology which nobody can figure out.

In something like a panic she lumbered along through the trees until she saw a light. "Aha!" said the cow, "home at last."

The light shone from the cottage occupied by Miss Atkinson, a maiden of a considerable number of years, who was entertaining at the moment three other staid and elderly women at bridge.

Just as one of the three had said disgustedly that she made it spades Miss Atkinson, who was facing the porch, gave a bloodcurdling shriek and her cards flew all over the room.

"A man!" she hissed. "There was a man peering in through the porch screen door! He disappeared when I jumped!"

One of the bravest of the four ventured out to the porch and in a quavering voice demanded to know who was there, while the others supported her with the carving knife and the broom.

Nothing answered from the silence, which made it all the worse.

The guests put Miss Atkinson to bed with the hot water bag and the smelling salts and locked every window in the cottage. Then, shivering with fright, the three held hands and bolted for the hotel.

It was a little later that the Bundy cottage was upset. Mrs. Bundy had put the children to bed and was crocheting while her guest, Mrs. Hulton, was reading aloud a particularly grewsome detective story. Suddenly Mrs. Bundy made a startled clutch at Mrs. Hulton's wrist and said: "Lis-s-ten!"

Mrs. Hulton heard it, too. "Th-th-there must be t-t-two of 'em!" stammered Mrs. Hulton. "I can hear four f-f-feet just as plain!"

There certainly were several different footsteps outside the cottage—slow, careful footsteps. There was also deep breathing. Then something blurred against the low diamond-paned window over the corner window seat. Thereupon Mrs. Bundy gave a cheep like a strangled chicken and nearly went over backward in her rocker.

Holding the family revolver at arm's length and with her head turned the other way, Mrs. Bundy sat down again and they listened. There was nothing to be heard. They passed the rest of the night on guard.

Farther down the lake shore, on the rustic seat facing the moon, Laura Spliger and her young man sat talking. Their absorption in each other was so great that they heard nothing until something strange was thrust over Laura's left shoulder. Young Burmaster made a wild but futile grab at Laura as she leaped in the air.

Landing on the extreme edge of the slippery terrace, she tumbled down into the lapping waters with a gurgling splash.

Then as young Burmaster, too, sensed the presence of something weird and inexplicable he felt his scalp twitch in freezing horror, and leaped after Laura. Hand in hand they arose, dripping, and stood affrighted in the two feet of water at the shore's edge.

From the Spliger's cottage came questioning rumblings. Laura's father was demanding to know the reason for all that uproar. Getting no answer, because the two in the lake were still paralyzed vocally, he came forth to investigate.

"What do you want?" he roared at something creeping by. "I'll teach you to prowl around my house, consarn you!" Presently there was the spiteful pop of the little Spliger boy's airgun.

Nothing happened. The Spligers and young Burmaster sat up very late discussing the mystery. It was discouraging to the Spligers to find that their peaceful summer home was getting just like every other place, and one had to lock and bar doors and windows and take in the washing at night.

The Doggetts were roused from slumber by some one fumbling at the kitchen window. At the Plunketts' some one was distinctly heard at the chicken house. Mrs. Pilkins said she heard footsteps on the Pilkins' front porch that night and the Pikes reported that their mignonette bed had been trampled.

At an impromptu mass meeting a the next morning the cottagers voted to spend $50 a month for a watchman. Then they took naps all the rest of the day to make up for their wakeful night.

But early that same morning a weary and homesick cow had broken into a gallop as she spied the McLanes' barn and in two minutes more she was munching her feed and switching flies.

### All Used the Inside.

The resolution of the New York board of health which will abolish in all public places towels of the "common" kind—for the use of more than one person—recalled this story to a commercial traveler: "When I was on the road many years ago for a new York notion house I had to visit a customer in a little New England town, many miles for the railroad, where there was one tavern. Over the wash bowl, which stood on a table in the so-called office, there hung a 'roller' towel, and it was that towel or none if you wanted to rid your hands of some real estate before taking a meal. At my first experience I looked the thing over and then used the inside. The proprietor, seeing this, said:' You New Yorkers ain't any smarter than other people—everybody wipes on the inside of a roller towel, and it makes 'em last longer.'"

### The Trouble.

Father—You mustn't cry for it; wait 'til you are older.

Tommy—Then I'll be too old to cry.


## The Prudential

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

### Another Year of Wonderful Progress

Annual Statement, December 31, 1911

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets, over | 259 Million Dollars |
| Liabilities, nearly | 241 Million Dollars |
| Income in 1911, over | 81 Million Dollars |
| Capital and Surplus, over | 18 Million Dollars |
| Paid Policyholders in 1911, over | 27 Million Dollars |
| Total paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over | 466 Million Dollars |
| Life Insurance issued and paid for in 1911, over | 440 Million Dollars |
| Increase in Paid-for Insurance in force, over | 167 Million Dollars |
| The Company's Liabilities include: Policy Dividends, Payable in 1912, over | 4¾ Million Dollars |
| Apportioned to date to Participating Policies and payable as Policy dividends after 1912, over | 24¾ Million Dollars |

NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, OVER 10 MILLIONS
PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER 2 BILLION DOLLARS

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### FEW CHILDREN SPELL WELL

Test in St. Paul Schools Shows Astonishing Deficiency in Spelling Common Words.

In one of the public schools of St Paul an experiment was made in the spelling of common words, which the children use and see every day of their lives. Out of 202, 49 spelled the words correctly; but the number who could not compass Eberhart was 107, Mayor Keller 60, Minneapolis, 41, St. Paul 9, Minnesota 15, Crowley 30 Ramsey 30.

And yet these same children, tested by a number of standard books which "every school child" should have read, came forth with surprising familiarities. One hundred and sixty had read "Robinson Crusoe"—one can hope that when they are grown up they will not flock to the best six sellers. One hundred and seven "Andersen's Fairy Tales" and 78 Grimm—the future writers of "Peter Pans" will have an audience. One hundred and thirty-seven had read "Black Beauty," 61 boys had read "Tom Brown" and 54 girls "Little Women." Only 37 had tolerated "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but this is offset by the 13 for "Scottish Chiefs"—perhaps Miss Porter is a trifle out of date for the American young.

There were 44 out of 202 who knew in varying fashion what the Golden Rule is. Thirty-four thought it a department store.

They do these things much in the same way in England. A candidate for a civil service position was asked who was Cromwell. "Cromwell was the man who cut off the head of the king and on his death bed exclaimed: 'Had I but served my God as I served my king, I should not have been left in my old age.'"—St. Paul Dispatch.

### World's Smallest Armies.

If ever the dream of the disarmament of the world shall be realized there are several countries that would not have much to do in this line, as, for instance, Monaco, whose army consists of 75 guards, 75 carabineers and 20 firemen. The next smallest army is that of Luxembourg, with 135 gendarmes, 170 volunteers and 30 musicians. In the Republic of San Marino they can put in the field a total of nine companies of 950 men and 38 officers, commanded by a marshal. The army on a peace footing consists of one company of 60 men. The most amusing of all the "armies," however, is that of Liberia. That country's fighting force is composed of 700 men and 800 officers; but the latter are evidently deemed very terrible by their own government, since the republic issues proclamations of neutrality when wars break out between any of the powers.

### In Full Costume.

An artist was discribing a revue that he had seen in Paris.

"It was a very decollete revue," said he. "In certain parts of it I was forcibly reminded of the story of the Parisian chorus girl. This girl had been put through her paces, and finally engaged. 'And now,' she said, 'about my costume. What costume shall I wear?'

"'Let me see your tongue,' said the manager. 'Ah, it's coated. That will do.'"—Watch Dog.

### The Test.

Billy—Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday.

Willie—I bet I did.

Billy—Then why ain't you sick today?

### Proverb Amplified.

"The pen," said the ready-made philosopher, "is mightier than the sword."

"So it is," replied the Chicago beef baron; "especially if you have reference to a cattle pen."


CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

## BANKING SERVICE

Banks are becoming more and more the custodians of the funds of the people, of both large and small means. This is due to a wider appreciation of the value of banking service as its usefulness is extended and its methods become better known. In the case of

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## THE BEST

service is assured. Its officers aim in every way to protect the interest of its patrons, making use of every means of precaution. It's up-to-date system of accuracy, promptness and the same careful attention to large or small depositors. It is a safe bank.

It is the bank for all the people—rich and poor, men, women, and children.

Your account is cordially solicited.

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of summer in your home will be given when our coal is used by you during the winter time. This is real coal. It burns steadily, clearly and with the proper degree of heat, and is clean and free from dirt and clinkers. You will never know what coal satisfaction is until you try this kind.

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POULTRY SPECIALTIES

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### Annual Water Rates
OF THE
RIVERTON AND PALMYRA WATER COMPANY

Persons wishing to connect with the public water supply are required to sign an application permit, pay $3 to make the tap, which includes the cost of ferrule and labor.

| | |
|---|---|
| ½-inch tap, kitchen | $6.00 |
| Bath tub | 4.00 |
| Wash basin | 1.00 |
| Wash tub | 1.00 |
| The above is for either hot or cold water or both | |
| Water closet, self-acting, pan valve or reservoir | 3.00 |
| Outside tap, 50 feet or less | 6.00 |

Water rents due in advance, November 1st and May 1st.

JOSEPH MORGAN,
President.

HOWARD PARRY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

### TO MAKE CAMEMBERT CHEESE

Experiments Conducted by Agricultural Department in Attempt to Produce Equivalent.

For several years there have been conducted, under suggestions afforded by the department of agriculture, various experiments in this country, with a view to the manufacturing of an equivalent of the famous Camembert cheese.

In the production of this cheese much depends on two species of microscopic fungi or molds known to science as Penicillium camemberti and Oidium lactis. Both species have been artificially propagated and furnished to the experiment stations.

The manufacture of the cheese begins with fresh whole milk heated to 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Later on the cheeses are inoculated with cultures of these molds.

The cheeses are shaped in galvanized iron hoops, and afterward treated with salt rubbed on the outside. They are then transferred to the first ripening room, the air of which must be quite saturated with moisture, and maintained at a temperature of from 60 to 62 degrees. From this time on they are treated daily. During the second week they are wrapped in tinfoil or parchment paper, after which they are sent to the second ripening room, the temperature of which is slightly lower than that of the first room. In the second room the cheeses remain one or two weeks, when they reach the best condition for consumption.—Harper's Weekly.


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| Thin Razor Blades | 2c each |
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The Palmyra Garage

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BROAD STREET OPP. STATION
PALMYRA


### Autoist Thrown Into Tree.

When an automobile collided with a telegraph post at Thetford, Norfolk, England, a few days ago and turned a complete somersault, one of the occupants had an extraordinary experience, being flung high into a tree, from a bough of which he hung suspended by his clothes until rescued by a motorcyclist.

## INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

John Platt has typhoid fever.

Mrs. William Purnell is very ill.

The Reed building has been purchased by Adolph Schwartz.

Miss Nellie King, of West Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Edward King.

Theodore Wyman, of Philadelphia, visited friends in Palmyra on Wednesday.

The past-presidents banquet of the P. O. of A. will be held next Thursday night.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles Williams spent Wednesday in Philadelphia with his mother.

Mrs. Elias Morgan slipped on the back terrace on Wednesday and seriously injured herself.

Mrs. Henry Bonsall is substituting in the seventh grade in place of Miss Anna Marrs, who is ill.

Rev. Charles Williams will move into the new Rapp property on Parry avenue, as soon as it is completed.

Mr. Gear, of Nicetown Boys Club, will address the Baraca Class in the Baptist Sunday School next Sunday.

A St. Patrick's Day social will be given in the auditorium of the school next Friday evening by the Juniors.

Swing Willis and Standard Willis, of Cape May Court House, spent Sunday with their cousin, A. C. Roray.

Miss Mae MacPherson and Winfield A. Smith, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Powell.

The base ball team of the high school has completed its schedule for the season, which is an exceptionally good one.

Clarence Holt has moved from the lower end of Delaware avenue to the Slocum property on Delaware near Broad street.

WANTED—Competent man to take charge of Riverton Country Club Course Permanent position to right man. Answer Box 53, Riverton.

Class No. 15 of the Baptist Sunday School will give a pie, cake and bread sale Saturday afternoon in Y. M. C. A. Hall. Everybody invited to give the boys a lift.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Auxiliary will be held in The Field Club room next Thursday evening, the 14th. The social meeting will be held on the 21st.

The Christian Endeavor Society will meet next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Baptist Church. The topic will be "Success Worth Having and Not Worth Having."

The Independence Fire Co. No. 1 has sent out a circular letter soliciting aid for the purpose of raising money to pay off the mortgage and to defray expenses of overhauling the apparatus.

New rope has been purchased for the flag poles at both schools, and as soon as is possible it will be put in operation and the flags will again be flying which has not been possible for sometime owing to the old rope having completely worn out.

The New Jersey Conference will open next Wednesday morning in the First Methodist Church of Asbury Park, and will continue for one week. Rev. Samuel Sargent will leave Palmyra Tuesday morning, as he is a member of the examining board which meets before the conference.

The annual school meeting will be held on March 19 at the Delaware Avenue School House. The appropriations for next year to be submitted are bonds and interest, $2,962.50; repairing school houses, $500.00; current expenses, $8,487.85. The terms of four members of the Board expire this year—Messrs. Hemple, Becker, Prickett and Donaghy. All will be candidates for re-election except Mr. Becker.

Miss Alma Hurff, Miss Bertha Day, Miss Florence Powell, Mr. White, Dr Hamaker, Mr. W. A. Smith, Mrs. W. B Powell and Mrs. Edward King were among those who attended a Leap Year Dance given by the younger set in West Philadelphia last week on Thursday. Mrs. Powell and Mrs. King assisted in decorating the ball room, which was very beautiful.

The Field Club minstrels in P. O. S. of A. Hall on April 12th, and the Riverton Lyceum on the 13th, give promise of surpassing all previous efforts. A feature this year will be the mandolin and guitar club, under the direction of Prof. Richard L. Weaver. Tickets 35c and 50c are being sold by all the members of the minstrel troupe.

The Palmyra Bicycle Club held their annual banquet Thursday evening. Speeches were made by various members and the affair was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the Club. The following officers were elected: John B Van Baun, president; Aaron Allen, vice-president; W. M. Jenkins, secretary; Sidney Snelson, treasurer; Louis Krauss, F. Strickenbien, Julius Fisher, board of directors.

The annual meeting of the Palmyra Building and Loan Association was held on Monday evening, March 4th. The following officers and directors were elected: President, Frank S. Day; vice-president, William Rudduck; secretary, William B Hires; treasurer, Albert N. Stewart; directors for three years, C. S. Voorhis, J. E. Morton, William S. Vaughn; auditors, James Forrester, John C. Hoepfner, William C. Strang.

Joseph L. Hilton, county supervisor of roads, has received an appropriation from the state of $21,200 for Burlington county highways. $7,500 of this amount will be used in resurfacing the road from Mount Holly to Hainesport; $1,500, asphalt oil, Hainesport to Masonville; $1,200, Tarva bituminous binder, Riverton to Westfield; $5,000, Delanco drawbridge to Beverly city; $600, resurfacing with gravel, road from Ballinger's Mills to Pfeiffer's Corner.

The Wesleyan Bible class of the Methodist Sunday School held their second annual banquet last Friday evening in the Central Branch Y. M. C. A., Philadelphia. Several interesting addresses were made, the principal one being by Superintendent J. C. Ryckman. Short speeches were made by members of the class and by their teacher, Rev. Samuel Sargent. Wilson Vaughn was toastmaster. Music was furnished by Wilson and Arthur Vaughn and the affair was a most enjoyable one.

### Baraca Banquet.

The second annual banquet of the Thilow Baraca Class was held in Hanscom's dining parlors, Philadelphia, last Saturday evening and was attended by about seventy members and friends.

The tables were tastefully decorated and the menu contained the goodies of the season.

Ralph W. Gibbon carried off the honors of toastmaster.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Charles Williams, and a letter was read from Lester Ayres, the president of the class, which contained encouragement for the new year's work.

C. T. McKinney gave two delightful selections which were well received. Mr. McKinney expects to accept a position as tenor at St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, in the near future.

J. F. Cousart gave some "Drummers' Yarns" and Rev. Williams made an interesting address on "Men and Religion." "The Possibilities of the Class" were well defined by J. Otto Thilow, the teacher. William McConnell distributed bouquets to the class in which he told them of personal influence. Rev. Thomas Henry Sprague found favor when he delivered his address on "Our Friends, the Ladies."

The banquet committee consisted of Dr. Frank Standen, William McConnell and John W. Curry.

### Moravian Church Notes.

Services in the Moravian Church next Sunday. Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A., pastor.

9.30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible Class.

10.30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor. Theme "Jesus Despising the Shame."

7.00 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. led by Mrs. Meinert. Subject "Christian Testimony that counts."

7.30 p. m., an illustrated lecture by the pastor on "The Cities of Christ's Ministry."

You are cordially invited to attend these services.

### Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services next Sunday in charge of the Rev. T. J. Bensley, Rector.

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.30 a. m., Matins and Litany.

11 a. m., choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist and sermon.

3 p. m., Sunday School and Rector's Bible Class.

3.45, Children's service and Catechism.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Holy Eucharist at 7 a. m., Matins and Litany at 9 a. m.

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Holy Eucharist at 9.15 a. m.

Evensong and Meditation at 4. p. m.

Thursday 8 p. m., Lenten service, Sermon by the Rev. Father Ward, of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia.

### Methodist Church Notes.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.30 a. m., annual love feast.

10.30 a. m., preaching by the minister. Subject, "Labors of Love."

2.30 p. m., Sunday School.

6.45 p. m., Epworth League devotional meeting.

7.30 p. m., preaching by the minister. Subject, "Practical Christianity."

George W. Shaner who hurt his foot two weeks ago is very much better although for a time the injury effected his leg and serious results were feared.

Agreements have been entered into by the terms of which the Riverside Traction Company, the Elizabeth-Trenton Railroad Company, the Cinnaminson Electric Power and Heating Company and the Bordentown Electric Light and Motor Company will all come under the control of the Public Service April 1. Each of the properties will be acquired under leases to run for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Negotiations for the transfer of the properties have been pending for some time and there still remains certain legal requirements to be fulfilled including the obtaining of the sanction of the Public Utilities Commission.

## ODD WAYS OF THE COMMONS

**Illustrated by the Imminent Peril of Mr. Pearce, Who Read Newspaper During Session.**

A member of the British parliament remarks in London Opinion that the rules of the house of commons are past all understanding, and then proceeds to cite the case of Mr. Pearce, M. P., and the imminent danger in which he one day appeared to be. This was when the sergeant-at-arms, with his terrible sword in hand, rose from his chair and rushed with cyclonic speed in the direction of the mild, meek and altogether unconscious-of-offense member. It was quickly made clear what was the cause of this hasty saber charge by the sergeant. Mr. Pearce had actually been reading a newspaper, and there is no more heinous offense known to parliament. The members when in the chamber are not permitted to read newspapers for any purpose not immediately connected with the debate actually in progress, though one may succeed in doing it surreptitiously by folding the newspaper small and concealing it behind the order paper of the day, much like a boy may nibble at an apple in school, concealing the pippin behind his spelling book. Yet more gross breaches of parliamentary etiquette and decorum may be seen, members even wearing their hats when a fellow member is addressing the house, and even the dearest friends of an orator may go to sleep while he is delivering his choicest periods.

### Japanese Fruit Trees.

Among the many ways of their own that the Japanese have for doing is their system of pruning and training fruit trees. The system is called "tana," and consists in training the branches overhead on trellis work made of bamboo or wire supported on wooden posts about five and a half feet high.

This offers advantages in gathering the fruit, and not only serves to protect the trees against wind and storms, but is said to increase production. Only very light pruning is done, and that usually in the wintertime. This system is generally adopted for pears and vines, less often for apples and plums.—Youth's Companion.

## Rebellion

Billy sat on the extreme edge of the last stone forming the low wall bordering the grounds about his home. There was a lowering expression upon his face. Now and then he beat his heels viciously against the stones of the wall.

Around the corner swung Mrs. Donnell. Billy and Mrs. Donnell were chums, so she beamed and called "Hello!" as a chum should. Billy looked up from under his frowning brows and made no answer.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Donnell, pausing in surprise. "What's the matter with you this morning? Where's your laugh? And your dimple?"

Billy growled something and shifted around. Then he spoke with a great effort. "They've got—" He actually choked over the word. "They've gone and got a—a baby at our house!" He jerked his head toward what had been home to him. The expression of his face signified that his connection with the place was now completely severed.

"O—o—oh! I see," said Mrs. Donnell. She flicked the top of the wall with an absurd handkerchief and then sat down beside Billy. Her seriousness was very comforting. "No wonder you are excited."

"I'm not excited," contradicted Billy, flatly. "I'm mad. I don't want it. What good is a baby? Nobody buttoned my shoes for me this morning!"

"Horrible!" sympathized Mrs. Donnell. She pulled one fat leg up on her lap and proceeded to remedy the defect in Billy's toilet. "Well, you see, the baby's new, and you must expect them to be dreadfully interested in it. People are that way. You've no idea how foolish they can be over a red, homely little new baby, Billy."

"Theirs is awful red," Billy declared scornfully. "And it yells. That isn't the worst, though—it's a girl!" He shot out the words in explosive contempt. "What good's a girl?"

"They certainly have piled it up on you, haven't they?" cried Mrs. Donnell. "Whatever are you going to do?"

"I'm thinkin'," announced Billy. "First I thought I'd run away. It ain't going to be any fun at home any more. All they do is look at the baby and act silly over it. I can wait an' wait for somebody to pour the cream on my peaches, an' there's nobody to do it. Mother she stays right with that baby and father he stays with it, and Mary she just runs around from the kitchen to upstairs and back again and says 'The darlin'! Ain't it sw-w-w-e-et!'"

"Well, isn't it?" queried Mrs. Donnell in suspiciously shaky tones.

Billy glared at her in reproach. "Sweet!" he almost yelled. "It's just ugly and red, and I hate it!"

"Billy!"

"I do!" repeated Billy. "It can't do a thing! It doesn't know anything! When father took me in to see it this morning I showed it my new knife and it wouldn't even look at it! It would if it had been a boy! Boys have some sense! Father just laughed. And anyhow I didn't have any use for a baby."

"I know," said Mrs. Donnell. "I'll go and buy the baby and take it away and that will rid you of it."

Wild hope sprung into Billy's eyes. Then it died out. "You don't want it," he said, disgustedly. "After you take a good look at it you wouldn't even let 'em give it to you!"

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Donnell. "Is it as bad as that? Well, I might take it anyway just to oblige an old friend like you. Here comes your father—I'll see about it now!"

"Good morning, Mr. Baxter! I was just talking business with your son. He says there is a superfluous baby up at the house that is in his way, and he'd like to dispose of it. If you'll sell it I'll take it off your hands. What price do you ask?"

"Um-m!" said Billy's father, frowning thoughtfully. "Now, that's kind of you. What shall we sell it for, Billy?"

"A quarter," Billy suggested tentatively.

"Oh, I think we ought to ask at least 30 cents," said his father. "But wouldn't your mother object? I think she'd feel sorry if we sold it!"

"Would she?" asked Billy in surprise.

"Yes," said his father. "It's queer, but she's just crazy about it. You and I have got to stand together and bear it! We don't want to hurt mother's feelings, do we?"

"No-o!" admitted Billy, irresolutely.

"Have you seen what funny fingers it has? They curl around one of yours, tight!"

"Do they?" asked Billy, interestedly.

"That's what they do," said his father. "Come with me and I'll show you. You can have lots of fun with it, Billy. Come on!"

"All right," said Billy, sliding down from the wall and joining his father. "I guess we won't sell it," he called back to Mrs. Donnell. "But thank you, just the same!"

### A Manager.

"Why do you insist on carrying that umbrella?" asked the bridegroom.

"For purposes of domestic economy," replied the bride. "I'm going to turn it upside down and catch enough rice to do the family for several weeks."

### Shocked the Clergyman.

A Maine clergyman, living at the hotel in his town, ordered a typewriter and had it sent to his rooms. It came when the clergyman was out, and the proprietor took charge of it. When the minister returned the proprietor led him behind the desk and whispered: "That case of yours is on the ice, parson. I guess it will be all right by dinner time."

### Metal Shingles.

A man in South Carolina has patented a shingle made of metal which resembles the wooden ones in size and shape. But the metal shingles interlock by means of a series of ribs and channels.

### Children Not All Alike.

Children should not be harshly treated because they are different in some respects to others. The difference in the case of your own boy may mark him out for a genius later on.

## REPEATS STORY AGAINST SENATOR

### Otsby Witness In Fitzherbert Inquiry In Legislature.

### OFFERED TO KILL GAS BILLS.

**His Price Was $5,000 For Both Measures, Said Witness—Gaunt Bill, Increasing Limit For Public Utility Franchises, Passed 15 to 4 In Senate.**

[Special Correspondence.]

Trenton, N. J., March 7.—Not since the days of the senate investigation of the Hudson county ballot box stuffers has there been a proceeding in the upper chamber of such general public interest as the trial of Senator Richard Fitzherbert of Morris county by the senate on charges growing out of his connection with the bills which seek to drive out of the state the manufacture and use of acetylene gas. Every available space in the lobbies and galleries was crowded with a throng of citizens, who took a deep interest in the proceedings.

The senate sat as a court. Attorney General Edmund Wilson and Assistant Attorney General Nelson B. Gaskill conducted the prosecution, while Edward L. Katzenbach appeared for the Commercial Acetylene Gas company, which claims to have been approached by Fitzherbert, and former Senator William D. Edwards defended the accused.

During the proceedings Senator Fitzherbert sat in his seat and maintained a calm demeanor while the most serious charges were being made against him. Senator Edwards created a sensation by attempting to drag into the proceedings a skeleton from the closet of Oscar F. Otsby, the sales manager of the Commercial company, who brought the charges and who was the first witness. President Prince of the senate, however, called him to order frequently and would not allow him to bring in anything not pertinent to the investigation.

Mr. Otsby again told the story of his interview with Senator Fitzherbert and Dr. J. Spencer Ridner, who is mentioned with the Morris county senator in the case. He said that Ridner was "holding out for a price." Senator Edwards objected to the expression and President Prince overruled the objection. Senator Gebhardt said that in his opinion the testimony was not fair, and a long discussion ensued. At its conclusion Otsby continued that on Feb. 13 Ridner said that he could do the whole thing for $1,500—$500 for himself and $1,000 where it would have the desired effect.

In reply to the direct question of Mr. Gaskill, "What did the senator propose to do?" Mr. Otsby replied, "He proposed to kill both bills for $5,000."

**Telegrams Rained on Legislators.**

Monday was more than usually a busy day owing to the number of hearings which were given on various bills by committees of both houses. One of the most important of these was the hearing which the house committee on railroads and canals gave on Senator Pierce's bill to abolish grade crossings. During the evening over a thousand telegrams were received by members of the legislature claiming to have been sent by shippers and others having business with the railroads protesting against the passage of the bill on the ground that the cost of doing away with the crossings would ultimately fall upon the shippers in the way of increased freight charges. It was said that the telegrams were inspired by the railroads themselves.

At the afternoon hearing representatives of several of the smaller roads of the state argued that the cost placed upon the small roads by the measure would put their roads out of business, and former Senator Barton B. Hutchinson for the Pemberton and Hightstown road said that they would have to suspend operations should the bill become a law and they were compelled to bear the cost of abolishing the grade crossings along their line.

Ex-Senator William D. Edwards, speaking for the Raritan River road, said that it would be impossible for his road to bear the burden which the bill would place upon it, and he showed how the road was now struggling along under the burden placed upon it by the increased taxes, and he showed how railroad taxation in the state had increased from $300,000 in 1900 to $8,000,000 in 1912.

A delegation representing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers opposed the measure on the ground that under it the roads would be obliged to spend so much money that they would have to reduce the number of their trains, which would throw engineers out of work.

**Seaside Resorts Oppose Bill.**

The bill was also opposed by residents of the seaside resorts in Cape May county, who said that owing to the nature of the soil it would be impossible to depress the tracks, while to elevate them would tend to mar the attractiveness of the places as summer resorts.

There was also a hearing on the bill requiring the railroads to man their trains with larger crews, at which James H. Shannon said that railroad employees did not talk as they would like to because they were afraid that they would lose their jobs. Such a measure as the one under consideration was absolutely necessary, he declared, to compel the railroads to employ enough men on freight trains to run them safely.

There was something of a discussion in the senate over Senator Gaunt's bill, which increases the limit for which public utility franchises shall be granted in this state from twenty to fifty years. The bill finally passed by a vote of 15 to 4, and it was said its passage would remove all obstacles to the construction of a tunnel under the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Camden.

In advocating the passage of his measure, Senator Gaunt said that the farmers of the state wanted trolley roads constructed, so that they could get their produce to market and to develop the suburban country by making it more accessible to business men of the cities. The Camden tunnel proposition, he declared, was involved in the proposition, for capital would not invest in such enterprises unless the present limit on franchises was increased. He wanted for South Jersey an equal opportunity for improvement which had been afforded North Jersey by the North river tunnels.

**"Would Be Step Backward."**

To destroy at this time the limiting of franchises, declared Senator Gebhardt of Hunterdon in opposing the measure, would be to take a step backward. He favored the present law and said that forty years was the life of any franchise.

That law, the Hunterdon senator said, was passed in the interests of the people, whereupon Senator Gaunt sprang to his feet and declared that the present limited franchise law was not passed in the interests of the people, but in the interests of trolley magnates, so that there could be no interference with their lines. Senator Gebhardt insisted that the corporations were behind the measure, but Senator Gaunt insisted that the people of South Jersey asked the senate for that boon for commerce, for business and for residential purposes.

Other senators spoke on the bill, those from South Jersey advocating its passage, and it passed with only Senators Fielder, Gebhardt and Silzer voting against it.

The senate indulged in some further oratorical fireworks over the senate bill which prohibits the employment of females for more than ten hours a day. Mr. Fielder sought to have the measure amended so that the day's work in mercantile establishments might be extended during the week before Chrismas, and to allow women to work twelve hours for two days a week, with sixty hours as the maximum for the week.

Senator Edge, who introduced the bill, objected to any amendment. The lawmakers of New Jersey, he said, had been very solicitous in the past to limit the working hours of men, but up to this time they had ignored the condition of the working women. At the present time there were employed in this state 75,000 women, and their physical and mental condition should be preserved because they are to be the mothers of the coming citizens.

**Workers' Bill Goes Over.**

Mr. Fielder's first amendment was adopted, while the second was rejected, and at the request of Senator Nichols, who said he wanted to offer and amendment exempting certain women employees who in certain seasons of the year worked for the canneries of South Jersey, the bill was laid over.

The senate has passed these measures:

House 69, Mr. Godfrey—Amends act relative to government of cities.

House 23, Mr. Ten Broeck—Provides that president of common council shall act as mayor and defines scope of duties.

Senate 21, Mr. Lewis—Prohibits use of repeating rifles in gunning.

Senate 151, Mr. Silzer—Makes it a misdemeanor to steal ice from private ponds.

Senate 197, Mr. Read—Concerns bond issue for construction of sewer system or disposal plant.

Senate 205, Mr. Low—Concerns contracts for water supply.

Senate 203, Mr. Silzer—Amends act providing for publication of law and chancery reports.

Senate 206, Mr. Hand—Authorizes filling in and draining of swamps, etc.

Senate 218, Mr. Fielder—Concerns production of defectives granted temporary paroles.

Senate 207, Mr. Hand—Concerns the right of policemen to arrest without warrant.

Senate 220, Mr. Silzer—Appropriates $10,000 for a state agricultural exhibit at land irrigation exposition in New York from Nov. 15 to Dec. 2, 1912.

Senate 227, Mr. Leavitt—Authorizes cities to acquire lands whereon to erect public slaughter houses.

Senate 160, Mr. Read—Concerns licensing of cartmen, porters, hacks, etc.

**House Bills Passed.**

Among the other bills passed by the house are:

House 329, Mr. Ten Broeck—Extends time for the completion of the Piscataway Water company's plant.

House 76, Mr. Prout (having been recalled from the governor and amended)—Increases salary of the Newark license inspector.

House 344, Mr. Lowy—Permits wholesale liquor dealers to deliver their goods in any part of the state.

House 203, Mr. Beard—A fish and game bill.

House 395, Mr. Ten Broeck—Validates faulty acknowledgments of deeds.

Senate 189, Senator Leavitt—Authorizes statehouse commission to dispose of voting machines owned by the state.

Senate 57, Senator Johnson—The Bergen county small board of freeholders' bill.

## HILL WANTED FAIR CHANCE

**Wouldn't Race Train With Boat If Craft Was Going to Stick to River.**

One day, the story runs, when Jim Hill was going in the railroad business and the Great Northern was not the fine system it is today, he was met in St. Paul by the head of a big steamboat company doing business on the Great Lakes.

"Jim," said the steamboat man, "I'll match one of my boats against one of your trains in a fair race for $1,000 a side."

Mr. Hill hesitated. "I don't know," said he, "some of your boats are pretty fast."

"I'll race you upstream," added the steamboat man, as a further inducement.

"Oh!" exclaimed the other in a disgusted tone, "if you're going to stick to the river then you might as well give up the notion of any race. I thought you meant you'd bring your boat out on the prairie alongside the track and give me some show."

### Protestantism in France.

According to an article in the Revue the number of Protestants in France is decreasing. They now number 700,000. The Lutherans, who numbered more than a quarter of a million in 1870, can now boast of a membership of only 80,000 in France. The Calvinists are the most numerous sect left, numbering over half a million. But they are losing ground. At the same time the political influence of the French Protestants is out of all proportion to their numbers. This the writer attributes to their superior system of education, and above all to their great wealth. Their wealth has, however, tended to sap their exclusiveness. They now pay less attention to their religion, and the result is, says the writer in the Revue, that Protestantism in France will in the near future be a thing of the past. This is a rather bold conclusion, and it would be interesting to know if this alleged decrease in the Huguenots is correct.

## Classified Advertising

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this heading for one cent a word, each insertion payable strictly in advance. Minimum charge 25c.

**FOR SALE**

BUCKEYE Incubator, 50 egg, nearly new. Apply R New Era office.

FOR SALE in Riverton. 9-room corner house, lot 100x150 ft., stable, $2600, George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

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FRESH EGGS and poultry direct from the farm. Joseph H. Smith, 422 Thomas avenue.

FOR SALE—5-passenger Washington touring car, 30 h.p., in first-class condition, $500. Apply W, New Era office. 9-22-tf

**FOR RENT**

NICE stable on P. O. S. of A. property for rent. Also, storage room. William A. Donaghy, Palmyra.

NICE houses for rent in Palmyra and Riverton $22, $25, $28, $30, $35. Furnished house $40. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

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LIGHT Lunch and Ice Cream Parlor. Ice cream Thursdays and Saturdays. Home-made bread and pies Wednesdays and Saturdays. Orders filled at any time. Mrs. Alice Taylor, Third and Penn Streets, Riverton. 9-1-tf

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## P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect Sunday, October 1, 1911.

| Phila. for Riverton. | Arrive at Palmyra | Arrive at Riverton. | Riverton for Phila. | Palmyra for Phila. | Arrive at Phila. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A M | A M | A M | A M | A M | A M |
| 5 10 | 5 38 | 5 41 | 5 50 | 5 52 | 6 19 |
| 6 12 | 6 41 | 6 43 | 6 41 | 6 44 | 7 15 |
| 7 12 | 7 39 | 7 42 | 7 22 | 7 24 | 7 47 |
| 7 44 | 8 05 | 8 08 | 7 44 | 7 46 | 8 15 |
| 9 00 | | 9 23 | 8 14 | 8 17 | 8 39 |
| 9 40 | 10 01 | 10 03 | 8 45 | 8 48 | 9 15 |
| 10 30 | 10 55 | 10 58 | 9 14 | ..... | 9 39 |
| | | | 10 34 | 10 37 | 11 00 |
| | | | 11 16 | 11 19 | 11 45 |
| P M | P M | P M | P M | P M | P M |
| 12 00 | 12 22 | 12 25 | 12 22 | 12 25 | 12 50 |
| 12 40 | 1 08 | 1 11 | 1 30 | 1 33 | 2 00 |
| 1 20 | 1 50 | 1 52 | 2 30 | 2 33 | 3 00 |
| *2 00 | 2 28 | 2 31 | 3 08 | 3 11 | 3 37 |
| 2 30 | 2 53 | 2 56 | 3 38 | | 4 03 |
| 3 20 | 3 49 | 3 52 | 3 55 | 3 58 | 4 19 |
| 3 48 | ..... | 4 09 | *4 25 | 4 27 | 4 55 |
| 4 32 | 4 54 | 4 56 | 5 16 | 5 19 | 5 43 |
| 5 00 | 5 27 | 5 30 | 5 30 | 5 33 | 6 03 |
| 5 20 | 5 44 | 5 47 | 6 13 | 6 16 | 6 40 |
| 5 40 | 6 08 | 6 11 | 7 15 | 7 18 | 7 45 |
| 6 00 | 6 28 | 6 31 | 8 15 | 8 18 | 8 45 |
| 6 32 | 7 00 | 7 03 | 8 30 | 8 33 | 8 55 |
| 7 20 | 7 44 | 7 47 | 9 45 | 9 48 | 10 15 |
| 9 20 | 9 47 | 9 49 | 10 46 | 10 49 | 11 15 |
| 10 50 | 11 16 | 11 19 | 12 16 | 12 19 | 12 45 |
| 11 50 | 12 15 | 12 18 | | | |

SUNDAYS

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A M | A M | A M | A M | A M | A M |
| 7 55 | 8 21 | 8 24 | 8 23 | 8 26 | 8 55 |
| 9 00 | 9 27 | 9 30 | 11 18 | 11 21 | 11 45 |
| 10 10 | 10 37 | 10 40 | P M | P M | P M |
| P M | P M | P M | 12 46 | 12 49 | 1 15 |
| 12 30 | 12 57 | 1 00 | 2 57 | 3 00 | 3 25 |
| 1 30 | 1 59 | 2 02 | 4 55 | 4 58 | 5 30 |
| 4 00 | 4 23 | 4 26 | 6 20 | 6 23 | 6 55 |
| 5 10 | 5 37 | 5 40 | 7 08 | 7 11 | 7 40 |
| 6 20 | 6 46 | 6 48 | 7 52 | 7 55 | 8 20 |
| 7 20 | 7 45 | 7 48 | 9 14 | 9 17 | 9 45 |
| 9 20 | 9 47 | 9 50 | 10 10 | 10 13 | 10 45 |
| 10 00 | 10 30 | 10 33 | 11 00 | 11 03 | 11 35 |

* Saturdays only

## THINGS WE'RE ASHAMED OF

**Why Is It That Women Always Seem to Have Something to Apologize For?**

Isn't it queer the sort of things we are ashamed of? queries a western woman writer. How often do we hear people apologizing profusely because they happen to live in an unfashionable part of town. They will explain and explain ad nauseam how they came to be living in that house and how very awkward it is having that class of neighbors.

I have come to the conclusion it is little short of a crime not to live in the fashionable part of the city.

And then relations. Everybody seems to be ashamed of at least one relation. In most cases the only ones they are proud of are dead ones, a long time dead, and very remote relations at that. But the living relations always seem to be a cause of shame—they never will live in the right districts, build the right kind of house, bring up their children stylishly or indulge in the right kind of trade. Female relations will insist upon marrying undesirable husbands, and male relations always manage to acquire vulgar or dowdy wives.

One stylish lady is wont to sigh elegantly as she murmurs "poor dear George—peculiar wife, you know; I've tried, but I really can't include them in my social affairs, you know."

But of all the shameful shame producers the behavior of our babies is the shamiest.

Our babies always will dirty their pinnies, ask for candy, wipe jammy fingers on the visitor's coat, demand attention persistently and vociferously, knock over the tea cups, spread the cake crumbs all over the best carpet and perpetrate all the other hundred and one misdemeanors that the dear lambs are heir to. They all do it sometimes and they all do it always on the days we earnestly yearn for them to make a good impression.

So why are we ashamed of them for being normal? Why do we all explain at great length how Tommy never behaves like this on ordinary occasions and why do we persist in being mortified so poignantly?—Exchange.


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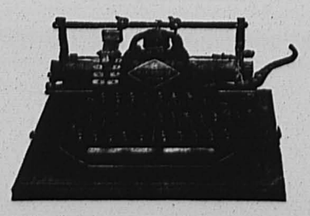

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# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill, Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. He overtakes them in the mountains of Tennessee. Murrell gets Yancy drunk and stabs him in a fight that followed. Hannibal escapes in a canoe.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Hannibal hears of the finding of Yancy's body. Price arrested as counterfeiter.

CHAPTER IX.—Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER X.—Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER XI.—Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again.

CHAPTER XII.—Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft.

CHAPTER X[illegible]

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Judge Sees a Ghost.

Charley Norton's good offices did not end when he had furnished Judge Price with a house, for Betty required of him that he should supply that gentleman with legal business as well.

Thus it happened that Judge Price, before he had been three days in Raleigh, received a civil note from Mr. Norton asking him to search the title to a certain timber tract held by one Joseph Quaid. The judge, powerfully excited, told Mahaffy he was being understood and appreciated.

The immediate result of Norton's communication had been to send the judge up the street to the court house. He would show his client that he could be punctual and painstaking.

Entering the court house, he found himself in a narrow hall. He entered the county clerk's office. He was already known to this official, whose name was Saul, and he now greeted him.

"A little matter of business brings me here, sir," began the judge, with a swelling chest and mellow accents. "I am in some haste to look up a title for my client, Mr. Norton."

Mr. Saul scrambled up out of the depths of his chair and exerted himself in the judge's behalf.

"This is what you want, sir. Better take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew

His Face Went White and the Book Slipped From His Fingers.

forward a chair as he spoke, and the judge, seating himself, began to polish his spectacles with great deliberation.

"You've set on the bench, sir?" suggested Mr. Saul.

"In one of the eastern counties, but my inclination has never been toward the judiciary." He was turning the leaves of the ledger as he spoke. Suddenly the movement of his hand was arrested.

"Found it?" asked Mr. Saul. But the judge gave him no answer; he was staring down at the open pages of the book. "Found the entry?" repeated Mr. Saul.

"Eh—what's that? No—" he appeared to hesitate. "Who is this man Quintard?"

"He's the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre tract in this and abutting counties," said Mr. Saul.

"Who has charge of the land?"

"Colonel Fentress; he was old General Ware's law partner. I've heard it was the general who got this man Quintard to make the investment, but that was before my time."

The judge lapsed into silence.

A step sounded in the narrow hall. An instant later the door was pushed open, and grateful for any interruption that would serve to take Mr. Saul's attention from himself, the judge abruptly turned his back on the clerk and began to examine the record before him. Insensibly, however, the cold, level tones of the voice that was addressing itself to Mr. S[illegible] quickened the beat of his pulse, the throb of his heart, and struck back through the years to a day from which he reckoned time. He turned slowly, as if in dread.

What he saw was a man verging on sixty, lean and dark, with thin, shaven cheeks of a bluish cast above the jaw, and a strongly aquiline profile. Long, black locks swept the collar of his coat, while his tall, spare figure was habited in sleek broadcloth and spotless linen. For a moment the judge seemed to struggle with doubt, then his face went white and the book slipped from his fingers to the window ledge.

The stranger, his business concluded, swung about on his heel and quitted the office. Mr. Saul, bending above his desk, was making an entry in one of his ledgers. The judge shuffled to his side.

"Who was that man?" he asked thickly, resting a shaking hand on the clerk's arm.

"That?—Oh, that was Colonel Fentress I was just telling you about."

"Has he always lived here?"

"No; he came into the county about ten years ago, and bought a place called The Oaks."

"Has he—a family?" The judge appeared to be having difficulty with his speech.

"Not that anybody knows of. Some say he's a widower, others again say he's an old bachelor; but he don't say nothing. The colonel's got his friends, to be sure, but he don't mix much with the real quality. One of his particular intimates is a gentleman by the name of Murrell."

The judge nodded.

"I've met him," he said briefly.

Acting on a sudden impulse, the judge muttered something about returning later, and hastily quitted the office.

In the hall the judge's steps dragged and his head was bowed. He was busy with his memories. Then passion shook him.

"Damn him—may God—for ever damn him!" he cried under his breath, in a fierce whisper.

They finished supper, the dishes were cleared away and the candles lighted, when the judge produced a mysterious leather-covered case. This he opened, and Mahaffy and Hannibal saw that it held a handsome pair of dueling pistols.

"Where did you get 'em, judge?—Oh, ain't they beautiful!" cried Hannibal, circling about the table in his excitement.

"My dear lad, they were purchased only a few hours ago," said the judge quietly, as he began to load them.

* * * * * * * * *

Norton had ridden down to Belle Plain ostensibly to view certain of those improvements that went so far toward embittering Tom Ware's existence.

"Do you think Belle Plain is ever going to look as it did, Charley?—as we remember it when we were children?" asked Betty.

"Why of course, it is, dear, you are doing wonders!"

Ware stalked toward them. Having dined with Betty as recently as the day before, he contented himself with a nod in her direction. His greeting to Norton was a more ambitious undertaking.

"I understand you've a new overseer?"

"Then you understand wrong—Carrington's my guest," said Norton. "He's talking of putting in a crop for himself next season, so he's willing to help me make mine."

"Going to turn farmer, is he?" asked Ware.

"So he says." Norton was extremely disappointed when the planter manifested a disposition to play the host and returned to the house with them, where his presence was such a hardship that Norton shortly took his leave.

Issuing from the lane he turned his face in the direction of home. He was within two miles of Thicket Point when, passing a turn in the road, he found himself confronted by three men. One of them seized his horse by the bit. Norton had not even a riding-whip.

"Now, what do you wish to say to me?" he asked.

"We want your word that you'll keep away from Belle Plain."

"Well, you won't get it!" responded Norton.

In the same instant one of the men raised his fist and struck the young planter in the back of the neck.

"You cur!" cried Norton, as he wheeled on him.

"Damn him—let him have it!"

* * * * * * * * *

It was mid-afternoon of the day following before Betty heard of the attack on Norton. She ordered her horse saddled and was soon out on the river road with a groom in her wake. Betty never drew rein until she reached Thicket Point. As she galloped into the yard Bruce Carrington came from the house.

"How is Mr. Norton?" she asked, extending her hand.

"The doctor says he'll be up and about inside of a week. If you'll wait I'll tell him you are here."

Carrington passed on into the house. He entered the room where Norton lay.

"Miss Malroy is here," he said.

"Betty?—bless her dear heart!" cried Charley weakly. "Just toss my clothes into the closet and draw up a chair. . . . There—thank you, Bruce—let her come along in now." And as Carrington quitted the room, Norton drew himself up on the pillows and faced the door. "This is worth several beatings, Betty!" he exclaimed as she appeared.

He bent to kiss the hand she gave him, but groaned with the exertion. [illegible] he looked up into her face and [illegible] with tears.

"What—tears?" and he was much moved.

"It's a perfect outrage!" Betty paused irresolutely. "Charley—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can't you be happy without me?"

"No."

"But you don't try to be!"

"No use in my making any such foolish effort, I'd be doomed to failure."

"Good-by, Charley—I really must go—"

He looked up yearningly into her face, and yielding to a sudden impulse, she stooped and kissed him on the forehead, then she fled from the room.

## CHAPTER XV.

### At the Church Door.

Tom found Betty at supper.

"You were over to see Norton, weren't you, Bet? How did you find him?"

"The doctor says he will soon be about again."

"Betty, I wish you wouldn't go there again—that's a good girl!" he said tactfully, and as he conceived it, affectionately. Betty glanced up quickly.

"Why, Tom, why shouldn't I go there?"

"It might set people gossiping. I reckon there's been pretty near enough talk about you and Charley Norton." The planter's tone was conciliatory in the extreme, he dared not risk a break by any open show of authority.

"You needn't distress yourself, Tom. I don't know that I shall go there again," said Betty indifferently.

* * * * * * * * *

At Thicket Point Charley Norton, greatly excited, hobbled into the library in search of Carrington. He found him reading by the open window.

"Look here, Bruce!" he cried. "It's settled; she's going to marry me! Can't you wish me joy?"

Carrington held out his hand.

"You are not going to take any risks now, you have too much to live for," he said haltingly.

"No, I'm to keep away from Belle Plain," said Norton happily. "She insists on that. Everything is to be kept a secret until we are actually married; it's her wish—"

"It's to be soon, then?" Carrington asked, still haltingly.

"Very soon."

There was a brief silence. Carrington, with face averted, looked from the window.

"I am going to stay here as long as you need me," he presently said. "Miss Malroy asked me to, and then I am going back to the river, where I belong."

* * * * * * * * *

Betty ate supper with big Steve standing behind her chair and little Steve balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other near the door.

The long French windows, their curtains drawn, stood open. She wandered down to the terrace. There was the sound of a step on the path. Betty turned. It was Carrington who stood before her, his face haggard. Without a word he stepped to her side and took her hands rather roughly.

"What am I to do without you?"—his voice was almost a whisper. "What is this thing you have done?" Betty's heart was beating with dull sickening throbs.

"If you had only come!" she moaned. "Now I am going to be married tomorrow. I am to meet him at the Spring Bank church at ten o'clock."

"How can I give you up?" he said, his voice hoarse with emotion. He put her from him almost roughly, and leaning against the trunk of a tree buried his face in his hands. Betty watched him for a moment in wretched silence.

"It's good-by—" he muttered.

She went to him, and, as he bent above her, slipped her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me—" she breathed.

He kissed her hair, her soft cheek, then their lips met.

* * * * * * * * *

Another hot September sun was beating upon the earth as Betty galloped down the lane and swung her horse's head in the direction of Raleigh. She would keep her promise to Charley and he should never know what his happiness had cost her.

Norton joined her before she had covered a third of the distance that separated the two plantations.

"We are to go to the church. Mr. Bowen will be there; I arranged with him last night; he will drive over with his wife and daughter, who will be our witnesses, dear."

* * * * * * * * *

Afterward Betty could remember standing before the church in the fierce morning light; she heard Mr. Bowen's voice, she heard Charley's voice, she heard another voice—her own, though she scarcely recognized it.

"I'll tie the horses, Betty," said Norton.

He had reached the edge of the oaks when from the silent depths of the denser woods came the sharp re-

"Charley—Charley!" She Moaned.

port of a rifle. The shock of the bullet sent the young fellow staggering back among the mossy and myrtle-covered graves.

For a moment no one grasped what had happened, only there was Norton who seemed to grope strangely among the graves. He had fallen now. Even as the shadows deepened he was aware that Betty was coming swiftly toward him.

"I'm shot—" he said, speaking with difficulty.

"Charley—Charley—" she moaned, slipping her arms about him and gathering him to her breast.

He looked up into her face.

"It's all over—" he said, but as much in wonder as in fear. "But I knew you could come to me—dear—" he added in a whisper.

She felt a shudder pass through him. He did not speak again.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### The Judge Offers a Reward.

The news of Charley Norton's murder spread quickly over the county. For two or three days bands of armed men scoured the woods and roads, and then this activity quite unproductive of any tangible results ceased, matters were allowed to rest with the constituted authorities, namely Mr. Betts, the sheriff, and his deputies.

No private citizen had shown greater zeal than Judge Slocum Price. One morning he found under his door a folded paper:

"You talk too much. Shut up, or you'll go where Norton went."

A few moments later he burst in on Mr. Saul.

"Glance at that, my friend!" he cried, as he tossed the paper on the clerk's desk. "What do you make of it, sir?"

"Well, I'd keep still."

The judge laughed derisively as he bowed himself out.

He established himself in his office. He had scarcely done so when Mr. Betts knocked at the door. The sheriff came direct from Mr. Saul and arrived out of breath, but the letter was not mentioned by the judge. He spoke of the crops, the chance of rain, and the intricacies of county politics. The sheriff withdrew mystified, wondering why it was he had not felt at liberty to broach the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

His place was taken by Mr. Pegloe and on the heels of the tavern-keeper came Mr. Bowen. Judge Price received them with condescension, but back of the condescension was an air of reserve that did not invite questions. The judge discussed the extension of the national roads with Mr. Pegloe, and the religion of the Persian fire-worshipers with Mr. Bowen; he permited never a pause and they retired as the sheriff had done without sight of the letter.

The judge's office became a perfect Mecca for the idle and the curious, and while he overflowed with high-bred courtesy he had never seemed so unapproachable—never so remote from matters of local and contemporary interest.

"Why don't you show 'em the letter?" demanded Mr. Mahaffy, when they were alone. "Can't you see they are suffering for a sight of it?"

"All in good time, Solomon." He became thoughtful. "Solomon, I am thinking of offering a reward for any information that will lead to the discovery of my anonymous correspondent," he at length observed with a finely casual air, as if the idea had just occurred to him, and had not been seething in his brain all day.

"There you go, Price—" began Mahaffy.

"Solomon, this is no time for me to hang back. I shall offer a reward of five thousand dollars for this information." The judge's tone was resolute. "Yes, sir, I shall make the figure commensurate with the poignant grief I feel. He was my friend and client—"

The next morning it was discovered that some time during the night the judge had tacked his anonymous communication on the court house door; just below it was another sheet of paper covered with bold script:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Judge Slocum Price assumes that the above was intended for him since he found it under his office door on the morning of the twenty-fifth inst.

"Judge Price begs leave to state it as his unqualified conviction that the writer is a coward and a cur, and offers a reward of five thousand dollars for any information that will lead to his identification."

* * * * * * * * *

Tom Ware was seated alone over his breakfast. He had left his bed as the pale morning light crept across the great fields that were alike his pride and his despair—what was the use of trying to sleep when sleep was an impossibility! He was about to quit the table when big Steve entered the room to say there was a white fellow at the door.

"Fetch him along in here," said Ware.

The white fellow delivered a pencled note from Murrell. When he was gone, the planter ordered his horse.

As Ware rode away from Belle Plain he cursed Murrell under his breath. His own inclination toward evil was never robust; he could have connived over a long period of years to despoil Betty of her property, but murder and abduction was quite another thing.

Three miles from Belle Plain he entered a bridle path that led toward the river. A growth of small timber was standing along the water's edge, but as he drew nearer, those betterments which the resident of that lonely spot had seen fit to make for his own convenience, came under his scrutiny; these consisted of a log cabin and several lesser sheds.

Landing, he advanced toward the cabin. As he did so he saw two women at work heckling flax under an open shed. They were the wife and daughter of George Hicks, his overseer's brother.

"Morning, Mrs. Hicks," he said, addressing himself to the mother, a hulking ruffian of a woman. "Anybody with the captain?"

"Colonel Fentress is."

"Humph!" muttered Ware. He moved to the door of the cabin and entered the room where Murrell and Fentress were seated facing each other across the breakfast table.

"Well, what the devil do you want of me, anynow?" demanded the planter.

"How's your sister, Tom?" inquired Murrell.

"I reckon she's the way you'd expect her to be." Ware dropped his voice to a whisper.

"John, you'll ruin yourself with your damned crazy infatuation!" It was Fentress who spoke.

"No, I won't, colonel, but I'm not going to discuss that. All I want is for Tom to go to Memphis and stay there for a couple of days. When he comes back Belle Plain and its niggers will be as good as his. I am going to take the girl away from there tonight. How soon can you get away from here, Tom?" he asked abruptly.

"By God, I can't go too soon!" cried the planter, staggering to his feet. He gave Fentress a hopeless beaten look. "You're my witness that first and last I've no part in this!"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders. Murrell reached out a hand and rest-

"And Then It's Change Your Name and Strike Out for Texas."

hands on him! I'll send him either up or down the river and place him in safe keeping where you can get him at any time you want."

"This must be done without violence, John!" stipulated Fentress.

"Certainly, I understand. Which shall it be—up or down river?"

"Could you take care of him for me below, at Natchez?" inquired Fentress.

"As well there as anywhere."

"Good!" said Fentress, and took his leave.

Three-quarters of an hour slipped by, then, piercing the silence, Murrell heard a shrill whistle; it was twice repeated; he saw Bess go down to the landing again. A half-hour elapsed and a man issued from the scattering growth of bushes that screened the shore. The newcomer crossed the clearing and entered the cabin. He was a young fellow of twenty-four or five, whose bronzed face wore a reckless expression.

"Well, captain, what's doing?" he asked.

"If anything's to be done, now is the time, Hues. What have you to report?"

"Well, I've seen the council of each Clan division. They are ripe to start this thing off."

Murrell gave him a moment of moody regard.

"Twice already I've named the day and hour, but now I'm going to put it through!" He set his teeth and thrust out his jaw.

"Captain, you're the greatest fellow in America! Inside of a week men who have never been within five hundred miles of you will be asking of each other who John Murrell is!"

Murrell had expected to part with Hues then and there and for all time, but Hues possessed qualities which might still be of use.

"Hues, you must start back across Tennessee. Make it Sunday at midnight—that's three days off." Unconsciously his voice sank to a whisper.

"Sunday at midnight," repeated Hues slowly.

"When you have passed the word into middle Tennessee, turn south and make the best of your way to New Orleans. Don't stop for anything—push through as fast as you can. You'll find me there. I've a notion you and I will quit the country together."

"Quit the country! Why, captain, who's talking of quitting the country?"

"You speak as though you were fool enough to think the niggers would accomplish something!" said Murrell coolly. "There will be confusion at first, but there are enough white men in the southwest to handle a heap better organized insurrection than we'll be able to set going. Our fellows will have to use their heads as well as their hands or they are likely to help the nigger swallow his medicine. I look for nothing else than considerable of a shake-up along the Mississippi . . . what with lynchers and regulators a man will have to show a clean bill of health to be allowed to live, no matter what his color—just being white won't help him any!"

"No, you're right, it won't!" and again Hues gave way to easy laughter.

"When you've done your work you strike south as I tell you and join me. I'm going to keep New Orleans for myself—it's my ambition to destroy the city Old Hickory saved!"

"And then it's change your name and strike out for Texas with what you've picked up!"

"No, it isn't! I'll have my choice of men—a river full of ships. Look here, there's South America, or some of those islands in the gulf with a black-and-tan population and a few white mongrels holding on to civilization by their eye-teeth: what's to hinder our setting up shop for ourselves? Two or three hundred Americans could walk off with an island like Hayti, for instance—and it's black with niggers. What we'd done here would be just so much capital down there. We'd make it a stamping-ground for the Clan! In the next two years we could bring in a couple of thousand Americans and then we'd be ready to take over their government, whether they liked it or not, and run it at a profit. We'd put the niggers back in slavery where they belong, and set them at work raising sugar and tobacco for their own bosses. Man, it's the richest land in the world, I tell you—and the mountains are full of gold!"

Hues had kindled with a ready enthusiasm while Murrell was speaking.

"That sounds right, captain—we'd have a country and a flag of our own—and I look at those free niggers as just so much boot!"

"I shall take only picked men with me—I can't give ship room to any other—but I want you. You'll join me in New Orleans?" said Murrell.

"When do you start south?" asked Hues quickly.

"Inside of two days. I've got some private business to settle before I leave. I'll hang round here until that's attended to."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### The Judge Extends His Credit.

That afternoon Judge Price walked out to Belle Plain. Solomon Mahaffy had known that this was a civility Betty Malroy could by no means escape. He had been conscious of the judge's purpose from the moment it existed in the germ state, and he had striven to divert him, but his striving had been in vain, for though the judge valued Mr. Mahaffy because of certain sterling qualities which he professed to discern beneath the hard crust that made up the external man, he was not disposed to accept him as his mentor in nice matters of taste and gentlemanly feeling. He owed it to himself personally to tender his sympathy. Miss Malroy must have heard something of the honorable part he had played; surely she could not be in ignorance of the fact that the lawless element, dreading his further activities, had threatened him. She must know, too, about that reward of five thousand dollars. Certainly her grief could not blind her to the fact that he had met the situation with a largeness of public spirit that was an impressive lesson to the entire community.

These were all points over which he and Mahaffy had wrangled, and he felt that his friend, in seeking to keep him away from Belle Plain, was standing squarely in his light. He really could not understand Solomon or his objections. He pointed out that Norton had probably left a will—no one knew yet—probably his estate would go to his intended wife—what more likely? He understood Norton had cousins somewhere in middle Tennessee—there was the attractive possibility of extended litigation. Miss Malroy needed a strong, clear brain to guide her past those difficulties his agile fancy assembled in her path. He beamed on his friend with a wide sunny smile.

"You mean she needs a lawyer, Price?" insinuated Mahaffy.

"That slap at me, Solomon, is unworthy of you. Just name some one, will you, who has shown an interest comparable to mine? I may say I have devoted my entire energy to her affairs, and with disinterestedness. I have made myself felt. Will you mention who else these cutthroats have tried to browbeat and frighten? They know that my theories and conclusions are a menace to them! I got 'em in a panic, sir—presently some fellow will lose his nerve and light out for the tall timber—and it will be just Judge Slocum Price who's done the trick—no one else!"

"Are you looking for some one to take a pot shot at you?" inquired Mahaffy, sourly.

"Your remark uncovers my fondest hope, Solomon—I'd give five years of my life just to be shot at—that would round out the episode of the letter nicely"; again the judge beamed on Mahaffy with that wide and sunny smile of his.

"Why don't you let the boy go alone, Price?" suggested Mahaffy. He lacked that sense of sublime confidence in the judge's tact and discretion of which the judge, himself, entertained never a doubt.

"I shall not obtrude myself, Solomon; I shall merely walk out to Belle Plain and leave a civil message. I know what's due Miss Malroy in her bereaved state—she has sustained no ordinary loss, and in no ordinary fashion. She has been the center of a striking and profoundly moving tragedy! I would give a good deal to know if my late client left a will—"

"You might ask her," said Mahaffy cynically. "Nothing like going to headquarters for the news!"

"Solomon, Solomon, give me credit for common sense—go further, and give me credit for common decency! Don't let us forget that ever since we came here she has manifested a charmingly hospitable spirit where we are concerned!"

"Wouldn't charity hit nearer the mark, Price?"

"I have never so regarded it, Solomon," said the judge mildly. "I have read a different meaning in the beef and flour and potatoes she's sent here. I expect if the truth could be known to us she is wondering in the midst of her grief why I haven't called, but she'll appreciate the considerate delicacy of a gentleman. I wish it were possible to get cut flowers in this cussed wilderness!"

The judge had been occupied with a simple but ingenious toilet. He had trimmed the frayed skirts of his coat; then, by turning his cuffs inside out and upside down a fresh surface made its first public appearance. Next his shoes had engaged his attention. They might have well discouraged a less resolute and resourceful character, but with the contents of his ink-well he artfully colored his white yarn socks where they showed through the rifts in the leather. This the judge did gaily, now humming a snatch of song, now listening civilly to Mahaffy, now replying with undisturbed cheerfulness. Last of all he clapped his dingy beaver on his head, giving it an indescribably jaunty slant, and stepped to the door.

"Well, wish me luck, Solomon, I'm off—come, Hannibal!" he said.

At heart he cherished small hope of seeing Betty, advantageous as he felt an interview might prove. However, on reaching Belle Plain, he and Hannibal were shown into the cool parlor by little Steve. It was more years than the judge cared to remember since he had put his foot inside such a house, but with true grandeur of soul he rose to the occasion; a sublimated dignity shone from every battered feature, while he fixed little Steve with so fierce a glance that the grin froze on his lips.

"You are to say that Judge Slocum Price presents his compliments and condolences to Miss Malroy—have you got that straight, you pinch of soot?" he concluded affably. Little Steve, impressed alike by the judge's air of condescension and his easy flow of words, signified that he had. "You may also say that Judge Price's ward, young Master Hazard, presents his compliments and condolences—" What more the judge might have said was interrupted by the entrance of Betty, herself.

"My dear young lady—" the judge bowed, then he advanced toward her with the solemnity of carriage and countenance he deemed suitable to the occasion, and her extended hand was engulfed between his two plump palms. He rolled his eyes heavenward. "It's the Lord's to deal with us as his own inscrutable wisdom dictates," he murmured with pious resignation. "We are all poorer, ma'am, that he has died—just as we were richer while he lived!" The rich cadence of the judge's speech fell sonorously on the silence, and that look of horror which had never quite left Betty's eyes since they saw Charley Norton fall rose out of their clear depths again. The judge, instantly stricken with a sense of the inadequacy of his words, doubled on his spiritual tracks. "In a roundabout way, ma'am, we're bound to believe in the omnipresence of Providence—we must think it—though a body might be disposed to hold that west Tennessee had got out of the line of divine supervision recently. Let me lead you to a chair, ma'am!"

Hannibal had slipped to Betty's side and placed his hand in hers. The judge regarded the pair with great benevolence of expression.

"He would come, and I hadn't the heart to forbid it. If I can be of any service to you, ma'am either in the

"Since You Insist, Ma'am—My Best Respects."

capacity of a friend—or professionally—I trust you will not hesitate to command me—" The judge backed toward the door.

"Did you walk out, Judge Price?" asked Betty kindly.

"Nothing more than a healthful exercise—but we will not detain you, ma'am; the pleasure of seeing you is something we had not reckoned on!" The judge's speech was thick and unctuous with good feeling. He wished that Mahaffy might have been there to note the reserve and dignity of his deportment.

"But you must let me order luncheon for you," said Betty. At least this questionable old man was good to Hannibal.

"I couldn't think of it, ma'am—"

"You'll have a glass of wine, then," urged Betty hospitably. For the moment she had lost sight of what was clearly the judge's besetting sin.

The judge paused abruptly. He endured a moment of agonizing irresolution.

"On the advice of my physician I dare not touch wine—gout, ma'am, and liver—but this restriction does not apply to corn whisky—in moderation, and as a tonic—either before meals, immediately after meals or at any time between meals—always keeping in mind the idea of its tonic properties—" The judge seemed to mellow and ripen. This was much better than having the dogs sicked on you! His manner toward Betty became almost fatherly. Poor young thing, so lonely and desolate in the midst of all this splendor—he surreptitiously wiped away a tear, and when little Steve presented himself and was told to bring whisky, audibly smacked his lips—a whole lot better, surely!

"I am sorry you think you must hurry away, Judge Price," said Betty. She still retained the small brown hand Hannibal had thrust into hers.

"The eastern mail gets in today, ma'am, and I have reason to think my share of it will be especially heavy, for it brings the bulk of my professional correspondence." In ten years the judge had received just one communication by mail—a bill which had followed him through four states and seven counties. "I expect my secretary—" boldly fixing Solomon Mahaffy's status, "is already dipping into it; an excellent assistant, ma'am, but literary rather than legal."

Little Steve reappeared bearing a silver tray on which was a decanter and glass.

"Since you insist, ma'am," the judge poured himself a drink, "my best respects—" he bowed profoundly.

"If you are quite willing, judge, I think I will keep Hannibal. Miss Bowen, who has been here—since—" her voice broke suddenly.

"I understand, ma'am," said the judge soothingly. He gave her a glance of great concern and turned to Hannibal. "Dear lad, you'll be very quiet and obedient, and do exactly as Miss Malroy says? When shall I come for him, ma'am?"

"I'll send him to you when he is ready to go home. I am thinking of visiting my friends in North Carolina, and I should like to have him spend as much time as possible with me before I start for the east."

It had occurred to Betty that she had done little or nothing for the child; probably this would be her last opportunity.

The state of the judge's feelings was such that with elaborate absence of mind he poured himself a second drink of whisky; and that there should be no doubt the act was one of inadvertence, said again, "My best respects, ma'am," and bowed as before. Putting down the glass, he backed toward the door.

"I trust you will not hesitate to call upon me if I can be of any use to you, ma'am—a message will bring me here without a moment's delay." He was rather disappointed that no allusion had been made to his recent activities. He reasoned correctly that Betty was as yet in ignorance of the somewhat dangerous eminence he had achieved as the champion of law and order. However, he reflected with satisfaction that Hannibal, in remaining, would admirably serve his ends.

Betty insisted that he should be driven home, and after faintly protesting, the judge gracefully yielded the point, and a few moments later rolled away from Belle Plain behind a pair of sleek-coated bays, with a negro in livery on the box. He was conscious of a great sense of exaltation. He felt that he should paralyze Mahaffy. He even temporarily forgot the blow his hopes had sustained when Betty spoke of returning to North Carolina. This was life—broad acres and niggers—principally to trot after you toting liquor—and such liquor!—he lolled back luxuriantly with half-closed eyes.

"Twenty years in the wood if an hour!" he muttered. "I'd like to have just such a taste in my mouth when I come to die and probably she has barrels of it!" he sighed deeply, and searched his soul for words with which adequately to describe that whisky to Mahaffy.

But why not do more than paralyze Solomon—that would be pleasant but not especially profitable. The judge came back quickly to the vexed problem of his future. He desired to make some striking display of Miss Malroy's courtesy. He knew that his credit was experiencing the pangs of an early mortality; he was not sensitive, yet for some days he had been sensible of the fact that what he called the commercial class was viewing him with open disfavor; but he must hang on in Raleigh a little longer—for him it had become the abode of hope. The judge considered the matter. At least he could let people see something of that decent respect with which Miss Malroy treated him.

They were entering Raleigh now, and he ordered the coachman to pull his horses down to a walk. He had decided to make use of the Belle Plain turnout in creating an atmosphere of confidence and trust—especially trust. To this end he spent the best part of an hour interviewing his creditors. It amounted almost to a mass-meeting of the adult male population, for he had no favorites. When he invaded virgin territory he believed in starting the largest possible number of accounts without delay. The advantage of his system, as he explained its workings to Mahaffy, was that it bred a noble spirit of emulation.

He let it be known in a general way that things were looking up with him; just in what quarter he did not specify, but there he was, seated in the Belle Plain carriage, and the inference was unavoidable that Miss Malroy was to recognize his activities, in a substantial manner.

Mahaffy, loafing away the afternoon in the county clerk's office, heard of the judge's return. He heard that Charley Norton had left a will; that Thicket Point went to Miss Malroy; that the Norton cousins in middle Tennessee were going to put up a fight; that Judge Price had been retained as counsel by Miss Malroy; that he was authorized to begin an independent search for Charley Norton's murderer, and was to spare no expense; that Judge Price was going to pay his debts. Mahaffy grinned at this and hurried home. He could believe all but the last; that was the crowning touch of unreality.

The judge explained the situation.

"I wouldn't withhold hope from any man, Solomon; it's the cheapest thing in the world and the one thing we are most miserly about extending to

"Yes, Ma'am — Why, Miss Betty, They're Lovely Men!"

our fellows. These people all feel better—and what did it cost me?—just a little decent consideration; just the knowledge of what the unavoidable associations of ideas in their own minds would do for them!"

What had seemed the corpse of credit breathed again, and the judge and Mahaffy immediately embarked upon a characteristic celebration. Early candle-light found them making a beginning; midnight came—the gray and purple of dawn—and they were still at it, back of closed doors and shuttered windows.

(To Be Continued.)

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## CUTTING THROUGH CAPE COD

### Canal That Will Save 120 Miles of Sailing May Be Completed Next Year.

So much attention has been given to the digging of the great ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and, locally, so much interest being expended in the slow and tedious building of the barge canal across New York state, that sight has almost been lost of the Cape Cod canal, which has been in progress since June, 1890. This canal has been projected since 1620, for the Pilgrims saw the advantage of saving this 120 miles of sailing around Cape Cod, and the danger from the storms that at seasons of the year are said to be very severe off the cape itself. In the last 60 years there have been 2,131 sailing vessels lost on these voyages, and more than 700 lives. It is said that more than 35,000,000 tons of freight are carried yearly past the mouths of the canal, and the saving in freightage alone will be enough to pay for the construction of the canal in a very short time. Insurance rates that will be saved in the construction of the short cut will be a very large figure, for the companies have learned that the fogs and gales are very destructive and that losses demand high premiums upon all cargoes.

The canal will run from Barnstable bay on the south side of Buzzard's bay on the north side, and will lessen the difference in distance between New York and Boston by water about 120 miles. It will be large enough for the largest vessels afloat, and it is expected that it will be completed in 1912, though this statement is doubted by some, as trouble has been had with several contractors who have failed to complete their work.

# THE NEW ERA

VOL. 23. NO. 11. RIVERTON AND PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1912. PRICE THREE CENTS



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## JAPANESE SILK IS REVIVED

**Chemical Process Has Been Discovered That Strengthens the Fabric and Facilitates Spinning.**

According to the North China Daily News the ladies of America and Europe are to have the restoration of the popular Japanese silk fabrics in large supply and greater beauty than ever before. It is claimed that an expert connected with the Fuji Spinning company has discovered a chemical process which will be a great boon to the spinners and also to the admirers of Japanese silk.

While Japanese sericulture was yet in a primitive condition no chemical was used to soften the cocoon before it was spun into thread. Later the spinner succeeded in getting out a thin, soaplike substance, which fulfilled the long-felt want with some success; but the difficulty was that it weakened the fabric and took away the natural luster. Thus Japanese silk has been steadily losing the popularity it once enjoyed and its market has from time to time been encroached upon by the Italian product.

Mr. Inouye has now hit upon a method of strengthening the elasticity and strength of the fabric, and at the same time greatly facilitating the spinning into thread. One more benefit from this process will be that manufacturers will be able to obtain 15 per cent. more produce than by the old-fashioned way.

Furthermore, the new substance has an antigerm and anticorroding effect, and will not injure the hands of operatives. Some time ago an American is reported to have discovered a chemical compound which would preserve silk; and this is said to be something similar in composition to the Japanese invention.

## OYSTERS RODE IN TAXICABS

**They Were From France and New York Frenchmen Craved Them for Dinner.**

B. L. Bowles is an express agent of unusual patience. He spent the last day of the year cold, but hopeful, on the French line pier, answering telephone calls from three French restaurants, and merely smiled when, for the thirty-fifth time, a chef asked about "the oyster."

"Please, La Lorraine, where is he with the oyster?" said the impatient chef.

"She is still down the bay," said Bowles. "I think she will be here before six."

"What is it the diners will do if the oysters do not come?"

When the chefs called up again Mr. Bowles had not time to answer. He was busy with the customs officials arranging for the release of the oysters, which were in sacks.

"Are these things brought here for breeding purposes?" asked the inspector.

"No," said Bowles. "They are French oysters, called 'marennes vertes,' for eating purposes. There are about two hundred Frenchmen in this town who want to eat these oysters tonight with their New Year's dinner. I've got 200 dozen of them and three taxicabs are ready to take them to the restaurants."

At 7:25 p. m., when the taxicabs had gone north with the oysters, Mr. Bowles went into a booth and talked to the three chefs at once. The thanks that came simultaneously over the wire were too profuse and muddled to permit of translation.—New York Tribune.

## CANARY AN ARDENT MOTORIST

**Atlanta Man Has a Bird That Has Traveled More Than 20,000 Miles in Automobile.**

Many dogs and cats regularly receive their airings in motor cars and have shown distinct preference for these rides, but a canary bird is the latest addition to the ranks of motorists.

Dick Levi of Atlanta, Ga., is the particular canary that has the distinction of being the first in this field and he is said to have traveled over twenty thousand miles in a motor car. J. S. Levi of Atlanta tells an interesting story of Dick. Dick's first ride in an automobile was in a Premier 24, bought by Mr. Levi in Philadelphia in 1906. Dick was one year old at that time, and with Mr. and Mrs. Levi his mileage around Philadelphia, including several trips to Boston, was ten thousand miles.

The three motorists made a trip of twelve hundred miles from Boston to Atlanta in October, 1906, being the first to cover this route in a motor car. They went by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia over the mountains, along the Southern railway. On several occasions they were out all night in their car, sleeping by the roadside. Mr. Levi says they spent three weeks in a constant rain during this trip, all the time running on low gear. Mr. Levi is almost always accompanied by Mrs. Levi, who is also an expert at the wheel of a car, and Dick is always the third member of the party. He has become so enamored of motoring that they are afraid to leave him at home for fear that he will do himself bodly injury. Motoring apparently apparently agrees with him, as he is tremely hardy and is a great singer esides his motoring he has made three trips to the Pacific coast and return by train. Mr and Mrs. Levi would part with him under no conditions, an offer of $250 having been refused, it is said.

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## STRANGE KINGDOM OF NEPAL

**Secluded Land at Foot of the Himalayas Where King George Went Hunting.**

The ancient and interesting little kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas to which the king went for his shoot is nearer to being an independent territory than any other of the Indian states.

Since the eighteenth century it has been ruled by the Gurkhas, who furnish to the Indian army some of the most perfect soldiers in the world. For practical purposes the country is almost as closely secluded from Europeans as Thibet, to which in many respects it is akin.

The Terai, where King George was lately encamped, is the low-lying jungle tract bordering on the Indian plain, a region extraordinarily rich in wild animals, including elephants, the capture of which is a highly organized and valuable industry.

The maharaja of Nepal, whose death by the way occurred on December 11, was a titular sovereign only, the real ruler being the hereditary prime minister, who visited England a few months ago. He has the title of maharaja, and is entitled to a salute of nineteen guns.

One result of the jealous exclusion of foreigners, which the Indian government thoroughly respects, is that very little is known of a great part of Nepal, and that much of the available information as to social and economic conditions is mere guesswork. For close upon a hundred years the rulers have been our very good friends, and the force of eight thousand men headed by Jung Bahadur in the Mutiny was of inestimable service. —Westminster Gazette.

## TAME GULLS OF SHETLAND

**Each Family in Lerwick Has Its Own Flock Which the Children Feed.**

There are many small villages in the world that have only one street; but Lerwick, in Shetland, besides having only a single street possesses only one tree, and it is not a very tall one either. There are no land birds there, not even a sparrow; but the sea gulls are plentiful.

The inhabitants of Shetland are very proud of their tree and very kind to the gulls, of whom the children make pets. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of one-streeted Lerwick are always shown, as a great curiosity, "the only tree in Shetland."

The sea gulls are the sparrows of Lerwick; and as such they have a greater share in the town's life than the sparrows of London. In the morning you will note that a sea gull sits on every chimney pot. Sea gulls swoop and hover over every roof in town. The air is full of their strange, high, plaintive, haunting cries.

Every house has its own familiar sea gulls and every street its own band of them. But according to the Fruit Magazine, they never mix. The children in each house have a pet name for their own particular sea gulls; and, having called them by those names, they feed them every day.

Each sea gull knows what is meant for him. No bird attached to one house ever seeks to eat the food scattered from the house next door. He does not dare to do so. So all day long the sea gulls hover and call over the roofs of Lerwick.

The people of the town if they come across a little pile of rice laid upon the roadway step over it with care. They know that it has been placed there for some sea gull. And at night the sea gulls leave their appointed chimney-pots and fly gracefully away to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Noss.


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## OLD FASHIONED FAMILY PEW

**In That Rested the Strength of the Church, and It Should Be Restored.**

One sometimes hears a deal of nonsense about the danger of creating a prejudice against religion in the mind of a child by making him attend church once a week. The danger would seem to be about one-tenth as great as that of arousing a prejudice against education by sending him to school twice a day. In both cases the remedy lies in the good sense of the parents and their estimate of the value of religion and education carefully instilled into the child's mind.

The strength of the church has been in the old-fashioned pew, with father at one end and mother at the other, and a stairway of more or less restless children. From that pew have gone out the upright, devout, consecrated men and women who have loved the church and maintained her worship and done her work in their several generations. For the sake of the church, and especially for the sake of the children, let it be restored.

If it be impossible for the children to attend both Sunday school and the church service, this writer would by all means teach them the catechism at home and bring them to church that they may learn to worship God in the congregation of his people.—Southern Churchman.

## ERYOPS LIVED AEONS AGO

**Specialized Member of Ancient Amphibians Found in the Wichita Basin in Texas.**

A primitive amphibian, a specimen of the eryops, which roamed through the great coal swamps millions of years ago, has been placed on exhibition in a glass case in the hall of fossil reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It was found in the Wichita Basin, Texas, and has been prepared by A. Hermann of the museum staff.

According to the scientists, the eryops is a comparatively large and specialized member of the ancient amphibians, and skeletons of the reptile have been found in the upper beds of the coal formation of Pennsylvania, but more abundant traces of the specimen have been found in the red shales which overlie the coal regions of Texas.

This type of animal once lorded it over the denizens of forests and morasses of the coal period, a sort of gigantic tadpole, with wide flail head, no neck and a heavy flattened tail.

The eryops is the largest and best known of the Permian amphibians in America. It lived before the advent of the mammoth or mastodon.

### Just a Man!

In the long line of cabs and automobiles in front of a big New York hotel was one car around which a few idlers had gathered. Something was wrong. Prone upon the ground lay an animal of some kind. A dear old lady happened along. She saw the little knot of people and put up her glasses to observe the cause. Then she saw the brown fur of the thing on the icy asphalt.

"Poor creature, poor creature!" said she aloud in her compassion. "Is its leg broken?" She pushed close to the prostrate figure in the brown fur. It moved. The dear old lady took a closer look. Then she made a sound approximating a ladylike snort. It was the chauffeur of one of the taxicabs, clad in his brown fuzzy coat, in the usual attitude of flatness, tinkering the under part of his machine with a monkey wrench.

The dear old lady, all her sympathy curdled, hurried on.

### Big Bags of British Hunters.

The shooting in Great Britain for 1911 is over as far as grouse are concerned. The heaviest one-day bag obtained in Scotland was that of Lord Dalkeith and his party on the Duke of Buccleuch's Roanfell moor, in Roxburghshire, when eight guns killed 2,523 birds.

In England the best one-day bag was that of the Duc de Luynes and five other guns on Lord Strathmore's Wemmergill moors in the Upper Lunedale district of Durham; 1,599 birds were killed during four drives in stormy weather.

On the Duke of Devonshire's Upper Wharfedale moore in Yorkshire 14,918 birds were killed in twenty-two days, all by driving, and there were usually nine guns out. The best bag was obtained on August 18th, when the King was included in the party, and nine guns killed 1,580 birds on the Barden and Rylstone moors.

### Self-Denial.

Dan Reed, the head coach of the Cornell football team, was talking at a banquet at an Ithaca hotel about a football failure.

"He'd have been a good man," said Reed, "but he wouldn't train. It wasn't in him to train. In fact, the only kind of self-denial he was ever known to practice was to look out of his study window at his 'frat' house and tell the duns he was not at home."

## CLAIMS OLE BULL'S ISLAND

**Estate Was Bequeathed to a Swiss Child by the Famous Violinist's Daughter.**

Ralph S. Bartlett, who was counsel for Mrs. Olea Bull Vaughan, only child of the late Ole Bull, the famous violinist, successfully contested the will of Mrs. Bull in the probate court of York county, Maine, last summer, recently left on board the steamship Franconia for Liverpool on his way to file Mrs. Vaughan's will at Bergen, Norway, the New York Herald's Boston correspondent says.

Mr. Bartlett is executor for the will of Mrs. Vaughan, and he and Miss Amelia Shapleigh of West Lebanon, Me., are co-trustees for Sylvia Vaughan, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Vaughan and the principal beneficiary under Mrs. Vaughan's will.

The reason that the will of Mrs. Vaughan is to be offered for record in Bergen is that the only foreign real estate which she possessed is the island of Lysoen, near Bergen. Ole Bull owned this island, which is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. It is in a fjord about twenty-two miles from Bergen, and consists of about seven hundred acres of land, largely forest. Ole Bull in his lifetime developed two fresh water lakes and a cave and laid out twenty miles of paths on the island.

Lysoen was left by Mrs. Vaughan to the little Swiss girl, Sylvia, whom she adopted a couple of years ago, but on Sylvia's death Lysoen is to be preserved by the Norwegian government as a memorial to Ole Bull.

The exact procedure which will be followed in Norway with respect to the case is a matter of uncertainty, because under the Norwegian law no foreigner can own real estate in that country without the written consent of the king.

## WHEN LANDIS WAS NAMED

**Brother of Judge Tells How He Came to Be Called Kenesaw Mountain.**

"The most memorable Christmas I ever spent was during the war," said former Representative Landis of Indiana at the Willard. "My father had returned from the war on leave of absense to find another son. He had taken part in the fight at Kenesaw mountain, and when he found his heir awaiting him he suggested the name Kenesaw Mountain. That is how my brother, who has become more or less noted as a judge, came to be named.

"But it was not that incident that made my Christmas so memorable. Kenesaw was a baby. I had other brothers. We were living a few miles from a small town in Indiana, and my father had only a few days' leave. He was compelled to rejoin his regiment before Christmas, if I remember correctly.

"I shall never forget the day before that Christmas. My father and mother went to town, and the boys naturally were much excited. When mother came back with a bundle we were more excited. It turned out that father had purchased us some gifts. Mine was a candy camel. The other boys had similar gifts. I had great appreciation of that camel. I placed him affectionally on the 'what-not' of the best room, and took many pilgrimages to have a look at him. Of course, I caressed him, and now and then I would take a loving lick. For several days following Christmas my camel remained there, but one day I could not resist the temptation, and, turning carniverous, I devoured my animal. I do not know what the other boys did with their animals, but I suppose they went the same way that mine did."—Washington Post.

### Heine and London.

Heine did not like London, but the London county council likes Heine, for the passer-by is now reminded by the usual encaustic tile that the poet once lived in Craven street, Strand. As he looked out of his lodging Heine exclaimed, "Send a philosopher to London, but no poet. This downright earnestness of all things; this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this moroseness even in pleasure, this exaggerated London smothers the imagination and rends the heart." But if Heine did not love London he found something within easy reach to warm the imagination and fire the heart—the chalk cliffs of Ramsgate in mid-June, with a beautiful Irish girl to assist in the process.

### A New Kind of Exercise.

It is a morning exercise invented by a Parisian actress, who takes the newspaper and tears it up. The fragments are thrown upon the floor in a thousand pieces. Then she gets up and collects those pieces, and the point is that not a fragment is lost. For this is the new way of gardening—the stooping cure that is recommended by every doctor. You can do it in your home, and do not require a garden. It is only to buy the morning paper, tear it into fragments, chuck them on the floor, and pick them up. Quite as good as gardening.

## ROCHEFORT'S VIEWS ON LOVE

**Famous Journalist Notes Tragic Way in Which It Is Manifested in France Today.**

Henri Rochefort, the French journalist who is becoming quite a moralist in his old age, has given vent to some personal comments on love.

"Love is being practiced in an original manner in France today," he says. "A young man loves a girl and to prove the intensity of his affections he puts a bullet or two into her head and then blows out his brains."

Various examples of these tragic amours have been given us within the last few days. A boy of nineteen thus disposed of himself and a girl of thirteen.

Then a dragoon stationed at Tours came to Paris for a similar exploit. He was deeply in love with Suzanne. Suzanne is dying with two bullets in her head. The dragoon is already dead. Excepting his passion the dragoon had all the qualities of a good soldier.

The latest tragedy centers around a baker and two girls who worked in the shop he was employed. The baker, it seems, loved both, and each of the damsels loved him. His solution of this perplexing situation was sanguinary. He killed them both and then pierced his heart with a huge broad-knife.

### Pacific Coast Whaling.

The steam whalers St. Lawrence and White, working from the Kyuquot station, reported much success during the past two weeks, according to advices received by wireless from the west coast of Vancouver island. When the steamship Tees called at the Kyuquot station Sunday the whalers reported that in the previous ten days they had taken seven sperm, thirty-one humpbacks, two finbacks and one sulphur bottom whale.

While the Tees was making her run between Quatsino and Kyoquot the whalers added another eleven whales to their record for the past two weeks. At Sechart the total catch during the same time amounted to twenty-five, making a grand total of seventy-five whales taken off the west coast of Vancouver island during the past two weeks.—Seattle Correspondence Portland Oregonian.

### Where Wesley Wrote Hymns.

The Rev. J. H. Wicksteed, vicar of Bexley, Kent, has presented to the Wesleyan Methodists of Gravesend and Dartford Circuit a tree from the vicarage garden, a sapling of the old oak under whose branches John and Charles Wesley, with George Whitefield, often met in friendly conference.

It is believed that Charles Wesley composed some of his hymns under its shadow, and John in his diary of September 22, 1740, writes: "I went to Mr. Piers (the vicar) at Bexley, where in the mornings and evenings I expounded the sermon on the mount and had leisure during the rest of the day for business of other kinds." He was there again on Saturday, December 2, 1749, "and preached about 11." —Church Family Newspaper.

### No Rest for the Opulent.

"I thought you said you were going to retire when you made a fortune?"

"Retire!" echoed Mr. Dustin Stax, bitterly. "Why, I don't even dare take a chance on being caught napping."

### Contradicted Again.

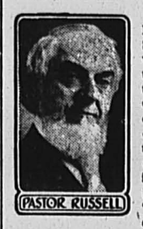
He (savagely)—You do nothing but contradict me from morning until night.

She (indignantly)—Henry Bilton, I do not!—Brooklyn Life.

## PASTOR RUSSELL SPEAKS ON MARS HILL

**"Unknown God" Again Declared in Athens and Corinth.**

**In the Words of St. Paul, He Declares That For a Long Time God "Winked" at Polytheism and Image Worship, "but Now Commands All to Repent."**


PASTOR RUSSELL

Corinth, Greece, Mar. 10.—The I. B. S. A. Missions Investigation Committee is here. Pastor Russell, its Chairman, delivered an address in our largest Auditorium. Rev. Bosdayannes served as interpreter. Pastor Russell's text was, "God hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world." (Acts xvii, 31.) He said:—

Enroute to your city I visited Athens. As I stood upon Mars Hill and made a short address my mind reverted to the account of Saint Paul's preaching there, and I have chosen some of his words on that occasion as my text. As St. Paul made no impression there it is quite improbable that I made any.

True, it is not today fashionable in civilized communities to worship images; and yet in another sense it is still fashionable. There is still much idol worship throughout the civilized world, but in a different form from that of old. No longer do we bow before wooden mages, but before inward images, the images of our minds, our mental aspirations—with some, wealth and fame; with others, ease and pleasure, and with still others, the creed-idols of our forefathers, miserable misrepresentations of the true God.

### The Day of Judgment.

Saint Paul on Mars Hill preached Jesus and the resurrection—Jesus as the Redeemer from the death sentence, making possible the resurrection of the dead by satisfying the demands of Divine Law against the sinner—the resurrection as the means through which the blessing of the Savior's death will reach Adam and all his children.

Addressing the Gentiles, the Apostle explains that for a long time God had "winked" at Polytheism and image worship, "but now," he says, "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." How did God "wink" at sin and idolatry? And does He still "wink" at it? And why did He change and when did He begin to command repentance?

We answer: For four thousand years idolatry prevailed and God took no notice of it. He did not "wink" at the idolaters' dying in their ignorance, and say to the devils, "Take these poor creatures who know no better! Roast them to all eternity!" Nothing of the kind! Our forefathers merely imagined that and by false reasoning convinced themselves, and twisted texts of Scripture which they did not properly understand in support of this theory.

Let us note carefully what the Apostle says respecting God's appointed Day for the judging of the world. He says that the command to repent now goes forth to all men everywhere, "because God hath appointed a Day, in the which He will judge the world." The Apostle does not refer to that Day as already begun, but as merely appointed or arranged for in advance. He means that in arranging that "Jesus, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man," God was arranging that every man might have a judgment or a trial, to determine whether or not he will be worthy of this blessing which Jesus' death provides him an opportunity to secure.

### "The Mystery of God."

The purpose of the nineteen centuries between the time when Jesus died as man's Redeemer and the time when He will take His Throne, as the Restorer of Adam and his race, is spoken of as a "mystery," because the great work of grace herein accomplished is measurably hidden from the world.

The Scriptures tell us who may understand this "mystery," and when it will be finished. They say, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His Covenant." They tell us that "In the days of the voice of the Seventh Angel, when he shall begin to sound, the Mystery of God shall be finished," which He hath kept secret from the foundation of the world. (Revelation x. 7.) Saint Paul refers to this *mystery*, saying that it was "hidden from past Ages and Dispensations," and "is now revealed to the saints." (Colossians i, 26, 27.) He explains what it is—that *we* should be fellow-heirs, and of the same Body with our Redeemer.—Eph. iii, 6.

We should notice this wide difference between the reward promised the Church and that proffered the world. The difference is as to nature. The reward for the world will be earthly, human nature, with everlasting life in an earthly Paradise or Eden—world-wide. Mankind never lost a spiritual or heavenly condition through Adam's disobedience, nor in any other manner. He never had such a condition or nature that he *could* lose it. He was made *man*, "a little lower than the angels." This which he *lost* Jesus paid the redemption price for at Calvary; and these things lost are the very things which Jesus and His elect Bride will *restore* to mankind during the thousand years of the Messianic Kingdom. "The Son of Man came to seek and to save *that which was lost*."

### Why Is It Thus?

"We often wonder," says the Springfield Union, "why anyone should put himself to the trouble and expense of going to the Adirondacks or the Maine woods to be shot in mistake for a deer when it is so much easier and more convenient to pick a few mushrooms in a nearby field and die at home surrounded by one's sorrowing relatives."

# THE NEW ERA

Published every Friday at

RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor
WALTER L. BOWEN
Publisher

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

Subscription One Dollar a year in advance
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The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

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at reasonable prices. The insignia

Art Printing

is an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back and no quibbling.

Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, as second-class matter.


## EDITORIAL.

In the school report printed and circulated this week the Board of Education asks for $1,250 to change the old school into a recreation building. While this would be a very fine thing, we do not feel that the taxpayers are warranted in assuming this expense for something that is not an absolute necessity, considering the other demands that are being, and will be made on the public purse.

### School Appropriation.

If you are a resident of Riverton, with an interest in its educational facilities, its tax rate and the general welfare of the town, particularly as it relates to the children, you can have no more important engagement for next Tuesday evening than the annual school meeting which will be held in the auditorium of the school building.

The amount asked for this year is $7,700, stated on the notices posted calling the meeting, as current expenses, but in the report of the Board of Education printed and circulated, this amount is divided as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Teachers | $ 6 900 00 |
| Janitor | 720 00 |
| Changing old school to Recreation Building | 1,250 00 |
| Books and supplies | 500 00 |
| Light and fuel | 600 00 |
| Pupils attending Palmyra High School | 750 00 |
| Medical Examiner | 200 00 |
| District clerk | 175 00 |
| Water rent | 100 00 |
| Printing | 100 00 |
| Truant officer | 75 00 |
| Interest on temporary loans | 50 00 |
| Incidentals | 380 00 |
| | $11,800 00 |
| Supposed to receive from State | 4,100 00 |
| To be raised by district tax | $ 7,700 00 |

In addition to this $7,700, there will be raised this year $1,000 for the retirement of a bond on the new school building, and $1,400 for interest, a total of $2,400, which, added to the $7,700 makes $10,100 the Board will need this year.

While $7,700 was asked for last year, the retirement of the bond and the interest brought the figure raised by taxation up to $10,204.

This matter of retiring a bond of $1,000 each year, and paying interest on the bonds was arranged for at the school meeting in 1910, and hence does not come up for appropriation each year.

It will be noted that one of the items above is $1,250 for "changing old school to recreation building." It is a question for you to consider—whether or not it is advisable to do this at the present time.

The taxpayers are under pretty heavy expense as it is, for absolute necessities, and with the sewer disposal plant coming along in about a year, will have their burden still further materially increased.

### Miniature Federation.

The Miniature Federation which was held in the Porch Club on Monday was largely attended by women from the first and second districts of the Federation of New Jersey. Miss Helen Lippincott, district vice-president, presided, and Mrs. H. C. Warren, president State Federation, was present.

The subjects, "What Our Club is Doing," and "What Our Club Would Like to Do," were freely discussed and reports given from the various Clubs. Miss Amelia Coale, acting president in the absence of Mrs. Roberts who is in Bermuda, reported for the Porch Club that they were working along all the lines of Club work. Wherever the Clubs of the Federation report it seems that the Porch Club stands at the head, for it is active in all its sections—Art, Mothers, Music, Social, Study, Suffrage, and Village Improvement. The Porch Club has recently purchased a new piano for the use of its members, but particularly for the Music Section.

### Heavy Rains Damage Streets.

At the meeting of the borough council last night the highway committee reported that the heavy rains this week had caused considerable damage to the streets, which was being repaired as rapidly as possible.

The chairman further reported that many complaints had been received of ashes and other refuse being dumped on the streets. He was instructed to see that the ordinance prohibiting this was enforced.

The following bills were ordered paid:

| | |
|---|---|
| J. H. Riese, salary and expens | $ 51 75 |
| Chas. F. Earp, salary | 112 35 |
| Riverton Fire Co., rent | 50 00 |
| Empire State Surety Co | 20 00 |
| Chas. G. Davis, recording | 13 80 |
| Cinna. B. L. P. and H. Co | 78 06 |
| Public Service Gas Co | 177 12 |
| Wm. Quigley, salary and feeding prisoners | 51 00 |
| Walter Miller, salary and feeding prisoners | 51 75 |
| Louis Corner | 37 74 |

## WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET
### for Riverton and Vicinity

Miss Sarah Nichols, of York, Pa., is visiting Miss Eugenie Nichols.

Miss Margaret Hayes, of Burlington, visited Miss Mabel Cook over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Illi and family visited relatives in Kensington on Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Adams, of Darling, Pa., spent Sunday with Mrs. S. J. Coddington.

Harry Kipp entertained a number of friends Saturday evening in honor of his birthday.

Miss Mary Myers went to New York on Monday, where she will remain for a month.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Read, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hollingshead expect to return home Saturday after spending a month in Florida.

Don't forget the school meeting next Tuesday at 8 o'clock in the school building. The amount asked for is $7700.

The Rev. and Mrs. John Rigg, of New Castle, Del., spent Wednesday in Riverton as guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reese.

Messrs. Moyer, Washington and Moore, whose terms as members of the Board of Education expire this year, are candidates for re-election.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Willen, of Moorestown, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sara A. Evans, to Thomas Conway, Jr., of Riverton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Cook gave their daughter, Miss Ethel, a theatre party at the Walnut Street Theatre, on Monday evening in honor of her birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Padmore entertained friends from Riverton and Philadelphia at dinner Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Padmore's birthday.

Miss Helen Lippincott, Miss M. W. Lippincott and Miss Edith Coale were present at the hearing of the Woman's Suffrage bill before the Joint Committee at Trenton on Tuesday.

A number of friends gathered at the home of Mrs. Oliver T. Taylor on Wednesday afternoon, March 13th, at a variety shower for Miss Rachel S. Harris, where a jolly time was spent.

Frank Seipansky was arrested on Tuesday on complaint of his wife, Maggie, who charged him with cruel treatment before Squire Coddington. He furnished $100 cash bonds to keep the peace.

Mrs. Sarah Boyd Campbell, widow of the late Joseph Campbell, died on Sunday. Services were held Wednesday at 11 o'clock, conducted by Ven. R. Bowden Shepherd. Interment was made at Woodlynne cemetery.

Edward Zisak has purchased the Pancoast property on Main street, and John J. Adolph, the present occupant, will move into the Collins building the first of April. After extensive alterations and improvements the new owner will operate a pool room.

Miss Elvie, eldest daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Trueax, died on Sunday at the home of her mother. Services were held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Christ Church, conducted by Rev. Charles E. Betticher. Undertaker John C. Belton in charge. Interment at Morgan cemetery.

Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Mills entertained on Wednesday evening in honor of the Doctor's birthday. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Collin, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Wyman, Mrs. H. B. Hall, Miss Marian Bay, Miss Nellie Mills, of Camden, and Messrs. W. Stephen and P. Cline.

There will be an organ recital and sacred concert at the residence of Mr. George L. Ridley, Main and Fourth streets, on Monday evening, March 18, at eight o'clock, under the auspices of the Music Section of the Porch Club. There will be a silver offering taken for the benefit of the fund for the purchase of a new piano. •2

An ironing board took fire from an over-heated stove, in the laundry at the home of P. D. Reynolds on Lippincott avenue Tuesday morning. The fire company was summoned but Mrs. Reynolds and the maid had thrown the board outdoors before help could arrive. Nothing else caught fire, although the wood-work was badly blistered from the heat.

Walter H. Lippincott has just finished planting oriental planes in front of his property on Park street. This now makes a continuous line of these trees from Thomas avenue to Lincoln avenue, with the exception of one property, which may be done later. Besides being very attractive the oriental plane is particularly suitable for shade tree planting owing to the fact that it is comparatively free from the ravages of scale and other injurious insect pests.

The Shade Tree Commission is again at work on the shade trees, trimming, pruning, and removing dead wood and unsightly limbs. Main street has been finished and Broad street nearly done. Howard street, Lippincott and Thomas avenues will follow and the work will be continued until all the shade trees on the streets of the borough have been put in good shape. The Commission is making preparations to combat the wooly maple scale, which appeared in great numbers on the trees last year. Early this year the trees will be sprayed with solutions calculated to greatly diminish the spread of this pest, and eventually wipe it out altogether.

Ella Peeker, a colored domestic employed at the home of Joseph Beck Tyler, was arrested on Tuesday charged with larceny. Mrs. Tyler went out for few minutes and on her return found the bureau drawers topsy-turvy and $45 gone. She at once notified Chief of Police Mattis who detailed Marshal Miller on the case. The accused girl was placed under arrest. A search did not bring to light the missing money, but did reveal the fact that she had appropriated some of Mrs. Tyler's clothing. She was given a hearing before Squire Coddington and kept in the lockup until Thursday morning, while efforts were made by her friends to secure bail. Failing to secure it she was committed to the county jail.

Harry Betz went to New York Wednesday on business.

Lloyd Major has resigned as clerk for Compton the Grocer.

Herbert Richman visited friends in Millville over Sunday.

Mrs. H. H. Shain entertained a number of friends Saturday.

James Bradley, of Wilmington, Del., was in Riverton Sunday.

Hastings Trueax, of Atlantic City, visited his mother t is week.

Mrs. John M. Murphy spent Wednesday in Glassboro with relatives.

Mrs. Frank Troutman spent Sunday with her parents at Llanerch, Pa.

Mrs. John Maloney, of Tacony, has been visiting relatives in Riverton.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Jones and son visited her brother in Ambler, Pa., on Sunday.

A social meeting of The Field Club Auxiliary will be held in the Club rooms next Thursday evening.

Mrs. Ralph W. Gibbon, who was operated on last week at the Hahnemann hospital, is improving nicely.

Miss Mabel Soley has left the telephone exchange and Mrs. Clara Radcliffe has been employed to fill the vacancy.

Mrs. Schoenweis, of Philadelphia, has just returned from a trip to Bermuda, and was in Riverton on Monday visiting friends.

It is expected that President Taft will be the guest of the Republican Club of Trenton at their annual dinner which is held in April.

The heavy rains which did so much damage to some of the streets this week, left the section of Thomas avenue at the top of the hill, where it has been improved with stone, unharmed. It looks as though this form of construction would be durable, and the sooner the balance of Thomas avenue down to the railroad is treated in a like manner, the sooner needless expense for repairs will be at an end.

A Public Health Education Meeting under the auspices of the Child Hygiene Committee of the New Jersey Congress of Mothers and the Visiting Nurse Society will be held at Centenary M. E. Church, Fifth and Cooper streets, Camden, Friday evening, March 22nd, at 8 o'clock. Dr. Alexander Marcy, Jr., president New Jersey Society for the Prevention of the Social Diseases, will make an address on "The Need of Organized Effort to Further Moral Prophylaxis."

### New Rector for Christ Church, Riverton.

At a special meeting of the vestry of Christ Church, Riverton, held on Friday, March 1, 1912, the Rev. John Rigg, B. D., rector of Immanuel Church, New Castle, Del., was unanimously elected rector.

Mr. Rigg has accepted the election and expects to enter on his duties May 1. The Rev. Mr. Rigg is a native of Jamaica, W. I., where he was born in 1869. He is a graduate of the Theological College of Jamaica and was ordained by the Arch-Bishop of Jamaica, Dr. Nuttall, in 1892. After holding several important cures in Jamaica he came to the U. S. A. in 1907, and was at once elected rector of the venerable parish at New Castle, where he has done good work in strengthening the Church in that old town. He is a man of most pleasing personality, a strong Churchman, a good preacher and a man of high intellectual and spiritual attainments and one that will prove a worthy successor to the former distinguished rector of Christ Church. Mr Rigg is married and has six children, his wife being the daughter of a former Canon of the Cathedral in Jamaica.

### Music Teaching as a Moral Force.

Music is generally recognized as a graceful accomplishment. Beyond this many people are awakening to the fact that it is closely related to health.

The better breathing, which goes with proper habits of singing, more completely vitalizes the blood and so helps to build up healthier organs in the body. Nor does the good influence stop here, for the musical tones invigorate the nervous system and strengthen the will power. This healthy development of the normal appetites prevents the craving for unhealthy stimulants and so protects from dangerous and debilitating habits. But to produce its greatest effect the musical training should be begun in early childhood, before bad habits have been formed and while the child is most susceptible to the influence of rhythmic movement and pure tone. Fortunately, music can now be taught to children in a purely scientific way and yet with all the charm of play.

### School Notes.

On Thursday, March 14, Miss Parker, the kindergarten teacher, visited the school at Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia.

On March 7, Miss Helen Evaul visited the Huey school, at Fifty-second and Pine streets, Philadelphia, and on Friday at Moorestown.

The monthly meeting of the teachers of the Riverton public school was held last week. Mr. Leymel gave a very interesting account of his visit to the public schools of St. Louis and the Wirt school at Gary, Ind. Miss H. Wolcott also gave an interesting account of her visit to the Ethical Culture and Speier schools, both of New York City.

The Board of Education have arranged to give each teacher two days for visiting other schools.

Miss Edna Thomas has been appointed to teach the "special class" until the expiration of this school term.

### Unclaimed Letters.

List of unclaimed letters and postals remaining in the Riverton post office, March 13, 1912.

DOMESTIC LETTERS.

Alva, Mrs H. J.
Baird, Mrs. Mary
Food, Joe
Hawkins, Miss Nore
Johnson, Mr. Harol
Keever, Mrs. Mc
O'Rourke, Mrs. Anna
White, Mrs. Sarah
Turner, Mr. Robert

DOMESTIC POSTALS

Baine, Miss E.
Bajon, Mrs.
McKay, Abrey

CHARLES L. FLANAGAN,
Postmaster.


Richard & Robins
Chicken Broth
with Rice
Has just been put on the market—is very good.
Large can 10c at
COMPTON'S
Phone 54-A



McCALL PATTERNS 10 15 HOME HIGHER
McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50 YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

Ruffings

A GREAT SAVING OF LABOR that is what most mothers want and we have it herein the way of ruffings for skirts—it is tucked, with lace and insertion, and others with tucks and embroidery—10c, 12½c and 15c per yard

Orders taken for Name Eggs for Easter

MRS. ALFRED SMITH


## People's Column

Open to a free discussion of all topics of general interest, it only being required that the Publisher have the name of the writer.

### District School Meeting.

The questions which are giving the country at large the greatest concern at the present time are those pertaining to government in all its different phases.

There has been in the past a general feeling throughout the country that the work in connection with our public affairs should be left to those who, thro a desire often for their own personal advancement or selfish gain, were most anxious to hold office.

And the men were best fitted to serve the people in positions of this nature could not be induced to take up work of this kind.

This has happily been changed during these last years of our history and we find at the present time men who are particularly fitted for public and civic duties willing to undertake the work of this nature.

We as a Borough have been fortunate in having men and women of this type on our several School Boards in the past and if they are willing to serve you unselfishly in positions which take much from them both in time and energy in order that we shall take the lead in regard to school affairs and that our children shall have the best that is possible for them to experience in their school life, surely the least we can do is to encourage them in their efforts.

We all feel that there is nothing we would not do for our children and the question of education is one of the most vital we have to face. We should therefore take time and consideration in the selection of those who will direct that most important time in the lives of the youth of our Borough.

We urge that you come out to the District meeting and cast your vote for the members of the Board who have unselfishly consented to allow their names to go before you for re-election, and who if elected will serve your interests in the future as they so ably have done in the past.

We feel that the work they have accomplished during the past three years should be recognized and our unanimous support be given in asking them to continue the work so ably started.

Mr. Moyer, vice-president of the Board, certainly needs no further recommendation than the exacting and continuous work which he did in connection with our new building.

Mr. Washington has always stood for all that is progressive and conservative in the administration of our school affairs.

Mr. Moore has proven by his keen common sense at all times that no mistake was made in electing him a member of the Board two years ago.

I feel that something more than merely sitting down quietly and reading this should be done to show the appreciation which rightfully belongs to these men and the least you can do is to come out and in a substantial form express the feeling you have in this matter by re-electing them for a term of three years at the annual meeting of the school District to be held in the school house on Tuesday next, March 19th, at 8 p. m.

S. W. WAKEMAN.

March 14th, 1912.

### Must Not Dump Ashes on Streets.

In another column we publish ordinance No. 23, prohibiting the dumping of ashes and other refuse on the streets. This subject was brought before the borough council last night by the chairman of the highway committee who said that repeated warnings to cease violating the ordinance had been disregarded, and in order that everyone might become acquainted with its provisions, it was decided to have the ordinance republished.

It was the unanimous decision of council that the ordinance must be observed, even if it is necessary to impose the fine of five dollars therein provided, in order to accomplish it.


The Prudential
Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Another Year of Wonderful Progress
Annual Statement, December 31, 1911

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets, over | 259 Million Dollars |
| Liabilities, nearly | 241 Million Dollars |
| Income in 1911, over | 81 Million Dollars |
| Capital and Surplus, over | 18 Million Dollars |
| Paid Policyholders in 1911, over | 27 Million Dollars |
| Total paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over | 466 Million Dollars |
| Life Insurance issued and paid for in 1911, over | 440 Million Dollars |
| Increase in Paid-for Insurance in force, over | 167 Million Dollars |
| The Company's Liabilities include: Policy Dividends, Payable in 1912, over | 4¾ Million Dollars |
| Apportioned to date to Participating Policies and payable as Policy dividends after 1912, over | 24¾ Million Dollars |

NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, OVER 10 MILLIONS
PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER 2 BILLION DOLLARS

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FORREST F. DRYDEN, President
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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



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Desirable property for a Home
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Give Full Particulars and Price
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Jessup Bldg., 533 Federal St., Camden, N. J.


### Christ Church, Riverton.

Sunday, March 17th, fourth Sunday in Lent.

7.30 a. m., Holy Communion.

11 a. m., Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7.30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Evening Prayer at 5 p. m.

Wednesday, Litany and Address at 5 p. m.

Friday, Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.

The Rev. Charles E. Betticher will officiate on Sunday next. Subject of the morning sermon at 11 o'clock "The Great Missionary and other Religious Monuments of the 19th Century."

At the evening service, at 7.30, the fourth of a course of talks on "Bible Illustrations in Italy" will be given. The subject will be "Scenes on the Roman Campagna."

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

Frank Niles, of Princeton Theological Seminary, will preach next Sunday.

Morning service at 10.45.

Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Evening service at 8 o'clock.

Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

### Mothers' Circle.

There will be a meeting of the Mother's Circle on Thursday afternoon, March 21, at 3.30, in the auditorium of the public school. The afternoon will be devoted to the election of officers. It is earnestly desired that all members be present as beside the election of officers there are several other very important matters to be decided. Tea will be served.

### Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kerrigan desire to thank those who tendered sympathy and assistance at the funeral of their daughter, and to those who sent carriages.

## ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE for the preservation of the streets, highways, and other property of the Borough of Riverton, and to provide penalties for the violation thereof.

BE IT ORDAINED by the Mayor and Council of the Borough of Riverton:

Section 1. That no person shall dump any ashes, garbage, or refuse dirt of any description, in or upon any of the streets, highways, or other property of the said Borough, or dig or remove any sod or dirt from any of said streets, highways or other property of said Borough, or injure, deface or destroy any building, lamp post, lamp, street marker or other property of said Borough.

Sec. 2. That any person who shall violate the provisions of the first section of this ordinance, or any of such provisions, shall be liable to a fine of **Five Dollars** for each and every offence.

Sec. 3. That this ordinance shall take effect immediately upon due publication thereof.

I hereby certify that the foregoing ordinance was passed by the Mayor and Council of the Borough of Riverton at a meeting held at the regular meeting place of the said Mayor and Council in Riverton, N. J., July 8, A. D., 1897.

Attest: CHARLES S. WALNUT,
Borough Clerk.

The foregoing ordinance approved by me July 8, 1897.

E. C. STOUGHTON,
Mayor.

### Excellent Mexican Shrimps.

The shrimps from the coast of the Gulf of Mexico are of good size, generally fully three inches in length and frequently exceeding this measurement. They are much larger than those caught on the British coast and the north Atlantic coast of the United States. They are in fine condition the year round and may be caught in the lagoons any season of the year without fear of interruption by northers, at least not for more than a day or so during any time of the year.

## WAS BEATEN BY 'SCATTERING'

### Candidate for Office in Mississippi Loses to Fellow Trotted Out at Last Minute.

"One of the most amusing election stories I ever heard comes from Mississippi in the days just succeeding the Civil war," said F. A. Herold of Newark, Del., at the Raleigh. "It was one of the favorite stories of the late L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, who was one of the best story tellers of his day.

"Senator Beck of Kentucky, himself of no mean capacity in that line, pronounced Lamar the best story teller he ever knew. The story is this: In one of the small towns of that state lived a man with a chronic desire to hold office. Any office would do for him. He had been a candidate for office many times, but had always been defeated. Finally, an opportunity arose for him, so it was thought. An office was to be filled by election, for which there was no announced candidate except this man. Under the constitution of the state a majority of all the votes cast was required to elect.

"On the evening of the election every one expected, of course, that this man would be elected. His friends were congratulating him that at last he had secured an office, and were jollifying over the event. It was suggested to him that he go over to the polls and ascertain what the vote was. He did so, but remained quite a while. When he returned in a crestfallen spirit, his friends asked him what the result was. He was silent for a moment, and then said that he had not been elected.

"'How is that?' they asked. 'There was no other candidate against you.' 'That's what I thought?' he replied; 'but at the last minute they trotted out a fellow named "Scattering," and he beat me to death. I won't run any more.'"—Washington Post.

### American Girl Supreme.

The women seen in the German restaurants, while better groomed and better looking than the average English women, do not look anything like as chic as they do in America. Their clothes do not fit as well, and they seem to not possess the air of confidence or the vivacity and merriment of the American women—they appear to not be sure of themselves, not wholly accustomed to the new life. This contrast is very noticeable in Berlin, and much more so in other German cities. This is why a pretty up-to-date New York or Chicago girl never fails to become the center of attraction in Germany, and immediately she enters a restaurant she is the cynosure of all eyes—National Food Magazine.

### Dazed by Skyscrapers.

"Over in Europe they are rather dazed about American skyscrapers just now," said the woman who spent last summer in Denmark. "At least some of them are. When we began putting up those tall buildings Europeans made fun of us and predicted disasters. We were sensitive about their ridicule at times, because we were not sure of the value of the experiment ourselves, but as we have gained confidence and soar recklessly from one gigantic, heaven-piercing structure to another still more daring, Europeans simply hold their breath as they look at our postcards and other pictures, which give them a faint idea of downtown New York."

### Proverb Amplified.

"The pen," said the ready-made philosopher, "is mightier than the sword."

"So it is," replied the Chicago beef baron; "especially if you have reference to a cattle pen."

### The Trouble.

Father—You mustn't cry for it; wait 'til you are older.

Tommy—Then I'll be too old to cry.


CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

BANKING SERVICE

Banks are becoming more and more the custodians of the funds of the people, of both large and small means. This is due to a wider appreciation of the value of banking service as its usefulness is extended and its methods become better known. In the case of

THE
CINNAMINSON NATIONAL BANK
OF RIVERTON
THE BEST

service is assured. Its officers aim in every way to protect the interest of its patrons, making use of every means of precaution. It's up-to-date system of accuracy, promptness and the same careful attention to large or small depositors. It is a safe bank.

It is the bank for all the people—rich and poor, men, women, and children.

Your account is cordially solicited.

AN IMITATION

of summer in your home will be given when our coal is used by you during the winter time. This is real coal. It burns steadily, clearly and with the proper degree of heat, and is clean and free from dirt and clinkers. You will never know what coal satisfaction is until you try this kind.

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5-12-11



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## PIGEONS FALL FROM GRACE

### Drunken Orgy of Feathered Tribe Results From Accident to a Keg of Rum.

A heavy truck loaded with kegs of liquor was jolting across a line of car tracks when one of the kegs toppled and fell from the top of the pile into the street. It was thoroughly smashed, so the truckman whipped up his team and went his way with stopping. The rum flowed out over the street—one little dent in the paving collecting a visible puddle of it.

In a few minutes a pigeon came fluttering down to drink at the pool thus fortunately provided for thirsty birds. The initial taste was a surprise, but a second and a third soon followed and soon the pigeon tottered fluttering away, too overcome to fly. Other birds, seeing him there and anxious to wet their parching throats, followed their brother in his path of wicked intemperance.

Five minutes later a passerby was astonished to see a dozen pigeons in the gutter of the otherwise deserted street, some dancing drunkenly, others already sound asleep. A few feet away a hound of disreputable appearance was creeping up, slowly and a trifle unsteady, on his unsuspecting and bibulous quarry. As he was almost among the birds his feet went suddenly in several direction and he lay in the gutter among the pigeons, growling sleepily to himself, for he, too, was drunk.


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### Autoist Thrown Into Tree.

When an automobile collided with a telegraph post at Thetford, Norfolk, England, a few days ago and turned a complete somersault, one of the occupants had an extraordinary experience, being flung high into a tree, from a bough of which he hung suspended by his clothes until rescued by a motorcyclist.

## INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mrs. Thomas Ward visited in Philadelphia on Thursday.

Mrs. Charles Atkinson visited relatives in Germantown Monday.

The Juniors will give a St. Patrick's social in the auditorium tonight.

William Henderson, of Princeton, has rented a house on West Broad street.

Mrs. Hutchins, of Sharon Hill, Pa., visited friends in Palmyra on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. B. Powell spent Saturday with Mrs. Ellen Harbaugh, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Clayton Buckage, of Oriental, N. J., is spending the week with Mrs. A. B. Powell.

Miss Florence Powell spent Thursday with her aunt, Mrs. Martin Black, of Camden.

Miss Georgia Wallace, of West Philadelphia, visited Mrs. A. B. Powell on Thursday.

Mrs. Griffith, of Collingswood, spent Wednesday with her daughter, Mrs. William Hortz.

Miss Florence Powell spent the week-end with Miss Mae MacPherson, of West Philadelphia.

Lester Ayres received about 220 postal cards on Monday, the anniversary of his birthday.

Walter Gladney is moving into the house on Delaware avenue lately vacated by Clarence Holt.

Misses Florence and Jessie Crewe, of Philadelphia, visited in Riverton and Palmyra on Thursday.

George W. Shaner has the contract for Mrs. William McIlhenny's new house at Broad and Linden avenue.

Mrs. John Chance and Miss Florie Chance, of Camden, spent Mo day evening with Mrs. A. B. Powell.

Mrs. T. Winfield Land, who was taken seriously ill with heart trouble on Wednesday, is resting much easier.

A St. Patrick's Day social will be held in The Field Club rooms on the 21st for members of the Club and Auxiliary.

Mrs. Henry Quarterman spent a few days this week with her sister in Philadelphia who is very ill with appendicitis.

The P. O. S. of A. initiated five new members last Monday night. A reception will be held for several camps from Philadelphia on March 25th.

The members of the Methodist choir are especially requested to attend rehearsal Saturday evening for the practice of "The Crucifixion" which they are preparing to give on Good Friday.

The crossing over Elm avenue at Broad street has been raised to the proper level on the Riverton side, and we respectfully lay the condition of the Palmyra side before the township authorities for their consideration.

Mrs. A. C. Zillinger expects to leave the home of A. H. Walters on Monday, after spending the winter there, to visit friends and relatives at Philadelphia and Annapolis, before going to Cape May for the summer.

Howard B. Hunter, age 35 years, died at the home of Mrs. Joseph Wallace on Friday. Services were held on Monday conducted by Rev. Samuel Sargent. Interment at Asbury M. E. Churchyard. Undertaker John Belton in charge.

The Field Club Minstrels are progressing finely. Tickets are selling rapidly, and can be secured from Club mem ers, Schwartz, Palmyra, and after this week will be on sale in Riverton, place to be announced later.

Last Sunday evening at the close of the service at the Methodist Church the congregation presented Rev. Samuel Sargent with a purse of money for use at conference. As the closing hymn they sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," during which the Chatauqua salute was given.

President Forrest F. Dryden of The Prudential Insurance Company of America has announced that The Prudential, in recognition of the loyalty of its industrial field staff as well as the home office force, has put into effect a plan for the recognition of its older employees through service retirement allowances, the cost to be borne by the company and no contributions whatever to be required from employees.

The annual State meeting of the D. A. R. was held at Trenton on Wednesday. In the morning Mrs. William Libbey, of Princeton, former State regent, was nominated for vice-president general. Mrs. Margaret Yardley, of East Orange, was elected State regent, and Miss Ellen Matlock, of Woodbury, vice-regent. In the afternoon a memorial service was held for Miss Ellen Mecum, of Salem, a vice-president general who died in January. Mrs. H. N. Pancoast attended the meeting from Annis Stockton Chapter.

"Stories from the Old Arm Chair" will be told next Wednesday evening at an entertainment to be given in the Methodist Church under the charge of the Social Department of the Epworth League. Miss Mildren, an instructor in the University of Pennsylvania Summer School and a Supervisor of Rural Schools, will tell stories of humor and pathos that will interest both children and adults. Seats will be reserved for children. A brief musical program and a social hour will also be features of the evening's entertainment which will commence promptly at 8.15. A silver offering is requested.

### Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services next Sunday in charge of the Rev. T. J. Bensley, Rector.

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.30 a. m., Matins and Litany.

11 a. m., choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist and sermon.

3 p. m., Sunday School and Rector's Bible Class.

3.45, Children's service and Catechism.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Tuesday Thursday and Friday Holy Eucharist at 7 a. m., Matins and Litany at 9 a. m.

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Holy Eucharist at 9.15 a. m.

Evensong and Meditation at 4. p. m.

Thursday 8 p. m., Lenten service. Sermon by the Rev. Father Smith, of St. Georges' Church, Philadelphia.

### Grumbler's Power Small.

Rarely is the grumbler a mender of methods.

### Boy Scouts Organized.

A Council of Boy Scouts was organized in Y. M. C. A. Hall last Friday night. Dr. W. Walter Dye, who had devoted considerable time to ascertaining just how to proceed to introduce the Boy Scout movement, was made chairman of the meeting.

It was thought well to have the Council composed of about a dozen men and invitations were sent to that number to attend the meeting. Those who have so far signified their willingness to serve are James E. Russell, Jacob P. Warner, Rev. Samuel Sargent, Frank L. Durgin, Joseph W. Richards, D. W. Johnson, Dr. W. Walter Dye, B. C. Hinckle, and Raymond Shedaker.

Mr. Warner was elected president, Mr. Russell vice-president, and Mr. Durgin secretary. Dr. Dye was made Scout Commissioner and Messrs. Johnson and Shedaker Scout Masters.

All boys between the ages of 12 and 18 years are eligible to membership. The boys are divided into patrols of eight, one of whom becomes a patrol leader and another an assistant, and a troop consists of three patrols under the leadership of a Scout Master.

The next meeting will be held tonight in Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Application for membership may be made to Mr. Johnson or Mr. Shedaker.

### Past-Presidents' Banquet.

One new member was initiated last night at the regular meeting of the P. O. of A., and Mrs. Sallie Hall and Mrs. B. F. Baugh were presented with gold past-presidents' pins by the lodge.

After the business session the annual past-presidents' banquet was held. The table was prettily decorated, and the favors were tiny boxes made of paper napkins and filled with candy.

Seventeen past-presidents were present at the banquet as follows: Mrs. M. M. Bowker, Mrs. B. F. Baugh, Mrs. A. V. Blackburn, Mrs. M. A. Cooke, Mrs. M. Harris, Miss Ada Miller, Mrs. Rose Roberts, Mrs. F. Reeves, Mrs. N. M. Strang, Mrs. M. Sprague, Mrs. E. Shreve, Mrs. M. J. Vaughn, Mrs. S. A. Wimer, Mrs. E. T. Zelley, Brothers G. J. Seel, W. C. Strang, G. N. Wimer.

Mrs. Bowker gave a sketch of the work done during the year, and the brothers all spoke a few words.

### Reception to Rev. Williams.

A reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. Charles Williams last evening in the Baptist Church, by the members of the Ladies Aid. An interesting musical program was arranged for the early part of the evening. Miss Margaret Stager rendered a selection on the piano, which was followed with an anthem by the choir. Miss Ruth Brown gave a reading, and Miss Marian Reber sang. A second anthem by the choir was followed with a reading by Mrs. Dingee, after which Mr. Thilow introduced the new pastor and wife, and Ruth Branson presented Mrs. Williams with a bouquet.

Mrs. E. C. Hinkle and Mr. Thilow assisted in receiving. Refreshments were served in the basement which was decorated with white and gold, the colors of the Ladies Aid, the table being particularly attractive.

### Keith's Theatre.

Just to announce that Miss Eva Tanguay, the cyclonic comedienne, is to appear at Keith's Theatre with a new repertoire of songs is the signal for an ovation. Probably in no city of the country is Miss Tanguay more of a favorite than in Philadelphia, and on the occasion of each recurrent visit, her reception is immense. It is some two years now since Miss Tanguay graced a Keith program in this city, and in the meantime she has been carrying other important American cities by storm, and preparing new surprises for her friends of long standing. Miss Tanguay has now a most perfect repertoire of songs suiting her characteristic talents, all of them composed by her corps of writers for her exclusive use. As a supreme headline attraction, Miss Tanguay's name at the top of any bill spells "Success" in large golden letters. It is otherwise a headline bill all the way through.

It includes Mr. Edwin Stevens, the distinguished character actor and interpreter of Dickens' roles assisted by Miss Tina Marshall, the charming ingenue in a classical playlet called "Cousin Kitty." It is also a considerable period since Mr. Stevens honored Philadelphia, and he too will receive a very cordial reception. As an interpreter of characrer parts, Mr. Stevens has no equal in his peculiar vein.

The Mason-Keeler Co. present here for the first time a most surprising and amusing sketch which they call "On and Off," and which for strange situations and funny lines is quite out of the ordinary. The sketch starts with a laugh and ends with a roar, the denouement being particularly happy and unexpected. This act is sure to be a hit.

The Primrose Four—Messrs. Wright, Cantwell, Murphy and Gibner—are billed as "A Thousand Pounds of Harmony." This quartette has met with unbounded success in all the larger cities of the country on account of the quality of their voices as well as their stage presence. Everyone of the four tips the scales at two hundred pounds or more, and a jollier quartette of entertainers never came before a Quaker City audience.

### Moravian Church Notes.

Services in the Moravian Church next Sunday. Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A., pastor.

9.30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible Class.

10.30 a. m., litany and sermon by the pastor. Theme "The Silence of Jesus."

7.00 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. Subject "Success worth having and not worth having" led by Mr. William G Frank

7.30 p. m., song service and sermon by the pastor. Theme "Lethargy or Treachery?"

You are cordially invited to attend these services.

### Priceless Manuscript Found.

Professor Kennedy of Edinburgh university describes a hitherto unknown MSS. of the Old Testament, which he names the Codex Edenburgensis, which he has discovered in the Advocates library, Edinburgh. It is said that for size, conditions and caligraphy it has few rivals among similar MSS. in any library in the world.

### Delaware River League.

At The Field Club rooms, Tuesday, March 12th, the Delaware River League held its first meeting of the year, with all of the teams represented. Riverside was represented by Schneider, who is also treasurer of the League. The Field Club was represented by their portly manager, Thomas Griffenberg, Harry Acker, and F. L. Durgin. Bill Lynch and Sam MacMullin did the talking for Riverton and last, but not least, Mike Halsinger, one of last season's arbitrators, was there with the hot stuff from Delair.

As both President Rue and Vice-President Tucker were unable to be on hand, the first piece of business was to elect a chairman. Emlen Craft, of Palmyra, was unanimously elected and he immediately appointed James T. Weart as secretary pro tem. After the reading of the previous minutes the re-organizing committee gave as an example for their work the well-filled room and the representatives of the different teams.

As soon as the new business was opened there were four applications made to enter the Delaware River League. These applications were made by Bishop for Florence F. C., Holland for Beverly, Borden of Delanco, and Wade of Taubel's Mill, of Riverside, but Florence and Beverly withdrew their applications as soon as they were told about the division of the gate receipts. The plan of division as used last year by the League was: home team 60 per cent., visiting team 40 per cent. This question caused no little argument and a very good example was given in the case of Delair A. A., of Delair. It was stated that the teams visiting the aforesaid town on the percentage basis very seldom received enough to pay their trolley fare, but that when Delair were the visitors they received more for their share than the whole collection amounts to on their own grounds. This does not seem to be quite fair to the remaining teams. Mike Halsinger, the noisy ump., then stated that while Delair was a poor drawing card in its own town its drawing powers were unlimited when visiting, as no one argued, this must be the fact, but my own personal view on the matter is that Mike tried to show us all something. The argument grew so strong that chairman Craft advised the League manager to withdraw to the committee room and thrash it out for themselves. This they did and reported that a stipulated guarantee would most likely be voted on. Beverly then re-applied but Florence still demurred and promised to have their answer by next meeting. One general price of admission was then talked on but was laid on the table until the League should decide what and how many teams to consider.

The meeting then adjourned until Thursday, March 21st, at The Field Club rooms, Palmyra.

In talking with the managers after the meeting it seemed the general idea that a six team circuit would most likely make an easier running schedule.

Delair representatives are talking about dropping out of the League, but let us hope they will stick and be willing to do as the majority votes.

Manager Griffenberg and Schneider had a little fanning bee and Schneider said he intended to win the pennent again this year but Manager Griffenberg just smiled and—"Well, The Field Club boys are in the League to do their best no matter who wins out in the end." Let's all turn out this year and help the boys along by good hard rooting.

ROOTER.

### Spring Fashions over from Paris.

The North American's special Paris Fashion Section for spring will be issued as a part of the Sunday edition of that paper on March 17.

For several years the North American has issued twice during each year a compendium of the Paris styles brought up to date by the special Paris staff which is maintained in Paris by the North American, whose duty it is to bring the fashions of the French capital first hand to the women readers of the paper.

The reputation of the women in Philadelphia territory for being the best dressed can be in no small measure attributed to the admirable service of fashion news which The North American maintains. The woman who reads the paper is in direct touch with all of the news of the world so far as it affects dress. With this knowledge she can always be depended upon to keep absolutely in the lead when changes of styles come about.

The special fashion numbers of The North American are always in great demand, but the management promises to supply all those who order early.

### Monarchs of England.

The first to rule over all England was Egbert, King of Wessex, who united all the various petty kingdoms and became King of England in 827. The greater kingdom was disrupted from 878 to 958, when the Danes ruled north of the Thames. In the latter year King Edgar reunited the kingdom and since that time it has never been partitioned. Between Edmund Ironside (1016) and Edward the Confessor (1042) three Danish kings ruled all England, Canute, Harold I. and Hardicanute. The first king of Great Britain was James I. (1603). The first king of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was George III. From the conquest of Ireland in 1172 by Henry II. the kings of England were styled Lord of Ireland until the assumption of the title King of Ireland by Henry VIII., and thereafter this title was used until the act of union in 1801. The imperial sovereignty of India was assumed by Queen Victoria.

### Moth Balls in the Orient.

"You will find strange names for ordinary things in the Far East," said an American who has recently been in those parts.

"When I struck Singapore I had a lot of heavy clothes with me which had been necessary on a journey across Siberia. I decided to put them away in a trunk, but thought I would get some moth balls from a drug store.

"'Moth balls?' repeated the chemist with a stare.

"'Why, yes; those things that you put in clothes to keep moths out,' I explained.

"'Oh,' he said, intelligence showing in his eyes, 'you mean aphthalated marbles.'"

# TRENTON STORMED BY SUFFRAGETTES

## Monday They Flocked In to Boost Amendment.

## FITZHERBERT STILL HOLDS ON

### What to Do With Senator Found Guilty of Attempted Extortion a Puzzle in Upper House—Republicans Fear Inability to Expel—Democrats Support Physician.

[Special Correspondence.]

Trenton, N. J., March 14.—Suffragettes, or, as one alleged wag of the house dubbed them, sufferin' yets, were much in evidence in and about the statehouse on Monday. A special train out of Jersey City brought them from that city, Newark, Elizabeth and intermediate stations to Trenton, where they were joined by large delegations from South Jersey.

Ignoring the rain which was falling and the slush that covered the streets, they formed a sort of procession and marched to the statehouse, fully a mile away. Most of them carried small yellow flags setting forth the name of their organization in black letters, while two were seen bearing between them a large yellow banner inscribed "Votes for Women." Arriving at the capitol, the suffragettes thronged the corridors of both chambers, and some of them did a thriving business selling the flags of their movement. The object of the fair ones' descent upon Trenton was to help along a constitutional amendment now pending before the legislature for giving the ballot to women. The senate committee on judiciary which has the amendment in its keeping gave a hearing to the women. It was proposed to have the hearing in the senate chamber, but so small was that place that it was entirely inadequate to accommodate the vast throng of suffragettes and others who wished to attend, so the hearing took place in the assembly chamber.

Senator Edge of Atlantic presided and started the proceedings by remarking that all there was to be said upon the subject could not be said in an hour, so the time of the hearing would be extended to an hour and a half, whereat there was much clapping of gloved hands and agitated waving of the yellow and black flags.

#### Speakers Are Cheered.

The advocates of the amendment were led by Mrs. George Vickers, wife of the assistant prosecutor of Hudson, and she introduced as the first speaker Miss Clara B. Laddy of the legislative committee of the New Jersey State Suffragist association. Miss Laddy explained the objects of the association and made a speech which was frequently interrupted by the delighted shrieks of approbation from the gathered suffragettes.

While Miss Malinda Scott of the Trimmers' association was eloquently advocating the cause, a woman in the back part of the room jumped up shouting, "I rise to a point of order, Mr. Chairman."

"What is your point of order?" asked Chairman Edge.

"I object to the chairman's chair being draped with a partisan flag."

Mr. Edge looked around and saw that the back of his chair had flung over it a yellow flag bearing the slogan, "Votes for Women."

The senator said the point was well taken and removed the flag.

Mrs. Henry Villard, wife of the New York millionaire banker, the next speaker, urged the adoption of the amendment, and Mrs. Clark Fisher of Trenton struck the only discordant note by violently opposing the whole scheme of giving the ballot to women.

After the hearing the suffragettes thoroughly inspected the statehouse, and a large delegation called upon the governor.

#### Fitzherbert Case Puzzling.

What will be done with Richard Fitzherbert, the senator from Morris county, who by a strict party vote of the senate has been found guilty of conduct unbecoming a senator in connection with the negotiations looking to the killing for a consideration of two senate bills having for their object the prohibition of the manufacture and use of acetylene gas in this state, is the all absorbing question around the statehouse these days.

Although a bare majority was sufficient to find him guilty, it takes a two-thirds vote of the senate to expel him, and to secure this two-thirds it will be necessary for the Republicans to induce three Democrats to vote with them. It is not conceivable that that can be done, as all the Democratic senators except Fitzherbert himself, who did not vote, voted that he was not guilty, and they will not be likely to acknowledge that they were wrong by turning around and voting to punish the Morris senator for something which they have declared he did not do.

So what will be done with the Morris senator is a puzzle. All sorts of suggestions more or less reasonable are being put forward by all sorts of people. It has been urged that he be removed from all committees and be not allowed to introduce bills, and in reply to this it is said that as long as he remains the representative of Morris county in the senate he cannot be deprived of any of the rights and privileges of a senator, for if he was it would practically amount to depriving the sovereign county of Morris of a representative in the upper chamber of the legislature.

#### Party Politics a Feature.

Another suggestion is that Mr. Fitzherbert's fellow senators practically ostracize him until he sees his position so keenly that he will resign. No one believes that enough votes can be secured in the senate to expel the Morris senator. His expulsion would necessitate the election of a senator to fill his place, and an election in Morris, all experts agree, would result in the election of a Republican, who would increase the precarious majority of the Republicans in the senate and who would have a vote for United States senator next year. In view of this it is not expected that any Democrat can be induced to vote for expulsion.

In the senate there was a sharp fight over Mr. Gaunt's bill which exempts farm hands and domestic servants from the operation of the workmen's compensation act of last year. If the act should pass, Senator Edge declared, it would completely destroy the purpose of the act of last year, as farm hands and domestic servants represent fully 50 per cent of the state's body of employees. Housewives who before the bill was passed looked after their injured servants, he declared, were not affected by the bill, and those who do not should be compelled to do so.

Senator Gebhardt approved the bill because, he said, it tendered to weaken the effect of last year's act, which he opposed and against which he was the only senator who voted.

"I will always be opposed," he declared, "to a measure which holds an employer responsible for an injury to an employee to which he does not contribute."

Senator Smalley of Somerset and Senator Hand of Cape May also favored the passage of the bill, but it was laid over.

The bill to place osteopathy upon a level with other schools of medicine in this state, which crops up every year as regularly as the session comes round, occupied a prominent part in Monday's proceedings when a hearing was given upon the measure by the house committee. The hearing was tame as compared with those on similar measures in past years, although at times it was lively enough.

Dr. Britton D. Evans of "brainstorm" fame was the principal speaker against the measure.

#### No Vetoes Up to Date.

Governor Wilson disposed of a large batch of bills which were placed on his desk this week. Up to date he has not vetoed a measure, although the bill increasing the salary of Mayor Hausling of Newark from $5,000 to $10,000 had a narrow escape. The governor had prepared a veto message to send to the house with the bill when Mr. Mitchell, its introducer, heard of it and, by some tall hustling, managed to have the measure recalled before the message got in.

Among the bills signed by the governor were:

The Leavitt bill permitting the state to mark Washington crossing.

The Leavitt bill to authorize the statehouse commission to sell the voting machines which have been rejected by the people of the state.

Senate 18, Mr. Hand—Appropriates $300,000 to complete the construction of the inland waterway through New Jersey.

Senate 28, Mr. Johnson—Allows a stepfather or stepmother to adopt a child.

Senate 34, Mr. Fielder—Provides that bail upon which no process has been issued within a period of six years shall no longer be a lien against real estate.

Senate 35, Mr. Fielder—Provides that all papers in county offices of all kinds which have been recopied or transcribed in typewriting shall have the same legal effect as if in handwriting.

Senate 41, Mr. Leavitt—Prohibits outside firms from making contracts for prison labor and specifies that the state alone shall profit from this class of labor.

Senate 50, Mr. Fielder—Pending an appeal in condemnation suits it allows petitioner to take possession of the land.

Senate 88, Mr. Edge—Requires that more than two kinds of surfacing material shall be specified in paving ordinances.

Senate 98, Mr. Read—Prohibits travel at more than five miles an hour over road bridges.

Senate 123, Mr. Smalley—Authorizes the construction of improved roads by the board of managers of any state institution.

Senate 150, Mr. Silzer—Authorizes the trustees of the State Agricultural college to provide additional buildings when necessary.

Senate 189, Mr. Leavitt—Authorizes the statehouse commission to condemn and sell all voting machines now stored in the statehouse.

Senate 190, Mr. Leavitt—Authorizes the statehouse commission to make additions to the state capitol for the accommodation of the departments and the transfer of land at the New Jersey capitol; carries an appropriation of $70,000.

Senate 201, Mr. Leavitt—Provides for state hospital for insane for land owned by the Trenton Country club.

Senate 214, Mr. Fielder—Provides for the enforcement of ordinances by shade tree commissions.

These bills have been passed in the senate:

House 134, Jones—Imposes penalty of $50 for impersonating fish and game wardens.

Senate 94, Smalley—Requires county school superintendents to devote all their time to their duties at annual salary of $3,000.

House 28, McAllister — Prohibits shooting into any squirrel's nest.

## FOUR TIMES IN SAME PLACE

### How John Lee Worked the Flimflam Game on the Female Tobacconist in London.

John Lee, a laborer, was charged with stealing moneys by a trick called "ringing the changes" from Clara Eliza Cannon, a tobacconist of Roscoe street, Conning Town.

Mrs. Cannon said that a few nights ago Lee entered her shop and asked for a pennyworth of tobacco. He gave her a sixpence and she gave him five pence change. He put a penny to the five pence and asked for a sixpence. She gave him the sixpence and he put it with the coppers. Then he asked for a shilling for the sixpence and the coppers. She gave him a shilling and took the sixpence and the coppers. Then he left the shop. Twice after that he came and repeated the operation.

He came the fourth time, and putting down a shilling asked for three half-pennyworth of sweets. She gave him the sweets and 10½ pence. He put 1½ pense to the 10½ pence and asked for a shilling. The shilling was given him and he put it to a shilling's worth of coppers. Then he said: "Can you give me a two-shilling piece to save me carrying all this about with me?" She gave him a florin in exchange for the silver and bronze and he left the shop.

He came a fifth time and asked for a pennyworth of tobacco and put down a sixpence. When he got the five pence change he put a penny to it and asked for a sixpence for the bronze. Mrs. Cannon gave it to him and this time demanded the bronze. He said: "Why, you've got to give me a shilling for this." She declared he had "rung the changes" on her and that she would give him into custody. He ran out of the shop, but was chased and caught.—London Standard.

### Plato's Philosophy.

Self conquest is the greatest of all victories.—Plato.


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## YEARLY PAPER OF ALASKA

### Publication of the Eskimo Bulletin Is Evidence of Progress of Twenty Years.

In the bad old days the masters of the whaling vessels sailing from San Francisco to the far north used to give the Alaskan Eskimos raw "fire water" in order to secure the valuable furs they had obtained during the long arctic winter. Little they dreamed that these fierce children of the north would one day be so advanced as to print their own newspaper, a writer in the Wide World exclaims. After the terrible slaughter by the whalers of the alcohol frenzied natives of Cape Prince of Wales, in Bering strait, it was a rather ticklish job for a white man to start a Bible class. Still, H. A. Thornton attempted it, but he was shot dead by a boy of fourteen, who was killed in his turn by his own kinsman. This affair happened in 1890. Two years after W. T. Lopp appeared on the scene with his wife. They settled at Cape Prince of Wales, and year after year, until 1903, they taught humanity to the Eskimos. The reindeer was introduced from Siberia, and Mr. Lopp got his pupils to learn to rear the herds. He also taught them boat building, carpentering, etc., and, to put a final touch to his valuable work, he had a small press brought from the states, and it was not long after that his pupils were able to compose and print their own paper. This is probably the only yearly newspaper in the world—the Eskimo Bulletin.

### Old Volume Sold.

Bunyan's copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was offered at auction at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms in London recently. There were only two bids, and the book was finally bought in at $3,000. The vendors were the trustees of the Bedford Literary institute. The book was to have been sold in London last May, the institute being in financial difficulties. It was expected to realize from $40,000 to $50,000. At the last moment, however, the attorney general intervened in order to ascertain whether the trustees were empowered with the right to sell the book, and it was withdrawn from the sale. After investigation the attorney general came to the conclusion that the sale could not be withdrawn, and consequently the book came under the hammer. A first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," published in 1653, at 35 cents, fetched $3,750.

### Drainage of the Zuyder Zee.

A great project is again before the people of Holland—the draining of the Zuyder Zee. The sea, which, as every one knows, is at the north of Holland and covers an area of 50,000 hectares, a hectare being practically two acres and a half.

Just half a century ago a scheme to drain the southern portion of the sea was first mooted and although it received considerable support, the opposition was greater, but now an association has been formed and a bill will be introduced into the chamber. The promoters see that with an increased population means must be taken to enlarge the country and this reclamation of the sea is suggested as capable of accomplishment. If the sea is conquered there are several lakes which can be dealt with later.

### Rate Schedule Lacking.

It was the day before Christmas in one of the big railroad offices, says the San Francisco Call. They were talking about the good old days when they were all children and there was no interstate commerce commission.

"Well," observed the optimist, "I guess old Santa will come around as usual."

"Nope," replied the grouch. "Don't look for him this year."

"Why not?" asked the optimist.

"Well," came the the answer, "under the new law he's a common carrier, and the old man hasn't filed his rate schedule."


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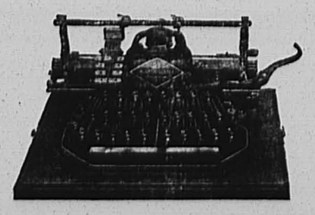

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# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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**SYNOPSIS.**

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill, Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. He overtakes them in the mountains of Tennessee. Murrell gets Yancy drunk and stabs him in a fight that followed. Hannibal escapes in a canoe.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at home of Judge Slocum Price.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Judge recognizes Hannibal as the child of an old time friend and arrives at Judge's home. Hannibal hears of the finding of Yancy's body. Price arrested as counterfeiter.

CHAPTER IX.—Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER X.—Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER XI.—Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again.

CHAPTER XII.—Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft.

CHAPTER XIV.—Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land title. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted.

CHAPTER XV.—Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Carrington bids Betty good-bye. Norton is mysteriously shot.

CHAPTER XVI.—More light on Murrell's plots. He plans uprising of negroes.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Judge and Hannibal visit Betty.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Betty Leaves Belle Plain.

Hannibal had devoted himself loyally to the judge's glorification, and Betty heard all about the letter, the lighting of the candles and the reward of five thousand dollars. It vastly increased the child's sense of importance and satisfaction when he discovered she had known nothing of these matters until he told her of them.

"Why, where would Judge Price get so much money, Hannibal?" she asked, greatly astonished.

"He won't have to get it, Miss Betty; Mr. Mahaffy says he don't reckon no one will ever tell who wrote the letter—he 'lows the man who done that will keep pretty mum—he just dassent tell!" the boy explained.

"No, I suppose not—" and Betty saw that perhaps, after all, the judge had not assumed any very great financial responsibility.

"He can't be a coward, though, Hannibal!" she added, for she understood that the risk of personal violence which he ran was genuine. She had formed her own unsympathetic estimate of him that day at Boggs' race-track; Mahaffy in his blackest hour could have added nothing to it. Twice since then she had met him in Raleigh, which had only served to fix that first impression.

"Miss Betty, he's just like my Uncle Bob was—he ain't afraid of nothing! He totes them pistols of his—loaded—if you notice good you can see where they bulge out his coat!" Hannibal's eyes, very round and big, looked up into hers.

"Is he as poor as he seems, Hannibal?" inquired Betty.

"He never has no money, Miss Betty, but I don't reckon he's what a body would call pore."

It might have baffled a far more mature intelligence than Hannibal's to comprehend those peculiar processes by which the judge sustained himself and his intimate fellowship with adversity—that it was his magnificence of mind which made the squalor of his daily life seem merely a passing phase—but the boy had managed to point a delicate distinction, and Betty grasped something of the hope and faith which never quite died out in Slocum Price's indomitable breast.

"But you always have enough to eat, dear?" she questioned anxiously. Hannibal promptly reassured her on this point. "You wouldn't let me think anything that was not true, Hannibal—you are quite sure you have never been hungry?"

"Never, Miss Betty; honest!"

Betty gave a sigh of relief. She had been reproaching herself for her neglect of the child; she had meant to do so much for him and had done nothing! Now it was too late for her personally to interest herself in his behalf, yet before she left for the east she would provide for him. If she had felt it was possible to trust the judge she would have made him her agent, but even in his best aspect he seemed a dubious dependence. Tom, for quite different reasons, was equally out of the question. She thought of Mr. Mahaffy.

"What kind of a man is Mr. Mahaffy, Hannibal?"

"He's an awful nice man, Miss Betty, only he never lets on; a body's got to find it out for his own self—he ain't like the judge."

"Does he—drink, too, Hannibal?" questioned Betty.

"Oh, yes; when he can get the licker, he does." It was evident that Hannibal was cheerfully tolerant of this weakness on the part of the austere Mahaffy. By this time Betty was ready to weep over the child, with his knowledge of shabby vice, and his fresh young faith in those old tatterdemalions.

"But, no matter what they do, they are very, very kind to you?" she continued tremulously.

"Yes, ma'am—why, Miss Betty, they're lovely men!"

"And do you ever hear the things spoken of you learned about at Mrs. Ferris' Sunday-school?"

"When the judge is drunk he talks a heap about 'em. It's beautiful to hear him then; you'd love it, Miss Betty," and Hannibal smiled up sweetly into her face.

"Does he have you go to Sunday-school in Raleigh?"

The boy shook his head.

"I ain't got no clothes that's fitten to wear, nor no pennies to give, but the judge, he 'lows that as soon as he can make a raise I got to go, and he's learning me my letters—but we ain't a book. Miss Betty, I reckon it'd stump you some to guess how he's fixed it for me to learn?"

"He's drawn the letters for you, is that the way?" In spite of herself, Betty was experiencing a certain revulsion of feeling where the judge and Mahaffy were concerned. They were doubtless bad enough, but they could have been worse.

"No, ma'am; he done soaked the label off one of Mr. Pegloe's whisky bottles and pasted it on the wall just as high as my chin, so's I can see it good, and he's learning me that-away! Maybe you've seen the kind of bottle I mean—Pegloe's Mississippi Pilot; Pure Corn Whisky?" But Hannibal's bright little face fell. He was quick to see that the educational system devised by the judge did not impress Betty at all favorably. She drew him into her arms.

"You shall have my books—the books I learned to read out of when I was a little girl, Hannibal!"

"I like learning from the label pretty well," said Hannibal loyally.

"But you'll like the books better, dear, when you see them. I know just where they are, for I happened on them on a shelf in the library only the other day."

After they had found and examined the books and Hannibal had grudingly admitted that they might possess certain points of advantage over the label, he and Betty went out for a walk. It was now late afternoon and the sun was sinking behind the wall of the forest that rose along the Arkansas coast. Their steps had led them to the terrace—where they stood looking off into the west. It was here that Betty had said good-by to Bruce Carrington—it might have been months ago, and it was only days. She thought of Charley—Charley, with his youth and hope and high courage—unwittingly enough she had led him on to his death! A sob rose in her throat.

Hannibal looked up into her face. The memory of his own loss was never very long absent from his mind, and Miss Betty had been the victim of a similarly sinister tragedy. He recalled those first awful days of loneliness through which he had lived, when there was no Uncle Bob—soft-voiced, smiling and infinitely companionable.

"Why, Hannibal, you are crying—what about, dear?" asked Betty suddenly.

"No, ma'am; I ain't crying," said Hannibal stoutly, but his wet lashes gave the lie to his words.

"Are you homesick—do you wish to go back to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy?"

"No, ma'am—it ain't that—I was just thinking—"

"Thinking about what, dear?"

"About my Uncle Bob." The small face was very wistful.

"Oh—and you still miss him so much, Hannibal?"

"I bet I do—I reckon anybody who knew Uncle Bob would never get over missing him; they just couldn't, Miss Betty! The judge is mighty kind, and so is Mr. Mahaffy—they're awful kind, Miss Betty, and it seems like they get kinder all the time—but with Uncle Bob, when he liked you, he just laid himself out to let you know it!"

"That does make a great difference, doesn't it?" agreed Betty sadly, and two piteous tearful eyes were bent upon him.

"Don't you reckon if Uncle Bob is alive, like the judge says, and he's ever going to find me, he had ought to be here by now?" continued Hannibal anxiously.

"But it hasn't been such a great while, Hannibal; it's only that so much has happened to you. If he was very badly hurt it may have been weeks before he could travel; and then when he could, perhaps he went back to that tavern to try to learn what had become of you. But we may be quite certain he will never abandon his search until he has made every possible effort to find you, dear! That means he will sooner or later come to west Tennessee, for there will always be the hope that you have found your way here."

"Sometimes I get mighty tired waiting, Miss Betty," confessed the boy. "Seems like I just couldn't wait no longer—" He sighed gently, and then his face cleared. "You reckon he'll come most any time, don't you, Miss Betty?"

"Yes, Hannibal; any day or hour!"

"Whoop!" muttered Hannibal softly under his breath. Presently he asked: "Where does that branch take you to?" He nodded toward the bayou at the foot of the terraced bluff.

"It empties into the river," answered Betty.

Hannibal saw a small skiff beached among the cottonwoods that grew along the water's edge and his eyes lighted up instantly. He had a juvenile passion for boats.

"Why, you got a boat, ain't you, Miss Betty?" This was a charming and an important discovery.

"Would you like to go down to it?" inquired Betty.

"'Deed I would! Does she leak any, Miss Betty?"

"I don't know about that. Do boats usually leak, Hannibal?"

"Why, you ain't ever been out rowing her, Miss Betty, have you?—and there ain't no better fun than rowing a boat!" They had started down the path.

"I used to think that, too, Hannibal; how do you suppose it is that when people grow up they forget all about the really nice things they might do?"

"What use is she if you don't go rowing in her?" persisted Hannibal.

"Oh, but it is used. Mr. Tom uses it in crossing to the other side where they are clearing land for cotton. It saves him a long walk or ride about the head of the bayou."

"Like I should take you out in her, Miss Betty?" demanded Hannibal with palpitating anxiety.

They had entered the scattering timber when Betty paused suddenly with a startled exclamation, and Hannibal felt her fingers close convulsively about his. The sound she had heard might have been only the rustling of the wind among the branches overhead in that shadowy silence, but Betty's nerves, the placid nerves of youth and perfect health, were shattered.

"Didn't you hear something, Hannibal?" she whispered fearfully.

For answer Hannibal pointed mysteriously, and glancing in the direction he indicated, Betty saw a woman advancing along the path toward them. The look of alarm slowly died out of his eyes.

"I think it's the overseer's niece," she told Hannibal, and they kept on toward the boat.

The girl came rapidly up the path, which closely followed the irregular line of the shore in its windings. Once she was seen to stop and glance back over her shoulder, her attitude intent and listening, then she hurried forward again. Just at the boat the three met.

"Good evening!" said Betty pleasantly.

The girl made no reply to this; she merely regarded Betty with a fixed stare. At length she broke the silence abruptly.

"I got something I want to say to you—you know who I am, I reckon?" She was a girl of about Betty's own age, with a certain dark, sullen beauty and that physical attraction which

"You Needn't Be Afraid, I Got Something Important to Say."

Tom, in spite of his vexed mood, had taken note of earlier in the day.

"You are Bess Hicks," said Betty.

"Make the boy go back toward the house a spell—I got something I want to say to you." Betty hesitated. She was offended by the girl's manner, which was as rude as her speech. "I ain't going to hurt you—you needn't be afraid of me. I got something important to say—send him off, I tell you; there ain't no time to lose!" The girl stamped her foot impatiently.

Betty made a sign to Hannibal and he passed slowly back along the path. He went unwillingly, and he kept his head turned that he might see what was done, even if he were not to hear what was said.

"That will do, Hannibal—wait there—don't go any farther!" Betty called after him when he had reached a point sufficiently distant to be out of hearing of a conversation carried on in an ordinary tone. "Now, what is it? Speak quickly if you have anything to tell me!"

"I got a heap to say," answered the girl with a scowl. Her manner was still fierce and repellant, and she gave Betty a certain jealous regard out of her black eyes which the latter was at a loss to explain. "Where's Mr. Tom?" she demanded.

"Tom? Why, about the place, I suppose—in his office, perhaps." So it had to do with Tom. . . . Betty felt sudden disgust with the situation.

"No, he ain't about the place, either! He done struck out for Memphis two hours after sun-up, and what's more, he ain't coming back here tonight—" There was a moment of silence. The girl looked about apprehensively. She continued, fixing her black eyes on Betty: "You're here alone at Belle Plain—you know what happened when Mr. Tom started for Memphis last time—I reckon you-all ain't forgot that!"

Betty felt a pallor steal over her face. She rested a hand that shook on the trunk of a tree to steady herself. The girl laughed shortly.

"Don't be so scared; I reckon Belle Plain's as good as his if anything happened to you?"

By a great effort Betty gained a measure of control over herself. She took a step nearer and looked the girl steadily in the face.

"Perhaps you will stop this sort of talk, and tell me what is going to happen to me—if you know?" she said quietly.

"Why do you reckon Mr. Norton was shot? I can tell you why—it was all along of you—that was why!" The girl's furtive glance, which searched and watched the gathering shadows, came back as it always did to Betty's pale face. "You ain't no safer than he was, I tell you!" and she sucked in her breath sharply between her full red lips.

"What do you mean?" faltered Betty.

"Do you reckon you're safe here in the big house alone? Why do you reckon Mr. Tom cleared out for Memphis? It was because he couldn't be around and have anything happen to you—that was why!" and the girl sank her voice to a whisper. "You quit Belle Plain now—tonight—just as soon as you can!"

"This is absurd—you are trying to frighten me!"

"Did they stop with trying to frighten Charley Norton?" demanded Bess, with harsh insistence.

Whatever the promptings that inspired this warning, they plainly had nothing to do with either liking or sympathy. Her dominating emotion seemed to be a sullen sort of resentment which lit up her glance with a dull fire; yet her feelings were so clearly and so keenly personal that Betty understood the motive that had brought her there. The explanation, she found, left her wondering just where and how her own fate was linked with that of this poor white.

"You have been waiting some time to see me?" she asked.

"Ever since along about noon."

"You were afraid to come to the house?"

"I didn't want to be seen there."

"And yet you knew I was alone."

"Alone—but how do you know who's watching the place?"

"Do you think there was reason to be afraid of that?" asked Betty.

Again the girl stamped her foot with angry impatience.

"You're just wastin' time—just foolin' it away—and you ain't got none to spare!"

"You must tell me what I have to fear—I must know more or I shall stay just where I am!"

"Well, then, stay!" The girl turned away, and then as quickly turned back and faced Betty once more. "I reckon he'd kill me if he knew—I reckon I've earned that already—"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"He'll have you away from here tonight!"

"He? . . . who . . . and what if I refuse to go?"

"Did they ask Charley Norton whether he wanted to live or die?" came the sinister question.

A shiver passed through Betty. She was seeing it all again—Charley as he groped among the graves with the hand of death heavy upon him.

A moment later she was alone. The girl had disappeared. There were only the shifting shadows as the wind tossed the branches of the trees, and the bands of golden light that slanted along the empty path. The fear of the unknown leaped up afresh in Betty's soul; in an instant flying feet had borne her to the boy's side.

"Come—come quick, Hannibal!" she gasped out, and seized his hand.

"What is it, Miss Betty? What's the matter?" asked Hannibal as they fled panting up the terraces.

"I don't know—only we must get away from here just as soon as we can!" Then, seeing the look of alarm on the child's face, she added more quietly, "Don't be frightened, dear, only we must go away from Belle Plain at once." But where they were to go, she had not considered.

Reaching the house, they stole to Betty's room. Her well-filled purse was the important thing; that, together with some necessary clothing, went into a small hand-bag.

"You must carry this, Hannibal; if any one sees us leave the house they'll think it something you are taking away," she explained. Hannibal nodded understandingly.

"Don't you trust your niggers, Miss Betty?" he whispered as they went from the room.

"I only trust you, dear!"

"What makes you go? Was it something that woman told you? Are they coming after us, Miss Betty? Is it Captain Murrell?"

"Captain Murrell?" There was less of mystery now, but more of terror, and her hand stole up to her heart, and, white and slim, rested against the black fabric of her dress.

"Don't you be scared, Miss Betty!" said Hannibal.

They went silently from the house and again crossed the lawn to the terrace. Under the leafy arch which canopied them there was already the deep purple of twilight.

"Do you reckon it were Captain Murrell shot Mr Norton, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal in a shuddering whisper.

"Hush—Oh, hush, Hannibal! It is too awful to even speak of—" and, sobbing and half hysterical, she covered her face with her hands.

"But where are we going, Miss Betty?" asked the boy.

"I don't know, dear!" She had an agonizing sense of the night's approach and of her own utter helplessness.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Betty, let's go to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy!" said Hannibal.

"Judge Price?" She had not thought of him as a possible protector.

"Why, Miss Betty, ain't I told you he ain't afraid of nothing? We could walk to Raleigh easy if you don't want your niggers to hook up a team for you."

Betty suddenly remembered the carriage which had taken the judge into town; she was sure it had not yet returned.

"We will go to the judge, Hannibal! George, who drove him into Raleigh, has not come back; if we hurry we may meet him on the road."

Screened by the thick shadows, they passed up the path that edged the bayou; at the head of the inlet they entered a clearing, and crossing

He Was Looking Into the Face of Slosson, the Tavern-keeper.

this they came to the corn-field which lay between the house and the high-road. Following one of the shock rows they hurried to the mouth of the lane.

"Hannibal, I don't want to tell the judge why I am leaving Belle Plain—about the woman, I mean," said Betty.

"You reckon they'd kill her, don't you, Miss Betty, if they knew what she'd done?" speculated the boy. It occurred to him that an adequate explanation of their flight would require preparation, since the judge was at all times singularly alive to the slightest discrepancy of statement. They had issued from the corn-field and went along the road toward Raleigh. Suddenly Betty paused.

"Hark!" she whispered.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal reassuringly, and they hurried forward again. In the utter stillness through which they moved Betty heard the beating of her own heart, and the soft and all but inaudible patter of the boy's bare feet on the warm dust of the road. Vague forms that resolved themselves into trees and bushes seemed to creep toward them out of the night's black uncertainty. Once more Betty paused.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal as before, and he returned to his consideration of the judge. He sensed something of that intellectual nimbleness which his patron's physical make-up in nowise suggested, since his face was a mask that usually left one in doubt as to just how much of what he heard succeeded in making its impression on him; but the boy knew that Slocum Price's blind side was a shelterless exposure.

"You don't think the carriage could have passed us while we were crossing the corn-field?" said Betty.

"No, I reckon we couldn't a-missed hearing it," answered Hannibal. He had scarcely spoken when they caught the rattle of wheels and the beat of hoofs. These sounds swept nearer and nearer, and the darkness disgorged the Belle Plain team and carriage.

"George!" cried Betty, a world of relief in her tones.

"Whoa, you!" and George reined in his horses with a jerk. "Who's dar?" he asked, bending forward on the box as he sought to pierce the darkness with his glance.

"George—"

"Oh, it you, Missy?"

"Yes, I wish you to drive me into Raleigh," said Betty, and she and Hannibal entered the carriage.

"All right, Missy. Yo'-all ready fo' me to go along out o' here?"

"Yes—drive fast, George!" urged Betty.

"It's right dark fo' fas' driving', Missy, with the road jes' aimin' fo' to bus' yo' springs with chuckholes!" He had turned his horses' heads in the direction of Raleigh while he was speaking. "It's scandalous black in these heah woods, Missy—I 'clar' I never seen it no blacker!"

The carriage swung forward for perhaps a hundred years, then suddenly the horses came to a dead stop.

"Go along on, dar!" cried George, and struck them with his whip, but the horses only reared and plunged.

"Hold on, nigger!" said a rough voice out of the darkness.

"What yo doin'?" the coachman gasped. "Don' yo' know dis de Belle Plain carriage? Take yo' han's offen dem hosses' bits!"

Two men stepped to the side of the carriage.

"Show your light, Bunker," said the same rough voice that had spoken before. Instantly a hooded lantern was uncovered, and Hannibal uttered a cry of terror. He was looking into the face of Slosson, the tavern-keeper.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Prisoners.

In the face of Betty's indignant protest Slosson and the man named Bunker climbed into the carriage.

"Don't you be scared, ma'am," said the tavern-keeper, who smelt strongly of whisky. "I wouldn't lift my hand ag'in no good-looking female except in kindness."

"How dare you stop my carriage?" cried Betty, with a very genuine anger which for the moment dominated all her other emotions. She struggled to her feet, but Slosson put out a heavy hand and thrust her back.

"There now," he urged soothingly. "Why make a fuss? We ain't going to harm you; we wouldn't for no sum of money. Drive on, Jim—drive like hell!" This last was addressed to the man who had taken George's place on the box, where a fourth member of Slosson's band had forced the coachman down into the narrow space between the seat and dashboard, and was holding a pistol to his head while he sternly enjoined silence.

With a word to the horses Jim swung about and the carriage rolled off through the night at a breakneck pace. Betty's shaking hands drew Hannibal closer to her side as she felt the surge of her terrors rise within her. Who were these men—where could they be taking her—and for what purpose? The events of the past week linked themselves in tragic sequence in her mind. What was it she had to fear? Was it Tom for whom these men were acting? Tom who would profit greatly by her disappearance or death!

They swept past the entrance at Belle Plain, past a break in the wall of the forest where the pale light of stars showed Betty the cornfield she and Hannibal had but lately crossed, and then on into pitchy darkness again. She clung to the desperate hope that they might meet some one on the road, when she could cry out and give the alarm. She held herself in readiness for this, but there was only the steady pounding of the big bays as Jim with voice and whip urged them forward. At last he abruptly checked them, and Bunker and Slosson sprang from their seats.

"Get down, ma'am!" said the latter.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Betty, in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"You must hurry, ma'am," urged Slosson impatiently.

"I won't move until I know where you intend taking me!" said Betty. "If I am to die—"

Mr. Slosson laughed loudly and indulgently.

"You ain't. If you don't want to walk, I'm man enough fo' to tote you. We ain't far to go, and I've tackled jobs I'd a heap less heart fo' in my time," he concluded gallantly. From the opposite side of the carriage Bunker swore nervously. He desired to know if they were to stand there talking all night. "Shut your filthy mouth, Bunker, and see you keep tight hold of that young rip-staver," said Slosson. "He's a perfect eel—I've had dealings with him afore!"

"You tried to kill my Uncle Bob—at the tavern, you and Captain Murrell. I heard you, and I seen you drag him to the river!" cried Hannibal.

Slosson gave a start of astonishment at this.

"Why, ain't he hateful?" he exclaimed aghast. "See here, young feller, that's no kind of a way fo' you to talk to a man who has riz his ten children!"

Again Bunker swore, while Jim told Slosson to make haste. This popular clamor served to recall the tavern-keeper to a sense of duty.

"Ma'am, like I should tote you, or will you walk?" he inquired, and reaching out his hand took hold of Betty.

"I'll walk," said the girl quickly, shrinking from the contact.

"Keep close at my heels. Bunker, you tuck along after her with the boy."

"What about this nigger?" asked the fourth man.

"Fetch him along with us," said Slosson. They turned from the road while he was speaking and entered a narrow path that led off through the woods, apparently in the direction of the river. A moment later Betty heard the carriage drive away. They went onward in silence for a little time, then Slosson spoke over his shoulder.

"Yes, ma'am, I've riz ten children, but none of 'em was like him—I trained 'em up to the minute!" Mr. Slosson seemed to have passed completely under the spell of his domestic recollections, for he continued with just a touch of reminiscent sadness in his tone. "There was all told four Mrs. Slossons: two of 'em was South Carolinians, one was from Georgia, and the last was a widow lady out of east Tennessee. She'd buried three husbands, and I figured we could start perfectly even." The intrinsic fairness of this start made its strong appeal. Mr. Slosson dwelt upon it with satisfaction. "She had three to her credit, I had three to mine; neither could crow none over the other."

As they stumbled forward through the thick obscurity he continued his personal revelations, the present enterprise having roused whatever there was of sentiment slumbering in his soul. At last they came out on a wide bayou; a white mist hung above it, and on the low shore leaf and branch were dripping with the night dews. Keeping close to the water's edge Slosson led the way to a point where a skiff was drawn up on the bank.

"Step in, ma'am," he said, when he had launched it.

"I will go no farther!" said Betty in desperation. She felt an overmastering fear, the full horror of the unknown lay hold of her, and she gave a piercing cry for help. Slosson swung about on his heel and seized her. For a moment she struggled to escape, but the man's big hand pinioned her.

"No more of that!" he warned, then he recovered himself and laughed. "You could yell till you was black in the face, ma'am, and there'd be no one to hear you."

"Where are you taking me?" and Betty's voice faltered between the sudden sobs that choked her.

"Just across to George Hicks's."

"For what purpose?"

"You'll know in plenty of time." And Slosson leered at her through the darkness.

"Hannibal is to go with me?" asked Betty tremulously.

"Sure!" agreed Slosson affably. "Your nigger, too—quite a party."

Betty stepped into the skiff. She felt her hopes quicken—she was thinking of Bess; whatever the girl's motives, she had wished her to escape. She would wish it now more than ever since the very thing she had striven to prevent had happened. Slosson seated himself and took up the oars, Bunker followed with Hannibal and they pushed off. No word was spoken until they disembarked on the opposite shore, when Slosson addressed Bunker.

"I reckon I can manage that young rip-staver; you go back after Sherrod and the nigger," he said.

He conducted his captives up the bank and they entered a clearing. Looking across this Betty saw where a cabin window framed a single square of light. They advanced toward this and presently the dark outline of the cabinet itself became distinguishable. A moment later Slosson paused, a door yielded to his hand, and Betty and the boy were thrust into the room where Murrell had held his conference with Fentress and Ware. The two women were now its only occupants, and the mother, gross and shapeless, turned an expressionless face on the intruders; but the daughter shrank into the shadow, her burning glance fixed on Betty.

"Here's yo' guests, old lady!" said Mr. Slosson. Mrs. Hicks rose from the three-legged stool on which she was sitting.

"Hand me the candle, Bess," she ordered.

At one side of the room was a steep flight of stairs which gave access to the loft overhead. Mrs. Hicks, by a gesture, signified that Betty and Hannibal were to ascend these stairs; they did so and found themselves on a narrow landing inclosed by a partition of rough planks; this partition was pierced by a low door. Mrs. Hicks, who had followed close at their heels, handed the candle to Betty.

"In yonder!" she said briefly, nodding toward the door.

"Wait!" cried Betty in a whisper.

"No," said the woman with an almost masculine surliness of tone. "I got nothing to say." She pushed them into the attic, and, closing the door, fastened it with a stout wooden bar.

Beyond that door, which seemed to have closed on every hope, Betty held the tallow dip aloft, and by its uncertain and flickering light surveyed her prison. The briefest glance sufficed. The room contained two shake-down beds and a stool; there was a window in the gable, but a piece of heavy plank was spiked before it.

"Miss Betty, don't you be scared," whispered Hannibal. "When the judge hears we're gone, him and Mr. Ma-

"Here's Yo' Guests, Old Woman!"

haffy will try to find us. They'll go right off to Belle Plain—the judge is always wanting to do that, only Mr. Mahaffy never lets him—but now he won't be able to stop him."

"Oh, Hannibal, Hannibal, what can he do there—what can any one do there?" And a dead pallor overspread the girl's face. To speak of the blind groping of her friends but served to fix the horror of their situation in her mind.

"I don't know, Miss Betty, but the judge is always thinking of things to do; seems like they was mostly things no one else would ever think of."

Betty had placed the candle on the stool and seated herself on one of the beds. There was the murmur of voices in the room below; she wondered if her fate was under consideration and what that fate was to be. Hannibal, who had been examining the window, returned to her side.

"Miss Betty, if we could just get out of this loft we could steal their skiff and row down to the river; I reckon they got just the one boat; the only way they could get to us would be to swim out, and if they done that we could pound 'em over the head with the oars—the least little thing sinks you when you're in the water." But this murderous fancy of his failed to interest Betty.

Presently they heard Sherrod and Bunker come up from the shore with George. Slosson joined them and there was a brief discussion, then an interval of silence, and the sound of voices again as the three white men moved back across the field in the direction of the bayou. There succeeded a period of utter stillness, both in the cabin and in the clearing, a somber hush that plunged Betty yet deeper in despair. Wild thoughts assailed her, thoughts against which she struggled with all the strength of her will.

In that hour of stress Hannibal was sustained by his faith in the judge. He saw his patron's powerful and picturesque intelligence applied to solving the mystery of their disappearance from Belle Plain; it was inconceivable that this could prove otherwise than disastrous to Mr. Slosson, and he endeavored to share the confidence he was feeling with Betty, but there was something so forced and unnatural in the girl's voice and manner when she discussed his conjectures that he quickly fell into an awed silence. At last, and it must have been some time after midnight, troubled slumbers claimed him. No moment of forgetfulness came to Betty. She was waiting for what—she did not know! The candle burnt lower and lower and finally went out and she was left in darkness, but again she was conscious of sounds from the room below. At first it was only a word or a sentence, then the guarded speech became a steady monotone that ran deep into the night. Eventually this ceased and Betty fancied she heard sobs.

(To Be Continued.)

### Life of the Grapevine.

There are some who contend that the life of the grapevine is longer than that of the oak. It is rare that a wild grapevine is found that has died of old age. Pliny mentions a vine 600 years old. There is a vine at Hampton Court, England, planted in 1769, while here in America there is a wild grapevine on the shores of Mobile Bay, within a mile of Daphne, Ala., commonly known as the "General Jackson" vine, more than 6 feet in circumference at its base. There is a grapevine in Carpenteria, Cal., under which more than eight hundred persons may stand. Its trunk is eight feet in diameter at the base and it has borne as high as ten tons of fruit. It is said that this vine was planted in 1842.

### Good Mental Tonic.

As appearance means so much to the average woman, mentally as well as socially, the question often arises, "Is she justified in aiding or improving nature if she sees fit?" Many of our well-known medical men think that "make-up" is as good a mental tonic as anyone can take and greatly advise its use, especially for the girl who has some slight personal defect—a scar, a poor complexion or bloodless lips, for the knowledge of her defects makes her shy and oftentimes sulky and miserable.

## SO THEN HE TOOK ANOTHER

### How the Pretty Girl Kept Her Word When Threatened With a Kiss.

With impudent daring the dashing young man, having carried on a merry conversation until the timid creature had not noticed how far they were straying from the house, turned to her and said:

"I believe I will kiss you."

"Sir!" she exclaimed haughtily, drawing herself up with an air of regal disdain. "How dare you?"

"It isn't a question of courage; it's a question of taste," he smiled nonchalantly.

"I positively forbid you to do such a thing!" she declared.

"And what good does your forbidding do?" he argued. "We are fully a mile from any one. We are away out here in the meadows. Listen to the joyous trilling of yonder birds that are billing and cooing. All nature suggests love-making, and—"

"Sir, you are positively rude!" she interrupted, stamping her little foot.

"I shou'd be rude, indeed, not to wish to kiss so pretty a girl in such lovely surroundings," he said placing his arm firmly about her slender waist.

"I will not let you kiss me!" she asserted.

"You will not?" he laughed easily. "How will you prevent me? I am stronger than you; you cannot get away from me."

"I can still scream, thank heaven!" she answered determinedly.

With no further argument he placed his free hand under her dimpled chin, elevated it to the proper angle and kissed her.

True to her word, she exclaimed, "Thank heaven!"—Judge.

## KNOTS INSTEAD OF BUTTONS

### Chinese Diplomat's Explanation of the Various Kinds Used by His Countrymen.

A Chinese diplomat, dressed in brocaded silk, was sitting out a dance beside a fountain with a Bar Harbor girl.

"Yes," he admitted, "my dress is pretty, and one queer thing about it is that it has no buttons—only knots and knotholes."

He showed her the fastenings of his flame colored jacket.

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"You see?" he said. "Short cords each with a knot at the end, and the other side a knothole, or, as you would say, a buttonhole. That is simpler than buttons, simpler and easier. Do you wear pajamas? Yes? Then you must know that what I say is so.

"On my pajamas," said the girl, laughing a little, "I have buttons and buttonholes instead of knots and knotholes."

"How foolish of you!" said the diplomat. "But what I was going to say was that the knots we employ in place of buttons are of many kinds, and they have many names. There are plum blossom and cherry blossom knots for young girls' garments. Such you would wear. There are winter and snow knots for the aged. Soldiers have death knots."

"What kind of knots are yours?" the young girl asked.

"Mine?" he replied. "Oh, mine are just the usual married man's knots."

"And what are they called?" she pursued.

"Knots of resignation," he answered, with a sigh.

## NEGRO PLEADED NOT GUILTY

### Natural Kindheartedness and Law of Gravitation Responsible for Apparent Theft of Chicken.

A negro was once haled into court in a Mississippi town for the theft of a fancy chicken. The chicken in question was in the bag in which it was found at the time of the arrest. When asked if he had anything to say in his own defense, the negro replied:

"O' co'se I is. I ain't stole dat chicken. My natchel kindheartedness an' de law ob grabbertation done put de chicken in de bag."

A further explanation being deemed necessary by the magistrate, the prisoner stated:

"I was a-goin' through de lumber yard an' I picked up er plank. It didn't have no 'tickler value an' de white folks ain't er goin' ter grudge de pore nigger de plank. I ain't took no notice dat de plank wus warm. I had er bag under my arm, too. I disremembers whut I had de bag fur, but I was er goin' along an' I seed dat chicken er settin' on dat limb what had ice all over it, an' de chicken sho' wus cole. Den my natchel kindheartedness, whut I done tole you about, got de bes' uv me an' I done put de plank 'longside uv de chicken. An' he sho' wus grateful fur dat warm plank to stan' on. Now I never noticed dat de en' uv de plank whut was on de groun' wus in de bag, an' when de chicken step on dat plank de law uv grabbertation done kotch holt er him an' throwed him in de bag. Well, boss, hit semed like de han' uv Providence done put de chicken in de bag, an' I jus' took him an' walked off wid him, but boss, I ain't never stole dat chicken. 'Deed I never did."

## "EIGHTS" ARE THEIR HOODOOS

### Postal Clerks Say Stamps of That Denomination Cause Them Much Financial Loss.

When a meek little man stepped up to the stamp window in a branch office and asked for an eight cent stamp he caused as much consternation as if he had demanded "your money or your life."

All the clerks came to the window to take a look at him. They muttered to one another and made strange and fantastic signs, crossed their fingers, knocked on wood and did various other things that are supposed to drive away evil spirits.

"We're just out of eight cent stamps," a clerk finally stammered. "Got lots of two and ones."

"Well, gimme a five and a three," said the meek little man, upon receiving which he paid for them and departed.

"What's the matter with the eights?" queried an inquisitive spectator.

The stamp clerk was still too nervous to answer, but one of the others said, with a smile:

"Eights are hoodoos. None of the small offices handle them if they can help it. It's this way: They are just a wee shade different in color from the ones and it is no infrequent thing for a stamp clerk in a hurry to hand out a lot of eights when ones are asked and paid for. It always costs him seven cents a stamp when he does it. The clerk here the other day, during the rush hour, when the offices are closing, was called upon for a dollar's worth of ones. He handed out a hundred eights instead. Cost him seven dollars. Then he got rid of all the rest of the eights and now he won't have anything to do with eights. Even says 'eaten' instead of 'ate.'"

### Herring on Maine Coast.

It is now fully evident that no more herring will be caught on the Maine coast until spring. There have been practically none landed within the last three weeks, but the recent snow will stop any that might be along this way.

It is a singular fact, but the herring are not found after there has been a good fall of snow. It is reasoned that the snow causes the feed to sink and so the small fish do not show themselves on the surface after it has fallen into the water.—Portland Press.

### In Deep Mourning.

Patron—Waiter, what is the matter with this establishment? This steak is burned black!

Waiter—Yessah. Mark er respec', sah. Our chef done died yestiddy!—Puck.

### Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

"He married the girl he first saw drying her hair in the back yard."

"Love at first sight, eh?"

"Not much! He never knew it was the same girl."—Judge's Library.

# THE NEW ERA

VOL. 23. NO. 12. RIVERTON AND PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY, FRIDAY, MARCH 22. 1912. PRICE THREE CENTS



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## LARK OF BRITISH DUCHESS

**Her Grace of Sutherland Danced at London Masked Ball in Male Attire.**

A carefully concealed sensation of the brilliant "Arabian Nights Ball," given at Covent Garden, came to light in London when it was learned that among the glittering throng of oriental dancers was her grace the duchess of Sutherland in male attire—that of a maharajah. The incident was deemed so serious that a family conclave was called at Stafford house, the magnificent Sutherland residence, in St. James street.

But it was not the duke who caused the trouble, but the earl of Rosslyn, the countess' brother, who ordered his sister to "give an account of herself." The duchess took umbrage at this style of censor and citing his somewhat lurid career bade him defiance.

"I would like to know," she is reported to have said, "who appointed you as censor of this family's morals; so don't talk rot."

A cross-examination elicited from the duchess the fact that while she did wear a man's clothes at the ball and also painted her face to a swarthy hue to resemble the eastern potentate, her trousers were very baggy and a cloak enveloped her figure.

So at the conclusion of the inquisition the duchess figured that the earl of Rosslyn owed her an apology.

"You see it was all perfectly innocent," she said, "and done just for a lark. You really should get down on your knees to me for stirring up such a fuss."

### Liverpool.

The population of Liverpool is mixed. At the 1901 census the population was 685,000. Of these 55,000 were Irish, 20,700 Welsh, 17,000 Scotch and 12,000 foreign (3,000 of whom were naturalized residents). The foreign residents consist of wealthy merchants and representatives of foreign firms; a Jewish quarter engaged chiefly in the clothing and furniture trade; a Chinese quarter, and a little patch of Scandinavians. Liverpool is the stronghold of the Roman Catholics in England, one-quarter of its citizens being members of that body. The Low Church party is also strong, and between a certain section of that party—the Orangemen—and the Catholics a bitter feud exists. Of the other religious bodies the Unitarians are strong, not numerically, but in influence. The corporation has 13 parks and 50 open spaces laid out as gardens or recreation grounds—in all about 1,069 acres.—Westminster Gazette.


# High Noon on the Lehigh

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## HOW SHARK IS HARNESSED

**Trick by Which Sailor Pays Debt to Merciless Member of the Finny Tribe.**

The shark's jaws are pried open to the fullest extent; a stout eight-foot spar of tough timber, four inches by four in cross-measurement, is fixed transversely far back in the angle of the jaw, the ends projecting on either side. A strong rope leading from the ends of the spar is drawn close and tightened with a clove-hitch round the fish's tail, behind the wide tail flukes. It is thus the sailor harnesses his enemy.

The clamp of the cruel jaws drives the two-inch long teeth deep into the tough spar. The tight line holds it in place, and, struggle as he may, the shark fails to move the spar an inch from its position. As a finishing touch, the sailor drew his knife-blade across the shark's eyeballs and let him go.

Bitted and bridled, blinded, with jaws wide-gaping, he swam through a limitless sea in never-ending fatuous circles. The queer furnishings he bore scared away others of his kind. Lonely and silent he passed like Cain among the fishes till starvation and sheer misery ended his existence.

Cruel? Of course it was. But surely, like the venomous snake, the shark has long put himself beyond the pale of human mercy. Soft-hearted as he usually is, the sailor-man has a long memory. The shark has followed for weeks in the shadow of his ship, and has watched each man of the crew with greedy malevolent eye. There is a heavy debt against all the shark tribe for many a lost mariner, and when the chance comes to settle old scores, the sailor pays it to the full. Besides the thing has the sanction of immemorial custom. It was some old Phoenician, trading out of Tyre to the far Cassitorides, who, probably, first put the trick in practice.—Wide World Magazine.

## BEING BRISK A GOOD HABIT

**Children Should Be Taught Quickness in Running Errands and in Dressing Themselves.**

If a child is allowed to acquire a slow, dawdling manner when told to do any particular duty it will be found very difficult to effect a cure, and this means a serious hindrance to success in after years.

Teach them while very young to do everything promptly and to finish what they have commenced. If they are sent on a message make them to clearly understand that they must go direct to the shop and not loiter on the way. Children may be seen at any time carrying a message and lingering to look at everything on the way.

I often wonder at what time the poor mother gets her messages home, when I see a child loitering about instead of walking along briskly. Quickness in dress, also, should be insisted upon. If too young to dress themselves they should be taught to keep still while the mother or sister puts on their clothing.

At a later age forbid any running about the house until fully dressed—and quickly dressed. Some little maidens are rather fond of looking in the glass while dressing and this is a habit which should be at once repressed. It not only encourages vanity but it causes the child to waste much valuable time.

## NOT WHAT LORD INTENDED

**Too Many Young Ministers Felt Destined to Marry the Pretty Young Woman.**

Among the attendants at a late Methodist conference was a very beautiful and intelligent looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, particularly eyes masculine, always on the lookout for pretty feminine faces. During the intermission at noon, a spruce young minister stepped up to the presiding elder, and said, with an air of secrecy—

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the elder, "what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that lady for a wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmeet in the work of the ministry."

The elder, as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object.

But in a few moments another candidate for ministerial efforts and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidentially to make known a like impression regarding the same identical young lady.

"You had better wait a while. It is not best to be hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent elder.

And he said well; for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story; and while the worthy confidant still marveled, a fourth drew near with the question—

"Did you notice the fine, noble-looking woman on your left?"

"Yes," cried the swelling elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of that unsuspicious girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that it is the will of the Lord that I should make proposals of marriage to that lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The elder could hold in no longer.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed in an excited tone, "the Lord never could have intended that four men should marry that one woman."

## HAD HIS REVENGE PLANNED

**Editor Who Was Cut by Plain but Successful Author Knew How to Get Even.**

The editor of a newspaper having been cut at Brighton by a plain little man, said to his wife, in explanation:

"Well, why shouldn't he cut me? He has produced a novel that actually sells, and all great men are vain. Look at Gibbon.

"Gibbon, you know, wrote in his diary: 'I am the greatest historian that ever lived. No one can equal me in this direction.'

"Victor Hugo wrote to Bismarck: 'The giant greets the giant; the foe the foe; the friend the friend. I hate thee furiously because thou hast humbled France. I love thee because I am greater than thou art.'

"And Wordsworth said of the Swan of Avon: 'There is an immensity of trick in all he wrote. If I had a mind I could write exactly like Shakespeare.'

"No wonder, then, the weedy little chap cut me," the editor concluded. "But I'll get even with him. I'll snapshot him in his bathing-suit and send the picture to the illustrated papers read by ladies and children. This will cause his sales to fall off at least 80 per cent."—London Tit-Bits.

## DID MOSES MAKE MISTAKE?

**First Chapter of Genesis Conforms in Many Instances With Late Discoveries in Science.**

We have often heard "the mistakes of Moses" in the first chapter of Genesis commented upon, but what especially strikes us in that chapter is not its contraventions of science, but its harmonies with late discoveries. How did the writer, many centuries before the story of the rocks had been deciphered, know that there was a beginning and then a pause before life appeared on the earth? Who taught the writer that the earth was "without form and void" before it was divided into continents? How came it that the long delayed, slow emergence of land should be set forth as it is? Was it mere guesswork that prompted the writer to say grasses were created before animals, and not for animals already existent? Is it a happy accident that life in the water appears before life upon the land? And ages before the scientist dreamed of paleontology we find man last in the series just as he appears today by his remains in the drift instead of in the stratified rocks? Further investigation may explain discrepancies, but what except inspiration can account for these coincidences?—The Advance.

## WILL RUN IN THE FAMILY

**Boy Gently Breaks to Father the News of His Expulsion From School.**

"That boy will be the death of me some day!" declared the head of the family. "I'm sure I don't know where he gets all his impudence and self-assurance—surely not from me. He returned home from school the other day to spend the holidays, as I supposed, and, entering my office, he threw his hat on the floor, selected an easy-chair, put his feet on my desk, lit a cigarette, inhaled a few puffs, and then, turning languidly to me, he drawled:

"'I say, dad, do you remember the time when you were expelled from school?'

"I did. There was no use denying it, for one day in a burst of confidence I had told him some of my escapades as a boy, and lived to regret that I had been so indiscreet.

"'Well,' said he, 'history has repeated itself.'

"'What do you mean, you rascal?' I roared.

"'Oh,' said he, easily, 'I've been expelled, too. Astonishing, isn't it, dad, how such things will run in a family?'"

## THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

(continued from fourth page)

know about the boy?" Hicks was silent, but he was grateful for the judge's question. From Tom Ware he had learned of Fentress' interest in the boy. Why should he shelter the colonel at risk of himself? "If you please, Mr. Cavendish!" said the judge, nodding toward the knife.

"You didn't ask me about him," said Hicks quickly.

"I do now," said the judge.

"He was here yesterday."

"Mr. Cavendish—" again the judge glanced toward the knife.

"Wait!" cried Hicks. "You go to Colonel Fentress."

"Let him up, Mr. Cavendish; that's all we want to know," said the judge.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### Colonel Fentress.

The judge had not forgotten his ghost, the ghost he had seen in Mr. Saul's office that day he went to the court house on business for Charley Norton. Working or idling—principally the latter—drunk or sober—principally the former—the ghost, otherwise Colonel Fentress, had preserved a place in his thoughts, and now as he moved stolidly up the drive toward Fentress' big white house on the hill with Mahaffy, Cavendish and Yancy trailing in his wake, memories of what had once been living and vital crowded in upon him. Some sense of the wreck that littered the long years, and the shame of the open shame that had swept away pride and self-respect, came back to him out of the past.

He only paused when he stood on the portico before Fentress' open door. He glanced about him at the wide fields, bounded by the distant timber lands that hid gloomy bottoms, at the great log barns in the hollow to his right; at the huddle of white-washed cabins beyond; then with his big fist he reached in and pounded on the door. The blows echoed loudly through the silent house, and an instant later Fentress' tall, spare figure was seen advancing from the far end of the hall.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Judge Price—Colonel Fentress," said the judge.

"Judge Price," uncertainly, and still advancing.

"I had flattered myself that you must have heard of me," said the judge.

"I think I have," said Fentress, pausing now.

"He thinks he has!" muttered the judge under his breath.

"Will you come in?" it was more a question than an invitation.

"If you are at liberty." The colonel bowed. "Allow me," the judge continued. "Colonel Fentress—Mr. Mahaffy, Mr. Yancy and Mr. Cavendish." Again the colonel bowed.

"Will you step into the library?"

"Very good," and the judge followed the colonel briskly down the hall.

When they entered the library Fentress turned and took stock of his guests. Mahaffy he had seen before; Yancy and Cavendish were of course strangers to him, but their appearance explained them; last of all his glance shifted to the judge. He had heard something of those activities by means of which Slocum Price had striven to distinguish himself, and he had a certain curiosity respecting the man. It was immediately satisfied. The judge had reached a degree of shabbiness seldom equaled, and but for his mellow, effulgent personality might well have passed for a common vagabond; and if his dress advertised the state of his finances, his face explained his habits. No misconception was possible about either.

"May I offer you a glass of liquor?" asked Fentress, breaking the silence. He stepped to the walnut center-table

"I Had Flattered Myself That You Must Have Heard of Me," Said the Judge.

where there was a decanter and glasses. By a gesture the judge declined the invitation. Whereat the colonel looked surprised, but not so surprised as Mahaffy. There was another silence.

"I don't think we ever met before?" observed Fentress. There was something in the fixed stare his visitor was bending upon him that he found disquieting, just why, he could not have told.

But that fixed stare of the judge's continued. No, the man had not changed—he had grown older certainly, but age had not come ungracefully; he became the glossy broadcloth and spotless linen he wore. Here was a man who could command the good things of life, using them with a rational temperance. The room itself was in harmony with his character; it was plain but rich in its appointments, at once his library and his office, while the well-filled cases ranged about the walls showed his tastes to be in the main scholarly and intellectual.

"How long have you lived here?" asked the judge abruptly. Fentress seemed to hesitate; but the judge's glance, compelling and insistent, demanded an answer.

"Ten years."

"You have known many men of all classes as a lawyer and a planter?" said the judge. Fentress inclined his head. The judge took a step nearer him. "People have a great trick of coming and going in these western states—all sorts of damned riffraff drift in and out of these new lands." A deadly earnestness lifted the judge's words above mere rudeness. Fentress, cold and distant, made no reply. "For the past twenty years I have been looking for a man by the name of Gatewood—David Gatewood." Disciplined as he was, the colonel started violently. "Ever heard of him, Fentress?" demanded the judge with a savage scowl.

"What's all this to me?" The words came with a gasp from Fentress' twitching lips. The judge looked at him moody and frowning.

"I have reason to think this man Gatewood came to west Tennessee," he said.

"If so, I have never heard of him."

"Perhaps not under that name—at any rate, you are going to hear of him now. This man Gatewood, who between ourselves was a damned scoundrel"—the colonel winced—"this man Gatewood had a friend who threw money and business in his way—a planter he was, same as Gatewood. A sort of partnership existed between the pair. It proved an expensive enterprise for Gatewood's friend, since he came to trust the damned scoundrel more and more as time passed—even large sums of his money were in Gatewood's hands—" Fentress' countenance was like stone, as expressionless and as rigid.

By the door stood Mahaffy with Yancy and Cavendish; they understood that what was obscure and meaningless to them held a tragic significance to these two men. The judge's heavy face, ordinarily battered and debauched, but infinitely good-natured, bore now the markings of deep passion, and the voice that rumbled forth from his capacious chest came to their ears like distant thunder.

"This friend of Gatewood's had a wife—" The judge's voice broke, emotion shook him like a leaf; he was tearing open his wounds. He reached over and poured himself a drink, sucking it down with greedy lips. "There was a wife—" he whirled about on his heel and faced Fentress again. "There was a wife, Fentress—" he fixed Fentress with his blazing eyes. "A wife and child. Well, one day Gatewood and the wife were missing. Under the circumstances Gatewood's friend was well rid of the pair—he should have been grateful, but he wasn't, for his wife took his child, a daughter; and Gatewood a trifle of thirty thousand dollars his friend had intrusted to him!"

There was another silence.

"At a later day I met this man who had been betrayed by his wife and robbed by his friend. He had fallen out of the race—drink had done for him—there was just one thing he seemed to care about, and that was the fate of his child, but maybe he was only curious there. He wondered if she had lived, and married—" Once more the judge paused.

"What's all this to me?" asked Fentress.

"Are you sure it's nothing to you?" demanded the judge hoarsely. "Understand this, Fentress, Gatewood's treachery brought ruin to at least two lives. It caused the woman's father to hide his face from the world; it wasn't enough for him that his friends believed his daughter dead; he knew differently, and the shame of that knowledge ate into his soul. It cost the husband his place in the world, too—in the end it made of him a vagabond and a penniless wanderer."

"This is nothing to me," said Fentress.

"Wait!" cried the judge. "About six years ago the woman was seen at her father's home in North Carolina. I reckon Gatewood had cast her off. She didn't go back empty-handed. She had run away from her husband with a child—a girl; after a lapse of twenty years she returned to her father with a boy of two or three. There are two questions that must be answered when I find Gatewood: what became of the woman, and what became of the child; are they living or dead; did the daughter grow up and marry and have a son? When I get my answer it will be time enough to think of Gatewood's punishment!" The judge leaned forward across the table, bringing his face close to Fentress' face. "Look at me—do you know me now?"

But Fentress' expression never altered. The judge fell back a step.

"Fentress, I want the boy," he said quietly.

"What boy?"

"My grandson!"

"You are mad! What do I know of him—or you?" Fentress was gaining courage from the sound of his own voice.

"You know who he is and where he is. Your business relations with this man Ware have put you on the track of the Quintard lands in this state. You intend to use the boy to gather them in."

"You're mad!" repeated Fentress.

"Unless you bring him to me inside of twenty-four hours I'll smash you!" roared the judge. "Your name isn't Fentress, it's Gatewood; you've stolen the name of Fentress, just as you have stolen other things. What's come of Turberville's money? Damn your soul! I want my grandson! I'll pull you down and leave you stripped and bare! I'll tell the world the false friend you've been—the thief you are! I'll strip you and turn you out of these doors as naked as when you entered the world!" The judge seemed to tower above Fentress; the man had shot up out of his deep debasement. "Choose! Choose!" he thundered, his shaggy brows bent in a menacing frown.

"I know nothing about the boy," said Fentress slowly.

"By God, you lie!" stormed the judge.

"I know nothing about the boy," and Fentress took a step toward the door.

"Stay where you are!" commanded the judge. "If you attempt to leave this room to call your niggers I'll kill you on its threshold!"

But Yancy and Cavendish had stepped to the door with an intention that was evident, and Fentress' thin face cast itself in haggard lines. He was feeling the judge's terrible capacity, his unexpected ability to deal with a supreme situation. Even Mahaffy gazed at his friend in wonder. He had only seen him spend himself on trifles, with no further object than

He Tossed the Glass and Contents in Fentress' Face.

the next meal or the next drink; he had believed that as he knew him so he had always been, lax and loose of tongue and deed, a noisy tavern hero, but now he saw that he was filling what must have been the measure of his manhood.

"I tell you I had no hand in carrying off the boy," said Fentress with a sardonic smile.

"I look to you to return him. Stir yourself, Gatewood, or by God, I'll hold so fierce a reckoning with you—"

The sentence remained unfinished, for Fentress felt his overwrought nerves snap, and, giving way to a sudden blind fury, struck at the judge.

"We are too old for rough and tumble," said the judge, who had displayed astonishing agility in avoiding the blow. "Furthermore we were once gentlemen. At present I am what I am, while you are a hound and a blackguard! We'll settle this as becomes our breeding." He poured himself a second glass of liquor from Fentress' decanter. "I wonder if it is possible to insult you," and he tossed glass and contents in Fentress' face. The colonel's thin features were convulsed. The judge watched him with a scornful curling of the lips. "I am treating you better than you deserve," he taunted.

"Tomorrow morning at sun-up at Boggs' race-track!" cried Fentress. The judge bowed with splendid courtesy.

"Nothing could please me half so well," he declared. He turned to the others. "Gentlemen, this is a private matter. When I have met Colonel Fentress I shall make a public announcement of why this appeared necessary to me; until then I trust this matter will not be given publicity. May I ask your silence?" He bowed again, and abruptly passed from the room.

His three friends followed in his steps, leaving Fentress standing by the table, the ghost of a smile on his thin lips.

As if the very place were evil, the judge hurried down the drive toward the road. At the gate he paused and turned on his companions, but his features wore a look of dignity that forbade comment or question. He held out his hand to Yancy.

"Sir," he said, "if I could command the riches of the Indies, it would tax my resources to meet the fractional part of my obligations to you."

"Think of that!" said Yancy, as much overwhelmed by the judge's manner as by his words.

"His Uncle Bob shall keep his place in my grandson's life! We'll watch him grow into manhood together." The judge was visibly affected. A smile of deep content parted Mr. Yancy's lips as his muscular fingers closed about the judge's hand with crushing force.

"Whoop!" cried Cavendish, delighted at this recognition of Yancy's love for the boy, and he gleefully smote the austere Mahaffy on the shoulder. But Mahaffy was dumb in the presence of the decencies; he quite lacked an interpreter. The judge looked back at the house.

"Mine!" he muttered. "The clothes he stands in—the food he eats—mine! Mine!"

(To Be Continued.)

### Banks Guarded by Soldiers.

Like the Bank of England, the Bank of France is now guarded every night by soldiers, who do sentry duty outside the building, a watch being likewise kept inside its precincts. But within quite recent time the officials at the French bank resorted to a very novel method of protecting their bullion. This consisted in engaging masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar as soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on and kept running until the whole cellar was flooded. A burglar would be obliged to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officials arrived next morning the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down and the vaults opened. Curiously enough, within a few months after this obsolete maner of protecting the bank's cash was done away with, burglars did actually get into the vaults and decamp with about $45,000 in gold coin.—Strand Magazine.

## THE CONSANGUINITY OF THE HUMAN RACE

### God Determined in Advance the Bounds of the Nations.

**Pastor Russell Finds Great Changes Imminent Amongst the People of the World—The Barriers of Language Yielding Because of the Approach of the Divinely Appointed Times.**

PASTOR RUSSELL

London, March 17.—London Tabernacle was crowded today to greet Pastor Russell. Behind him on the rostrum were the six other members of the Foreign Missions Investigation Committee, viz., Gen. W. P. Hall, United States Army; Prof. F. H. Robison, Dr. L. W. Jones, Mr. J. T. D. Pyles, Mr. E. W. V. Kuehn and Mr. R. B. Maxwell, all of the United States.

His text was: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell upon the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." (Acts xvii, 26, 27.) He said:—

My text is taken from Saint Paul's address to the Athenians, whom he found so religious that they had erected an idol to every known deity, and then one prominently "to the unknown God." The words of my text have been repeatedly borne in upon my mind in my sojournings of the past four months. I marveled as I perceived the thoroughness of the division of the human family as a result of the confusion of language.

#### Conditions Now Changing.

It should not surprise us to find at this time great changes imminent amongst the peoples of the whole world. The bounds of human habitation and the barriers of language are rapidly yielding because of the times of Divine appointment which have been reached, the period mentioned in Daniel's prophecy as "The Time of the End." (Daniel xii, 4.) And here we must remind you afresh that The Time of the End does *not* mean the end of time. It merely signifies the time for the ending of the present order of things, that a New Order, the Messianic Kingdom, may be substituted. Twenty-five centuries ago God determined this time and gave us four important proofs by which to identify it.

(1) The first sign of The Time of the End was to be, "Many shall run to and fro." How wonderfully this prophecy is fulfilled before our eyes today! Its fulfilment has been in progress, especially, for fifty years, and it is less than eighty years since the first locomotive was built. The nations, first separated by diverse languages, have kept well within the bounds of their habitations until now; suddenly we have a running to and fro in fulfilment of this prophecy which is amazing! The various nations and languages are being scattered all over the earth.

(2) The next step in the prophecy marking The Time of the End of this Age is, "Knowledge shall be increased." The general increase of education amongst all classes is a logical result of the commingling of humanity and the lessons of comparison and competition being learned. Suddenly, as though in obedience to the Divine command, nation after nation has made schooling *free;* and more, have made it *compulsory;* and this spirit is spreading to Oriental lands. The whole world is waking up! Personal rights and national rights are everywhere being discussed. The schools of India are said to be turning out a million graduates in the English language every year. The Chinese also are introducing English schools. What will be the results? Enlightenment? Yes! Godliness? No! Contentment? No! Dissatisfaction, war, strife, anarchy, are coming to the world by leaps and bounds, as a result of general education and the breath of liberty, because not backed by reverence for God and His will.

#### Those Days Will Be Shortened.

(3) The third item indicative of The Time of the End of this Age is: "The wise shall understand;" not the worldly-wise, but those wise toward God. And so we find it today. While the great and the learned and the masses are rapidly drifting into heathenish darkness, away from the Bible, God's saintly few, of every nation and denomination, are gradually seeing more clearly the teachings of the Scriptures.

(4) As a result of the fulfilments of Nos. 1 and 2, we see nearing us, portentously, No. 4: "There shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." That time of trouble is now looming up on the horizon of every nation. It comes in the wake of an unsanctified knowledge. It would mean the utter wreck of all civilization were it not for the interposition of the Kingdom of God's dear Son, for which we have long waited and prayed, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as in heaven." Our Lord, speaking of this trouble, declared, "Unless those days were shortened there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened"—because of the "elect," and the Kingdom which they will establish, that "time of trouble" will be cut short. Dan. xii. 1; Matt. xxiv, 21, 22.

### Uses of the Aloe.

In Africa the leaves of certain species of aloe provide material for bowstrings, hammocks, fishing lines and ropes. With the Mohammedans the aloe means much. For instance, those who have returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca hang it over their doors, as a sign that they have made the great journey.

# THE NEW ERA

[Published every Friday at

RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor
WALTER L. BOWEN
Publisher

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

Subscription One Dollar a year in advance
Advertising Rates on application

The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

at reasonable prices. The insignia

Art Printing

is an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back and no quibbling.

Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, as second-class matter.


**The Robin's Song.**

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing on my way,
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!
Whenever you're blue find something to do
For somebody else who is sadder than you,
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!

**Play House Proposition Rejected.**

By a vote of 85 to 45 the annual school meeting Tuesday night rejected the proposition of the School Board to appropriate $1250 to convert the old school building at Fourth and Howard streets into a recreation building. While pretty much everyone was agreed that the plan was an excellent one in the abstract, there was a decided feeling that the expenditure would not be wise at this time, considering the expenses the taxpayers are already called on to meet.

The discussion was opened when S. W. Wakeman, president of the Board, offered a motion that $7700 be appropriated for the coming year, and E. C. Stoughton proposed an amendment reducing the amount to $6450—cutting off the $1250 for the recreation building.

Mrs. Hetty Miller, a member of the Board, made a most able address in favor of the project, developing the thought that the complete educational system looked to the physical and spiritual, as well as the mental growth of the child, and briefly outlining the benefits to the community as well as to the children themselves, that would result from carrying the proposed plan into effect.

Prof. Z. S. Leymel followed with a very brief but enthusiastic outline of the work along these lines being done by the schools in the West, a number of which he recently visited.

Robert Biddle, who has just returned from a Western trip, spoke briefly in favor of the recreation building, referring to other progressive communities where such work is considered a part of the curriculum.

C. A. Wright spoke in opposition on the ground of economy.

W. A. Major suggested that a part of the building could be used as a town hall. Mr. Wakeman replied that the alterations proposed by the Board would not interfere with a part of the building being used for that purpose.

Robert Knight wanted to know what about supervision and instruction and maintenance costs. Mr. Wakeman replied that it had been thought the principal and some of the members of the Board would divide these duties between them and that there would be something left out of the amount asked for alterations toward equipment and maintenance the first year.

When all had been said pro and con a vote by acclamation was taken, but was not satisfactory and a rising vote was called for. When taken and counted it was found the amendment carried by 85 to 45. A resolution was then unanimously passed making the appropriation $6450.

Charles G. Davis, a member of the Board, said he thought the property might be disposed of if the ground could be sold too, as he understood there was an organization in Riverton ready to make an offer if the ground could be purchased.

By request of Edward H. Pancoast, who was unable to be present at the meeting, E. C. Stoughton offered the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the Board of Education of Borough of Riverton be and are hereby directed to call a special meeting of the inhabitants of said school district within the next thirty days.

*Resolved* said call and notice shall be to authorize the said Board of Education to sell the old school property at Fourth and Howard streets—buildings and lots, at public sale during the month of July, 1912.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Mayor E. H. Flagg was chairman of the meeting, Robert Knight secretary and William B. Lynch and John G. Seckel tellers.

**School Notes.**

Miss Elsie Evaul visited schools at Orange and East Orange this week.

The following catalogs have been received: The Temple University, the Chicago School of Physical Education, Penn College, Berkeley School, Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry, Bulletin of Oberlin, College of Views and Campus Buildings, American School Board Journal.

The pupils of the eighth grade have been doing some practical work in composition, by answering business letters which are sent to the school.

"Just rain and snow, and rain again,
And dribble, drip and blow!
Then snow and thaw and slush,
and then—
Some more rain and snow!"

## WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

Mrs. F. H. Wood is spending a week at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Biddle returned from their Western trip on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reese are spending a week at the Runnymede, Atlantic City.

Mrs. Edwin Evans, entertained Miss Grinner, of Philadelphia, on Wednesday.

Percy B. Lovell, of the *Moorestown Chronicle*, was a visitor at THE NEW ERA office on Monday.

Miss Mary Bacon and Mrs. William Rourke, of Camden, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Albert Faunce.

Mrs. S. J. Coddington entertained Mrs. Frank Bender and Miss Elsie Lee, of Camden, on Sunday.

Frank Flagg, of Battleboro, Vt., was the guest of his cousin, Mayor E. H. Flagg, Jr., on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Marple, of Hightstown, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Ford, of Haddonfield, spent the early part of the week with Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Mills.

The annual convention of the Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, will be held in Trenton, on April 17 and 18.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Marcy, Jr., entertained Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Candee, of Wilmington, Del., on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The ladies auxiliary of the Riverton A. M. E. Church will give a banquet at the home of Mrs. Alice Taylor, Saturday night, March 23.

John Hoyle, of Seventh street, has moved to the Daniels property on Thomas avenue. John B. Watson had charge of the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Woolston have purchased one of the new Houghtaling properties on Linden avenue, and took possession this week.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is putting in underground conduits all its telegraph and telephone wires. The work in Riverton is now under way.

For the convenience of its patrons the Pennsylvania Railroad Company installed a telephone at the Riverton freight station this week.

Miss Amanda D. Faunce is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Hospital this year. Miss Faunce will devote her talents to charity nursing in Philadelphia.

The dancing class will meet next Thursday evening in the auditorium of the school, and on April 11th the last meeting of the season will be held, making fifteen in all.

It is understood that Court Riverton, No. 98, Foresters of America, is considering the purchase of the old school buildings for lodge purposes, if the ground can be secured, too.

Commander Appelget announces that the forty-fifth annual encampment of the Department of New Jersey, Grand Army of the Republic, will be held at Asbury Park, June 13 and 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Faunce announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Annie May, to Robert Bacon, of Camden, on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon will reside in Camden.

Junior Deputy Supreme Tall Cedar E. H. Flagg, Jr., visited Brandywine Forest No. 20, at Wilmington, Del., on Monday night, and Penn Forest No. 21, at Chester, Wednesday evening, in the interests of the order.

The gate tender's house at the Main street railroad crossing is being elevated to give an unobstructed view of the tracks eastward from the ticket office. He will be able to operate the gates from inside the tower.

The annual meeting of the Mothers' Circle was held Thursday afternoon, and the officers re-elected for another year. The State meeting of the Mothers' Congress will meet at Riverton in the fall, and ways and means of entertaining them were discussed.

The proposition to force the sale of the old school property in July will bear a little investigation before taking action. The cost of keeping it is small and a forced sale means heavy sacrifice. Besides, Riverton may yet need one of the buildings for school purposes.

The Music Section of the Porch Club held their regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. C. L. Candee and Mrs. Huxley, of Wilmington, and Mrs. C. S. Mills, of Riverton, with Mrs. F. A. Bell, as accompanist entertained the Club in a very delightful manner. Rev. and Mrs. Candee were warmly welcomed by their many friends.

A sacred concert was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Ridley on Monday evening. Mrs. C. S. Mills, Mrs. S. W. Collin, Mrs. H. M. Morris and Raymond Hawley were the soloists, with Mrs. Frank A. Bell as accompanist. Mrs. T. L. Brehm and G. Lincoln Ridley rendered instrumental selections. "God So Loved the World," was given in a beautiful manner by a chorus.

John S. Bioren will retire from the banking firm of Bioren Co., of which he is senior partner, at the end of the present month. His connection with the firm began in 1879, thus extending over a period of nearly thirty-three years. The House was founded in 1865 by Messrs. John and Charles H. Bioren. Mr. Bioren desires more leisure time to devote to personal interests, but will remain interested in many of the corporations with which he is at present connected.

The Board of Education of Chesterfield township has declared war on County Superintendent Herman A. Stees, and has adopted resolutions asking the State Board of Education not to reappoint him. The cause of the trouble is not stated but it appears hardly likely that the other townships will join Chesterfield in its war on the County Superintendent, whose services seem to be generally regarded as efficient and satisfactory.—*New Jersey Mirror.*

**Portrait Ring is Novelty.**

One of the novelties of the season is the portrait ring. To all appearance the circlet is an ordinary signet ring with the head massively set. At one side, however, is a spring, which, when pressed, causes the top of the seal to leap back, the signet in reality forming a miniature box. A tiny portrait on copper in colors or monochrome is then disclosed to view.

**New Jersey Conference of Charities and Corrections.**

At Orange, on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, March 24th, 25th and 26th, there will be held the 11th Annual New Jersey Conference of Charities and Corrections. The meetings will be held at the Woman's Club, Prospect and William streets, Brick Church station, East Orange, the sessions being on Sunday at 3 p. m., on Monday at 9.30 a. m., 2 and 8 p. m., and on Tuesday 9.30 and 2 p.m. For the general topic has been chosen, "The Relation of our Schools to Pauperism, Delinquency and Crime," a subject of deep interest, which will be discussed from its different view points by those eminently fitted to clearly set forth the features of the program. Following the address of the president, Prof. Royal Meeker, at the Sunday afternoon meeting, Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College, Columbia University, will be heard.

Monday morning, with Dr. C. S. Chapin, New Jersey State Normal School, as chairman, addresses will be made by Dr. James P. Haney, Department of Education, New York. Dr. Alexander Humphreys, Stevens Institute, Hoboken, Mr. Meyer Bloomfield, Vocation Bureau, Boston, and Dr. M. G. Schlapp, director of Children's Court Clinic, New York.

Dr. A. B. Poland, Newark, will be the chairman in the afternoon, and the speakers, Hon. John P. Murrey, New Jersey State Board of Education, and Superintendent O. J. Kern, Rockford, Ill.

Addresses in the evening, with Frank A. Fetter, Princeton University, chairman, will be Talcott Williams, L. L. D., Philadelphia, Dr. Calvin N. Kendell, New Jersey Commissioner of Education, and Dr. Stewart Paton, Princeton University.

Tuesday morning, Wilson Farrand, Headmaster of Newark Academy, is to be chairman, and the speakers, Mrs. Howard C. Warren, president State Federation of Woman's Club, and public school teachers from Newark, Jersey City, Orange and New York, who will tell of experiences with exceptional children.

Dr. J. M. Green, State Normal School, will be chairman at the closing session in the afternoon. Addresses by Dr. W. E. Watts, Chicago; C. A. Perry, Department of Child Hygiene, Russell Sage Foundation, N. Y.; Miss Mary Garrett, N. Y.

Out-of-town guests desiring to arrange for accomodations should address Miss Mary Piercy, 431 Main street, East Orange, N. J.

**Christ Church, Riverton.**

Sunday, March 24th, Passion Sunday.
7.30 a. m., Holy Communion.
11 a. m., Service and Sermon.
2.30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7.30 p. m., Service and Sermon.

The Rev. Charles E. Betticher will officiate on Sunday. Subject of morning sermon "The Coming of the Robins." In the evening the fifth talk on Bible Illustrations in Italy will be given. Subject "From St. Paul's Gate to the Tre Fontane.

WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

Monday, Feast of the Annunciation. Holy Communion at 9 a. m.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Evening Prayer at 5 p. m.

Wednesday, Litany and Address at 5 p. m.

Friday, March 29th, Quiet Day services conducted by Rev. John Rigg, B. D.
7.00 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
10.00 a. m., Devotional Service with Address.
12.00 noon, Devotional Service with Address.
1.00 p. m, Luncheon (box).
2.00 p. m., Devotional Service with Address.
4.00 p. m., Devotional Service with Address.
7.30 p. m., Evensong and Sermon.

**Railroad Accidents.**

Trespassing on Pennsylvania Railroad system's property in violation of the law has caused the deaths of 8,523 people since January 1st, 1900. In the same time 2,285 people have been injured as a result of trespassing. These facts are brought out in a report issued on Monday by the Pennsylvania.

Discussing the dangers of trespassing, an officer of the Pennsylvania said: "The railroads may be penalized by payments in money, but the individual's or citizen's penalty is the supreme one of life, which, manifestly, it is the highest duty of the State to protect by such legislation as will tend to prevent trespassing on railroads. The renewed and diligent efforts the Pennsylvania Railroad is making to stop trespassing will be measurably influential, the management believes, in arousing the public to a realization that in railroad accidents it is the individual who loses his life, than which there can be no greater sacrifice."

**To the Veterans of the Civil War.**

The Commission appointed by His Excellency, Governor Woodrow Wilson, for the purpose of causing the removal of the remains of the late Major General Philip Kearny to Arlington Cemetery, take this method to notify all Veterans of the Civil War, who may desire to to accompany the Commission, that they may do so by making application to Charles F. Hopkins, Boonton, N. J.

Application must be made on or before April first, accompanied by the sum of $8.50, either in cash, check or post office order, or it cannot be considered.

This amount covers the cost of transportation from Jersey City to Washington, D. C., and return and includes luncheon each way.

The train will leave Pennsylvania Railroad station, Jersey City, on Friday, April 12th at 8.30 a. m. and will stop to take on passengers at Newark, Trenton and West Philadelphia. All veterans receiving this notice are requested to give it publicity through the local newspapers in their vicinity.

By order of the Commission,
CHARLES F. HOPKINS
President.

**Presbyterian Church Notes.**

Rev. L. L. Overman, of Philadelphia, will preach next Sunday.

Morning service at 10.45.

Sunday School at 2 30 p. m.

Evening service at 8 o'clock.

Annual meeting of the Sunday School Association on Tuesday evening in the Chapel.

Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.


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Chicken Broth
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**Charming Opera Success.**

Viennese music that pulsates with seductive melodies, stirring marches, dainty duets, trios and concerted numbers, gracefully embellishing the charming story of a gallant Duke and his little rose girl sweetheart, has swung the new operetta "The Rose Maid" into immediate favor since its first performance in this country a month ago. The Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, is to have the fascinating opera for only two weeks beginning next Monday, March 25th, after which this new Werba and Luescher success opens in New York. Music lovers declare "The Rose Maid" to to be a better production in every way than the artistic young firm of managers had in "The Spring Maid."

Advance interest in "The Rose Maid" is almost unprecedented. Mail orders began pouring in as soon as the opera was announced. Manager Zimmerman of the Chestnut Street Opera House believes the new piece might profitably remain in Philadelphia the rest of the season if the management had not previously arranged for its presentation in New York.

"The Rose Maid" has introduced a new composer, Herr Bruno Granich-Staedten, who came from Vienna to direct the rehearsals and whose enormous success has resulted in a contract for him to write the next starring opera for Christie MacDonald. No little of "The Rose Maid" success is said to be due to the superb company furnished. Charming Adrienne Augarde was imported for the title role, while Edith Decker, whose triumph in "Havana" is well remembered, the prima donna. Juliette Dika has surpassed herself in a Frenchy part and the half dozen comedy roles are well taken care of by R. E. Graham of "Merry Widow" fame, Edward Gallagher and Al Shean, two of the funniest men who ever appeared in vaudeville, Arthur Laceby, Thomas Whiffen and Eugene Redding. For the part of the dashing hero, Werba and Luescher have secured Arthur Royd from the London "Spring Maid" company and J. Humbird Duffey, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House forces.

"The Rose Maid" requires an orchestra of forty musicians under Max Bendix, formerly conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

Matinee performances will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the fortnight engagement of "The Rose Maid" at the Chestnut Opera House.

**"The Sweetest Girl in Paris."**

Trixie Friganza in "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," now in for a run at the Walnut Street Theatre, has made the biggest hit of the season in Philadelphia. She is surrounded by an exceptionally good company of fun-makers, who have done much toward furthering the unprecedented popularity of this show, although "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" represents the finest work of three noted writers. The book is by Addison Burkhardt, who has nearly a dozen musical comedy hits to his credit. The lyrics are from the pen of Collins Davis, who turned the "Three Twins" into a distinctive success, while the music was composed by Joseph Howard, who has written more popular music than any man in America, and in this instance has surpassed his own most widely known success "The Time, The Place and The Girl," which had a long run at the Walnut a couple of seasons ago.

"The Sweetest Girl in Paris" is brimful of song hits that evolve naturally out of the humorous complications and scenes of the play. Among the most popular of these are "Don't Forget the Number," which is one of the most popular songs Miss Friganza has ever had; "That's The Way That Imitations Look to me;" "Gee, I'm Glad I'm Fat;" "I Love All The Girls from A to Z;" "There's Nothing Too Good For You;" "I Want a Man," an exceedingly comic song rendered by Cathryn Rowe Palmer, whose eccentric comedy dancing has made a tremendous hit; "Weather Man;" "Mary's Lamb;" "Boys, Boys, Boys;" and "The Osculation Bombashay," during which examples of Russian and classic styles are introduced, and a beautiful intermezzo, which opens the second act, entitled "The Sweetest Girl in Paris." These numbers are all staged with the utmost lavishness and uniqueness, and typify the most advanced developments in the art of elaborate and alluring stage craft.

The play has many dramatic moments as well as highly diverting complications which would alone furnish sufficient amusement if played as a drama without the captivating embellishment of songs, music and dance.


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| Income in 1911, over | 81 Million Dollars |
| Capital and Surplus, over | 18 Million Dollars |
| Paid Policyholders in 1911, over | 27 Million Dollars |
| Total paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over | 466 Million Dollars |
| Life Insurance issued and paid for in 1911, over | 440 Million Dollars |
| Increase in Paid-for Insurance in force, over | 167 Million Dollars |
| The Company's Liabilities include: Policy Dividends, Payable in 1912, over | 4¾ Million Dollars |
| Apportioned to date to Participating Policies and payable as Policy dividends after 1912, over | 24¾ Million Dollars |

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**Keith's Theatre.**

It is seldom that vaudeville recruits from the legitimate so brilliant and popular a comedy star as Mr. Thomas A. Wise, making his first appearance at Keith's Theatre during the week of March 25, presenting an amusing one-act play especially written for him by Byron Ongley, and entitled, "A Chip of the Old Block." There is no jollier and withal talented character actor on the American stage than Mr. Wise, who simply exhales the spirit of fun and good fellowship every moment he is on the stage. "A Chip of the Old Block" finds Mr. Wise at his very best, with a vehicle that is admirably suited to his comedy genius. The scene of his happy play is laid at the Actor's Fund Home in Staten Island, New York, and tells the story of an old Thespian of the school of tragedy in vogue a generation ago who is compelled to turn to comedy roles to eke out an existence, but who finally retires to this worthy institution through force of circumstances. There are several pathetic and many humorous situations out of which Mr. Wise knows how to extract the fullest modicum of character interest. Mr. Wise's thousands of friends in Philadelphia will be glad to welcome him in this new and absorbing role.

All Philadelphians will remember with great pleasure the repeated appearances in this city of Mr. Joseph E. Howard, the well-known composer, vocalist and comedian, recently star of "The Goddess of Liberty," and also of Miss Mabel McCane, the charming comedienne. These two clever people have joined forces in vaudeville and appear in conjunction for the first time here, offering new and original songs and merry patter after their individual manner.

The distinguished cornetist, composer and producer, Mr. B. A. Rolfe, appears on this sumptuous bill with his splendid aggregation of vocal and instrumental artists, twelve in number, under the general title of "The Rolfonians." Their act is one of the most finished and musically brilliant of any that have graced the varieties up to the present time, and on the occasion of their last visit here, fairly created a riot.

**Promotion Shoots.**

A wise old financier confides he has often found it valuable to put a stupid man on a promotion scheme. He understands baseball, and this is the way he explains it: A great batter doesn't expect to see a ball come to him straight over the plate; when the dull promoter p[illegible] his straight over the plate [illegible] some of the keenest of 'em [illegible].

**Powers Wasted.**

"As a rule, men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess, and which they might use under appropriate conditions."—William James.

**Explanation of Sun's Heat.**

The reason why the sun retains its heat despite the large amount it gives out is explained by the fact that heat is generated by the fall of particles toward its center.

## "AND MY WIFE, ROSIE," TOO

**Bridegroom Who Had Forgotten to Register His New Better Half Quickly Makes Amends.**

In spick and span raiment, carrying each a new suit case and a timid expression, they entered the Hotel Narragansett and inquired the way uneasily to the desk, says the Providence Journal.

Spying a kernel of rice on the youth's hat brim, the clerk smiled covertly, whirled the register with an encouraging flourish and placed the inked pen in the nerveless hand.

"John B—, New Bedford, Mass," wrote the youth, pushed back his hat, upset the kernel of rice and wiped his beaded brow.

"But, er—the lady?" inquired the clerk soothingly.

"She's my wife," quoth the youth, straightening up, bristling.

"She ought to be registered," advised the clerk thoughtfully.

"Ain't you put me down?" the lady murmured, looking over the youth's shoulder.

"O, sure, I—I forgot. Gimme the pen," said the youth, quickly.

Whereupon he smiled and wrote: "And my wife, Rosie."

**Motoring at its Best.**

Few motorists know of motoring in all its fullness. They drive along country roads for a hundred miles or so, through towns so closely set that they virtually run through one long village, and they think they have motored. They cross the ocean and enjoy the perfect roads of France and Switzerland, and imagine they have experienced all there is in life in the motor car; but no one has ever been brought to a full realization of what motoring really is, or what the wonderful modern machine of man's creative genius is really capable of doing until they have sat in a racing car side by side with an expert driver and tasted the sport as it is under such conditions. Lord Byron once wrote: "What a delightful thing is a turnpike road, such a means of speeding the earth as scarce the eagle in the broad air can accomplish." He certainly spoke in prophecy of the motor car, and especially of the racing machine, which defies distance and shrinks space into the most tiny proportions.—The Columbian.

**State Will Not Pay Tips.**

The anti-tipping campaign started by commercial travelers has enlisted a powerful recruit in W. E. Davis, state auditor of Kansas. Mr. Davis has decreed that Kansas state officials, when traveling on the state's business, are not entitled to charge the public treasury for tips paid. It cost Kansas just $3,000 in 1911 for tips distributed by state officials, and Mr. Davis has issued a set of rules for the benefit of employes who travel for the state, in which he says: "Tips or gratuities are recognitions of special service, not an actual and necessary expense for the service itself and will not be allowed." The controller of the treasury of the United States, on the other hand, has ruled that tips are a necessary incident of travel and are properly collectible from the public funds.

**Foolish.**

The man who goes into court merely to obtain satisfaction is about as foolish as the one who exhausts himself in trying to go through the world on a bluff.


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Banks are becoming more and more the custodians of the funds of the people, of both large and small means. This is due to a wider appreciation of the value of banking service as its usefulness is extended and its methods become better known. In the case of

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of summer in your home will be given when our coal is used by you during the winter time. This is real coal. It burns steadily, clearly and with the proper degree of heat, and is clean and free from dirt and clinkers. You will never know what coal satisfaction is until you try this kind.

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| Wash basin | 1.00 |
| Wash tub | 1.00 |
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Water rents due in advance, November 1st and May 1st.

JOSEPH MORGAN,
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HOWARD PARRY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

**'Possum Points the Way.**

In removing the debris from the cellar of the old Riggs house, which has been torn down, a number of Washington workmen the other day discovered a big, fat 'possum, which they mistook for an enormous rat, and fled precipitately. The effects upon the negro of the refinements of higher education and the white man's civilization may well be challenged when it destroys the nature of the race to the extent that its members fail to recognize a fine, fat 'possum when they see it, says the Baltimore Sun. About one more generation of progress along the same line and we will see a colored man and brother shying at the watermelon and running from the yellow-legged pullet.

**The Rural Uplift.**

"Has your family been of much assistance to you in running the place?"

"I should say so," replied Farmer Corntossel. "Food has been so high that the summer board season would have been a failure if it hadn't been fur mother and our son Josh."

"They saved the expenses of help?"

"No, sir. But Josh is a right good hand in a poker game an' the way mother picked up bridge was somethin' amazin'."

**Thrifty Spider.**

Spiders are said to "work over" their old silk, and thus save themselves the trouble of extracting and compounding it afresh.


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**Heavy and Useless Load.**

Do not take upon yourself a load of hatred; it is a heavier load than you think.—Mme. de Sevigne.

**Industrious Jackdaws.**

Sixty-seven sackfuls of sticks have been discovered on top of the tower of St. Michael's church, Exeter, England. They had been carried there by jackdaws for nest building.

## INTERESTING NEWS BITS
### in and around Palmyra

Samuel Plumly was in Atlantic City on Monday.

James Flynn, Jr., is driving a Haverford motorcycle.

Rev. Charles Williams moved to Parry avenue on Wednesday.

Howard Cherry, of West Philadelphia, was a visitor in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Edward King spent Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Martin Black, of Camden.

Miss Florence Powell spent Wednesday with Mrs. Martin Black, of Camden.

M. A. Bach, of Philadelphia, expects to move to 503 Cinnaminson avenue next week.

Miss Mattie Stoops, of Camden, visited her sister, Mrs. Howard Stackhouse, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garrison will move from Henry street to Cedar Brook, Saturday.

Mrs. John Ford, of Fifth street, who has been very sick with pneumonia, is able to sit up.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Greenwalt returned home this afternoon after spending a few days in Newark, Del.

Mrs. Eula Roach and daughter, Mildred, visited Mrs. John Harbourne, of Philadelphia, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Given, of Fifth street, visited relatives of Broadway, Camden, on Saturday.

*The Palmyra Record* has started a voting contest, in which the successful contestant will receive a $400 piano.

Mrs. John Werrbach entertained her brother, Albert Ullmann, and Miss Tillie Kruck, of Philadelphia over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rogers, and daughter, of Columbus, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Walton Taylor.

Mrs. Lizzie Aten and daughter, Mrs. S. A. Plumly, were the guests of Mrs. Walter Spering, of Philadelphia, Tuesday.

Miss Mae MacPherson and W. A. Smith, of West Philadelphia, spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Powell.

George N. Wimer has rented a house on West Broad street to William Henderson, of Princeton, who took possession on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Allen, Miss Florence Allen and Morris Allen, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis.

At the meeting of the Board of Health on Tuesday night it was reported that there were no contagious diseases, and that the town was in a healthy condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis, Jr., gave a party to their many friends Saturday evening, from Palmyra, Riverton and Philadelphia. All had a very enjoyable time.

William S. C. Roray passed the examination for attorney-at-law held at Trenton last month. Mr. Roray studied law at Temple University, pursuing the four years' evening course.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, and Mr. Price, who have been to England, arrived in Palmyra today to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Rawlings, of Henry street, the parents of Mrs. Carpenter.

Mrs. Louise Clouden, mother of Mrs. Walter Horner, died on Sunday at 436 Delaware avenue. Services were held in Philadelphia on Wednesday and interment was made at West Laurel Hill.

On Wednesday evening the Men's League of the Baptist Church will give a package social. Gentlemen admitted free. Ladies' admission is a package. Everyone come out and have a good time.

L. A. Page's incubator caught fire on Tuesday afternoon. No one was at home and the neighbors turned in a fire alarm fearing that the buildings and fences close by would catch fire, but no harm was done.

Mrs. Harry Brown died early Wednesday morning at her home on Cinnaminson avenue. Services will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Samuel Sargent. Interment will be made in Morgan cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Ellis, of Henry street, entertained about thirty-five friends at a dinner Saturday evening in honor of her birthday, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed. Mrs. Ellis received a number of gifts and flowers.

C. P. Dilks will sell his blacksmith shop and tools at public sale on Saturday, March 30, at 42.30 p. m. He will also dispose of a milk wagon, runabout and a cart. The conditions will be made known on day of sale. Atwood Lloyd, auctioneer.

T. A. Lloyd ran a nail into the index finger of his left hand while opening a box at Dreer's on Monday, inflicting a painful wound. Prompt medical attention probably averted serious consequences, as the wound seems to be healing satisfactorily.

Mrs. Mary A. Cills returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. I. S. McLaughlin, on Saturday after spending three months with a daughter at Roanoke, Va. Robert N. Gray, her grandson, accompanied her home, and will spend several weeks with his aunt.

Miss Nan L. Milden, of Philadelphia, proved a delightful entertainer on Wednesday evening when she told "Stories from the Old Arm Chair" in the Methodist Church. The entertainment was given under the direction of the Epworth League and a silver offering was taken.

Miss Cecelia B. Lloyd and Alfred C. Stokely, of Riverside, were married by Rev. Father Goth, at the Catholic Church, Riverside, at 6 o'clock Wednesday evening. Miss Frances Lloyd, sister of the bride, was her attendant, and the groom was attended by his brother, Gilbert Stokely. Mr. and Mrs. Stokely will reside at Bridgeboro.

The Methodist conference, in session at Asbury Park this week appointed the Rev. George H. Neal, a former pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, Palmyra, District Superintendent of the Bridgeton District, to succeed the Rev. Nomer J. Wright, whose term expired. The Rev. Samuel Sargent was returned to Palmyra, the Rev. F. L. Jewett to Bordentown, and the Rev. Marshall Owens to Ocean Grove. The Rev. Howard Crammer was assigned to Asbury M. E. Church and Maple Shade.

Mrs. Emma Polis, of Sixth street, is having her house re-painted.

A surprise party was tendered Walton Taylor on Wednesday night.

S. A. Plumly was on a business trip to Milton, Pa., Saturday and Sunday.

George McCord, of Broad street, is able to attend to business this week after being ill.

Mrs. William Stack, of Broad street, is entertaining her sister from Philadelphia for a couple of weeks.

Rev. Charles Williams expects to organize a young ladies choir in the Baptist Church in the near future.

Mrs. H. P. Hurff's many friends will be pleased to know that her health is much improved, and she is able to be out again.

### A Treat for You.

Did you ever hear a high-class Negro Quartette sing the Southern plantation songs? If you have you know a good thing. If you have not you have a lifetime opportunity. The Suwanee River Male Quartette will give one of their famous concerts in the auditorium of the Palmyra High School next Tuesday evening, March 26th.

It is only by chance the senior class has been able to secure this excellent talent at this time.

It is the most extraordinary Negro Quartette in America. They are all college men and Christian gentlemen. Don't miss hearing them.

They have recently sung in Millville, Camden, Phillipsburg, Chester, Pa., and many places in this section. It is worth the price of admission to hear Mr. Gantt, the manager, sing "Old Black Joe." He is great. All are good. We guarantee they will delight you.

"The Holy City" has been heard here in other voices, but Mr. Gantt gave his audience a great surprise when he faultlessly rendered it in his magnificent bass voice last evening. The effect was organlike and seemed, indeed, "A grand, sweet song."—From the *Boston Transcript*.

The quality, variety, and finish of their programs and the gentlemanly conduct of every member make many friends and win high praise everywhere they appear.

You will regret it if you do not hear these wonderful singers, accompanied by banjos and guitars.

Tickets are 35c each and may be had from the pupils or from the stores in Riverton and Palmyra.

Come out and spend an evening in song and mirth and you'll feel younger and better by it.

### Short Session of Township Committee.

At the regular meeting of the Township Committee on Tuesday night a petition was presented asking that a gas lamp be placed on Cinnaminson avenue between Fourth and Fifth streets. The committee complied with the request, and directed that a lamp be placed there.

The Delaware & Atlantic T. & T. Co. asked permission to place three poles on Race street between Third and Fourth, so as to enable them to reach some of their subscribers. The request was granted.

An ordinance was passed revising ordinance No. 36 of the Township of Palmyra, County of Burlington, entitled "An ordinance to regulate and license traveling and other shows, circuses, theatrical performances, plays, exhibitions, skating rinks, and itinerant venders of merchandise and novelties."

The following bills were ordered paid:

| | |
|---|---|
| W. L. Bowen | $20 00 |
| F. R. Grubb, special officer | 40 00 |
| J. J. Tomes, special officer | 40 00 |
| L. A. Weikman, coal for lockup | 6 50 |
| Cinnaminson E. L. & H. Co. | 48 28 |
| Public Service Gas Co. | 255 00 |
| Winfield Land, work on streets | 23 65 |

### Auxiliary Social.

The Field Club ladies got on their aprons once again and tried to fill up some of the stomachs of their male members, and this they did to a fashion, or at least by the looks of everyone they succeeded. The evening was spent in games and music was furnished by Mr. MacDonald, and Clifford Bell showed those present how much music there is in a mouth organ. Jake Warner would make a very pretty Spanish dancer as he showed us how to use the tambourine and his feet at the same time. Mrs. Durgin also is an adept on the dancing giving us a correct imitation of the old Irish ballads. The younger set, especially the men folks, gathered around the piano and sung all the latest song hits of the day. The evening then closed with "Good Night Ladies."

ROOTERESS.

### Male Teacher Costs Too Much.

The school meeting Tuesday night passed off without any undue excitement though an attempt was made to "start something" over the fact that the Board of Education had not secured a male teacher for the eighth grade as suggested at the meeting last year. It was explained by the Board that it had not been deemed advisable to employ a male teacher at a considerably higher figure than a woman could be secured for to do the same work.

There were 166 votes cast for school directors, resulting in the re-election of Joseph Hemple, Thomas J. Prickett and William A. Donaghy, and F. L. Durgin as the new member.

The appropriation voted was $11,950.35 as asked for by the Board.

### Baptist Church Notes.

Sunday evening Rev. Charles Williams will lead the Christian Endeavor meeting, the subject being one of Temperance.

J. Otto Thilow will teach the Baraca Class on Sunday. Topic "Feasting and Fasting."

### As We Speak It.

A German who had come to America to master our language was being shown behind the scenes of a vaudeville theater by one of his American friends. "That man," said the American, indicating an actor with a wave of his hand, "is taking off his make-up to make-up for another take-off." The German departed, sputtering.—Success.

### Why Is It Thus?

"We often wonder," says the Springfield Union, "why anyone should put himself to the trouble and expense of going to the Adirondacks or the Maine woods to be shot in mistake for a deer when it is so much easier and more convenient to pick a few mushrooms in a nearby field and die at home surrounded by one's sorrowing relatives."

### Delaware River League.

The Delaware River League held its second meeting of the season Thursday at The Field Club rooms, Palmyra Owing to the absence of President Rue Secretary Sylvester called the meeting to order and R. S. Williams was elected chairman. The minutes of the previous meeting showed the applications of Florence, Taubel A. A., of Riverside, Beverly and Delanco. After the reading of the minutes Secretary Sylvester read two communications, one from Delair A. A., who handed in their resignation. This was put before the meeting and accepted. The other was from the Delanco A. A., who asked to have their application withdrawn.

This only left three of last year's teams, namely Riverside, Palmyra and Riverton, but this was later reduced to Riverside and Palmyra as Riverton, after stating at a previous meeting that the only way they would enter the League was on the $20 guarantee basis, but at this meeting they would not go in the League on any other basis than 60 per cent., 40 per cent. As no agreement could be reached Riverton then handed in their resignation and this was accepted with regrets. The two remaining teams then voted to accept the following teams as members of the Delaware River League:

Florence F. C., Beverly A. A., Taubel A. A., of Riverside, and Roebling A. C., of Roebling, giving the League a six team circuit instead of four.

Nominations were then asked for and the following were nominated and elected as officers for the ensuing year: Samuel H. Tucker, of Delair, president; William Absalom, of Florence, vice-president; Theodore Schneider, of Riverside, was re-elected treasurer; J. W. Sylvester, of Riverton, was also re-elected secretary.

A schedule committee was appointed and will be published in these columns in a week or so.

The League as now formed practically makes a circuit with every field enclosed with the exception of Riverside but this is offset by Riverside's system of collecting and as new bleachers are being built the ones trying to get something for nothing will have to stretch some to see the game.

The meeting then adjourned and as The Field Club Auxiliary were having a feed on the other side the visitors were given a hand out and went away happy.

The teams were represented by the following:

Riverside A. A., Kettler and Leonard; Riverton A. A., Lynch, Burr, MacMullin; Palmyra, Acker, Pfaff and F. L. Durgin; Florence, by Holmes, Robbins and McGraff; Beverly, Adams and Holland; Roebling, Parks; Taubel A. A., of Riverside, Wade and Rhubarb.

The next meeting of the League will be held at The Field Club rooms next Thursday, 28th inst., to receive the report of the schedule committee.

ROOTER.

### Field Club Base Ball.

Taking advantage of the first spring Saturday of the year the candidates and regulars of The Field Club base ball had a long and gingery practice on the West End grounds under the watchful eye of Manager Griffenburg. Batting was the most important feature on the program, and how some of those recruits did slam that ball on the nose. Of course no curves were delivered to them and if they hit curves as well as straight ones some of the regulars will have to go some.

A good many of the regulars were absent, but they don't need as much practice, as they have all ready showed their worth, but such men as Al. Hardy and Leithman should come out and try to take some weight off (of some one else.) Reeves had to go through the chores in a weight-reducing act, while Manager Griffenburg was warned not to go too hard as he is already in midseason form.

The new candidates for the team took most of Captain Gibbons and Manager Griffenburg's time as they are going to have two or three positions to fill, one is third base, the other is second base, and also to try and develop two or three more pitchers. Davies and Bauder, two new candidates, are big and husky and both hit the ball hard. Bauder played a season with the U. of P., while Davies has played on semi-professional teams in and around Philadelphia for the last two or three seasons. There is a lot of new material out from the younger set and while some of them seem very good they are also very small in stature and are sure to make fine ball players as soon as they develop, so you can readily see that The Field Club are sure to have a very fine team with so much new material to fill in wherever there seems to be a weakness.

The regulars that were out Saturday were Captain "Whop" Gibbons, Reeves the 400 hitter, Keil, Herbie Kemmerle, and George Durgin, while the new candidates are too numerous to mention.

Providing the weather permits, a game will be played this Saturday between the regulars and the youngsters, so take a walk down and take a look for yourself.

You are all welcome.

ROOTER.

### Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services next Sunday in charge of the Rev. T. J. Bensley, Rector.

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.30 a. m., Matins and Litany.

11 a. m., choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist and sermon.

3 p. m., Sunday School and Rector's Bible Class.

3.45, Children's service and Catechism.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon

Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Holy Eucharist at 7 a. m., Matins and Litany at 9 a. m.

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday Holy Eucharist at 9.15 a. m.

Evensong and Meditation at 4. p. m

Thursday 8 p. m., Lenten service. Sermon by the Rev. T. J. Bensley.

### Methodist Church Notes.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.30 a. m., general class meeting led by Carl A. Peterson.

10.30 a. m., preaching by the minister.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School.

6.45 p. m., Epworth League devotional meeting.

7.30 p. m., preaching by the minister.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.—Phillips Brooks.

# WILSON HOLDS UP HIS NOMINATIONS

## The Reason Causes Speculation at Capital.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE IS BEATEN

### Opposition to Measure by Senator Colgate Brings Threat of Women to Boycott Products of Millionaire's Factory—Walker's Appointment Popular.

[Special Correspondence.]

Trenton, N. J., March 21.—When the nomination of Vice Chancellor Walker to succeed Chancellor Pitney was sent to the senate Monday night there was much speculation in the corridors of the statehouse as to why his name was sent in alone. It was generally accepted that the governor had made up his mind as to the other nominations and that he was prepared to send them all in at the same time. Therefore, when Mr. Walker's name alone came in, every one began to ask every one else what had become of the other names and why they were not forthcoming.

Among the names which it was generally believed would be sent in was that of David S. Crater of Freehold to be secretary of state, and it was said that the list had been held up because of a threat of Senator Fielder of Hudson that unless Senator George Silzer of Middlesex was appointed secretary of state he would hold up all the appointments.

Many of the friends of Senator Silzer are said to regret that any such step has been taken by Senator Fielder, if it has, as they fear that any threat to the governor will have the opposite effect upon the executive. It is believed that the governor has offered Senator Silzer the prosecutorship of Middlesex, which was made vacant recently by the death of Theodore Booream, but that Mr. Silzer said that he wanted to be secretary of state and would not take anything else. Furthermore, it was said, the senator wanted the prosecutorship for his law partner. But that would not do, it was declared, because the partner had worked and voted for Vivian Lewis two years ago and he should not be rewarded with the richest plum in the county.

It is generally believed that Senator Fielder's threat will have no effect upon the governor, as his supporters declare that he is not the kind of a man to be deterred from what he considers best to do by any such methods and that the slate as originally prepared by him will finally go through.

#### Tumulty For Supreme Court Clerk.

Among the other names popularly believed to be on the list are those of Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the governor, for clerk of the supreme court, and of Professor Henry Jones Ford of Princeton to be commissioner of banking and insurance to succeed Vivian M. Lewis. It is known that when Mr. Tumulty took the position of secretary to the governor he made a personal sacrifice and abandoned almost entirely his law practice in Jersey City and that the governor would reward him with one of the best of the state positions at his disposal.

Professor Ford is a personal friend of the governor and was a newspaper man in Pittsburgh before he became professor of politics at Princeton university. He ran for the assembly upon the Democratic ticket in Mercer county last fall, but was defeated.

The pilgrimage of the suffragettes to Trenton last week in all the rain and slush was not as effective as their zeal and energy deserved. On Tuesday they they got a vote in the senate on their resolution providing for an amendment to the constitution which would give them the ballot, and all they could muster to its support were three votes—Senator Davis of Salem, Senator Gaunt of Gloucester and Senator Gebhardt of Hunterdon, who introduced the resolution.

This result was reached after a long debate, in which most of the senators took a fling at the suffragettes, many of whom filled the galleries and gave vent to their disapprobation of their opponents' argument in the usual female ways.

Among those who voted against the resolution was Senator Austen Colgate of Essex, the head of the great soap house of that name, and several of the disappointed suffragettes declared, with emphasis of a ladylike character, that they would not only boycott all the Colgate productions themselves, but would do all they could to get others to do so also.

#### Ocean Grove Again.

Once again the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting association has prevailed over its adversaries, and the bill to establish a borough form of government in that exclusive summer resort was defeated in the house Monday night. Although defeated year after year, the advocates of the borough come up smiling at each session with their little bill, only to be overwhelmed by the camp meeting people, led by the venerable Dominie Ballard, the clerical president of the association. This year they thought that their chances were brighter than usual, because they had succeeded in getting the bill out of the hands of what they considered a hostile committee, and when their bill was made a special order for Monday night they made preparations to have the best fight possible made for its passage.

Leon Taylor of Monmouth was the principal speaker for the measure. The question involved, he said, was a purely local one, whether the people at the resort who owned their homes there and made their money there were to be given the right to govern themselves. Now the resort was run by millionaires for their own personal gain, and after selling lots on the promise that the purchasers would not have to pay taxes, the association had gone to the legislature and had the law fixed so that they would have to pay taxes.

The only speaker against the measure was Mr. Mitchell of Essex county, who said that the bill was unfair and that the only way to get real home rule at the Grove was to allow the summer residents to vote, as they comprised the real population of the resort. The bill to provide a borough form of government for the Grove was defeated by a vote of 23 to 32.

#### Walker Succeeds Pitney.

Governor Wilson on Monday evening made a nomination which has been received with almost general approval. He named Vice Chancellor Robert Edwin Walker to be chancellor, the highest judiciary of the state, to succeed Mahlon Pitney, who has just been made an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States. It had been expected that the governor would appoint Supreme Court Justice Charles G. Garrison of Camden to the chancellorship, but at the last moment Justice Garrison was dropped and the vice chancellor named. The governor said that he did not feel warranted in depriving the supreme bench of one of its members and for that reason went to the court of chancery for its new head.

"From office boy to chancellor" is the way they are speaking of the new head of the court today. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1862, and came to New Jersey with his parents in 1869. He was educated in the State Model school and in 1878 he became a minor clerk in the office of the clerk in chancery. He studied law with Judge Garrett D. W. Vroom, and in June, 1886, he was admitted to the New Jersey bar. In 1891 the new chancellor was appointed counsel to the board of freeholders of Mercer, and in 1907 Chancellor Magie made him vice chancellor. Mr. Walker was sworn in at noon Tuesday and at once took up the duties of his new position.

There was an unusual scene at the hearing which the committee on municipal corporations of the senate gave on the bill which, it is claimed, will throw Atlantic City wide open on Sunday by providing that hotels having at least twenty-five rooms may serve liquor, etc., with meals on that day. A large delegation from the popular resort was on hand to advocate the enactment of the bill, while a number of clergymen and temperance workers appeared to oppose it just as strenuously.

#### Accused Senator Leavitt.

The excitement was caused by the Rev. E. J. Kulp, pastor of the Broadway Methodist church of Camden, who in the course of his remarks said that he understood that Senator Leavitt, the chairman of the committee, intended juggling the measure so as "to put Governor Wilson in a hole."

Senator Leavitt resented the accusation in forcible language and declared that what the clergyman said was false and plainly told him that such tactics would not prevail there. He also said that he would report the bill unfavorably. Then the clergyman apologized for his hasty statements.

There was considerable said on both sides of the measure, the hotel men and advocates of the bill contending that it was necessary for the commercial prosperity of the resort, while the opponents declared it was only a scheme to circumvent the dry Sunday which had prevailed at Atlantic City lately.

An energetic fight is being waged here to have the house committee on game and fish report favorably Mr. James' measure, which prohibits the use in this state of the automatic or, as it is more popularly known, the "pump" gun. The sportsmen of the state, backed by the fish and game commissioners, are working hard for the passage of the bill, and a large lobby representing the makers of the gun are working just as energetically for its death. It is said that the gun makers are afraid to allow the bill to go to a vote and for that reason are working hard just now to keep it in committee.

#### Adjournment In Sight.

The first indication that the leaders who have declared that the legislature shall adjourn in a week or two came when on Monday night the house adopted a resolution providing that no more bills should be introduced after Monday except by unanimous consent. Before the resolution was adopted there was a long debate on the constitutionality of the proposition, several claiming that a member of the legislature could not be deprived of his right to introduce what he pleases as long as the session was pending, but the majority thought otherwise, and the resolution was adopted.

A debate along similar lines prevailed in the senate, during which Senator Nichols declared that he would not consent to the introduction of a bill in the senate, and as the resolution prevailed it is believed that if Mr. Nichols adheres to his expressed determination no more bills will appear in the senate this session.

Although few believe it, the Republican leaders declare that on April 26 the legislature will take a recess, so that the lawmakers may return and consider any bills the governor may veto, for if they should adjourn sine die and leave any bills in his hands and he should veto them they would have no opportunity to pass them over his veto and they would be dead.

## MISS SUSAN GLASPELL'S DOG

### "Voila" Is the Original of the Two Delightful Puppies in "The Visioning."

Miss Susan Glaspell, the author, has a dog, which fact is of more importance than might at first appear. For in her new novel, "The Visioning," are introduced two frolicsome puppies named Pourquoi and N'est-ce-pas. And there are no two more real characters in the whole book than Why and Ain't It, to use their names in English form.

It was Miss Glaspell's own dog, a bohemian beast, that inspired the creation of "The Visioning's" twin puppy clowns. The real dog also has a French name, Viola. When its owner bought it, over in Paris, she wanted at first to name it Raspail, both in memory of the boulevard on which she lived and as a sympathetic cognomen for a sensitive souled Parisian dog. But her family objected. They could not see their way clear to shouting, "Come, Raspail! Raspail! Raspail!" So Miss Glaspell compromised on Voila.

Voila has vagaries. It is a wanderer. It is a collie, and a collie, it evidently thinks, ought to be afield. Whenever it feels that way, away Voila goes. Fortunately, it wears a collar with Miss Glaspell's name and address. She has come to think nothing of such a phone message as this:

"Hello! Is dis Miss Glaspell? Vell dis is der bartender bei Hans Bummelransen's saloon, No, no, vait! I didn't got der wrong phone number. I choost vant to say I got here your tog. Vill you come for him?"

The the author of "The Visioning" has to drop chapter plans and seek out Herr Bummelransen's place with sorrow—and a dollar. But were it not so there might never have been a N'est-ce-pas and a Pourquoi.

"Didn't we hear you having an argument with your wife?" asked the neighbor.

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta was rehearsing for a suffragette debate and I was supposed to represent the opposition."

### Rose to High Position.

In the year 1716 a girl called Marie d'Abbadie was hired as a servant in an inn at Pierrefitte, France. She was the daughter of peasants named Dominique Habas and Marie d'Abbadie. A Bearnais from the village of Boeilh, whose name was Jean de Saint-Jean, stayed in this inn, saw the pretty maid, fell in love with her and on May 30, 1719, wedded her in the church at Assat. They had several daughters, the eldest of whom, on Feb. 20, 1754, was married at Boeilh to Henri Bernadotte, physician, son of Jean Bernadotte, master tailor. Their son was Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, who became king of Sweden and whose great grandsons and great granddaughter are respectively King Gustave V. of Sweden, King Haakon VII. of Norway and the Queen of Denmark.

### The Selfish Cook.

Judge E. H. Gary, at a dinner in Washington, said that the successful man's work was always, to a certain extent, unselfish.

"I mean," he explained, "that the successful man shows in his work none of the spirit evinced by a certain Wheaton cook.

"This cook, on a hot afternoon, was was making a frozen custard. She slapped her ingredients together with such carelessness that a kitchen maid said:

"'You're certainly not giving much attention to that custard, cook!'

"'Why should I?' the cook answered. 'They never leave any for us.'"

## Classified Advertising

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this heading for one cent a word, each insertion payable strictly in advance. Minimum charge 25c.

### FOR SALE

BUCKEYE Incubator, 50 egg, nearly new. Apply R New Era office.

FOR SALE—Upright piano, dining-room set, beds, mattresses, tables, chairs. Lincoln avenue, second door above Broad.

FOR SALE—2 oak bed-room suits, porch rockers, extension table, hall rack, 2 small mahogany tables, and other furniture. 402 Lippincott avenue.

FINE Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels. J. E. Morton, Broad street. 3-1-tf

FRESH EGGS and poultry direct from the farm. Joseph H. Smith, 422 Thomas avenue.

FOR SALE—5-passenger Washington touring car, 30 h.p., in first-class condition, $500. Apply W, New Era office. 9-22-tf

SEVERAL nice young Plymouth Rock roosters for sale, 75c each. Owens, Laundryman, Palmyra. 3-22-2

SQUARE PIANO for sale cheap. Apply C. New Era Office.

WHITE GO-CART for sale cheap. Apply 800 Main street.

### FOR RENT

NICE houses for rent in Palmyra and Riverton $15, $22, $25, $28, $30, $35. Furnished house $40. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

### MISCELLANEOUS

LIGHT Lunch and Ice Cream Parlor. Ice cream Thursdays and Saturdays. Home-made bread and pies Wednesdays and Saturdays. Orders filled at any time. Mrs. Alice Taylor, Third and Penn Streets, Riverton. 9-1-tf

### REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

EAST Riverton lots 50x300 feet facing on three streets only $275 for all. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

FOR SALE in Riverton, 9-room corner house, lot 100x150 ft., stable, $2500, George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

PAIR of well located investment houses $4000. Rental $432 per year. Write for particulars. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

### WANTED

HOLLAND girl desires position as chambermaid, the first of April. Cannot speak English. Address Box 244, Riverton post office.

## NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that my wife, Rinah E. Pleasanton, has left my bed and board, and I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by her.

BENJ. PLEASANTON.

March 2, 1912.


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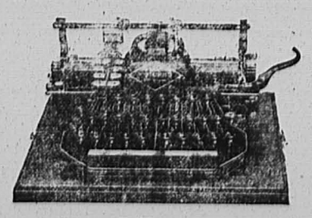

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709 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill, Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. He overtakes them in the mountains of Tennessee. Murrell gets Yancy drunk and stabs him in a [illegible] that followed. Hannibal escapes in a canoe.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Judge recognizes in the boy the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Hannibal hears of the finding of Yancy's body. Price arrested as counterfeiter.

CHAPTER IX.—Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER X.—Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER XI.—Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again.

CHAPTER XII.—Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft.

CHAPTER X[illegible].—Judge Price makes startling [illegible]coveries in looking up land [illegible] Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted.

CHAPTER XV.—Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Carrington bids Betty good-bye. Norton is mysteriously shot.

CHAPTER XVI.—More light on Murrell's plots. He plans uprising of negroes.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Judge and Hannibal visit Betty.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Betty is told why Norton was killed and leaves Belle Plain, taking Hannibal with her. The carriage is held up in the woods.

CHAPTER XIX.—Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners in a lonely cabin.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Murrell Shows His Hand.

At length points of light began to show through chinks in the logs. Hannibal roused and sat up, rubbing his eyes with the backs of his hands.

"Wasn't you able to sleep none?" he inquired. Betty shook her head. He looked at her with an expression of troubled concern. "How soon do you reckon the judge will know?" he asked.

"Very soon now, dear." Hannibal was greatly consoled by this opinion.

"Miss Betty, he will love to find us—"

"Hark! What was that?" for Betty had caught the distant splash of oars. Hannibal found a chink in the logs through which by dint of much squinting he secured a partial view of the bayou.

"They're fetching up a keel boat to the shore, Miss Betty—it's a whooper!" he announced. Betty's heart sank; she never doubted the purpose for which that boat was brought into the bayou, or that it nearly concerned herself.

Half an hour later Mrs. Hicks appeared with their breakfast. It was in vain that Betty attempted to engage her in conversation. Either she cherished some personal feeling of dislike for her prisoner, or else the situation in which she herself was placed had little to recommend it, even to her dull mind, and her dissatisfaction was expressed in her attitude toward the girl.

Betty passed the long hours of morning in dreary speculation concerning what was happening at Belle Plain. In the end she realized that the day could go by and her absence occasion no alarm. Steve might reasonably suppose George had driven her into Raleigh or to the Bowens' and that she had kept the carriage. Finally all her hope centered on Judge Price. He would expect Hannibal during the morning; perhaps when the boy did not arrive he would be tempted to go out to Belle Plain to discover the reason of his non-appearance. She wondered what theories would offer themselves to his ingenious mind, for she sensed something of that indomitable energy which in the face of rebuffs and laughter carried him into the thick of every sensation.

At noon Mrs. Hicks, as sullen as in the morning, brought them their dinner. She had scarcely quitted the loft when a shrill whistle pierced the silence that hung above the clearing. It was twice repeated, and the two women were heard to go from the cabin. Perhaps half an hour elapsed, then a step became audible on the packed earth of the dooryard. Some one entered the room below and began to ascend the narrow stairs, and Betty's fingers closed convulsively about Hannibal's. This was neither Mrs. Hicks nor her daughter, nor Slosson with his clumsy shuffle. There was a brief pause when the landing was reached, but it was only momentary; a hand lifted the bar, the door was thrown open, and its space framed the figure of a man. It was John Murrell.

Standing there he regarded Betty in silence, but a deep-seated fire glowed in his sunken eyes. The sense of possession was raging through him, his temples throbbed, a fever stirred his blood. Love, such as it was, he undoubtedly felt for her, and even his giant project, with all its monstrous ramifications, was lost sight of for the moment. She was the inspiration for it all, the goal and reward for which he struggled.

"Betty!" the single word fell softly from his lips. He stepped into the room, closing the door as he did so.

The girl's eyes were dilating with a mute horror, for by some swift, intuitive process of the mind, which asked nothing of the logic of events, but dealt only with conclusions, Murrell stood revealed as Norton's murderer. Perhaps he read her thoughts, but he had lived in his degenerate ambitions until the common judgments or the understanding of them no longer existed for him. That Betty had loved Norton seemed inconsequential even; it was a memory to be swept away by the force of his greater passion. So he watched her smilingly, but back of the smile was the menace of unleashed impulse.

"Can't you find some word of welcome for me, Betty?" he asked at length, still softly, still with something of entreaty in his tone.

"Then it was you—not Tom—who had me brought here!" She could have thanked God had it been Tom, whose hate was not to be feared as she feared this man's love.

"Tom—no!" and Murrell laughed. "You didn't think I'd give you up? I am standing with a halter about my neck, and all for your sake—who'd

"Then It Was You—Not Tom—Who Had Me Brought Here!"

risk as much for love of you?" He seemed to expand with savage pride that this was so, and took a step toward her.

"Don't come near me!" cried Betty. Her eyes blazed, and she looked at him with loathing.

"You'll learn to be kinder," he exulted. "You wouldn't see me at Belle Plain; what was left for me but to have you brought here?"

While Murrell was speaking the signal that had told of his own presence on the opposite shore of the bayou was heard again. This served to arrest his attention. A look of uncertainty passed over his face, then he made an impatient gesture as if he dismissed some thought that had forced itself upon him, and turned to Betty.

"You don't ask what my purpose is where you are concerned; you have no curiosity on that score?" She endeavored to meet his glance with a glance as resolute, then her eyes sought the boy's upturned face. "I am going to send you down river, Betty. Later I shall join you in New Orleans, and when I leave the country you shall go with me—"

"Never!" gasped Betty.

"As my wife, or however you choose to call it. I'll teach you what a man's love is like," he boasted, and extended his hand. Betty shrank from him, and his hand fell at his side. He looked at her steadily out of his deep-sunk eyes, in which blazed the fires of his passion, and as he looked, her face paled and flushed by turns. "You may learn to be kind to me, Betty," he said. "You may find it will be worth your while." Betty made no answer; she only gathered Hannibal closer to her side. "Why not accept what I have to offer, Betty?" Again he went nearer her, and again she shrank from him, but the madness of his mood was in the ascendant. He seized her and drew her to him. She struggled to free herself, but his fingers tightened about her.

"Let me go!" she panted. He laughed his cool laugh of triumph.

"Let you go—ask me anything but that, Betty! Have you no reward for patience such as mine? A whole summer has passed since I saw you first—"

There was the noisy shuffling of feet on the stairs, and releasing Betty, Murrell swung about on his heel and faced the door. It was pushed open an inch at a time by a not too confident hand and Mr. Slosson thus guardedly presented himself to the eye of his chief, whom he beckoned from the room.

"Well?" said Murrell, when they stood together on the landing.

"Just come across to the keel boat!" and Slosson led the way down stairs and from the house.

"Damn you, Joe, you might have waited!" observed the outlaw. Slosson gave him a hardened grin. They crossed the clearing and boarded the keel boat which rested against the bank. As they did so the cabin in the stern gave up a shattered presence in the shape of Tom Ware. Murrell started violently. "I thought you were hanging out in Memphis, Tom?" he said, and his brow darkened, as, sinister and forbidding, he stepped closer to the planter. Ware did not answer at once, but looked at Murrell out of heavy bloodshot eyes, his face pinched and ghastly. At last he said, speaking with visible effort.

"I stayed in Memphis until five o'clock this morning."

"Damn your early hours!" roared Murrell. "What are you doing here? I suppose you've been showing that dead face of yours about the neighborhood—why didn't you stay at Belle Plain, since you couldn't keep away?"

"I haven't been near Belle Plain; I came here instead. How am I going to meet people and answer questions?" His teeth were chattering. "Is it known she's missing?" he added.

"Hicks raised the alarm the first thing this morning, according to the instructions I'd given him."

"Yes?" gasped Ware. He was dripping from every pore and the sickly color came and went on his unshaven cheeks. Murrell dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"You haven't been at Belle Plain, you say, but has any one seen you on the road this morning?"

"No one, John," cried Ware, panting between each word. There was a moment's pause and Ware spoke again. "What are they doing at Belle Plain?" he demanded in a whisper. Murrell's lips curled.

"I understand there is talk of suicide," he said.

"Good!" cried Ware.

"They are dragging the bayou down below the house. It looks as though you were going to reap the rewards of the excellent management you have given her estate. They have been trying to find you in Memphis, so the sooner you show yourself the better," he concluded significantly.

"You are sure you have her safe, John; no chance of discovery? For God's sake get her away from here as soon as you can; it's an awful risk you run!"

"She'll be sent down river tonight," said Murrell.

"Captain," began Slosson, who up to this had taken no part in the conversation, "when are you going to cross to t'other side of the bayou?"

"Soon," replied Murrell. Slosson laughed.

"I didn't know but you'd clean forgot the Clan's business. I want to ask another question—but first I want to say that no one thinks higher or more frequent of the ladies than just me; I'm genuinely fond of 'em, and I've never lifted my hand ag'in 'em except in kindness." Mr. Slosson looked at Ware with an exceedingly virtuous expression of countenance. He continued: "Yo' orders are that we're to slip out of this a little afore midnight, but suppose there's a hitch—here's the lady knowing what she knows and here's the boy knowing what he knows."

"There can be no hitch," rasped out Murrell arrogantly.

"I never knew a speculation that couldn't go wrong; and by rights we should have got away last night."

"Well, whose fault is it you didn't?" demanded Murrell.

"In a manner it were mine, but the ark got on a sandbank as we were fetching it in and it took us the whole damn night to get clear."

"Well?" prompted Murrell, with a sullen frown.

"Suppose they get shut of that notion of theirs that the lady's done drowned herself; suppose they take to watching the river? Or suppose the whole damn bottom drops out of this deal? What then? The lady, good looking as she is, knows enough to make west Tennessee mighty onhealthy for some of us. I say, suppose it's a flash in the pan and you have to crowd the distance in between you and this part of the world, you can't tell me you'll have any use [redacted]

## CHAPTER XXI.

### The Judge Meets the Situation.

The judge's and Mr. Mahaffy's celebration of the former's rehabilitated credit had occupied the shank of the evening, the small hours of the night, and that part of the succeeding day which the southwest described as soon in the morning; and as the stone jug, in which were garnered the spoils of the highly confidential but entirely misleading conversation which the judge had held with Mr. Pegloe after his return from Belle Plain, lost in weight, it might have been observed that he and Mr. Mahaffy seemed to gain in that nice sense of equity which should form the basis of all human relations. The judge watched Mr. Mahaffy, and Mr. Mahaffy watched the judge, each trustfully placing the regulation of his private conduct in the hands of his friend, as the one most likely to be affected by the rectitude of his acts.

Probably so extensive a consumption of Mr. Pegloe's corn whisky had never been accomplished with greater highmindedness. They honorably split the last glass, the judge scorning to set up any technical claim to it as his exclusive property; then he stared at Mahaffy, while Mahaffy, dark-visaged and forbidding, stared back at him.

The judge sighed deeply. He took up the jug and inverted it. A stray drop or so fell languidly into his glass.

"Try squeezing it, Price," said Mahaffy.

The judge shook the jug, it gave forth an empty sound, and he sighed again; he attempted to peer into it, closing one watery eye as he tilted it toward the light.

"I wonder no Yankee has ever

"Try Squeezing It, Price," Said Mahaffy.

thought to invent a jug with a glass bottom," he observed.

"What for?" asked Mahaffy.

"You astonish me, Solomon," exclaimed the judge. "Coming as you do from that section which invented the wooden nutmeg, and an eight-day clock that has been known to run as much as four or five hours at a stretch. I am aware the Yankees are an ingenious people; I wonder none of 'em ever thought of a jug with a glass bottom, so that when a body holds it up to the light he can see at a glance whether it is empty or not. Do you reckon Pegloe has sufficient confidence to fill the jug again for us?"

But Mahaffy's expression indicated no great confidence in Mr. Pegloe's confidence.

"Credit," began the judge, "is proverbially shy; still it may sometimes be increased, like the muscles of the body and the mental faculties, by judicious use. I've always regarded Pegloe's as a cheap mind. I hope I have done him an injustice." He put on his hat, and tucking the jug under his arm went from the house.

Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed. Mahaffy considered this a good sign; it didn't take long to say no, he reflected. Another ten or fifteen elapsed. Mahaffy lost heart. Then there came a hasty step beyond the door, it was thrown violently open, and the judge precipitated himself into the room. A glance showed Mahaffy that he was laboring under intense excitement.

"Solomon, I bring shocking news. God knows what the next few hours may reveal!" cried the judge, mopping his brow. "Miss Malroy his disappeared from Belle Plain, and Hannibal has gone with her!"

"Where have they gone?" asked Mahaffy, and his long jaw dropped.

"Would to God I had an answer ready for that question, Solomon!" answered the judge, with a melancholy shake of the head. He gazed down on his friend with an air of large tolerance. "I am going to Belle Plain, but you are too drunk. Sleep it off, Solomon, and join me when your brain is clear and your legs steady."

Mahaffy jerked out an oath, and lifting himself off his chair, stood erect. He snatched up his hat.

"Stuff your pistols into your pockets, and come on, Price!" he said, [redacted]d stalked toward the door.

He flitted up the street, and the dge puffed and panted in his wake. hey gained the edge of the village ithout speech.

"There is mystery and rascality ere!" said the judge.

"What do you know, Price, and here did you hear this?" Mahaffy ot the question back over his shouler.

"At Pegloe's; the Belle Plain over-er had just fetched the news into wn."

Again they were silent, all their nergies being absorbed by the physial exertion they were making. The oad danced before their burning yes, it seemed to be uncoiling itself erpent-wise with hideous undulations. r. Mahaffy was conscious that the dge, of whom he caught a blurred ision now at his right side, now at s left, was laboring painfully in the eat and dust, the breath whistling om between his parched lips.

"You're just ripe for apoplexy, rice!" he snarled, moderating his ace.

"Go on," said the judge, with stolid esolution.

Two miles out of the village they me to a roadside spring; here they aused for an instant. Mahaffy cooped up handfuls of the clear water and sucked it greedily. The judge ropped on his stomach and buried is face in the tiny pool, gulping p great thirsty swallows. After a ong breathless instant he stood erect, ith drops of moisture clinging to his ose and eyebrows. Mahaffy was a ozen paces down the road, hurrying orward again with relentless vigor. he judge shuffled after him. The racks they left in the dust crossed nd re-crossed the road, but presently the slanting lines of their advance straightened, the judge gained and held a fixed place at Mahaffy's right, a step or so in the rear. His opulent fancy began to deal with the situation.

"If anything happens to the child, the man responsible for it would better never been born—I'll pursue him with undiminished energy from this moment forth!" he panted.

"What could happen to him, Price?" asked Mahaffy.

"God knows, poor little lad!"

"Will you shut up!" cried Mahaffy savagely.

"Solomon!"

"Why do you go building on that idea? Why should any one harm him—what earthly purpose—"

"I tell you, Solomon, we are the pivotal point in a vast circle of crime. This is a blow at me—this is revenge, sir, neither more nor less! They have struck at me through the boy, it is as plain as day."

"What did the overseer say?"

"Just that they found Miss Malroy gone from Belle Plain this morning, and the boy with her."

"This is like you, Price! How do you know they haven't spent the night at some neighbor's?"

"The nearest neighbor is five or six miles distant. Miss Malroy and Hannibal were seen along about dusk in the grounds at Belle Plain; do you mean to tell me you consider it likely that they set out on foot at that hour, and without a word to any one, to make a visit?" inquired the judge; but Mahaffy did not contend for this point.

"What are you going to do first, Price?"

"Have a look over the grounds, and talk with the slaves."

"Where's the brother—wasn't he at Belle Plain last night?"

"It seems he went to Memphis yesterday."

They plodded forward in silence; now and again they were passed by some man on horseback whose destination was the same as their own, and then at last they caught sight of Belle Plain in its grove of trees.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Judge Takes Charge.

All work on the plantation had stopped, and the hundreds of slaves—men, women and children—were gathered about the house. Among those moved the members of the dominant race. The judge would have attached himself to the first group, but he heard a whispered question, and the answer:

"Miss Malroy's lawyer."

Clearly it was not for him to mix with these outsiders, these curiosity seekers. He crossed the lawn to the house, and mounted the steps. In the doorway was big Steve, while groups of men stood about in the hall, the hum of busy purposeless talk pervading the place. The judge frowned. This was all wrong.

"Has Mr. Ware returned from Memphis?" he asked of Steve.

"No, sah; not yet."

"Then show me into the library," said the judge with bland authority, surrendering his hat to the butler. "Come along, Mahaffy!" he added. They entered the library, and the judge motioned Steve to close the door. "Now, boy, you'll kindly ask those people to withdraw—you may say it is Judge Price's orders. Allow no one to enter the house unless they have business with me, or as I send for them—you understand? After you have cleared the house, you may bring me a decanter of corn whisky—stop a bit—you may ask the sheriff to step here."

"Yes, sah." And Steve withdrew.

The judge drew an easy-chair up to the flat-topped desk that stood in the center of the room, and seated himself.

"Are you going to make this the excuse for another drunk, Price? If so, I feel the greatest contempt for you," said Mahaffy sternly.

The judge winced at this.

"You have made a regrettable choice of words, Solomon," he urged gently.

"Where's your feeling for the boy?"

"Here!" said the judge, with an eloquent gesture, resting his hand on his heart.

"If you let whisky alone, I'll believe you; otherwise what I have said must stand."

The door opened, and the sheriff slouched into the room. He was chewing a long wheat straw, and his whole appearance was one of troubled weakness.

"Morning," he said briefly.

"Sit down, sheriff," and the judge indicated a meek seat for the official in a distant corner. "Have you learned anything?" he asked.

The sheriff shook his head.

"What you turning all these neighbors out of doors for?" he questioned.

"We don't want people tracking in and out the house, sheriff. Important evidence may be destroyed. I propose examining the slaves first—does that meet with your approval?"

"Oh, I've talked with them; they don't know nothing," said the sheriff. "No one can't know nothing."

"Please God, we may yet put our fingers on some villain who does," said the judge.

Outside it was noised about that Judge Price had taken matters in hand—he was the old fellow who had been warned to keep his mouth shut, and who had never stopped talking since. A crowd collected beyond the library windows and feasted its eyes on the back of this hero's bald head.

One by one the house servants were ushered into the judge's presence. First he interrogated little Steve, who had gone to Miss Betty's door that morning to rouse her, as was his custom. Next he examined Betty's maid; then the cook, and various house servants, who had nothing especial to tell, but told it at considerable length; and lastly big Steve.

"Stop a bit," the judge suddenly interrupted the butler in the midst of his narrative. "Does the overseer always come up to the house the first thing in the morning?"

"Why, not exactly, sah, but he come up this mo'ning, sah. He was talking to me at the back of the house, when the women run out with the word that Missy was done gone away."

"He joined in the search?"

"Yes, sah."

"When was Miss Malroy seen last?" asked the judge.

"She and the young gemman you fotched heah were seen in the gyarden along about sundown. I seen them myself."

"They had had supper?"

"Yes, sah."

"Who sleeps here?"

"Just little Steve and three of the women; they sleeps at the back of the house, sah."

"No sounds were heard during the night?"

"No, sah."

"I'll see the overseer—what's his name?—Hicks? Suppose you go for him!" said the judge, addressing the sheriff.

The sheriff was gone from the room only a few moments, and returned with the information that Hicks was down at the bayou, which was to be dragged.

"Why?" inquired the judge.

"Hicks says Miss Malroy's been acting mighty queer ever since Charley Norton was shot—distracted like! He says he noticed it, and that Tom Ware noticed it."

"How does he explain the boy's disappearance?"

"He reckons she throwed herself in, and the boy tried to drag her out, like he naturally would, and got drawed in."

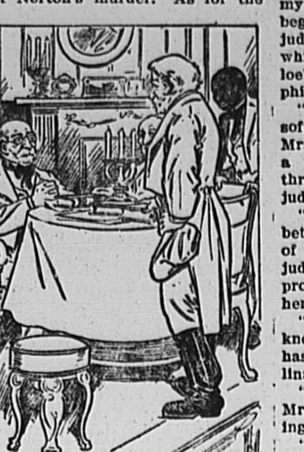
"Humph! I'll trouble Mr. Hicks to step here," said the judge quietly.

"There's Mr. Carrington and a couple of strangers outside who've been asking about Miss Malroy and the boy; seems like the strangers knowed her and him back yonder in No'th Carolina," said the sheriff as he turned away.

"I'll see them." The sheriff went from the room and the judge dismissed the servants.

"Well, what do you think, Price?" asked Mahaffy anxiously when they were alone.

"Rubbish! Take my word for it, Solomon, this blow is leveled at me. I have been too forward in my attempts to suppress the carnival of crime that is raging through west Tennessee. You'll observe that Miss Malroy disappeared at a moment when the public is disposed to think she has retained me as her legal adviser; probably she will be set at liberty when she agrees to drop the matter of Norton's murder. As for the



"Hicks Says Miss Malroy's Been Acting Queer Since Charley Norton Was Shot."

boy, they'll use him to compel my silence and inaction." The judge took a long breath. "Yet there remains one point where the boy is concerned that completely baffles me. If we knew just a little more of his antecedents it might cause me to make a startling and radical move."

Mahaffy was clearly not impressed by the vague generalities in which the judge was dealing.

"There you go, Price, as usual, trying to convince yourself that you are the center of everything!" he said, in a tone of much exasperation. "Let's get down to business! What does this man Hicks mean by hinting at suicide? You saw Miss Malroy yesterday?"

"You have put your finger on a point of some significance," said the judge. "She bore evidence of the shock and loss she had sustained; aside from that she was quite as she has always been."

"Well, what do you want to see Hicks for? What do you expect to learn from him?"

"I don't like his insistence on the idea that Miss Malroy is mentally unbalanced. It's a question of some delicacy—the law, sir, fully recognizes that. It seems to me he is overanxious to account for her disappearance in a manner that can compromise no one."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### The Judge Finds Allies.

They were interrupted by the opening of the door, and big Steve admitted Carrington and the two men of whom the sheriff had spoken.

"A shocking condition of affairs, Mr. Carrington!" said the judge by way of greeting.

"Yes," said Carrington shortly.

"You left these parts some time ago, I believe?" continued the judge.

"The day before Norton was shot. I had started home for Kentucky. I heard of his death when I reached Randolph on the second bluff," explained Carrington, from whose cheeks the weather-beaten bloom had faded. He rested his hand on the edge of the desk and turned to the men who had followed him into the room. "This is the gentleman you wish to see," he said, and stepped to one of the windows; it overlooked the terraces where he had said good-by to Betty scarcely a week before.

The two men had paused by the door. They now advanced. One was gaunt and haggard, his face disfigured by a great red scar; the other was a shock-headed individual who moved with a shambling gait. Both carried rifles and both were dressed in coarse homespun.

"Morning, sir," said the man with the scar. "Yancy's my name, and this gentleman 'lows he'd rather be known now as Mr. Cavendish."

The judge started to his feet.

"Bob Yancy?" he cried.

"Yes, sir, that's me." The judge passed nimbly around the desk and shook the Scratch Hiller warmly by the hand. "Where's my nevvy, sir?—what's all this about him and Miss Betty?" Yancy's soft drawl was suddenly eager.

"Please God we'll recover him soon!" said the judge.

By the window Carrington moved impatiently. No harm could come to the boy, but Betty—a shudder went through him.

"They've stolen him." Yancy spoke with conviction. "I reckon they've started back to No'th Carolina with him—only that don't explain what's come of Miss Betty, does it?" and he dropped rather helplessly into a chair.

"Bob are just getting off a sick bed. He's been powerful porely in consequence of having his head laid open and then being throwed into the Elk river, where I fished him out," explained Cavendish, who still continued to regard the judge with unmixed astonishment, first cocking his shaggy head on one side and then on the other, his bleached eyes narrowed to a slit. Now and then he favored the austere Mahaffy with a fleeting glance. He seemed intuitively to understand the comradeship of their degradation.

"Mr. Cavendish fetched me here on his raft. We tied up to the sho' this morning. It was there we met Mr. Carrington—I'd knowed him slightly back yonder in No'th Carolina," continued Yancy. "He said I'd find Hannibal with you. I was counting a heap on seeing my nevvy."

Carrington, no longer able to control himself, swung about on his heel.

"What's been done?" he asked, with fierce repression. "What's going to be done? Don't you know that every second is precious?"

"I am about to conclude my investigations, sir," said the judge with dignity.

Carrington stepped to the door. After all, what was there to expect of these men? Whatever their interest, it was plainly centered in the boy. He passed out into the hall.

As the door closed on him the judge turned again to the Scratch Hiller.

"Mr. Yancy, Mr. Mahaffy and I hold your nephew in the tenderest regard; he has been our constant companion ever since you were lost to him. In this crisis you may rely upon us; we are committed to his recovery, no matter what it involves." The judge's tone was one of unalterable resolution.

"I reckon you-all have been mighty good and kind to him," said Yancy huskily.

"We have endeavored to be, Mr. Yancy—indeed I had formed the resolution legally to adopt him should you not come to claim him. I should have given him my name, and made him my heir. His education has already begun under my supervision," and the judge, remembering the high use to which he had dedicated one of Pegloe's trade labels, fairly glowed with philanthropic fervor.

"Think of that!" murmured Yancy softly. He was deeply moved. So was Mr. Cavendish, who was gifted with a wealth of ready sympathy. He thrust out a hardened hand to the judge.

"Shake!" he said. "You're a heap better than you look." A thin ripple of laughter escaped Mahaffy, but the judge accepted Chills and Fever's proffered hand. He understood that here was a simple genuine soul.

"Price, isn't it important for us to know why Mr. Yancy thinks the boy has been taken back to North Carolina?" said Mahaffy.

"Just what kin is Hannibal to you, Mr. Yancy?" asked the judge resuming his seat.

"Strictly speaking, he ain't none. That he come to live with me is all owing to Mr. Crenshaw, who's a good man when left to himself, but he's got a wife, so a body may say he never is left to himself," began Yancy; and then briefly he told the story of the woman and the child much as he had told it to Bladen at the Barony the day of General Quintard's funeral.

The judge, his back to the light and his face in shadow, rested his left elbow on the desk and with his chin sunk in his palm, followed the Scratch Hiller's narrative with the closest attention.

"And General Quintard never saw him—never manifested any interest in him?" the words came slowly from the judge's lips; he seemed to gulp down something that rose in his throat. "Poor little lad!" he muttered, and again, "Poor little lad!"

"Never once, sir. He told the slaves to keep him out of his sight. We-all wondered, fo' you know how niggers will talk. We thought maybe he was some kin to the Quintards, but we couldn't figure out how. The old general never had but one child and she had been dead fo' years. The child couldn't have been hers no-how." Yancy paused.

The judge drummed idly on the desk.

"What implacable hate—what iron pride!" he murmured, and swept his hand across his eyes. Absorbed and aloof, he was busy with his thoughts that spanned the waste of years—years that seemed to glide before him in review, each bitter with its hideous memories of shame and defeat. Then from the smoke of these lost battles emerged the lonely figure of the child as he had seen him that June night.

His ponderous arm stiffened where it rested on the desk, he straightened up in his chair and his face assumed its customary expression of battered dignity, while a smile at once wistful and tender hovered about his lips.

"One other question," he said. "Until this man Murrell appeared you had no trouble with Bladen? He was content that you should keep the child—your right to Hannibal was never challenged?"

"Never, sir. All my troubles began about that time."

"Murrell belongs in these parts," said the judge.

"I'd admire fo' to meet him," said Yancy quietly.

The judge grinned.

"I place my professional services at your disposal," he said. "Yours is a clear case of felonious assault."

"No, it ain't, sir—I look at it this-a-way; it's a clear case of my giving him the damndest sort of a body beating!"

"Sir," said the judge, "I'll hold your hat while you are about it!"

Hicks had taken his time in responding to the judge's summons, but now his step sounded in the hall and throwing open the door he entered the room. Whether consciously or not he had acquired something of that surly, forbidding manner which was characteristic of his employer. A curt nod of the head was his only greeting.

"Will you sit down?" asked the judge. Hicks signified by another movement of the head that he would not. "This is a very dreadful business!" began the judge softly.

"Ain't it?" agreed Hicks. "What you got to say to me?" he added petulantly.

"Have you started to drag the bayou?" asked the judge. Hicks nodded. "That was your idea?" suggested the judge.

"No, it 'wa'n't," objected Hicks quickly. "But I said she had been actin' like she was plumb distracted ever since Charley Norton got shot—"

"How?" inquired the judge, arching his eyebrows. Hicks was plainly disturbed by the question.

"Sort of out of her head. Mr. Ware seen it, too—"

"He spoke of it?"

"Yes, sir; him and me discussed it together."

The judge regarded Hicks long and intently and in silence. His magnificent mind was at work. If Betty had been distraught he had not observed any sign of it the previous day. If Ware were better informed as to her true mental state why had he chosen this time to go to Memphis?

"I suppose Mr. Ware asked you to keep an eye on Miss Malroy while he was away from home?" said the judge. Hicks, suspicious of the drift of his questioning, made no answer. "I suppose you told the house servants to keep her under observation?" continued the judge.

"I don't talk to no niggers," replied Hicks, "except to give 'em my orders."

"Well, did you give them that order?"

"No, I didn't."

The sudden and hurried entrance of big Steve brought the judge's examination of Mr. Hicks to a standstill.

"Mas'r, you know dat 'ar coachman George—the big black fellow dat took you into town las' evenin'? I jes' been down at Shanty Hill whar Milly, his wife, is carryin' on something scandalous 'cause George ain't never come home!" Steve was laboring under intense excitement, but he ignored the presence of the overseer and addressed himself to Slocum Price.

"Well, what of that?" cried Hicks quickly.

"Thar warn't no George, mind you, Mas'r, but dar was his team in de stable this mo'ning and lookin' mighty nigh done up with hard driving."

"Yes," interrupted Hicks uneasily; "put a pair of lines in a nigger's hands and he'll run any team off its legs!"

"An' the kerriage all scratched up

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"Poor Little Lad!" He Muttered.

from bein' thrashed through the bushes," added Steve.

"There's a nigger for you!" said Hicks. "She took the rascal out of the field, dressed him like he was a gentleman and pampered him up, and now first chance he gets he runs off!"

"Ah!" said the judge softly. "Then you knew this?"

"Of course I knew—wa'n't it my business to know? I reckon he was off skylarking, and when he'd seen the mess he'd made, the trifling fool took to the woods. Well, he catches it when I lay hands on him!"

"Do you know when and under what circumstances the team was stabled, Mr. Hicks?" inquired the judge.

"No, I don't, but I reckon it must have been long after dark," said Hicks unwillingly. "I seen to the feeding just after sundown like I always do, then I went to supper," Hicks vouchsafed to explain.

"And no one saw or heard the team drive in?"

"Not as I know of," said Hicks.

"Mas'r Ca'ington's done gone off to get a pack of dawgs—he 'lows hit's might' important to find what's come of George," said Steve.

Hicks started violently at this piece of news.

"I reckon he'll have to travel a right smart distance to find a pack of dogs," he muttered. "I don't know of none this side of Colonel Bates' down below Girard."

The judge was lost in thought. He permitted an interval of silence to elapse in which Hicks' glance slid round in a furtive circle.

"When did Mr. Ware set out for Memphis?" asked the judge at length.

"Early yesterday. He goes there pretty often on business."

"You talked with Mr. Ware before he left?" Hicks shook his head. "Did he speak of Miss Malroy?" Hicks shook his head. "Did you see her during the afternoon?"

"No—maybe you think these niggers ain't enough to keep a man stirring?" said Hicks uneasily and with a scowl. The judge noticed both the uneasiness and the scowl.

"I should imagine they would absorb every moment of your time, Mr. Hicks," he agreed affably.

"A man's got to be a hog for work to hold a job like mine," said Hicks sourly.

"But it came to your notice that Miss Malroy has been in a disturbed mental state ever since Mr. Norton's murder? I am interested in this point, Mr. Hicks, because your experience is so entirely at variance with my own. It was my privilege to see and speak with her yesterday afternoon; I was profoundly impressed by her naturalness and composure." The judge smiled, then he leaned forward across the desk. "What were you doing up here early this morning—hasn't a hog for work like you got any business of his own at that hour?" The judge's tone was suddenly offensive.

"Look here, what right have you got to try and pump me?" cried Hicks.

For no discernible reason Mr. Cavendish spat on his palms.

"Mr. Hicks," said the judge, urbane and gracious, "I believe in frankness."

"Sure," agreed Hicks, mollified by the judge's altered tone.

"Therefore I do not hesitate to say that I consider you a damned scoundrel!" concluded the judge.

Mr. Cavendish, accepting the judge's ultimatum as something which must debar Hicks from all further consideration, and being, as he was, exceedingly active and energetic by nature, if one passed over the various forms of gainful industry, uttered a loud whoop and threw himself on the overseer. There was a brief struggle and Hicks went down with the Earl of Lambeth astride of him; then from his boot leg that knightly soul flashed a horn-handled tickler of formidable dimensions.

The judge, Yancy and Mahaffy, sprang from their chairs. Mr. Mahaffy was plainly shocked at the spectacle of Mr. Cavendish's lawless violence. Yancy was disturbed, too, but not by the moral aspects of the case; he was doubtful as to how his friend's act would appeal to the judge. He need not have been distressed on that score, since the judge's one idea was to profit by it. With his hands on his knees he was now bending above the two men.

"What do you want to know, judge?" cried Cavendish, panting from his exertions. "I'll learn this parrot to talk up!"

"Hicks," said the judge, "it is in your power to tell us a few things we are here to find out." Hicks looked up into the judge's face and closed his lips grimly. "Mr. Cavendish, kindly let him have the point of that large knife where he'll feel it most!" ordered the judge.

"Talk quick!" said Cavendish, with a ferocious scowl. "Talk—or what's to hinder me slicing open your woozen?" and he pressed the blade of his knife against the overseer's throat.

"I don't know anything about Miss Betty," said Hicks in a sullen whine

(continued on first page fifth column)

# THE NEW ERA

VOL. 23. NO. 13. RIVERTON AND PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY, FRIDAY, MARCH 29. 1912. PRICE THREE CENTS



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## The Talking Cat

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

It had been a marriage of love between Edward Chalmers and Irene Hope, but there had been a sting or two in the courtship. Neither one would have admitted to an atom of jealousy in their make-up, but each had betrayed it. The husband had been a popular young man, and the wife had had many admirers. They hadn't been jealous enough to quarrel, but the feeling had not been quite dissipated.

Before six months were up Mr. Chalmers came home from the insurance office where he worked, and swore. He had been bullied by his superior, and he said "damn it!" in plain, unmistakable English. The young wife ought to have realized as a girl that there are times when all men swear, and to have been prepared, but it hit her a surprising blow. She began to cry at once.

Mr. Chalmers having arrived at the age of twenty-four and having a bowing acquaintance with at least 50 women, ranging from old married women to girls in short dresses, should have realized that no wife cries in order to irritate her husband. They weep because the dressmaker disappointed them, or because the latest thing in hats doesn't become them. They have been known to sob over the erroneous idea that this is a sad old world. Mr. Chalmers wasn't posted on this point, and therefore when the wife wept he took it as a personal affront. He had been bullied at the office, and now she was rubbing it in on him at home.

All the rest of us could have straightened things out in 15 minutes and then gone to the theater, but this misunderstanding hung on. There were dinner and tears and mental oaths, and romance jumped the fence and disappeared in the bushes. Things might have changed for the better next day but for the god of chance. The wife went to the butcher's to order meat, and on the way met Jerry Simpson.

Jerry was one of her old admirers, but the admiration was all on his side. At any other time he would have been passed with a cold nod. Now it was different. Mrs. Chalmers was mad at her husband. She stopped and shook hands with Jerry and told him how glad she was to see him, and at the end of ten minutes she thought she had done a smart thing.

At lunch hour, when Mr. Chalmers went out for his bite, he met Miss Cator. There was once a report that they were engaged. At any rate, they were pretty good friends. He was glad to see her, because he knew that his bride didn't like her a bit. He was so glad that he asked her to lunch with him, and the bill presented by the waiter took his last nickel.

The Chalmers had a cat. She wasn't anything to boast of as a cat, but good enough to begin housekeeping on.

Mr. Chalmers entered the house with his mind made up not to speak first. All the husbands he had ever talked with had told him that in case of a family row the husband must hold himself as stiff as a poker and make the wife do the kneeling act. Mrs. Chalmers had decided not to rush forward and greet him with a kiss. She might look up as he entered, and if encouraging she might smile, but beyond that it must be a mutual thing. Only two weeks previously her married sister had solemnly said to her:

"Irene, you and Ed will have a quarrel some day."

"Never!"

"It may be your fault and it may be his, but stand on your dignity. Don't be the first to give in. If you do the heel of the tyrant will be on your neck forever."

Well, the tyrant was there with his heel. Just let him try to put it on her proud neck! For a moment he seemed inclined to and then turned to the cat.

"Well, pussy, it's been a cool day," said Mr. Chalmers.

"Yes, pussy, it has," said the wife.

"Pussy, you can tell your mistress that this looks like a mighty poor dinner for a hungry man."

"And, pussy, you can tell your master that he trotted off this morning without leaving any market money."

It wasn't the case of a person talking through his hat, but talking through his cat. The feline stretched and yawned and purred, and seemed to say: "Oh, cut it out!" but she was held to her job. That evening, for the first time since his marriage, Mr. Chalmers thought of his lodge. Before leaving the house he said to the cat:

"Pussy, I am going to my lodge tonight, and I may not be home much before midnight."

And while Pussy closed her eyes and didn't appear to care a cent where he went or when he got back, the reply came from the wife:

"Pussy, I am going over to see sister, and I may not be back much before one o'clock in the morning."

Mr. Chalmers did not go to his lodge. That was all a bluff. Mrs. Chalmers did not go to her sister's. That was all a bluff to match the other bluff. At the back end of the grounds they occupied was a pond. The former owner of the premises had created it for a fish pond. He had also built a pagoda on its brink. His idea was to sit in that pagoda at evening tide or some other tide and watch the fish swimming about, but before he had done any sitting or watching he had failed in the leather business and lost his property.

When Mr. Chalmers left the house he went to a tobacconists five blocks away and bought some cigars. Then he returned and made for the pagoda and the pond. There was some thinking to be done, and there was the place to do it. If the former owner had done more thinking there he might not have failed. He had just lit up and got comfortably settled down and called himself three kinds of an idiot, when footsteps were heard approaching. The night was not so dark but that he could recognize his wife while yet 20 feet away. She had come out there to sit and think. She scented the cigar smoke and knew that she was forestalled, but she came right on and took a seat on the bench. The cat wasn't there, but the wife spoke up to say:

"Pussy, you can't blame me a bit. I was told that he had that Helen Cator out to lunch. You know I never liked her nor she me. Of course, he did it to spite me."

The husband drew a long puff and cleared his throat and replied:

"Yes, pussy, but what of that idiot Jerry Simpson? She stood talking to him for the best part of an hour yesterday, and right on the street, too. Why, the man doesn't know enough to pound sand, but she laid herself out to be extra charming."

"But Miss Cator once said I'd be good-looking but for my face!"

"And that ass of a Simpson once asked me if I was bow-legged at my birth!"

"Pussy, the husband always begins a family row, and he should be the first—"

"Pussy, don't you believe it. A wife with a temper can—"

"And he has gone to his lodge hoping I would cry all the evening!"

"And she has gone to her sister's to get braced up to—"

The cat wasn't there, but the angels were. They folded their wings and reached out their hands and pulled that old pagoda into the old pond. Some folks would have said that the water had undermined the bank and brought about a cave-in, but the angels knew. The water was cold. There was mud with it. There were shouts of alarm—choking—gasping—wading ashore, and then a long, wet and muddy embrace.

"Oh, Eddie dear, what—what—"

"Yes, what fools!"

"And Helen Cator and Jerry Simpson!"

## NOT THE WORST DISASTER

**Miss Thornton Could Overlook the Soiling of Her Silk Dress on This Occasion.**

Miss Thornton, dressed with tasteful precision, chose her seat in the street car with the air of one who is habitually careful of her apparel. She looked with an instant's satisfaction upon the starchy cleanliness of the very little girl beside her, and then turning to the window thought no more of her seatmate until, after a long ride, she became conscious of a moist feeling on her knee.

"Why, what is this?" she asked, with considerable vexation, for it was certainly annoying to discover several large spots on the folds of her cherished silken frock

The child, who had been dozing, woke with a start and gazed with astonishment at the limp handkerchief she was holding, and had been holding during her little nap, over Miss Thornton's dress.

"O, it's all gone!" she exclaimed, with a stifled sob of disappointment.

"What is all gone?" demanded Miss Thornton, dabbing her handkerchief ruefully and a little angrily at the discolored silk "What were you carrying that made such a muss?"

"It was a big and dandy ice cream peach. It was awful good, I know, but I didn't eat even one tiny bite of it at the settlement party, 'cause I wanted to take it home to mother, for she never even seen one like it, and now it's—it's nothing, and nobody'll ever eat it."

The little girl's tone of hopeless regret suddenly made the ruin of a handsome silk gown seem paltry compared with the tremendous loss of an ice cream peach. Miss Thornton took the small, damp hand in hers and said, in her gentlest voice: "I am quite sure, dear, that we can find another ice cream peach for your mother, or something else—just as big and dandy."—Youth's Companion.


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### Turkey Thoughts.

H. O. Blaisdell, the world's champion typewriter, was talking to a New York reporter at the Madison Square garden about speed.

"You acquire speed," he said, "only by keeping your mind on it all the time. Your thoughts throughout the year must bear on that one thing as the little boy's thoughts bore on one thing in December.

"The little boy's teacher was giving him a lesson in anatomy. She said:

"'Now, suppose we took the head and the trunk from a body, what would be left'

"The boy, his thoughts concentrated on the Christmas dinner that was approaching, answered:

"'The giblets, ma'am.'"

### Already Supplied.

The Caller—Do you need any typewriter supplies, sir?

The Guvnor—Typewriter supplies? No, I've only just bought her a box of chocolates.—Opinion.

### Superfluous.

"Can I sell you a fine talking machine, sir?"

"No. I married one."

## HUMOR OF THEIR OWN MAKE

**No Profession, Trade or Industry But Has Its Own Technical Jokes.**

There is hardly a profession, trade or industry nowadays that does not have a periodical or organ of its own. And few, indeed, are the publications of this kind that do not devote a weekly or monthly page to the "lighter side" of the branches of human activity to which they are devoted. This technical humor has a twofold interest for the layman, that of the jokes and anecdotes he can appreciate on the one hand and that of those which are incomprehensible to him on the other.

He finds no difficulty, for instance, in the familiar anecdote of the bank president's daughter who, on being informed that her account was overdrawn, severely told the paying teller "not to let it happen again or she would have to speak to papa about it;" but he would very likely be unable to see the humor of a banking story whose point lay in some detail of the routine of the clearing house. And yet the latter might be by far the better of the two. The fun of the story of the new boy in the machine shop who is told to fetch a bucket of steam from the engine room is obvious enough, but that of an anecdote turning on some technical point of machine construction will appeal only to the initiate. Medicine has its strictly professional anecdotes of sickroom, consulting room and operating room, many of which would be grisly to the layman if he could grasp their meaning; but it has also, for his amusement, its tales of the amazing misinterpretations of medical directions by the unsophisticated patients, chiefly of Irish and German nativity. The church and the law, the arts and the sciences all have this double form of humor. No doubt even the undertaker's shop has its fund of anecdote. One willingly takes it for granted.

The body of humor keeps close step with progress and development in all the professions, trades and industries. The humorous columns of their organs are there to prove it. No doubt aviation has already developed a fund of technical anecdotes of its own.

## IT WAS ON THE WATCHMAN

**Thought Belated Husband Needed a Drink After Test Handed Out By Wife.**

The new night watchman tiptoed cautiously over the grass, and diving forward, caught the little man by the coat tail and jerked him down to a seat on the lawn. "Come along, me loine feller," he said. "It's up the river for yours. No housebreakin' goes on my beat."

"Oh, let me alone!" exclaimed the little man peevishly. "I'm not housebreaking. This is my own house, and I'm trying to get in. Mind your own business."

"Likely story," grunted the watchman; "enterin' yer own house be the windy at one o'clock in th' mornin'. Tel that to the Judge."

"I tell you it is my house. My wife locked me out, and I was trying to get in this way when you interfered. The front door is bolted. There's the key, if you want to try. Or you go and ring the front door bell and see what happens."

The watchman, still keeping tight hold of his prey, walked slowly and quietly up to the front door, then suddenly gave the bell a vicious ring. A second floor window opened with a snap.

"William," said a voice so chilly that the watchman shivered down his backbone, "can you say 'six thousand six hundred and sixty-six separate satellites scintillating sparks slowly and with respect to sibilance?'"

The watchman, still grasping the shuddering William, made his way noiselessly to the gate, then whispered to the little man:

"Say, come down to the corner and get a drink to warm you up after that. I guess it's on me!"

### Don't Forget to Exercise.

No man of affairs, however important or overdriven, can ever be too busy to take time for exercise, unless he wishes to apply for his long vacation a decade or two earlier than is necessary.

The place where the mummy of the Egyptians should be carried round at regular intervals, with a reminder that he has been dead for 10,000 years, is not at feasts, but in our business offices, workshops, counting houses and studios. There is where men are really killing themselves, instead of in their sports, their luxuries, or even in their vices.

Commercially slave-driving your body and brain may sometimes be a necessity, but the unbiased biologist of the twentieth century is beginning to suspect that the praises of industry, like those of a sacrifice, are sung most loudly and insistently by those in church or state who hope to profit by it—in others!—Woods Hutchinson, in Exercise and Health.

### Deceives No One.

"The expectation that you actually can be one thing and appear to be another is doomed to disappointment. Hypocrisy is the saddest fallacy in the world. The disguises of the pretender are so thin that the simplest see through them. What you are speaks so loud as to drown altogether any declarations you may make of what you wish men to think you are. The deceiver deceives no one but himself."—Henry F. Cope.

### Not Selfish.

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, after the doctor had pronounced it a case of smallpox, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at least in a condition to give them something."—Tit-Bits."

### Easily Explained.

The Schoolmaster—Now, how was it that this great discovery made by Columbus was not fully appreciated until many years after his death? The Up-to-Date Scholar—Because he didn't advertise, sir.—Sketch.

### The Drawback.

The sage who remarked that "every cloud has a silver lining" might have gone on to explain that the lining isn't visible from the position which the majority of us have to view the clouds.

### History Repeats Itself.

"Can't say that the world is getting a bit smarter," asserted grandpa. "My grandson asks me the same silly questions that his father asked at his age."—Lippincott's.

### Very Similar.

Mrs. Ecru—Although I have been to school and college and am supposed to be educated, I always mix up those two countries—Rococo and Morocco.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

### Poor Horse.

The family horse was shedding his coat. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed small Sadie, "do come and look at old Dobbin. I believe he's all moth-eaten!"

### Costly Knowledge.

Every tailor knows a lot of promising young men.—New York Tribune.


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## Drawbacks of Matrimony

"This getting married," remarked young Mrs. Allison, isn't all that it's talked up to be!" She picked up her embroidery and resumed operations on a large blue butterfly.

The other embroiderers looked shocked, with the exception of the fluffy haired blonde, who giggled appreciatively. "Is Fred developing dyspepsia?" she inquired with mirthful solicitude. "My dear!" cried young Mrs. Allison, with wide-eyed protest. "Fred can eat anything, I'm happy to say. I ran completely out of ideas about meals day before yesterday, so I had fried soles for dinner, to break the monotony of steak and chops and roast and chops and roast and steak, and roast and steak—"

"That will do!" sternly interrupted the young matron with auburn hair. "That way lies madness. Some of us are housekeepers ourselves, you may remember."

"And," went on young Mrs. Allison, meekly, "Fred ate his sole with positive enjoyment, though I couldn't even bend my own. No, Fred is not dyspeptic."

"Well, then," said the fluffy haired blonde, "he must be getting the club habit."

"Wrong!" said young Mrs. Allison promptly. "Fred doesn't belong to a single club except the Beethoven. He hates smoke and he likes women, and he thinks that men's clubs are little short of relatively clean pigpens. Guess again."

"Well," said the fluffy haired blonde after a judicial pause, "there are only three causes that make a happy married woman sore on matrimony, if you will pardon the phraseology. They are dyspepsia, jealousy and lack of money. Is lack of money the canker that's eating the blush from your damask cheek, or words to that effect?"

Mrs. Allison shook her head again, emphatically. "Nobody has enough money," she said with conviction. "But that's the least of my troubles, and I have as much money as is good for me, no doubt. Besides, a woman's a fool to let money worry her, if it's only a matter of luxuries."

The fluffy haired blonde nodded assent. "Right you are," she said. "And, what's more, there are fewer fools than people would believe when it comes to that. But whatever is the trouble, Celeste?"

Young Mrs. Allison sighed lugubriously. "What I object to in matrimony," she explained, jabbing her needle vigorously into the left wing of the blue insect, "is this sensation of permanence. Married people feel so disgustingly settled in life, and I loathe feeling settled."

Every one smiled.

"Well, times are changing," remarked the auburn haired matron, with a suggestion of scorn. "Do you notice married people feeling so dreadfully settled these days?"

"I mean decent people, of course," corrected young Mrs. Allison concisely. The sense of being hopelessly settled descends upon you when you come down to breakfast the first morning after your honeymoon trip is over, and it continues with you from that time on. When I go to the matinee, or to teas, or to the settlement, guild, or anywhere like that, and see a lot of girls of just my own age, whom I went to school with, and who haven't married—old maids like you"—she indicated the fluffy haired blonde, who rose and bowed profoundly—"and see how positively juvenile and effervescent they look, and how delightfully unsettled they are in their attitude toward the world, I get pessimistic, that's all. I say to myself: 'Brace up, Celeste! You're a married woman, so hurry home or Fred will be there first, and will wonder what keeps you.'"

"I tell you," went on young Mrs. Allison, "you can just reverse what the old negro mammy said about spinsterhood and apply it to matrimony. 'I'se done hyar'd,' she said, 'as hit ain't so bad when yo' quit strugglin'.'"

Everybody laughed and young Mrs. Allison joined in doubtfully.

"By the way, Celeste," remarked the fluffy haired blonde abruptly, "you always used to go south with the Merits to stay through January. You'll go this year, I suppose?"

"I should say not," answered young Mrs. Allison heatedly. "Do you suppose I'd go away for a whole month and leave Fred, when he simply couldn't go, no matter how badly he might want to? Why, what an idea! Are you crazy?"

There was another chorus of laughter.

"Oh, well," conceded young Mrs. Allison with a smile, "one might as well make the best of one's troubles."

### Suspicious Circumstance.

"Is that man a complete cynic?"

"Not a complete cynic," replied Miss Cayenne; "if he were, he would not go to such great and evident pains to think up cynical remarks."

### A Test.

Shakespeare was seen to weep.

"They never even asked me to report a championship game," he sobbed.

Plainly, he had failed in a test of literary ability.

### Ready.

Rev. Gude—"Isn't there some one here who will help us to keep up interest in the church?" Deacon Tightwad (suddenly awakening)—"I, for one, am prepared to raise the rates to 8 per cent. on real estate loans and 10 per cent. on chattel mortgages, if the other money lenders in the congregation will co-operate."—Puck.

## This Complex Existence

Kendall tiptoed to the bottom of the stairs and called "Mother!" in a voice which to the uninitiated might have indicated that he was one of those gentle, retiring children known generally as not daring, to speak above a whisper.

There was no answer. So, muttering to himself, "Well, I guess she ain't at home, or I guess she said she was going downtown today," he made a very subdued, genteel exit.

But Kendall had reckoned without his host. Before he had reached the street he was stopped by a voice from the front upstairs window. Mrs. Boyd had not been Kendall's another twelve years without having become more or less acquainted with his ways.

"Kendall, dear," she said, "where are you going?"

Kendall halted on the lower step and kicked the newel post viciously. Then he regarded the toe of his shoe with great disfavor.

"Play ball," he said. "Over in the lot with the fellers."

"But, you know, dancing school begins today," and his mother, sweetly. "You must come in and get ready."

She withdrew her head discreetly in time to avoid being convicted of hearing her son respond. "Aw, rats on dancing school! I ain't going!"

Then Kendall sat down on the step and bumped the railing with his bat for several minutes. There was no further sound from the house and he repeated his former remarks in a louder tone: "Aw, rats on old dancing, school! I ain't going this year!"

"Say, mother!" he shouted, belligerently. "I ain't going to change my clothes, anyway. These is good enough for old dancing school."

There was no response.

"Aw, rats!" Kendall said once more. "I wish there hadn't never been an old dancing school. Then maybe I wouldn't have to go."

After relieving his mind by giving the steps several much louder knocks than before, he rose and went into the house, kicking each step as he went. He draped himself about the banisters and swung there noisily until the sound of the maternal voice came to him from the upper regions.

"Come up, Kendall, and begin dressing."

"Aw, I don't want to go to old dancing school," Kendall reiterated. Kendall's vocabulary was somewhat limited. "Say, mother, don't make me go this year. Nobody but sissy boys go to dancing school."

There was no reply. Mrs. Boyd was past mistress of the art of coercion by silence.

"Well, anyway, I'm just going to wear my school clothes. I'll take my pumps, but these clothes is good enough."

Clump! Clump! Clump!

"Say, mother!" said a voice from the depths of Kendall's closet. "I don't have to wash my neck, do I? Say, gee! I gave it a good wash this morning. I ain't going to wash it again this afternoon."

Silence.

"Well, anyway, I ain't going to wash it tonight before I go to bed if I have to wash it this afternoon. I don't see what difference it makes. I'm clean enough to go and dance with a lot of girls and a lot of sissy boys."

Splash, splash, splash, from the bathroom.

"Say, mother, I ain't going to dance with no girls this afternoon. Maybe I'll dance with the teacher, but I bet I won't dance with no girls. Girls, they make me tired!"

Silence.

"Say, mother, I don't have to put on a clean shirt, do I? I don't see what makes you want me to put on a so many clean things. Gee! I bet dad'll be mad when he sees how big the laundry bill is."

Silence.

"Say, mother, this stocking's got a hole in it." Can't I wear the ones I have on? Well, anyway, I bet if I do have to dance with the girls I'll pinch their fingers so they won't want to dance with me again. Girls make me awful tired!"

"Say, mother, my foot hurts me awful, I bet my ankle's sprained. Anyway, I bet it will be if I dance all afternoon.

"I'm going to wear my pumps over to the hall and then I won't have to change them after I get there. It makes me tired having to change my shoes a hundred times every day. Well, anyway, I'm not going to change them when I come home. I'm going to wear my pumps. Well, anyway, if I don't wear them home this time I'm going to the next time. Say, mother, I won't have to walk home with any girl, will I?"

"No son," replied Mrs. Boyd, comfortingly, "That's one thing I don't consider absolutely necessary for your social salvation. The time will come soon enough when you'll want to."

"Gee! I bet it won't!" said Kendall. "Say, mother, tie my necktie for me, will you? Girls! I hate 'em! Gee! when I'm grown up I bet I won't ever go to dancing school or speak to a girl or anything. Gee! Don't I wish I was grown up?

"Say, mother, honest, do I have to go to dancing school?"

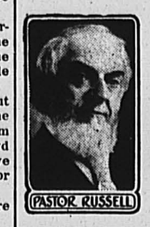
### Nothing To It.

Patience—This paper says that the French language is more suitable for use when telephoning than the English has been discovered since London and Paris were linked by telephone. Patrice—Why, that's ridiculous; I had a Frenchman telephone one day, and I couldn't understand a word he said!—Yonkers Statesman.

## PASTOR RUSSELL IS HOMEWARD BOUND

### Foreign Missions Investigation Committee on the Atlantic.

**They Will Report at a Mass Meeting in the New York Hippodrome Next Sunday Afternoon at 3 o'Clock—The Interest Centered Is Country Wide.**


PASTOR RUSSELL

Mid-Ocean, March 24.—On the Atlantic, speeding homeward, the Foreign Missions Investigation Committee is in communication by wireless. It is understood that arrangements have been made for a public mass meeting in New York's largest auditorium, the Hippodrome, next Sunday afternoon, to hear the report of this committee respecting its findings. A report of the same will be given in these columns.

Pastor Russell's discourse today was reminiscent of Arabia as the Cradle of our Race. His text was: "As all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be made alive; every man in his own order."—I Cor. xv, 22, 23.

Arabia is accredited with being the ancient Eden, eastward in which was the specially prepared Garden wherein our first parents had their trial—not for a reward of heaven or a punishment of eternal torment, but for a reward of everlasting life under perfect earthly conditions, or for a penalty of death. Here man, created very good, in the image of his Creator, sinned and became subject to the penalty of sin—"The soul that sinneth, it shall *die*." Here also is Mount Ararat, on which the ark rested after the flood, and from which came forth the family of Noah to people the earth afresh. Thus was Arabia twice the Cradle of mankind.

### "Israel Hath Not Obtained."

The first declaration of the Gospel, the first mention that Divine favor would yet rescue mankind from the reign of sin and death, was made, not publicly, not to all of the race, but merely to one man, the friend of God—Abraham.

But God gave Abraham words only, "Wonderful words of life"—that in him and in his posterity eventually all the families of the earth should be blessed. But there was not a sign of change so far as the Divine dealings were concerned. Doubtless it was because God foreknew that approximately four thousand years would intervene before the blessing of the world that He added His oath to His promise.

In due time, at Mount Sinai, God entered into a Covenant with the children of Israel, by which He agreed to bless them and to fulfill in them the Abrahamic promise that they, as Abraham's seed, should bless all the nations of the earth. The only condition connected with the promise was that they were to show their fitness to be the Divine channel. Full of joy and faith the Israelites obligated themselves thus.

Ah! much they knew not. They did not realize their own weakness and imperfection through the fall and their inability to fulfill the Divine requirements, the spirit of the Law of their Covenant. They soon found that while the Law said, "He that doeth these things shall live," they were not able to do those things; and therefore they were all dying like other men. Had God deceived them and entrapped them? No. God's proposition was simple enough. He was merely teaching them a great lesson—that sin as a disease had taken hold upon humanity and that, however willing they might be, all were weak and perverse and unable to fulfill their good intentions.

As a consolation God assured Israel that He would send the Deliverer. One still greater than Moses, who had delivered them from the Egyptian bondage. This great Deliverer would deliver them from the greater bondage of sin and death, so that they would be able to obey the Divine Law and be used of God in blessing and instructing other nations. This Greater than Moses, they were assured, would inaugurate a New Law Covenant, based upon better sacrifices than the blood of bulls and goats, and He was known to them as Messiah, the Messenger of the New Covenant.

### Heirs of the Promise.

We must never lose sight of the kernel of the Gospel Message. The ultimate blessings of the Messianic Kingdom, through the Seed of Abraham, will be to all the families of the earth, but previously, the Divine work is the *calling* of the Seed of Abraham which is to do that work of blessing. The promise was not made to all the families of the earth, but to Abraham and his Seed. Hence the heirs of the promise are not all the families of the earth, but the Seed of Abraham.

To the saints of Galatia, who had been Gentiles, but had accepted Jesus and were trusting to become joint-heirs with God's dear Son in His Messianic Kingdom as members of His Bride Elect, Saint Paul writes, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's Seed, and *heirs* according to the promise." (Galatians iii, 29.) How strange that we should have lost sight of this great inheritance! With our Lord, as Abraham's Seed, we shall inherit the earth; as it is written, "I will give thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession."

### To Clean Alabaster.

To clean dust stained alabaster ornaments, make a paste of whiting, soap and milk. The paste must be left to dry on then then washed away, the surface being then dried with a cloth and then with a flannel, when the ornaments will be found clean and unharmed.

# THE NEW ERA

Published every Friday at

RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor
WALTER L. BOWEN
Publisher

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

Subscription One Dollar a year in advance
Advertising Rates on application

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Entered at the Post Office, Riverton, as second-class matter.


### School Notes.

A public spelling contest will be held on Friday evening, April 26th, in the auditorium of the public school. The pupils of the four grammar grades will compete. There will be three hundred words selected from the text books used by the pupils.

All parents and friends of the pupils are invited to be present.

A silk banner will be given to the winning class. An individual prize will be awarded to the best speller on each side.

The Townshend School Catalogue and the University of Rochester Record have been received.

The boys are in need of base ball suits and will be around for newspapers. Any other contributions will gladly accepted.

Miss Edna Thomas visited the Meade Memorial School, Eighteenth and Oxford streets, this week.

Miss Roberts visited the Friends Schools, Fifteenth and Race streets, School of Pedagogy and the Robert Morris School this week.

Miss Parker has been invited by Miss Williams, who is the principal of the kindergartens of Philadelphia, to attend the classes which meet once a month.

The committee having charge of the corn-growing contest, of Burlington, have invited pupils of the school to join the contest which will be held in November.

The Pepiomite catalogue which is written by the pupils of the Seminary has been received.

Mr. Leymel will take about ten pupils to visit the following places next month: Old Christ Church, Betsy Ross Flag House, Benjamin Franklin's Grave, Carpenter's Hall, Independence Hall. They will have their lunch at Fairmount Park and after lunch they will visit the Museum of Art, Botanical Museum, William Penn's House and Zoological Garden.

Miss Roberts will take one of her geography classes to the Commercial Museum, Thirty-third and Spruce streets.

The base ball team will play a scrub team on the field.

Mr. Leymel has a filing case which will contain the record of every pupil from the time he enters school until he leaves.

### Honor Roll.

Kindergarten. Distinguished—James Burr, Paul Burr, John Steedle, Elizabeth Corner, Anna Lochowitz. Meritorious—John Brennan, John Morris, Adelaide VanSteenbergh, Harry Burns.

First Grade. Distinguished—Bessie Clark, Helen McDermott, John Lochowitz. Meritorious—Elizabeth Byrnes, Elsie Rice, Russell Miller, Aylward Taylor, Oliver Bowen.

Second Grade. Distinguished—Annetta Pratt, Virginia Karins, Dorothy Betz, Gwendolen McWhorter. Meritorious—Helen Bowers, Tilly Zisak, Ruth Brehm, Ruth Moore.

Third Grade. Distinguished—Elizabeth Karins, Catherine Rice, Rebecca White, de Hertburn Washington. Meritorious—John Glass, Marie Stoughton, Ruth Lloyd.

Fourth Grade. Distinguished—Helen Crowell, Catharine Brennan, Lillian Moore, Clara Sheibley, John White. Meritorious—Kathryn O'Donnell, Rachel Stow, Helen Lieb, Donald Clark, Mercer Shreve.

Fifth Grade. Distinguished—Emily Clark, Mary O'Donnel.

Sixth Grade. Meritorious—Charles Lezenby.

Seventh Grade. Distinguished—Ethel Jones, Emma Kipp, Josephine Westacott.

Eighth Grade. Distinguished—George Steedle, Marion Steedle, Kenneth Davis, Catherine Watson. Meritorious—Mary McLaughlin, Ada Perkins, David Kern.

### General Federation of Women's Clubs.

A Home Economics Inter-State Conference will be held on April 6, at the New Jersey State Experiment Station, Colonia, New Jersey.

Pennsylvania will be represented by the State President Mrs. Samuel Semple, and Mrs. Charles H. Ott, chairman. Discussion.

New York by Prof. Benjamin B. Andrews, of Columbia College, Miss Katherine Blake, and Miss Van Rensselaer, chairman.

Connecticut by State President Mrs. William Phipps and Prof. Charles Barnard. Discussion.

New Jersey State President Mrs. Howard Warren, will give greeting, and Mrs. Frank A. Pattison will talk on Domestic Engineering. Discussion.

Afternoon tea will be served.

### Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., of Newcastle, Del., will preach next Sunday.

Morning service at 10.45.

Sunday School at 2 30 p. m.

Evening service at 8 o'clock.

On Wednesday evening the annual meeting of the congregation will be held to receive reports from the various societies and to elect three trustees.

## WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

Sheriff Jordan was in Riverton this week.

Mrs. E. M. Shreve went to Trenton on Saturday.

Royal B. Smith and family moved to Collingswood on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dorrance returned home from the South on Saturday.

Emerson Hunter has moved from Second street to 110 Broad street.

Paul C. Burr moved from Cinnaminson street to 437 Elm avenue this week.

Mrs. J. G. Noordewier, of New London, Pa., will spend next week with Miss Anna Ourt.

Mrs. Eugene Carty, of Kinkora, spent Wednesday and Thursday with Mrs John B. Watson.

Miss Ida Robbins, of Pennsgrove, spent a few days this week with her cousin, Miss Edith Padmore.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Claflin, who have been living on Main street, will reside at the Country Club.

Miss Ida Robbins, of Pennsgrove, spent a few days this week with her cousin, Miss Edith Padmore.

Miss Julia Price, of Burlington, is filling the position of stenographer in the office of J. L. Lippincott & Co.

Dr. Alex. Marcy, Jr., has been appointed a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners by Governor Wilson.

D. H. Wright has moved from Peace and Plenty Farm at East Riverton to the J. C. S. Davis property on Bank avenue.

Christ Church rectory is being furnished, under the direction of a committee of ladies, preparatory to the arrival of the new rector.

Mrs. Ralph Gibbon, who was operated on at the Hahneman hospital three weeks ago, has gone to Atlantic City to recuperate.

Horace Roberts, of Moorestown, has ordered a 5-ton truck from the Woolston Auto Truck Company, to be delivered the middle of May.

Mrs. Louis Norris and children, of New York, who has been visiting relatives here, have gone to Olney, Pa., to spend a few weeks with her parents.

A special meeting of the Riverton Yacht Club will be held next Tuesday evening to hear and act upon the report of the new building committee.

E. L. Williams, C. L. Flanagan and C. A. Wright were among the guests at the reception tendered Governor Tener, at the Union League Friday night.

Richard P. Hughes, of Florence, was appointed a member of the Burlington County Board of Taxation to succeed Thomas C. Shreve, whose term had expired.

County Superintendent Stees has notified the school authorities that the date of Arbor Day has been changed from the first Friday in May to the second Friday in April.

Mrs. E. H. Ogden and Mrs. C. W. Nevin are expected to occupy their residence on Bank avenue the first of the month, after spending the winter in Philadelphia.

Annis Stockton Chapter D. A. R. will celebrate their fifth anniversary on April 13, at the Porch Club. The program will be a musical one, and several State officers will be present.

The residence of A. J. Wadhams was entered Friday night by burglars who secured some clothing. The Riverton Burglar Association offers a reward of $100 for their apprehension, in this issue.

The bill to confirm the action of the voters of Burlington county to reduce the size of the Board of Freeholders is in the hands of the Governor awaiting his signature, which it is likely will be affixed.

Sneak-thieves entered the home of Mrs. Jonathan G. Cottrell on Main street, about 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, and packed up a lot of things to carry off, but were frightened away. Only two pins were missing.

Carl A. Peterson & Son have opened an additional tailoring establishment at 60th & Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. This extension of their business is the natural and legitimate result of their fair dealing, excellent service and quality.

Collectors are out soliciting funds for the Riverton Athletic base ball team. Don't get a sudden contraction of the pocket book when they call on you. Riverton can and should be represented by a good team, but it will take a little money to run it.

There is a rapidly growing sentiment against undue haste in disposing of the old school property. The school board has acted wisely in refusing ridiculously low offers for the buildings, and it is a question whether the ground ought to be sold, in view of the possible need for another school house in the not distant future.

The New Jersey Conference of Charities and Corrections, which met at Orange on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, was very largely attended by delegates from all parts of the State. The conference was entertained by the Women's Club of Orange in their Club house. Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Marcy were the only representatives from Riverton.

The firm having the contract from the Government to dig a 12-foot channel in the Delaware from Otis street wharf, Philadelphia, have progressed with the work as far as Riverton. At this point they are digging up a superior grade of gravel for which they find ready sale in the city. This improvement will be a great aid to navigation, particularly between Bordentown and Trenton, where the shoals have been serious obstacles.

Last Sunday afternoon George Miller, about 18 years of age, employed by Joseph T. Evans, on the pike, disappeared after being employed there about two months. At the same time a lot of clothing, among which was a new suit that Mr. Evans had never worn, a watch, a clock, some money and other valuables departed from the Evans household. At the time of Miller's departure Arthur Smith, aged 17, of Palmyra, also left town. Miller was employed by J. Frank Clark last summer. He was known in Vineland as George W. Southwick.

Ten-room house for rent, 623 Main street, Riverton.

Mrs. John Maloney, of Tacony, is visiting relatives.

Charles G. Davis spent Sunday with his mother in Bridgeton.

Automobile repairing done by expert mechanic, at Watson's stables.

There are 780 miles of Pennsylvania Railroad track in the State of New Jersey.

C. T. Woolston went to Wilkes Barre this morning in the interests of his auto truck business.

Mrs. Fannie Reeves will return home Saturday after spending two weeks with her mother at Elizabeth.

Mrs. Sarah R. Batchelor entertained the Annis Stockton Chapter D. A. R. at the home of Mrs. Edward B. Showell on March 16.

Among the jurors for the April term of court are William J. Mathews, A. J. Beckenbach and A. D. Rush, of Palmyra, and Harry Lloyd, of Cinnaminson.

Great preparations have been made at Asbury Park for its Easter season, Pryor's band, which plays in Chicago this summer, has been engaged to give concerts twice daily at the boardwalk casino, beginning next Saturday and ending April 7. Asbury Park's new boardwalk was opened last week after being reconstructed upon a cement foundation. Nearly a million dollars have been spent in hotel improvements since last summer and extensive improvements are still under way.

### Farming with Dynamite.

A demonstration of tree planting, blowing stumps, trenching and subsoiling with dynamite will be given by J. L. Lippincott & Co. on the farm of Edward Wood on the Moorestown road next Tuesday afternoon, April 2nd, starting at 1 p. m.

J. L. Lippincott & Co. have taken up this sort of work and are in a position to supply dynamite for all sorts of work and do work of this nature on contract.

All who are interested are invited to attend.

### Christ Church, Riverton.

Sunday, March 31st, Palm Sunday.
7.30 a. m., Holy Communion.
11 a. m., Morning Service and Sermon.
2.30 p. m., Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7.30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, Evening Prayer at 5 p. m.

Wednesday, Litany and Address at 5 p. m.

Good Friday, Service and Address at 10 a. m.; Service and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.

Saturday, Easter Even, Evening Prayer at 4 p. m.

The Rev. Charles E. Betticher, will officiate at all services.

On Maundy Thursday evening, April 4th, the choir of Christ Church will sing the "Story of the Cross" by Dudley Buck. All persons are especially invited. Service at 7.30 p. m

### Keith's Theatre,

A show that no vaudevillian can afford to miss—and that means practically everybody in Philadelphia and vicinity—is the offering at Keith's Theatre for the opening week in April. It is exceptional from many standpoints, with much to interest the music-lover, the wits and the children.

Jesse L. Lasky has achieved national fame through the brilliancy of his vaudeville productions, his latest and greatest creation being "The Antique Girl," a musical comedy with many variations, put forth in Mr. Lasky's usually sumptuous style, with a cast of some twenty stars and chorus, headed by well-known artists, such as Fletcher Norton, Doris Wilson, Charles Pusey and Maud Earl. The book and lyrics are by William LeBaron and Cecil De Mille, with the music by Robert Hood Bowers. There are seven brilliant musicale numbers, all of them original, and offered under the leadership of Mr. Charles Burton.

Another first appearance is the presentation of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert's pretty playlet of English life called "Sweethearts" as interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Connelly. The famous collaborator with Sir Arthur Sullivan in "Pinafore," "The Mikado" and other international successes, never wrote anything more charming and convincing for sentiment and naturalness than this little drama of heart interest which ran for many consecutive months in the theatres of London and other important cities.

Mae Melville and Robert Higgins have been seen in this theatre before in their comedy sketch "Just a Little Fun," and more than made good. On this occasion they present their new sketch which they call "Just Married," and which is even more amusing than their former vehicle with which everybody was so well pleased. These lively people will surely be a hit.

### Right Giving.

Our giving must be such as truly to enrich both giver and receiver. But we can all judge these things fairly well for ourselves; if we make mistakes sometimes those mistakes will be forgiven to us where the motive was right.

### Pleasure in Life.

The life of a good man is not at all in want of pleasure, as a certain appendage, but contains pleasure in itself; for he is not a good man who does not rejoice in beautiful actions; and actions according to virtue will be in themselves delectable.—Aristotle.

### Strange Sight.

"When we were on Lake Michigan last summer," says Mrs. Maxigrammar, "we saw a beautiful sight one afternoon. We were away out in the middle of the lake, and we steamed past a schooner with a woman on it full of brick and lumber."—Judge.

### One Thing Worth Having.

In this world the one thing worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, to do well and worthily a piece of work the doing of which is of vital consequence to the welfare of mankind.—Theodore Roosevelt.


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## $100.00 REWARD

For the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who entered the house of A. J. Wadhams, Riverton, N. J., on the night of March 22, 1912.

RIVERTON BURGLAR DETECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

## The Dimdummeries

"Whachu doin'?" queried the small boy as he peered cautiously out of the back gate into the alley where the apartment house janitor was superintending the cremation of a rubbish heap. The small boy's nostrils twitched appreciatively as he sniffed the bonfire.

Mike, the janitor, looked all around and then cautiously said: "Hist!" and crooked a finger.

"What is it?" gasped the small boy as he tiptoed hurriedly out and joined Mike on the windward side of the blaze.

"It's a cillybration, of mine," the janitor explained. "Every wance in a while I go through the rites."

"What rites?" in an awed whisper.

Mike poked in a recalcitrant wad of excelsior and, after swatting the blaze around the edges, put one fist on his hip. "You didn't know," he remarked, "that I was chief of the Dimdummeries before I came to this country, did you? Well, I was!"

The small boy dragged up a box that had escaped the blaze and sat down on it very close to Mike. "Tell me," he begged.

"The Dimdummeries," explained the janitor, "is a flourishing society in the ould country that has communicashuns with ghosts an' fairies—an'—an' sperits in general. Whenever a Dimdummery wants to talk to a fairy all he has to do is build a magic bonfire on a spot hit by the light of the full moon for five minutes on a Chuesday night. That's very important, picking out the right spot. And lay the first sticks pointing toward the north!"

The small boy peered at the base of the bonfire, but the janitor sighed. "They ain't any spots that the light of the moon hits on a Chuesday night in this neighborhood," he mourned. "That is, ixcipt some that is occupied by buildings and otherwise engaged. But I say the magic words over my fires and pretind it's a glade I'm in and that there are fairies peeking out——"

"Did you—did you ever truly see a fairy, Mike?" the small boy almost whispered.

The janitor laughed condescendingly. "Did I iver see a fairy, now!" he repeated, scornfully. "Well, listen to that! Ain't I telling you how I was the chief of the Dimdummeries and what for would they be making me chief if I couldn't see more fairies than any other man in the county? There was one fairy who—look out, you'll be in the fire, now!—who used to pop up just as sociable an' smoke a pipe with me iivery time I lit a fire for him! Wance he said: 'Mike, I like you—you're a fine lad, an' you may have two wishes—anything you ask shall be granted!'"

"I know what I'd have asked for!" breathed the small boy. "An airship an'——"

"Airship!" Mike repeated in disgust. "That shows your heedless disposishun! A real sensible person would have asked for a wagon load of money, wouldn't he? An' then he could-a got a fleet of balloons an' everything."

"Oh, of course!" agreed the small boy, much embarrassed. "Of course he would! But what did you do with all your money, Mike? If I was as rich as that I wouldn't work."

The janitor coughed and was very busy stirring the fire. "What did I do with it?" he repeated, scowling horribly. "I'll tell yer—much as I hate to do it. I stuffed it into old stockings, av coorse, and tuk a board off the wall and chucked 'em into the cavity. They was banknotes—an' the rats and mice ate 'em up. I should have wished for a bank that cudn't fail, for my second wish, an' then I'd have been a rich man today. Instead of wishing as I did for—for——"

"For what?" demanded the small boy.

"Candy," confessed the janitor, sorrowfully. "I couldn't think of anything I wanted so much as plenty of candy and I got it and ate it all up and that was the end of it!"

The small boy swallowed appreciatively. "Still, you had it," he said philosophically. "That wasn't so awful bad. Did you get chocolute an' car'mels and lemon sticks?"

"Oh, all kinds," the janitor said, loftily. "I was sicker'n you ever dreamed of being, I tell you! It kind of soured me on that fairy an' I gave him the cold shoulder after that, but it didn't matter because right away the prettiest fairy I ever saw began coming out of a rose bush that——"

"Oh, tell me all about it!" demanded the small boy ecstatically.

"Will-le-le-le!" came down from the back porch of one of the flats.

"There's your mother now," said Mike. "And anyhow—the magic fire's all burned out!"

### A Nice Point.

"Every student of history knows that our Christmas customs are a development of Roman Saturnalia."

"Oh, surely not all!"

"I think so."

"No, no! There's no reason to suppose, for instance, that the Romans were all the time being hunched to do their Saturnalian shopping early."—Puck.

### Pony's Longing for Home.

Three years ago a woman farmer in Wales sold a pony to her son, who resides some twenty-five miles away between Rhuddlan and Rhyl. The pony has for the third time found its way back to its former home, managing to unfasten two gates in order to do so.

### Impossible to Please Theorists.

Now comes a lecturer who declares that "the old-fashioned mother," who stays at home by the fireside, is immoral. It is getting increasingly difficult for mothers to please all the theorists. Some of the most successful ones don't even try.—Syracuse Herald.

### Cordiality.

"Those two women always greet each other with the most effusive cordiality." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Each takes pride in showing the other how artistically she can conceal her real feelings."—Washington Star.

### Her Absorbing Fear.

"You never got to banquets with your husband." "No. I'm always afraid that they will ask him to make a speech." "And can't he make one?" "That's it exactly. He can't. But if he were asked I just know he'd get up and try."—Detroit Free Press.

### Use for Coal Dust.

Coal dust, found in every bin, is usually wasted. Have it brought in a scuttle and add sufficient water to make it moist. Bank it upon the fire and you will have no fault to find with the result for hours.

### Use of Powders in History.

The primary use of powders was for the adornment of the hair, dyes, and powders of blue, red and green being affected by the Saxons in place of the gold dust with which Jews and Romans were wont to sprinkle their locks. Later wheaten flour and rice powder were adopted, both for hair and face, and these were not introduced into England until later Plantagenet days, when a very decided change in dress made itself apparent.

### We Live Too Fast for Diaries.

"When the inner history of the crisis is told by the private diaries of today," remarks the "Observer," in reference to the rather amusing political situation of the moment. Well, we stop there with the query: Is there a private diarist? Is there a man in this hurried age who goes home and sits down, tired with action, faces the splendid industry of the diary, and makes it up?—London Chronicle.

### Peculiar Place for Cash.

An astounding incident happened at Portland, Eng., lately, when the chef of a big club cut into a sheep's carcass and £130 in currency coins fell to the floor. A telephone call to the market from which the mutton had been received revealed the fact that a clerk had placed the money inside the carcass for safe keeping after banking hours.

### Real Lace From Human Hair.

They are making lace from human hair now. No, it is not for trimming dresses with, but is used for the partings of wigs. It is made by hand, and the knots are held by a solution of wax, otherwise they would unravel. When this lace is used it takes an almost microscopic examination to detect that the wig is not natural.

### As She Saw Him.

The proud father and mother were teaching their two-year-old daughter Dorothy that she was going to see a large man called President Taft. Upon the president's arrival she easily recognized him from his description and delighted all by saying: "That's the pleasant calf."

### Pride in Saving.

Only well-bred trained people who are used to having things take pride in saving. They who have never had breeding or training and have never been used to having anything know nothing of saving. Most menials and beggars and spendthrifts believe squandering and big tipping and wide spending are a sign of big folk; aye, even of decency.

### Wake Up, Nick.

Nicola Naumoff, the Russian, who has just reached the age of 21, having murdered an insured fiancee for a seductive countess in romantic Venice, has, in his confession, related how this notorious dame had a little way of extinguishing her cigarettes on his bare flesh—just to see him wince, as she loved him best when he suffered.

### Ancestor of the Dog.

It is supposed by some that the little wolf of India was the original ancestor of the dog. It is the only wild animal possessing the salient eyebrow, or crest of the dog. The little wolf has not only the dog's eyebrow crest, but all the canine characteristics, and none of the characteristics of the wolf.


The Prudential

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Another Year of Wonderful Progress

Annual Statement, December 31, 1911

| | |
|---|---|
| Assets, over | 259 Million Dollars |
| Liabilities, nearly | 241 Million Dollars |
| Income in 1911, over | 81 Million Dollars |
| Capital and Surplus, over | 18 Million Dollars |
| Paid Policyholders in 1911, over | 27 Million Dollars |
| Total paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over | 466 Million Dollars |
| Life Insurance issued and paid for in 1911, over | 440 Million Dollars |
| Increase in Paid-for Insurance in force, over | 167 Million Dollars |
| The Company's Liabilities include: Policy Dividends, Payable in 1912, over | 4¾ Million Dollars |
| Apportioned to date to Participating Policies and payable as Policy dividends after 1912, over | 24¾ Million Dollars |

NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, OVER 10 MILLIONS
PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER 2 BILLION DOLLARS

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service is assured. Its officers aim in every way to protect the interest of its patrons, making use of every means of precaution. It's up-to-date system of accuracy, promptness and the same careful attention to large or small depositors. It is a safe bank.

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PAUL C. BURR, Mgr.


## P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect November 26, 1911.

| Leave Riverton for Market | Leave Palmyra for Market | Arrive at Market | Arrive at Riverton | Riverton for Phila. | Palmyra for Phila. | Arrive at Phila. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A M | A M | A M | A M | A M | A M | A M |
| 5 10 | 5 38 | 5 41 | 5 50 | 5 52 | 6 19 | |
| 6 12 | 6 41 | 6 43 | 6 41 | 6 44 | 7 15 | |
| 7 12 | 7 39 | 7 42 | 7 22 | 7 24 | 7 47 | |
| 7 44 | 8 05 | 8 08 | 7 44 | 7 46 | 8 15 | |
| 9 06 | | 9 23 | 8 14 | 8 17 | 8 39 | |
| 9 46 | 10 01 | 10 03 | 8 45 | 8 48 | 9 15 | |
| 10 30 | 10 55 | 10 58 | 9 14 | ..... | 9 39 | |
| | | | 10 34 | 10 37 | 11 00 | |
| | | | 11 16 | 11 19 | 11 45 | |
| P M | P M | P M | P M | P M | P M | |
| 12 00 | 12 22 | 12 25 | 12 22 | 12 25 | 12 50 | |
| 12 40 | 1 08 | 1 11 | 1 30 | 1 33 | 2 00 | |
| 1 20 | 1 50 | 1 52 | 2 30 | 2 33 | 3 00 | |
| *2 00 | 2 28 | 2 31 | 3 08 | 3 11 | 3 37 | |
| 2 30 | 2 53 | 2 56 | 3 38 | | 4 03 | |
| 3 20 | 3 49 | 3 52 | 3 55 | 3 58 | 4 19 | |
| 3 48 | ..... | 4 09 | *4 25 | 4 27 | 4 55 | |
| 4 32 | 4 54 | 4 56 | 5 16 | 5 19 | 5 43 | |
| 5 00 | 5 27 | 5 30 | 5 30 | 5 33 | 6 03 | |
| 5 20 | 5 44 | 5 47 | 6 13 | 6 16 | 6 40 | |
| 5 40 | 6 08 | 6 11 | 7 15 | 7 18 | 7 45 | |
| 6 06 | 6 28 | 6 31 | 8 15 | 8 18 | 8 45 | |
| 6 32 | 7 00 | 7 03 | 8 30 | 8 33 | 8 55 | |
| 7 20 | 7 44 | 7 47 | 9 45 | 9 48 | 10 15 | |
| 9 20 | 9 47 | 9 49 | 10 46 | 10 49 | 11 15 | |
| 10 50 | 11 16 | 11 19 | 12 16 | 12 19 | 12 45 | |
| 11 50 | 12 15 | 12 18 | | | | |

SUNDAYS

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A M | A M | A M | A M | A M | A M |
| 7 55 | 8 21 | 8 24 | 8 23 | 8 26 | 8 55 |
| 9 06 | 9 27 | 9 30 | 11 18 | 11 21 | 11 45 |
| 10 10 | 10 37 | 10 40 | | | |
| P M | P M | P M | P M | P M | P M |
| 12 30 | 12 57 | 1 00 | 12 46 | 12 49 | 1 15 |
| 1 30 | 1 59 | 2 02 | 2 57 | 3 00 | 3 25 |
| 3 00 | 4 23 | 4 26 | 4 55 | 4 58 | 5 30 |
| 5 10 | 5 37 | 5 40 | 6 20 | 6 23 | 6 55 |
| 6 20 | 6 46 | 6 48 | 7 08 | 7 11 | 7 40 |
| 7 20 | 7 45 | 7 48 | 7 52 | 7 55 | 8 20 |
| 9 20 | 9 47 | 9 50 | 9 14 | 9 17 | 9 45 |
| 10 00 | 10 30 | 10 33 | 10 10 | 10 13 | 10 45 |
| | | | 11 00 | 11 03 | 11 35 |

* Saturdays only

### A Sport for the Old.

In most sports youth possesses all the advantages; experience is often a poor match for youth and agility, but the stripling has no advantage over skillful age in fishing

### A Widow's Trial.

It is not easy to be a widow; one must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign its ignorance.—Mme. de Girardin.


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Persons wishing to connect with the public water supply are required to sign an application permit, pay $3 to make the tap, which includes the cost of ferrule and labor.

| | |
|---|---|
| ½-inch tap, kitchen | $6.00 |
| Bath tub | 4.00 |
| Wash basin | 1.00 |
| Wash tub | 1.00 |

The above is for either hot or cold water or both.

| | |
|---|---|
| Water closet, self-acting, pan valve or reservoir | 3.00 |
| Outside tap, 50 feet or less | 6.00 |

Water rents due in advance, November 1st and May 1st.

JOSEPH MORGAN, President.
HOWARD PARRY, Secretary and Treasurer.

## INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mrs. Thomas Wilkins is suffering with lumbago.

Miss Jennie T. Weart is very ill with scarlet fever.

H. P. Hurff visited relatives in Camden on Wednesday.

Ten-room house for rent, 623 Main street, Riverton.

Rev. Samuel Sargent visited in Haddonfield on Thursday.

Miss Kate Doak visited her sister in Philadelphia on Sunday.

Mrs. Frederick Blackburn entertained the Evening 500 on Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Hawk is entertaining her mother and sister from Bethlehem, Pa.

Mrs. Etta Smith, of Camden, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Isaac Evaul.

Mrs. Howard Freas is spending two weeks with her parents at Scranton, Pa.

Samuel Plumly went to Atlantic City and May's Landing Monday on business.

Mrs. Mary Wagner, of Philadelphia, visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis several days this week.

Frank Mathews, of Horace avenue, left Monday for Baltimore and Washington where he will spend several weeks.

Furniture repaired, interior woodwork re-finished; contracts taken for entire residences. See ad of H. R. Cook in this issue.

The Philathea class of the Baptist Church tendered Mrs. Williams a reception this afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. C. Green.

Real Estate Agent Wimer has rented the Leidy property on Horace avenue to Alfred Kent, who expects to take possession on Saturday.

Rev. Paul S. Meinert attended the oratorical contest of the Moravian College and Theological Seminary at Bethlehem, Pa., last Thursday.

The father of W. A. Smith, of Philadelphia, who is well known in Palmyra, died suddenly on Sunday of paralysis, at his home in Geneva, N. Y.

Miss Marrs, seventh grade teacher, who has been ill for sometime will not return to her duties this year. Mrs. Bonsall will fill the vacancy.

Dr. George T. Tracy, of Beverly, formerly of Palmyra, has been appointed a member of the board of managers of the State Hospital for the Insane at Trenton.

Passion Week services will be held every night next week at 8 o'clock at the Methodist Church. On Thursday evening the Holy Communion will be celebrated.

Mrs. Charles Toy, Mrs. John Claflin and daughter, of Holly Beach, have been spending several days with Mrs. John McConnell. Mr. and Mrs. Claflin will go to housekeeping in Philadelphia next week.

Mrs. John Harbourne, of Philadelphia, who is very well known in Palmyra, died suddenly last Friday evening from acute indigestion. Services were held on Tuesday and interment was made at Fernwood cemetery.

Henry W. Wolle, age 83 years, died at his home 328 West Broad street, on Monday. Services were held this afternoon at 2 o'cock, conducted by Rev. Charles Williams. Interment was made at Colestown. Mrs. Wolf has been ill for the past two weeks.

The concert by the Suwanee River Quartette, which was held in the auditorium of the school on Tuesday evening was very successful, and the singing of Mr. Gantt, the manager, was favorably commented on. There was a large attendance, the benefits being for the senior class.

The Men's League gave a box party in the Baptist Church Wednesday evening. An interesting program was arranged in which Miss Helen Seel, Miss Mildred Randolph, Mrs. Charles Williams accompanied by Miss Anna Zelley, Messrs. Sack, Charles N. Lutz and C. H. Padmore, Sr., took part. After the entertainment the boxes which had been brought by the ladies, were auctioned off and a goodly sum realized.

There will be Good Friday evening service at the Methodist Church at which time Dr. Stainer's Crucifixion will be rendered by a choir of forty voices, under the direction of John R. McNeilly, who will have the assistance of two eminent soloists from Philadelphia, Nelson A. Chesnutt, tenor, and Horace B. Hood, baritone. Mrs. Frank Bell will preside at the organ. The public is cordially invited to attend this service.

Rev. Samuel Sargent was tendered a reception on Monday evening in honor of his return by conference for another year. A musical and literary program was rendered before the reception. Addresses of welcome were made by Harry Rudduck, representing the official board; J. A. Ryckman the Sunday School; J. M. Davies, the choir, and A. R. Bradley the Epworth League. Little Dorothy Coleman presented Mrs. Sargent with a lovely cluster of roses.

On Wednesday evening the Methodist Sunday School held an entertainment to celebrate the arrival of the steamships Lusatania and Mauratania at Palestine. This was the completion of a contest which was started in October for the purpose of securing new members encouraging regular and prompt attendance at Sunday School, church attendance, and several other important things. An interesting program was rendered and stereopticon pictures of Palestine shown. A return trip is being arranged for.

Everything is moving smoothly toward the most successful presentation of minstrel specialties yet made by The Field Club. There are many new features, and several new faces will be seen in the front row. In the first half the end men will be George Durgin and Clifford Bell, while Perry C. Clark will make his debut as interlocutor. In the second half M. B. Faunce will be found at his old post, with Albert Hardy as new end man, and Benjamin Hardy interlocutor. Specialties by Schroepfer and Beahn. William Miller, the popular monologist, will be there. The Mandolin Club which was organized in October has been making wonderful progress, and will take part. Tickets are on sale at Schwartz, Palmyra, or may be had by telephoning to The Field Club rooms, 187A.

Howard Stackhouse has been entertaining his cousin from New York the past two weeks.

A rude screen and choir stalls have been presented to Christ Church, Palmyra, by St. Barnabas Church, Burlington.

"The Storm," a concert in which 600 children took part at the Temple, Philadelphia, was largely attended from Palmyra last night. Mrs. Charles Williams took her class from the Baptist Sunday School.

C. P. Dilks will sell his blacksmith shop and tools at public sale on Saturday, March 30, at 12.30 p. m. He will also dispose of a milk wagon, runabout and a cart. The conditions will be made known on day of sale. Atwood Lloyd, auctioneer.

"Founder's Night" was celebrated by the P. O. S. of A. last Monday. Camp No. 23 entertained two camps from Philadelphia which brought large delegations with them. Addresses were made by several of the past-presidents, and a number of the charter members gave short sketches of the progress of the Camp. A banquet was served and the guests were entertained by Philadelphia talent.

### Field Club Notes.

The Field Club squad of ball tossers turned out last Saturday and had a very snappy practice despite the cold wind, and Manager Griffenburg is some pleased with the way the candidates are showing up.

After the usual practice Manager Griffenburg picked two teams and had a fine chance to see the calibre of the new men. There were no curves used as Griffenburg wants to be sure and have his pitchers in shape. The tossing was done by Bauder and Holt, both portsides, and Ollie Durgin, Russell Gibbons and Bodine, of Delair. The receiving was done by Joe Keating, R. Hubbs, Al. Koppenhoefer and George Durgin. Griffenburg wants to pick another catcher and he is yet undecided which is the best as two of them look very good. He is also shy two infielders, third base and second base, and as there are two good men out for these positions it looks as if he will have an infield hard to beat. Little Charlie Flynn was on third and plays a very strong game and it looks to me as if he is going to have the first call; the only fault that can be found with him is his stature; he is very small and would always get the worst of it in a collision, but he has the goods both in fielding and batting. In Al. Hardy's absence Bauder played first base, but he is as yet an unknown quality as he had a sore arm and could not do himself justice. Of the new outfield material Boehme is by far the best, with Hinkle a close second. Boehme is fast, can throw a streak and can bat with the best of them. He has not decided whether or not he is coming out, but let's hope he does as he would make a fine helper to Kemmerle, Keil and Reeves.

This Saturday a game will be played with the regulars against the yanigans. The regulars will use the cub battery and the yanigans the regulars. This will even it up somewhat and a good game should follow, so if you have nothing on come down and look them over.

The other stout member of the party, Harry Acker, who is manager of the second team said last night that he was sure to have some team this year as there was too much good material out for the first team and Griffenberg was sure to cut his squad in the near future. I look for a cut after Saturday's game, so boys play your best and you might be one of the regulars this year.

The Field Club boys were sorry to hear that Riverton had dropped out of the League as the patrons are sure to miss the holiday games, but with two teams such as Florence and Riverside on tap, a good game can be assured of.

James T. Wearts has recently been admitted to the Athletic committtee by being appointed manager of the basket ball team. This gives the committee a fine set of men and everyone is sure to work for the interest of the Club.

ROOTER.

### Delaware River League.

The Delaware River League meetings are always sure to hand you a surprise. At last week's meeting Riverton and Delair resigned, the latter was looked for but Riverton surprised everyone by sending in their resignation and Thursday evening, when the League met again at The Field Club rooms, not to be outdone in the line of surprises, lost another one of its charter members by the resignation of the Riverside A. A. The resignation originates from the time the League accepted the Taubel Mill team from the same town, the original Riverside team seriously objected at the time but no one ever entertained a thought that it would result in the League losing the champions of last year.

Before Riverside handed in their resignation they proposed the forming of two four-team Leagues, but this was voted on and it was decided that a six-team circuit would be more interesting and more profitable and could not see Riverside's idea. Riverside then proposed dropping the Taubel team but this would not have been fair to the said team and Riverside made a big mistake in asking it. A recess was then taken to give Riverside a chance to talk matters over and on reconvening the Riverside team handed in their resignation which was accepted with regrets.

A committee was then appointed to try and get a team in Riverside's place to report at a special meeting Monday, April 1st, at The Field Club rooms. A schedule will also be adopted at this meeting.

Mr. Tucker, of Delair, who was elected president at the last meeting, could not accept on account of business but wishes the League every success. Vice-President Absolom was in his chair.

The second Friday of the month was decided on for the regular meeting.

ROOTER.

### K. G. E.

Five candidates for initiation next month in Palmyra Castle and two received their degrees this month—something doing in the boom line. Keep it up.

Four of the applications were brought in by one of the new initiates. That's going some for a new member.

SECRETARY.

### Moravian Church Notes.

Services in the Moravian Church next Sunday. Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A., pastor.

9.30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible Class.

10.30 a. m., sermon by the pastor. Theme "The Cost of not being a Christian." Adult baptism (6), confirmation (5) and reception of members.

7.00 p. m., the trombone choir plays from the steeple of the church, weather permitting.

7.30 p. m., the opening of the Passion Week Services "Triumph and Tears." The Children's Hosanna will be sung by the choir.

Monday, 7.45 p. m., theme "The Refiners Fire."

Tuesday, 7.45 p. m., theme "The Great Lament."

Wednesday, 7.45 p. m., theme "The Bethany Silence."

Maundy Thursday, 7.45 p. m., Holy Communion—Confirmands will partake.

Good Friday, 10.15 a. m., sermon. Theme "The Sufferings of Jesus." 2.30 p. m., the Death Hour of Christ on the Cross.

You are cordially invited to attend these services.

### Christ Church, Palmyra.

Services next Sunday in charge of the Rev. T. J. Bensley, Rector.

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.30 a. m., Matins and Litany.

11 a. m., blessing of the palms and choral Holy Eucharist.

3 p. m., Sunday School and Rector's Bible Class.

3.45, Children's service and Catechism.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon. Subject "What Holy Week means to the Christian."

GOOD FRIDAY.

6.30 a. m., Divine Service.

11 a. m., Matins, Litany and Sermon.

3 p. m., Devotional Service.

8.30 p. m., Devotional Service with Address.

### Methodist Church Notes.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.30 a. m., general class meeting led by Carl A. Peterson.

10.30 a. m., preaching by the minister.

2.30 p. m., Sunday School.

6.45 p. m., Epworth League devotional meeting.

7.30 p. m., Palm Sunday service.

Passion week services will be held every night next week at 8 o'clock. On Thursday evening the Holy Communion will be celebrated, and on Friday the oratorio "The Crucifixion" will be rendered by a choir of forty voices.

### I. O. O. F.

The initiatory degree will be conferred on five candidates next Friday evening.

A special meeting of the Grand Lodge was held in Camden last evening D. D. G. M. C. A. MacCrossan and other Past Grands represented Cinnaminson Lodge.

SECRETARY.

### Water in the Desert.

Yapp, the English naturalist, who has explored the mountain ranges of the Malay peninsula, reports the fact, not generally known, that in several species of bamboo the hollow internodes—the parts of the stems between the joints—are stored with large quantities of naturally filtered water. The knowledge of this fact might be of great service in an emergency.

### Chateau of Vincennes.

Vincennes, famous in the annals of aviation, is noted also for its mediaeval chateau with castle and donjon. The walls of the rooms of the keep have been encumbered and hidden with old harnesses and arms. The stairway, trodden by so many kings, princes and cardinals, has been restored; and the prison and council chamber.—Traveler's Gazette.

### Down Fine.

"Now, Willie," said the superintendent's little boy, addressing the blacksmith's little boy, who had to come over for a frolic, "we'll play 'Sabbath school.' You give me a nickel every Sunday for six months and then at Christmas I'll give you a 10-cent bag of candy."—Woman's Home Companion.

### The Idea.

A certain woman assured her husband she never told him a lie, and never would. He told her he did not doubt it, but would hereafter cut a notch in the piano when he knew she deceived him. "No, you won't!" she screamed. "I'm not going to have my piano ruined!"

### Margie's Idea.

"Papa was very polite at dinner," observed small Margie: "In serving the ladies he said 'dressing,' because they like to dress, but in serving the gentlemen he called it 'stuffing,' because they always want so much to eat."

### A Frightful Thought.

Mrs. Walback (on first ocean voyage)—John, I just heard a man say that if this boat was put up on end it would be higher than the Washington monument. If they're going to do anything like that we better get right off!—Puck.

### Hang to It.

All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.—Emerson.

### Always a Chance.

There is something in every season of the year for the average fool. In the summer he can rock the boat, in the fall go gunning, in the winter skate on thin ice, and in the spring fall in love.

### Word From Brother Dickey.

"If I can just squeeze through the Glory Gate up yonder I'll be satitfied. I don't want 'em to question me, fer too close inquirements might send me de yuther way."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Home of the Ruby.

Ruby mines of the Mogok valley are known to have been worked since the year 1600. Just how old these mines are nobody knows, for they have produced practically all the rubies of ancient and modern times.

# HIS RESIGNATION STILL AWAITED

## Dr. Fitzherbert Fails to Quit the Senate.

## SILZER CONTEST IS SETTLED.

**Senator Who Wanted to Be Secretary of State Accepts Prosecutorship of Middlesex County, Leaving State Office to David S. Crater, Governor's Choice.**

[Special Correspondence.]

Trenton, N. J., March 28.—Senator Richard Fitzherbert of Morris county, whom the Republican majority has voted guilty of conduct unbecoming a senator because of his connection with the acetylene gas bills, again furnished the sensation of the week at the statehouse. He made his appearance in the senate chamber yesterday afternoon just before the time announced for the convening of the session and told a number of the newspaper men that he intended to take his seat.

He saluted some of his Democratic colleagues as they passed when he was talking to the newspaper men, and they responded, but in a perfunctory way.

As soon as the Republicans saw him hurried conferences were held, and it was evident that they were perturbed. They did not want Mr. Fitzherbert to take his seat, but President Prince was not expected to arrive for an hour later, and they lacked the sufficient number of votes to take decisive action. Majority Leader Edge went to the desk and rapped the gavel, and Senator Leavitt immediately moved that a recess be taken.

Senator Fitzherbert then had a talk with Senators Fielder and Johnson, and they both advised him not to cause any trouble so late in the session. They told him to go home.

The Republicans in the meantime were active and got together in the president's room. They determined to take up the report that the Morris senator had attempted to get a retainer from the Lehigh Valley Railroad company in return for his vote on the Morris canal abandonment, if he should try to take his seat.

### Interviews the Governor.

This was not necessary, however, as the senator had gone to the governor's office to have a talk with him. He had to wait quite awhile, as a number of visitors had preceded him. The senate proceeded with routine business, and the Morris member finally was admitted to see Governor Wilson.

The door of the executive chamber was left open and those in the reception rooms could see that the governor was doing most of the talking and that he was earnest in all that he said. Rather dejectedly, the Morris senator took his leave and did not go near the senate chamber again.

Following the conference the governor received the newspaper men and was asked for a statement. He replied that it would be hardly fair for him to discuss the question then, as he desired to be entirely considerate of Senator Fitzherbert. He asserted, however, that he expected to hear from the senator within a few hours, and if he did not do so he would have a statement to make. The interpretation given to this declaration was that the governor looked to Mr. Fitzherbert for his resignation and that if he did not receive it he would give his view of the entire proceedings.

Later the governor stated that while no message had been sent him, he preferred to wait until he did get some word.

In the meantime the Republicans will be ready to take up the Morris canal charges should Mr. Fitzherbert try to take his seat.

### Silzer Takes Prosecutorship.

Any strained relations among the senators and Governor Wilson were averted when Senator Silzer accepted the office of prosecutor of Middlesex county. Senator Silzer was a candidate for the office of secretary of state and had practically the unanimous support of the senate. David S. Crater of Monmouth received that state office, and Senator Silzer held off for a time, but notified the executive that he would accept. His name was immediately sent to the senate for confirmation. The appointment is for five years at a salary of $5,000. Senator Silzer had been slated for the office of vice chancellor if a new member were added to the court, but the "Republican board of guardians" has killed this bill, and there is no chance for its adoption.

Governor Wilson has vetoed the Gaunt bill, senate 177, extending the limits of public utility franchises to fifty years, for the reason that indeterminate franchises form the only proper system. As the law is at present the franchises are limited to twenty years unless by referendum the voters decide that they may cover forty years. South Jersey counties were interested in the bill because they believed that it would mean the extension of trolley lines in their part of the state. It was also thought it would make surer the construction of a tunnel between Philadelphia and Camden. The governor admitted that South Jersey is hampered in its means of communication, but thought that the indeterminate franchise should be adopted.

One of Governor Wilson's visitors this week was Obadiah Gardner, United States senator from Maine. He told the executive that the Democrats of Maine were entirely in favor of him to head the presidential ticket. Mr. Gardner is the first Democrat to be elected as senator from Maine for a number of years.

By the vote of 18 to 32 the house has given its disapproval of woman suffrage. The committee on judiciary reported adversely the resolution for an amendment to the constitution for suffrage and the report was supported by the above vote. Although both senate and house have disapproved of suffrage the women believe they have made greater progress in New Jersey in one year than has ever been made in any state in the country. They assert that they will take up the fight again next year.

Women are not barred from core making positions in foundries, as the house has defeated Ford's bill to prevent them from following this work. The house believed that worthy women would be thrown out of work by such a law. Another of Ford's bills to meet with disapproval was that to permit limited boxing bouts. The house bill by Murray to require women to wear guards on long hatpins or other adornments with sharp points that are liable to injure others was also defeated.

### $25,000 For Ship Canal.

Advanced steps toward a ship canal across the state will be permitted under a bill signed by the governor this week. The measure appropriates $25,000 for the permanent marking of the route for the canal between Bordentown and the Raritan river near South Amboy. This canal is to be one of the main links of inland waterways between Massachusetts and Florida. At the last session of the legislature an appropriation of $500,000 was granted to purchase the right of way for the canal as soon as the federal government moved to take up the work. Other bills signed by the governor give a pension of $1,200 a year to the widow of former Governor Wearts, appropriate $10,000 for an exhibit of New Jersey products at the land irrigation exposition in New York next November, prohibit the use of muffler "cut outs" on automobiles and appropriate $500,000 for the instruction of blind or deaf pupils.

Members of the house committee on education and the state board of education have reached a compromise in the controversy over the repeal of the law passed last year abolishing promotion upon merit in the public schools. The compromise permits the school districts to establish their own rules for promotion, but that the state board may give examinations to test the efficiency of the schools. The test is not to have any relation to the pupils' promotion.

### Trackless Trolley Bill Opposed.

Opposition to Senator Smalley's bill for trackless trolleys was founded on the belief that such a line would do further damage to roads and that there was no need for such a law. The senator maintained that the law was wanted for communities where trolley roads do not pay.

Sheriffs in counties of the second, third and fourth class are not to get automobiles at the expense of the counties, as the house has defeated Assemblyman Godfrey's bill permitting them to buy the machines.

Volunteer workers may transport voters to and from the polls under an amendment of the Geran law, which has passed both houses. Opponents of the bill declared that it was an attack on last year's legislation. Other bills passed permit voters absent from the state or ill to register by affidavit, answering the questions as they would at the polls; provide that personal registration is not to be required in municipalities of less than 10,000 population; changing the primary election day for delegates to the national conventions from May 28 to May 14, to avoid conflicting with the rules of the Republican national committee; providing for the election of presidential electors at the state convention in September under the Geran law. It is expected that Governor Wilson will disapprove of some of these measures, as they change points on which he made a fight last year. The presidential electors who contribute $1,000 to the campaign fund for the honor do not have to give an account of their expenses under the proposed law.

Senator Gebhardt has gained a victory over the Pidcock faction in Hunterdon in the appointments made by Governor Wilson. All of the appointments affecting Hunterdon were recommended by Senator Gebhardt.

Governor Wilson relieved the anxiety of a large number of citizens anxious to serve the state for a consideration by sending these appointments to the senate:

Managers State Home For Girls—Herbert M. Bailey, Bergen; Miss Harriet Townsend, Union county; Theodore D. Gottlieb, Essex county.

State Board of Architects—George S. Drew, Jr., Bergen county; Charles F. Baldwin, Essex (reappointed); Louis H. Brooms, Hudson; William A. Klemann, Mercer; Henry Brown, Burlington.

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—Hunterdon county, Paul A. Queen.

Old Age Insurance Commissioners—Thomas Layden; Passaic; Frederick S. Dunn, Passaic; Everett Colby, Essex; Charles McLaughlin, Passaic; the Rev. O. A. Glazebrook, Union county.

County Tax Board—Bergen county, William Conklin; Middlesex county, William C. Jacques; Hunterdon county, John H. Hawk; Warren county, Michael Connlein.

To Be a Member of the State Board of Assessors—Isaac Barber, Warren; Charles E. Hendrickson, Hudson (reappointed).

### First of French Monarchs.

History concedes that Clovis I. was the real founder of the French monarchy, although his father, Childeric, held some sort of tribal rule over part of the country which was destined to become France. Clovis was a progressive king and vastly extended his domains during the period of his rule, from 481 to 511. He made endless war on surrounding tribes and took territory right and left by conquest. In 493 Clovis took Paris by storm and thereupon that city became the permanent seat of the French government.

### Rabat Rugs and Carpets.

The best carpets are made at Rabat and have some similarity in appearance to Smyrna rugs, but in the former the woof and warp are of a much looser composition and of a somewhat lighter body. The predominating color of Rabat rugs is red and the patterns are sometimes ingeniously geometrical, but the colors, although frequently exhibiting beautiful blends, are often of a more hectic cast than is pleasing to the most exacting European taste.

### Recipe for Success.

Keep your head cool—your feet warm—your mind busy. Don't worry over trifles. Plan your work ahead, then stick to it, rain or shine. Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem, someone will find you. Don't whine. Tell people you are a failure and they will believe you. Talk and act like a winner, and in time you will become one.—Stephen Harte.

### Wisdom From Bacon.

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden; and certainly men, who are great lovers of themselves, waste the public, divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. It is poor center of man's actions, himself.—Bacon.


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FOR SALE—5-passenger Washington touring car, 30 h.p., in first-class condition, $500. Apply W, New Era office. 9-22-tf

FOR SALE—Station wagon, handsome bay horse, Alderney cow, fresh; and a lot of furniture. Can be seen at Peace and Plenty Farm, East Riverton. 1

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### How Long a Cigar Will Last.

Six members of a Parisian club took six cigars out of the same box, let them simultaneously and tried to make them last as long as possible. The winner smoked his for 2 hours and 17 minutes.

### Self-Made.

A drunken congressman said to Horace Greeley one day: "I am a self-made man." "Then, sir," replied the philosophical Horace, "the fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

### Only One Required.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is your medicine so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

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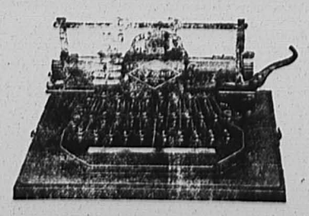

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# THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Illustrations By D. Melvill

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**SYNOPSIS.**

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill, Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. He overtakes them in the mountains of Tennessee. Murrell gets Yancy drunk and stabs him in a fight that followed. Hannibal escapes in a canoe.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Hannibal hears of the finding of Yancy's body. Price arrested as counterfeiter.

CHAPTER IX.—Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

CHAPTER X.—Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER XI.—Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the Judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again.

CHAPTER XII.—Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes.

CHAPTER XIII.—Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft.

CHAPTER XIV.—Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted.

CHAPTER XV.—Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Carrington bids Betty good-bye. Norton is mysteriously shot.

CHAPTER XVI.—More light on Murrell's plots. He plans uprising of negroes.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Judge and Hannibal visit Betty.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Betty is told why Norton was killed and leaves Belle Plain, taking Hannibal with her. The carriage is held up in the woods.

CHAPTER XIX.—Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners in a lonely cabin.

CHAPTER XX.—Murrell appears at the cabin and shows his hand.

CHAPTER XXI.—The Judge hears of the mysterious disappearance of Betty and Hannibal.

CHAPTER XXII.—The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones is instituted.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Carrington visits the judge and allies are discovered.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Judge Price visits Colonel Fentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Learns things of importance about the boy, dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### The Bubble Bursts.

At about the same hour that the judge was hurling threats and insults at Colonel Fentress, three men were waiting ten miles away at the head of the bayou which served to isolate Hicks' cabin. Now no one of these three had ever heard of Judge Slocum Price; the breath of his fame had never blown, however gently, in their direction, yet they were preparing to thrust opportunity upon him. To this end they were lounging about the opening in the woods where the horses belonging to Ware and Murrell were tied.

At length the dip of oars became audible in the silence and one of the trio stole down the path, a matter of fifty yards, to a point that overlooked the bayou. He was gone but a moment.

"It's Murrell all right!" he said in an eager whisper. "Him and another fellow—the Hicks girl is rowing them." He glanced from one to the other of his companions, who seemed to take firmer hold of themselves under his eye. "It'll be all right," he protested lightly. "He's as good as ours. Wait till I give you the word." And he led the way into an adjacent thicket.

Meantime Ware and Murrell had landed and were coming along the path, the outlaw a step or two in advance of his friend. They reached the horses and were untying them when the thicket suddenly disgorged the three men; each held a cocked pistol; two of these pistols covered Murrell and the third was leveled at Ware.

"Hues!" cried Murrell in astonishment, for the man confronting him was the Clan's messenger who should have been speeding across the state.

"Toss up your hands, Murrell," said Hues quietly.

One of the other men spoke.

"You are under arrest!"

"Arrest!"

"You are wanted for nigger-stealing," said the man. Still Murrell did not seem to comprehend. He looked at Hues in dull wonder.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Waiting to arrest you—ain't that plain?" said Hues, with a grim smile.

The outlaw's hands dropped at his side, limp and helpless. With some idea that he might attempt to draw a weapon one of the men took hold of him, but Murrell was nerveless to his touch; his face had gone a ghastly white and was streaked with the markings of terror.

"Well, by thunder!" cried the man in utter amazement.

Murrell looked into Hues' face.

"You—you—" and the words thickened on his tongue, becoming an inarticulate murmur.

"It's all up, John," said Hues.

"No!" said Murrell, recovering himself. "You may as well turn me loose—you can't arrest me!"

"I've done it," answered Hues. "I've been on your track for six months."

"How about this fellow?" asked the man whose pistol still covered Ware. Hues glanced toward the planter and shook his head.

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Murrell quickly. Again Hues laughed.

"You'll find that out in plenty of time, and then your friends can pass the word around if they like; now you'll come with me."

Ware neither moved nor spoke as Hues and his prisoner passed back along the path, Hues with his hand on Murrell's shoulder, and one of his companions close at his heels, while the third man led off the outlaw's horse.

Presently the distant clatter of hoofs was borne to Ware's ears—only that; the miracle of courage and daring he had half expected had not happened. Murrell, for all his wild boasting, was like other men, like himself. His bloodshot eyes slid around in their sockets. There across the sunlit stretch of water was Betty—the thought of her brought him to quick choking terrors. The whole fabric of crime by which he had been benefited in the past or had expected to profit in the future seemed toppling in upon him, but his mind clutched one important fact. Hues, if he knew of Betty's disappearance, did not connect Murrell with it. Ware sucked in comfort between his twitching lips. Stealing niggers! No one would believe that he, a planter, had a hand in that, and for a brief instant he considered signaling Bess to return. Slosson must be told of Murrell's arrest; but he was sick with apprehension, some trap might have been prepared for him, he could not know; and the impulse to act forsook him.

He smote his hands together in a hopeless, beaten gesture. And Murrell had gone weak—with his own eyes he had seen it—Murrell—whom he believed without fear! He felt that he had been grievously betrayed in his trust and a hot rage poured through him. At last he climbed into the saddle, and, swaying like a drunken man, galloped off.

When he reached the river road he paused and scanned its dusty surface. Hues and his party had turned south when they issued from the wood path. No doubt Murrell was being taken to Memphis. Ware laughed harshly. The outlaw would be free before another dawn broke.

He had halted near where Jim had turned his team the previous night after Betty and Hannibal had left the carriage; the marks of the wheels were as plainly distinguishable as the more recent trail left by the four men, and as he grasped the significance of that wide half circle his sense of injury overwhelmed him again. He hoped to live to see Murrell hanged!

He was so completely lost in his bitter reflections that he had been unaware of a mounted man who was coming toward him at a swift gallop, but now he heard the steady pounding of hoofs and, startled by the sound, looked up. A moment later the horseman drew rein at his side.

"Ware!" he cried.

"How are you, Carrington?" said the planter.

"You are wanted at Belle Plain," began Carrington, and seemed to hesitate.

"Yes—yes, I am going there at once—now—" stammered Ware, and gathered up his reins with a shaking hand.

"You've heard, I take it?" said Carrington slowly.

"Yes," answered Ware, in a hoarse whisper. "My God, Carrington, I'm heart sick; she has been like a daughter to me—I—" he fell silent, mopping his face.

"I think I understand your feeling," said Carrington, giving him a level glance.

"Then you'll excuse me," and the planted clapped spurs to his horse. Once he looked back over his shoulder; he saw that Carrington had not moved from the spot where they had met.

At Belle Plain, Ware found his neighbors in possession of the place. They greeted him quietly and spoke in subdued tones of their sympathy. The planter listened with an air of such abject misery that those who had neither liked nor respected him, were roused to a sudden generous feeling where he was concerned; they could not question but that he was deeply affected. After all the man might have a side to his nature with which they had never come in contact.

When he could he shut himself in his room. He had experienced a day of maddening anxiety; he had not slept at all the previous night; in mind and body he was worn out; and now he was plunged into the thick of this sensation. He must keep control of himself, for every word he said would be remembered. In the present there was sympathy for him, but sooner or later people would return to their sordid unemotional judgments.

He sought to forecast the happenings of the next few hours. Murrell's friends would break jail for him, that was a foregone conclusion; but the insurrection he had planned was at an end. Hues had dealt its death blow. Moreover, though the law might be impotent to deal with Murrell, he could not hope to escape the vengeance of the powerful class he had plotted to destroy; he would have to quit the country. Ware gloated in this idea of craven flight. Thank God, he had seen the last of him!

But, as always, his thoughts came back to Betty. Slosson would wait at Hicks' place for the man Murrell had promised him, and, failing the messenger, for the signal fire, but there would be neither; and Slosson would be left to determine his own course of action. Ware felt certain that he would wait through the night, but as sure as the morning broke, if no word had reached him, he would send one of his men across the bayou, who must learn of Murrell's arrest, escape, flight—for in Ware's mind these three events were indissolubly associated. The planter's teeth knocked together. He was having a terrible acquaintance with fear, its very depths had swallowed him up; it was a black pit in which he sank from horror to horror. He had lost all faith in the Clan which had terrorized half a dozen states, which had robbed and murdered with apparent impunity, which had marketed its hundreds of stolen slaves. He had utterly collapsed at the first blow dealt the organization, but he was still seeing Murrell, pallid and shaken.

A step sounded in the hall and an instant later Hicks entered the room without the formality of knocking. Ware recognized his presence with a glance of indifference, but did not speak. Hicks slouched to his employer's side and handed him a note which

The Planter's Knees Knocked Together.

proved to be from Fentress. Ware read and tossed it aside.

"If he wants to see me why don't he come here?" he growled.

"I reckon that old fellow they call Judge Price has sprung something sudden on the colonel," said Hicks. "He was out here the first thing this morning; you'd have thought he owned Belle Plain. There was a couple of strangers with him, and he had me in and fired questions at me for half an hour; then he hiked off up to The Oaks."

"Murrell's been arrested," said Ware in a dull level voice. Hicks gave him a glance of unmixed astonishment.

"No!"

"Yes, by God!"

"Who'd risk it?"

"Risk it? Man, he almost fainted dead away—a damned coward. Hell!"

"How do you know this?" asked Hicks, appalled.

"I was with him when he was taken—it was Hues—the man he trusted more than any other!" Ware gave the overseer a ghastly grin and was silent, but in that silence he heard the drumming of his own heart. He went on. "I tell you, to save himself, John Murrell will implicate the rest of us; we've got to get him free, and then, by hell—we ought to knock him in the head; he isn't fit to live!"

"The jail ain't built that'll hold him!" muttered Hicks.

"Of course, he can't be held," agreed Ware. "And he'll never be brought to trial; no lawyer will dare appear against him, no jury will dare to find him guilty; but there's Hues, what about him?" He paused. The two men looked at each other for a long moment.

"Where did they carry the captain?"

"I don't know."

"It looks like the Clan was in a hell-fired hole—but shucks! What will be easier than to fix Hues?—and while they're fixing folks they'd better not overlook that old fellow Price. He's got some notion about Fentress and the boy." Mr. Hicks did not consider it necessary to explain that he was himself largely responsible for this.

"How do you know that?" demanded Ware.

"He as good as said so." Hicks looked uneasily at the planter. He knew himself to be compromised. The stranger named Cavendish had forced an admission from him that Murrell would not condone if it came to his knowledge. He had also acquired a very proper and wholesome fear of Judge Slocum Price. He stepped close to Ware's side. "What'll come of the girl, Tom? Can you figure that out?" he questioned, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. But Ware was incapable of speech, again his terrors completely overwhelmed him. "I reckon you'll have to find another overseer. I'm going to strike out for Texas," said Hicks.

Ware's eyes met his for an instant. He had thought of flight, too; was still thinking of it, but greed was as much a part of his nature as fear; Belle Plain was a prize not to be lightly cast aside, and it was almost his. He lurched across the room to the window. If he were going to act, the sooner he did so the better, and gain a respite from his fears. The road down the coast slid away before his heavy eyes; he marked each turn, then a palsy of fear shook him, his heart beat against his ribs, and he stood gnawing his lips while he gazed up at the sun.

"Do you get what I say, Tom? I am going to quit these parts," said Hicks. Ware turned slowly from the window.

"All right, Hicks. You mean you want me to settle with you, is that it?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm going to leave while I can; maybe I can't later on," said Hicks stolidly. He added: "I am going to start down the coast as soon as it turns dark, and before it's day again I'll have put the good miles between me and these parts."

"You're going down the coast?" and Ware was again conscious of the quickened beating of his heart. Hicks nodded. "See you don't meet up with John Murrell," said Ware.

"I'll take that chance. It seems a heap better to me than staying here."

Ware looked from the window. The shadows were lengthening across the lawn.

"Better start now, Hicks," he advised.

"I'll wait until it turns dark."

"You'll need a horse."

"I was going to help myself to one. This ain't no time to stand on ceremony," said Hicks shortly.

"Slosson shouldn't be left in the lurch like this—or your brother's folks—"

"They'll have to figure it out for themselves, same as me," rejoined Hicks.

"You can stop there as you go by."

"No," said Hicks. "I never did believe in this damn foolishness about the girl, and I won't go near George's—"

"I don't ask you to go there; you can give them the signal from the head of the bayou. All I want is for you to stop and light a fire on the shore. They'll know what that means. I'll give you a horse and fifty dollars for the job."

Hicks' eyes sparkled, but he only said:

"Make it twice that and maybe we can deal."

Racked and tortured, Ware hesitated; but the sun was slipping into the west; his windows blazed with the hot light.

"You swear you'll do your part?" he said thickly. He took his purse from his pocket and counted out the amount due Hicks. He named the total, and paused irresolutely.

"Don't you want the fire lighted?" asked Hicks. He was familiar with his employer's vacillating moods.

"Yes," answered Ware, his lips quivering; and slowly, with shaking fingers, he added to the pile of bills in Hicks' hand.

"Well, take care of yourself," said Hicks, when the count was complete. He thrust the roll of bills into his pocket and moved to the door.

Alone again, the planter collapsed into his chair, breathing heavily, but his terrors swept over him and left him with a savage sense of triumph. This passed; he sprang up, intending to recall Hicks and unmake his bargain. What had he been thinking of—safety lay only in flight! Before he reached the door his greed was in the ascendant. He dropped down on the edge of his bed, his eyes fixed on the window. The sun sank lower. From where he sat he saw it through the upper half of the sash, blood-red and livid in a mist of fleecy clouds.

It was in the tops of the old oaks now, which sent their shadows into his room. Again maddened by his terrors, he started and backed toward the door; but again his greed, the one dominating influence of his life, vanquished him.

He watched the sun sink. He watched the red splendor fade over the river; he saw the first stars appear. He told himself that Hicks would soon be gone—if the fire was not to be lighted he must act at once! He stole to the window. It was dusk now, yet he could distinguish the distant wooded boundaries of the great fields framed by the darkening sky. Then in the silence he heard the thud of hoofs.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### The Judge Names His Second.

"Price—" began Mahaffy. They were back in Raleigh in the room the judge called his office, and this was Mahaffy's first opportunity to ease his mind on the subject of the duel, as they had only just parted from Yancy and Cavendish, who had stopped at one of the stores to make certain purchases for the raft.

"Not a word, Solomon—it had to come. I am going to kill him. I shall feel better then."

"What if he kills you?" demanded

"It Will Be Quite Informal, the Code Is Scarcely Applicable."

Mahaffy harshly. The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"That is as it may be."

"Have you forgotten your grandson?" Mahaffy's voice was still harsh and rasping.

"I regard my meeting with Fentress as nothing less than a sacred duty to him."

"We know no more than we did this morning," said Mahaffy. "You are mixing up all sorts of side issues with what should be your real purpose."

"Not at all, Solomon—not at all! I look upon my grandson's speedy recovery as an assured fact. Fentress dare not hold him. He knows he is run to earth at last."

"Price—"

"No, Solomon—no, my friend, we will not speak of it again. You will go back to Belle Plain with Yancy and Cavendish; you must represent me there. We have as good as found Hannibal, but we must be active in Miss Malroy's behalf. For us that has an important bearing on the future, and since I cannot, you must be at Belle Plain when Carrington arrives with his pack of dogs. Give him the advantage of your sound and mature judgment, Solomon; don't let any false modesty keep you in the background.

"Who's going to second you?" snapped Mahaffy.

The judge was a picture of indifference.

"It will be quite informal, the code is scarcely applicable; I merely intend to remove him because he is not fit to live."

"At sun-up!" muttered Mahaffy.

"I intend to start one day right even if I never live to begin another," said the judge, a sudden fierce light flashing from his eyes. "I feel that this is the turning point in my career, Solomon!" he went on. "The beginning of great things! But I shall take no chances with the future; I shall prepare for every possible contingency. I am going to make you and Yancy my grandson's guardians. There's a hundred thousand acres of land hereabout that must come to him. I shall outline in writing the legal steps to be taken to substantiate his claims. Also he will inherit largely from me at my death."

Something very like laughter escaped from Mahaffy's lips.

"There you go, Solomon, with your inopportune mirth! What in God's name have I if I haven't hope? Take that from me and what would I be? Why, the very fate I have been fighting off with tooth and nail would overwhelm me. I'd sink into unimportance—my unparalleled misfortunes would degrade me to a level with the commonest! No, sir. I've never been without hope, and though I've fallen I've always got up. What Fentress has is based on money he stole from me. By God, the days of his profit-taking are at an end! I am going to strip him. And even if I don't live to enjoy what's mine, my grandson shall! He shall wear velvet and a lace collar and ride his pony yet, by God, as a gentleman's grandson should!"

"It sounds well, Price, but where's the money coming from to push a lawsuit?"

The judge waved this aside.

"The means will be found, Solomon. Our horizon is lifting—I can see it lift! Don't drag me back from the portal of hope! We'll drink the stuff that comes across the water; I'll warm the cockles of your heart with imported brandy. I carry twenty years' hunger and thirst under my wes-coat, and I'll feed and drink like a gentleman yet!" The judge smacked his lips in an ecstacy of enjoyment, and dropping down before the table which served him as a desk, seized a pen.

"It's good enough to think about, Price," admitted Mahaffy grudgingly.

"It's better to do; and if anything happens to me the papers I am going to leave will tell you how it's to be done. Man, there's a million of money in sight, and we've got to get it and spend it and enjoy it! None of your swinish thrift for me, but life on a big scale—company, and feasting, and refined surroundings!"

"And you are going to meet Fentress in the morning?" asked Mahaffy. "I suppose there's no way of avoiding that?"

"Avoiding it?" almost shouted the judge. "For what have I been living? I shall meet him, let the consequences be what they may. Tonight when I have reduced certain facts to writing I shall join you at Belle Plain. The strange and melancholy history of my life I shall place in your hands for safe keeping. In the morning I can be driven back to Boggs'."

"And you will go there without a second?"

"If necessary; yes."

"I declare, Price, you are hardly fitted to be at large! Why, you act as if you were tired of life! There's Yancy—there's Cavendish!"

The judge gave him an indulgent but superior smile.

"Two very worthy men, but I go to Boggs' attended by a gentleman or I go there alone. I am aware of your prejudices, Solomon; otherwise I might ask this favor of you."

Mr. Mahaffy snorted loudly and turned to the door, for Yancy and Cavendish were now approaching the house, the latter with a meal sack slung over his shoulder.

"Here, Solomon, take one of my pistols," urged the judge hastily. "You may need it at Belle Plain. Good by, and God bless you!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### Bess Leads to Betty.

Just where he had parted from Ware, Carrington sat his horse, his brows knit and his eyes turned in the direction of the path. He was on his way to a plantation below Birard, the owner of which had recently imported a pack of bloodhounds; but this unexpected encounter with Ware had affected him strangely. He still heard Tom's stammering speech, he was still seeing his ghastly face, and he had come upon him with startling suddenness. He had chanced to look back over his shoulder and when he faced about there had been the planter within a hundred yards of him.

Presently Carrington's glance ceased to follow the windings of the path. He stared down at the gray dust and saw the trail left by Hues and his party. For a moment he hesitated; if the dogs were to be used with any hope of success he had no time to spare, and this was the merest suspicion, illogical conjecture, based on nothing beyond his distrust of Ware. In the end he sprang from the saddle, and leading his horse into the woods, tied it to a sapling.

A hurried investigation told him that five men had ridden in and out of that path. Of the five, all coming from the south, four had turned south again, but the fifth man—Ware, in other words—had gone north. He weighed the possible significance of these facts.

"I am only wasting time!" he confessed reluctantly, and was on the point of turning away, when, on the very edge of the road and just where the dust yielded to the hard clay of the path, his glance lighted on the print of a small and daintily shod foot. The throbbing of his heart quickened curiously.

"Betty!" The word leaped from his lips.

That small foot had left but the one impress. There were other signs, however, that claimed his attention; namely, the boot-prints of Slosson and his men; and he made the inevitable discovery that these tracks were all confined to the one spot. They began suddenly and as suddenly ceased, yet there was no mystery about these; he had the marks of the wheels to help him to a sure conclusion. A carriage had turned just here, several men had alighted; they had with them a child, or a woman. Either they had re-entered the carriage and driven back as they had come, or they had gone toward the river. He felt the soul within him turn sick.

He stole along the path; the terror of the river was ever in his thoughts, and the specter of his fear seemed to flit before him and lure him on. Presently he caught his first glimpse of the bayou and his legs shook under him; but the path wound deeper still into what appeared to be an untouched solitude, wound on between the crowding tree forms, a little back from the shore, with an intervening tangle of vines and bushes. He scanned this closely as he hurried forward, scarcely conscious that he was searching for some trampled space at the water's edge; but the verdant wall preserved its unbroken continuity, and twenty minutes later he came within sight of Hicks' clearing and the keel boat, where it rested against the bank.

A little farther on he found the spot where Slosson had launched the skiff the night before. The keel of his boat had cut deep into the slippery clay; more than this, the impress of the small shoe was repeated here, and just beside it was the print of a child's bare foot.

He no longer doubted that Betty and Hannibal had been taken across the bayou to the cabin, and he ran back up the path the distance of a mile and plunged into the woods on his right, his purpose being to pass around the head of the expanse of sluggish water to a point from which he could later approach the cabin.

But the cabin proved to be better defended than he had foreseen; and as he advanced, the difficulties of the task he had set himself became almost insurmountable; yet sustained as he was by his imperative need, he tore his way through the labyrinth of trailing vines, or floundered across acre-wide patches of green slime and black mud, which at each step threatened to engulf him in their treacherous depths, until at the end of an hour he gained the southern side of the clearing and a firmer footing within the shelter of the woods.

Here he paused and took stock of his surroundings. The two or three buildings Mr. Hicks had erected stood midway of the clearing and were very modest improvements adapted to their owner's somewhat flippant pursuit of agriculture. While Carrington was still staring about him, the cabin door swung open and a woman stepped forth. It was the girl Bess. She went to a corner of the building and called loudly:

"Joe! Oh, Joe!"

Carrington glanced in the direction of the keel boat and an instant later saw Slosson clamber over its side. The tavern-keeper crossed to the cabin, where he was met by Bess, who placed in his hands what seemed to be a wooden bowl. With this he slouched off to one of the outbuildings, which he entered. Ten or fifteen minutes slipped by, then he came from the shed and after securing the door, returned to the cabin. He was again met by Bess, who relieved him of the bowl; they exchanged a few words and Slosson walked away and afterward disappeared over the side of the keel boat.

This much was clear to the Kentuckian: food had been taken to some one in the shed—to Betty and the boy!—more likely to George.

He waited now for the night to come, and to him the sun seemed fixed in the heavens. At Belle Plain Tom Ware was watching it with a shuddering sense of the swiftness of its flight. But at last the tops of the tall trees obscured it; it sank quickly then and blazed a ball of fire beyond the Arkansas coast, while its dying glory spread aslant the heavens, turning the flanks of the gray clouds to violet and purple and gold.

With the first approach of darkness Carrington made his way to the shed. Hidden in the shadow he paused to listen, and fancied he heard difficult breathing from within. The door creaked hideously on its wooden hinges when he pushed it open, but as it swung back the last remnant of the day's light showed him some dark object lying prone on the dirt floor. He reached down and his hand rested on a man's booted foot.

"George—" Carrington spoke softly, but the man on the floor gave no sign that he heard, and Carrington's questioning touch stealing higher he found that George—if it were George—was lying on his side with his arms and legs securely bound. Thinking he slept, the Kentuckian shook him gently to arouse him.

"George?" he repeated, still bending above him. This time an inarticulate murmur answered him. At the same instant the woolly head of the negro came under his fingers and he discovered the reason of his silence. He was as securely gagged as he was bound.

"Listen, George—it's Carrington—I am going to take off this gag, but don't speak above a whisper—they may hear us!" And he cut the cords that held the gag in place.

"How yo' get here, Mas'r Ca'ington?" asked the negro guardedly, as the gag fell away.

He Was as Securely Gagged as He Was Bound.

"Around the head of the bayou."

"Lawd!" exclaimed George, in a tone of wonder.

"Where's Miss Betty?"

"She's in the cabin yonder—fo' the love of God, cut these here other ropes with yo' knife, Mas'r Ca'ington—I'm perishin' with 'em!" Carrington did as he asked, and groaning, George sat erect. "I'm like I was gone to sleep all over," he said.

"You'll feel better in a moment. Tell me about Miss Malroy?"

"They done fetched us here last night. I was drivin' Missy into Raleigh—her and young Mas'r Hazard—when fo' men stop us in the road."

"Who were they, do you know?" asked Carrington.

"Lawd—what's that?"

Carrington, knife in hand, swung about on his heel. A lantern's light flashed suddenly in his face and Bess Hicks, with a low startled cry breaking from her lips, paused in the doorway. Springing forward, Carrington seized her by the wrist.

"Hush!" he grimly warned.

"What are you doin' here?" demanded the girl, as she endeavored to shake off his hand, but Carrington drew her into the shed, and closing the door, set his back against it. There was a brief silence during which Bess regarded the Kentuckian with a kind of stolid fearlessness. She was the first to speak. "I reckon you-all have come after Miss Malroy," she observed quietly.

"Then you reckon right," answered Carrington. The girl studied him from her level brows.

"And you-all think you can take her away from here," she speculated. "I ain't afraid of yo' knife—you-all might use it fast enough on a man, but not on me. I'll help you," she added. Carrington gave her an incredulous glance. "You don't believe me? That would fetch our men up from the keel boat. No—yo-all's knife wouldn't stop me!"

"Don't be too sure of that," said Carrington sternly. The girl met the menace of his words with soft, full-throated laughter.

"Why, yo' hand's shakin' now, Mr. Carrington!"

"You know me?"

"Yes, I seen you once at Boggs'." She made an impatient movement. "You can't do nothing against them fo' men unless I help you. Miss Malroy's to go down river tonight; they're only waiting fo' a pilot—you-all's got to act quick!"

Carrington hesitated.

"Why do you want Miss Malroy to escape?" he said.

The girl's mood changed abruptly. She scowled at him.

"I reckon that's a private matter. Ain't it enough fo' you-all to know that I do? I'm showing how it can be done. Them four men on the keel boat are strangers in these parts, they're waiting fo' a pilot, but they don't know who he'll be. I've heard you-all was a river-man; what's to hinder yo' taking the pilot's place? Looks like yo' was willing to risk yo' life fo' Miss Malroy or you wouldn't be here."

"I'm ready," said Carrington, his hand on the door.

"No, you ain't—jest yet," interposed the girl hastily. "Listen to me first. They's a dugout tied up 'bout a hundred yards above the keel boat; you must get that to cross in to the other side of the bayou, then when yo're ready to come back yo're to whistle three times—it's the signal we're expecting—and I'll row across fo' you in one of the skiffs."

"Can you see Miss Malroy in the meantime?"

"If I want to, they's nothin' to hinder me," responded Bess sullenly.

"Tell her then—" began Carrington, but Bess interrupted him.

"I know what yo' want. She ain't to cry out or nothin' when she sees you-all. I got sense enough fo' that."

Carrington looked at her curiously.

"This may be a serious business for your people," he said significantly, and watched her narrowly.

"And you-all may get killed. I reckin if yo' want to do anything bad enough you don't mind much what comes after," she answered with a hard little laugh, as she went from the shed.

"Come!" said Carrington to the negro, when he had seen the cabin door close on Bess and her lantern; and they stole across the clearing. Reaching the bayou side they began a noiseless search for the dugout, which they quickly found, and Carrington turned to George. "Can you swim?" he asked.

"Yes, Mas'r."

"Then go down into the water and drag the canoe farther along the shore—and for God's sake, no sound!" he cautioned.

They placed a second hundred yards between themselves and the keel boat in this manner, then he had George bring the dug-out to the bank, and they embarked. Keeping within the shadow of the trees that fringed the shore, Carrington paddled silently about the head of the bayou.

"George," he at length said, bending toward the negro; "my horse is tied in the woods on the right-hand side of the road just where you were taken from the carriage last night—you can be at Belle Plain inside of an hour."

"Look here, Mas'r Ca'ington, those folks yonder is kin to Boss Hicks. If he gets his hand on me first don't you reckon he'll stop my mouth? I been here heaps of times fetchin' letters fo' Mas'r Tom," added George.

"Who were the letters for?" asked the Kentuckian, greatly surprised.

"They was fo' that Captain Murrell; seems like him and Mas'r Tom was mixed up in a sight of business."

"When was this—recently?" inquired Carrington. He was turning over this astonishing statement of the slave over in his mind.

"Well, no, Mas'r; seems like they ain't so thick here recently."

"I reckon you'd better keep away from the big house yet a while," said Carrington. "Instead of going there, stop at the Belle Plain landing. You'll find a raft tied up to the shore; it belongs to a man named Cavendish. Tell him what you know—that I've found Miss Malroy and the boy; tell him to cast off and drift down here. I'll run the keel boat aground the first chance I get, so tell him to keep a sharp lookout."

(To Be Continued.)

### To Part Glasses.

If you ever have trouble with tumblers or finger bowls getting stuck together, set the lower piece of glass in hot water and fill the upper one with cold water. This will expand the one and contract the other enough to slip them apart easily.

### Food for the World.

It is said that the nut trees of the world could furnish nourishment for the entire population of the globe. Brazil nuts grow in such profusion that great quaitities are wasted every year.

### How It Was in Rome.

In the golden age of 300 peaceful years under imperial Rome crime almost ceased, Gibbon says, because no man could escape the jurisdiction of Rome, for Rome then was the whole world.

### His Prospect.

Small Willie had worn his older brother's cast-off garments as long as he could remember. One day he said: "Johnny's got the measles. I s'pose I'll get 'em as soon as he outgrows 'em."

### Shepherds Poorly Paid.

Persons employed as shepherds in Russia do not receive more than ten to twenty cents a day, the pay being given in supplies required for their homes.

### Original "Posters."

Posters are so called because in former times the roads and footpaths of London were separated by lines of posts on which announcements were pasted.

### Saxon Forests Large.

Though Saxony has been a center of civilization for long ages, one-fourth of the area of the kingdom is still covered with forests.

### Lack of Enterprise.

Generally the trouble with a man who doesn't get anywhere is that he has not enough confidence in his judgment to bet anything on it.

### Courtship.

Courtship after marriage preserves the lover in the husband and the sweetheart in the wife.

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# Miss French's High Hopes

Mrs. Smithers had spoken so tenderly and so often of her son John that Miss French felt that she, the flattered recipient of those precious confidences, might even be willing to accept the name of Smithers in exchange for hers, for such perfection and virtue would come with it.

Miss French was passing a few weeks at a health resort. There she had fallen into the company of Mrs. Smithers so much that she felt it was no coincidence when she found Mrs. Smithers seated in her favorite corner sewing or when she went for a walk to the springs and found Mrs. Smithers slowly moving thitherward, to be easily overtaken.

On all such occasions Mrs. Smithers reveled in blissful recollections of beauties of her son's character or in golden dreams of his future.

Miss French listened with a fluttering bosom. It was not surprising that her previously untouched heart throbbed deliciously when Mrs. Smithers told of the chivalry in her son John's nature. Did an act of bravery or heroism reach her ears, never was she at a loss to recall something in John's brief but brilliant career that put the heroism of others completely in the shade. John was a lover of all things noble, of all good and true and upright things, and he abhorred all mean, weak and contemptible natures as thoroughly as he hated deceit and sin.

If a child crossed their paths Mrs. Smithers saw in it, not her own pleasure and love in perfect childhood, but John's. John couldn't see a child on the street without stopping to speak to it. And generous! And kind! And brave! And handsome! Oh, thoughts of John brought tears to his mother's eyes!

So when Mrs. Smithers pressed Miss French's hand tenderly and whispered in a voice trembling with emotion that John was coming to see his dear mother the following week, and that Mrs. Smithers looked forward to the joy of letting Miss French share the delights of his presence, Miss French pressed Mrs. Smithers' hand in return. As she did so she felt a thrill of warmth and happiness cross her heart.

It was most exciting and romantic to think that she was soon to meet a man who was almost, if not quite, perfect.

The listened with something of the mother's own excited intensity for the carriage wheels on the day of John's arrival. The thought even crossed her mind that she ought to express her appreciation of Mrs. Smithers for giving her this great pleasure. She pictured herself as she might be in the future, as a blooming Mrs. Smithers, sheltered and protected by John, the envy of all her friends, the possessor of absolute happiness.

Why did she feel so hopeful? Well, hadn't Mrs. Smithers assured her that John was so attached to his mother that he wouldn't dream of falling in love without his mother's sanction?

And hadn't Mrs. Smithers looked the world over in vain for a wife worthy of John—looked until she was almost tempted to admit that there wasn't a girl in the world capable of filling that exalted position? But now—Then Mrs. Smithers had smiled meaningly at Miss French and had patted her hand. Wasn't that reason enough for Miss French to anticipate a perfect future?

When the carriage finally arrived Miss French watched with an intensity that hurt, as each passenger stepped out of it. But when it was finally emptied she sighed a deep, deep sigh of regret.

He hadn't come!

She reached for Mrs. Smithers' hand to comfort the poor mother—but it was gone, and so was Mrs. Smithers.

With outstretched arms Mrs. Smithers was racing down the walk toward a wizened little man with a fast increasing bald spot and a propensity for loud talk, who was bickering with the driver over his fare and demanding his rights in a high pitched voice that reminded Miss French of a Punch and Judy show. His mother reached John before his transaction was completed and she threw herself into his arms before he was aware of her presence.

"Oh, hello, ma!" he said, casually, but in a penetrating voice. "It was sort of hard to get away—my books didn't balance last night, and I thought I'd have to stay over another day—but I fixed them. Here, ma, you carry this satchel, will you? I'll carry the other one."

Miss French fled precipitately from their path that she might escape the promised introduction. She required time to clear away the debris of her ruined air castles.

### In Society.

"How is it your society friend loves so to go to grand opera when she is so deaf?"

"Why, she sees all the latest styles in evening costumes and knows just what is the best each of her friends can afford."

"But she can't listen to the music."

"I know, but who does?"

### He Needs a Rest.

"Doctor, do you think a trip to Europe would do me any good?"

"Yes. Let your wife take it."

### Youthful Benefaction.

A little boy came home with his fist full of those small choke cherries and a pucker at his stained mouth. "Give those cherries to my baby sister," he said to his mother; "they're no cherries for a boy like me."