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**Moon-Blind-
ness**
By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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"Marplot! Have I got to tie you?"
Mrs. Velvin demanded gleefully,
flinging a length of ribbon about Ray-
ner's arm. "No doubt you want to go
inside and tangle with Patty. Content
yourself, sir, with me! Even me! Patty
is a luxury. She wouldn't be at
all good for you. Not for your
career. And I have but just got her
and young Atherley well settled for
the evening. If he stays until 11, I
shall know he has proposed."

"How shall you know it?" Rayner
interrupted, smiling, yet not quite
easily.
Mrs. Velvin laughed softly. "Patty
is a very virgin," she said. "She never
sacrifices her beauty sleep for trifles.
O, no!" as she caught Rayner's look
of annoyance. "She won't accept him
—not on three days' acquaintance—
she will merely take him under con-
sideration. Trust my child for that!
I have brought her up even more
beautifully than if she were my very
own."

"H'm! Are you six or two years
her elder?" Rayner demanded.
Again Mrs. Velvin laughed. "As
though it mattered—the least bit,"
she said. "By the way, I am four
years ahead of my husband's near
daughter. Spiritually I'm four cen-
turies—but for the child would
have grown absurdly sentimental."

"Then—I wish she had had an-
other stepmother," Rayner broke out.
Still—I refuse to believe even you,
much as she loves you, can make her
mercenary, cold and calculating.
When she marries it will be a man,
not his money."

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rose-scented, vital with the spice-
breath of plinks.
"Listen to the words of wisdom,"
she began. "I'm your friend in this—
even more than Patty. You are
rightfully ambitious—you have so
much in you it is no wonder. Re-
member Kipling. He travels fastest
who travels alone. With Patty you'd
be too happy—you'd let go every-
thing but money-making—care for
nothing but to keep her in cotton-
wool, and give her jewels and rings
and all the one thing. Take my
word for it, you'll never be a great
man without the spur of unhappy-
ness."

"Stop mocking!" Rayner said, hotly.
She went on as if he had not spoken.
"As Patty's husband, you'd have
five years of bliss absolute. Thea—
you'd remember—and regret. You'd
see the men you know are your in-
ferior going ahead, each in his way—
and you standing still. You'd be sour
and discontented. And that would
make my girl miserable. So let her
be. I won't have her miserable. She
was made to be fed on the roses and
laid in the lilies of life."

"I don't believe it. Anyway I shall
ask her," Rayner said more hotly than
before. He stepped past Mrs. Velvin
and onto the piazza they had quitted.
It gave through long French windows
upon the dim-lit parlor, where Atherley
sat basking in Patty's presence. Ray-
ner peered at them, grinding his teeth.
He had sought them full of a mad im-
pulse—it died at sight of them se-
renely conventional—Patty at the
piano, striking a minor chord now and
then; Atherley telling sprightly tales
of life in Paris.

He had spent a year there, making
believe to study philosophy. He had
come away not much wiser than he
went—still he had a certain air.
Further, his globe-trotting gave him
a long advantage conversationally.
He had good eyes, and a certain
knack of seeing the humorous side
of all things.
How could even a desperate lover
burst in upon such a pair and de-
mand that the girl take instant
choice? Rayner had been courting
Patty steadfastly for six months. He
had never got around to proposing—
by ill luck he had thought—now he
began to realize it was by will of
Mrs. Velvin. Atherley was palpably
bit—still he was not a declared suitor.
Convention may shackle even burn-
ing jealousy—Rayner, merely called,



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gay good night through the window,
shot past it, mounted and galloped
headlong away.
As the thudding hoofs grew fainter,
Patty got up and walked to the win-
dow, straining her eyes through the
moonlight, yet seeing nothing. Sudden-
ly she uttered a cry. "I wish Billy
were not riding Daredevil tonight,"
she said. "He is gentle as a dog by
daylight—but moonshine sets him
wild."

"O! I dare say his master can man-
age him," Atherley returned. "They
tell me at the club he can manage
anything, even women." Laughing sig-
nificantly after the last word. Then
with a mock sigh, "You don't wonder
I envy him a bit!"
"Why! How can you help it?" Pat-
ty cried with artless cruelty. "He is
so out of the common every way. He
manages horses and women by not
being afraid of them. Both know they
can trust him—unless they happen to
be moon-blind."

"So you believe in moon-blindness.
I thought that superstition had been
thoroughly discredited," Atherley said
lightly.
Patty did not answer—she was lis-
tening too intently. There was a
break in the hoofs—she was struck
thudding after it. Over her shoulder
she cried to Atherley, "Daredevil is
running now—come help me find
Billy."

"I think he has been thrown!"
Atherley panted, struggling after the
flying figure.
"I know it—he would hold Dared-
evil to the last," she answered, her
voice sharp with terror.
They ran silently down the road
until it turned sharply in a little
glade. The white moon made it al-
most as light as day—thus Patty saw
two figures in the middle of it—Billy
Rayner safe and sound, supporting a
woman evidently half-fainting. Ather-
ley touched her arm, saying signifi-
cantly:

"I think we had better go back."
Patty could grow no whiter, but
she turned upon him eyes that blazed.
"I am not spying," she said clearly,
then in higher key: "Billy—what is
the trouble?"
"I don't quite understand—yet," A-
therley answered. "This lady," bow-
ing to the drooping figure, "had lost
herself—and came out of the woods
to ask the way. That scared Dared-
evil—I got down from him though—
and he ran off home. Perhaps you
can reassure the lady—she seems
to be upset."

"Please spare explanations," the stran-
ger cried, suddenly uncovering her face.
"So unhappy I shall die unless you
tell me where to find him. You know
—the man I love—Steven Atherley."
"I have brought him to you," Patty
said, running forward and dragging
Atherley.
The stranger flung up her hands—
white hands, soft and heavily ringed.
"O Steven! Steven! Forgive me!" she
moaned. "I—I had to come. Remem-
ber I have not seen you since Paris.
And the minute I knew—"

ple get that way the same as horses."
Patty interrupted with an eloquent
look at Rayner.
He took her hand openly and laid
his lips against it, saying joyously,
"Happily it is only a temporary af-
fection; we come to clear vision after
a little while."
"Oh, do we?" Patty asked with her
eyes superbly indifferent.
He held up his head at her, but said
emphatically, "We do. In proof take
this."

And with that he kissed her full on
the mouth.

WAS TOO VALUABLE TO LOSE

Good Reason for Proprietor's Indigna-
tion When His Proud Chef
Was Insulted.

It was at a seaside hotel, and as
three or four of us were walking
along the beach at low tide and pick-
ing up shells we came across a col-
ored man who was walking with a
cane and a strut and had the bearing
of a czar. He gave us no notice, but
one of our crowd ventured to ask him:
"Sir, do you own the earth?"
The man made no reply.
"Excuse me, sir," continued the
questioner, "but have the rest of us
your permission to live on the sum-
mer?"

The czar never winked an eye in
reply, but continued his parade, and
we passed on and left him. When we
returned to the hotel we were joined
by the landlord, and he was asked if
he knew the colored man, and he re-
plied that he was a really
own.

"Good heavens, but you don't tell
me that you have been making fun of
that man!" he exclaimed in reply.
He was told what had passed, and
he held up his hands and almost
shouted:
"You have ruined me! I shall have
to shut up the hotel within three
days!"

"But why?" we all asked in chorus.
"Because that colored man is my
chef. He allows me as a personal
favor to run this hotel. He permits
me to fill it with guests. He unbends
enough to allow me to hire other help.
He will feel insulted at your remarks,
and give me warning that I must close
the place within three days. How
could you do such a thing, and you
my friends!"

It seemed a hopeless case at first
sight, but after we had gone in a
body to the chef and made our hum-
ble apologies and promised never to
do so any more, he melted, and grad-
ually permitted things to continue on.

He Paid for It.
Caddie—I got that ball we lost this
morning, sir—got it from a small boy.
Gaffer—Good. Let's see—what
did you give him for it?
Caddie—A slip under the lug, sir—
Punch.

Reform.
Knicker—What's the matter?
Bocker—My wife is trying to apply
the fixed post scheme to me.

Poor Economy.
Probably the poorest economy in
the world is to buy things you don't
want in order to make acquaintances
you don't need.—Galveston News.

No Cause for Complaint.
The man who prepares for the rainy
day is never disappointed if the rainy
day fails to come.

Madagascar Wild Peacocks.
In Madagascar wild peacocks are
found in great numbers.

Romance at Last

Nancy Baffins had lived to be
thirty years old, and never a bit of
romance had come into her life.
When that is said, it is to be under-
stood that she had never had a lover.
It must be further understood that
Nancy wasn't ravishingly handsome
and she didn't have a form to remind
one of a willow bending this way
and that in a half-gale.

Living in the country as she did,
and knowing many lived men as she
did, some folks thought it queer that
Nancy Baffins had not entangled one
of them. But the old maid's romance
came at last. Steve Croker came to
work for Faser West, the next
neighbor on the north, and within a
week he was in love.

It might be said that Steve had
sized himself up before sizing Nancy.
He was low-legged. He was lop-
shouldered. He had but one good
eye. He was a little deaf in one ear.
He had red chin-whiskers, and if he
didn't look out for it, when he talked
he found himself stammering. No
Steve Croker was no Apollo, and he
didn't know it. For years he had realized
that unless he found and fell in love
with a homely woman there could be
no happy fireside for him.

"I have found her at last," he said
to himself after his first peep at
Nancy. And from that hour on there
was a song in his heart.
As soon as they were engaged,
which event took place after Steve's
evening call, she began to pester
him. That is, she asked him if
he was willing to tie for her.
"I dunno about that," was his
doubtful reply. "You see, if I should
lose you'd lose me and I you."

Nancy was disappointed in Steve.
He wasn't a hero, and evidently
didn't want to be.
"You don't love me," said Nancy.
"Yes, I do. I love you oceans and
oceans."
"But if there was an elephant after
me?"
"A big one?"
"Big as a haystack?"
"Yes, yes."

"Say, Nancy, I'd walk up to him
and kick him in the back of the head
if he boot him into the next county!"
That satisfied the old maid for a
day or two, and then she got to think-
ing how remote such a contingency
was, and she found herself on the
edge of a groan. She didn't sigh for
an imaginary hero, but one on the
spot—an up-to-date one.

A few days later Steve came over
to help her pick cherries. He had
climbed to the top of a tree when
Nancy called up to him:
"Steve, do you love me?"
"As much as all the water in Lake
Erie," he answered.
"Then be a hero. Let go and come
tumbling down!"
"And break my dinged neck! No
sir—e! I've got to have a neck on
me after we get married."

There was another pouting spell,
and Nancy didn't throw kisses after
the nonhero as he climbed the fence
and started for home. It does seem
as if male lovers ought to be more
obliging, but taken them as they run
and they are a selfish lot. Nancy re-
alized it and was offish for a week.
It might have been for longer had
not Steve come to say:
"I don't know anything about this
hero business you talk of, but I'll
tell you what I'm willing to do for
your sake."

"Oh, Steve, you are nice now!"
"We have lost a pitchfork in the
horse pen and are going to drain
the water off tomorrow. I'll wave
it first, if you say so."
"Will you?"
"I surely will. There's two feet of
water in it."

"Only two feet?"
"And as much as a foot of mud. I
may get mired and lose my life."



quarter of a mile when he heard the
bellow of Baker's old bull on the
highway. He ran to head the animal
off and turn him back, and presently
was in the middle of the road and
waving the hoe and calling out. Then
the bull seemed to come for him, and
he knew no more for three days. As
he opened his eyes a tear fell on his
cheek. It was a tear from Nancy
Baffins' left eye, and she clasped her
hands and exclaimed:
"He lives! He lives!"
"Of course I live," replied Steve,
"but what has happened?"
"Why, you are a hero!"
"How?"
"You faced Baker's old bull for my
sake and let him break three of your
ribs and an arm, and we are going to
get married as soon as you are well
again. Brave and gallant cavalier,
have some of this chicken soup!"

Tomato Oil in Commerce.
Tomato oil, useful for varnish and
as a fuel, is now made from the waste
of the tomato-preserved industry. In
the province of Forno, Italy, where
\$4,000 tons of tomatoes have been
used in the last year, waste has been
about 15 per cent, and partial freeing
this from water by pressing left a
mass—chiefly of seeds—of about 4,000
tons. The seed mass, by cold com-
pression, yields 18 per cent of golden
yellow oil.

Unprofitable Activity.
It is the misfortune of the active
that their activity is almost always
somewhat senseless. The active roll
like a stone in accordance with the
stupidity of mechanics. All men are
self divided as they ever have been,
into bond and free. Whoever has not
two-thirds of the day to himself is a
slave, no matter what he may be oth-
erwise—statesman, merchant, official
or scholar.—Nietzsche.

Too Soon.
The cave-man was gifted with pro-
phetic vision, and when he perceived
how miserably hairy he was, a discon-
tent look possessed of him. "If au-
tomobiles were only invented," he
muttered bitterly, "I should be setting
the style in winter coats." That sense
of having been born too soon, when
has it not served to rob men of their
peace?—Fack.

Employed a Substitute.
Two small city boys, visiting the
country, were afraid of a horse which
was quietly grazing near. They made
no movement toward driving the horse
away, but it was evident that they de-
sired its absence. At last another boy
lived in sight. "Oh, Billy," one of the
waiting boys called to him, "just throw
a stone at that horse, will you? We're
dread of Mercy, and we can't."

Simple Allegory.
A man and a woman were walking
together. The man said to the woman:
"Mamma is gone; I have a race." They
started. Sometime the man was
ahead; then again little smile ap-
peared. At last the man went in full
speed, and had nearly won—but there,
Billy saw mamma in the door—and
won the race.

Devices for Securing Quiet.
To give quiet to dwellers in noisy
streets an English builder has simply
used windows with double glazing. In
sick rooms, lecture rooms and others
the sound of street cars and the rum-
ble of wagons were greatly diminished
and the sound of voices was made in-
perceptible.

Dyspepsia Tablets for One.
"Select a good-hearted cabbage," be-
gins a writer of cooking receipts.
Alas! that a good-hearted cabbage
has never come out of a way. Those
we have had any dealings with have
treated us cruelly, very cruelly, indeed.
—Boston Transcript.

Nature's Gentle Hand.
Nature gives to every time and season
some beauties of its own; and from
morning to night, as from the cradle
to the grave, in but a suc-
cession of changes so gentle and easy
that we scarcely mark their progress.
—Charles Dickens.

Actual Salesmanship.
A man may make \$25 a day in his
regular business, and not think much
about it, but he always feels like a
leading financier when he sells the
old bottles in the cellar for 47 cents.
—Ohio State Journal.

Evils of Underwear.
An Ohio citizen, eighty years old,
claims that he never has worn any
underwear. Many a citizen of Africa
has done the same thing and yet failed
to get his name in the papers.

Delights of Repartee

"I was to supper with Grandmother
Kelly last night," Miss Connolly in-
formed Miss Friskie, as she threw her-
self on the couch in the rest room,
"and of all the fun!" She paused and
her face broke into a reminiscent
smile. "She ain't my real grandma,
you know. She's paw's first wife's
maw, but us kids has always called
her grandmother. She lives 'way out
on the west side and she gets awful
sore if one of us youngsters don't go
out and take supper and spend the
night with her about once in every so
often."

"Last night it was my turn and
when I got there Grandmother Kelly
says to me, 'Nellie,' she says, 'I asked
poor old Grandmaw Getchell to come
over tonight and I'd be real obliged
if you'd run over to her son's place
and fetch her. Like as not that daugh-
ter-in-law of hers'll let her start out
by herself, and if that poor old thing
should fall down I bet she'd break
some of her bones. They gits awful
brittle, you know, as a person gits
older.' It was funny because Grand-
mother Kelly ain't more'n a couple of
years younger than Grandmaw Get-
chell."

"I was just a-startin' to pike over
and get Grandmaw Getchell when the
old lady come hoppin' up the stairs,
spry's you please. Grandmother Kelly
runs to the door. 'Why, grandmaw,'
she says, 'did you come all by your-
self? I don't think you ought to be
done it. It ain't safe for you to come
all that way alone.'"

"Grandmaw Getchell just pushes
past her and begins takin' off her hat
and cape and then she 'em on the
chair. 'Quit 'grandmawin' me,' she
says. 'I'm just as well able to walk
three blocks by myself as I ever was,
and a good deal more able than some
of these silly folks that crack to
pieces if they ever hit the sidewalk.'"

"When we sat down to supper
Grandmother Kelly says, just as sweet
as could be, 'I made some cornbread
for supper, grandmaw,' she says,
'cause I thought it would be easy for
you to eat. When a person's lost so
many of their teeth as what you have
I know it's kind of hard for 'em to
chem tough things.'"

"Grandmaw Getchell begun to swell
up. 'I guess you don't need to be so
careful of me and my teeth. Moll
Kelly,' she says. 'Hard for you to
chevy?' she snorts, shakin'."

"I don't blame no woman," says
Grandmaw Getchell to me, 'just becuz
the men folks don't take to her, but
there's some folks not more'n a hun-
dred miles away that didn't get mar-
ried more'n once, and they was mighty
good and sufficient reason, and that is
that they didn't get asked again.'"

"Well, you needn't to think that
Grandmaw Getchell had any two-thirds
of Grandmother Kelly on 'er. Not
Grandmother Kelly was right there
was the comeback.
"Well, she says, takin' off the lid of
the teapot and lookin' in to see if
the tea was gone. 'I always did think
the folks that keeps on gettin' mar-
ried every time they get asked ain't
ever had such very good luck.'"

"Well, they kep' it up the whole
blessed evening, and you'd 'a' died
if you could 'a' heard them. Every time
Grandmaw Getchell'd get a half sen-
tence on Grandmother Kelly, Grand-
mother Kelly'd bat back at her and
then duck for the kitchen or dining
room, or somewhere, like she had
some pressin' business, and by the
time she'd get back Grandmaw
Getchell'd be all ready with another
hot one. The last thing I heard after
I went upstairs was Grandmother Kel-
ly sayin', 'Now, you be careful, grand-
maw, goin' up them steps. I know a
real stout person that fell down them
steps and she never walked again.'"

"I guess you better be careful your-
self, Moll Kelly," snorts Grandmaw
Getchell; 'if you should tumble down
stairs your bones'd crack up like so
many lilies.'"

"I ducked into my room and pretty
near swallowed all the bed clothes
tryin' to keep from havin' nothin' right
out."
"Say, I bet I been to ten thousand
more pitcher shows and musical
comedies and theaters and things,
but for a real, first class, up to date
continuous show them two old dames
has got 'em all beat. They're better
in a cove of three ringed circuses."—
Chicago Daily News.

MYSTIC BABYLON AND HER DAUGHTERS

Weighted

ART PRINTING

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mrs. William J. Mathews is visiting friends in Bala, Pa.

Mrs. John Hoff entertained relatives from Philadelphia on Sunday.

Mrs. Frederic Blackburn entertained the 500 party Wednesday evening.

Benjamin Atkinson and daughter, Miss Clara, visited Mrs. Anna Taylor on Monday.

E. B. Miller, of North Philadelphia, visited Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Zelle, of Atlantic City, visited his mother, Mrs. E. T. Zelle, Tuesday.

Mrs. George Pierce, of Philadelphia, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Windish, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward King entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bieder, of Masonville, on Sunday.

Mrs. A. B. Powell and Miss Florence Giffell spent Thursday with Mrs. John Giffell, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Kiddish, of Philadelphia, will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. William McConnell.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, of North Philadelphia, has returned home this week after visiting Mrs. A. C. Roray.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Auxiliary will be held in the Field Club room next Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cameron and family, of West Philadelphia, visited Mr. and Mrs. William McConnell on Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. McIntire attended the commencement exercises of the Moravian College and Theological Seminary, at Bethlehem, Pa., this week.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Moravian Church will hold a strawberry and ice cream festival Wednesday, June 12, 10 to 12 p.m. in the basement of the church.

Miss Flora I. Thattford and Mr. Benjamin R. Stevens, both of Palmyra, were married on Saturday, June 1st, by Rev. Charles W. Williams, at the Baptist parsonage.

Mrs. Anna Taylor, who left and broke her hip about ten days ago, and who was in a critical condition, is now slowly improving. Mrs. Taylor is nearly ninety years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Wastrol Tracy, Mrs. Bita Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Schramm returned on Monday from a trip down the Delaware in their new yacht, Francis.

Miss Florence Brooks returned home Thursday evening from Ursinus College at Collegeville, Pa. Miss Brooks graduated with the second highest honors in a class of over 100.

The Japanese Fair which was given by the Field Club Auxiliary last Saturday evening in P. O. S. of A. Hall, was very well attended and much enjoyed in a social way. It is not yet known what amount was cleared.

Miss Beatrice Emma Latham and Mr. Clarence Boyd Cooper were married on June 3rd by Rev. Charles W. Williams at the Baptist parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper will reside at Clifton Heights, where Mr. Cooper is manager of one of the Childs stores.

Miss Ada Miller and Bertram Spies, of Philadelphia, were married at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Miller Wednesday evening at six o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. I. D. Moore, of Columbus, a former pastor of the Baptist Church.

Theodore J. Haas and Clemens A. Haas, Jr., went to Washington, D. C., today where they will represent the Bishop Neumann Council, Knights of Columbus, of Riverside, at the unveiling of the Columbus monument. The exercises will take place Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Being desirous that Palmyra should keep in line with other up-to-date towns, the Township Committee would urge everyone to celebrate, insofar as possible, a "safe and sane" Fourth this year. With this end in view the Committee calls attention to the fact that they propose to enforce the State law which prohibits the discharge of cannons, fire crackers and other explosives before or after the Fourth.

The following have been placed in nomination for office to serve the ensuing term: P. C., C. H. Smyth; N. C., A. M. Bowker; V. C., E. W. Kerr; Sir Herald, Orlando Herbert and W. H. Schmierer; H. P., Percy Hillson; V. H., Orlando Herbert; trustee, James E. Russell; representatives to Hall Association, Walter M. Horner and Moses MacCreedy.

Election next Wednesday evening.

Methodist Church Notes.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.

Choir rehearsal Saturday night at 8 o'clock.

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. The baccalaureate sermon will be delivered to the graduating class of the High School.

2:30 p. m., Sunday School.

7:30 p. m., Children's Day services conducted by the Sunday School.

Baptist Church Notes.

Next Sunday will be observed as Children's Day.

Sunday School will meet in the morning at 9:30. Come in the school of the day to study the Word.

Worship at 10:30. Sermonette for the children and singing by the children's choir. Sermon subject, "The Mystery Box."

At 7:45 the Sunday School will have their annual Children's Day service. Subject of the exercise "The Building of the Ship."

REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS, Pastor.

Only Playthings.

Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns; playthings of grown children.—Victor Hugo.

FIELD CLUB NOTES.

The Field Club jumped into third place in the Delaware River League last Saturday by giving Beverly a good sound drubbing. The final score was 10-5, and it is safe to say that if the local boys had needed to do more than to add two or three more runs to their total, as they took chances which they would never think of taking, they would have won.

Patterson was in the box for the locals and pitched a good game, only allowing six hits, but gave four bases on balls and hit one man; but at that Beverly only had one earned run by hitting two hits and a sacrifice.

The local boys broke into the run column in the second after two were down. Hardy and Kell both reached base on errors and both scored when G. Durgin singled to right. Another run was scored in the third but the storm came in the fourth, when Kell, Durgin, Patterson, Slack, Reeves and Whop Gibbons all singled, pushing four runs over the pan. Just to keep in the run column, Hardy reached base on an error and scored when G. Durgin doubled down the left field foul line. Two more runs were scored in the seventh on a pair of balls, two hits and fielder's choice, giving us a total of ten runs to our opponent's five.

Am sorry to say that some of the rosters in the grandstand do not seem to think that some of the players are getting a few pointers from Saturday. Davis had made an error, which by the way is the first error that he has made this year, a rooster, also a Club member, called out to "put him out," and several other abusive remarks. He also called out to put Donaghy in to his place—this shows what kind of a baseball man the afore said happens to be. True, we admit Donaghy is a star, but he is also young and light, and to put him into the game before he has fully developed would be a very unwise move and might spoil him for the rest of his days. Mr. Griffenberg knows of it, Donaghy and if you should ever come down to see a practice game you will see him out there getting a few pointers from Griffenberg. This kind of rooting would be fit for a back lot team, but not for a team of gentlemen such as the Field Club. Nothing makes a player more heartened than to be roasted by his own town-folk.

This Saturday we go to Florence, where are the leaders with four victories and no defeats, but with our pitching equipment going good we stand a good chance of giving them a pull down the ladder. So if you can make arrangements, take a trip with us as we need you badly.

The standing of the teams as follows:

W.	L.	P. CENT.
Palmyra	2	2
Riverside	3	1
Florence	4	0
Roebeling	1	3
Beverly	0	3
Taubel	2	3

Patterson has now reclaimed himself as he promised.

Kell made a pretty catch on a line drive to center, picking the ball out of the grass.

The attendance was very low for such a fine game.

Florence defeated Riverside, Roebeling and Taubel.

Oille Durgin will do the pitching against Florence on Sunday.

Slack, Gibbons and Durgin led the hitters, with two singles for the former two, and a double and two singles for the latter.

Harry made two pretty pickups in the first, and then missed an easy one later.

Beverly's fielding was very loose.

Next home game will be with Taubel on the West End grounds Saturday, June 22nd.

ROOTER.

I. O. O. F.

Second game will be played by Cinnamon Athletic Association Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, on the Delaware avenue grounds. Come out and encourage the new team. We'll have a go with the Diamond A. C. this time.

A district meeting will be held in the hall of Amity Lodge, Merchantsville, Monday evening, June 24th. Grand lodge officers will be present.

Improve your opportunity to join an Order of merit and fraternity.

Our base ball team suffered defeat in the first contest at the hands of the strong Temple Athletic Association by a score of 13-0; but that didn't discourage us, and you can wager that we'll show you a game that you'll never forget. We played a good article of ball, but—the other fellows won.

SECRETARY.

K. G. E.

Please remember, if you do not do your part toward helping the order, then you are not true to the obligations you have taken when you joined the Castles? What are you going to do about it?

The order of the Knights of the Golden Eagle should appeal to you. In it you'll find a true brotherhood whose knight-hood bond is one that binds each brother in a fraternity that has for its pledge the principles of fidelity, valor and honor.

The following have been placed in nomination for office to serve the ensuing term: P. C., C. H. Smyth; N. C., A. M. Bowker; V. C., E. W. Kerr; Sir Herald, Orlando Herbert and W. H. Schmierer; H. P., Percy Hillson; V. H., Orlando Herbert; trustee, James E. Russell; representatives to Hall Association, Walter M. Horner and Moses MacCreedy.

Election next Wednesday evening.

SECRETARY.

Commonwealth Notes.

The baccalaureate sermon will be delivered Sunday morning at the Methodist Church by Rev. Samuel Sargent.

Tuesday night the commencement exercises will be held in the auditorium. The address will be made by Hon. Calvin N. Kendall, State Commissioner of Education.

Thursday evening the Juniors will give a reception to the Seniors.

The schools will close on the 14th.

The Alumni Association will entertain the Senior class this evening.

Moravian Church Notes.

Rev. Paul S. McIntire, M. A., pastor.

9:30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible class.

10:30 a. m., Litany, sermon by the pastor.

7:30 p. m., Children's Day program. You are cordially invited to attend these services.

Various Uses for the Aloe.

In Africa the leaves of certain species of aloe provide material for bows, strings, 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.

ON SQUAW MOUNTAIN By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

"Hello! Hello!"

Jerome Henderson's strong clear tones carried down the slope of the mountain. The girl, clinging to the ledge not many feet below, looked up and then bowed her head on the hard ledge as if utterly exhausted.

"I'll come down. Keep your nerve," called the young man, trumpet-wise through his hands.

Stepping hastily into the little cabin which constituted for the time being, his home on the top of Squaw Mountain, he laid aside the glasses, when which he had been scanning the landscape for forest fires, and slipped into his mountain boots. Then, with another shout of assurance to the girl below, he began his descent.

He had been fire warden on Squaw Mountain for nearly three weeks and this was the first person who had come under his notice. The ascent of the mountain from the shore of the beautiful lake below was not hazardous, but it was tedious and it was seldom that tourists made it during the hot months of July and August. And it was during these months, when forest fires raged all about the state, that a fire warden was stationed on the summit of the peak.

Henderson called out occasionally to the girl who was going to assist, but she did not answer. He decided that she must be well high exhausted after so long a climb on a hot day.

As he passed a spring, the young fellow filled his cap with water in case he might need it when he reached the girl.

Lifting her hair, Henderson bathed her brow with his dampened handkerchief. Presently the girl opened her eyes and looked about.

"Oh," she said at last, "I had dashedly."

"You—you found me?"

In a less serious moment the young man would have accused her of asking a foolish question; as it was he restrained.

"How did you come so far alone?" he asked when he had found a safe seat for her.

"I was blue-berrying and before I knew it I was—lost. What time is it?" she asked.

"Nearly four o'clock and you can't possibly return tonight—you are exhausted," Henderson told her as gently as he could. "It is miles to the foot of the mountain."

The girl turned pale again. "But—" she hesitated and looked about her. "Who are you and why are you here?" she asked as if only now she was beginning to realize her situation and the strangeness of having found a human being near her.

"I am Jerome Henderson, fire warden during my college vacation. I'm looking about for fresh fires I spied you down the slope here. I could see no companion with you—and I called out. That's all."

"Do you live up there?" she asked, looking far up at the peak above her.

"At least, I exist, for two months—but it's good pay," he said, half laughing, "and it's novel."

The girl bathed her hot face and hands with the cool spring water and even through the sunburn the man beside her could see her fresh beauty.

"Then—I'll have to sleep here?" she asked, her voice wavering as she thought of the dark shadow that would soon fall all about her.

"No; as soon as you are rested, I will help you up to my cabin and you may remain there. I'll go down for the night and you'll be as safe as a child in its mother's arms. But—I'll have to ask you to do duty for me. The fires are bad just now, and I have to report any fresh evidences I see."

"I'll do what I can—but you?" she asked, looking at him with wide eyes.

"Oh, I'll make the descent all right. I'm accustomed to it and I can take a message to your people," he assured her.

"Yes," she cried, "that has worried me so, I'm visiting friends at Moorley Camp. They have a 'phat' at a 'Good,'" exclaimed Henderson. "So have I! Up there in my little cabin I have a telephone so as to report the fires and as soon as we reach the top you shall call up your friends."

As if the relief of mind refreshed her body, the girl rose to her feet and tied her hat more securely under her chin. For one moment she looked ruefully at the basket of berries scattered down the slope. Then she laughed—and the echo came back to them both. "All my days work!" she said.

"Never mind, you can get more on your way down tomorrow," Henderson said. "Now, are you ready?"

"Quite. Oh, I cannot thank you enough for finding me. I don't know how I got up there."

He interrupted her. "Save your energy for the climb. I don't want any more thanks than your effort to make the cabin safely," he said.

In silence they wound their way to the flat surface of Squaw mountain, where the fire warden's tiny cabin nestled under the evergreens.

"How perfectly darling!" exclaimed the girl when she beheld the miniature house. "And you live here quite alone?" she asked.

"Entirely. I cook, wash, clean house—do everything myself," he told her, laughing. "Don't you smell the coffee now?"

The girl smiled. "I surely do—and you put it on before you came down?" She looked at him in wonder. How could a man be so thoughtful?

"The telephone is just inside so if you will call up your friends, I'll prepare supper and then start down the mountain. Assume then that you are absolutely safe and—that I have come down to the village," he added.

The girl would have remonstrated but she knew it was useless. She tried several times to speak—to try to find some other way out of the predicament, but on each occasion she was completely silenced by his hand and look.

During the little supper which Henderson spread on the tiny rustic table she told him that she was Helena Armstrong and many other interesting things—things that might have been less entertaining to someone who was not so completely charmed by her. That her home was not far from fifty miles from Bepton, where he spent nine months of the year in college.

TWO SPECIALS IN ONE

House Painting: For a limited time Front Doors painted free with each order House Painting.
Paper Hanging: For a limited time Rooms Papered \$2.50 including paper up to 12-cent value, scraping and sining free.

Statement No. 2

Abraham Lincoln said, "ours should be a government by, for and to all of the people." Without doubt this is the greatest truth in our political history. An equal truth regarding the home should now be heralded throughout the Country proclaiming that House Painting and Paper Hanging is no longer a luxury but a necessity. Therefore my prices are within reach 'to all of the people.'

We do the work just a little bit better and a little bit cheaper.

Write Call Phone

B. S. FINEMAN

House Painter — Paper Hanger
518 Cinnamon Avenue (near Broad Street) Palmyra, N. J.

Telephone 241

Store open evenings

Classified Advertising

Advertisements inserted under this section payable strictly in advance. Minimum charge 25c.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good canoe with carriage, on account of going away. Well equipped. Apply 618 Thomas avenue, Riverton. Phone 206-W.

FOR SALE—Three-cornered wooden sign, 42x54 inches, for repainting. Apply 430 Delaware avenue.

FRESH EGGS and poultry direct from the farm. Joseph H. Smith, 422 Thomas avenue.

1900 WASHER for sale, nearly new, price reasonable. Apply W. New Era Office.

FOR RENT

HOUSE for rent. 508 Cinnamon avenue.

NICE houses for rent in Palmyra and Riverton. Phone 206-W. Fruit, stream, woodland and meadow. George N. Wimer, 200 Camden.

TWO furnished or unfurnished rooms for rent in East Riverton. Apply 9 New Era Office.

LOST

LOST—A coat rag mottled with large spots. Finder, please return to 105 Bank avenue, Riverton, N. J.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BARGAIN. Farm of 60 acres near Newburg with 12-room dwelling and plenty of fruit. \$1500. Fruit, stream, woodland and meadow. George N. Wimer, 200 Camden.

11-ROOM HOUSE, all conveniences, reasonable and terms to suit. Apply at 422 Thomas avenue.

FOR SALE in Riverton, 9-room corner lot, 10x125 ft., stable, \$2500. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

FIVE rooms, shed and attic, heated, water, over half acre of ground, \$2150. Will sell for \$1500. 1500 feet at \$1500. George N. Wimer, Palmyra.

SITUATIONS WANTED

WHITEWASHING a specialty. William T. Lindsay, Palmyra P. O., N. J. 17-31

WANTED

CLEVER young lady to assist in store. Call D. D. Bastian.

Cure for Discontent.

Women are taught very wrongly about love. They are allowed to read love stories at a tender age and to form a totally false notion of love. They see themselves as characters at a very early age. They begin trying to contrive a plan, to entwine an opposite sex before they are out of the nursery. They live and die—many of them—without ever in the least understanding the truth about love, or, in fact, about anything else.

Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it. Why should one woman have beauty, ease, travel, society and fine clothes and another woman have only toil and loneliness and privation? This is a useless question. We cannot explain the inequalities of life, but there is an answer to the woman who asks this question. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere, and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Easy Way to Wash Windows.

"I have washed every window in my house myself, and all in one forenoon," said a young woman who is noted for knowing the easiest and quickest ways to do housework to a writer for the New York Sun. "And what's more, I did not use a drop of water. No slopping around with wet rags for me." "How do you manage it?" asked the friend. "Just this way," was the reply. "I buy a pint of denatured alcohol which will wash two dozen windows. Then I simply put a little on a cloth and rub the window briskly a moment. The dirt comes out in a twinkling and the windows are left clean and bright. It takes just one-half the time and is only one-quarter the work of the old soap and water way."

Too Tall to Be a Soldier.

Nothing could illustrate better the changes in the art of war wrought by the evolution of weapons than the melancholy news that "Artilleryman Arceus" of the Fourth Regiment at Rochelle has been discharged on account of his height."

In the old days Arceus's prodigious stature would have scared the enemy, and poets would have chanted the glories of the age which could produce such redoubtable champions. Now, however, smokeless powder has changed all this. Invisibility is the first consideration on the field of battle nowadays, and an artilleryman of six feet nine might cause the discovery and massacre of a whole regiment.—Paris Picaro.

RELICS OF GREAT ARMADA

Most Interesting Being Brought Up From Waters of Torbory Off Scotch Coast.

Some curious relics of the Spanish Armada are the results of the diving operations carried on last October in Torbory bay, where one of the great Spanish warships, said to have been the Admiral of Florence, was wrecked in the autumn of 1588, when flying homeward after rounding the north of Scotland to escape the English squadrons.

Canon and old coins have from time to time been brought to the surface, but the gold and silver to the value of thirty millions that tradition has so far escaped the searchers.

However, a syndicate, entitled "The Pieces of Eight, Limited," has lately bought the rights over the wreck from the Admiralty, and hopes, with the aid of modern diving appliances, to recover all the treasure of the Admiral of Florence.

The interesting relics among the Spanish cannon and the rarer first class include markets and a rarer first class heavily encrusted with stony deposits; sword hilts and guards, many silver coins in various states of preservation, and a number of pieces of pottery. The pottery includes a jug of "clay" ware, silver mounted, and the hall mark is 1566, twelve years before the Armada.

Among the other relics are cannon balls, musket balls, pieces of armor, and iron, and a jar for cosmetics, which some are inclined to connect with the legend that this particular galleon numbered a Spaniard, who was a passenger.

There is a story that the Admiral of Florence bore among his treasures a crown for use at the coronation of Philip of Spain after his conquest of England.

Good Reasons.

"Yet they say the widower, who has just got married again, was all broken up when his first wife died."

"Then if he was all broken up, that was a good reason why he should be repaired."

Domestic Demand Satisfied.

Blueboard explained: "They always wanted more closet room, and now they have it." He cried. Thus the forbidden chamber was accounted for.—New York Sun.

First to Practice Palmistry.

Gypsies introduced the practice of palmistry into England. This appears from a statute of 1531 called an "Acte concerning Egypciens," which recites that "before this tyme dyvers and many outlandyshe People, calling themselves Egypciens, using no crafts nor fales of merchandise, have come into this Realme and gone from Shire to Shire and Place to Place, and used greuous subtilty and crafty means to decieve the people that by palmestrie could tell menne and womens fortunes, and have by crafty and subtilty decieved the people of their money."

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The Diamond Cipher

A Baseball Romance

By W. A. PHILSON

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Service Chief Wilkins, puzzled over the theft of the Government cipher, calls to his aid Detective Brockett. They find a new cipher, when the office boy, Brockett, tells them it is the "Diamond Cipher" and starts for the ball park.

CHAPTER II.—Brockett, Chula Lon Zan, a Chinese, named after the Chinese practice baseball playing on dirt. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER V.

After the vanquished Orientals had departed, Brockett and Solano proceeded to investigate the thick envelope which Mike McKane had brought them. The messenger sat by a little while and a loyal one—while Mrs. Brockett and Bertha fidgeted to and fro, still more or less excited by the events of the evening.

A packet of yellow-backed bills was first brought to light, and then a letter, penned in the firm hand of Chief Wilkins. Another sheet was next opened, revealing the handwriting of General Cole, which was not unfamiliar to young Brockett. Both boys were relieved and pleased to find that nothing typewritten had been sent them.

"No chance for any treachery there," remarked Solano, as Chief Wilkins' letter was placed upon the table. "If your stenographer caught on getting a copy of this particular document, she loses."

Brockett laughed heartily, and then, while the others looked on, he proceeded to read the letter. It was addressed to the boys, and was a copy of the letter which had been sent to the boys by the messenger.

"TO TC A TC W TC BB A TC W E H R E 2BH WP TC BR HR PO PO 2BH TC AB WP Pos L R HR W R Fin HR TC TC Fin L Pos W TC Fin TO SH Pos L R Pos E AB SH TO W Pos T SH Pos SH BH HR HR TO 2BH HR E Boston HR A TC SH TC TC W Pos E R 2BH TC E TC 2BH PO BB 2BH SH W SH WP TC Fin BB HR PO BB HR E R 2BH TC A SH SO SH L TO SH W Pos PO 2BH HR T SH HR A TC SH TC TO SH W PB R HR A 2BH SH W BA SH WP AB W HR E 2BH W SH FA PO WP."

"Simple enough," remarked Brockett, as he finished the letter. "Tomorrow morning, you will go by as circuitous a route as can be traveled within eight days to Rancho Nogal, where you will find General Estel. Give him letter and cipher key. Bring reply."

"Easily understood," commented Solano. "We can do it. The route to Rancho Nogal on the map, and we are to go there by as roundabout a road as possible—within a limited space of time. Reasons for the circuitous journey are easily seen. The route to Rancho Nogal is a long one. A few days' travel, a little brown men, might be trailing us. What does the general say?"

"His letter is short and to the point," answered Brockett, spreading out the scroll, worded in this fashion: "Pos TO SH PO FA Pos L TC 2BH HR T SH PO SH TO TC SH W PB BA SH WP TC TC TC PO TC E SH PO PO SH BH HR A TC Brooklyn R Pos T pos PO W WP."

"At El Paso, give letter and key to Colonel Lewis, Sixth Cavalry. Simple enough, but we see the colonel on our way there, or coming back."

"Probably left to our own judgment and convenience," answered Solano. "Now, then, let's locate Rancho Nogal."

"I think I have found the place, Harry," spoke up Bertha Brockett. "While you were reading the last message, I glanced along the map of the Mexican border, and I have found an atlas—and located Rancho Nogal. It seems to be a small station, perhaps ten miles south of Presidio del Norte, in Chihuahua."

"Some names there," remarked Mike McKane. "Howell will I ever get the hang of 'em?"

"You, Mickey," laughed Solano. "For get them before you sprain your tongue."

"Forget nothing!" replied the messenger boy. "I got to learn 'em just the same as you two."

"How do you figure that out, Mike?" queried the amused Brockett. "The starchy messenger grinned back at him."

"Because I'm going along with you two. See? I got in on this thing so far, an' it looks better all the Old South an' Nick Carter stuff that was ever pulled. You gotta take me in, for I'm going. If you don't count me in, I'll follow anyhow, an' I reckon you two gals when the enemy has got you by a tooth."

asserted the Cuban. "Better set the alarm so that I won't frighten you to death when I begin to ring."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Yasmoto, carefully dusting his clothes till hardly a trace of the recent fray was visible, walked away in the darkness, while his companion, limping in a fashion that showed how badly he had been battered in the fight, went painfully beside him. The Filipino was evidently sore of mind as well as body, and occasionally muttered obligations in Spanish, Tagalog, and curiously mingled dialects of the far east. Mr. Yasmoto, however, was philosophical. The little Japanese bore a swollen lip and one of his eyes was almost closed, but he grinned almost cheerfully as the exclamations of his friend came spurring to his ears.

"Patience, my dear Senor Aguilar," remarked Mr. Yasmoto, in the gentlest of tones, "is the greatest of honorable necessity. In the life of the man who follows the admirable pursuit of trade, patience must be of a mingling commensurate with great judgment. Should not the man who makes transactions in the honorable affairs of nations be restrained doubly by his emotions and his notable adjectives?"

Senor Aguilar's somewhat irritated reply seemed to indicate that he was almost wholly lacking in the desirable quality so strongly advocated by his colleague. He was free to let his sentiments as they passed along the road, only interrupted his remarks when they turned into a side street and stepped quickly into the basement doorway of a substantial brownstone house. Mr. Yasmoto knocked lightly twice; the door opened without noise or the preliminary rattle of bolts, and the Orientals passed inside.

A black man ushered them into a small room, sparsely furnished with a few chairs and a mission table, strewn with maps and plans. Beside the table, his huge frame resting at ease in a gigantic morris chair, sat a mountain of a man—a portly German, so vast in every measurement that his seated figure seemed to tower above the stocky Asiatics as they paused before him. Bushy gray eyebrows, a thick white mustache, and a bald head of enormous brain capacity made up the impressive total—a mammoth of a man and a deep thinker, such as those who serve the War-lord have to be.

The big German surveyed the battered Asiatics grimly and half quizzically. "My vrendts," he chuckled, "chiding by der ocular evidence, you had had stormy evening. And from der expressions by your faces, I also chide you had accomplished a larch and gongolous failure."

"The judgment of the honorable Herr," pursued Mr. Yasmoto, "is equaled by nothing except the unworthiness of his regretful associates. He gives most admirable judgments—we have, as he so intelligently speaks, accomplished a failure."

The great German laughed, soundlessly, interiorly, his vast form quivering like a succession of jelly-waves. "Vait, vait," he commanded, when the moment of wrath had passed. "I allow me dot I blurture to you und to mineelf de efents of de choyous evening. You virst adtempted de situation of vianance. So? Und de situation man repuffed you, so? Und de situation boing dot he vould haf documents of value concealed upon his person, you vrayid him glose by his home. So? His ind glose? Dis dis young man in adeltic—ha! ha! Und you frents also, vot de Americans call frents, glose by hand. Und de young man, und his frents, dey best de de of der frents of der young Chappand und de ambitchus Villibus, dey do not haf de bolice dace a hand for manifest reasons? Ha! ha! ha! I log off you, harden de laughing."

Mr. Yasmoto's amiability remained unruined, although Senor Aguilar seemed decidedly irritated.

"The Herr Baron," smiled Mr. Yasmoto, "might have even been the ally present, it is with such correctness of description that he speaks. It was not the admirable fortune of Herr Baron, however, to have participation in the notable combat, and of consequence there was not the fascination of seeing one honorable elephant roll upon the much-anxious pavement. It is of deep regret, most truly."

The huge German laughed again, the same beef-shaking quake of the interior departments.

"It is vell dot you, und I, are of de frents of der adeltic of der comedy. Our Villibus frent—ach, humor is deficient in his gongolous. Ah, vell—forget it. Led us to bitness be attentif. I chide dot you haf agomblished nothing mit de young man? Haf you any babers, documents, gongolous of any kind for de day's laborings?"

"Exhibit One," said Mr. Yasmoto, drawing a few folds of paper from an inside pocket, "is a carbon-copy of most curious sentences, written by the honorable youth at his employment place, and for me secured by the most excellent Miss Lawson. After a fraction of exceeding briefness I am forced to think this only joke, and not importance in the least of measure."

"The idea is excellent," said Solano, "exhibit" and confirmed his colleague's verdict with an emphatic nod.

"De pox is vell as vell as forcible," he commented. "Vot else?"

"A copy of an insignificant message sent to Cuba by the friend of the young Mr. Brockett. It is of no apparent value, excepting to show that this other young man, one Solano,

man's passage, and the massive German, walking pathetically, uncertainly, as though troubled with rebellious feet, staggered almost into the gutter. Regaining his balance, he beamed upon the youngsters, who had advanced with ready hands to aid him, and leaned for an instant upon Brockett's shoulder.

"I thank you, young man, for de help," spoke the German. "Ach, but it is bad you grow old, und de abbrech of age tells on de bones! Son, I belief me tie is disarranged. Vill you astutest it?"

Brockett promptly began a process of first aid to the injured old man, the huge German, seizing him with a hand whose grip showed no trace of feeble age, emitted a loud bellow of "Bollice! Bollice! Robbers, robbers!"

The astounded Brockett strove to break loose from the old man's grasp, but the German's clutch was one of steel. Strong man, athlete of renown, and tried trier of ready wits, he was captured by the old man's grasp, and an athlete in good training, but in that berlelike clutch he was like a child. Solano rushed to the assistance of his captured friend, and the baron shoved him away with the open palm of his disengaged hand, and once more that hoarse yell of "Bollice, Bollice!" rang out upon the morning air.

A whistle blew, and the distance, and there came the clattering sound of heavy feet coming upon the rapid run. A stalwart officer rushed up, took in the apparent situation at a glance, and laid a detaining hand on Brockett's shoulder.

"What's the trouble, sir?" the policeman queried.

"Vy," answered Baron Zollern, "dis young man adempted to rob me, und tried to seize de diamond pin in my tie, und he smatched a bookbottle from out my coat. See, here it is!"

The baron's hand shot lightning fast into Brockett's inside pocket, and emerged clutching a small, thin wallet. Baron Zollern was not only a Hercules and an able general, but something of a master in the art of legendarism.

"Dere is my bookbottle, officer. Und, if I vas not mistaken, he has also taken from me some babers—an ambitchus vill gongolous document of much importance. Vill you hold him, und look out for his frent, vill I recover my babers?"

Solano was already moving forward, with a vague notion of an attack upon the policeman, when there was another clatter of feet from the rear. A second policeman was coming up. Halting about twenty feet away, the officer took stock of the conditions and, grinning cheerfully, awaited the call of his partner.

Brockett had to do the fastest thinking of his life. An explanation to the policeman, "you know well enough. It's a dollar to a crushed lemon that our Japanese friend was waiting round the next corner to grab the papers, and I'd risk a little something that those policemen were planted ahead of time where they could come forward in a hurry."

"You said beautifully, Ramon," laughed Brockett as they resumed their march, jogging along at a fairly rapid gait. "If you had only said home that way when we needed it on about ten afternoons I could mention, we could have saved a flock of games."

The Cuban flushed, and then laughed back at his friend.

"This was a different occasion, Harry. I felt more as if I were sliding at an umpire this time. Somehow or other I never could bear the idea of spiking an infielder, and that's why I slowed up so often when I should have hit the grit."

"This time, though," Brockett chuckled, "you slid for keeps. I shudder to think what would have happened to that policeman if you had only had your spikes on."

Solano stopped, and lifted one foot. Something flashed keenly, venomously, from the sole and heel.

"I had them on," confessed the Cuban, "and that officer must have the worst-looking pair of shoes that were ever taken to a hospital. Honestly, Harry, I'd feel like a brute if it wasn't for the circumstances and for the value of the work that we have set ourselves to do."

Silently Brockett shook the Cuban's hand, and the youngsters, fully reeled from their run, jogged toward to the railroad station.

Words and Work.

"Brudren," said a darkey in a prayer-meeting, "I feel's if I could talk to you in five minutes dan I could do in a year."

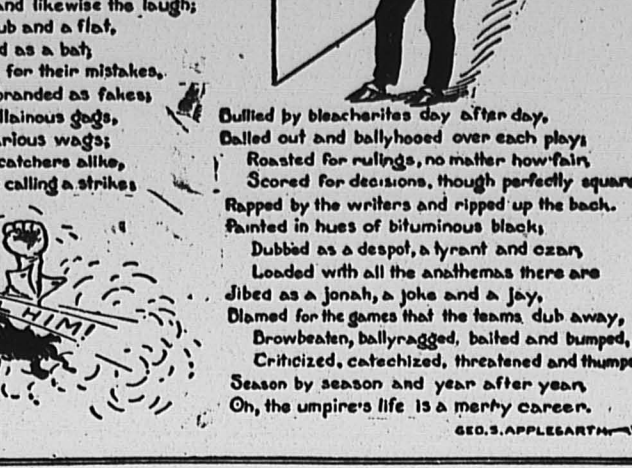
The Brutals.

"It would be a strange and wonderful man who would go for long without making a woman cry."—Mary E. Mann.

UMPY

—BY APPY—

the umpire's life is a merry old life, A mixture of flurvy and worry and strife. Mashed by player and hooded by fan, Banged on the anvil and grilled in the pan; Taunted with sarcasm, flouted with sneers; Battered with billingsgate, chestnuts and chaff; Handled the how-how and likewise the laugh; Denounced as a duffer, a dub and a fist; Deaf as an adder and blind as a bat; Blamed by the managers for their mistakes; Rated as robbers and branded as fakes; Targets for ancient vaudevillian gags; Marks for the would-be hilarious wags; Rapped by pitchers and catchers alike; Cussed by the batters for calling a strike;



Duffed by bleachers day after day, Called out and ballyhoed over each play; Roasted for rulings, no matter how fair; Scored for decisions, though perfectly square; Rapped by the writers and ripped up the back; Painted in hues of bituminous black; Dubbed as a despot, a tyrant and czar; Loaded with all the anathemas there are; Jibed as a Jonah, a joke and a jay; Blamed for the games that the teams dub away; Brownstained, ballyragged, baited and bumped; Criticized, catechized, threatened and thumped; Season by season and year after year, On, the umpire's life is a merry career.

Shadow of a Hat-Building, and regained their wind.

"I'm sorry for the big German," remarked Brockett. "That jump will keep him in bed a week, if it doesn't cripple him for life. It's a vicious trick, a devil's own bit of work, but I couldn't see any other chance. What

A Modern Type.

That it pays to be fair with employees was illustrated recently in the New York financial district. A young man who had worked for a large house for three years was forced to remain at home two days because of illness. He had never been absent from his desk a day during the entire time, not even for a summer vacation. Nevertheless, when he received his salary envelope the amount of two days' pay had been deducted.

The boy was indignant and resigned on the spot. The following day he closed a deal involving \$100,000 which would have meant a clear profit of \$25,000 to the firm he had just left. The young man turned the business over to a rival house and was given a position. His contract calls for double the salary he had received at the old house and stipulates that he is to receive one month's vacation each year with full pay.

The Horse Pedometers.

The whorls of hair on the coats of horses and other animals are natural pedometers, inasmuch as they register the locomotive activities of the animals on whose bodies they are found. The best examples and the greatest number of these hairy whorls and crests are found on the domestic horse.

A study of the action of the underlying muscles explains the origin of these pedometers in the lay of the hair and furnishes the justification for calling them pedometers, although the analogy is, of course, merely superficial.

Fatal Gas.

Illuminating gas has caused more deaths in some states recently than have scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, or typhoid fever. In Massachusetts it has become an important cause of death and serious sickness. The report of the law regulating the amount of carbon monoxide in gas has been, according to Prof. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the direct causes of the increase here, and it is recommended that the state go back to the old-fashioned coal gas and prohibit the manufacture of water gas—Boston, Post.

Triumph of Right.

One thought breathed into a man may regenerate him. The idea of freedom in ancient and modern republics, the idea of inspiration in various religious sects, how have these triumphed over worldly interests?—W. E. Channing.

In the Same Order.

A silverman has a place next door to a restaurant. The former having put up a placard: "Jewelry of all kinds plated," the restaurant keeper followed with this: "Oysters and neck chains plated."—Boston Transcript.

Wonderful Imagination.

If a girl has a figure like a clothespin she imagines she is slender and graceful. "Trowned! Evidently the poor fellow couldn't swim."—Hire.

A POST-MORTEM

—BY APPY—

he was an ancient baseball fan With a visage sour and sore, And a general air of dull despair, For the season, alas, was o'er. And he perched on top of a drygoods box And he puffed his pipe all day, And the while he smoked he gloomily croaked, And this was his mournful lay.

No more o'th' d-d-blame game fer mine, Believe me, I'm all through. Them big league clubs they play like dubs, An' th' game is croaked, too. That team of ours is th' worst of all, An' they ought to all be pinched, Fer they dubbed it away by rotten play. When they had th' pennant clinched. They couldn't hit a flock o' balloons, Their play in th' field was rough; Fer team-work, say! I've seen poor play, But nothin' that's quite so tough.

An' no such prunes in th' p'tchin' box Was seen before on since; The outfield's rum, the infield's bum An' th' captain, he's a quince. They need new men behind th' bat, An' say, that bird they got on third Is enough to drive you mad.

Their work on base is a rank disgrace, Th' hull blame team went do, Goodbye baseball fer good an' all, Believe me, I'm all through.

Yes, he was an ancient baseball fan, With a frown that was deep and sore, And he cursed the name of the nation's game Along with thousands more. But wait till along about next June And there floats on the balmy air The magic call: "Play ball! Play ball!" Believe me, he'll be there.

G. S. APPLEBARTH

**For the Business Men of Riverton
Palmyra and Vicinity**

Phone 169-w

A Necessary

peared at his desk one afternoon looking very innocent and guileless. "Mr. Reilly," she ventured timidly "when I was out with the botany class yesterday I thought that I saw a swamp lily, but it was too far out in the swamp for me to get. Still with help I might secure it for our collection. They're very rare, you know."

afternoon the amazed teachers saw the new superintendent, armed with spade and bucket, accompanying Maizie Ashford down the road toward the woods.

blushed, the man's dull-red blush which may mean either anger or embarrassment. "I didn't know," he

Wm. B. Lynch, Riverton

prospective brides, who saw in it a boon which would save them from the usual difficulties of removing a whole glove in the moment when the ring is about to be put on. Exchange

1st. Pope's father was a merchant.
Neander's father was a carter. Homer
was a farmer's son.

"Nonsense," Aunt Nancy was embrodering love-knots on Julia's wedding lingerie, "you don't know how lucky you are."

asked me to serve a pale golden punch, and pass the cup from hand

garden, and its fragrance was all about them. "I don't see why you should object to looking like a Greek goddess rather than a French fashion model," he said.

see them through your eyes for a
time, and then, my sweet, it will be
Italy and the Isles of Greece for us—

laneous humanity, contact is just what is needed by his wife. Frequently even if she has enough feminine society she lacks the society of men

can't talk back, mind you, nor won't talk back. That is why a man likes a dog."

"Because the whole world would have said that I was marrying you in order to retain Mr. Dryden's influence for my father."

wake to find myself in the garden spot of the world."

all who build their faith on Christ will eventually be saved, no matter how much error they may get into—even though their entire faith structure is

and a piece of paper."—Baltimore Sun.

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INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Elvin I. Powell is on a business trip through Pennsylvania.

Calvin Durgin returned home from Annapolis, Md., last Friday.

The Baraca Class of the Baptist Church will give a lawn fete on June 20th.

Mrs. Edward Hensel entertained her sister from Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Harry Brown, and son, Milton, and Miss Viola Persing spent Sunday in Medford with relatives.

Mr. Elia moved from Leconey Avenue to 811 Morgan Avenue this week. J. B. Watson had two work in charge.

The Philatelic Class of the Baptist Church gave a reading at the home of Mrs. Charles H. Pascoe last evening.

A short-waltz dance will be given in P. O. S. of A. Hall Saturday evening under the auspices of the P. O. of A. Admission 35c.

The annual piano recital of the pupils of Miss Zoe Ethel Sharp will be given in Y. M. C. A. Hall, Wednesday evening, June 10.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kerr announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Olivia, to Mr. C. H. Peatridge, Saturday, June 8th, 1912.

"The Wayward Boy," an illustrated lecture, will be delivered by George L. Olney, of New York, in the Baptist Church this evening. Silver offering.

The last business meeting for the season of The Field Club Auxiliary will be held Thursday night. Arrangements were made for a leap year dance to be held on the 29th.

Mrs. Mamie C. Humphreys, of Palmyra, and John L. Wild, of Detroit, Mich., were married on Monday, June 10th, at the home of the bride, by Rev. Samuel Sargent.

Thirty-six members of the L. G. E. went to Mount Holly Saturday evening, and were entertained at the home of Miss Maud Robertson. A very pleasant time was enjoyed, and refreshments were served on tables tastefully decorated with hawthorn and flowers.

The annual Sunday School picnic of Christ Church will take place on Monday, June 17. Special trolley car will leave Palmyra station at 9 a. m. for Knight's Park. The price of tickets for adults and non-members of the Sunday School will be 25c for the return journey.

A strawberry festival will be given by the Men's Club, of Christ Church, in aid of the funds of the church, Saturday afternoon and evening on the parish lawn. Tickets 15c each, entitling bearer to strawberries, ice cream and cake. Automobile rides to various localities will be also provided at a further charge of 10c.

The Township Committee met Saturday night and passed an ordinance at the first and second reading for side-walks and curbing to be constructed on the following streets: south side of Broad Street between Cinnaminson Avenue and Morgan Avenue; both sides of Garfield Avenue between Broad Street and Wallace Street; both sides of Morgan Avenue between Broad and Wallace Streets; both sides of Cinnaminson Avenue between Broad Street and Fourth Street; both sides of Garfield Avenue between Broad Street and Fourth Street; both sides of Morgan Avenue between Broad and Fourth Streets; both sides of Maple Avenue between Broad and Fifth Streets; curbing and paving of the sidewalk on Fourth Street between Elm and Leconey Avenues; sidewalk on the south side of Broad Street between Washington and Lincoln Avenues; paving of the sidewalk on the southwesterly side of Lincoln Avenue between Broad Street and Wallace Street; curbing of the sidewalk on the west side of Market Street between Broad Street and Fourth Street, and north side of Sixth Street, about 150 feet west of Market. The Committee held another special meeting Wednesday and the ordinance was passed.

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11 a. m., Church of the Holy Eucharist and sermon. Subject, "The Great Supper."
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Class Day, P. H. S.

The class day exercises of the Palmyra High School class of 1912, were held in the auditorium Monday evening, the program being as follows:

Instrumental Solo, H. Mildred Clelland
Invocation, Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D.
Address of Welcome, Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D.

T. Baldwin Prickett, Class President
Class History, M. Edna Lloyd
Class Poem, Elizabeth Cohen
Music, Trio of Girls

Class Paper, Marion M. Wood, Editor
J. Paul Miller, Assistant Editor
Presentations, H. Mildred Clelland
Class Song, H. Mildred Clelland

Banner Oration, Helen B. Rhodes
Acceptance, Perry Morton, Junior Class
Junior Song, Eleanor Townsland

Prophecy, Eleanor Townsland
Last Will and Testament, William J. Ellis
Parwell Song, Parwell Song

The hall was effectively decorated with bunting of the class colors—black and gold, and with the class flower, the orchid.

Baccalaureate sermon was delivered in the Methodist Church, Sunday morning, June 10, by the pastor, the Rev. Samuel Sargent.

P. H. S. Commencement.
The commencement exercises of class 1912, P. H. S., were held in the auditorium Tuesday night.

PROGRAM
Instrumental Solo, Pearl Conover
Invocation, Rev. C. W. Williams
Oration, "The Modern Education of Women," C. Ruth King
Instrumental Solo, Mrs. Frederick Fisher
Oration, "The Effect of Journalism Upon Crime," Elizabeth Cohen
Vocal Solo, "The Way of Jesus," Marion B. Reber

Address, Hon. Calvin N. Kendall
State Commissioner of Education
Violin Solo, Arthur Vaughn
Oration, "The Awakening of China," Marion M. Wood

Vocal Solo, Mr. H. L. Baude
Presentation of Diplomas, A. S. Griffith
Supervising Principal
Benediction, Rev. Samuel Sargent
Mr. Kendall's address on the value of high school work struck the keynote of thoroughness, attention to details and the formation of habits of thought and action, which make so largely for success or failure in the years to come. It was particularly apt and inspiring, and can not fail to have made a lasting impression on the minds of his auditors.

The auditorium was filled to overflowing, and the showing made by the pupils gives the people every reason to be satisfied with the way their money is being used for educational purposes.

The members of the class were: Effie Dudley Cartledge, Helen Mildred Clelland, Elizabeth Cohen, William Matilda, Bessie, William, James Ellis, William Roth Goldsborough, Leslie Robert Halbert, Harry Ford Holt, Catherine Ruth King, Mary Edna Lloyd, Jacob Paul Miller, Lionel George Mulholland, Thomas Baldwin Prickett, Marion Binder Reber, Helen Brown Rhodes, Eleanor Rosalie Rush, Charlotte Estelle Sherman, Harold Holman Strong, Gilbert Duffield Tice, Eleanor Leslie Townsland, William Kirk Van Sciver, Alice Marshall Wilder, Anna Elizabeth Willard, Margaret Wood, Hilda Wyman.

FIELD CLUB NOTES.
The Field Club baseball team was defeated by the Delaware River League team at Florence last Saturday by the R. D. Wood team of that place. The game was a pitcher's battle up to the fifth inning, when the Palmyra boys pushed four runs over the pan with the help of a couple of errors on the part of the Florence team. It was a hard game to lose, but the Field Club boys had no license to win as they only had three hits—Gibbons, Hardy and G. Durgin being the only ones that connected with Sweeney's delivery, while the Florence boys connected safely twelve times. Truly some of these were very scratchy, but they all go in the game, and are as good as a solid one.

This Saturday we go to Roebeling. We defeated Roebeling in the first game of the year, but that does not say we will win this time, as we come out and help. The team is going to Roebeling on train and trolley-train leaves Palmyra at 1.50 p. m. and at this rate they will get to Burlington by 3.15 p. m. The team is going to Roebeling on train and trolley-train leaves Palmyra at 1.50 p. m. and at this rate they will get to Burlington by 3.15 p. m. The team is going to Roebeling on train and trolley-train leaves Palmyra at 1.50 p. m. and at this rate they will get to Burlington by 3.15 p. m.

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Choir rehearsal Saturday night at 8 o'clock.

Services next Sunday as follows:
9.15 a. m., Sunday School.
10.30 a. m., Litany, sermon by the minister. Subject, "The Inevitable Claims of Foreign Missions."
Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 7 o'clock. Subject, "The Duty of Being Pleasant" led by the pastor.

7.30 p. m., song service and sermon by the pastor. Theme, "The Blessedness of the Unoffending of Christ." You are cordially invited to attend these services.

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Keith's Theatre.

A summer show of real winter holiday proportions throughout the season at B. F. Keith's Theatre for the week of June 17.

An important first vaudeville appearance in this city is that of Miss Sophie Barnard, the gifted prima donna, recently leading lady of "The Red Widow Co."

"The Gay Hussars," "The Merry Widow," and other national successes. Miss Barnard has been astoundingly called "The Girl with the Thrush's Throat," and the title suits her admirably, for she has a voice of wide range and wonderful sweetness of tone, with a most winsome personality.

She received her early musical education in this city where she has multitudes of friends and admirers who will be glad to welcome her in vaudeville where she will undoubtedly make as big a hit as she has done in musical comedy.

This bill is otherwise strong in comedy, as witness the welcome return of Lew Anger, "The German Soldier," than whom there is no more popular monologue entertainer in all the realm of the varieties. Lew is one of the artists who always brings with him a new material, and he has been the footlights in a most original manner, for he is a born comedian of the first rank. New York votes his new monologue the best of his recent work, which is saying a good deal.

A great athletics importation which has been seen here before and greatly applauded (although several years have elapsed), is that of Paul Concha, known as "Kaiser" Wilhelm's Military Hercules. Herr Concha appears here by special permission of the Emperor with whom he is a great favorite, being one of the handsomest athletes in the artillery service and most astounding athlete. Herr Concha employs heavy artillery in demonstrating his skill and strength, engaging cannon projectiles and other heavy munitions of war with wonderful grace and ease.

L. G. E.
Palmyra Temple No. 11, Ladies of the Golden Eagle, will celebrate their third birthday anniversary on Thursday, June 20. Each member is entitled to bring one person with them.

Entertainment to commence 8.30. Members please be on hand for our meeting at 7.45 sharp.

Press Committee.

Ornamental Second Husband.
"I look on a second husband as a good desert after a fine dinner and a woman oughter swallow one when offered without no minding. Of course, there never was such a man as Mr. Satterwhite, but he was always mighty bungy, while Cal Rucker is a real pleasure to me, as setting around the house on account of his soft constitution. Mr. Satterwhite, I'm thankful to say, left me so well provided for that I can afford Mr. Rucker as a kind of ornament."—Maria Thompson Davies in "Rose of Old Harpeth."

Why Old Myths Survive.
The destroyers of fine dramatic myths told us nowadays that the Caliph Omar did not burn the ancient library of Alexandria, and therefore did not have a chance to say that all the books in it that agreed with the Koran were superfluous, and all that disagreed with the Koran were pernicious. Doubtless the preservation of the library was due to the wisdom and vitality of the tale are due to an everlasting normal human hatred of weed-grown, literary graveyards.

Bishop Was Ready for Them.
A story is told of a certain Norman bishop, who preached no doctrine but against the wearing of long hair before Henry I. and his courtiers, that they gave in on the spot and agreed to have their locks shorn. No sooner had they made the decision than the wife of the prelate, who had provided for just such a contingency, pulled out a pair of shears from his sleeve and soon removed the curls of the whole court.

Revolutionary General's Uniform.
A Continental uniform more than 100 years old, which was the property of General Christie of Revolutionary war fame, was one of the interesting relics of the estate of the late Margaret C. Benjamin of Ithaca, N. Y. The uniform is of white broadcloth, with silk and satin waist, knee breeches and satin stockings.

Selfishness Universal.
A Kansas City judge announces as an original discovery that selfishness is the chief cause of divorce. Of course it is. It is also the cause of most of the other troubles of humanity. Eliminate selfishness from the nature of man and the millennium would be with us.

Wise to Stick to Them.
"But for my ears being in the way I could wear one of these very high collars." "Too bad, but stick to your ears, girl. They may be unfashionable now, but you may need 'em in your old age to hook your spectacles over."

Society Friends.
Mrs. Gospi—How does it come that Mrs. Newich invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Sharp—We are, but she thought I had nothing fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

Janus in Mythical History.
Janus was invoked at the commencement of most actions; even in the worship of the other gods the votary began by offering wine and incense to Janus. The first month in the year was named for him.—M. A. Dwight.

Love's Results.
Love is the sort of thing that makes men do the most desperate things—cut their throats and shoot themselves, and even break out into poetry.—Tom Gallon.

Officer, He's Loose Again.
We do not know what these "thermo-meter earnings" are, but we suppose they are the kind that you pay for by degrees.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Christmas in France.
Christmas in France is not a special day for family meetings and merry-making. It is essentially a religious festival.

Double Rigged.
The most modern typewriters are rigged for billing—and some of them for cooking.—Philadelphia Record.

TWO SPECIALS IN ONE

House Painting: For a limited time Front Doors grained free with each order House Painting. Paper Hanging: For a limited time Rooms Papered \$2.50 including paper up to 12-cent value, scraping and sizing free.

Statement No. 2
Abraham Lincoln said, "ours should be a government by, for and to all of the people." Without doubt this is the greatest truth in our political history. An equal truth regarding the home should now be heralded throughout the Country proclaiming that House Painting and Paper Hanging is no longer a luxury but a necessity. Therefore my prices are within reach 'to all of the people.'

—We do the work just a little bit better and a little bit cheaper.

Write Call Phone

B. S. FINEMAN
House Painter — Paper Hanger
518 Cinnaminson Avenue (near Broad Street) Palmyra, N. J.

Telephone 241

Store open evenings

ORDINANCE NO. 79.
AN ORDINANCE
Revising Ordinance No. 36 of the Township of Palmyra, in the County of Burlington, entitled, "An Ordinance to regulate and license traveling and other shows, circuses, theatrical performances, plays, exhibitions, skating rinks and transient vendors of merchandise, medicine and remedies."

It is ORDAINED, by the Township Committee of the Township of Palmyra, in the County of Burlington, as follows:

SECTION 1. No person or persons shall set up, keep or maintain or permit to be set up, kept or maintained, any house or premises occupied by him or her within the limits of the Township of Palmyra for any private or individual gain, or reward any ball alleys, bowling alleys, or skating rinks, without first having obtained a license for that purpose, as hereinafter mentioned, under a penalty of Twenty-five Dollars.

The Cub

A Baseball Romance

By W.A. PHILON

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Secret Service Chief Wilkins, puzzled over the theft of the Government cipher, calls to the aid Detective Pinkwell. They think they have discovered a new cipher, but the boy, Brockett, tells them it's "The Diamond Cipher" and starts for the ball park.

CHAPTER II.—Brockett, Chula, Lon, and a bunch of fellows, a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters practice baseball playing in a park. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to a mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER III.—An outcome of Brockett's cipher, the ball player, Solano, is captured by government for mysterious mission. Yastmo, mysterious Jap, calls on Brockett.

CHAPTER IV.—Brockett falls into Yastmo's trap, a part follows. Brockett coming out on top; Messenger McKane coming to rescue.

CHAPTER V.—McKane was bearer of the mysterious cipher; is also a ball player.

CHAPTER VI.—Yastmo returns to headquarters and reports his plans to obtain the cipher. Yastmo, McKane, and McKane, the stenographer, also reports to the Baron.

CHAPTER VII.—Brockett and Solano have encounter with the Baron in which the latter comes out second best.

CHAPTER VIII.

The journey north was made without special incident, and the time was spent in figuring out as complex and ramified a route as possible. With railroad maps and time tables, the boys outlined a tour that would twist and turn like a collection of S's, and yet, even with due allowance for delays and possible intervals, would land them on horseback, would land them at Rancho Nagal within the time limit set by their superiors. Neither of the youngsters was so optimistic as to expect a smooth, uninterrupted journey, and each, as he speculated upon the chance of trouble, was mentally thankful for the presence of the strong, nervy, capable youth beside him.

Brockett, with a good-sized map in hand, drew out a pencil, and began marking down a few lines of conception, when the Cuban, with one quick jerk, wrested the pencil from his hand. "Harry, you need a guardian. Your mentality is just about fit for the dot-house."

"Why, what's agitating you?" queried Brockett, astounded and somewhat jarred. The Cuban smiled deviously.

"You should know better, Harry, than to mark out our real route on any map or sheet of paper. We don't believe, of course, that there is anyone on this train who is on our trail—and yet our best policy is to believe it up to the minute we reach Jersey City. Just for an experiment, we'll say, I have an idea."

"Why not?" he toasted, with mayonnaise on the side. "I'm hungry enough to eat it."

"Well, the African brother just announced that lunch am now served in de dining car ahead. Let's go in and punish the provender. And now—watch, please, without appearing to do so. Notice the way I lay these maps upon the seat. Notice, also, that I take this little postage stamp, fold it, and gum it with one-half on each page of this time-table. Anyone who opens the time-table to see the postage stamp. Now, let's go and attend to the ration."

The boys did full justice to their lunch, and sauntered back to their seats. Their trip, and the apparently undisturbed, but Solano contracted his black eyebrows significantly as he examined the time-table. It had been opened, and the binding stamp had been torn in two.

"Still after us, old man," remarked the Cuban. "No, no, don't fasten any Sherlock Holmes gaze upon the other passengers. Don't show a sign of surprise or worry. That would be playing right into their hands. Listen, now: when we reach Jersey City, let's make a lightning exit without waiting for the train to reach the west-house terminals. Let's take a dash on pay, ting our clothes dusty. If anyone is fool enough to rush out after us, we have him spotted—if he stays on the train we have a lot more chance to get away before he can land in the station."

"With we had hopped off at Philadelphia," sighed Brockett. "In a city of that size we might have made a better escape, and then, if we had the streets of the burg pretty well. We'll have to make the best of it now, though. The moment we hit the sod we'll run so fast we'll discover several new streets in Jersey City."

Solano was silent for a few minutes, and then his features lighted up. "Do you happen to have an Eastern league schedule about you?" he demanded.

"Think I have. Got one with schedules of twenty leagues in it—this notebook. What's the idea?"

"Is Jersey City playing at home today?"

"Yes—playing Newark. Some run there. That's old Iron Man McGinnity's team."

"Good stuff. Well, how's this for a supplement to our first idea, then; go on to the ball park, buy blacker seats, and mix in with the crowd. It's hard, awfully hard, to locate anybody in a ball park, and the task would be twice as hard for some foreigner, who wouldn't even know how to find his way around the stands. We want to kill time in Jersey City till evening—where could we kill it more pleasantly or more safely?"

"Some of your ideas, dear Ramon, denote almost human intelligence. It listens good to me. But, say—we are just rolling into Jersey City now. Wait a bit—she'll catch a little—NOW!"

The boys sprang from their chairs and bolted down the aisle. An astonished negro tried to intercept them with a cry of "Hold on boys—we ain't in de station yet!" but only received a shoulder and an elbow as the youngsters unhesitatingly leaped, struck on a gravelly spot, went to his knees, and then shot forward on his palms.

Brockett swung off a chair, moved carefully, landed fairly on his feet, and, after staggering a dozen yards, regained his balance.

"Any tones broken, Ramon?"

"Nothing but a suspender and my pet pipe. Little gravel in my knees and hands. I'll bet they think we are a pair of escaped crooks, but they can't back up the train. Hurry—let's get a vigorous move on!"

Twenty minutes later the messengers of state were buried in a mass of howling fans at the Jersey City ball park, where ancient rivalries with the Newark team were being settled. They picked a position halfway from the front of the bleachers, and the swarm of fans all around them formed a small fort that would have baffled a Video and an X-ray to pierce through. Here, safe from pursuit or treachery, they gave themselves up to their favorite delight, and enjoyed the battle to their hearts' content. Both of course, were absolutely non-partisan when they entered the park—the troubles of Newark and Jersey City were swirling to them. The game was half-interesting, however, they had become rabid "bugs," and were abusing each other in the glorious fashion that only lovers of the game can know. Solano became an ardent admirer of the Jersey City club; Brockett allied himself with Newark, and each cast virulent aspersions on the other's judgment, opinions and personality.

Near to the intense delight of Harry Brockett, drew ahead and won out, while Solano, after declaring that his friend was a base-born idiot, that they belong to a porch-cubler and a door-mat thief, respectively, and that the Jersey City manager was sold stone above the shoulders, calmed down, snote a fat man two rows ahead of him, a bag of peanuts, and looked innocently at the setting western sun. Then the boys, vastly refreshed and cheered by the afternoon's diversion, mingled with the outgoing masses. As they poured across the field in the dusk, they crossed the track of the Newark players, bearing their bats triumphantly away. A gray-sleeved arm reached out from the group of visitors and caught Brockett by the shoulder. The boy turned and looked into the grim, weather-beaten face of Iron Man Joe McGinnity.

"You're young Brockett, the college slugger, aren't you?" growled the Iron Man, in what he meant for an amiable and conciliatory tone. "Uh huh. I thought so. You see, son, I don't often forget faces, specially when they belong to kids who did what you did to my pitching two years ago. I rather expected you'd take up the game when you left college."

Scores of curious fans were staring at the Iron Man and the boys. The grating voice of Joe McGinnity carried a long distance, and it there was anyone within twenty yards who hadn't heard him that person must have been stone deaf from childhood. Brockett, nervous and agitated at this loud announcement of his name, yet secretly pleased at the patronage of the great old warrior, flushed and stammered, while Solano's eyes be spoke chagrin and apprehension.

"Tell you something, Brockett," the Iron Man went on, "I know ball player when I see one, and if you want to take up the game you don't have to start with any Class Z leagues. I'll take you on tomorrow, if you want. Come see me in Newark during the day, will you?"

Solano's eyes telegraphed a message, and Brockett understood. Speaking in a voice loud enough to be heard halfway to the platelane, he answered: "Yes. Two o'clock be all right? I'll be there," and then, shaking the Iron Man's hand, retreated once more to the shelter of the crowd.

"Amazing luck," remarked Solano. "If anyone was hunting us in that ball park it's a certainty that Mr. McGinnity tipped us off in grand style. You made the proper play, though, by making an appointment—which will be unable to keep. It may lead some one of our faithful followers astray."

"Baseball luck is a queer thing," said Brockett, half apologetically. "I was lucky enough to hit McGinnity for two singles and a three-bagger the afternoon we played the Newark team and he didn't forget it. He had struck me out three times he'd never have remembered me. I wish he had fanned me three trips on nine pitched balls."

The youngsters wandered around Jersey City for a brief period, doubling on their tracks several times. They glanced behind and around them ever and anon, and were unable to discover any trailers or pursuers, but a vague sense of worry and uneasiness, an indefinable dread, seemed to be uppermost in their minds. Finally, when it had grown amply dark, they turned to the row of ferries that fringe the shore of the North river, and slipped aboard in the swarm of Jerseyites seeking Manhattan for their evening's pleasure.

As the boys trailed along in the crowd which flocked to the front of the boat as it approached the eastern side, Brockett imagined that he felt a hand touch lightly against his left hip, or in his pocket. He whined instantly, but could not detect the probable pickpocket in the jostling crowd. Thrusting his hand in his coat pocket he felt the outlines of an envelope, and he twice as hard for some foreigner, who wouldn't even know how to find his way around the stands. We want to kill time in Jersey City till evening—where could we kill it more pleasantly or more safely?

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spare. Once seated and their breath recovered, they bent over the strangely delivered letter. Inside the envelope

little park and the adjacent streets without seeing any sign of inquisitive followers, the boys struck out on their devious journey. They reached Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue in a few minutes, seated themselves on the bench beside the uptown tracks, and allowed two trains to pass before making a move to board either one. A third train rolled up; the youngsters waited till the gate was shutting, and then dove through with a headlong plunge, earning the execrations of the guard.

"Seems to me," laughed Brockett as they gazed at the glittering panorama of New York, spread below them, "that anyone who might have been trailing us this time had to come over a locked gate or lose out. That was the quickest move we've made yet."

The Cuban shook his head. "I hope we are shaking ourselves free," he commented, "but, somehow, I'm worried. I have a depressed, gloomy sensation—as if I knew something was sure to happen—something that I couldn't see. I hope I'm wrong—a few more hours and we shall see."

They disembarked at Forty-second and paced rapidly east in that strange thoroughfare—the leading annex to Broadway. A foreigner wandering westward from the station halted them to ask the name of some street whereof neither had had ever heard; a storm of automobiles seemed to burst upon them at Fifth avenue, and the supreme disgust of Solano, a little, chocolate-colored man with a twisted mustache and beady black eyes, hailed him in effusive Spanish, delaying their progress for a minute or so.

"Venezuelan," Solano explained, as they hurried on. "Confirmed revolutionist. Used to make headquarters in Havana when the revolting trade was slack, and called several times on me. He hasn't recognized me, but he called out my name almost as loudly as your friend McGinnity called yours."

In the great station of the subway the boys adopted the same tactics they had practiced at the "L" road, permitting several trains to go by, and then bolting aboard the next one just in time to escape jamming in the packed cars. They traveled rapidly enough, and crossed eastward in Canal—a thoroughfare that is full of life and bizarre transactions through the day, but dark and well-nigh deserted at night.

"Fine, lonesome region this, Ramon," muttered Brockett, keeping a vigilant eye to right and left as they paced along.

He forgot which of the great New York avenues is in charge of this particular section," said the Cuban. "Whether the Five Points or the Eastmans."

"According to the magazines," Brockett responded, "this must be the very heart of the territory where the Apaches of New York hold forth. In a case of a hold-up, don't stop to argue—shoot, and keep right on running."

The White and the Five Points, however, did not seem to have even the slightest suggestion of a hold-up, and no one even paid any special attention to the adventures as they crossed over into the Bowery. That famous old street, fountain-head of song and story, and in no actual manner any different from any other street which is the main avenue of the city, was traversed by his steady gait. The boys mingled with the swarming crowd of Hebrews and Italians, walked southward, and, when the garish lights of Chinatown burst upon them, they turned into Doyers street, a short, oddly angled alley that forms one boundary of the Celestial colony.

Chinamen in their native costumes, Chinese in native black cloaks of civilization, drawn-faced dope fiends, heavily treading policemen, rubber-neck wagons bearing pop-eyed tourists—all the usual throng that go to make up the city of the East, were there. The boys, however, were not at all interested in the scene, and a half a dozen struggling Chinamen, their faces convulsed with frenzy, their hands brandishing hatchets and knives, came weaving out of a little alley.

A thrown hatchet of most erratic aim clanged on the pavement at Solano's feet; a knife scarred missed Brockett's shoulder. The knot of

are under powerful protection, but it makes me feel rather small just the same."

"Plenty of time yet," philosophized the Latin. "We will have all the adventures on our own hook, and without any protection, that are coming to us. Wait and see."

The boys left the subway two stations further on, doubled up a short, slanting street, turned into another, running almost V-shaped angle, and landed in a tiny triangle of cant ground, with an old hotel to the south, a row of worn and shabby stone houses to the north, and the bright lights of Broadway only a short walk to the east. Taking possession of the bench in the little park, they proceeded to hold a council of war, confident that, even in the gathering night no one would approach them close enough to cause annoyance.

"I believed, when we started," said Brockett, "that we could wander around New York till some time tomorrow night, and make so many turnings that no one without a flock of bloodhounds could ever find us. I think differently now, though—I can hardly say why. For my part, I think we should lose ourselves in the mass of this burg for a few hours only, then recross to Jersey and be on our way by a midnight train. How about it, Ramon?"

"Fully agreeable," replied the Cuban. "In fact, I was just planning out a route that won't consume much time, but ought to tangle-foot anyone who is exhibiting a loving interest in us. How is this: Walk to Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. Take the 'L' road to Forty-second. Trot over to the Grand Central station of the subway, on Forty-second, and ride to the downtown district, getting off at Canal. Walk over to the Bowery. Ride up with the crowd, turn into Mott or Doyers street—in Chinatown—and travel fast to the little park at Mulberry Bend. Cut through the park, and keep on west to Broadway. Ride up Broadway to Twenty-third again, then cross over on Twenty-third to the ferries. How does that seem for a course that will bother anybody to follow?"

"Looks good to me," briefly answered Brockett, rising. "Let's start in a hurry." And slinging over the

fighting Chinamen bore down upon them. Turning for a quick retreat, they were confronted by another struggling crew, yelling as they came, evidently intent on battle and destruction. A hundred feet back the shouts of policemen and the rush of their heavy shoes could be heard, but before "coppers" could arrive there would be time for three or four subterfuge maneuvers. A hundred feet back the shouts of policemen and the rush of their heavy shoes could be heard, but before "coppers" could arrive there would be time for three or four subterfuge maneuvers.

A door opened and a shirt-sleeved man in a hunched back and shoulders. "In here, fellers—you've got killed out there in one minute! Hurry, now!" Brockett and Solano needed no invitation. They swung themselves through the door, and found a room with a door slammed to behind them, a tempest of squalls and howls told of the battle in full swing. A moment later came the hoarse howls of the big policemen, the sound of nightsticks falling on "Celestial" skulls, and the scurry of the beaten ones to cover. The next instant a cloth bar, shut-

ting out the gas light as it fell, was deftly brought down upon Brockett's head, while a coil of rope was whipped

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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We sell absolutely the best meats that
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Decided Change.
Mrs. Brown—Do you think mar-
riage changes a man?
Mrs. Jones—Vastly. Look at my hus-
band. He used to offer me a penny
for my thoughts; now he often offers
me \$50 to shut up.

Can't Get Away From Them.
"The proof of the pudding is in the
eating; you can't get away from
that," says an advertisement. And
the Manhattan Mercury adds: "There
are a lot more equally trite bits of
wisdom that it seems impossible to
get away from."—Kansas City Star.

Those Bird Men.
Country Cousin—Blamed if this
ain't the first time I ever saw fire-
flies when they was snow on the
ground. City Relative—Those are
not fireflies. They are cigarette butts
falling from the aeroplanes.—Puck.

Arranging Flowers.
When arranging cut flowers in a
bowl, pour a tablespoonful of water in-
to the bowl. Put most of the flowers
into the glass. This makes a graceful
bunch, and is especially practical when
the blooms are scarce.—Suburban Life.

Consider This.
I went to church to worship and I
found a truth; I took it home with
me. I took it to my office. It was with
me wherever I went, and in all that
week I was not afraid. I was not
ashamed.—The Universalist Leader.

Never.
If all women were beautiful and
none of them ever grew old a married
man's wife would never insist on tak-
ing him out to spend the evening any-
where.

New Invention for Coin Purse.
Keeping the flap closed by a rub-
ber cord, a Washington inventor
claims to have devised a coin purse
that is safer than the usual forms.

China's Iron Ore Deposits.
China has the greatest deposits of
iron ore in the world and is begin-
ning to export pig iron.

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

of 224 Federal St., Camden (Established 1873)

has for many years made a specialty
of **Personal Trusts** under
Will or under **Agreement**
and maintains a carefully organized
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Many millions of dollars worth of property—real
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by conservative people, residents of New Jersey and
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Trouble

that I sort of took heart and sharpened
my wits. I had been so downhearted
that I hadn't really tried before.

"As a result of that inspiration I
made the first trap you ever saw—
neat, too, by Jove! It was sort of
original, because I had to fit it
against the side of the chicken house
and make it large enough to squeeze
a man's arm as well as a rat's.

"I had it there two nights before it
caught a thing and then when I went
to look at it before going down to the
office I found it had worked. There
was a cat in it caught just as securely
as you please and dead as a doornail."

"Oh, how splendid!" Loretta cried.
"That surely will please your fair
neighbor."

"The young man looked at her sor-
rowfully. "Do you think so?" he asked.
"You see, it was her cat!"—Chicago
Daily News.

PUPILS PREPARED FOR HIM

Member of School Board Finds They
Need No Lesson in Pronunciation
From Him.

The member of the board of public
education who was visiting one of the
schools in the primary department
made a little speech to the chil-
dren on the importance of correct pro-
nunciation. Picking up a chalk cray-
on, he wrote the word "helious" on
the blackboard.

"To give you an example, boys and
girls, he said, 'I wonder who helious
is? Is it a boy or a girl? Is it a
cat, a dog, a bird, or a fish? Is it
a thing or a person? Is it a place
or a thing? Is it a thing or a person?"

"Hush!" shouted the children in
concert.

"Miss Guernsey" said the visitor,
turning suspiciously to the teacher.
"How do you know I was going to
try them on that?"

"I didn't know it, Mr. Judson," she
answered, "but I'm something of a
crank on pronunciation myself, and
I have frequent drills on words. You
will find that these children know
how to pronounce exquisite, despic-
able, demoralize, misanthropic, con-
fute, malice, sacrifice, genealogy,
program, gerrymander, discipline,
parade, caudex, exemplify and
hilarious, together with many others
that do not occur to me just now."

"We're here because we're here,"
said the official visitor, "and I don't
care whether to be crestfallen or
elated, that those youngsters don't
need any lesson on pronunciation from
me, anyhow," and he took his hat and
departed.—Youth's Companion.

Swedish Court in Days of Bernadotte.
If Lady Kilmarnock were to wear
Scottish dress she would be like the wife
and family of our ambassador there
80 years ago, who were afterward told
by the maid of honor that they were
took the tartan for a livery of the
servants and wondered when the
ladies would appear. Court dress when
Bernadotte was king was sometimes
black and sometimes gray or white,
but it always included a particular
elaborate sleeve, and the master of cer-
emonies fetched the minister to wear
in a glass coach. In winter both the
king and the queen had a habit of
turning night into day. She went out
driving after dark and dined after
the play, and he undermined the
health of his ministers by engaging
them to dine at 11 o'clock, and when
they showed that they were tired
sometimes the king remained in bed
for weeks at a time, fearing poison,
and sustaining himself largely on ap-
ples in consequence.

Simplified Spelling.
"We find in the letters we receive,"
said the correspondence clerk, "some
marvelous examples of simplified spell-
ing, some of them unconsciously pho-
netic, some evidently deliberately in-
tended, some that, though they serve
their purpose wonderfully, verge on
the comic. For instance, we received
yesterday a letter from a man who
starts off in this way:

"What fx would follow" and so
on.

"Of course, the meaning of that was
perfectly plain, but the bookkeeper and
I had to smile over it for a moment,
and when we showed that to the stenog-
rapher he said that the man who
could write words like that ought not
to stop at simplified spelling, he ought
to go right ahead and invent a new
shorthand system."

Finical.
"I am told that your new play is
drawing crowded houses and that you
turn hundreds of people away every
night."

"That is merely newspaper misrep-
resentation, sir. We don't turn any-
body away. We tell them in the kindest
possible manner that every seat
in the house is sold, and they turn
away themselves. These lying jour-
nalists make me tired!"

Peculiar Chinese Industries.
In Tachow there are some strange
industries. One is the raising of the
mashed, and a sort of large, flat, round
taill feathers of which are very valu-
able, as they are needed for the dress
hats of mandarins. Timber is very
plentiful in this district and is sent
away by raft to all parts.

Added Years

"If you desire to realize that time
is fleeting and you are getting old," said
the girl who likes to talk, "go live at
a summer resort for a few years!"

"I still can swim a half mile and I
yet break into a speedy run when I
am in a hurry. I can even crush a
nut false tooth. Nevertheless, this
season a crushing sense of my anti-
quity has descended upon me. When
I investigated the queer feeling that
surrounded me I found it was the at-
mosphere of the hotel I was upon.
There I was, tucked away coldly! I've
been peering over the edge lately
at what is going on down below and
heaven knows it is both appalling and
entertaining."

"Just a few years back the Daggett
children used to go by with their
nurse. They were scrawny and quar-
reling and Tom Daggett always made
Sue cry. I used to think what a
mercy it was that their parents were
blind enough to love them, because,
goodness knows, no other human be-
ing would have done so!"

"I wish you could see Tom this year.
He is the best looking creature in five
counties and all the girls are crazy
about him. They hang on his slightest
word and if he asks one to go canoe-
ing she nearly faints with joy. The
other night he led the cotton at the
party. As for Sue—I helped her
make a doll's dress just yesterday, I
believe, and yet at that same dance I
found myself admiring a willowy, dark
eyed, rose cheeked, haughty, young
person, and bless me if it wasn't Sue
Daggett!"

"It seems perfectly absurd that she
should be sitting up later than 8
o'clock! The last antsy with being
so late among the boys of her own
age, selfish thing! but she has to go
for the older men, too! I'll have
to box her ears if she doesn't look
out."

"Just a year ago I realized only
vaguely that the Crosby had a daugh-
ter. Lillian was a shy, silent little
thing, always slipping out of sight and
mooning by herself and scared to
death when any outsiders appeared.
I don't know what had happened to
her, but I suspect that some one told
her she was pretty, and that settled it.
I can't turn around now without
seeing eyes on Lillian Crosby in the
most distracting manner. I wonder
if her eyelashes still know they're
getting frayed and smiling at precisely
the angle to show her dimples!"

"We're going to have a hay ride,"
she told me once when she was shak-
ing her head. "I heard you were
nobody else to talk to. 'The
young crowd, I mean. Dear me, I
should think it would be so stupid for
the rest of you, with nothing to do!"

"I restrained myself from grinning
at her. I was a little shocked and
shaking her! Haven't I taken hay rides
(I'll have so much hay day and neck
and in my ears and eyes and throat
that I never wanted to look at a hay
ride again as long as I lived? Haven't
I had suppers on the beach and eaten
sand in the deviled eggs, ants in the
sandwiches and June bugs in the
cake and thought I was having the
time of my life? Haven't I sung
'We're here because we're here' be-
cause we're here? I'll swallow
mosquitoes all the way home? Haven't
I fallen over the fence trying
to get into the front door in the
pitch dark? And then that infant has
the nerve to act as though all the joys
of life were denied me, just because
she was going on a scratchy, uncom-
fortable, choked up expedition instead
of a hay ride?"

"The last straw, however, was when
Jim came over from Chicago to see
me. Naturally, I wanted to show him
the place by moonlight. It was not at
all a success. He was so tired and
worried. Besides, all the chairs on our
front porch were occupied. Quite cas-
ually we headed for the summer
house on the lake shore, but as we
approached I heard some one mur-
mur, 'Did you ever care for another
girl before me?' It was Lillian and
Tom Daggett!"

"I should have spanked them both
and sent them home, but I contented
myself with saying to her sternly:
'Oh, excuse me!' Then we walked
on. I knew of a most charming re-
treat under the wild grape vine, where
you have a lovely view of the moon,
and when we showed that to the stenog-
rapher he said that the man who
could write words like that ought not
to stop at simplified spelling, he ought
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After the Wedding

"Well, what did you think of the
wedding?" cried Miss Connelly as she
bounced into the car. "Heg pardon,
Stell, for steppin' on you," she con-
tinued, stumbling over Miss Larson's feet
and lunging into a seat next to that
young person.

Miss Larson opened one sleepy eye.
"Oh, did you step on me?" she droned,
yawning widely and undisguisedly. "I
didn't know it."

"Sure I did," responded Miss Con-
nelly. "I thought I'd better wake you
up and tell you about it. You can go
to sleep again now."

Miss Larson opened the other eye.
"I wasn't sleep, Nell Connelly," she
said, indignantly. "I guess a person's
got a right to shut their eyes if they
want to. My eyes ain't very strong
and the light hurts 'em."

"Don't let's waste our perfectly
good time fightin' with each other this
mornin'," said Miss Connelly. "If we
do we won't have any time left to
knock the wedding."

"Say," began Miss Frizzle eagerly,
"didn't you pretty near die over the
way Mame's hair was fixed? Honest
to goodness, when I got married I
have a hair dresser fix my hair up
swell if I don't have so much as a pork
chop to eat for a year."

"I thought her hair looked pretty
good for Mame," said Miss Larson,
sleepily. "It always looks like she'd
sleep in it."

"Her dress was a peach, though,
wasn't it?" said Miss Frizzle. "At
least it would have been if it had any
fit to it. All that hand embroidery
and that bead trimming must have cost
a pile."

"Hand embroidery!" ejaculated Miss
Connelly. "That's all you know about
it, Jen. I was over to look at Mame's
clothes Tuesday evening and felt of it
good, and it wasn't no more hand em-
broidery than nothing."

"Well, she must 'a' got a corner on
this year's crop of beads," said Miss
Frizzle. "What do you think I said to
the lady that was standin' next to me
when Mame came into the parlor? I
gave her a dig with my elbow and I
says, 'Say, I says, 'Mame must have
got miked in her dress and thought
she was a Christmas tree.'"

"My! The lady got as red as any-
thing. I designed that gown, she says,
sniffing up her nose at me, and she
could be. It's modeled after a gown
that was imported straight from Paris
and you couldn't find its duplicate in
Chicago. I'm a high-priced modiste,
she says, 'besides being Miss Peter-
son's own aunt.'"

"I just faded away like I'd
been blown off the landscape," said
Miss Connelly.

"I guess if I could just learn to shut
up and keep my own counsel, I'd be
some," agreed Miss Frizzle, good-na-
turally.

"Mame didn't have such an awful
lot of presents as I thought she
would. Miss Larson opened her eyes
long enough to remark 'I kind of
thought she'd have a lot more'n what
she did.'"

"Some of 'em was expensive, though,
I guess," said Miss Frizzle. "Now, I
bet that cut glass pitcher and them
glasses cost twenty dollars."

"Nix on that," said Miss Connelly,
decidedly. "I picked up every one of
them and run my finger over 'em, and
they wasn't sharp like cut glass ought
to be. They was real smooth."

"Well, that shows how you can fool
me," Miss Frizzle admitted. "But then
I'd a whole lot rather have a sherry
set like that than some little dinky
piece that wouldn't make no show at
all."

"Same here," said Miss Larson.
"Anophele would, of course, I guess.
Mame's man's folks are pretty well
fixed anyway. Her man's brother gave
her that dandy set of knives and forks
that was layin' upon the dresser with
the painted hand painted fruit design
up 'em."

"Nothin' much to them," said Miss
Connelly. "I guess they didn't cost
more'n about five dollars. They was
plated, and it wasn't first-class plate,
either."

"Plated?" cried Miss Frizzle. "How
do you know they was plated?"

"Why, I took 'em out and looked at
'em," replied Miss Connelly, placidly.
"You can't fool me. All the silver
things there was plated except that
little pickle fork that the two Ryan
girls gave her."

"My! I'd hate to give such an awful
little thing, anyway," murmured Miss
Larson. "I think it is a lot better
to club together like us girls did and
give her something big. Our silver
tray looked like it could have bought
up everything else she had."

"Includin' the feller she married,"
said Miss Connelly. "Say, wasn't he
the farmer, though? I bet he rented
them clothes. He was afraid to sit
down in 'em, and the way they fit was
a fright. Did you pipe how he kept
hitchin' one shoulder all the time the
preacher was talkin'?"

"No," said Miss Frizzle. "I didn't. I
was too busy tryin' to count the beads
of Mame's dress."

Miss Larson stuck her hands deep
into her muff and yawned once more.
"Well, I'm glad I went," she said, "but
don't know as it was worth the money
we put into that tray, even if it did
look so grand. The ice cream I got
wasn't no bigger'n a silver dollar."

Kansas Schoolgirl's Choice of Ways.
One day last week two little girls
in Parsons were hurrying to school
and were afraid they would be tardy.
One little girl said: "Let's kneel right
down and pray that we won't be
tardy." "Oh, no," said the other,
"let's hike on to school and pray while
we're hikin'!"—Parsons Sun.

Sharing An Orphan

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press)

"And there is no hope?" asked
Burke softly.

Eunice Telford shook her head.
"I like you very much—very much,"
she said slowly. "But I don't think
that it is more than liking, Burke."

Burke Edwards grunted his teeth
hard as he looked out over the water
for a moment, but when he turned
his head again the pain had gone
from his features and he was again
the boy of about their age dressed in the
glorious apron that was the uniform
of the orphanage up the street.

"How absurd," said Eunice. "That
boy must be twelve and yet he is
wearing an apron like a little boy of
six."

"They all have to wear them," ex-
plained Burke. "They are easily
washed and they are cheaper than
coats. They wear them the year
round."

"Not in winter," gasped Eunice.
"Sure," explained Burke. "My sis-
ter's house overlooks their yard and
you can see them playing in the snow.
I don't think there is an overcoat in
the place. Mostly they do the apron
about their waists in a vain endeavor
to suggest a shirt waist when they
are let out. It's the reward of espe-
cial merit to be permitted to come
over to the drive alone."

"The ball slipped from one of the
players' hands and came rolling
toward the orphanage boy. He
sprang up to toss it back, but the
player came rushing up."

"You leave that ball alone," he de-
manded hotly. "We ain't goin' to
have you charity kids swiping our
ball, are we, fellows?"

"The others had joined the first and
the assent was unanimous. "You
isn't getting too fresh," went on
the first speaker. "Why don't you
stay in your prison and play by
yourselves? We don't want girl-boys
over here. Who wants to play with
a who's who dresses?"

"The orphan had sprung to his feet
at the first approach. There was cold
welcome to the orphans from the boys
in the fashionable apartments along
the drive and the first demonstration
of hostility was sufficient warning.
Now he faced his tormentors alone."

"I'm no girl," he cried, "even if I
do have to wear an apron. I'm not to
be afraid of that."

"You are a girl," insisted the ag-
gressor. "You don't want a coat and
you wear a dress. Go on. I could
lick you with one hand."

By way of illustration, his fist shot
out and bruised the pale cheek of the
orphan. With a cry, Eunice sprang
up, but Burke's arm bravely and Burke
looked on approvingly. The orphan,
smarting under a sense of wrong, was
a match for the three and fought
them savagely.

He had them in retreat almost be-
fore Eunice realized that the battle
was over. The elevator boy in one of
the houses bordering the drive, came
running over, seeing in prospect a fat
tip for taking the part of the orphan's
sons, but Burke was beside the boy
as he came up and the newcomer
hesitated.

"Those youngsters got what they
deserved," he said shortly. "Clear out
of here."

"I've been wanting to see some of
these young bullies trimmed up for
some time," he said with a satisfied
smile. "Those kiddies cannot help
the absurd fashion in which they
have to dress and the young snobs
know it. I'm going to adopt that
boy."

"Just because he is a good fighter?"
asked Eunice contemptuously.

Burke turned to her with a new ex-
pression on his face, a light in the
kindly blue eyes that she had never
seen before, though the men he
worked with knew it and were
warned.

"Because he has the spirit to avenge
his wrongs," he answered. "Because
he deserves a better chance than he
can get in that institution. I am going
to give him the chance that is his
heritage because he has in him the
makings of a man."

Eunice put out her hand. "Forgive
me," she cried. "I did not understand.
I want to share your orphan, Burke.
It was because you seemed to care so
little for others that I feared to marry
you. I am not afraid now, dear."

His hand closed over hers as he
softly quoted: "And a little child shall
lead them."

Unprofitable Sport.
"Possums are abundant around
Wattsboro," says the Lenoir County Tri-
bune, "but a man in that neighbor-
hood went out hunting the other night
and after his dogs got after some-
thing he cut down two trees and
finally ran his own cat into the dining-
room at his own home."

Ninety Years in One Service.
Perhaps the world's record for serv-
ice is held by the occupant of a grave-
yard at the churchyard at Bath, Sussex,
England. This is Isaac Ingall, who died
in 1798 at the age of 120. For ninety
years he was in the service of the
Websters of Battle Abbey. Sarah
Thompson of Belfast served 88 years,
with one family, dying in 1895.

GNASHING OF TEETH NOT IN HELL FIRE.

Twisting the Scriptures Has
Been Making Infidels.

Pastor Russell Shows That His Text
Leads to Sorrow, Disappointment,
Chagrin, That Came Upon Jews In
Overthrow of Their Nation, A. D. 70.

Philadelphia, June 16.—Pastor
Russell had his usual crowded
house of hearers last night. His
delivered his promise to address
addresses. We report one of them from
the text, "The children of the King-
dom shall be cast out into outer dark-
ness, there shall be weeping and gnash-
ing of teeth." (Matthew 11, 12.)

The speaker declared that in com-
mon with the majority of ministers he
had misinterpreted this and similar
Scriptures to refer to all the unbelief
of mankind and to imply that they are
writhing in torture in a hell without
cessation is a human tradition which he
now seeks to be a human tradition without
authority of the Word of God.

The Pastor analyzed his text and
showed that it was addressed to the
Jews, that they for sixteen centuries
had been God's favored nation, in har-
mony with His promise to Abraham.
They had much advantage every way
over all the other nations—not only in
the fact that the promises were given
to them and the faithful influences of
the law, but also in the fact that they
were sent the Prophets with their en-
couraging messages.

Notwithstanding all these favors but
comparatively few of that nation were
in the heart condition he sought for
God, to be Messiah's joint-heirs in His
Kingdom. As the natural seed of
Abraham they were the children or
heirs of the Kingdom, and to them
Jesus presented Himself. All of His
miracles and teachings were for them,
yet only a few were in that condition
of heart that they could receive this
Message.

In the context Jesus referred to the
fact that the Gentile century who
had none of Israel's privileges had
more faith than any Jew. Comment-
ing upon this the Great Teacher de-
clared that God would take from the
Jews the special privileges, except
such Jews as were "Israelites indeed,"
and that He would complete the num-
ber of His elect by a selection of saint-
ly characters from amongst Gentiles.

The Election Hath Obtained It.
St. Paul declares, "Israel hath not
obtained that which he

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



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

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

EDITORIAL

It is thought by persons of clear perception that the Republican Convention now being held in Chicago, must, in order to preserve the Republican party intact, drop the aspiring candidates and nominate a progressively conservative man, such as Governor Hadley, of Missouri. He is an admirer of Roosevelt, but much less ultra in his political vision, while being broad-minded and well-calculated to properly represent the interests of the whole American people.

BOROUGH OF RIVERTON Office of Mayor

June 19, 1912.

To the Citizens of Riverton:
Last year during the week of the Fourth of July, fireworks of various kinds were exploded to a considerable extent, for several days previous to the Fourth; so much so as to call forth numerous complaints and protests from our citizens, in consequence of which I deem it advisable at this time to call attention to the State Law which prohibits the sale or use of fireworks in New Jersey, excepting within the twenty-four hours of the National day, viz: from 1 a. m. to 12:00 p. m.

I feel that a personal request from your Mayor will in this be respected, as always in the past. I hereby ask that no fireworks be exploded within the Borough limits except within the time specified.

I hope that stringent action on the part of our police to enforce the law mentioned will not be necessary.

I would also request that no revolvers or fire works of any kind be exploded near the children on the Fourth, for fear that their dresses may catch fire.

Yours respectfully,
E. H. FLAGG, JR.,
Mayor.

Booker-Padmoro.

Miss Edith Padmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Padmore, and Mr. William F. Becker, of Pennegrove, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Thomas Avenue, Tuesday, evening, the Rev. Thomas H. Sprague, of Tioga, officiating. The bride wore a lace robe over white satin and carried a shower bouquet of roses and valley lilies. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Ida Robinson, of Pennegrove, who wore a white embroidery robe over pink mesaline and carried pink roses. The groom was attended by his brother Ernest, of Woodstown.

On their return from a trip to Atlantic City Mr. and Mrs. Becker will reside at Pennegrove, where Mr. Becker is engaged in business.

Arrivals at The Lawn House.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bournan, John B. Bournan, Mrs. A. B. Crane, Blanche V. Moore, Miss J. H. Quins, E. Royden Street, Miss B. M. Tomlinson, of Philadelphia.
P. C. Clothier, Haverford, Pa.
Miss Dorothy Kent, Germantown.
Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Lovick, Overbrook, Pa.
Mrs. Page, Brandywine Summit, Pa.
C. H. Parker, New York.
Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gilliams, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lewis, Mrs. George Ridley, Mrs. E. Mercer Shreve, Mrs. H. W. Shreve, Mercer Shreve, Miss Dorothy Shreve, Riverton.

George E. Lawrence, who is spending the summer in Riverton, left Monday the P. F. V., for a short trip through the South.

Inspector Leonard, of Philadelphia, has lodged a retainer against William Radcliff, now in the County Jail charged with assaulting his father-in-law, Robert Farrow, and awaiting the action of the Grand Jury in October. When the County authorities are through with him, the Government authorities will deal with him for alleged use of the mails for the purpose of committing fraud.

Frederick Lowden and the borough authorities have arranged to place a large iron pipe on each side of Main street from Bank avenue to the river, to take the place of the unsightly and dangerous open gutters which now serve to carry off the surface water. They will be covered over, and the improvement will do much to improve the appearance of that part of the bank. It is hoped to have the work completed before the Fourth. There is another open gutter cutting across the bank at the foot of Penn street which could well be replaced by a large pipe or covered culvert. In its unkept condition it is unsightly as well as dangerous. It is understood that the Borough Council constructed this gutter, and there seems to be no reason why they could not improve it if they think it advisable. We believe it would be a good thing, and hope they will see their way clear to take action.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET for Riverton and Vicinity

E. B. Shewell returned from Troy, N. Y., on Saturday.

Joseph M. Watkins is visiting friends in Boston, Mass.

Frank Coddington spent the week-end at Atlantic City.

A. W. Smith was home from Atlantic City over Sunday.

Herbert Richman visited friends in Millville on Sunday.

Carl J. Wahl, of Toms River, visited his parents on Thursday.

Miss Etta Philp spent Sunday with friends in Philadelphia.

R. F. Corry and family went to Fairfield, Conn., on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lippincott went to Cresco, Pa., on Monday.

Assessor Charles G. Davis spent Saturday and Sunday at Bridgeton.

Mrs. Charles Howard spent Thursday in Philadelphia visiting relatives.

Mrs. Joseph Smith visited Mrs. George Thomas, of Burlington, Monday.

Mrs. Margaret Stow is having her house on Thomas Avenue painted.

Miss A. M. Butler, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday at the Lawn House.

Mrs. E. Totke, of Philadelphia, spent the week with Mrs. John C. Stoltz.

Mrs. Frank Troutman and son visited relatives in Lenoah, Pa., Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, Jr., went to Atlantic City on Thursday.

Miss Mildred Smith, of Collingswood, is a guest at the home of O. H. Mattie.

Mrs. William H. Jones is spending the week-end with her son, Wilbur, in Camden.

The train time table changed today. The new schedule will be found in another column.

Miss May Bolton, of Philadelphia, spent Wednesday with Mrs. John B. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Demore are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy last week.

Mrs. A. Crane, of Philadelphia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Bogle, at the Lawn House.

Misses Edna and Helen Stackhouse went to Boothwyn, Pa., Sunday to visit their grandparents.

Hubert Beddoes returned on Saturday from a trip South where he spent a fortnight with his brother.

W. H. Lippincott and family went to Spring Lake on Monday, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Evans entertained their mother and sister from Mount Ephraim on Wednesday.

Miss Eva White and Mr. Levine, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carter, of Costa Rica, S. A., are spending a month with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Shewell.

Letters of administration for the estate of Conrad Becker have been granted to his widow, Elizabeth Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Kutz, of Allentown, Pa., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Bastian last week.

Mrs. H. H. Watkins, Jr., who is spending the summer at the Lawn House, is visiting friends at Asbury Park.

Mrs. C. T. Woolston and daughter, Miss Lillian, went to Ocean City Saturday, where they will remain for the summer.

Mrs. E. H. Ogden and Mrs. C. W. Nevin and family will go to Jamesburg, L. I., next Wednesday, where they will remain for six weeks.

Mr. Ciktati, who has been staying at the home of Edward Evans, sailed for England on Monday, where he has accepted a position.

Two Woolston trucks were exhibited by the Woolston Auto Truck Co. in the automobile parade which was held in Philadelphia Thursday.

Mrs. George W. Dickie, of San Francisco, who is summing at the Lawn House, gave a luncheon Wednesday to friends from Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Marple and daughter, of Hightstown, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Perkins. Mrs. Marple remained for a week.

An ice cream festival will be held on July 10th in Roberts Hall for the benefit of the Shepherd's Home in Haddonfield. Tickets 15c, including ice cream and cake.

Mrs. S. S. Daniels gave a "baby party" Thursday afternoon for Baby Bond, who, with his mother, Mrs. Walter Bond, of Haddonfield, is spending the summer in Riverton.

Eugene Walton Roberts was one of the graduates in the dentistry class of the University of Pennsylvania, at their commencement exercises which were held Wednesday.

Mrs. Sarah M. Woodman was quietly married in Philadelphia on Wednesday to Mr. George Groobey, of Baltimore, Md. They will reside on the farm at Cinnaminson.

A sale of ice cream, cake, candy, and aprons, for the benefit of the Girls Friendly Holiday House at Island Heights will be held in Christ Church parish house on Saturday, June 29, 1912, from 3 to 6 p. m.

The attention of voters and taxpayers of Riverton is again called to the illustrated lecture on sewerage disposal, which will be given in the auditorium of the school on Friday evening, June 28th, by George W. Fuller, borough engineer.

Louis A., age 8 years, son of Louis A. Brennan, died on Monday after an illness of several months. Services were held Thursday morning in the Sacred Heart Church. Interment was made in the afternoon at the Holy Cross cemetery, Philadelphia, under the direction of Undertaker Morton.

In another column is published a request addressed to the citizens of Riverton, calling their attention to the State law prohibiting the sale and discharge of fireworks except during the twenty-four hours of the National holiday, and soliciting the co-operation of all who may be within the borough limits on that day, in securing a proper observance of this State.

Something New

Pie Crust Flour—A flour put up especially for pastry uses. Highly recommended. 25c for 5-pound bag.

We have also added a line of Cooking Bags, assorted sizes in a package. 25c per package.

AT
COMPTON'S

Phone 54-A



Things for the Baby
Long and short dresses, skirts, sacques, caps, long and short booties, celluloid toilet articles, fancy cotton socks and baby pins.

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

Store closes every evening, at 6 p. m. Saturday evening at 10 p. m.

B. Murdock went to Weir, N. H., on Wednesday.

William Faunce spent Sunday at Wilmington, Del.

Stanley Smith was in town on Monday from Merchantville.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. S. Lymel have gone to Tunkhannock, Pa.

Howard Armstrong was home on Sunday from Atlantic City.

James Bradley, of Newark, Del., spent today with friends in Riverton.

Mrs. Frank Johnson and son spent Sunday with friends in Camden.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Wood returned on Friday from a trip to Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hoffinger will start on Monday for a month's trip up Maine to visit her sister.

Miss Gladys Dawson entertained a number of girl friends from her school in Philadelphia on Sunday.

Supt. H. E. Brown, of the Prudential Insurance Co., will give his staff a fishing trip the first week in July.

Mrs. C. W. Jones and son returned home Tuesday, after spending a week with her parents in Egg Harbor.

Mrs. James Dikaster attended her daughter, Miss Mamie, at school on Monday evening. About thirty-five guests were present and an enjoyable evening spent with music and games.

Another very exciting game of baseball was played Wednesday afternoon between the married and single men, resulting in a victory for the former after eleven innings, with the score 12-11.

Many of Freholder Lowden's friends from all parts of the county are urging him to be a candidate for County Commissioner. If Mr. Lowden can see his way clear to give the position the time it would require we believe he would be a good man for the office.

The stone road on Main street is being coated with asphaltum under the direction of Freholder Lowden. The sweeping which preceded the application of the mixture caused residents along the street much discomfort, but it was necessary, as the asphaltum would not stick to the dust which covers the surface of the road. The asphaltum will be covered with a coating of sand.

Miss Mary E., daughter of James Satterthwaite, and Mr. John Eastburn McVaugh, of Hockessin, Del., were married at high noon on Tuesday in the Westfield meeting house under the direction of the Chester Monthly Meeting. Mr. and Mrs. McVaugh have gone to Pocomo Pines, Pa., for a trip. They will cross there on the father's property and reside there when finished.

On Fifth-day (Thursday) afternoon, the Westfield Friends First-day School picnic took place on the lawn of Howard Parry, at Taylors Lane, the former residence of Charles and Deborah Haines, on the shore of the Delaware river—a beautiful, cool, airy and shady place for such a function. Bathing, boating, ball, and quoits were among the features of the occasion, as well as a basket lunch, ice cream and cake in great abundance—all of which were enjoyed by old and young, grown people and little folks alike, to the number of one hundred and eighty persons. The day was propitious, and the social mingling was engaged in with the zest which such opportunities usually afford.

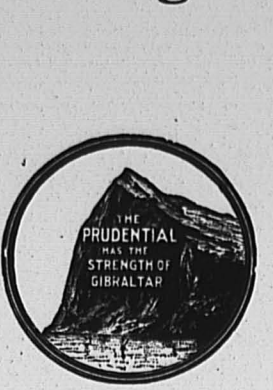
SCHOOL NOTES.

A list of the pupils who have been promoted into the next higher grade is given below:

To first grade—Clarence Bell, Claude Bell, John Brennan, Harry Burns, Paul Burr, Lawrence Downs, Charles Hanbroe, James Karins, John Steele, Charles Stout, William Watkins, Lawrence W. Moore, John Quigley, Helen Backer, George Brown, Charlotte Miller, Edna Murphy, Marie O'Brien, Marion Powers, Mary Reilly, Alice Rue, Catherine Rubrecht, Edith Sullivan, Margaret Cline, Isabelle Glass.

To second grade—John Lochowitz, Elwood Miller, Russell Miller, Leon Perkins, Jefferson Stelly, Horace Richmond, Wallace Sullivan, Marie Smith, Aylward Taylor, Richard Wakeman, Theodore Upshur, Robert

The Increased Cost of Living



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