AUGUST

THE NEW ERA

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MISTAKE, BUT WORKED WELL

Unintentionally Friendly Letter to Bullet-Proof Debtor Brought Quick Results From Him.

A lawyer who had drifted out of the regular line into a collection practice dictated so many dunning letters every day that he had his stenographer sign them and would himself read over the carbon copies the following day if he thought it necessary. He had another bad habit, which was that as it came to the close of a day and he had become weary of nagging people he would grow facetious and instead of dictating the names of the debtor properly would vary the monotony by saying "Dearest Skin" or "Darling Mr. Smith," knowing that his stenographer, having the correspondence before her, would fill in the proper name.

It chanced that she, like most good stenographers, decided to get married, and she brought her sister into the office to succeed her. The first full day of dictation that the attorney put in after the sister's advent chanced to be one of his humorous ones, and he started a letter to a bullet proof debtor named Samuel Smith "Dear Sammy," and then proceeded to tell Sammy" his opinion of him. The next morning, on looking over the carbon copies, he was horrified to find the new stenographer had typed that letter exactly as it was dictated and sent it out in the mail the night before.

All that day the attorney expected Mr. Samuel Smith to show up with fire in his eye and a pistol in his hand. He shivered when the office door opened and he left for home very early in the afternoon. The next morning, however, he received a letter from "Sammy," which started off "Dear Billy" (the lawyer's given name being William), and which went on to say, "If you had addressed me in such friendly style before you would have had the money sooner," and inclosed was "Sammy's" check for the whole account.

The new method had brought gratifying results, but the attorney did not dare to adopt it as a regular practice; on the contrary, his dictation since has been notable for its exactitude.

Nettles as Substitute for Cotton.

The search for a cotton substitute has been going on in Europe for a long time, and many experiments have been made with the common nettle, which has been a promising plant on account of the strength of its fiber and its ready growth wild under the most discouraging conditions, with a large yield per acre. The great difficulty has been in separating the fiber from the woody stem. In a method of treatment that has been worked out in the last two or three years, the dried nettle stems are boiled about half an hour in dilute soda lye, and the loosened fibers are then separated in a machine with revolving brushes. The material is then subjected to a number of alternate boilings in dilute lye and thorough washings, both under high pressure. The product is a mass of yellowish fibers, free from gum, that can be bleached, combed, and spun into lustrous white yarn. This is claimed to have the smoothness and softness of flax, with a strength even greater than that of hemp. The yarn has been made into brilliant damask, and can be used alone or with other threads—for upholsteries, ribbons, and a variety of fabrics.

Evil of Worrying.

By constant worry the power of self-control is lost. The ability to be cheerful, courageous and sometimes even interesting, is gradually undermined. Eventually this affects the health, the appetite is banished and the digestion and probably the heart affected. The unhappiness shows in the face. Lines appear between the eyes, the eyes look dull, and the skin unhealthy and probably wrinkled.

Cheerfully Subscribed.

Mrs. Noopop—"Charlie, what do you think? Dad just sent us a $1,000 check for our new baby! Wasn't that good of him?" Mr. Noopop—"I should say so! I'll write at once and thank him for his contribution to the Fresh Heir Fund."—Judge.

Steam of the Earth.

If dry earth is wet suddenly the heat emitted is due chiefly to the affinity of potter's clay and humus for water. That affinity is so powerful that the two substances release 20 and 30 calories per every two kilograms.—Harper's Weekly.

Wondrous Beauty of Flowers.

What a desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth and are not our stars the flowers of heaven?—Mrs. Balfour.

Salt a Bathroom Cleanser.

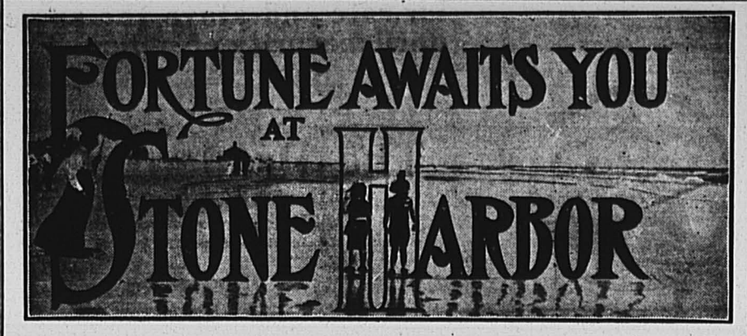
The bathtub and bowl, and also other pieces of enameled ware and crockery, may be satisfactorily cleaned with common salt used on a slightly dampened piece of flannel. This removes dirt and stains without scratching the surface.—Housekeeper.

Daily Thought.

Just go on with your daily tasks, doing the best you can in your circumstances and wait for God's time.—J. R. Miller.

Easily Pleased.

"What kind of a man would you like for a husband?" "Oh, either a bachelor or a widower. I'm not particular which."—Universalist Leader.



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SINCE the opening of the new Reading Philadelphia connection June 30 last, STONE HARBOR has been alive with buyers, showing the great demand for lots and cottages.

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Maps, literature and all information to be had at Parkway Pier, Stone Harbor. Wildwood Office on the Boardwalk, or 915-23 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila. Both phones.

South Jersey Realty Company

How to Get to Stone Harbor:

If you live in Philadelphia or its suburbs, you can go by way of Broad street (Bridge Route) or Market street ferry, the first train being the Market street 7 o'clock one-dollar daily excursion; express and electric trains run frequently as per timetable.

Reading trains from Chestnut street, Philadelphia, run direct to Stone Harbor, as follows:

Dollar excursions on Sundays at 7 A. M. from Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Other Reading trains leave Chestnut street, Philadelphia, 8.50 A. M., 12 A. M., 4.10 P. M. Leave Stone Harbor 6.57 A. M., 7.54 A. M., 3.55 P. M. Sundays, 7 A. M., 8.50 A. M. from Philadelphia; 3.55 P. M. and 6.14 P. M. from Stone Harbor.

Atlantic City visitors take Shore Fast Line from Virginia avenue and Boardwalk to Ocean City, then through frequent trains via Pennsylvania to Stone Harbor.

Wildwood and Cape May visitors can use the Anglesea-Stone Harbor ferries; or automobiles or trains via Cape May Court House.

Visitors from Millville, Vineland, Bridgeton, Woodbury and towns along the line of the Pennsylvania electric system will find frequent local trains to and from Stone Harbor.

Visitors from Trenton, Burlington, Riverton, Mount Holly, Haddonfield, Merchantville must make their connections for Stone Harbor at Camden.

Make a Lasting Epitaph.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars.—Chalmers.

May 1 a Holiday.

A Milwaukee school teacher asked her class of small boys and girls to prepare lists of all the legal holidays that they knew of, and to put them in the order of their importance. Christmas and Fourth of July stood about equal in the number of first places accorded them, and upon but one paper in the lot appeared "Moving day, May 1," as the most important of American legal holidays.

Sure Enough Primitive Town.

Aden is a primitive place. Drinking and bathing water is drawn from the sea, condensed and delivered to residents in wagons at one-half cent a gallon. There is no plumbing and modern bathroom fittings are conspicuous by their absence. Washtubs are used for bathing purposes. The authorities have considered piping water into Aden from Lahej, about thirty miles distant, but have come to no decision in the matter as yet.—London Globe.

No Limit to His Cleverness.

Two men, one eighty years old and one ninety years old, who live in an institution near Washington, had a quarrel that developed into a fist fight. The eighty-year-old pugilist won. Later he was boasting of his prowess. "He said I couldn't lick him!" exclaimed the successful fighter. "Gol darn his skin, I could have licked him if he had been a hundred years old!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Oldtime Dinner Reproduced.

A reproduction of a ninth-century dinner has been served at a recent Vienna cookery exhibition. The menu consisted of pike cooked in oil and then pressed into a paste; a paste made of venison with millet; and a roast peacock containing a whole chicken, the chicken in turn stuffed with a pigeon, and the pigeon again stuffed with roasted eggs.

The World's Greatest Slave.

Aesop probably is one of the most noted slaves that ever lived. The fables and stories he told have delighted mankind for twenty-five hundred years, and there is no telling how much longer the world will continue to enjoy them. Aesop was so deformed that for a long time his Greek master could not sell him. Finally he was sold, and the master found him so wise that he was set free.

The Highwayman

By Mabel Chase England

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Yer money or yer life! Hold up, lady!"

The woman repressed a startled impulse to scream. Then her inborn fearlessness, coupled with an impatient contempt for the ill-judgment that would hope to find money on her, broke forth in one crisp adjuration.

"Oh, don't be an idjit!" she said.

The raised club wavered imperceptibly as its muffled owner strove to shape his mind to this unexpected reception of his threat. Had this solitary female some unseen guard in her wake? He glanced suspiciously along the dark road.

"I said, yer money er yer life," he repeated, somewhat uncertainly.

"Well, you kin go on sayin' all night if it amuses you. Lemme past!"

The masked figure gave one final look into the dark.

"Aw, stow that!" he growled. "None o' yer sass, old lady! You're jest the kind wot carries a wad in their stockin'. Cough up now! I ain't had a square meal in three days."

The woman clutched tightly a small plush bag which she carried.

"I ain't got no wad," she retorted decisively, "but I got a nice little dineymite bomb in this here bag that'll blow you where you won't want meals for some time. You'll be too much occupied kepin' cool."

As she raised the bag threateningly the man drew back. The arm holding the club fell to his side.

"Go on——I won't touch you," he grumbled sulkily. "You ain't got no dineymite, but darned if I don't admire yer pluck. You mind me of——"

He watched her as she stalked off into the dark, strange half-forgotten memories stirring within him. Suddenly a grin widened his mouth.

"By Jingoes! She's comin' back! What's eatin' her?"

The woman approached with decision.

"You got me nervous now," she admitted grudgingly, "though I ain't afraid of you, somehow. But if you're dyin' to make use of that there stick of yours you can come along to protect me. There's a bad place up the road a bit."

"Sure!" His heart warmed unaccountably at this evidence of femininity in the valiant female. It was a long time since he had been called on for protection, or help in any form. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders, threw back his head, as he stepped briskly out beside her.

"I'll give you a good square meal when we git home," she promised him.

Hungry as he honestly was, the offer, with its hint of reward, in some subtle way offended him.

"You needn't mind. I kind git along," he answered loftily.

She glanced at him curiously.

"How long have you been doing this?"

"What?"

"Why, this here highway robbery business."

"That's tellin'," he grinned.

"I 'magine you're new at it," she persisted.

"Why?" indignantly.

"Oh, you're sort of kind an' nice. You ain't no hardened criminal," she vouchsafed, the wile of the eternal feminine unconquerable even in this uncertain situation.

The man felt an added warmth permeate his entire being. A sudden desire to stand well with this fearless, yet distinctly appealing individual surged up within him.

Suddenly she started. "Ssh! What's that?"

They had reached the "bad part," a place where the road wound through a dense growth of forest, thick with underbrush and dark with an appalling darkness. Again came the crackling, as of a heavy body pushing through the brush. She clutched his arm nervously.

"Don't be skeered," he reassured her. "It's nothin' but some animile prowlin'." He put his hand protectingly over hers. It felt appealingly small in his powerful grasp. A rush of memories swept over him, rendering him suddenly solicitous for the woman at his side.

"What are you doin' of, anyway, alone in the pitch dark on a road like this?" he queried.

"I haven't met nothin' worse than you, so far."

He coughed, suddenly abashed.

"That's so."

"An' I wish you'd take off that crazy mask. It makes me feel like a 'complice, walkin' along with it!" She drew away indignantly.

"Sure!" He tore off the strip of black cloth obligingly and put it in his pocket.

"I used to belong to these parts," he offered pacifically after a short silence.

"'Twasn't no fault of the parts then, I reckon."

"Haw-haw!" He laughed enjoyingly. "By Cricky! but you mind me of ——Say, of course it's fifteen year now an' I s'pose she ain't here no more, but did you ever hear of"—he hesitated between a strong reluctance to speak the name and a burning desire to know—" of Lindy Rastall—as was?"

The woman started imperceptibly.

"Seems to me I've heard of her," she admitted. "What about her?"

"Oh, nothin'. Thought mebbe you knew her."

There was silence for a space. Presently the man looked around him with a start.

"Say, what're you turnin' in here for?"

"Because I live here," she answered tersely. She closed the gate behind her and started up the path by his side.

"Well, well! Bought the old place, eh?" he murmured absently. "S'pose her old uncle Jabe's dead, then."

"Yes, he's dead." She fitted the key in the lock and pushed open the door.

"Come through to the kitchen," she said. "I ain't had my own supper yet You can have a bite with me."

She led the way back, groped about for the lamp, lit it and set it on a small shelf over the table. The man looked about him eagerly.

"Fifteen year," he murmured, "an' jest the same. Well, well! He turned to the woman, who had thrown off her scarf and cloak and stood silently regarding him.

"Lindy!" he gasped.

"Yes, Sam Martin, it's Lindy! I knowed you the minute you spoke my name. Now will you just kindly tell me why you run off like that, sudden, without a word, when me an' you had spoke our promise, an' never turned up from that day to this?" Her face was white with the rush of memories that overpowered her.

The man straightened up and faced her.

"Yes, I'll tell you, Lindy," he said, "an' I can't see as the fault was mine. You 'member the day we quarreled over that painter fellow, as I thought was foolin' around you too much an' you went off mad. Well, I come over that evenin' to beg your pardon for doubtin' of you, an' jest as I got to the end of the path that leads into the orchard, I seed you—with him, under that same tree where I'd sat you, an' got your promise. An' while I stood there he put his arms round you an'——kissed you."

"It's a lie!"

"'Tain't no lie. I seen him! He put his arm around you an' bent over an' ——an' then I jest couldn't bear to see it an' I turned an' walked out of the place an' ain't never been back there since, not till now."

"Yes, Sam Martin, an' if you'd had any sense in your stupid head you'd of come right on an' knocked him down s'tead of marchin' off an' leavin' me to do it! My hands is maybe little but I gave him one knock that night that—"

"Lindy!"

"I was just tellin' him," she went on indignantly, "how he'd have to go, 'cause you said I must choose an' of course I'd choose you, an—an' then he tried to—Oh, Sam," she half sobbed from his arms, "why didn't you never come back?"

He was silent for a moment.

"I've come now, Lindy," he offered at last, uncertainly.

"Yes, you've come now—an' how?" she flashed, drawing indignantly away from him as the memory of his earlier performance swept over her. "'Thievin', an' scarin' women in the dark an'—"

"Lindy, will you listen to me? This is the truth, Lindy, it's the first time I ever made to hold up anyone. But things has been goin' hard with me fer a long time now, an' I was jest about desperate. People is so blasted indifferent when a man asks for honest work, an' the women is worse than the men. Tonight I was jest plumb mad. I says to myself, 'By Gum! I'll make scmeone cough up somethin', if I have to stand here till the crack o' doom!' Lindy," he broke off suddenly, a boyish anxiety in his voice, "what made you so sassy? Didn't I look like a real one?"

Lindy smothered a laugh. "Oh Sam," she said, "you're jest the same old—"

"The club was only to scare 'em," he interrupted, abandoning the point in his eagerness to explain, "an' honest, Lindy, I wouldn't of taken more'n a dollar from you, not if you'd handed out two hundred of 'em."

Truth rang unmistakably in his words. He paused and waited for her judgment.

Presently a small, firm hand clasped his.

"All right, Sam," she said.

"Lindy—dear!" He took her hands in his and his voice grew strong with purpose. "I have nothin' to offer you, now, but by Jingoes! I'll work."

"Sam." She looked down, hesitating.

"Sam," she began again shyly, "this place is simply goin' to rack an' ruin for want of a man to look after it!"

"Oh Lindy!" He drew her to him and stood silent, resting his cheek on her hair. Presently a smile of irrepressible humor spread over his face.

"I said tonight, 'yer money or yer life,' he whispered, "but I never thought you'd give me both, an' of yer own accord."

Some Danger Signals.

Any exceptional behavior, if it assumes the form of a habit, should be regarded in the light of a symptom. A child who has habits of twitching, shrugging, sighing, chirping; one who is notably absent-minded, who never answers without first repeating one's question, should be examined for nervous disorder which will certainly grow worse unless checked. The child whose egotism is excessive, whose stubbornness c wilfulness is of an exaggerated type, should be carefully watched for other symptoms of hysteria.

Defective teeth in very young children are invariably signals of deviation from the normal. They may point to serious hereditary disease or they may indicate malnutrition. In any case, unless relieved and corrected, they are liable to cause speech defects.—From Rheta Dorr's "The Child That Is Different" in the Century.

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WHEN SPAIN GAVE UP CUBA

Drama That Began With Columbus Ended in Sorrow After the American War.

Arriving in Havana on the afternoon of December 31, 1898, the day before Spain surrendered the island, I presented to Major General Ludlow a letter of introduction from the son of one of his close friends, and asked for a pass which would enable Mrs. Thayer and myself to see the next day's ceremonies at the palace. The pass was presently forthcoming.

It was five minutes to twelve next day. At that instant rose the solemn strains of the Spanish anthem. As it ceased there was a moment's silence. Then up through the casements came the "Star Spangled Banner," and the procession, which had formed below, wound its way through the great portal and up into the room where we were. Major General Brooke and the officers under his command, their dress uniforms and yellow sashes a bright note of color, entered first; then came the swarthy Cuban leaders, their uniforms less splendid, but their dignity beyond question; and last of all, General Castellanos and his staff.

The scene was too painful to prolong. A moment of formalities and it was over, and the defeated said farewell. It was an ordeal for a man of Castellanos' temperament. Tears came to his eyes.

"I have been in many battles," he faltered, "many trying situations, but never in a position like this." Then, as we watched, the little handful of Spanish troops, headed only by fife and drum, set their faces toward Spain. The drama which began with Columbus was finished.—John Adams Thayer, "Out of the Rut."

SOLID MATTER A FICTION?

Scientists Now Declare That What Seems So Is in Reality Only Motion.

Science is knocking the materialists end for end, as the boys say. It is absolutely proven that there is no such thing as solid, substantive matter. It is only motion. This stone, this table, this hammer is only motion. Some new-fangled idiotic idea, eh? Well, it is known that matter is composed of atoms. For a long time the atom was thought to be the final analysis of matter.

But such is not the case. A few years ago radium was discovered, and that has broken the atom into small bits, 2,000 times smaller than the hydrogen atom, the smallest of all. These particles of the atom are called electrons, and now it has been found that these electrons are mere points of electrical energy. These electrons, says a magazine article, "are entirely free from anything that can be properly called matter."

Trillions and trillions of these electrons make up this piece of iron, and they are always in motion, flitting about at the rate of 50,000 miles a second. Now you know there is a lie out—how can a man calculate the speed of an invisible motion inside of an invisible atom? Oh, dear reader, you have no idea how big and deep this world is, or how powerful human genius is, or how small a space you occupy in the world.—Ohio State Journal.

Titanic as a Synonym for Large.

Marion made it a practice to use all the new words she heard of in sentences. The other night she was listening while her mother read of the disaster of the Titanic.

"Mother," she said, "what does Titanic mean?"

"Titanic," her mother replied, "means very large, or big."

Marion was thoughtful for a minute. Then turning to her mother she said:

"I can use it in a sentence."

"How?" asked her mother.

"The Titanic ship hit an iceberg Titanicer than itself," said Marion.

Justified.

Judge—What have you to say for yourself for beating this man in such a brutal manner?

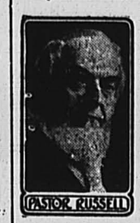
Prisoner—Your honor, he asked me if my name was Ismay.

Judge—Discharged.

REST OF THE DEAD LIVED NOT AGAIN

The General Resurrection and the First Resurrection.

Pastor Russell's Address at the International Bible Students Convention in Scotland—Several Thousand Hear Explained Much-Misunderstood Text.



Pastor Russell.

Glasgow, Scotland, July 28.—Bible students of this vicinity numbering hundreds have had a three days' Convention. Another General Convention of Bible Students will be held in London August 2-5. Today's session, attended by several thousand, was addressed by Pastor Russell. We report one of his addresses, based on Revelation xx, 4-6. It was announced that next Sunday he would address a similar Convention in London.

Christianity Versus Platonism.

Many Christians whose faith cannot accept the Divine promise have turned instead to the theory advanced long before Jesus' day by the Grecian philosophers, headed by Plato. Their teachings respecting death, although less logical than the Bible theory, require less faith. Thus we have it today that Christian faith respecting the future life is supported, not by the Bible, but by the teachings of the heathen from Plato down.

Plato and all the heathen claim without evidence that dying was not the penalty for sin, that, on the contrary, it is another step of an evolution process, a passage-way to a new life, under new conditions, of which they know nothing. Theirs is merely a guess, a philosophy, and, of course, has no use for a resurrection of the dead, because the fact of death is denied and the dead are said to be more alive than when they were alive.

The Bible declares that from the very beginning God purposed the resurrection of the dead and that, therefore, all believers were privileged to speak of the deceased, not as dead in an absolute sense, like the brute, but as being asleep—waiting for the glorious morning of Messiah's Kingdom and the resurrection. Thus the Prophet declares, "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." Thus the Bible tells us that "Abraham slept with his fathers," etc., etc.

St. Paul says, "If there be no resurrection of the *dead*, • • • then those who are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." (1 Corinthians xv, 13-18.) How could this be true if they have been alive in heaven for centuries?

First or Chief Resurrection.

Not all of the dead will have the same resurrection. Some will be raised to the likeness of the first Adam, while others, members of the Body of Christ, will be granted a superior resurrection—to glory, honor, immortality and the divine nature. Of the latter St. Paul explains, "sown in weakness, raised in power; sown in dishonor, raised in glory; sown an animal body, raised a spirit body." (1 Corinthians xv, 43, 44.) Of the same class our text declares, "Blessed and holy are all they that have part in the *First Resurrection;* • • • they shall be Priests unto God, and unto Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." (Revelation xx, 6: v, 10.)

"But the Rest of the Dead."

Ah! this part of our text is sadly misunderstood and has thrown many Bible students off the track of truth. They have understood the passage to mean that Christ and His glorified Bride class will reign for a thousand years over such of humanity as will be alive at the time of the setting up of the Messianic Kingdom. They think that this passage teaches that all the millions of the world who have died during the past six thousand years will have no share in the blessings of Messiah's Kingdom.

The proper thought is this; Adam had life and the right to continue it unceasingly so long as he was in harmony with God. When he sinned he came under the sentence, "Dying, thou shalt die." Our race, his children, shared his sentence by heredity. Hence we are all dying. From the Divine standpoint none have life. Those who become disciples of Jesus are said to pass from death unto life, although their new life will not be completed until the First Resurrection. But speaking from this standpoint Jesus said, Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou (believer) and preach the Gospel.—Luke ix, 60.

From this Divine standpoint the world in general today is dead, has no right to life and can obtain eternal life only through accepting Jesus: "He that hath the Son hath life; He that hath not the Son hath not life."—1 John v, 12.

Thus seen the world, whether in the grave or out of the grave, are all from the Divine standpoint dead. During the thousand years of Messiah's reign these will be helped up, up, up, out of sin and death, back to perfect life and all that Adam lost. The upraising of the world during that thousand years is the general resurrection. This is the meaning of the word *anastasis*—it does not refer to *more* awakening from the tomb. Hence, although the world will be gradually rising out of sin and death conditions, they will not live again in the sense of attaining perfection of life until the thousand years are finished.

Rubber Dust in New York.

An analysis shows that 12 per cent. of the street dust in New York city is pulverized rubber.

Submarine Boat Not New.

The first submarine boat was invented and successfully tried in the eighteenth century.

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.

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The New Era Office is equipped to do all kinds of

FINE PRINTING

at reasonable prices. The insignia

Art Printing

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

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WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET

for Riverton and Vicinity

Charles Kirchner spent Monday at Atlantic City.

Charles G. Davis and family are Cape May for a week.

James McIlvaine went to Jamestown, R. I., Thursday.

Mrs. John C. Stoltz, who has been very ill, is improving.

Miss Ethel Mattis went to Atlantic City on Tuesday.

C. Cecil Fitler and family are at Bretton Woods, N. H.

Albert McCombs went to Charlotte, N. C., on Tuesday.

B. R. Boyer and family returned from Cape May yesterday.

G. Percival Thomas went to High Point, N. J., Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McIlvain Biddle went to Cresco this morning.

J. B. M. Showell and family went to Seaside Park Thursday.

Mrs. Heulings Lippincott returned from Cresco on Tuesday.

Robert Biddle, 2nd, and family went to Cape May yesterday.

Rev. John Rigg spent Wednesday with friends at New Castle, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clement returned from Bay Head Wednesday.

James Flynn is having his house on Penn street painted by Harry Rice.

Harry Wahl spent Sunday with his brother, Carl Wahl, at Toms River.

Mrs. A. C. Alcott is entertaining her mother and sister from Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. W. Smith and daughter, Emma, are spending some time in Chester, Pa.

Miss Dorothy Balderman, of Philadelphia, spent the week with Mrs. John C. Stoltz.

Mrs. J. W. Kamp and baby of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. Odgen H. Mattis.

Mr. Marshal and family, of Linden avenue, expect to move to Virginia in August.

Theodore Brehm and family expect to go to Mt. Pocono on Saturday, for a month.

Mrs. John B. Watson entertained Mrs. George Williams, of Philadelphia, on Sunday.

James Brown returned home Saturday, after spending a week with friends at Narbeth, Pa.

E. B. Showell expects to take a trip to the White Mountains next week in his automobile.

It is said that Barber Wolfschmidt claims to have the largest cucumbers in this vicinity.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Marcy and Miss Marie Brown went to Oak Bluffs, Mass., Thursday.

Dr. Raymond Clark and wife, Mount Holly, visited at the home of William H. Caley on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wolcott have returned from a trip to Niagara Falls and Thousand Islands.

G. H. Mealley went to Virginia Tuesday morning on a business trip, returning home Thursday night.

Miss Eva White and John Levins, of Philadelphia, visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard on Sunday.

Miss Ruth Brehm is slowly improving after having been confined to the house three weeks with rheumatism.

Ralph Scott has returned after encamping with the Pennsylvania State Guards Cavalry, Troop G, at Gettysburg.

Mrs. William Cunningham and son returned home Sunday after spending a week with Mrs. John B. Watson.

Mrs. George Cramer, of Bristol, is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. D. Williamyre, of Thomas avenue.

Mrs. Casper P. Padmore and Mrs. Ralph Gibbon spent Wednesday with Mrs. William F. Becker at Pennsgrove.

Miss Etta Philp returned from Ocean City Wednesday, after spending two weeks with Mrs. Montgomery Johnson.

F. J. Throne's new houses on Eighth street are for rent or sale. See Ada E. Price, 416 Lippincott avenue for particulars.

E. E. Compton and family expect to return on Saturday from Ocean City, where they have been spending two weeks.

William Wilson, Lawrence Seckel and Thomas Earp went down the bay on Thursday for a ten-day trip in the "Emily."

Dr. Eugene W. Roberts has succeeded to the dental practice of Dr. Charles E. King, at Bristol, with offices at 228 Mill street, which he will open next week.

Ada E. Price, of 416 Lippincott avenue, has charge of building six new houses at East Riverton. When completed they will be for rent or sale. Two are nearly completed and have been rented.

E. M. Perkins went to Hightstown Tuesday.

Mrs. Margaret McElwee, of Philadelphia, visited friends in Riverton Wednesday.

E. B. Showell, Jr., and Charles Showell spent Saturday and Sunday at Atlantic City.

Miss Jennie Griffenburg and Miss Nettie Faunce spent Tuesday at Willow Grove.

Mrs. W. R. Hoffman, of Philadelphia, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Smith.

Mrs. James J. Karins returned home Tuesday, after spending a week in New England.

Miss Gertrude Showell returned home Tuesday after spending a week with friends at Bala, Pa.

Miss Elsie Evans, of Llenarch, Pa., who has been the guest of Mrs. James J. Karins, returned home Wednesday.

Thomas Goslin and William Shannon are having cement curbs placed in front of their properties on Thomas avenue.

The Foresters will hold their picnic on Saturday afternoon and evening at the Riverview Park, Twenty-seventh street, Camden.

Capt. H. M. Powers and James J. Karins spent today at Atlantic City. They made the trip in the captain's automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Schramm returned home on Tuesday, after spending ten days in the Delaware Bay aboard their motor boat, Arbutus.

Adolph Strohlein, son of J. A. Strohlein, was operated on in a Camden hospital Wednesday, for a growth in the nose, and returned home on Thursday.

Capt. H. M. Powers and family motored to Laurel Springs Sunday and spent the day with ex-Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, who has his summer home there.

While John Stratton was delivering a load of coal at the waterworks this morning the horse jumped and threw him out of the cart, fracturing his right collar bone.

Mrs. M. M. Reese, who has been suffering severely with inflammatory rheumatism, is much improved. Mrs. Reese is with her daughter, Mrs. Parker, at Point Pleasant.

Rev. P. A. Houghtaling has sold a new house on First avenue below Seventh street, and has started to build another at Harrison street and First avenue, which is also sold.

Mrs. Charles L. Flanagan entertained informally on Tuesday afternoon, at a porch party, the ladies from the Lawn House who have been playing cards at the Porch Club Tuesday mornings.

Mrs. James A. Barr, of Camden, who was operated on for appendicitis at the home of her father, John Holvick, three weeks ago, was operated on again Tuesday, and at the last report was doing nicely.

Dr. Alex. Marcy, Jr., has announced his final decision that he will not be the Democratic candidate for Senator from Burlington county, for personal reasons, which he says he may give out later.

On Wednesday E. C. Stoughton, Louis Corner, Sr., James Cunningham, William N. Mattis, James Lowden and William B. Lynch went to Barnegat on a fishing trip. They enjoyed a very pleasant trip and good fishing.

Louis Corner, Jr., B. M. Perkins, Odgen Mattis, Jr., Harry B. Davis, and Charles Walton and father, of Philadelphia, went to West Creek, near Tuckerton, on a fishing trip last Saturday, returing Sunday night with a good catch.

If the aggregation of colored people at the station to wait for the stage to take them to the "park" at Scheisstown, to the annoyance of patrons of the road and the townsfolk generally, is not discontinued, the Railroad Company will be called upon to make some arrests.

Mrs. A. R. Cavanna and daughters, Misses Charlotte and Augusta Helene Cavanna are at the Lafayette Hotel, Asbury Park, for several weeks; also Mrs. Frederick Paul Pfeiffer and daughter, Miss Dorothy, and Mrs. H. D. McClung are stopping at the Lafayette.

Mrs. George Carter and daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. E. B. Showell, went to Atlantic City, Tuesday, where they were joined by Mr. Carter, who has been to Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Carter and daughter will return to Riverton before leaving for their home at Costa Rica.

The capacity of the Cinnaminson Summer Home has been pretty well taxed this week, seventy guests, women and children, being entertained. On Wednesday Miss Elsie Biddle took them, a few at a time, on short automobile rides, covering a distance of 32 miles.

Miss Ethel Mattis gave a sailing party on the yacht Thetis, Thursday evening. Among the guests were: Misses Helen Appel, Bertha Joyce, Helen Thatcher, and Margaret McCall, of Chester; Messrs. Leroy Hinkle, Benjamin Hardy, Charles Voorhis, William Mattis and Clinton Gibbon.

Some idea of the enormous amount of business done at Dreer's Nurseries, Riverton, can be gathered from the fact that it requires 400,000 feet of lumber every year, for cases in which to ship the plants. This lumber is furnished by J. S. Collins & Son, and is shipped from the South in two large boats.

On Wednesday Capt. H. M. Powers and family, accompanied by Miss Gertrude Karins, went in his car from Riverton to Pennsgrove, and then to Wilmington, where they were guests of Capt. Wilson, ex-mayor of that city. Capt. Wilson took the party in his motor car to Brandywine Springs.

Mrs. Stone, a guest of Miss Helen Lippincott, intended giving a talk on Russian music, at the Porch Club this morning, but in consequence of the death of Mrs. Edward H. Ogden, it has been postponed until next Tuesday morning, the sixth. Miss Anna W. James will illustrate the music, vocal and instrumental.

The Riverton and Palmyra Water Company has been directed by the township committee of Cinnaminson Township to place three additional fire hydrants in East Riverton, the extensive building operations in that part of the township making more fire protection necessary. Eight new houses are now in course of construction.

Granite State Spring Water Ginger Ale Carbonate with Natural Gas

10c per Bottle

$1.10 per Dozen

AT
COMPTON'S

Phone 54-A



Novelties of the Season

Ivory Belt Pins 25c.
Ivory Belt Pins with Pearls 50c.
Link Stud and Cuff Buttons in colors to match 25c and 50c.
Pearl Studs with holder to keep soft collars from breaking in front.
All these you will find at

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

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

Wives sometimes object to life insurance. Widows never do. They know its value.
Get particulars free. No importunity.

Penn Mutual Life
Philad'a

Represented by
H. E. Moyer

Last week 412,400 flies were purchased by the Board of Health. This is an important service and the results of it can already be seen in the rapidly diminishing number of flies that infest the borough. The Board is short of funds to carry on the work, and an appeal for contributions is made in another column.

Contractor and Builder George W. Shaner has been making rapid progress this week in dismantling the old school buildings. It is said that he had eighteen men at work yesterday. The terms of the purchase were that he pay the school board $50, tear down the buildings, remove the lumber and debris. The stone in the retaining wall around the lot he purchased at 50c a ton. The lot will be graded and the cellars filled in by Robert Knight without cost, in exchange for the dirt, which he can use to fill in his property on Howard street. There has been some talk this week about getting out an injunction to stay proceedings, by some folks who felt that the school board did not have the authority to sell the buildings, but so far as we were able to learn up to the time of going to press, nothing came of it.

Arrivals at The Lawn House.

Hiram Davis, George Dunn, Miss Elizabeth Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cutler Fulles, Mrs. J. B. Herons, Miss Herons, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Herrman, Harold Herrman, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Sanborn, Miss B. M. Tomlinson, Walter Trambauer, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wolf, Miss C. Wilkinson, Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. S. Buist, of Moorestown.

Wants Officer at East Riverton.

Editor THE NEW ERA:

I read with interest the suggestion in your last issue that East Riverton have a constable of its own. I heartily agree with you. I believe we pay our full share of the taxes of the township, a part of which goes for police protection, while in this line we are getting absolutely nothing in return. But we want a good man, one who will do his duty fearlessly, without favor, when occasion demands. The election of such an officer in this neighborhood would certainly add much to our sense of security.

EAST RIVERTON.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9.45 a. m. Sunday School.
10.45 a. m., morning service.
8 p. m., evening service.

Ideal Womanliness.

True womanliness consists in women adapting themselves to the world's greatest need.

The New Premium Reduction Policy

of The Prudential provides for a first year's premium approximating the premium charged by participating companies. The second year's premium is reduced to a figure slightly lower than The Prudential's regular rate and stays the same until maturity of policy.



The Prudential

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN,
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Mrs. Edward H. Ogden.

The death of Mrs. Edward H. Ogden, who passed away at her summer home at Jamestown, R. I., Tuesday night, comes as a great shock to this community, and deprives Riverton of one of its oldest and most influential residents. From her youth Mrs. Ogden has been actively interested in philanthropic work, holding positions of trust and responsibility in many charitable organizations in Philadelphia. In her home town she has been identified with every forward movement, from the early days of the Sewing Society, to the gift of a home for the Riverton Free Library in memory of her husband, Edward H. Ogden. For a number of years she was president of the Porch Club, hospitably housing it in her billiard room until a home of its own became a necessity. She was always to be found with a ready sympathy and a helping hand in time of need, and we mourn a friend as well as a townswoman.

Mrs. Ogden was the daughter of Francis and Elizabeth Morris Perot, and had a justifiable pride in the sterling worth of her ancestors, many of whom left their impress on the activities of their times.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden have made a deep and lasting impression on this community. Their home was always a centre for hospitality and good fellowship, and it is with gratitude and affection that memory recalls the warm welcome and sympathetic interest in the life around them.

The funeral services were held at Friends' Meeting House, 15th and Race streets, Philadelphia, at 2 o'clock this afternoon, interment private.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.

Services for July 21st, seventh Sunday after Trinity:

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.15 a.m., Sunday School and Bible classes.

11 a. m., Holy Eucharist, sermon by the rector.

8.00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

Services during the week:

Tuesday, the Transfiguration of Christ, Holy Eucharist 7 a. m.

Wednesday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

Friday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

8 p. m., evensong and address by the rector.

The Rector invites questions at the Friday evening service on matters spiritual, biblical or ecclesiastical.

Caught With the Goods On.

Last night about 10.30 Marshall Quigley arrested Harry Gilbert, suspected of having robbed the residence of Stanley Groves, Jr., on July 19, and for whose capture Mr. Groves offered a reward of $250. The officer saw Gilbert wandering around on the extension with two other men, and overtook him on Eighth street, between Thomas avenue and Main street. When arrested Gilbert said he was looking for a place to sleep. The two fellows with him escaped and later in the night an attempt was made to break into the home of Louis A. Krauss, on Highland avenue, Palmyra, probably by the companions of Gilbert. They tore a window screen from a front window, but failed to get in. Then they tried a back window, but it had no sash weights, and when they had it part way up it fell with a crash that awakened Mr. Krauss, who frightened them off. Officer Baker was notified and hastened to the scene, but the would-be burglars had made their escape.

Gilbert was given a hearing before Recorder Coddington this morning and committed to the county jail for trial. Marshall Quigley took him to Mt. Holly this afternoon. Mr. Groves was present at the hearing, and identified some of the stolen articles.

Total Cost of Sewer Extension.

A special meeting of the borough council was held Wednesday night to settle up the financial end of the new sewer extension.

The total contract price of P. J. Byrnes and extras, was $2364.56. Of this Byrnes had received on account $1545.00 leaving a balance of $819.56. Out of this Byrnes owed the following bills:

J. S. Collins & Son	$623 73
Stewart & Peterson	160 00
O. H. Mattis	5 75

This leaves a net balance due Byrnes of $30.08.

A resolution was passed to pay Byrnes the balance due him, $819.56, on receipt of his release of liens, covering the above accounts.

The other expenses on the sewer are as follows:

J. S. Collins & Son, cement	$ 8 57
Louis Corner, re-construction	88 76
H. S. Haines, engineer	139 47
E. M. Perkins, inspector	237 00
Advertising, printing, etc.	90 20
	564 00
Bill of Byrnes	2364 56
Total cost of sewer	$2,928 56

TO THE PUBLIC OF RIVERTON

If Fly Crusade is to be Continued, Contributions are Essential.

Your local Board of Health realizing to what extent the common house fly is responsible for the spreading of diseases, and desiring to see Riverton in the advance column with those progressive communities now waging a war of extermination on this disease-breeding pest, we desire to state that our recent ordinance compelling horse owners to cover their manure pits, (where 90 per cent. of the house flies are germinated) has been universally complied with. In addition, your Board inaugurated the method of buying flies caught in Riverton and made an arrangement with S. J. Coddington to buy and destroy all flies brought to him by persons who would satisfy him they were caught in the Borough. We paid originally five cents per hundred, then three cents per hundred and finally made the price one and one-half cents per hundred (½ cent of this paid to Mr. Coddington as commission) and in our crusade we have bought and destroyed 1,944,327 flies to this date, July 31st, at a cost of $444.21 causing a deficit in our Treasury of $150.00. We must concede that it is a greater task than we first anticipated, but now that the matter has been exploited we are desirous of continuing to September 12th, 1912, in order to make the experiment conclusive. With this object in view, we ask all public spirited citizens, who have the health of the Borough at heart, to contribute as liberally as possible in order that this work may proceed.

Kindly send contributions to any of the undersigned.

ED. H. STOUGHTON, President,
CHAS. STREET MILLS, Secretary,
CHARLES A. WRIGHT, Treasurer,
(Signed) CHAS. STREET MILLS,
Secretary, Board of Health,
Riverton, N. J.

Riverton, N. J., July 31, 1912.

Keith's Theatre.

Simply no end of good things in the Vaudeville line at Keith's Theatre for the opening week in August, beginning with the 5th.

A grand Parisian sensation or a Terpischorean order leads the list of features. It is called "Le Ballet Classique," a magnificent production presented by Mlle. Albertina Rasen and a company of twenty, including Mons. Pernikon and Mlle. Lakroy and Murray. Every one of these artists has received the enviable advantages of long Continental training, and the act is put on in a most faultless as well as sumptuous manner.

Mme. Besson, the celebrated international actress, has not been seen here for a considerable period, but on previous occasions has made a positive hit. This time she will present a new play quite different from her former vehicles, a little drama of railroad life and character, in which Mme. Besson plays the part of the visitor at the home of an humble railroad man and wife who are indulging in a violent quarrel just as the stranger enters, asking for food. The play is called "Between Trains," and it is while waiting for a train after having lost a former one, that the dramatic developments in which the artiste takes such an important part, ensue. The play is by John Stokes, well known as the author of "A Regular Business Man," "Baby," and other successes. While there are touches of comedy and pathos in this story, it also "points a moral" most effectively.

While this entire show will be found pleasing to the children, there is one act that is booked especially for them—Karl Emmy's Pets—a whole stage full of trained dogs who do the funniest as well as the most skilful tricks imaginable. These little canine actors go through their work as if they thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, and certainly the audience does, more particularly perhaps the little folks, to whom it is an object lesson in patience and kindness.

Auction at Stone Harbor.

People living in this vicinity should read the big advertisement printed on the front page and arrange to visit the new seashore resort which is attracting so much attention—Stone Harbor. While only three and one-half years old as a community, it is said that Stone Harbor is the "lustiest youngster on the Atlantic Coast."

An auction sale of improved lots in the heart of Stone Harbor to take place on the property, starting this Saturday, August 3rd at 2:30 P. M., and continuing each day (except Sunday August 4) until Saturday, August 10.

The popularity of Stone Harbor, its ideal location high-class development, its frequent trains on both Reading and Pennsylvania railroads, all point to the extreme desirability of making a purchase at this time.

There will be no reservations of choice lots but all improved lots in Stone Harbor will be sold, first come first served.

That wonderful hydro-aeroplanist, Marshall Earl Reid, will make daily flights from Stone Harbor to Ocean City in the forenoon. Mr. Reid's spectacular evolutions, such as rising from the sea and racing with the fastest speed boats and automobiles along the coast, is the first event of its kind scheduled for the South Jersey Coast.

They Eat Much Meat.

The people of the south are large meat consumers, but small meat producers. Statistics show that southerners consume more meat per capita than any other section of the country. And no section of the country can compete with North Carolina "under forced draught" in raising meat, especially pork.—Frank P. Fogg in National Magazine.

FLIES

One cent for each one hundred dead flies will be given by S. J. Coddington to any person, child or adult. The only condition imposed is that the flies must be caught or killed within the limits of the Borough of Riverton. This offer to extend to September 15, 1912.

RECEIVED from 9 to 12 a. m.
from 2 to 5 p. m.

BOARD OF HEALTH
Riverton
Charles Street Mills, Sec'y

Laura Gets First Place.

The annual invitation race to the Beverly Yacht Club was sailed Saturday, but none of the visiting boats showed up.

Three classes of the home Club entered, however, making ten boats in all—four one-designers, four cruisers, and two cat boats, and the spectators enjoyed one of the prettiest races this season. A steady wind prevailed from the north-west throughout the race, sending the fleet over the nine-mile triangular course in an hour.

The one-designers got away first, with the Indian in the lead. Then came the cruisers, with the Tub first across the line. In the cat boats, the Sea Gull got a bad start, losing nearly a minute, but she easly made this up, winning over her rival, the Tom, by four minutes. The Tom, is a new cat boat in the Club this year, and her owner, Capt. Light, has every reason to be well pleased with her showing in today's race, for the Sea Gull, for years champion in her class during the time when she had many fleet rivals, is no mean competitor.

In the one-design class the Laura got back into her old winning streak, which seemed to have deserted her in the last two races, and won from her keenest rival, the Allegro, by just a minute.

In the cruisers, Commodore Reese's fleet Tekama came in first, covering the course in an hour and five seconds, but the first place went to the Tub on time allowance.

Summaries.

ONE-DESIGNERS—Start 2 55.

Boat and Owner	Fin.	Elap. T.
No. 1, A. G. Cook	3.54:30	0.59:30
No. 2, W. M. Jones	3.55:30	1.00:30
No. 7, Leinau & Watkins	3.58:00	1.03:00
No. 3, Biddle Bros.	3.58:15	1.03:15

CRUISERS—Start 3.00.

Tekama, J. H. Reese	4.00:05	1.00:05
Kid, Dr. J. M. Hill	4.05:00	1.05:00
Thetis, O. H. Mattis	4.06:00	1.06:00
Tub, J. F. Waddington	4.08:30	1.08:30

CATBOATS—Start 3.05.

Sea Gull, Lee Cook	4.19:00	1.14:00
Tom, R. A. Light	4.23:30	1.18:00

STRANGE COUNTRY IS OMAN

Something About the Sultanate at the Southeast End of the Arabian Peninsula.

One of the least known countries of the Arabian peninsula is the sultanate of Oman, which occupies the southeastern extremity. The country is largely mountainous. The area has not been exactly determined, as the western, or desert, border has never been fixed. The population, which ranges from 250,000 to 500,000 is distributed mostly along the seacoast and a few interior valleys that can be irrigated. There are no rivers, and the annual rainfall is not more than five inches. Wells are the only source of water. The Tropic of Cancer crosses the sultanate, and while the winters are pleasant the summers are long and extremely hot. Arabic is the language generally spoken, though in the ports many persons speak Persian, Baluchi and Hindustani, and every native merchant can conduct his business correspondence in either English or French. The sultan or any of his wallis, or governors, decides a case which may be brought before them without reference to any other case or to any law, except local customs and such precepts of the Koran as may be deemed applicable. Commercial law is unknown. Wages, formerly extremely low, have been increasing steadily, a condition said to be due not to any increase in the demand for labor, but to a deficiency in the supply caused by the dying out of the sedee, or negro, population since the importation of slave cargoes ceased. The prevailing daily wages, United States currency, in cents, are: Carpenters, 46; house servants, 17; cooks, 32; masons, 34; coolies, 24; messengers, 20, and women date packers, 37. Goats, sheep and burros, of poor and stunted types, owing to scanty forage, are raised; but the dromedaries which the tribes of the western border grow are said to be the best breed in the world. Horses are few, there being probably less than 500 in the whole country.

CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

BANKING SERVICE

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

THE
CINNAMINSON NATIONAL BANK
OF RIVERTON
THE BEST

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

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

Your account is cordially solicited.

DON'T THROW

away the opportunity to have your bin filled with high grade, well screened coal. It is a great satisfaction to know that you have your winter's supply safe in your house before cold weather comes, and now is the time to do it, before prices go up, by ordering from Evans's.

JOSEPH T. EVANS
RIVERTON

5-12-11



NO USELESS HEAT WITH A GAS RANGE

No woman wants an unnecessarily hot kitchen—especially this time of the year.

A coal range fire heats up the whole room and keeps it hot for a long time.

A gas range confines the heat to just where it is needed for the cooking.

When the meal is cooked, the turn of a valve stops the heat.

Gas ranges are reasonable in price and are sold on easy terms. Your neighbor has one. Why not you?

Public Service Gas Company

Watson's Local Express

Riverton and Palmyra to all parts of Philadelphia daily

MOVING A SPECIALTY

Orders can be left at 623 Main Street, Riverton; W. T. McAllister, Palmyra, and 251 Market Street, Philadelphia

Phones: Riverton, 328
Philadelphia, Market 255

JOHN B. WATSON

HOWARD PARRY

Real Estate and Insurance

RIVERTON, N. J.

Something Here You Want?

We have such an assortment of useful as well as interesting articles to solicit your attention we cannot name all, but as for anything in building materials you all know we have the goods. But you should see our line of

Poultry Food, Feeders and Fountains
Garden Tools of all descriptions
A Patent Ash Sifter that will save all that precious coal
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But don't let us send you one of those Simple Power Washing Machines for free trial unless you want a permanent fixture, for you won't be satisfied without it afterward
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Food for Babies
SICK OR WELL

should have careful attention. They cannot as a rule digest ordinary cow's milk which has not received special treatment.

BORDEN'S Malted Milk
IN THE SQUARE PACKAGE

will be found a satisfying, non-irritating, easily digested food; finely powdered, and ready for immediate use by the addition of water.

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Fine Shoemaker

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PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS COLLEGE
1017 Chestnut St., Phila.

The Knocker Abroad.

When you hear a man start to boost by saying: "I wouldn't knock anybody, but—" just make up your mind it ain't goin' to be no boost."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

INTERESTING NEWS BITS
in and around Palmyra

Powell Thatcher spent Sunday in Atlantic City.

Miss Hazel Windish is entertaining a friend from Reading.

Miss Margaret McCall, of Chester, is visiting Miss Bertha Joyce.

Mrs. Thomas Wells is entertaining three nieces from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frank Standen is visiting Mrs. Elmer B. Whitaker, at Red Bank.

A. R. Crammer and daughter, Miss Ethel, spent Sunday in New York.

Miss Edna Bonsall has returned home after spending a month in Europe.

Miss Edna Lloyd is visiting Miss Marion Green, at Mount Royal, N. J.

Miss Bessie Wood returned Monday from a camping trip in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Edward Hensell is entertaining her sister from Philadelphia this week.

Mrs. Plum and Miss Mame Plum are visiting William Plum at Mt. Ephriam.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Connor expect to go to Atlantic City Saturday for a week.

Mrs. William Weikman is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Blizzard, of South Amboy.

Mrs. Harry Kemmerle, Jr., is spending a month with her mother at Ocean City.

Miss Elizabeth Farr, of Philadelphia, spent Wednesday with Mrs. Eula Roach.

Mrs. Harry Kemmerle, Sr., and Miss Mary McGuire spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Robert Cameron, of Philadelphia, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. William McConnell.

Mrs. William Oppenlander is entertaining her grandson, Charles Hoffman and family.

Mrs. Warrington Darnell spent Monday and Tuesday in Mount Holly with relatives.

Miss Bertha Wallace is visiting her sister, Mrs. Edward Warwick, at Hartford, N. J.

Mrs. John B. Van Baun and Miss Anna expect to go to Atlantic City Saturday for two weeks.

Miss Bertha McGuire, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Harry Kemmerle.

Mrs. Frederick Blackburn entertained the Thursday Afternoon Euchre on Wednesday this week.

Misses Dorothy and Helen McConnell are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Samuel G. Cameron, of Philadelphia.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul S. Meinert went to Asbury Park Thursday morning, where they will spend two weeks.

Mrs. William Stager, who has diphtheria, is very much improved, under the care of Dr. Frederic C. Witte.

Miss Morrow, of Philadelphia, returned home Sunday after visiting her great-aunt, Mrs William H. Paunoe.

Misses Mabel and Jane Gladney have gone to Philadelphia to spend several weeks with their aunt, Miss Bessie MacIlroy.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Zelley and son, and Mrs. Blanchard Kimble, of Burlington, visited Mrs. B. T. Zelley Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Trout, Mr. and Mrs. James Richards returned home Monday after spending a week at Wildwood.

Mrs. Howard Powell went to Newark today to visit her aunt, and the latter part of next week will join Mr. Powell at Pittsburg.

Mrs. Douglas, who was operated on in Philadelphia for appendicitis, was brought to her home on Cinnaminson avenue Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, and Mr. and Mrs. John Riddagh, of West Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Roray.

At a meeting of Township Committee of Cinnaminson Township held on Monday, Harry J. Saar, of Palmyra, was appointed delinquent tax collector.

J. H. Abdill is circulating a petition for signatures requesting the P. R. R. to have the 3.56 train from Philadelphia stop at Palmyra. At present the first stop is Riverton.

A. H. Weikman will sail aboard the Cedric from New York, on August 8, to connect with the Olympic at Southampton, on which he will occupy the position of commodore barber, which he has held for twenty years on the White Star Line boats.

Township Committeeman H. Parker Hurff was taken to a private hospital in Philadelphia Thursday morning for an operation to relieve the stomach trouble with which he has been suffering. It is hoped that he will be strong enough to be operated on in a few days.

Miss Edna Hires was taken to the Hahnemann hospital Tuesday morning at 3 o'clock to be operated on for appendicitis. She was accompanied by Dr. Frederic C. Witte in Harry Davis' automobile. This morning it was learned that Miss Hires is doing well.

Those who attended the prayer meeting at the Methodist Church last Tuesday evening were pleasantly surprised. After the services were over the congregation was requested to go to the basement, where they were served with ice cream and cake by the Ushers, Association.

Anyone who does not want to receive this publication will have no trouble in discontinuing it if they notify the publisher that they don't want the paper any longer, but they should quit square. Don't continue taking the paper until pressed for payment and then say you "never ordered it." No publisher wants to force anyone to take his paper. At the same time he expects those who do take it to pay for it the same as they would pay any other debt.

The Burlington County Board of Taxation has finished its schedules of valuations of bank stock and has furnished figures to the assessor. The banks and the value of their stock for taxation are as follows: Assessable, National State Bank, Camden, $11.09 per share; Burlington County National Bank, Medford, $36.35; Farmers' National Bank, Allentown, $28.12; First National Bank Hightstown, $28.12; First National Bank, Trenton, $52.89; Belvidere National Bank, Belvidere, $24.50; Phillipsburg National Bank, Phillipsburg, $36.80.

Miss Rose Housman, of St. Peteraburg, Russia, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. S. Romm.

C. J. Hein, Rudolph Strickenbein and Gilbert Taylor spent Wednesday at Barnegat fishing.

Mrs. Joseph Goodwin is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Norton, and daughter, Rebecca, of Millville.

Misses Mattie and Minnie Romm returned Wednesday after spending their vaction in Readjng, Pa.

Miss Ruth Phillipy, of Carlisle, Pa., has been elected as one of teachers of the commercial course in the high school for next year.

The man with the Saving Bank Habit is the one who never gets laid off. It means sound sleep, good digestion, cool judgment and manly independence. The most healthful thing we know of is a Time Account with THE BURLINGTON COUNTY SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO., Moorestown, N. J. Three per cent. interest paid. Interest compounded semi-annually.

Plans for the construction of a tunnel under the Delaware river connecting the trolley system of Philadelphia with the cars covering Camden, Burlington and Gloucester counties, and their connections, have been made known by Transit Commissioner A. Merritt Taylor, of Philadelphia, who in announcing his view of such a project, declared that he would make a complete report of the subject with a year. It is estimated that the cost of the proposed tunnel would be $8,000,000.

It is with much satisfaction that the progressive people of Palmyra notice the gradual filling in of the gaps that were left in sidewalk construction when the town was first paved, several years ago. One of the most noted improvements in this line is the sidewalk which has been directed to be laid on the west side of Cinnaminson avenue. There is some complaint made about these improvements, just as there was years ago, when the first step was taken, but the best interests of the town at large, and the individual properties as well, are being served by these indications that residents of Palmyra desire to live well and comfortably.

A fishing party composed of members of the Baraca class went to Barnegat Wednesday morning. They left on the special train shortly after seven o'clock, some of them carrying the evidence of their expectations visibly in the shape of baskets, while others, not quite so confident, were satisfied with a piece of string concealed in their pockets. Among the party were: Rev. C. H. Williams, J. Otto Thilow, H. E. Brown, James Brown, John Curry, Charles Dietz, Ralph Gibbon, John M. Hughes, John Kern, William McConnell, A. H. Manolt, John Pratt, C. P. Padmore, George Seel, Dr. Frank Standen, R. A. Woolman. As it turned out the string was all that was required to bring home the catch, which averaged two fish apiece.

One Hundred Miles in 28 Hours.

J. Preston Sharp walked from Palmyra to Weymouth, N. J., and return, a distance of one hundred miles in twenty-eight hours. He started at 5 o'clock last Thursday morning, and upon his arrival there had to remain for two days on account of an inflamed knee. He returned home on Sunday night. While at Weymouth he visited a camp of boys composed of Mr. Sheridan, Walter Thacher, Lewis Sharp, Roy Hardy, George Spayd, Lewis Jones. The boys returned home Monday evening, after having spent ten days at camp.

Florence Team Will Hold Carnival.

Great preparations are being made by the R. D. Wood Athletic Association, of Florence, for their second annual carnival to be held at the ball park on the evenings of August 6th and 7th. The grounds will be brilliantly lighted with hundreds of colored incandescent and arc lights, and there will be a "Midway" fringed with numerous attractions, such as the "Filipino Wild Man," the Hitless Wonder," a minstrel show, and all the delights of a miniature county fair. Music will be furnished by a band of nineteen pieces, and ice cream, cake, and other refreshments will be ably served by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Association.

The baseball team of the Association has made an enviable record in the Delaware River League this season, and now leads by a comfortable margin, and the members of the Association are enthusiastic in its support. The Association, since its organization in October, 1911, has steadily grown, until it now numbers over 100, and has one of the finest athletic fields in the State.

Moravian Church Notes.

Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M. A., pastor.
9.30 a. m., Sunday School and pastor's Bible class.
10.30 a. m., service in charge of the Christian Endeavor Society, under the leadership of John Bauer.

Christ Church, Palmyra.

Rev. T. J. Beasley, rector.
Services at Christ Church, for next Sunday are as follows:
7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.
8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9.15 a. m., Sunday School.
10.30 a. m., Holy Communion and reception of members.
7 to 8 p. m., vesper service. Special music by the Epworth League. Sermon by the minister. Subject, "Insects with Wings."

Baptist Church Notes.

Bible School at 9.30, all are invited to attend the morning session for the study of God's word.

Worship and sermon at 10.45, subject; "Hardships Removed." Sermonette for the children.

Twilight service at 7 o'clock. William Cooper will be the speaker. Everybody invited.

Prayer meeting on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Come and enjoy the evening with us.

REV. CHARLES W. WILLIAMS,
Pastor.

Beat Up Sleeping Stranger; Jailed.

Last Tuesday Tom McSkea, after sampling several different brands of "tanglefoot," laid down in the woods on Broad street to sleep it off. Here he was found by Albert H. Smith, familiarly known as "Bert," who seemed to be on the warpath.

Anyway, Bert is said to have relieved him of what valuables he had about him, and given him a severe beating, probably for not being better lined. John Snell saw McShea lying on the ground covered with blood and notified Officer John P. Saar, who took the injured man to the lockup, and secured for him medical attention of the township physician, Dr. A. P. Lore. That done, he went in search of Smith, picking up Officer Grubb on the way. They saw their man making good time out Cinnaminson avenue, and by aid of an auto moving van, which they pressed the service, they soon overhauled him, put the handcuffs on him after a struggle in which the driver of the van assisted, and trundled him off to jail. In default of $500 bail Squires Hires committed him to the county jail to await the action of the Grand Jury, and Officer Grubb took him to the county seat Wednesday morning. McShea was committed for four days.

"He That Governeth Himself."

Officer Baker, who is an applicant for the vacancy caused by the death of James J. Tomes, had a chance to show the kind of stuff he is made of at the West End Ball Park last Saturday afternoon. He exercised a commendable degree of self-restraint under most trying and provoking circumstances, enduring for the time the insolence of a fellow-officer rather than to create a disturbance by asserting his unquestionable rights. A man who is of sufficient calibre to sacrifice his personal feelings temporarily rather than to bring the police force into disrepute, and create a disgraceful scene, even though he be in the right, is the proper kind of a man to represent a municipality of the high moral and ethical standards which characterize Palmyra. The police force represents the town in many phases of its relations with the outside world, and represents the municipal authorities in its relations to the local public in matters pertaining to the maintenence of peace and order. If Officer Baker is of the calibre indicated by his admirable self-control on Saturday, he will represent both the township committee and Palmyra at large with credit, should he be appointed to the office he seeks.

Field Club Again Victors.

The Field Club seems to have come back, as on Saturday they defeated their old rivals, the Riverside A. A., by the score of 7-6. Holt and Stewart, two southsiders, were on the mound and pitched good ball until the final rounds. Only one run had been scored off Stewart's delivery up to the eighth, and that was a home run driven by Harry Kemmerle in the sixth, but The Field Club got together in the eighth when Stack was hit by one of Stewart's slants, Herbie Kemmerle doubled, putting Stack on third; Harry Kemmerle scored Stack when Twing missed Morgan's perfect peg. Baker was hit in the leg, filling the bases; W. Gibbons sent one to Morgan that put him up in the air, and after attempting to throw to two or three bases didn't throw at all. G. Durgin singled, scoring Harry Kemmerle. Mathers then went in to pitch and Russell Holt pushed a long double to right, scoring Baker and Gibbons, giving the local five runs for the inning, and a total of six. This lead looked good with only one more inning to go, and three runs needed to tie. But Lenord, the first man up, was given a lift when Stack fumbled his grounder. The next two men were easy outs, but Rider was given a base on balls and Louie Overfelt slammed out a triple to centerfield, scoring Leonard and Rider, and coming in himself when R. Gibbons missed Stack's throw. This tied the score at six. In our half of the ninth Stack singled. Herbie Kemmerle faced him at second and Harry Kemmerle flied out to centre. Len. Baker then picked out one to his liking and put it over the right field fence, which scored Kemmerle with the winning run. Len. Baker only gets credit for a triple, as there was only one run needed to win, and as Herbie Kemmerle was on first, it only needed a triple to score him, but we will remember how Len. lost the ball, and ask him to do it some more.

This Saturday we go to Beverly and will have to go some, as they are now managed by Frank Poth, and as he don't care for expense he always has the best on tap; so a good game should result, and as last place is at stake a battle royal should take place. Come up with us, kind rooters, and help us once more with your rooting, as that is what helps.

Squibs.

We are now out of last place, thanks to Taubel defeating Beverly.

Florence is still forging ahead, and from looks of things will cop the pennant.

On Saturday, August 10th, we play Florence on our own grounds, so remember the date.

With one run needed Manager Baker showed his class.

Rus. Gibbons had an off day on third, but players of his class don't fall off very often.

Ask W. Gibbons about his near triple play—only missing by a foot.

Herbie Kemmerle spoiled a Texas leaguer by a one-hand catch.

Baker, Stack and Durgin each had two hits.

Louie Overfelt had four hits out of five trips to the plate. Some clubbing!

Stewart bit four men in the ribs. Some wild.

Don't forget our next two games—Saturday, August 3, at Beverly; Saturday, August 10th, on the West End grounds with Florence.

ROOTER.

Primitive Race.

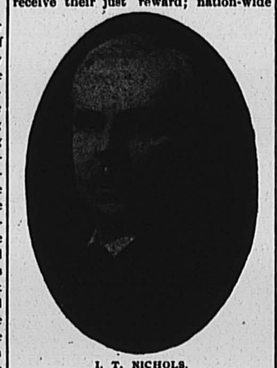
In the more inaccessible parts of the Sierra Madre mountains in northern Mexico live a curious people called the Tarahuamaris. Many of them dwell in caves, but they have also small villages, all of them about 8,000 feet above sea level. The Tarahuamaris are small in body, but possessed of much endurance. Their only food is maise, and they manufacture a drink called teshuin from the same cereal. Their language is limited to about 300 words, and they cannot count beyond ten.

To the Republicans of the Second New Jersey Congressional District.

Bridgeton, N. J., July 23, 1912.

Early in January last announcement was made that the writer would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of Member of the House of Representatives of the United States for the Second Congressional District, and that later on declaration would be made as to the platform on which his candidacy would be submitted to the people who under the new act for the nomination of Congressional candidates will have the final say. Having this day filed the petition required by thest atutes of New Jersey in the office of the Secretary of the State, at Trenton, the following is submitted as the platform on which the undersigned will stand:

One cent postage for the people; establishment of the Parcels Post with further improvement of the Rural Free Delivery and other mail service; Constitutional amendment limiting the Presidential term to six years with ineligibility; liberal appropriations for public improvements, rivers and harbors, and especially for the Atlantic City Inlet; revision of the tariff on protective lines to the end that manufacturer and laborer alike shall receive their just reward; nation-wide



I. T. NICHOLS.

Presidential primaries on a uniform date; further legislation for the relief of the veterans of the great Civil War, and their widows; reduction of the cost of food if it can be done by legislative act; legislation for the promotion of agriculture and benefit of the farmer; enactment of laws which shall defend and protect workingmen in their human rights—shorten the hours of labor—and increase their wages; opposition to special privilege; maintenance of the cardinal principles of the Federal Constitution as laid down by the fathers of the republic in the preservation of that splendid system of government of checks and balances which for a hundred and thirty-six years has been the admiration of civilization, with additional amendment of the Constitution by the usual course of procedure as shall preserve the integrity of the Courts, but prohibit by penalty the perversion of the legislative intent.

My desire is, if nominated and elected, to support by voice and vote every measure having for its object the public good, opposing just as vigorously all that is bad. During a somewhat extended experience in the New Jersey Legislature there is no act of mine on record which can in any sense be construed as other than representative of the people's cause. The rule of my legislative life has been and will continue to be that of the servant—and not the master. When it required courage to be a progressive, it will be remembered that I. T. Nichols stood for every reform movement. How numerous the list of those who were comatose then who seek the limelight now when the battle is practically won.

Gentlemen of the Second Congressional District, the primary occurs two months from today, September 24th. Please remember that it is not always what a candidate may promise when anxious for votes. The proper test is as to his record when in power. That record was his testing time. On that record the writer will stand, as later on, Providence permitting, it will be our privilege to appear on the stump.

I. T. NICHOLS.

Paid for by Arthur S. Craig, under provisions of act of the Legislature, approved April 20th, 1911.

Will Sue for $5,000.

While Charles J. Hein and a party of friends were returning from a trip to Barnegat Wednesday night, they sought to pass the time by a game of cards. They asked the conductor on the train for a board, which he produced for twenty cents. After they had played awhile the conductor is said to have purchased the outfit, board and cards for fifty cents, which, however, he failed to pay. While contending for his half dollar after the train had stopped at Palmyra, Hein was arrested as disorderly by order of the station agent, Morris Sapovits, and placed in the lockup. In the scuffle Hein was bruised on the right hand. On the order of Squire Hires he was released from jail. It is understood that the Railroad Company will not press the charge made by the agent. Mr. Hein, however, has announced his intention to sue the company for $5,000, and has retained D. Clarence Gibboney, of Philadelphia, as counsel.

Children's Home Society Needs Money.

The unprecedented demands which have been made upon The New Jersey Children's Home Society in its work for the homeless children of New Jersey have left the organization without necessary funds to meet its summer obligations.

It receives under its care homeless children from every part of the State regardless of age or nationality. It has received under the care of its placing out department 1828 children, over 900 of whom are at present time with private families.

It maintains in Trenton a Receiving Home for their temporary care until suitable family homes can be secured.

It maintains an Aid Department which dealt with cases concerning over 1400 children last year.

It has no State aid and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

If the Society is to respond to these urgent appeals for help, it must have money and that immediately. Make check payable to the New Jersey Children's Home Society and mail to H. Arthur Smith, treasurer, Trenton Trust & Safe Deposit Co., Trenton, N. J.

Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

One of the most interesting and the most valuable of the summer activities among the poor children in the cities is the Daily Vacation Bible Schools movement. There are fifty-four of these schools in Philadelphia. Camden started her first one this year in the First Baptist Church, 4th street below Market.

In these schools each day a Bible story is told, in a way to make it appeal to children. Sometimes pictures are used. The universal principles of honesty, love, peace, service, and unselfishness are emphasized and all sectarian doctrine is omitted. Beautiful hymns, and carefully chosen songs are taught. In the manual hour, the boys make hammocks and baskets; the girls sew and weave. The kindergarten is a large and delightful part of each school. School closes with flag drill and children's benediction.

These schools are held in churches, parish houses, missions and tents. The teaching staff is composed chiefly of college students, and there are seventeen Swarthmore students on the teaching staff this year. Many of them are from this vicinity.

Therese D. Spackman, of Riverton, is principal of the school at St. Peters', Front and Pine streets, Philadelphia; Louisa A. Harvey, of Moorestown, is principal of Swarthmore school No. 2 at 8th and Dickinson streets; Ruth C. Sharp, of Riverton, is music teacher at the Camden school; Elizabeth Morton, of Palmyra, is music teacher at Swarthmore school No. 1, 6th and Catherine streets; Marie Bender, of Camden, is music teacher at 8th and Dickinson streets; Mildred Page, of Merchantville, taught in this school last year; Rebecca Osler, of Pensauken, is musical director of the fifty-four Philadelphia schools.

All of these schools are supported by voluntary contributions. This is perhaps the largest non-sectarian movement of this kind. All denominations work together. Do you want a share in this splendid work? One dollar makes one child happy for the summer. Send contributions, however small, to Rebecca T. Osler, Pensauken, N. J.

Remonstrance.

The stray bits of conversation one cannot help overhearing in public places sometimes are deliciously funny:

A conductor said, in tones of great severity, to a passenger who was making considerable disturbance on the car:

"Here, here, sir! Remember you are on a public vehicle and you must behave as such."

How to Succeed.

If you want to succeed in this world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him on dry land will find that the seventh wave is a long time a-coming. You can commit no greater folly than to sit by the roadside until someone comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth and influence.—John B. Gough.

Knew His Business.

Lady (to shoe clerk)—I should like to get a pair of shoes. Clerk—Yes, ma'am. What size? Lady—Size three. Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Just let me measure your foot. Lady—But I told you the size. Clerk—Yes, ma'am; but we have three sizes in three—size three for a size three foot, size three for a size four foot, and size three for a size five foot.—Judge.

About the House.

In case of a sudden leak, when it is difficult to get a plumber quickly, turn off the water and mix some common yellow soap and whiting with just enough water to make a thick paste. It will be found to do temporarily as well as solder, provided you turn the water on again rather slowly, as a sudden rush might force it out.

Classical Music.

"What is your idea of classical music?" "Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I don't profess to know much about it. But it always seems to me that when a man writes classical music he simply takes a tune and sees how much he can muss it up."

The Value of Good Manners.

Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value; but it will never be worn, nor shine if it is not polished.

Hens in Disgrace.

One Sunday morning a minister's wife saw her son chasing the hens with a stick. She went to the door to investigate, and heard him say: "I'll teach you to lay eggs in a preacher's family on Sunday morning."—Delineator.

In Benjamin Franklin's Time.

When Benjamin Franklin was postmaster at Philadelphia, an answer by mail from Boston, when all went well, required not less than three weeks. This was in 1737.—Magazine of American History.

Unknown Regions.

In happiness there are far more regions unknown than there are in misfortune. The voice of misfortune is ever the same; happiness becomes the more silent as it penetrates deeper.—Maeterlinck.

The Worst of It.

"My wife always tears her hair when I come home late." "Which makes you feel mean, eh?" "Yes; and which also makes it necessary for me to buy more hair."—Boston Record.

Life's Realities.

Women must wonder occasionally that they don't meet any men like the hero in a fashionable novel. And that can also be played the other way across.

Metals as Fertilizers.

Certain experiments are being made at present which, though not yet completed, tend to show that certain metals exercise a favorable influence on vegetation.

Classified Advertising

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this heading for one cent a word, each insertion payable strictly in advance. Minimum charge 25c.

BOARD

TWO gentlemen may be accommodated with room and board. Moderate price. Address P. O. Box 318, Palmyra, N. J.

FOR SALE

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

KINDLING wood for sale. 75 cents a load. Hauling extra. Apply G. W. Shaner. 7-26-2

1906 PACKARD Touring Car. First-class condition, fully equipped, including clock speedometer, Prest-o-lite, demountable rims; one extra rim and brand new shoe—$1000. J. L. Lippincott, Riverton, N. J.

Where Quality ..Counts..

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

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

☛ Special attention given to all kinds of Repairing.

W. L. BERRY
—22—
South Second Street
Philadelphia

P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect June 21, 1912.

Phila. for Riverton.	Arrive at Palmyra	Arrive at Riverton.	Riverton for Phila.	Palmyra for Phila.	Arrive at Phila.
A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
5 10	5 38	5 41	5 50	5 52	6 19
6 12	6 41	6 43	6 41	6 44	7 15
7 12	7 39	7 42	7 22	7 24	7 47
7 44	8 05	8 08	7 44	7 46	8 15
9 00		9 23	8 14	8 17	8 39
9 40	10 01	10 03	8 45	8 48	9 15
10 35	11 01	11 04	9 14	.....	9 39
			10 34	10 37	11 00
			11 16	11 19	11 45
P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
12 00	12 22	12 25	12 22	12 25	12 50
12 40	1 08	1 10	1 30	1 33	2 00
1 20	1 50	1 52	2 30	2 33	3 00
*2 00	2 28	2 31	3 08	3 11	3 39
2 30	2 53	2 56	3 38		4 03
3 20	3 49	3 52	3 55	3 58	4 19
3 56	.....	4 17	*4 25	4 27	4 55
4 28	4 51	4 54	5 16	5 19	5 43
5 00	5 27	5 30	5 29	5 33	6 03
5 20	5 44	5 47	6 13	6 16	6 40
5 40	6 08	6 11	7 17	7 19	7 45
6 00	6 26	6 28	8 15	8 18	8 45
6 32	7 00	7 03	8 30	8 33	8 55
7 20	7 44	7 47	9 45	9 48	10 15
9 20	9 47	9 49	10 45	10 48	11 15
10 50	11 16	11 19	12 16	12 19	12 45
11 50	12 15	12 18			

SUNDAYS

A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
7 55	8 21	8 24	8 23	8 26	8 55
9 00	9 27	9 30	11 18	11 21	11 45
10 10	10 37	10 40	P M	P M	P M
P M	P M	P M	12 46	12 49	1 15
12 30	12 57	1 00	2 57	3 00	3 25
1 30	1 59	2 02	4 55	4 58	5 30
4 00	4 23	4 26	6 20	6 28	6 55
5 10	5 37	5 40	7 09	7 10	7 40
6 20	6 46	6 48	7 52	7 55	8 20
7 20	7 45	7 48	9 14	9 17	9 45
9 20	9 47	9 50	10 10	10 13	10 45
10 00	10 30	10 33	11 00	11 03	11 35

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The Diamond Cipher

A Baseball Romance

By W. A. PHELON

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SYNOPSIS.

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

CHAPTER II—Brockett, Chula Lon Kan, a Siamese, Ramon Solano, a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters practice baseball playing until dark. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER III—As outcome of Brockett's cipher, the ball player and Solano are engaged by government for mysterious mission. Yasimoto, mysterious Jap, calls on Brockett.

CHAPTER IV—Brockett falls into Yasimoto's trap; a fight 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—Yasimoto returns to headquarters and reports his failure to obtain the cipher to Baron Zollern; Miss Lawson, 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—Brockett and Solano arrive in Jersey City; make appointment to meet McGinnity, the "Iron Man," baseball manager.

CHAPTER IX—Brockett and Solano arrive in New York and run into a Chinese Tong war; rescued by a white man.

CHAPTER X—The place of refuge found to be a trap; find themselves prisoners of Yasimoto. Kelly to rescue, mulches Jap out of $10,000.

CHAPTER XI—Kelly turns the money over to Brockett.

CHAPTER XII—Brockett and Solano have encounter with tough gang, but are protected by Kelly's men.

CHAPTER XIII—On sleeper Cleveland-bound; the Baron detected in act of rifling Solano's berth, jumps from train.

CHAPTER XIV—At Detroit the messengers go to ball game, receive hieroglyphs in mysterious manner and depart for Chicago.

CHAPTER XV—Arriving in Chicago, the messengers are robbed by a "ransom thief;" the baron again appears.

CHAPTER XVI—The Baron offers to assist in recovering the stolen papers.

CHAPTER XVII—The Messengers find the stolen papers in the possession of a giant negro.

CHAPTER XVIII—After a fierce battle with negroes Brockett and Solano wake up in jail.

CHAPTER XIX—The Messengers and police visit the Tenderloin in search of the stolen property.

CHAPTER XX—The thief is found in a "hop joint," a fight follows, and part of the "booty" is recovered.

CHAPTER XXI—Mysteriously receiving another hieroglyphic message, the messengers board a train for the West and are later arrested by bogus Arkansas sheriff.

CHAPTER XXII—Brockett and Solano knock the sheriff and his deputies down and his deputies down and take to the woods.

CHAPTER XXIII—The genuine sheriff arrests Baron Zollern, and the boys resume their journey.

CHAPTER XXIV—The Messengers arrive on the Rio Grande and play ball with the troopers.

bail

CHAPTER XXV.

It doesn't take long for a crowd of husky athletes to traverse the distance between the home plate and centerfield. As Brockett disappeared behind the mesquite, half a dozen ball players, with a yell of surprise and rage, dashed across the diamond. It was less than half a minute before they reached the point where the lassoed youngster had last been visible, but all that they found was Brockett himself, still mixed up with the coils of a lariat, his shirt half-torn off, the waistband of his trousers ripped, and his pockets inside out. His assailants, whoever they might have been, had vanished into the chaparral, and the crackling of the underbrush gave evidence that they were rapidly widening the distance between themselves and the avenging cavalry.

"What was it?" "Who roped you?" "Are you hurt?" the players chorused, as they picked up the rumpled but uninjured centerfielder. Brockett, freed from the tangling rope, shook himself, made an effort to readjust his torn clothing, and then sat down on the grass, rocking with laughter.

"I'm not hurt," he explained, between spasms of merriment, "but I think somebody's feelings will be injured. Somebody is going to be badly stung."



THE SPIDER! LOOK OUT FOR THE TARANTULA, BOY—LOOK OUT FOR THE SPIDER!

"Your belt is gone!" cried Solano.

"Yes. That's the best part of it," gurgled Brockett. "Half an hour before the game, not wishing to be too heavily weighted, I took my money, my packets of letters—everything of any value or any weight—and placed them in the safe at headquarters. The captain of Company F fixed it all up for me. That took two or three pounds and a lot of bulk off my waist, and gave me a chance to work more freely. Whoever lassoed me wanted that belt. They jerked me in among these bushes, flung me on my face, and went through me in less than five seconds' time. And they got the belt, they got the belt, and ran away with it!" Brockett again collapsed with laughter.

"Didn't you see them at all, my boy?" questioned the chaplain.

"No, sir," Brockett replied. "They jerked me in here so fast I had no chance to turn, and then laid me face downward, so that I couldn't see them. They didn't even speak, but robbed me and were gone before I could even roll over and look after them. It was finely done—just the way the wild west melodramas used to have the Mexican villain lasso the heroic cowboy."

"Didn't they get anything besides the belt?" asked Solano.

"Yes, they did." And again Brockett was convulsed. "They got a nice set of nonsensical messages and faked ciphers that I put in four hours constructing on the train. I hope they get rich with their plunder."

An old trooper, a veteran of the plains, had pushed a short distance into the chaparral while this conversation was going on.

"There was three of 'em, sir," he reported to the captain of Company C. "Two was Mexicans, one a cheap fellow that didn't amount to much, and the other a vaquero, with new, high-heeled shoes, and a new black velveteen jacket. His arm caught on some thorns, sir, and here's a bit of the goods. The third one was a little man—at least, his feet were very small—and he wore regular city shoes. That's all the trail tells, sir. I suppose they had horses the other side of this brush, and are a long ways from here by now."



SOMETHING SWISHED THROUGH THE AIR AND SETTLED ROUND HIS SHOULDERS.

Six troopers rode out, beating the chaparral, but with little hope of overtaking the lasso-throwers. The triumphant common citizens and the defeated cavalry returned to camp, exchanging much persiflage, and mapping out the preliminaries for the third game of the series. Brockett and Solano, assigned to a comfortable tent, started a debate as to the identity of their latest adversary.

"The fact that he was a small man, leaving a small track," said Solano, "seems to indicate that our Japanese friend swam out of the North river. Doesn't it look that way?"

"It surely does," assented Brockett. "Still, the German baron may have a few small men as his confederates. That would be possible, wouldn't it?"

"The baron is still locked up at Little Rock," objected Solano. "He would have considerable difficulty in directing any operations from the cell where we last saw him. I can't see anyone in this but the gentle Jap. Can you?"

"It appears to be some of his playful doings," said Brockett. "He has kept himself well under cover, though. The officers—who keep their eyes and ears open—all tell me that no Japanese gentlemen have been seen in this vicinity."

Solano smiled, significantly. "That may be—but did it ever occur to you that the average Chinaman looks very much like the average Japanese? And there are quite a few Chinamen along the river, so I'm told."

The boys looked out of the tent and gazed upon the dreary panorama of brush, rock, sand and turbid river. Then, smitten with the pangs of excellent appetites and remembering an invitation to the eating-place of the war correspondents, they stepped over the threshold. A Mexican—poorly clad, miserable of appearance, intercepted them.

"I beg pardon, senores."

"Tell it in Spanish, if you can't in English," said Solano, amiably. The Mexican at once started a brief, but energetic oration in the Castilian tongue, and wound it up by pressing a soiled piece of cardboard into Solano's hand.

"He says," interpreted Solano, "that he was a poor peon, very much in debt; that he had saved a little money, and took a gambling chance today by staking it on the ball game. Says he got five to one for his money. He says that the catch you made saved him; that he can now not only pay off his debt, but that he will be quite a rich man, for Mexico. Just to express his gratitude he also says that his brother, Juan Torrejon, is a very noted bad man on the Mexican side of the river, and that if we should ever encounter Mr. Torrejon the card he has just handed me will recommend us quite highly to his good graces. Very civilized of the gentleman, isn't it?"

"You can never tell. That card may be more than useful yet. Let's hurry along to supper."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Colonel Lewis, under whose command both the Fourth and Sixth cavalry were temporarily guarding the border, was a soldier of the old school, white of mustache and hair, erect and stately despite his sixty years and more, and possessed of but one great grievance in life—that wars did not happen often enough to really keep him busy. As a boy he had blown a bugle when the very regiments he now commanded swept into the fight at the battles of the Shenandoah Valley. The war over, he had been sent to West Point to put the finishing polish upon an education acquired in actual campaigning. Graduating in 1869, he had fought Sioux, Cheyennes, Comanches and Apaches; he battled in twenty states, and received five wounds in action. In 1898 he served conspicuously at San Juan Hill; then, transferred to the Philippines, he won honors and promotions in Luson and Samar. The old gentleman was now commanding two whole regiments and two batteries of light artillery—the largest force ever assembled under his personal direction. Counting in the stormy days of his bugling boyhood, Colonel Lewis must have taken part in 200 fights, and yet he was unsatisfied.

"Confound it all," he growled to his young aides, "there was a Roman once—I forget his name, but I read about him at the Point—who took part in one thousand battles, and personally killed one thousand barbarians. That fellow had some enjoyment out of his life. In his time, there was fighting to be done, real fighting, coming to you all the time, and you didn't have to sit around doing nothing or watching a yellow old river for fear somebody might declare himself in on some graft that the other fellow had barely overlooked. Those were the happy days, young men, those were the happy days!"

The colonel, having just returned from San Antonio to the cavalry camp below El Paso, was in a grumpy mood, somewhat augmented by memories of the times when he had fought three battles with the Lipan Indians not fifty miles from his present location.

"There's one thing," he grumbled, "that I deeply regret about those fights with the Lipans. I killed too many of 'em, and scared the rest away. If I had gone a little slow about it, and not played hog, they might have lasted till the present time, and I might go right out this morning and chase them over the river. Well, Conroy, what do you want?"

The old trooper saluted. "Couple of young fellows to see you, colonel. They've been here two days waiting for you, sir. Blamed good ball players, too, both of 'em."

"What the blazes do I care about their ball playing? Tell 'em to come in, and show their excuse for living!"

Brockett and Solano, two handsome, athletic youngsters, somewhat frayed as to dress, saluted the old warhorse with becoming gravity. Brockett drew from his clothing a flat package, and handed it to the colonel, who received it with a quizzical smile.

"Never mind any explanations," said the old soldier. "I have been given a little advance explanations concerning you. You are the secret service messengers who were to bring me certain orders and instructions in a cipher that no foreign spy could translate without the aid of a chisel. If you got through and brought me the papers safely, I was to learn the confounded cipher, and adopt it for future correspondence. If you didn't get through I was to report the fact with deep regrets. Correct, isn't it?"

"Yes, colonel."

"Have much trouble getting here?"

"A trifle, colonel."

The old fellow chuckled. "A trifle, eh? I'll bet it was more than a trifle. Good game boys, both of you. This package contains orders that may mean a lot to our general foreign policy, and at least two governments that I could mention would give a good deal to get the key. Tell me about your trip, and what they tried to do to you."



HE PRESSED A SOILED PIECE OF CARDBOARD INTO SOLANO'S HAND.

The boys, thus encouraged, told the veteran the full details of their journeys, while the old man alternately laughed and stormed. When the recital was finished, Colonel Lewis shook hands with them heartily, and the youngsters knew that the grim old hero was their friend for life.

"I'll have to devote my attention to this cipher code of yours for the next two hours," said the colonel. "You boys will mess with me today, I hope?"

"We must be on our way as quickly as possible," Brockett negatived. "There is still some margin in our time-limit, but we would like to round up everything as rapidly as possible. After delivering these papers to you, our orders take us to Rancho Nogal, on the other side of the Rio Grande."

"Rancho Nogal, eh?" And the colonel's eyebrows were raised in surprise and interrogation. "Message to Gomez Esteral, I suppose?"

"Yes, colonel."

"You know who Gomez Esteral may be, of course?"

"No, sir. We didn't find out anything about him. All we know is that we are to deliver him a message, and that was all we cared to know."

The colonel beamed with appreciation.

"You boys will make good soldiers yet. The first essential of a good soldier is to obey orders without asking questions, and that, I see, you have already learned to do. Under the circumstances I think I will give you a little information concerning Gomez Esteral—it may help you to realize the importance of your final mission."

The boys sat down and hitched their chairs near to the colonel, who spoke in a low, impressive tone, while his young hearers fairly gasped at the revelations that were now unfolded to their attentive ears.

"Gomez Esteral," said Colonel Lewis, "is probably the brainiest and most ambitious man between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. His plans are boundless, his talents those of a Napoleon. When Diaz was overthrown, only a few months ago, Gomez Esteral hoped to gain a high place in the new government of Mexico—a position that would serve as a stepping-stone to his ambitions. Disappointed in this, he has been raising men for a new revolution, and the fighting which has already taken place between his men and the government forces has furnished the excuse for the cavalry's being stationed on the river, exactly as was the case when the insurrection against Porfirio Dias broke out.



"YOU BOYS WILL MAKE GOOD SOLDIERS YET."

"If Gomez Esteral and the Mexican government were simply fighting out their troubles to a finish, there would be no special activity, either on the part of the United States or of any foreign powers. You probably thought it a little singular, didn't you, that there should be such marked interest shown in your messages and cipher code? Of course you did. If it had been merely a case of guarding a frontier, or maintaining an even break between the Mexican factions, neither Germany nor Japan would have cared a hoot in Halifax about you or the documents with which you had been entrusted."

"It does look that way, colonel," assented the wondering Solano.

"It so happens, however," resumed the colonel, "that the situation is one of far greater importance than a mere frontier campaign of idleness and scheming. Gomez Esteral has much greater ambitions than even the presidency of Mexico. He has for years been planning, plotting, working a net of fine wires all the way from Sonora to Chile, and his plans are nearly ripe. Some plans, too, believe me, lads."

"What are the gentleman's ambitions?" questioned the eager-faced Brockett. "Does he wish to be an emperor?"

"Perhaps," smiled the colonel, "but that would be merely an incidental. Gomez Esteral plans a confederation of all the Latin-American nations, with a united front and a central government—himself, of course, to be the head—and that united confederation is to offer its tremendous strength to the highest bidder, whether that bidder be Japan or Germany, for an alliance against the United States and the conquest of the nation!"

(To Be Continued.)

Cook's Accidental Discovery.

One of the best ways of cooking potatoes was accidentally discovered through the unpunctuality of a train. When the line from Paris to St. Germain was opened the first train carried an official party for whom lunch was ordered.

The meal was fixed for noon, and shortly before that hour the potatoes were put on to fry, A few minutes afterward a message came that the train would probably be delayed for an hour, so the potatoes were taken off the fire, but left in the pan. Then came a second message. "Train just arriving," and the potatoes were hurriedly put back to fry again.

When the party sat down to lunch the potatoes were brought on with the steak. Each chip was then found to be blown out like a small, crisp, golden balloon, to the delight of the guests. The cook, without knowing it, had invented pommes de terre soufflees.

Care of the Eyes.

One of the most important things to consider in connection with caring for the eyes is the bath, and this should preferably be of rain or distilled water. A pinch of salt, well dissolved, adds value to an eye bath, and a most soothing wash, which is administered in a little eye-cup that fits over the open eye, is made by dissolving a level teaspoonful of pure boric acid in a quart of filtered or distilled water.

Boric acid must be dissolved in boiling water, and then added to the rest in a quart bottle. Although everybody knows that one eye may often have an ailment not shared by the other, few remember to refrain from using the same cup for both eyes without washing it after the first has been bathed.—Harper's Bazar.

Sense of Smell.

The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time it will not be appreciably diminished in weight.

A cubic inch of air arising from the flame of a Bunsen burner has been found to contain no fewer than four hundred and eighty-nine million dust particles.

A drop of blood that might be suspended from the point of a needle contains about a million of red corpuscles.

Yet, although matter is so marvelously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensitive. Much yet remains to be investigated with reference to these nerves which discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy.—Harper's Weekly.

Chess, and the Game of Life.

An Indian philosopher thus describes chess: "It is a representative contest, a bloodless combat, an image not only of actual military operation, but of that greater warfare, which every son of the earth, from the cradle to the grave, is continually waging—the battle of life." One sees clearly that, even going back to its birth, the parallelism between chess and men exists, for does anybody know just when, where and how the first man appeared on earth? Also, is it not a fact that man's attributes and nature have re-

RECORDED QUEER BET

LOSER PAID GUINEA A DAY FOR THREE YEARS.

Made Wager with Clergyman Based on Expectation of Napoleon's Death and Finally Was Released From It by a Jury.

"One of the most curious bets I ever heard of was made in England a hundred years ago," said Angus McGregor, an attorney of Edinburgh, Scotland, at the Belvedere.

"The wager was between a knight, who was also a member of parliament, and a clergyman, for in that day it was not considered scandalous for dominies to put up their money on sporting propositions. It is but fair to the preacher, however, to say that the other man did the bantering, and this was the knight's singular offer: That if anyone of a crowd present would put up 100 guineas (something over $500) he would give to such person one guinea a day during the remainder of the lifetime of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"In making such an extraordinary offer he evidently thought the great Corsican had but a few days to live. Before the others in the company could recover from the shock of the strange proposal, the clergyman shouted out that he would accept the terms and then and there the wager or deal was consummated, there being witnesses to the act of the minister in putting 100 guineas into the challenger's hands.

"A splendid bet it was for the reverend gentleman, but a miserably poor one for the other, who had to surrender a guinea every day and this he continued to do for the better part of three years. Along toward the close of 1814 the knight wearied of his losing game. As you American say, he began to have cold feet. At first he tried to beg off, but the parson would not listen to his entreaties. A bet was a bet he contended, and the fact that he was ahead to the tune of some 900 guineas made him not in the least compassionate. Boney might live a good while longer and that daily revenue was very sweet.

"As a last resort the knight refused to pay any longer, and the parson brought suit before a judge. Eloquent and learned counsel spoke on both sides, but it must have been that the advocate for the defendant knight produced the most convincing argument in telling the jury why his client should not be made to pay any longer.

"In the first place," said the lawyer, his client had not in the beginning made the bet seriously; it was a sort of jocular proposal, but once being made the proponent was too game to back out. Secondly, it was contrary to public policy to give legal sanction to such a bet. Napoleon was Britain's most dreaded foe and for a British subject to have a procuring interest in prolonging the enemy's life was a horrid and untenable thought. The jury took the same view and freed the knight from further payments."—Baltimore American.

Young Financier.

It appears that there is more or less humbug about the traditional slowness of the messenger, the fabulous laziness of the office boy—and all that sort of stuff. At any rate, there is a young fellow in Cleveland who may be said to be abreast of the age in which he lives. He works in a downtown office building, but he has a rapidly growing account in a savings bank.

The other day our young hero went to his bank to make a deposit of 50 cents. The teller, with more than his customary haughtiness, informed the boy that the bank would not receive deposits of less than $1. The kid didn't waste any time arguing about it. He walked over to the desk, wrote a check for $1 and presented it at the paying teller's window. It was honored, of course. Then the little financier said:

"I wish to deposit $1.50."

And that deposit was accepted. And the teller ground his teeth.

Haec fabula docet—that you can deposit a cent if you have an account.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got Right One That Time.

"Crack" went the baseball bat, and "crash" went the big windowpane of a kosher butcher in East Eighty-sixth street as the ball found its mark, says the New York Daily Mail.

Like a flash, out darted the butcher and with multitudinous outcries started in pursuit of half a dozen small boys, who were legging it for dear life in the direction of Carl Schurz Park.

His chase would have proved fruitless had not a policeman, by one of those miracles that occasionally happen, come around a corner just ahead of the fugitives and proved nimble enough to grab one of them.

The prisoner, knuckles in eyes, protested that he hadn't "done nothin'" and there was growing a doubt as to the value of the capture until a powerful female voice descended from an upper window across the street, saying:

"Dot's de boy! Dot's de boy! I har him myself seen from my upstairs window down."

Where the Danger Lay.

Poorman—When you call on Miss Applegate, beware of the bulldog, or you'll get nabbed.

Richman—That's all right; the bulldog and I are good friends. It's Miss Applegate I'll look out for.

All Fond of Walking.

Quite the whole Supreme court can be seen walking in Washington. Chief Justice Fuller was too old to walk, and he rode, but Chief Justice White dearly loves to walk, and is usually seen in company with some of his Associate Justices, Holmes, McKenna, Lamar, and now Pitney, who promises to use the streets of Washington as often as his distinguished predecessor, Justice Harlan. And since he requires some coaching from the Chief Justice, it is natural to see him in Justice White's company. Justice Hughes is also often seen walking on the streets of Washington.

The diplomats like to walk. Ambassador Bryce, as typical of the Englishman he is, never misses his daily walk. The cabinet men are also fond of walking, and especially Secretary Nagel and Postmaster-General Hitchcock. The Italian ambassador is frequently met with his daughter, the Donna Beatrice Cusani. The Turkish ambassador likes to promenade Connecticut avenue with his daughter, Mlle. Nic.

DICTIONARY MAKERS AT FAULT

Some Notable Blunders, With Elephantine Efforts at Wit, Have Been Put on Record.

Dr. Johnson perpetrated many jokes in his dictionary, but among his most famous blunders was his definition of "pastern" as "the knee of a horse."

The dictionary makers often took occasion to make their definitions hit their enemies. Wesley defined "Methodist" as "one that liveth according to the method laid down in the Bible." Dr. Johnson defined oats as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." He defined "pensioner" as "a slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master," which definition was made much of by the doctor's enemies when he himself was awarded a pension.

Bailey's dictionary defined the Loriot or Golden Oriole as "a bird that, being looked upon by one who has the yellow jaundice, cures the person and dies himself." Fenning, who was the next dictionary maker, was afraid of this, and merely said "Loriot, a kind of bird." But one of the best bits of misinformation was given in the dictionary of Edward Phillips, who in one place declared that "a gallon is a measure containing two quarts" and in another place declared "a quaver is a measure of time in music, being the half of a crochet, as a crochet is the half of a quaver," which leaves the subject as clear as mud.

SALVAGE SHOT FROM THE SEA

Seamen on English Coast Earn Money by Selling Old Projectiles to the Admiralty.

Shot picking is the "art" of retrieving shot and shell from the bottom of the sea. In order to practice this profession nowadays a man must be in possession of a boat, plenty of courage and a license.

Target practice is carried on almost every day at Portsmouth, England, and the admiralty are willing to pay a good price for shells which are recovered from sand banks and shallow water.

Shot pickers go out to sea in boats, watch the firing intently while it is in progress, and then, as soon as the last shot has settled in the water, disperse in various directions in order to discover the shells.

These are located by means of a long line weighted with lead, which has a small buoy fixed at one end. This end is thrown overboard, and the boat is rowed slowly in a semicircle. The weighted line drags over the sand beneath the water and catches against any shell that is projecting above the sand. A thin, firm pole is then lowered, so that it makes a clean line from the shot to the side of the boat, and, while this is held in place by one man, a pick is thrust down by another to draw the projecting shot from the sand beneath the water.

EXPLAINING WHY ONE LIVES

There Are Times When Logic and Devotion Require That You Should Be Dead.

The Dominie had another observation or two to make in the line of his usual thoughtfulness. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that one of the hardest tasks a man may have to perform, sometimes, is to explain why he is alive? The necessity has arisen after certain battles, and it may arise after shipwrecks. Several of these men whom we are awaiting may find it awkward tomorrow to explain their continued existence. The world requires a certain adherence to the logical necessities of things, and when all logic, human and divine, has demanded that a man should die, and he is nevertheless alive and well, the anomaly of his healthy presence is something that he cannot account for, with all his explanations.

"I was an army chaplain once, and I saw a captain, whose duty as the personal aide of a general in battle, was to stand by that general's side when the bullets flew. It happened that a bullet—two bullets—three bullets—struck the general, and none struck the captain. The general fell dead; and an hour afterward, when the captain was back at headquarters explaining that there was urgent need of reinforcements at the front, and that the general had fallen, that captain had great trouble in explaining why he was not shot, too. In fact, the mystery has never been cleared up yet. The fact that reinforcements were not needed at all has always clouded the captain's story, though there was no positive proof of cowardice against him.

"No; when logic and all the laws of human devotion require that you should be dead, you had much better be dead than alive, for all the rest of your life will be but a living death."

A Birthday Toast.

There is no modern instance for which a wise saw may not be found in Shakespeare, apt and to the point; the more we reect on his wondrous works, the more we are lost in astonishment at the depths of that unfathomable mind that has given a volume to the world containing passages quotable in relation to every occurrence of life, and poetry of such excellence as may challenge the combined talent of men to produce its equal. Without Shakespeare our dramatic literature would have taken a respectable station in modern Europe; with Shakespeare it is supreme—invincible; our drama challenges all the world; tasteless and semi-barbarous as it was, he converted it into a feast of reason for men of education and refinement. (Cheers.)) The age of Elizabeth may well, indeed, be called the golden age of literature when it could boast a Shakespeare. A contemporary, who flourished with him—Ben Jonson—has said that a man could not be a poet without being a good man. Of our bard he has also said that he was of an honest, good, an dopen nature. For myself, I can only say that I love the man and honor his memory in the fullest sense of the words on this side of idolatry. (Cheers.) I give now "The immortal memory of William Shakespeare."—From a speech made by Benjamin Webster, London comedian and actor-manager, at a Shakespeare festival dinner given at the Town Hall, Stratford-on-Avon, April 25, 1853.

Sympathy Counts.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.—Farrar.

ALDRICH IN THE OLD DAYS

How the Author Appeared When He Had Just Become Editor of Atlantic Monthly.

I can see him now, sitting at the round table at Oscar's, holding a briar pipe that was oftener between his fingers than in his mouth, and swinging it in graphic curves as he talked to us. He used it like a painter's brush or pencil.

He was dressed in a quiet suit of tweeds, the sobriety of which was relieved by a flowing crimson scarf gathered at the neck by an antique ring. He was partial to crimson in those days, and it became his complexion and the light curls apostrophized by Bayard Taylor. We parted late and in a merry mood, the young fellows among us glorying in the new friend who was so witty, so suave, and so attentive to our ambitions and aspirations. Moreover, Aldrich had just succeeded to the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly, and hopes arose of possible advantages lying for young authors in that direction.

"I'll have an elegy ready for him before breakfast, and try to get ahead of Edgar," said Frank Saltus, referring to Edgar Fawcett, as the lights went out in Oscar's and we dispersed, and on the following morning he came to me, dissembling an air of despondency

"It's no use. Edgar's beaten us all. He shipped a car load to the Atlantic by the fast freight before daylight—as per invoice, sonnets, ten bales; triolets, ballads and rondeaux, three bales; novels and short stories, twenty tons in fifteen crates."—Bookman.

MAPS OF THEIR HOME STATES

Exiles Keep Them Hanging in Their Offices Because They Get Very Homesick.

To that general information bureau, the elevator starter, went the man who wished to see a large map of Wisconsin.

"Where can I find one?" he said.

"There is a Wisconsin man in business on the eleventh floor," said the starter. "He'll be likely to have one."

Up to the eleventh floor went the seeker for a map. He found one there.

"How does it happen," he said to the Wisconsin exile, "that all you men from other states keep a life-size map of your native state hanging up in your offices for a year or two after migrating to New York? Is it because you are homesick?"

"Partly," said the Wisconsin man, "and partly for the accommodation of visitors from back home. I guess you are right about every last one of us exiles clinging to a home map for a while. I have been into the offices of recent arrivals from half the states in the Union, and every place I saw a state map. I suppose those people got them for the same reason I did. Back in Milwaukee I never thought of owning a map of Wisconsin, but now that I am a thousand miles away it does me good to trace familiar railroad routes and locate well-known towns. Then, a lot of Wisconsin people here on a visit drop in, and as they expect to go back soon it is a material as well as a sentimental advantage to them to find a Wisconsin map handy."

ANGELL AVOIDED THE TRAP

Tells of His Duel of Wits With a Spy of the Sultan of Turkey at Constantinople.

In the diplomatic service, a man must always keep his wits keen and ready for use. A case in point is supplied by James Burrill Angell, in his "Reminiscences," in this anecdote of his sojourn in Constantinople, as minister from the United States:

The spies of the sultan were everywhere. A Turk told me that the spy business was the most prosperous of all. I was assured that spies were sitting at the dinner tables of the principal hotels, to overhear the conversation of the guests. With one against whose visits I had been warned, I had an amusing interview.

He was a handsome, dignified Arab, who had been in England long enough to talk English fairly well. He introduced himself to me by saying he had been mayor of Jerusalem, and was now trying to procure from the government a concession for the construction of a system of waterworks for that city.

He regretted—so he informed me—to find that the government was so corrupt that he had no hope of securing the concessions except by bribing a whole row of officials. It refreshed him to turn from those representatives of corrupt and tyrannical government and pay his respects to the representative of a pure and honest democracy.

Supposing his object to be to draw from me some remark derogatory to the Sultan, which he could report to my disadvantage, I remarked that a monarchy presided over by a just sovereign was a very edifying spectacle, and that even in republics it must be admitted that corrupt men were sometimes found in office.

He seemed surprised, and proceeded to eulogize republican government. I continued my commendations of enlightened monarchies.

The conversation ran on in this way for half an hour, when he bade me adieu—but, as I flattered myself, without any game for his bag.—Youth's Companion.

The Amateur Gardener.

The trouble with being an amateur gardener is that usually the things that come up and look like weeds aren't; and the things that don't look like weeds, are.

Just So.

"The bridegroom is a pleasant man—he has that certain something—" "I'd rather have a man with something certain."—Satire.

Cause of Suffering.

Consider how much more you often suffer from anger and grief than from those things by which you are angered or grieved.

Sewers in Berlin.

All of Berlin's sewage is pumped out of the city to disposal farms which have a total area of about 40,000 acres.

Nation of Snobs.

We are a nation of snobs, of whom there are as many in a factory as there are in a church.

Reciprocal.

Life should consist quite as much of helping as of acquiring.

MAKES NIGHT CLERK NERVOUS

Weird Stories Told by Guests in Early Morning Hours Prove a Little Disconcerting.

"Sometimes the night clerk's job has its drawbacks," remarked the tall, thin man behind the desk at the hotel. "These weird tales that guests will tell in the still night"—he went on, "they're one thing that makes a fellow wish there were more people around.

"One night about 2 o'clock, a guest came up to the desk and spent an hour telling me earnestly about the black cat that had been sitting on the foot of his bed. As he talked I noticed the fellow had a queer look in his eye.

"A black cat's nothing but a black cat, but somehow a fellow doesn't want to hear much about 'em in the middle of the night from a nervous man with a queer look in his eye. This man said that the cat came in when the waiter brought his dinner up to the room. Then the cat took a chair at the table opposite him, he said, and tucked a napkin under its chin.

"'I asked it if it didn't want something to eat,' the man added, 'but it said it didn't—politest cat I ever saw.'

"Great line of talk, wasn't it?

"Then he started in to direct a lot of men building a skyscrapper there in the lobby. I couldn't see the skyscrapper, but he did. He had a force of about 400 men hoisting stone and steel, and he bossed the job."

WHEN THE STOMACH CALLS

Feeling Which Common Humanity Knows as Hunger Is Explained Fully by the Scientist.

The answer looks easy. Any small boy, schoolboy or other, would say, "Why, hunger is just wanting something to eat and wanting it bad." But the doctors find that it isn't so easy.

It seems, according to an ex-cathedra utterance in the Journal of the American Medical Association, that emptiness of the stomach has nothing to do with hunger. It is not due to the secretion of any sort of acid in the stomach, nor to congestion of the gastric glands. Professor Cannon, in this article in the journal aforesaid, attributes hunger to contractions of the stomach's muscular walls. In the doctor's words: "Hunger is normally the signal that the stomach is contracted for action; the unpleasantness of hunger leads to eating; eating starts gastric secretion, distends the contracted organ, initiates the movements of gastric digestion and abolishes the sensation." Here's to the abolition of the sensation; may there always be something with which to "start the gastric secretion!"

SCRAWL NO ONE COULD READ

Valuable Manuscript Left by Colonel Burnaby Defied the Efforts of Experts.

It was stated at the time of Colonel Burnaby's death that he had left behind him the manuscript of a novel, for which there was considerable competition among the publishers.

This is quite true. The manuscript, a bulky parcel, was handed to me with discretionary power either to publish it myself or to use it in connection with the proposed biography.

Here a singular and, as it finally proved, a fatal obstacle presented itself. Familiar for many years with Burnaby's handwriting, I could not after diligent endeavor make out more than a sentence here and there on the crowded page of manuscript.

Burnaby's writing was, possibly with the exception of Dean Stanley's, the worst I ever saw. It looked as if before sitting down to write a letter he had pulled a twig out of the hedge, mixed a little blacking and then gone ahead.

He wrote the whole of his "Ride to Khiva" and his "Ride on Horseback Through Asia Minor" with his own hand. But before they reached the printer they were fairly written out by a copyist.

The hapless man used to make out as much as he could, then leave blanks, for filling up which he had to seek the assistance of the author. Sometimes there were more blanks in a page than words.

Despairing of making anything of the manuscript of the novel, it was submitted to a publisher, who turned upon it his most skillful decipherist. Neither head nor tail could be made of the manuscript and the intention of publishing the novel was consequently abandoned.—Sir H. W. Lucey, in Cornhill Magazine.

SEEK EVER TO KEEP FRIEND

Worth Careful Nurturing, Since Nothing on Earth Can Be More Beautiful.

In an article in the Woman's Home Companion on the compensations that come to those who live away from great centers of population there appeared the following sound advice:

"We are idly inclined to think that a real friendship, once begun, ought to survive of its own vitality; but, alas! all beauty in this world, from a rose-slip to a human soul, needs nurture. Nietzsche speaks very scornfully of those who fancy they dare show themselves as they are to their friends. 'For your friends,' he advised, 'wear every adornment.' It is well worth while to save the highest cheer, the brightest thoughts, the gentlest attentions, for the friends. One should always keep some impersonal topics of conversation ready, so that your thoughts together should not huddle down to the sordid atmosphere of narrow spaces. Be not only the sunshine to your friend, but be a broad outlook and a wide view! Love must have space and air to thrive in.

"Human life offers us nothing else so beautiful as real friendship; not love, not prosperity, not fame, are so fair, so precious. So foster it! Let no distrust, no absence, no difference of environment, dim its luster. Let death itself be powerless to rob you of its sweetness! Never break it; never lose it; it is the sweetest touch of mortal life."

He'd Have to Pay.

A story was told the other day in Washington, apropos of a very artificial and self-conducted boom:

"Blank, you know, was to visit his state last week. Well, a friend said to him, just before he set off:

"'I suppose they will give you a magnificent ovation, Mr. Blank?'

"Blank frowned, twisted his mustache, and answered in a nervous absentminded way:

"'Well, I don't know. My bank account has sunk terribly low of late.'"

THE NEW ERA

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Whales May Live 500 Years.

The land animal which lives the longest probably is the tortoise. Under favorable conditions it will live to an age of 350 or 400 years. One died at the London Zoo which was said to have attained the age of 350 years. The ordinary whale lives to be 500 years old. No other animal of the sea lives to be that old.

Discontent.

We are never more discontented with others than we are discontented with ourselves. The consciousness of wrongdoing makes us irritable, and our heart, in its cunning, quarrels with what is outside it, in order that it may deafen the clamor within.—H. F. Amiel.

The Deadly Dust.

Out of every thousand of those whose occupations calls for constant work in dusty quarters, five die of consumption, according to German official figures; whereas among those who are not exposed to the action of dust only two out of a thousand die of the disease named.

Very Few Copperheads.

The copperhead, although deadly venomous, seldom attains a length of more than three feet, and is, fortunately, not plentiful, comparatively few people having ever seen one. Its favorite habitat is a rocky, mountainous woodland, and never an open meadow.

A Bas, This Cynic!

A Harvard professor probably has solved the problem of how to reduce the output of feminine conversation. He says they will be more beautiful if they keep still. Haven't we a good vacancy in our diplomatic service?

Only Making It Worse.

"You must take exercise," said the physician, "and, by all means, worry less. Play golf." "Doctor," replied the patient, "you mean well, but a man who plays my kind of a golf game can't help worrying."

On the Job.

Stern Mamma—"Young man, the milkman is beginning to make his rounds, the day is breaking and the roosters are beginning to crow." Harry Stalate—"How punctual is nature in her workings."

Will Hurry 'Em Over.

Enterprise, indeed! a motor boat is operating on the Dead Sea. Next thing old Charon will have something of the kind for the ferrying on the River Styx.—Memphis New Scimiter.

Our Minds Are as Children.

I think that we should treat our minds as innocent and ingenuous children whose guardians we are, be careful what objects and subjects we thrust on their attention.—Thoreau.

Man First Carved Woman.

A piece of stone, 18 inches high, on which is roughly cut in bas-relief the figure of a woman, is the oldest known representation of the human form. It was discovered by Dr. Lalanne in excavations in the grottoes of Laussel, France, and is thought to be 20,000 years old. Scientists believe that it came between the ages of the mammoth and the reindeer, when the artist would have used sharpened flints as tools.

The Drunken Parliament.

There was a Scotch parliament once which would not have cast a second glance at the Temperance (Scotch) bill which has just made its third appearance in the house of commons. The first parliament which met in Scotland after the restoration of Charles II. had not the least hankerings after temperance reform. It acquired the name of "the drunken parliament," in fact, and lived up to its reputation. Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather" gives evidence: "When the Scottish parliament met the members were in many instances under the influence of wine, and they were more than once obliged to adjourn because the royal commissioner (Middleton) was too intoxicated to behave properly in the chair."

Milk Mills.

There is a tradition of a little slum boy from London who was very disappointed with the country, where he went for a short holiday, because he saw them "pump milk from a dirty old cow." The boy's idea of artificial milk is within realization, for, according to "L'Opinion," after manufactured butter we are to have artificial milk. It is already consumed extensively in China, and a mill is to be set up in France. The Chinese drop a few grains of powder into water, stir it, and it becomes milk. The powder is the soja bean crushed, and the French mill is to treat the bean so as to enable the milk powder to be sold in packets. It is said that an excellent cheese is obtained by the same process.—London Globe.

Self-Discipline.

What we do on some great occasion will probably depend on what we already are, and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline.—Canon Liddon.

There May Have Been a Reason.

Mother Goose tells of the queen who sat in the parlor eating bread and honey. And no wonder, if butter was as high as it is now.—Milwaukee Free Press.

Man's Weakness.

The weakness of man is a lesson which we learn only to forget; and the instability of human affairs is a fact too familiar to remain impressive.

PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESSING UP

Fancy Dress Balls Supply Cravings of Ignored Nature, According to Observer.

The extraordinary vogue of the fancy dress ball of late years—especially when it is one of monster dimensions—is one of the straws which show which way the wind of national character is blowing.

For it is not only the young and curly who throng these gay scenes, but serious people of middle age, of exalted position, and even of advanced years.

I fancy this rage for "dressing up" appeals to something profound and instinctive in human nature. If you look with observant eyes at the travestied figures around you, you will discover that the dress chosen is symbolical of a secret aspiration, a thwarted desire, an unacknowledged ambition.

Thus, the young man who must e'en sit on an office stool year in, year out, will brazen it as a pirate, or in the sauciest of cavalry uniforms.

The British matron will put on the flounces and languors of the Traviata, or the striped stockings and mobcap of a soubrette.

So, also, you shall see ladies of high degree scantily attired as Bacchantes, and leading Dionysian dances, while the soldier or lawyer will impersonate Pierrot, and girls of flighty manners in private life appear, with downcast lids, as Puritans or nuns.

Perhaps some such outlet for poor human nature, which is squeezed into grooves for which it is often ill fitted, is a kind of safety valve which ought to be encouraged.

Nature is said to take terrible revenges on those who steadily ignore her. The putting on of motley is an innocent form of occasionally obeying her behests.—London Sketch.

ACT NOT ON THE PROGRAM

Dog's Instinct True, Even Though Scene He Witnessed Was of Make-Believe Order.

"Hereafter," said a New York commuter, "when I attend a moving picture show, I will take pains to see that my collie Jack is securely fastened at home. The other evening Jack contrived to get past the ticket-taker and followed me to my seat. He was quiet and interested with the various scenes until a highway robbery was thrown upon the screen. Then he became restless and began to whine.

"When the actors were seen creeping near their intended victim he growled. I clutched his collar, but when the man was actually attacked Jack barked and, breaking away from me, dashed up the aisle, bounded over the orchestra railing and did his best to spring upon the pictured robbers. He wanted to tear them to pieces. I don't know what he would have succeeded in doing if there had been no interference. Somebody had presence of mind to turn on the lights. That made the pictures fade and Jack, still growtaling, rejoined me where I was sitting. Jack has no use for robbers, and a pictured one is just as bad to him as the reality."

Without the Stork.

There are no storks in the dense forests of Dutch Guiana, where live simple, harmless Indians. The poor Indian mother goes out of her home, a simple shelter from rain raised on a few sticks, and broods in the forest. She soon comes back, not alone as she went out, but with a little baby boy or girl, sometimes twins. Old Mr. Indian smiles quietly when he first sees the little one and from some superstitition he believes he must not work and kill game for several weeks. So he lies in his hammock and sometimes holds the little one as the other Indians come up and tell him how happy he ought to be as the father of the fine baby. In two or three days the little one is swung in a hammock and carried at its mother's breast while she works the casava fields. Baby seldom or never cries and is not one tenth as much trouble as an American baby.

Interest in Collections.

It is quite the fad among smart folk to flock to sales of rare books, furniture or pictures, even when they have no intention of buying. For each of these collections is the result of a lifetime of study, and the opportunity to see them as a whole cannot recur again, while individually the pieces, passing into private hands, may be lost to the public for years. For this reason young girls are sent with their governesses to see the treasures that will soon be scattered far and wide, and even whole classes from fashionable schools are taken for morning views. Such visits, naturally, do more for the artistic education of these fortunate young folk than weeks of lecturing and photographs.

Modern Miracle.

The patient was a man 77 years old, with a cataract of eight years' standing. While at work in his garden one day the patient had occasion to rub his right eye several times on account of sweat which had trickled into it. He awoke next morning to find that the sight of his right eye was restored. His wife and neighbors also remarked that his eye no longer looked gray. On examination by a doctor five days later nothing was to be seen of the lens till the patient looked down, when it was seen as a gray, shining body floating in the vitreous humor at the bottom of the eye, where it moved with the movements of the eye.—The Lancet.

Church on the Sahara.

The African Desert of Sahara, 932 by 2,484 miles, is a Vicariate Apostolic. Its population is about 4,000,000. With the Vicariate is attached the Sudan. The European Catholics number 1,000, negro Catholics 600. It has 4,000 catechumens, 40 missionaries, 15 Sisters, 12 church, 10 schools, 7 orphanages, 5 hospitals, of which two are for lepers.

SURE ENOUGH WEATHER SIGNS

Coffee, Pipe and Cane Will Help One to Make a Forecast of the Coming Day.

When you go for your holiday, don't grumble if you find that your newspaper has misled you as to the weather in your particular district, or given you a report too general to be of any use. Instead, use your powers of observation, and be your own weather prophet.

You need go no farther than your own breakfast table to start with. Watch your cup of coffee. When the bubbles collect in the center of the cup and form a "kiss," you can plan that picnic with confidence. When they rush to the side of the cup, you had better go carefully. Rain is not absolutely certain, but it's very likely. Of course, it is the condition of the atmosphere that affects the tiny bubbles.

Your after breakfast pipe will confirm whatever opinion you have formed from your coffee. If you use wax matches you will find that they are specially difficult to ignite. You may succeed the first time, but by striking half a dozen in succession on a morning when rain is to be expected you will use six matches for two flares.

You will find further weather prophets waiting for you in the hall, anxious to tell you the news. Pick up your walking stick. If it is hard and dry, take it with you, even if the sky is clouded. But if the handle is moist, drop it, and take your umbrella. If, fifteen minutes after rubbing the handle with a dry cloth, the moisture reappears, you had better take your raincoat as well, for you are in for a "soaker."

KIND DEED IS NEVER LOST

Though Perhaps Not Immediately, Its Good Results Are Certain to Be Recorded.

Sometimes we become restless and impatient because we do not immediately see the result of our generosity. We seem to think that whatever aid we are able to give should work miracles before our eyes, and we are not content to believe that somewhere and somehow somebody's burden has been lightened because of our faith and generosity.

Sooner or later, often when we least expect it, our deeds of kindness come back to us a thousandfold. They may not be repaid in substantial coin, they may not even bear the stamp of our generosity, but they pour their blessings into our lives with rich interest and help us to understand the readjustment of our natures. It is a fine thing to be in a position to give freely and generously of those riches which, after all, are only ours during our stewardship, but it is just as gratifying and just as ennobling to give proportionately of the more modest means which some of us command. We are not judged by what we give so much as by the manner in which we give it, and happy, indeed, is he who is not afraid to give generously even of his small means. Our charities may not sound around the world, but they are heard by some poor sufferer close at hand, and what greater blessing and what richer recompense can we ask?

Illiteracy in Foreign Armies.

The returns showing the educational attainments in the Swiss army are less pleasing than those of Germany, the illiterates in the land of philosophy being only .02 per cent. In Switzerland a little more than one per thousand were unable to read, and one in a hundred read with such difficulty that they could not comprehend what they had read. Still this is better than investigations made in France show. The Temps concludes that the insufficiently instructed amounted to 16.5 per cent and the illiterates to 8.6, so roughly we have 25 per cent of the French army illiterate. But on the other hand 37.2 per cent held diplomas or certificates and those whose instruction was considered sufficient amounted to 32.7 per cent.

Needed at Home.

A southern lady was drinking tea with a New York friend, and the following talk ensued:

"The flo's are all hahd wood and—"

"You say the noo house is decorated in gold and w'ite?"

"Yes, but mo' like copper than real gole, and the do's—"

"W'en did you buy your machine, and w'at make is it?"

"Oh, the cyah is a little dahling! Have you seen it?"

"I sawr it in the avenoo. The wheels were w'izzing like lightening. Shall we call Ugh on the wire, or would you prefer visiting that East side school and hearing how they teach the foreign children English? It's a splendid work."

Her Kitchen Alarm.

A New York man was startled last Sunday to hear an alarm clock in action, for the hour was precisely 1 p. m.

"I thought the alarm clock was up stairs," he said to his wife.

Without replying, she hurried to the kitchen. Soon returning, she explained her haste. "I made a suet pudding this morning," she said, "and put it into the oven at nine o'clock. The recipe I used stated that it should steam four hours and no longer. I was afraid I might forget it, so I brought down the alarm clock and set it to go off at one. The plan worked beautifully, for the pudding is done just right."

Only Sometimes.

A poor beginning may lead to a good ending, but it is not likely to do so if one has started to tumble downstairs.

Rogues Are Not Happy.

After a long experience of the world, I affirm before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Junius.

WHY THEY LEAVE THE FARM

Story Indicates That the Remuneration Some Agriculturists Allow Their Sons Is Not Adequate.

"Just the other day I met a stalwart young fellow whose every appearance would indicate he was a 'son of the soil,'" says a writer in Farm and Fireside. "Six years ago he left the old home. At that time he had very little education, but by steady, industrious labor he has 'won out,' and today is a promising young lawyer. He told me that the first year he left the farm he obtained employment in a machine shop at what seemed to his mind a large sum of money, $12 a week. He worked hard for nearly three months, when one day he received a telegram from his father, asking him to return at once.

"Having left a delicate little mother, he rushed home with all haste, fearing to find some great trouble at the end of his journey. His father met him at the station and calmly explained that his hired man had left and he could not get his hay in alone. My young hero, not daunted in the least, informed his father that he had given up his job to return home and asked what pay he was to receive for his work. The father promised a certain small sum. After two months' hard work the son asked for money to buy a suit of clothes and received it. At the end of the season, when the young man wanted a final settlement he was put off from time to time, and at last went away to the city with an empty pocket and a heartful of resentment."

FOOD VALUE OF BUTTERMILK

According to Bulletin of Department of Agriculture It Is Extremely High.

An ordinary glass of buttermilk contains about as much nutriment as two ounces of bread, a good sized potato or a half pint of oysters, says a recent bulletin of the United States department of agriculture. It thus contains about the same food constituents as skim milk, but it has an added hygienic value because the protein is more easily digested than the protein in skim milk, and therefore is often prescribed by physicians for children and invalids, especially those suffering from intestinal trouble.

Protein, being the most costly or food ingredients, is the one most likely to be lacking in inexpensive meals, and this is the nutrient which both skim milk and buttermilk supply in a cheap and useful form, and when taken with bread or used in cooking they form a very nutritious addition to the diet. Two and one-half quarts of skim milk or buttermilk contains about the same amount of protein as one pound of round steak, and costs about one-quarter as much. Two quarts of milk has a greater nutrient value than one quart of oysters. The nutriment in the form of oysters would cost 30 to 50 cents, while the skim milk or buttermilk would have a value on the farm of from two to four cents.

Circumstantial Evidence.

There was considerable chill in the air, and Sniffley didn't know whether it would be wise to begin a conversation with Mrs. Sniffley or not. Finally, however, the silence became too arctic for comfort, and he decided to risk it.

"Beautiful morning, my dear," he observed, as he lathered his chin.

"Don't you talk to me, Mr. Sniffley," retorted the lady. "I am disgusted with you. You needn't fool yourself into think I don't know in what condition you and Mr. Bagley came home last night. I overheard your conversation."

"Conversation!" said Sniffley. "What did I say?"

"You said you didn't know, when Mr. Bagley asked you which keyhole was the right one, and there's only one on the door!" said Mrs. Sniffley.

Hardy's Story of His Grandfather.

Mr. Thomas Hardy attended a meeting of the Natural History society at Dorchester, at which Mr. Alfred Pope related a story communicated to him by the novelist. The story concerned Mr. Hardy's grandfather, and told how one night he outwitted two men who were bent on robbing him.

He sat down on a furze faggot, placed his hat (on which he had previously put a number of glow worms) on his knees, stuck two fern fronds on his head to represent horns, pulled from his pocket a letter he chanced to have with him, and began reading it by the light of the glow worms. In a few days there was a rumor in the neighborhood that the devil had been seen at midnight reading a list of his victims by glow worm light.—London Evening Standard.

Famous Pearls in History.

We read of pearls—oyster pearls, as they were called—in Chinese records dating back nearly 3,000 years, and Persian history and Persian poetry abound in mention of the pearl as a symbol of purity, and this association of ideas has persisted until the present day. But it is a curious fact that though we have read so much about famous pearls which have played great parts in history, there is hardly an authentic instance of any pearl being still in existence which has any antiquity of its own or made history of any importance. This is partly due to the fact that valuable pearls were nearly always stolen in the brave days of yore, and their unlawful owners had good reason for concealing their historical identity.

Timely Warning.

"My good man, they need laborers badly in the next town." "Thanks for the warning, boss. I'll make a detour."

Combination Needed.

The world is made up of drudgers and dreamers; and what we want is a combination of the two.

MANY DAINTY DISHES

ALL SORTS OF GOOD THINGS TO SELECT FROM.

Hanoverian Steaks as the Principal Material for Dinner—Nut Brown Bread Almost as Good as Cake —Coffee Parfait.

Hanoverian steaks are little hamburg steaks, broiled and well seasoned. Over them is poured at serving time the following sauce: Brown in one tablespoon of butter one-half cup of finely chopped onion and cook five minutes. Add four tomatoes, cut in pieces, or one cup of canned tomato. Season with salt and pepper and add one-half teaspoon of sugar. Cook for ten minutes.

Nut brown bread is a delicious adjunct to the five o'clock tea, and is quite rich enough to be used in place of cake. It slices very thin and may be made into sandwiches with cream cheese. To make it, use two cups of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses in which has been dissolved one large teaspoon of soda; one-half cup of sugar, three cups of whole wheat flour, one teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly and add one cup of walnut meats cut in small pieces, but not chopped, over which has been sprinkled one teaspoon of sifted flour. Pour into a bread pan and bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Sugared strips are made when making the rhubarb pie for dinner. Roll out the left-over paste, cut in two even pieces, spread one with jam, lay the other strip over, sprinkle with granulated sugar, cut in finger lengths and brown in a hot oven. The sugar will melt and caramelize. These are also nice with afternoon tea.

Coffee Parfait.—Boil one cup of water with one cup of sugar until it will spin a thread. Pour slowly over the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and when cold add one pint of cream, whipped stiff, one-half cup of very strong, black coffee and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Put in a covered mold, pack in ice and salt and let stand for four hours.

White Nut Cake.—Cream together one-third cup of butter, one cup of sugar. Add one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Beat thoroughly, then add one cup of walnut meats cut in small pieces and dusted with one teaspoon of flour, and at the last fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Bake in a square pan in a slow oven for one hour. Cover with boiled icing and decorate with halves of walnut meats.

Risotto.—Parboil for ten minutes one cup of rice. Drain, blanch with water and let drain again. Put two tablespoons of butter in a frying pan, trim in the rice, add two tablespoons of chopped onion, one cup of thick tomatoes, one and one-half teaspoons of salt, a little paprika and two and one-half cups of water. Cover and let cook slowly until the rice is tender and the water absorbed. Take up on a hot serving dish, sprinkle over one-half cup of grated cheese, stir with fork and serve very hot.

Curried Eggs.—Hard boil three eggs. Make a white sauce of one tablespoon of butter, one of flour and one cup of milk. Stir till thick and smooth, add one-half teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of curry powder. Cut the eggs in eighths and add to the sauce and pour over slices of toast.

How to Clean Oil Lamp Burner.

Cut up some little potatoes in an old kettle with water and put in the lamp burners and let boil with the potatoes all morning or longer if they are very black. This will cook the black off the burners. Then take an old tooth brush, then put in hot soap water before they dried, and a large chicken feather is nice to clean where you cannot use a brush. I have cleaned my lamp burners this way for years. After they are clean they look like new burners. This is an old recipe that I read about twenty years ago in a household paper.—Exchange.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

For this the canned article may be used. Drain the liquor into a sauce pan and save. Cut off the tips and save these, rub the stocks through a coarse sieve, heat the can liquor in a double boiler with three cups of milk, blend two tablespoonfuls of flour with two tablespoonfuls of cooking oil or butter and pour the heated milk upon it. Return to boiler and cook until smooth and creamy; add the asparagus pulp and heat again, then add the seasoning and the tips.

Crumb Cakes.

For three people: One cup of crumbs (toast bread and grind in meat-chopper), one cup sweet milk, one egg, enough flour to make medium batter, one teaspoon baking powder and salt. Fry as for batter cakes.—Home Department in National Magazine.

Sauce for Bread Pudding.

Cream one-quarter cup of butter and one-half cup of powdered sugar, and beat again until smooth. Flavor with one-half teapsoon of vanilla and pile on a dish roughly. Set away in a cool place if not ready to serve at once.—Alice E. Whitaker.

Kitchen Kink.

A thin coat of potash left on the sink over night once a week will remove the ugly yellow stains that will not yield to kerosene. It should be applied with care as it is poisonous.

Face the Sunshine.

If you keep your face towards the sunshine the shadows will always fall behind you.

Takes Divine Gift.

Whoever tenders a man alms takes from him the divine gift of independence.

A Plan That Failed

In high social circles the girl who wants to cut out another girl orders new dresses and more hats. Among savages she sticks on a few more beads and feathers. But in small, middle western towns she rolls up her sleeves, opens the flour bin and cooks something calculated to knock the spots off anything culinary the other girl ever dared dream of.

That was why Mrs. Fruby said to her daughter with a hint of excitement in her voice, "Try him on beaten biscuits, Sadie! And your chocolate marshmallow pudding!"

It had been hard enough all her life for Mrs. Fruby to be outdone by Mary Sandler without having to endure seeing Mary Sandler's daughter get ahead of her own Sadie. And of late Rose Sandler had asked Peter Vernon to dinner entirely too often to suit Mrs. Fruby's plans. So had half a dozen other girls. For Peter Vernon was a matrimonial prize, the like of which a small town does not see more than once in a generation. He had an interest in the big engine works, which made money so fast that it gave the populace hiccoughs trying to count it.

Natural jealousy of Mary Sandler made Mrs. Fruby consider Rosa a deadly rival. Rosa was nearly as pretty as Sadie and, moreover, she was a good cook. So were Margaret and Agnes and Carrie, other aspirants. Louise—Mrs. Fruby merely smiled at the idea of Louise.

Being built on solid lines herself, Mrs. Fruby had an imagined contempt for ethereal creatures like Louise, who looked as though a puff of wind might easily remove her from the scene. Louise was of the ethereal, useless kind and Mrs. Fruby knew that no sensible man wanted a helpless wife. Men, she often told Sadie, liked energy and ability in a girl. As for cooking, it was doubtful if Louise could even cook a pan of fudge without burning it.

Peter Vernon was a tall, thin young man with a well set head and a kindly, if shrewd, smile.

"He's not the sort to get taken in!" Mrs. Fruby said thankfully as she superintended Sadie's work making the beaten biscuits for that night's supper, to which Peter was coming. "Does your arm ache? Let me beat a while!"

Peter Vernon liked the beaten biscuit immensely. He ate six. And he had two helpings of the chocolate marshmallow pudding.

"She nearly beat her arm off making those," Sadie's mother confided to him. "But, I tell you, nothing daunts Sadie! When she does a thing she does it!"

"They certainly were mighty good," repeated Peter Vernon.

"We always have 'em Wednesday evenings," said Sadie's mother with a sudden inspiration. "And you drop in that night without waiting to be asked, since you're so fond of 'em."

"Yes, do!" echoed Sadie.

Beaten biscuits are hard to make. Many were the weary hours Sadie Fruby put in over them, because they had to be made regularly on Wednesday. Sometimes Peter dropped in, and if he did not he was certain to be met on the street the next day by Sadie or her mother and pinned down to another date. Mrs. Fruby took his fondness for the marshmallow pudding as an especially good sign.

"You keep it up, Sadie," she told her daughter the evening Peter had stayed a half-hour beyond his usual time. "I can begin to see that you're winning out!"

"I don't know," Sadie said dubiously. "He goes to Isabel's and Margaret's, too—and Louise's!"

"I wouldn't worry," declared her mother. "I guess Isabel can't make biscuit like yours and Margaret's cake is a joke. And you know Louise! Why, you've got 'em all on the run!"

"But he never says nothing," Sadie protested. "I mean anything that I could take as—"

"He ain't that kind," declared Mrs. Fruby. "He ain't going to make love to a girl till he's engaged to her! You beat those biscuits longer next time!"

Shortly after that the local newspaper contained the unexpected announcement of the quiet marriage of Peter Vernon and Louise, the ethereal.

Mrs. Fruby, after a hysterical scream when she read the news, told Sadie plainly what she thought of Peter. She talked so vehemently that she did not notice how pale Sadie's cheeks were. Sadie usually was stolid and unmoved.

"Well," Mrs. Fruby said at last, wiping her eyes, "it can't be helped. You'd better stir up some beaten biscuit for supper tonight—it's Wednesday!" Habit was strong with her.

It was then that Sadie voiced a brand new theory of life. "Beaten biscuit!" she echoed grimly. "I never want to see one again! I guess what you eat doesn't count for much after all!"

Unexpected Realization.

"I thought I would run over to my friend's place in the suburbs Sunday and get a bite."

"Did you?"

"I did. But I didn't know until I got the bite that they had invested in a new bulldog."

Wisdom Most Important.

Knowledge is far less important than wisdom.

Hopeless.

"Do you believe our republic can endure?" "No, sir—most emphatically I do not. The fools in this town voted me out of office last fall."

FAITH OR WORKS; WHICH SAVES US

God Developing Most Wonderful Creation in Universe.

A Question Long in Dispute Is Now Clear Through a Better Understanding of Bible—"The Path of the Just Is as the Shining Light, Shining More and More Unto the Perfect Day."



London, August 4.—London Tabernacle was crowded, as usual, twice today to hear Pastor Russell. We report one of his discourses from the text, "Not of works, lest any man should boast; for we are His workmanship."—Ephesians ii, 9, 10.

If the Bible taught that salvation would be the reward of good works, it would harmonize better with the common conception. Why should God specially reward faith? Why should He not specially reward good works? The answer to this question can be appreciated only by an understanding of the future, as well as of the present, of the Divine Plan, said Pastor Russell. In God's general dealings with angels and with men, His principle is to reward works, obedience. God's *exceptional* dealings are with the Church—for special reasons, which we shall see.

During Messiah's glorious reign, for which we pray, "Thy Kingdom come," the world in general will not be on trial so much for faith, but rather for works—as we read, "They shall be judged, every man according to his works." Thus obedience to the laws and regulations of Messiah's Kingdom will be rewarded by gradual Restitution to perfection. With every exercise of righteousness and obedience will come the reward of strength of mind and body.

The Church Walks by Faith.

But how different matters are now! said Pastor Russell. Everything is dark, except as the eye of faith can see more or less obscurely in the light of God's promises and the types of the past. "So," said the Apostle, "we (the Church), walk by faith and not by sight." St. Peter declares that we should take heed to the word of prophecy as a light in a dark place while waiting for the dawning of the New Day (II Peter i, 19). We are very near to that New Day now, but we still need the light of the Lamp, the Word of God, and it is shining more clearly than ever before. It is showing us the explanation of our text, that the Church is not being judged or tested according to works, but according to her faith.

In the present time perfect works are impossible anyway, because of our imperfection through heredity from the fall, and because of the imperfection of all in contact with us in the affairs of life, and because of the evil influence of Satan and the fallen angels—"seducing spirits."—I Tim. iv, 1.

It is when the believer reaches the point of a full consecration of himself to God that Jesus becomes his Advocate with the Father and imputes of His merit as a covering for the sinner's blemishes, and thus makes Him acceptable to the Father as a living sacrifice and footstep follower of the Master and prospective heir of God and joint-heir with Jesus Christ his Lord.

We Are God's Workmanship.

However, as soon as the Father has accepted the sinner, as soon as he has been begotten of the Holy Spirit as a New Creature, old things are passed away, and thenceforth he may do works—must do works indeed. If he does not do works he will die spiritually. But the old creature, the sinner, can do no works to merit Divine approval. His faith in the Redeemer makes him acceptable. As a New Creature he has no sins to be forgiven. The New Creature has no heredity from the past, but may cry, "Abba, Father." As a son the New Creature is permitted to work and must be about his Father's business—must seek first the interests of the Divine Kingdom.

The Church Class is God's New Creation. In the remote past He created the thousands of millions of worlds, samples of which may be witnessed on a starry night. But with all their immensity they were as nothing to His new creation of angels in various orders, and later, the creation of man, of the earth earthy. Even the smallest insect is a greater creation than the creation of an inanimate world, because the insect has will, volition, soul, of its own. God having created all these other things, at last purposed the creation of a still higher order of beings than the angelic, who are soon to be "partakers of the divine nature."—II Peter i, 4.

For more than eighteen centuries God has been working on this New Creation. First of all, Jesus, the great Messianic Head, was made perfect through sufferings, prepared for this divine nature and received to it in His glorious resurrection. Since Pentecost God has been accepting by the begetting of the Holy Spirit such of humanity as avail themselves of the glorious privilege of this Age. Only those possessing faith can be of this class. To all others the invitation and glorious description of the heavenly nature are foolishness.

First to Utilize Spectacles.

Roger Bacon knew lenses, and that they were useful for near vision in the old. For optical purposes, they appear to have been ground first about 1285 by a certain Salvino degli Armati, said to have died in 1317. A monk of Pisa, Alexander della Spina, who died in 1313, also has been accredited with the invention of spectacles and with the promotion of their use.

THE NEW ERA

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Don't look for flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And to look for the virtues behind them.
For the darkest night has a hint of light,
Somewhere in the shadows hiding,
And it's better far to look for a star,
Than spots on the sun abiding.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Council Meeting.

The August meeting of the Borough Council was held last night.

The highway committee reported that the crossing at Third and Howard streets had been placed in position.

The attention of the highway committee was called to the condition of the pavement on the Broad street side of Mrs. Ellen McIlhenny's property at Linden avenue, and the clerk was instructed to write to the owner notifying her to repair it.

The light committee reported that the Lubin Moving Picture Co. had run into a lamp post and broken it down, while taking pictures on the river bank last week. The clerk was instructed to send a bill to the Lubin Co. for $9.00.

The police committee reported arrests of Edward B. Love and Harry Gilbert for robbery. Both had been sent to Mount Holly.

The sewer disposal committee reported progress.

The sewer committee submitted a report showing the total cost of the lateral sewers on the extension to be $2928.56.

A resolution was passed fixing $60 as the compensation for making the assessment for the new sewer.

The mayor nominated Dr. Alex. Marcy, C. M. Biddle and O. H. Mattis as commissioners to make the assessment, which was unanimously approved by Council.

A communication was received from C. T. Woolston enclosing a bill for $15 for damages to automobile tires caused by striking a telephone manhole on Main street. The clerk was instructed to notify Mr. Woolston that the County owns Main street, and the Borough has no responsibility in the matter.

The following bills were ordered paid:

Chas. G. Davis, postage and expense	$ 10 19
Riverton Fire Co., rent	50 00
Wm. Quigley, salary and meals	52 00
Walter Miller, salary and meals	50 25
Public Service Gas Co.	179 58
Louis Corner, sewer inspection	6 13
Louis F. Lowden, placing curtain for lecture	2 94
Louis F. Lowden, walk Main street below Third	4 91
Lambertville Stone Quarry Co., stone	117 72
O. W. Ketchum, brick	272 20
Louis Corner, work on sewer	220 04

XQQME?—Why Certainly!

After two unsuccessful attempts, a speed boat race was run as scheduled last Saturday afternoon. There were but two entries, the XQQME, owned by J. H. Vanderslice, of Camden, and the Vera, of the Keystone Yacht Club, owned by C. F. J. Schaefer. Notwithstanding the small entry list the race was most interesting, the boats having an exciting finish, with only two seconds between them. They covered the ten-mile course in 29 minutes. The Vera covered the course in the shortest time, but will probably lose the race to the XQQME on time allowance. Though the race was scheduled to start at 2.30, neither of the boats arrived until nearly four o'clock, and it looked as though the race would again be postponed for want of entries. The boats were unusually well handled, both of the owners being practical men in boat construction and equipment. Mr. Vanderslice is a boat builder, while Mr. Schaefer is an engine maker.

At the close of the race it was found that the Vera was badly damaged, some of the planking in the stern being so wrenched and torn that it was with great difficulty sufficient repairs could be made to enable the boat to get home.

The next power boat event is the championship race on August 31, at which time it is expected to have ten or a dozen speedy boats in the listr. Four prizes will be offered, one of them by the Riverton Yacht Club.

Arrivals at The Lawn House.

H. W. Bauer, Mrs. Charles Balsor, Miss Mae Dalton, Miss Edwards, Mrs. H. M. Griel, N. S. Heston, C. Z. Hoffman, Mrs. B. Holman, Miss A. H. Hibberd, R. B. A. Harley, Miss Leinau, Mrs. Benj. Pennbaker, L. R. Stewart, Miss A. Sullivan, G. Percival Thomas, Webster Warren, Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. Gertrude Diehl, George Dunn, Chestnut Hill.

G. A. Watson, New York.

Mrs. Albert F. Kelly, J. V. Hastings, Jr., Bryn Mawr.

T. S. C. Davis, Palmyra.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Beverly.

J. B. M. Showell, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. G. Lincoln Ridley, Paul Ridley, Riverton.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET
for Riverton and Vicinity

Frank Murphy spent Sunday at Coney Island.

Clinton Gibbon is spending a week at Ocean City.

Miss Elsie Wright is visiting her aunt at Ventnor.

Mrs. Charles S. Mills spent Tuesday at Spring Lake.

Herbert Richman is spending the week in Ocean City.

Mrs. B. B. Hatch went to Atlantic City on Friday.

Miss Bessie Karins spent Sunday at Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Mrs. James Hemphill went to Sea Isle City on Monday.

John Bell has moved from East Riverton to Front street.

Hastings Trueax has charge of Schwartz pool room.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Frishmuth went to Boston, Mass., Wednesday.

Louis Corner, Jr., and family are at Beach Haven for a few days.

Mrs. C. W. Jones and son are visiting her parents at Egg Harbor City.

Miss Mary McCuen, of Pheonixville, is visiting Miss Marguerite Tucker.

Misses Helen and Elsie Steedle are spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

H. B. Brown and family went to Brownville, Pa., Saturday, for a week.

Mr. Reynolds moved from 422 Lippincott avenue to Cedarville, on Tuesday.

Miss Maud Castle, of Philadelphia, is spending a week with Mrs. D. H. Wright.

Hammel Woolman returned home Sunday after spending a week at Wildwood.

Dr. MacDonald has gone to Nova Scotia for a two-weeks' vacation. His parents are living there and he is visiting them.

Mr. Hubbs, of Riverside, has purchased the Houghtaling property on First avenue.

Mrs. George W. Tucker and Essubia is spending a week with relatives in Pheonixville.

James Tibge, of Germantown, has rented the Davis property at 309 Linden avenue.

E. H. Pancoast has recovered, after being confined to the house a week with lumbago.

The Fortnightly Reading Circle met at the home of Mrs. L. D. Fixary Wednesday afternoon.

William Hatzell has returned home from Jamestown, R. I., where he has been for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Karins are spending a week at Atlantic City with their son, Edward Karins.

Mrs. Lillie Harris, of Philadelphia, spent the early part of the week with Mrs. Margaret Stow.

Mrs. William Thomason returned home Tuesday after spending several weeks in Philadelphia.

Miss Ada Stonaker returned home Thursday after spending several days with her aunt in Jamesburg.

Miss Louisa Russ returned to her home in Egg Harbor City, after spending a month with Miss Elsie Leib.

Miss Elsie Lieb returned home Tuesday after spending several days with Miss Louisa Russ, of Egg Harbor.

Mrs. A. W. Herr and her father, of Altoona, Pa., are spending two weeks at the Challonte, Atlantic City.

Miss Caroline Litzenburgh and Harry Wilson, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. Troutman.

Mrs. E. M. Shreve returned home Wednesday after spending two weeks with her neice at Windwood, Pa.

B. F. Johnson and family returned home Thursday after spending a week with their parents in Connecticut.

Mr. Langin moved from 14 W. Broad street to Bridgeboro on Thursday. J. B. Watson had the work in charge.

The annual Harvest Home of the Asbury M. E. Church will be held August 29 in Hunters Grove, Taylors Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Burr and children visited Mr. and Mrs. William Yard, at Pennington, from Saturday until Wednesday.

Dewitt Houghtaling returned home this week, after spending a month with his sister, Mrs. Seward C. Tremaine, of Bridgeton.

Contractor MacMullin is laying a cement pavement on the Fourth street side of the Harry Sim property at Fourth and Thomas.

Mrs. William Eatings and children returned to their home in Boston on Monday after spending two months at the home of D. H. Wright.

C. T. Woolston exhibited a 2-ton auto truck at the Farmers' Picnic at Alcyon Park yesterday. There was an unusually large attendance this year.

Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Houghtaling visited Mrs. Seward C. Tremaine, of Bridgeton, who has a cottage at Fortesque, from Thursday until Monday.

Gilbert H. Fowler, of the Fowler Net and Twine Co., 107 S. Second street, Philadelphia, will move into the Thatcher property at 422 Linden avenue next week on Thursday.

The automobile license tags for New Jersey for 1913, as adopted by State Motor Vehicle Commissioner Lippincott, will have a pure white back ground with maroon letters and figures.

Capt. O. H. Mattis, aboard his yacht, the Thetis, went down the Delaware Bay on Monday. He was accompanied by Clarence Mattis, Francis Keating, Percy Teeple and Clarence Armstrong.

The Board of Health is buying no more flies at present. The funds for this purpose have been exhausted, and the appeal to the public for subscriptions last week to carry on the work did not meet with a single response.

John P., age 2 days, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Geiss, died Wednesday morning. Interment was made at Northwood cemetery on Thursday, under the direction of Undertaker Morton. Mrs. Geiss was formerly Miss Tillie Schoenweiser.

Edward E. Love, who robbed Oscar Speight at the Lawn House several weeks ago, was discharged by Judge Horner, in the county court on Monday, after paying the costs. Love claimed he took the coat, which had the other articles in the pockets, by mistake.

Educator Toasterettes

A salted, buttered and toasted entire wheat cracker. Just the cracker to serve with salads.

We have them loose or in packages.

25c per package.

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Handkerchiefs

A very necessary article in more ways than one—Caps, Bags and Covers are made of them.

From 5c to 50c each

MRS. ALFRED SMITH

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

Debtors know how interest consumes them. Wise men know how interest works for them. One of the best illustrations of the latter is an investment policy in the

Penn Mutual Life
Phila'a

Represented by
H. E. Moyer

Flies from Philadelphia.

How far the Riverton Board of Health is being imposed upon cannot, of course, be fully ascertained, but the following little drama enacted one morning this week would indicate that there are some folks not above petty deception in order to gain a few pennies.

SCENE—Platform of railroad station.

TIME—About 8 a. m.

CAST OF CHARACTERS—Pa, Ma, and Son; Friend of Family; Numerous Interested By-Standers.

Friend—What is that in your pocket?

Son—Fly paper.

Friend—Fly paper? What are you going to do with fly paper?

Son—I am going to catch some flies to sell to Mr. Coddington!

Ma—(explaining)—You see the Board of Health here pays 1c a hundred for flies, and the boy wants to catch some.

Pa—But, Ma, the flies must be caught in the borough.

Ma—How can they tell whether they are caught in Riverton or not—are Riverton flies larger? Son, you put the paper in Uncle John's bake shop and you'll get lots of them. (Uncle John's bake shop is in Philadelphia.)

A well-filled sheet of fly-paper contains about 400 flies. The lad had, perhaps, half a dozen sheets of fly-paper in his pocket. For the munificent sum of 24 cents he is being taught to steal.

Will it pay?

An ice cream and cake festival will be held on the ball grounds at Broad and Linden, Saturday afternoon and evening, August 17th. Proceeds for benefit R. A. A. foot ball team. Tickets 15c, includes ice cream and cake. A dance pavilion will be erected for the pleasure of the young folks.

It was reportee that a Roosevelt meeting was held at the residence of B. H. Pancoast last night. When asked about it this morning Mr. Pancoast said there had been no meeting, but that he had displayed an American flag with a picture of Roosevelt attached, to show his choice of a candidate.

Complaint has been made to the Chief of Police about boys shooting rifles on the ball grounds, the bullets from which have whistled uncomfortably close to some of the houses on Broad street. There is an ordinance prohibiting the discharge of firearms within the borough, which will be rigidly enforced.

Harry Gilbert, who was arrested by Marshal Quigley last Thursday night, confessed to robbing the residence of Stanley Groves, Jr., and gave the names of his confederates, at Mount Holly on Monday. He gave the information to Marshal Quigley, refusing to give the county officers any satisfaction. He had but recently been released from the Rahway reformatory, and Judge Horner decided to return him to that institution. Gilbert is but 22 years of age.

The New Premium Reduction Policy

of The Prudential provides for a first year's premium approximating the premium charged by participating companies. The second year's premium is reduced to a figure slightly lower than The Prudential's regular rate and stays the same until maturity of policy.



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Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN,
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Mrs. Pilsbry Will Tell of Work Being Done in Mission Fields.

Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Henry A. Pilsbry tell of her visit to Cambridge, Mass., where she went to attend the recent conference, are unanimous in their desire to have others share in the feast of good tidings from the mission fields, and to this end have arranged to extend the interest by inducing Mrs. Pilsbry to give a talk on the subject Wednesday afternoon, August 14th, at 4.30 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Henry Wright, Bank avenue and Howard street; Mrs. Wright having offered her home for the purpose, and generously allowed us to extend a cordial invitation to all who are interested. Mrs. Pilsbry's especial topic will be Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles Henry Brent's work in the Philippines. It has enthused us with a desire to help in this magnificent work he is doing, so come prepared to contribute a silver offering if you care to—you will probably wish your silver had been gold, when you hear Mrs. Pilsbry's message from Bishop Brent.

You are not urged to contribute unless you so desire, but your interest and especially your prayers are needed. Come listen and learn of this great work.

MRS. D. HENRY WRIGHT,
MRS. JOHN RIGG,
MISS BERTHA ROBERTSON,
MRS. W. MACLEAN JONES,
MRS. ALBERT G. COOK,
MRS. WALTER McINTYRE,
MRS. HARVEY J. MITCHELL.

East Riverton Notes.

John Bell has sold his property to Mr. Church, and moved to Riverton.

Mrs. John Carhart spent Sunday at Haddon Heights.

Mrs. Thomas Perkins entertained her uncle and aunt from Pennsylvania, on Sunday.

John Stratton, who hurt his shoulder last week, is slowly improving.

Mrs. T. Snyder has been spending several days with her mother in Philadelphia, who is ill.

F. Hauber, John Carhart, J. Keating, Walter Smith, John Smith, J. Wigmore, T. Snyder and C. Armstrong spent Sunday at Barnegat Bay.

D. H. Everingham spent Sunday at Grassy Sounds.

Mrs. E. M. Everingham, and L. Hauser, Jr., and L. Hauser, Sr., of Camden, spent Thursday of last week at Wildwood.

William McFadden is entertaining his mother from Virginia.

Jottings from Asbury.

The annual Harvest Home of the Asbury M. E. Church will be held in the Franklin Hunter Grove, on August 29th, 1912. All the usual attractions will be on hand. Bills will be out soon.

Rev. N. D. Aspinwall, of Forked River, visited R. Richman on Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Howard Crammer spent Thursday with friends at Collingswood.

Miss Edith L. Richman has returned home after a two weeks visit at Forked River.

Miss Mary B. Vanvane is at Pitman Grove camp meeting.

George Southwick visited his sister in Philadelphia on Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. H. Grimm visited her parents at Cinnaminson last week.

Evening at Riverton.

The further shore grows dark against the sky,
And the tall chimneys throw their long drawn veils
Athwart the banded clouds, and the light fails.
Slow, as the sleepy, silver tide slips by
Mainward, the inland storm-blown gray gulls hie,
Follow the flow, back to the salt sea pale
They pass. The heavens are lifeless. Not a sail
Creeps o'er the river, as the moments fly
And friendships go, as those last gulls have gone.
Visions of youth fade as the daylight dies;
Old loves are lost, even as sunset flee.
Oh! hurrying foot-falls, stay, if but for one
Brief hour, before you chilling mist arise,
Our tides of life are slipping to a sea.
Charles Philip Krauth.

Weapons Too Unconventional.

An affair of honor was arranged in the south once between Captain Bragg and swashbuckler Ned Botts. Bragg left choice of weapons to his second. The second, a veritable fire-eater, proposed broadaxes. Botts objected. Bragg's man, disgusted, said he would have satisfactory weapons on the field. He built two roaring fires, and over them hung pots of water which, when at the boiling point, he would have had each duelist squirt over the other at short range with a big syringe. Botts balked a second time.

Riverton Defeats Crescent Travelers.

Riverton with its new line-up met and defeated the strong Crescent Travelers on Saturday by the score of 13 to 6. One of the largest crowds of the season was on hand to see the game and all were pleased with the showing made by the locals. The team as it is at present time is composed of home talent, and judging from the way they played on Saturday they looked stronger than any team that has represented the town for a long time. Gibbons, Hardy, and Plaff, the Palmyra trio, have been signed and the way they acquitted themselves on Saturday proves they are all players of class, thorough gentlemen, and good drawing cards.

Hercher returned to the game, and while it cannot be said that he showed his old-time form, yet he gave evidence that in the remaining games he will be depended upon to bring Riverton to the front. "Billy" Lynch, the old reliable, filled the outfield position in good style. Flagg and Mattis, the other two gardeners, played the game well, and made several sensational catches. Young, at second base, is a promising youngster, he plays with the spirit that makes good ball players. Braddock, the old Medford star, is with the team and proved that he is a man of class. Williams, looks good at the third corner, with Coyle as general utility, and a good ball player.

Games have been arranged with Palmyra, our old rivals, for September 14 and 21, so from now on we will have good base ball. On Saturday the team will line up against the Mount Holly team. This team has defeated the best teams in the County, so it is hoped that the crowd will follow the players to the ball park, and give them the support they need.

Schellenberger, the Ursinus College star, has been signed, and will finish the season.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.

Services for August 11, tenth Sunday after Trinity:

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.15 a.m., Sunday School and Bible classes.

11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon.

8.00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

Services during the week:

Wednesday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

Friday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

8 p. m., evensong and address by the rector.

The Rector invites questions at the Friday evening service on matters spiritual, biblical or ecclesiastical.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.45 a. m. Sunday School.

10.45 a. m., morning service.

8 p. m., evening service.

Where All Are Not Equal.

Opportunities are equal, but the ability to grasp them, the mentality to appreciate them, the strength to develop them, vary with the individual.—Herbert Kaufman.

Compels Honesty of Chauffeurs.

A device by which a passenger, from any point within an automobile, can regulate its speed, without the knowledge of the chauffeur, has been invented in Germany.

Delights of Travel.

"We can stop off at Milan for an hour." "Can't see much in an hour." "I only want to get a local label pasted on my trunk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mourn for the Bride.

In Japan, land of flowers, they hold funeral services at the home of the bride's parents the night she is married. This is to show that the young lady is dead to her father and mother.

Correct Answer.

Teacher (in geography class)—"John, you may tell the class what a league is." John (promptly)—"Eight baseball clubs is a league."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Well, Hardly Ever.

When a pretty woman wishes to have her way with a man it never takes her long to find the line of least resistance.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Comes Home by Itself.

An aeroplane has this advantage over a motor car: When it breaks down it doesn't have to be towed in.—Life.

The Beginning and the End.

A poor beginning may lead to a good ending, but it is not likely to do so if one has started to tumble downstairs.

Biggest Man in Civil War.

"The biggest man of the Civil war," as he was called by his neighbors, died recently at Washington, Pa. William P. Bane never wore shoulder straps, although his term of service in the Union army extended from June, 1862, until the close of hostilities, and his title referred only to his height. When he enlisted in Company A, Twenty-second Pennsylvania volunteers, he weighed about three hundred pounds and measured a trifle over seven feet four inches in his stockings. He was "lanky" in build and became known as Big Pat Bane. Writing of him, the Washington (Pa.) Observer says: "Circus day was the gladsome day for Pat, and no one in all the crowds in town on that day got nearly as much enjoyment out of the occasion as did the Greene county giant when groups of children and their elders, too, gathered about him to gaze up into his face and ask him strange questions of how it felt to be a giant. It was the same way at the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, when Pat usually led the parade."

Stick to the Boys.

While General Baden-Powell was in America he told Colonel Livingstone, the president of the American boy scouts, of his conference with King George. Naturally it was desired by his sovereign that he devote his life to the army, but when he had returned from the war, a hero of the battlefield on the African veldt, he felt that his real life must be devoted to the boy scout movement. He so informed the king, but as a loyal subject he bowed as he said: "I leave it to you, your majesty, what shall it be?" "The army," replied the king. "Then I am to abandon the English boys. Who is going to take up the task?" The king reflected a moment and then replied: "Stick to the boys, Baden-Powell." In that moment by the wish and command of his sovereign, the life work of Baden-Powell was determined, consecrated and confirmed.—National Magazine.

Modern Conditions.

Booth Tarkington, at a dinner in Indianapolis, praised the English miners for striking for a minimum wage of five shillings a day. "The poor fellows," said Tarkington, "only average five days' work a week. Thus the minimum they demand is only 20 shillings, or $5.25. I hope with all my heart they get it." Mr. Tarkington paused to light one of his Egyptian cigarettes—cigarettes as big as small cigars—then he continued: "What's the world coming to? They are reducing wages at such a rate that nowadays a girl can hardly hope to marry unless she's got an income or a profession. I heard a modern bachelor say the other day philosophically: Oh, yes, marriage, no doubt, has its charms, but, as for me—well, in these days of dear living, give me a job without a wife rather than a wife without a job.'"

The Rise of Krupp.

Abandoning a successful grocery business in 1811, Frederick Krupp founded what has long since been famous as the great cannon works at Essen. In the enterprise to manufacture what was then known as "English steel" were the two Von Kechels, but Krupp had the capital. The firm started its operations in an old water-power mill at Altenessen. The experiments of the Von Kechels were unsuccessful. Krupp decided to get rid of them after having spent one-half of his fortune in experiments, and took over the management himself.

Melville Taught Him a Lesson.

An anecdote about the late Rear Admiral Melville was told the other day at a Washington club. "Melville, one stormy morning at sea," said the narrator, "had occasion to rebuke a young officer for wearing soiled gloves. "'But, sir,' the young officer remonstrated, 'the men have been so overworked in all this dirty weather one couldn't well ask them to wash gloves.' Melville took a pair of perfectly clean gloves from his pocket 'Here, wear these,' he said quietly. 'I washed them myself.'"—Washington Star.

Judge Leaves Faulty Will.

It is strange how many talented judges and lawyers have failed to draw up their own wills correctly. The English Judge Lushington, who died recently, leaving an estate of nearly $100,000, overlooked the important necessity of having his will and a codicil to it properly attested. Perhaps he intended that his professional colleagues should benefit indirectly by the consequent litigation.

Pope's Revenue From Eels.

The greatest eel-breeding establishment in the world is that of Comacchio, on the Adriatic, where the industry is carried on with scientific care. This eel nursery consists of a gigantic swamp, measuring 140 miles in circumference, and is of ancient origin, since in the sixteenth century it yielded an annual revenue of $6,000 to the Pope.

CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

BANKING SERVICE

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

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THE BEST

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

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

Your account is cordially solicited.

DON'T THROW

away the opportunity to have your bin filled with high grade, well screened coal. It is a great satisfaction to know that you have your winter's supply safe in your house before cold weather comes, and now is the time to do it, before prices go up, by ordering from Evans's.

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Rubbish Burners that won't let the waste paper blow all around
But don't let us send you one of those Simple Power Washing Machines for free trial unless you want a permanent fixture, for you won't be satisfied without it afterward
Imitation Hard-wood Rug-Borders will save you much time and labor
To make the children happy, buy them Roller Skates

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The Power of the Press.

A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment. A newspaper is an adviser who does not require to be sought, but comes to you briefly every day of common weal, without distracting your private affairs. Newspapers, therefore, become more necessary in proportion as men become more equal individuals, and more to be feared. To suppose that they only serve to protect freedom would be to diminish their importance; they maintain civilization.—De Tocqueville.

The Way to Meet Work.

The beauty of work depends upon the way we meet it—whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night comes, or whether we open our eyes with the sunrise to welcome it as an approaching friend who will keep us delightful company all day, and who will make us feel at evening that the day was well worth its fatigues.—Lucy Larcom.

Comforting Religion.

People like their religion to be what they call comforting. I want my religion to give me self-respect and courage. This sort of faith really overcomes the power of death.—Bernard Shaw.

Noble Practice.

Let us all resolve—first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin; third, to practice the grace and virtue of praise.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Rare Among Men.

The ability to secure your own way and impress others with the idea that they are having their own way is rare among men; among women it is as common as eyebrows.—T. B. Aldrich.

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Petroleum gives us asphalt paving, permanent ink for printing, dyes of brilliant hue, and all kinds of rubber articles which without the oil could not be manufactured.

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SICK OR WELL

should have careful attention. They cannot as a rule digest ordinary cow's milk which has not received special treatment.

BORDEN'S Malted Milk

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will be found a satisfying, non-irritating easily digested food; finely powdered, and ready for immediate use by the addition of water.

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INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Rev. Harry White, of Illinois, is visiting his father, John White.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Monach expect to go to Lavalette on Sunday.

Mrs. Edward King took a trip to Easton, Pa., on Wednesday.

Mrs. A. W. Hirsch entertained a Thimble Party Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. William Hortz and children spent Thursday in Philadelphia with friends.

Miss Belle Helmes, of Camden, visited her aunt, Mrs. A B. Powell this week.

Mrs. William Alexander, of Camden, spent Thursday with Mrs. A. B. Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Blackburn went to Wildwood on Thursday for two weeks.

Miss Mae McPherson, of West Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Miss Florence Powell.

George Rhoades is entertaining his mother and brother from Philadelphia this week.

Miss Ruth Warner returned home Tuesday after spending three weeks at Atlantic City.

Carpenter G. W. E. Hall is having his workshop at Fifth and Leconey avenue newly painted.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Durgin spent Sunday with their son, Calvin Durgin, at Annapolis, Md.

Mrs. Edward Quarterman isentertaining her sister, Mrs. Maloney and children, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. E. T. Zelley and Miss Anna Zelley are spending two weeks with relatives at Atlantic City.

Mrs. William H. Cook and children returned home Sunday after spending three weeks at Lavalette.

Mrs. Emlen Craft and children returned home Wednesday after spending three weeks at Wildwood.

Raymond C. Miller, of Waterbury, Conn., is spending two weeks with his parents in Palmyra.

Miss Florence Powell went to Geneva, N. Y., Tuesday, where she will spend a month with friends.

H. P. Hurff, who was operated on Wednesday for stomach trouble, is doing as well as can be expected.

Mrs. Kate Morrell and Mildred Kirby returned home Wednesday after spending a week at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Edward Philenius, of Perryville, Mo., returned home Thursday, after visiting her son, William Gerkens.

Miss Elizabeth Steele has arrived home after spending a month with her uncle, George Steele, of Long Branch.

On Monday the mercury fell well into the fifties in the early morning. It was the coldest August 5 since 1874.

Elvin I. Powell started Thursday night for Dayton, O., where he will spend ten days at the home of Prof. Volmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Ellis and son, Randolph, have returned home after spending a week at Atlantic City.

Mrs. R. P. Furman and children, and Miss Elizabeth Headington went to Atlantic City Wednesday for a week.

Miss Helene C. Boehme, Miss Bertha Joyce, and Miss Helen Thatcher went up the Hudson to West Point on Thursday.

Edward King and John Graham, and a party of friends from Philadelphia, spent Saturday and Sunday at West Creek.

Miss Edna Hires, who was operated on at the Hahneman hospital last week, is doing nicely, and will be brought home Saturday.

Mrs. William T. Hawkins, and the Misses Hazel and Winifred Shaner, of Long Island, visited Mrs. A. C. Roray on Sunday.

We are in receipt of a post card from Mrs. H. N. Pancoast, who is in Seattle, Wash., on which she says it is the finest city she was ever in.

The Signal Corps, Third Regiment, U. B. B. A., have given a benefit at the moving picture parlor every night this week, including tonight.

The Dedication Festival of Christ Church will be solemnly observed on Sunday next. Special sermon by Rev. L. Cody Marsh. All visitors welcome.

Mrs. Pennel Cooper, Mrs. William Collin, Mrs. George E. Reber and Mrs. Jacob Thatcher visited Mrs. James B. Russell at Pitman Grove on Thursday.

William H. Cook, William Althouse, Eugene Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Fish, and their niece and nephew went to Barnegat Pier on a fishing trip Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Tracy went to Oakdale, L. I., on Thursday, where he will be employed by the Singer Sewing Machine Co. They made the trip in their launch, "Wastrel."

Mrs. Bowman G. Sterling died at her husband's home in Philadelphia on Saturday, and interment was made Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Sterling were former residents of Palmyra.

Three months in jail was the sentence imposed upon William Miller for committing assault and battery upon Martha Boyer, of Palmyra, of which crime the accused entered a plea of guilty.

Isabella, age 9 weeks, daughter of Frederick and Viola T. Rogers, died on Saturday. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment was made in Morgan cemetery under the direction of Undertaker John C. Belton, of Moorestown.

Within an hour on Monday morning three men were seriously injured in three separate accidents in Riverside. William Kellogg, a painter, fell from a scaffold; Walter Morris was hurt by a large case of stockings falling on him while it was being loaded into a freight car, and G. Gustavo, a baker, was injured in a runaway accident.

Nicholas Meginney, an aged resident of Palmyra, was taken ill with the grip a week ago. It developed into pneumonia, resulting fatally Wednesday night. Services will be held Saturday afternoon at his late residence, Fourth and Pine streets, conducted by Rev. Samuel Sargent. Interment will be made in Morgan cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker Morton. Mr. Meginney belonged to Collis Zouaves, 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was one of the oldest members of the Palmyra Methodist Church.

Field Club Notes.

The Field Club boys were out-classed in Saturday's game and Beverly won easily by the score of 12-1. The whole trouble was with the pitchers to begin with as the Beverly boys started right in on Holt and scored four runs in the first two innings. Of course there were a couple of errors, but there were also a couple of good plays—Holt seemed to be going good in the third inning and was just beginning to get his curves breaking when his arm gave way on him and Manager Baker had to send Bodine in Holt's place. Jack went good for a short while but Poth's aggregation were not satisfied with four runs against a bunch of kids, as they termed the local boys, and hammered Jack to all parts of the lot with a vim. They scored eight runs off Jack's delivery in four innings. Stanley Green then went in to pitch and he was visibly nervous, but he got through his first inning without being scored on and the next inning he settled down and held the heavy hitters runless. Green's showing was the best of the trio and he is sure of another chance.

John Saar played third in place of R. Gibbons who has quit the team because he couldn't play shortstop.—John played a fine game on third and made one of the local boys three hits.

The showing of the pitchers was very weak and a decided improvement must be made if they hope to defeat Florence next week. The team played fairly good ball, but any team looks weak if they are pounding the pitchers' to all corners of the lot. Holt's arm is bound to come back for Saturday and the boys are not going to mind the defeat as it is no disgrace to be defeated by such an aggregation of stars as Poth has gathered together—none is too high-priced for him as he wants the best on the market.

This Saturday we play the Florence team in our own back yard, so give us one more trial. Game called at 3.30 p. m. Admission 25c. Ladies 15c.

Squibs.

Beverly is by far the strongest team in the League.

The two youngsters, Saar and Green, showed up in grand style.

Stacks' catch in short left was a corker.

Herbie Kemmerle hit a triple and was out trying to stretch it into a home run.

One run came in the first—a good beginning—but that's all.

Manager Baker lost his eye and could not touch Simpson.

Saar's throw to the plate and Durgin's pick up in the first looked good.

First man to face Holt—first ball pitched resulted in a long triple. Didn't lose any time.

Try again boys. You can at least try to get Florence. But I expect to see you win.

Don't forget game starts 3.30 p. m.

ROOTER.

"New Jersey Day" at Sea Girt.

The Democratic State Committee have designated Saturday, August 17th, as "New Jersey Day," at Sea Girt, on which occasion all citizens of New Jersey are cordially invited to be the guests of Governor Woodrow Wilson. Special trains, at special rates, will be run from all parts of the State. Train will leave Palmyra about 7.30 a. m., via Trenton; also train via Camden and Mount Holly. Ladies invited.

Members of the Burlington County Democratic Club will assemble at Burlington. Special cars will be set apart for their accommodation. A band of music will accompany the Club.

Christ Church, Palmyra.

Rev. T. J. Bensley, rector.

Services at Christ Church, for next Sunday are as follows:

The Dedication Festival of this church will be solemnly observed on Sunday next, the 11th of August, by the following services. All seats in the church are free, visitors heartily welcomed. Special collections at all the services next Sunday in aid of the work of the church.

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10 30 a. m., Matins and Litany; Proper Psalms, 84, 122, 134.

11.00 a. m., Procession, High Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Sermon by the Rev. L. Cody Marsh, subject of sermon; "The House of Prayer."

Hymns, 491, 484, 408, 674, 489.

8.00 p. m., Procession, Solemn Evensong, sermon by the Rector, and Benediction. Subject of sermon; "The Gate of Heaven."

Hymns, 490, 402, 399, 401, 401.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Holy Eucharist at 7 30 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.15 a. m., Sunday School.

10 30 a. m., preaching by the minister.

7 to 8 p. m., vesper service with special music. Sermon by the minister. Subject, "The Gospel of Assurance."

At the Tuesday evening prayer service, the Rev. Harry White, of Illinois, will preach. Rev. White is the son of John White, and was a former resident here.

Mrs. Albert Spears, of Philadelphia, spent Tuesday with her mother, Mrs. Warren Miller.

The promised statement of the condition of Burlington county's finances by the finance committee of the Board of Freeholders and the auditor has not yet appeared. It is understood to have been prepared but that the signature of one of the members of the committee has not yet been secured. From the auditor it has been learned that the overdrafts of appropriations this year amount to about $30,000 but that about $15,000 remained unexpended from last year's fund, so that it will be necessary to bond the county for about $15,000, as permitted under a new law, to square matters.

Successful Man's Policy.

I have tried to make all my acts and commercial moves the result of definite consideration and sound judgment. There were never any great ventures or risks. I practiced honest, slow-growing business methods, and tried to back them with energy and good system.—Marshall Field.

Satisfied It Was a Good Hand.

"You was a big loser when de gamé broke up, wasn't you?" "Yes. Dat's why it broke up." "Was it a good hand dat won de last pot?" "It shore was. When it landed it felt like it mus' o' weighed a ton."—Washington Star.

Keith's Theatre.

Overwhelmingly strong and surprisingly diverse is the bill of attractions at Keith's Theatre for the week of the 12th inst., headed by the greatest musical organization ever enjoyed on any stage of the Quaker City—The Meistersingers of Boston. In presenting this great act, Mr. Keith wishes Philadelphians to realize that this is not what might be called a vaudeville act in any sense of the word, since every one of the twelve men who appear in it is a Bostonian amateur-professional, as it were, since every one of them is a member of one or more society musical organizations—the Weber Quartette, the Schubert Quartette, the Harvard Quartette and the Aleppo Temple Choir of the Mystic Shrine—and has never appeared professionally until their recent booking by Mr. Keith in Boston where the public's reception was so great that the original two weeks' engagement was prolonged to six, so tremendous was their success.

The surrounding bill is otherwise rich in novelty and particularly in fun, with at least three acts that will appeal very stongly to the children. First of these is "Baby Helen," the most gifted little comedienne and songstress on the American stage.

The Great Ergotti and his Lilliputians have been seen here before and comprise one of the few really great novelties on the American stage. Ergotti is not only great in name, but also in stature, a trained gymnast and one of the most commanding figures in the European army. His Lilliputians are naturally in the strongest contrast with himself, but they are perfect little men, capable of the most astonishing acrobatic stunts, and infuse no end of fun into their work.

Everybody knows how difficult it is to train a cat, by nature indolent, yet capable of extraordinary things on the impulse. Mme. Techow is a very talented woman, possessed of infinite patience, otherwise she could not have trained these magnificent creatures to such a point of mental and physical excellence. Whether you like cats or not, you will certainly be in love with Mme Techow's most accomplished pet-family.

In Fly Time.

Judge J. M. Johnson, in the court of appeals of Kansas City, said recently that if a man made a drudge of his wife she was entitled to a divorce. "There's a type of man that marries a woman cause he loves her," Judge Johnson said the other evening at a banquet, "and then he proceeds to make her a slave. These honeyed words of love, followed by this slavery, call to my mind a little Kansas City girl. She stood before a window, watching a fly that buzzed on the pane. 'Fly,' she said, 'does 'oo love heaven?' And impersonating the insect, she answered the question with a whispered 'Ess.' 'Fly, would 'oo like to go to heaven?' A pause, and another whispered 'Ess.' Then—Bang! The poor fly was crushed on the pane, and the little girl said triumphantly: 'Now 'oo's there!'"

Pretty Girls Play Fair.

Because homely girls were not treated as well as the pretty girls when the work was given out in the white goods factory of B. Apotheker, 120 of the pretty girls went on strike and soon won it. A member of the executive board of the White Goods Makers' union said: "The pretty girls got the 20-cent work and the homely girls the 15-cent work. The pretty girls did not have much to say about this, but when the homely girls complained to the pretty girls, the pretty girls sympathized with them. The homely girls and the pretty girls decided they would stand by each other. They took the case to the union, and a strike was ordered."—New York Dispatch to the Philadelphia Record.

Near Bow Bells.

"Arnold Bennett dined with me at Maria's," said a New York magazine editor, "during his American visit. While we were on the first course at Maria's Bennett told me a story about the cockney accent. "The cockney accent, it seems, turns 'make haste' into 'mike 'iste;' and 'th' it turns into 't' or 'f'—thus 'father' is 'faver' and 'thistle' is 'fisle' in cockney. A little boy in the New Cut—so, after that introduction, Bennett began—'once said to a fishmonger: 'Gimme a haddle.' 'Finnan?' the dealer asked. At this the little boy laughed knowingly, with the air of one determined not to be cheated. 'Fin un?' he said. 'No, not likely. Fick un!'"

The Old-Time Apprentice.

Negro slavery existed to some extent in England and all her American colonies, but a system of apprenticeship of white and Indian boys and girls was common in New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These apprentices practically became members of the family, eating at the same table, attending the same church, and cared for "in sickness and in health," as well as the average farmer's boy of that era. The work was quite hard but not exhausting, and until well into the nineteenth century the scythe, cradle, sickle, hoe, hand-rake and flail were relied upon to the almost total exclusion of farm machinery of any kind.—National Magazine.

His Good Name.

William Dean Howells enjoys the public confidence in an unusual degree. It was doubtless on this account that a New York promoter recently offered Mr. Howells the presidency of a new mining company at a salary of $25,000 a year. "But, sir," Mr. Howells protested, "I know nothing about mining or finance." "Oh, that makes no difference," the promoter replied. "We won't expect you to do any work. We only want to use your name, you know." But Mr. Howells shook his head. "No," he said, "no, I must decline. If my name is so well worth using, it must be equally well worth protecting."

First Fingerless Gloves.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove? Little was said of gloves in ancient times, but in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius, so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered, no less than those of the glutton in Athenaeus, who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare-handed fellow diners.

Hiving the Bees

By Clara Ines Deacon

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

When the widow Skinner sold her farm on the High Hill road and bought another in the Red Bridge neighborhood she became the nearest neighbor of farmer Roberts, widower. Why they took an aversion to each other at first sight neither of them could explain, but an aversion there was where there should have been neighborly friendliness.

Farmer Roberts made up his mind in a day, almost, that he should neither borrow nor lend any tools or implements of any sort. The widow made up her mind just as quickly that she wouldn't be friends with a man who threw stones at her geese the very first day she moved in.

There was the widower who needed a wife, and there was the widow who would have been much better off with a husband to manage things, and instead of taking the sensible way they avoided it.

"What I want her to understand," said the farmer to a friend, "is that if any of her hogs git into my 'tater field I sh'an't spare her 'cause she is a woman."

Of course the widow heard of the threat, and she wouldn't have been a free-born American woman if she hadn't answered back.

"The old skeesicks, but he hadn't better pick no fuss with me! The first time I find that jumping old cow of his in my corn he'll see that I'm not a helpless woman."

There are even more chances to pick a fuss with a neighbor in the country than in the city. It was not long before one of the widow's hogs came squealing home with a bleeding ear. He had rooted under the line fence and feasted on the widower's potatoes. A week later the jumping cow came home minus a horn. The widow could throw a rock or handle a club as well as a man.

There was a creek flowing through both farms. One day the widow's ducks took a voyage of discovery upstream. Farmer Roberts waited until they reached his line and he wrung the neck of the old drake who was acting as pilot. The body was tossed back on the widow's land with a grin of satisfaction. She discovered it, and a day or two later the widower's biggest and favorite rooster lost his life while exploring a strange barnyard.

Things like these do not pass in the country without being commented on. A minister in the village three miles away heard of them and drove out to talk of peace on earth and good will to men, but he rather muddled instead of helping things.

"Am I going to take his sass just because I'm a woman!" demanded the widow. "No, sir! He begun this 'ere fuss, and he's got to come to me and say he's sorry before I'll stop!"

"You, see," said the widower when it came his turn to talk, "she never asked me a question when she came to buy that farm. Just went right ahead as if she's bought a farm every week in the year. If she'd been the right kind of a woman she'd have come to me for advice. I never knuckled down to any woman yet, and I'm not going to begin now."

Of course, things could not go on long without legal trouble.

The widower picked some gooseberries over the widow's line, and she sauntered out that way and called him a thief. This epithet, being overheard by a third party, constituted defamation of character, and suit was brought. While the law was delaying the case to let it get ice-cold, the widow helped herself to pears from a tree clearly the property of the widower. He was on the watch for overt acts and called her a robber. The epithet was not overheard by a third party, but she insisted on bringing suit just the same, asserting that the man made many gestures with his hands as he talked.

The minister drove out from the village again. This time he took another tack. He began on the widow with:

"Mrs. Skinner, you are a lone woman."

"But nobody can scare me!" was her prompt reply.

"No, of course not, but how much better not to have cares and worries and troubles. You being a widow, and Mr. Roberts being a widower, it would seem to me that—"

"Hold right on, Mr. Taylor!" she interrupted. "I know how it would seem to you, but you can save your breath. A widow don't have to marry some old poke of a man to keep her rights."

"The farms adjoin, and you could be so happy."

"Yes, the farms adjoin, but the widow and widower don't speak and never will!"

"If you and Mr. Roberts would sit down together and—"

"But we won't! He's the sort of a man who thinks he can boss the earth, and I'm the sort of a woman who can be coaxed but not be driv."

"Maybe Providence will come to the rescue," sighed the good man as he turned away.

"Mebbe She will, parson. If She don't there'll be about sixteen more lawsuits before things are over with."

Mr. Roberts proved just as stubborn.

"Parson, it hain't that I'm mean or sot in my ways," he explained, "but it's that folks have tried to walk over me roughshod."

"Meaning the widow?"

"Just so. It won't do no good to go on and talk. She's got to be brung to time, and I'm going to do it if it takes my farm."

One day farmer Roberts was legally deputized to call on the widow Skinner and notify her to cut down a tree which was a menace to his barn. It was a warm June day. The widow had two hives of bees, one of which had already swarmed that day and been hived, and the other was getting ready to. The widow sat on her back steps, empty hive waiting, and a tin pan to drum on by her side. The widower advanced, paper in hand and something like a grin on his face. He was about to be told to skate right off that farm when the bees began pouring out of the hive that had been waiting. Before the paper could be presented or the widow beat her pan, the insects began alighting on the farmer's shoulders. He had kept bees in his day, and he knew that to rush at them or run away would bring about a painful calamity. The woman retreated a few feet, and in ten minutes the hive was empty and every bee clinging to the man. He stood not daring to more than wink an eye. Then the woman sat down on the doorsteps and began:

"Wring my drake's neck, will you! Steal my gooseberries, will you! Try to rob me of two feet of land the whole length of my farm, would you! Sue me because you hain't man enough to fight fair! You are in a nice fix, you are!"

"Widow, isn't there any way I can get these bees off me?" carefully asked the man.

"You can scrape 'em off!"

"I wish you would run for help."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"But I can't stand the strain for long."

"Then sit down to it! I didn't ask you to come over here. What's that paper about?"

"It's a notice that you must cut down that tree by my barn."

"Oh, it is! Making me more trouble, are you? Well, I'll cut it down after the bees get through with you. I'm going into the house now to read the newspaper for a spell."

She had been gone twenty minutes when she heard the widower calling. As she appeared in the door he said:

"I shall drop dead in five minutes more!"

"I don't think so," she replied. "Mr. Roberts, I hain't mad at you—real mad."

"Nor I at you."

"It's jest that we kinder misunderstood."

"I think so."

"I'm a hard and willing worker, and you are the same."

"Yes."

"I'm all alone in the world, and so are you."

"Jest so."

"And—and—?"

The widower waited a long minute and then said:

"Scrape 'em off and hive 'em up and we'll be married next week!"

WHEN MRS. DUFF IS AT HOME

Subtle Aroma in the Front Hall and Conversation Over Telephone Alike Proclaim It.

Mr. Duff is the tenant of the second floor front. His wife has been away. Mr. Duff himself may be encountered about in the halls. He is a large man with a considerable girth and a face that one knows to be youthful for his age; he cannot be under thirty.

Recently the second floor hall became fragrant with the odor of perfume. Mrs. Duff, presumably, had returned. Yes, Mrs. Duff was at the telephone. She calls, "Hello!" very sweetly, in two syllables. Mr. Duff's first name, it appears, is Walter, pronounced by his doting wife also in two syllables, "Wal-ter." Mrs. Duff bleats, it seems, in two syllables. Mr. Duff's middle name evidently is "Hon-ey."

Mrs. Duff said over the telephone that she "had been ba-ad." She said it oh, so sweetly. She had, she said, taken a little walk and had stayed "too long" and she had been away when he had called her up. But she had had the "best little time." She was going to work now, "oh! so har-rd." She was going to clean out the bureau drawers and "that little box," and unpack her trunk and put away her things. No, she would be careful not to overwork herself. She would see him, Walter Honey Duff, when he came home from work. "Good-bye, little boy," she said.

Then she called up a creamery. She wanted the creamery to send her, please, a pint of milk, and the smallest jar it had of cream cheese. How soon could those be sent, please? Oh-h! not till then? Well, she supposed she would have to wait.

The second floor hall is fragrant with the odor of perfume.

Men Should Live Ninety-Three Years.

Dr. W. J. Howells, E1424 Tenth avenue, medical expert and former superintendent of the insane hospital at Medical Lake, believes in the theory of the eminent Chinese statesman, Dr. Wu Ting Fang, that men can live to a greatly increased life. Doctor Wu places his limit at ninety-three years, while Doctor Howells believes that eighty-five years would be no unreasonable age for men to expect to attain under proper conditions.

"Take most business or professional men today and they are old at sixty," said Doctor Howells. "I talked with a farmer seventy-nine years old, who during the last few months whittled 25,000 shingles by hand with a drawknife. He was hale and hearty and really looked younger than many men of fifty."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Ancient Game of Tennis.

Tennis is the game of kings. The oldest of existing ball games—it is mentioned in the Arthurian romances—tennis was originally the pastime of the kings and nobles and it was long before its descendant—lawn tennis—became popular with all classes. The game reached England from France and Italy, and by the time of Henry VII we find a royal tennis court at Windsor. Henry VIII was an expert at the game.

Value of Manual Training.

It is nothing but the delicacy of his sense of touch that gives to man his marvelous skill with his fingers, so that he can make all manner of tools and instruments, nothing being too fine for him to handle. This is one argument in favor of manual training, which teaches children how to use their hands and enables them to acquire so much useful knowledge through their fingers.—New York Sun.

Like Many Writers.

Minnie—"I wonder what ever became of Jennie Smart, who took first prize in our graduating class?" Mamie—"Why, don't you know? She wrote an article on 'The Degradation of American Womanhood,' got $1,000 for it from a magazine, went into Wall street, made a fortune, and went to Europe and bought one of the sweetest little princes you ever saw!"—Terre Haute Express.

Be Independent of Fortune.

If fortune favor you, be not elated; if she frown, do not despond.—Ausonius.

Their First Play.

Every man who wants to be a boss is eager to deliver the people from thraldom.—Philadelphia Record.

Sunshine Predominates.

If you count the sunny and the cloudy days of the whole year, you will find that the sunshine predominates.—Ovid.

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In effect June 21, 1912.

Phila. for Riverton.	Arrive at Palmyra	Arrive at Riverton.	Riverton for Phila.	Palmyra for Phila.	Arrive at Phila.
A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
5 10	5 38	5 41	5 50	5 52	6 19
6 12	6 41	6 43	6 41	6 44	7 15
7 12	7 39	7 42	7 22	7 24	7 47
7 44	8 05	8 08	7 44	7 46	8 15
9 00		9 23	8 14	8 17	8 39
9 40	10 01	10 03	8 45	8 48	9 15
10 35	11 01	11 04	9 14	.....	9 39
			10 34	10 37	11 00
			11 16	11 19	11 45
P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
12 00	12 22	12 25	12 22	12 25	12 50
12 40	1 08	1 10	1 30	1 33	2 00
1 20	1 50	1 52	2 30	2 33	3 00
•2 00	2 28	2 31	3 08	3 11	3 39
2 30	2 53	2 56	3 38		4 03
3 20	3 49	3 52	3 55	3 58	4 19
3 56	.....	4 17	•4 25	4 27	4 55
4 28	4 51	4 54	5 16	5 19	5 43
5 00	5 27	5 30	5 29	5 33	6 03
5 20	5 44	5 47	6 13	6 16	6 40
5 40	6 08	6 11	7 17	7 19	7 45
6 00	6 26	6 28	8 15	8 18	8 45
6 32	7 00	7 03	8 30	8 33	8 55
7 20	7 44	7 47	9 45	9 48	10 15
9 20	9 47	9 49	10 45	10 48	11 15
10 50	11 16	11 19	12 16	12 19	12 45
11 50	12 15	12 18			

SUNDAYS

A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
7 55	8 21	8 24	8 23	8 26	8 55
9 00	9 27	9 30	11 18	11 21	11 45
10 10	10 37	10 40	P M	P M	P M
P M	P M	P M	12 46	12 49	1 15
12 30	12 57	1 00	2 57	3 00	3 25
1 30	1 59	2 02	4 55	4 58	5 30
4 00	4 23	4 26	6 20	6 23	6 55
5 10	5 37	5 40	7 09	7 10	7 40
6 20	6 46	6 48	7 52	7 55	8 20
7 20	7 45	7 48	9 14	9 17	9 45
9 20	9 47	9 50	10 10	10 13	10 45
10 00	10 30	10 33	11 00	11 03	11 35

• Saturdays only

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J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Diamond Cipher

A Baseball Romance

By W. A. PHELON

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SYNOPSIS.

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

CHAPTER II—Brockett, Chula Lon Kan, a Siamese, Ramon Solano, a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters practice baseball playing until dark. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER III—As outcome of Brockett's cipher, the ball player and Solano are engaged by government for mysterious mission. Yazimoto, mysterious Jap, calls on Brockett.

CHAPTER IV—Brockett falls into Yazimoto's trap, a fight 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—Yazimoto returns to headquarters and reports his failure to obtain the cipher to Baron Zollern; Miss Lawson, 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—Brockett and Solano arrive in Jersey City; make appointment to meet McGinnity, the "Iron Man," baseball manager.

CHAPTER IX—Brockett and Solano arrive in New York and run into a Chinese Tong war; rescued by a white man.

CHAPTER X—The place of refuge found to be a trap; find themselves prisoners of Yazimoto. Kelly to rescue, mulches Jap out of $10,000.

CHAPTER XI—Kelly turns the money over to Brockett.

CHAPTER XII—Brockett and Solano have encounter with tough gang, but are protected by Kelly's men.

CHAPTER XIII—On sleeper Cleveland-bound; the Baron detected in act of rifling Solano's berth, jumps from train.

CHAPTER XIV—At Detroit the messengers go to ball game, receive hieroglyphs in mysterious manner and depart for Chicago.

CHAPTER XV—Arriving in Chicago, the messengers are robbed by a "transom thief;" the baron again appears.

CHAPTER XVI—The Baron offers to assist in recovering the stolen papers.

CHAPTER XVII—The Messengers find the stolen papers in the possession of a giant negro.

CHAPTER XVIII—After a fierce battle with negroes Brockett and Solano wake up in jail.

CHAPTER XIX—The Messengers and police visit the Tenderloin in search of the stolen property.

CHAPTER XX—The thief is found in a "hop joint," a fight follows, and part of the "booty" is recovered.

CHAPTER XXI—Mysteriously receiving another hieroglyphic message, the messengers board a train for the West and are later arrested by bogus Arkansas sheriff.

CHAPTER XXII—Brockett and Solano knock the sheriff and his deputies down and his deputies down and take to the wods.

CHAPTER XXIII—The genuine sheriff arrests Baron Zollern, and the boys resume their journey.

CHAPTER XXIV—The Messengers arrive on the Rio Grande and play ball with the troopers.

CHAPTER XXV—While playing ball Brockett is lassoed and robbed.

CHAPTER XXVI—The messengers meet the commander of the post.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The boys sat half-dazed for several minutes, while the colonel's fierce old eyes twinkled above them. Then Solano spoke, slowly, measuring his words.

"Has Esteral made much progress with his plans?"

"Yes. Wonderful progress. The Latin-Americans in nearly every nation have accepted his propaganda blindly. They honestly believe that the United States, land-hungry, eager for conquest, intends sooner or later to annex and colonize the whole world of Mexico, Central and South America. Once president of Mexico, Esteral would consolidate his empire of 'mutual defense and vested rights' in less than two years. Then he would sell his alliance to Japan or Germany. Both are eager to gain his friendship, and both are making him tremendous offers. He is financing his revolution with Japanese and German gold. Japanese and German spies swarm all over this country, bribing, scheming, working to gain the secrets of defense and military policy. Japanese and German agents also try to block every avenue by which certain messages could be conveyed to Gomez Esteral. If those messages reach him I believe his dreams will be shocked into sudden awakening, and a great light will burst upon him."

"How—how do you mean, colonel?" Brockett questioned.

"Because"—and the old soldier's words fairly burned their way through the very souls of his young auditors—"because both Japan and Germany have every plan arranged by which Esteral is to be deceived, betrayed, and made a catspaw. Germany proposes, if the United States is crippled, to seize upon Brazil and make it the home of Prussia's overflowing millions. Japan already counts upon Sonora and Lower California as part of the Pacific empire which the mikado is to rule. These schemes are all matured, and the execution of the plans would be commenced as soon as the war was over. In other words, Gomez Esteral, dreaming of a great Latin nation, is to be awakened by the shock of finding himself the tool of a great land-grabbing conspiracy, and his new-formed nation the prey of Germany or of Japan."

"And," asked Solano, eagerly, "how do we figure in this drama of the nations?"

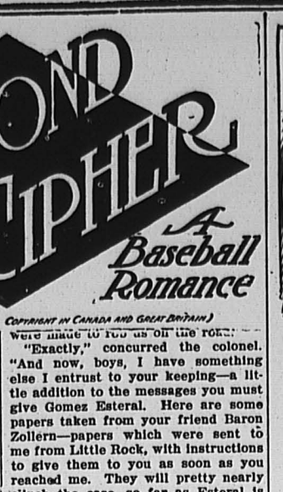
"You have quite a part to play," said the old soldier. "If I am not mistaken, the packet which you carry to Gomez Esteral contains not only the cipher code, and messages from the United States to Esteral, but absolutely irrefutable proofs of the Japanese and German treachery—proofs made out in the cipher code, but fully convincing to any man of ordinary intelligence. Esteral, I think, is a man of rather more than ordinary brains, and the evidence that will be set before him will give him a sudden shock and a complete awakening."

"I think I can understand now," said Brockett, "why so many attempts were made to rob us on the road."

"Exactly," concurred the colonel. "And now, boys, I have something else I entrust to your keeping—a little addition to the messages you must give Gomez Esteral. Here are some papers taken from your friend Baron Zollern—papers which were sent to me from Little Rock, with instructions to give them to you as soon as you reached me. They will pretty nearly clinch the case, so far as Esteral is concerned, as they contain notice to Baron Zollern that he will be appointed governor of a Brazilian province when everything has been properly adjusted. Rather foolish of the kaiser, don't you think? However that may be, here's the documents. Add them to whatever you already have in stock for Gomez Esteral, and start for Rancho Nogal whenever you feel so disposed. I can't even send a cavalry escort across the river with you—Esteral would take to the high grass if he saw a solitary trooper approaching. You will have to look out for yourselves and for the safety of your letters."

* * *

Under the rich light of the Mexican moon, two young horsemen rode the trail that leads to Rancho Nogal. Both boys could ride fairly well, though neither could lay claim to the skill of a cowboy, and the thoughtful old colonel had provided them with mounts. "If you can stick on your horses," said he, "it will shorten the distance to the Rancho, and may also carry you out of danger if anybody stops you on the way." Well-provided with directions, and with heavy cavalry revolvers buckled at their hips, the messengers set out on the last stage of their journey in royal spirits. Six troopers saw them safe across the Rio Grande, and dismissed them with waving of hats and urgent requests to be back in time for the deciding ball game. The group of friendly horsemen faded into spectres and then blended with the night; dark stretches of shadowy chaparral advanced its





gloom in contest with the bright rays of the moon—and the boys, bearing missives whose vast importance they had never known till that same day, rode onward through the dusk, mile after mile. They expected to make Rancho Nogal about daybreak, if all went smoothly—but the progress of these youngsters, somehow or other, never seemed to have much smoothness anywhere along its line.

Perhaps ten miles from the river, they encountered a slight rise in the road, and walked their horses slowly up the grade. Suddenly, as the moon-rays fell upon the summit of the incline, a solitary horseman loomed up, huge and menacing in the shadows. Silent, grim and somber, he sat his horse five hundred feet beyond, and seemed to patiently await their coming.

"I don't like the looks of that fellow," whispered Brockett as they neared the silent figure.

"He doesn't look specially good to me, either," replied Solano. "Still, there are two of us, and there's only one of him—no, I'm mistaken. He is distinctly plural."

Three other mounted figures ranged up beside the first one, all equally grim and menacing in the moonlight. Brockett half turned his horse's head. Too late for a retreat—five more of the silent horsemen were slowly walking their mounts from the direction of the river. For one moment the messengers halted, irresolute, and then moved forward towards the watchers at the summit of the hill. Perhaps 200 feet further on, they came upon a cross-road—a mere thread of a trail breaking forth from dense undergrowth and midnight jungle. Instantly Brockett wheeled and plunged into the new-found trail, while Solano followed. They drove their horses to a gallop, and as they started on the dash for safety the silent horsemen, both before and behind the fugitives, came charging after. They gave no cry, they voiced no shout or threat, but the clatter of the hoofs and the clanging of accouterments made wild discord on the evening air. Down the thread-like trail, straining every nerve to increase their horses' speed, fled the messengers and, fast closing up the distance, the nine pursuing riders sped along behind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There was little chance for the fugitives, even had their lead been twice as long, for the inexperienced rider has small show against the man who has lived from childhood in the saddle. It was only a few minutes before the grim pursuers overhauled them, swept alongside, and checked their horses by strong hands upon the bridle. Solano drew his revolver, and then, quickly realizing the helplessness of his situation, calmly returned it to its resting place. Brockett drove his right fist, viciously, into the face of the nearest rider, but was wrapped round with powerful arms before he could strike a second blow. Then the cavalcade, escorting the prisoners, turned, rode out of the little cross road, and trotted slowly up the hill



of your great prowess in the Gringos' game of baseball. It is the sport of my camp. We play it at all leisure hours—but, I fear, we play it very badly. The gentlemen of unpronounceable names do not come till afternoon. Will you not, during the morning, give us valuable instruction in the game of baseball? It will, I assure you, be a glorious favor."

Despite the misery of their situation and the apparent overthrow of all their plans, the boys could not restrain their laughter. This brigand, this land-pirate, this desperado, who, on the morrow, might wreck the future of great nations, asked for instruction in the diamond game! They could not keep from laughter—and even as they laughed Brockett's very soul thrilled with the flash of sudden inspiration.

"Yes, yes," he panted. "Tell him, Ramon, that we will be right with him in the morning, and that we will do our best to teach him what little of the game we know."

(To Be Continued.)

The Fishing Frog.

The fishing frog buries himself in the mud and lies barely concealed in weeds, where, with his huge mouth open, he fishes for his dinner. On the back of his head there are three spines, the longest of which he bends forward in front of his mouth, gently swaying it in the water. At last it attracts a young fish, which makes a spring for the supposed worm, when—snap—the mouth is closed, and Mr. Fishing Frog has had his dinner.

Debt Collection.

No doubt the world does owe all of us a debt, but the question of collection is one which does not seem to be in a fair way to be settled. It is a lamentable fact that there will never again be such brilliant truths and witticisms spoken as those which were given to the world by the ancients. Still, there is balm in reflecting that they were born before we were and naturally had the first chance.

Tunguse Reindeer the Best.

The reindeer is more to his owner than any other beast of burden, the herd furnishing meat, drink, clothing and candles. The size and strength of the reindeer varies in different parts of the Arctic, the finest being those owned by the Tunguse tribe in Eastern Siberia; the Tunguse deer stand as high as five feet and are frequently used for riding.

Willows as Mourning Symbol.

The Babylonian willow, with its long drooping branches, has come to be the symbol of mourning the world over. Even in China it is planted as such. There seems to be much authority for believing that it was upon this tree that the Israelites hung their harps before their sorrowing departure from Babylon, whence, perhaps, arose the symbolism of the tree.

Leaning Tower's Secret.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is in no danger of falling. For over eight hundred years it has been inclined to one side, but it is said to be as safe today as when it was built. This is because the workmen found it settling to one side while they were erecting it, so the tower was made accordingly.

Simple Wedding Ceremony.

In Borneo the bride and bridegroom sit on metal logs before the priest, who gives them cigars and betel while he blesses them. He waves above them two fowls bound together. The bridegroom then places the betel in his bride's mouth and a cigar between her lips. They are married.

Icy.

"Yes," said Miss Backbay, "Emerson appeals to us women of Boston; although he has passed beyond, we always keep him in our hearts, you know." "You don't say?" replied Miss Knox of Chicago. "I wonder how it feels to be kept in cold storage like that?"

Too Many Left-Handed.

Inquiry among 266,270 men of the German army developed that 10,292 of them were "left-handed." The investigators claim left-handed persons are not the equal of right-handed ones in physical and mental strength.

Didn't Surprise Willie.

"Willie, mamma has a great surprise for you." "I know what it is—big bruvver is back from his vacation." "How did you know?" "My bank won't rattle any more."—Youngstown Telegram.

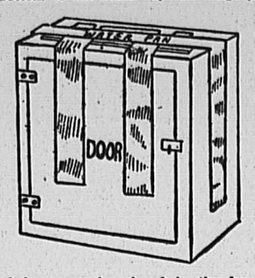
Unjust Acquisition.

An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.—Jeremy Taylor.

KEEPING FOOD WITHOUT ICE

Refrigerator That Will Do the Work May Be Operated for Comparatively Little.

To keep butter and milk cool take a box 12 inches deep, 24 inches long and 24 inches wide, make a door secured by two hinges and a hasp, tack two or three thicknesses of burlap on the outside, making allowance for the door; after setting the box on end set on the top a deep vessel filled with water and in the basin put strips of burlap or woolen goods about three inches in width and of sufficient length to reach well down the sides of the box. Secure the strips to the bottom of the basin by a weight;



shelves may be placed in the box. Set outside the house where the winds can pass over the box. The cooling resulting from the rapid evaporation of the water reduces the temperature within the box. The hotter it is outside and the harder the winds blow, the cooler it will be inside the box, as long as the pan is kept full of water.

PROPER PLACING OF PIANO

Decided Difference in Tone Will Be Found if Simple Precautions Are Preserved.

The proper placing of an upright piano in a room of moderate size is to turn it at right angles to the side wall, leaving room between the keyboard and the opposite wall for the player. Then stand a table, if possible an old-fashioned mahogany one with folding leaf which can be turned up against the back of the piano. There must, of course, be some drapery to cover the unpolished back of the piano. A piece of good-looking tapestry, brocaded silk, embroidered crepe, or even of cretonne, draped loosely over the top and back, but not laid in set folds, would be suitable. On the table stand a plant, a bit of pottery, a brass candlestick or possibly a lamp.

From a musical standpoint the piano is placed in the best position, for the notes are free instead of muffled.

Paper or Tint?

The choice between papered and tinted walls is largely a matter of personal taste, according to the Ladies' Home Journal. A plain tint in a good color is always in good taste, but there are, of course, more varied effects to be had from paper. Two-toned papers in inconspicuous figures or stripes, or merely a mottled surface giving the appearance of the texture of material, are charming. Then there are imitations of grass cloths, burlaps, etc., all giving the general effect of a plain wall with the added decorative value which texture can supply.

Prune Jelly.

Half a box of gelatin, half pound prunes, one cup sugar, juice of half a lemon, water. Soak the gelatine in a little cold water. Cook the prunes until soft in rather more water than will cover them; then take out the prunes, and to the liquid add the gelatin, sugar, juice of lemon and hot water enough to make one quart of liquid; let it come to a boil, after which strain. Remove the stones of the prunes, cut fruit into pieces, put it into the liquid, and heat, after which put into a mold. To be eaten with whipped cream.—Mary J. Hall.

Egg Paste.

The white of a raw egg is the most satisfactory of pastes. Papers used for covering down jam will hold securely and be quite air-tight if brushed over on the inside with white of egg. White of egg is also useful for mending glass or china ornaments, but, of course, it will not stand water. Still, it is not always necessary that a cement should do this, and white of egg has the merit of being quite imperceptible when dry.

Canker Remedy.

Take of burnt alum one teaspoonful, the same of burnt borax, put in a dish or bowl with one teacupful of white sugar, the same of boiling water; grate ½ nutmeg into this and let cool; bottle and shake before using. Dose—give one teaspoonful three times daily.

Tape for Hems.

The use of tape for hems for children's yokes where they are closed makes a very neat finish, as there are no bulging double edges, and it makes the yoke stronger where the hooks and eyes or buttons are attached.

Bacon Curls and Corn Fritters.

Cut breakfast bacon in very thin slices and remove rind. Place in a hot pan and during the cooking shape in curls, using a knife and fork for this. Drain on white paper.

Pupils and the School Clock.

High school pupils do better work when their eyes are not fixed on the clock. This opinion was expressed unanimously by the school board yesterday afternoon and a proposal to put a clock in every room in the city's high schools was abandoned.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

England's Forests Gone.

The forests for which England was at one time famous have vanished or only exist in the attenuated form of carefully preserved woods and parks, from which can be obtained only a fraction of the supplies needed.

Medicine Cabinets.

The most attractive medicine cabinets for the bathroom wall come from the old town of Nuremberg, where they are hand carved and painted to imitate the fronts of ancient houses of that quaint town with their characteristic gables and chimneys.

Danger in Watercress.

The tempting bunches of fresh green watercress that are now found in market are never more welcome than at this season, but great care should be taken to wash them thoroughly; the brook from which they came may have been infested with typhoid germs, says a writer. Experts tell us that much typhoid fever comes from vegetables that have been improperly fertilized or from plants watered by polluted streams. Wherever possible vegetables should be boiled, but in the case of lettuce or watercress this is usually impossible. The only thing one can do if one does not want to give up eating them is to wash them thoroughly in several waters. One can even make the first water a coapy one without leaving any disagreeable taste.

Plain Rugs.

Plain rugs made of carpet filling—Wilton, Wilton velvet or Axminster—are very attractive for bedrooms, says the Ladies' Home Journal, and ready-made rugs of these same kinds of carpet can be found in good oriental designs and colorings. "Art Woolen" rugs are also especially suitable, are very inexpensive and come in good plain tones or with a plain center and a two-toned figured border. Then, too, in a simple room nothing is more charming than the old-fashioned woven or braided rag rugs, which may be bought or made to order in any coloring.

Making Nut Muffins.

Two cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of milk, half a cupful of chopped nut meats, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, then add the beaten yolks of eggs, butter and milk. Beat well, add the vanilla extract and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Divide into buttered and floured gem pans, bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

To Save Soap.

Save all your small scraps of toilet soap. When you have a handful place in a small salt sack and tie up. Use this in place of cake of soap when bathing. It is delightful to rub the body with and will not slip out of the children's hands.

Mending an Umbrella.

To mend an umbrella, moisten a piece of black courtplaster and stick it on the inside over the hole. It will not be so noticeable as a darn, and although the plaster may have to renewed after the umbrella has been out in a hard rain, it is easily done.

Scotch Rivalry.

Glasgow and Edinburgh are, in the "popular" mind, regarded as rivals eternally criticising each other—Glasgow's sneering at Edingburgh's "genteel pride," an Edinburgh sneering at Glasgow's "commercial taint" and her smoky, sunless atmosphere. Princess street is regarded by many traveled people as the finest street in the world, but it was a Glasgow man who called it "only hauf a street," because the buildings are all on one side.—London Athenaeum.

An Old Saying Made New.

More things would come to him who waits if they were not captured on the way by the man who won't wait.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Not Sufficient Explanation.

The theory that our sins are simply the survival of certain animal instincts is plausible, but it will not work.

FISH FOR THE TABLE

ITS PROPER SELECTION, COOKING AND SERVING.

Almost Innumerable Are the Ways in Which They May Be Prepared—Either Broiled or Planked They Are Delicious.

In 1851 Miss Beecher wrote: "In selecting fish take those that are firm and thick, having stiff fins, thick scales, the gills bright red and the eyes prominent and full. When fish are long out of water they grow soft, and fine bend easily, the scales are dull and soft, the gills grow dark and the eyes sink and shrink away. They should be dressed as soon as caught, sprinkled with salt and cooked the same day."

At Saturday's remarkable market was heard: "Fish at five cents a pound is surely a remarkable blessing without any disguise, but how do you cook fish?"

Well, they can be fried, broiled, baked with stuffing, crimped, flaked and in balls, and souffles and creamed and an occasional chowder.

One thing the cookery books direct you to do is, "To put the fish into as much or more water as will cover them." We never drown ours, for too much water is bad. If you want to boil the fish a little more water than will half cover is sufficient. Keep the lid of the saucepan well down and simmer gently, it eats much richer and has a finer flavor than the book way, which soddens it and takes away the fine firmness we prize.

"And how shall I tell when it is done?" was the next query. When the filet, or thick part next to the backbone, can be easily drawn away from the bone with a knife.

Steamed fish is firmer and finer than fish baked or boiled. The making of filets and the baking of fish requires more care in the cookery and richer ingredients that is usually given to fish cookery in the home, and the excellence of these dishes depends upon the sauces after all.

One fish dish we think well of is made with mushrooms and sweet peppers, a quantity of melted butter and some lemon juice. The fish may be broiled or planked and then garnished; the long chili peppers are more sightly than the large sweet peppers. Cold fish flaked and mixed with salad dressing and trimmed with capers and served on a bed of crisp lettuce always pleases. For seasoning, lemon juice is always popular, and vinegar, either tarragon or the ordinary sort, is acceptable.

"Salt is the stuff that spoiled the fish when you did not put any on," so salt the fish when starting it to cook and serve celery salt and paprika with it at the table.—Henrietta D. Graue.

FOOD VALUE OF HONEY HIGH

Peculiarly Valuable as an Addition to the Dietary of the Younger Generation.

Honey is a valuable adjunct to the housekeeper's dietary and is a valuable concentrated food for children, being more easily digested than cane or beet sugar. Recipes for various uses to which it may be put are given to the Ladies' World.

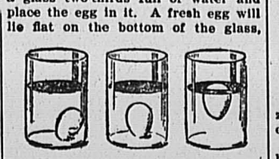
Lemon Honey Pie.—Line a pie dish with short pastry and fill with lemons, pared free from the white, tough skin. Cut the lemons as thin as a wafer and reject all seeds, or it will be bitter. Place between every layer of lemon clover honey, using one cupful of strained honey; cover with pastry rolled thin; slashing the top crust to allow the steam to escape. Bake in a moderate oven until the pastry is brown.

Honey Cream Filling.—Mix one-half a cupful each of granulated sugar and clover honey with two tablespoonfuls of clear water; then cook until the syrup will just spin a thin thread when dropped from a spoon. Remove immediately and turn in a fine stream on the stiffly beaten white of an egg, beating until the mixture is cold, when it will be ready to use.

EASY WAY OF TESTING EGGS

How Condition May Be Told to a Certainty Before They Are Handled.

This method of testing eggs, which was used by our grandmothers, may not have been handed down to all the Housekeeper readers, so I "pass it on" from out of my experience. Fill a glass two-thirds full of water and place the egg in it. A fresh egg will lie flat on the bottom of the glass,



but if it is several weeks old the large end will rise somewhat. If the egg stands vertical in the glass it is about three months old, and if it floats you may be sure it is unfit for use. The older the egg the more evaporation has taken place in it, consequently the larger the empty space in the end of the shell. This makes the egg lighter and causes it to rise higher in the water.—The Housekeeper.

Polish Salad.

One pound of cold new potatoes, four ounces of smoked salmon, six anchovy fillets, one ounce of cooked ham, three gherkins, celery, half a head of lettuce, mayonnaise, chopped herbs, two hard-cooked eggs, salt, paprika or red pepper, and stoned olives. Peel the potatoes, and slice them rather thinly, cut the salmon into thin slices, trim, wash and drain the lettuce. Cut these, together with the anchovy fillets, ham, gherkins and celery, into coarse julienne strips. Mix them all with mayonnaise, to which some chopped herbs have been added, season with salt and paprika or red pepper, and dress neatly in a salad bowl. Serve the salad surrounded by a border of hard-cooked eggs and garnish with the stoned olives.

Hints on Cooking Game.

Badly shot birds should not be left hung long. Clean as soon as brought in. Let them soak over night or a few hours at least in strong salt water, as this takes the wild taste out. Snipes, and woodcock should never be drawn. Tie the birds with string instead of using skewers, for the latter make holes by which the juices escape, making the meat taste dry. Tie a slice of fat bacon over the breast of each bird, otherwise it will become dry and shriveled. All game is alike better slightly underdone. This is especially true with ducks.

Orange Pie.

Beat together the yolks of four eggs and eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, grate the skins of two oranges and with the juice and two-thirds of a tumbler of milk add to the eggs and sugar; bake for half an hour in an undercrust; for the frosting beat the whites of four eggs to a firm paste with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and as soon as the pie is done take from the oven and pour the frosting over the top, returning it again to the oven to be baked to a delicate brown.

Oyster Soup.

Pour one quart of boiling water into a skillet; then one quart of good rich milk; stir in one teacup of rolled cracker crumbs, seasoned with pepper and salt to taste. When all come to a boil, add one quart of good fresh oysters; stir well so as to keep from scorching; then add a piece of good sweet butter, about the size of an egg; let it boil up once; then remove from fire immediately; dish up and send to table.

Curry of Rice.

Try this as a change from hash. Grind all cold meat scraps as for hash. Cook the rice, and a few minutes before meal time make some rich gravy from meat stock, or else some white sauce. Heat the ground meat in this, seasoning with salt, pepper and sage or savory. Pile the meat in a mound in the center of the platter, and surround by the rice. This is pronounced delicious, and is relished by all.

Bees Were Too Busy.

The mystery of the stopping of the town clock at Newton, N. J., was solved after two days' investigation when three "little busy bees" were found on one of the delicate pieces of mechanism of the big timepiece. No doubt trying to "improve each shining hour."

Given Appropriate Name.

"Seagumite" is the name given to the new seaweed vulcanite of J. S. Campbell, London chemist. It is proof against heat, cold, oils and the weather, and is recommended as an electric insulator, and a material for belting, steam packing, vehicle tires, and even for shoes.

Judgment of a Nation.

A nation should be judged, if we can judge nations, not by its wealth, or its population, or its military or naval power, real or apparent, but it should be judged by the opportunity it gives men to make their lives.—

PLEA FOR MORE BOILED MEAT

Average Housekeper Is Inclined to Belittle the Value of This Method of Cooking.

If you scorn boiled beef, either through ignorance of its nutritive value or because the cheaper cuts may be used, here is enlightenment:

One of the most eminent phisicians of Carlsbad says boiling is by far the best way to cook meats.

That it is most economical, since no part of its juices are lost, and that flank, a cheap cut, is one of the best pieces for boiling, every good housekeeper knows.

The family with small income or even average income should use boiled meats instead of expensive steaks as one of the first steps toward reducing the cost of living, and it can be done without robbing the table of needed nourishment.

Recipe for Boiled Beef.—Two pounds and a half for small family, or five pounds for medium, should be selected, the beef removed from butcher's paper at once, then wiped. The membrane is then removed, the meat shaped, stuffed, tied and then skewered. Cover with a cloth, place in kettle, cover with boiling water, bring to boiling point and cook just below the boiling point five or six hours until tender. Simmered beef would be a more correct term than boiled beef, but it is ordinarily known as boiled beef.

Season with salt one-half hour before serving. Reserve liquor for making gravies and soups. Boiled beef should have a rich well seasoned gravy served with it.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Stains may be removed from the zinc tops of kitchen tables with vinegar.

Potato balls which are sauted in butter after being boiled are delicious. They should be served with a generous sprinkling of minced parsley.

When making baked or boiled custard the milk to be used should be scalded and set aside to cool. Then make the custard in the ordinary way and it will be perfectly smooth.

If one cupful of vinegar is put with the water in which colored table cloths are washed it will prevent the color from running. Iron when still damp and they will look equal to new.

To make string beans or cabbage tender in cooking them and also to shorten the time required for cooking the latter vegetable add a pinch of baking soda to the water in which they are boiled. This, used judiciously, makes the vegetables as fresh and tender as when they came from the garden.

New Kind of Syrup.

To make syrup that epicures cannot tell from genuine maple syrup, boil a dozen dark corncobs in a gallon of water for two hours; strain the liquid, measure, take twice as much granulated sugar, juice of one-half a lemon or a tablespoon strong vinegar (to keep syrup from turning back to sugar); boil five minutes.

In making the above or plain sugar syrup, it is not necessary to add vinegar or lemon juice if the ingredients are put together when cold and stirred occasionally (not boiled).—Home Department in National Magazine.

Italian Tomatoes.

Remove thin slices from the stem end of six large hot-house or southern tomatoes. Scoop out most of the pulp with a small spoon. Then cook two-thirds of a cupful of macaroni, broken in small pieces, in boiling salted water until soft. Drain off the water and add the tomato pulp, drained of extra juice, and one-half cupful of grated cheese. Season highly with paprika, and add salt to taste. Fill the tomato cases with the mixture, sprinkle tops with bread crumbs, add a nut of butter to each and bake half an hour.

Sweet Muffins.

One-half cupful of butter rubbed to a cream. One-half cupful of sugar stirred into the butter. Add two well beaten eggs, stir and mix thoroughly. Add one cupful of sweet milk, three and three-quarters of a cupful of winter wheat flour. Three rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder should be sifted into the flour after measuring, and the flour and the baking powder sifted together into the muffin mixture. Bake in gem pans about twenty minutes.

Baked Halibut Steaks.

Trim the steaks, lay them on a roasting pan and for two pounds use one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of pepper. Dredge the steaks with the flour, add the seasoning and dot with the butter, then pour over the cream and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Keeps Skillets and Griddles Like New.

Every housewife knows that every iron or steel utensil will become a solid mass of burned grease on the outside and sometimes on the inside. To clean them place them in a hot fire until they are redhot or until white ashes form over them. Remove and when cold wash and you have a new skillet or griddle.

Her Tribute.

"I think I know my own failings," he said.

"If you do," his wife replied, "your knowledge takes a much wider range than I have ever given it credit for."

Low English Marriage Rate.

The marriages in England last year averaged ten to one thousand population.

Be Moderate in Speech.

"Say what you will, it is wise not to say too much."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Speculation.

Most people speculate because they believe there are bigger fools than themselves who will draw the blanks.

New Air Line.

Aeroplane lines will at least be useful for journeys to castles in the air.

THE NEW ERA

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Waterproof Coats of Grass.

In the tropics of Mexico, where torrential rains fall a part of each year, raincoats are a very necessary part of man's apparel. Owing to the intense heat which prevails in the summer season the ordinary rubber raincoat cannot be worn. A rainproof coat is made from native grasses and is worn by the men of the middle and upper classes. The grasses are woven close together, and it is impossible for the rain to beat through them, no matter how hard the storm may be. Some of these coats are made with a hood which protects the head as well as the body.

"Slowly Mending."

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who is, as is well known, an anti-suffragist, told, at a recent luncheon in New York, an anti-suffrage anecdote. "Two suffragists," he said, "were talking one evening at the club over a game of billiards. 'How is your husband?' the first asked. 'Slowly mending, thank you,' the other answered. 'Slowly mending? But I didn't know he was ill!' 'He isn't ill,' the other suffragist explained, laughing heartily. 'He's slowly mending my khaki riding breeches.'"

When It's Ill-Gotten.

Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo was praising the modest comfort of the life of the physician, the author, the school teacher, and such-like workers. "Don't let us desire wealth," he said. "Don't let us waste our lives, forfeit our joy, in a scramble after wealth that is bound, nine times out of ten, to be fruitless anyway. Wealth —what is it, after all? May not wealth too often just be defined as the rogue's advantage over the honest man?"

Going Beyond the Limit.

A rather fussy man traveling from New York to Philadelphia had been annoyed by his opposite companion, a tall fellow whose bony knees troubled him not a little. There was a stop of several minutes at Trenton and the tall traveler rose from his seat, and said with a yawn: "I guess I'll get out and stretch my legs a bit." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the other, "don't do that unless you are prepared to pay double fare, or to take a compartment all to yourself."

Secret of Life.

"Really, the whole secret of life, of happiness, of success, is self-control. Self-control is breeding. If we govern our feelings, we can accomplish anything. It is the secret of marital happiness, and every woman ought to learn it. The woman who can be pleasant to the woman her husband is pleasant to is the successful wife. Self-control is the secret of charm. It gives a certain sphinx-like quality, which people are forever hoping to unearth, and that is charm."

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The Old-Fashioned Fire.

Could anything be more refreshing than the smell of an old-fashioned wood fire in late spring or early autumn? There is something grimy in the reek of coal, and the odor of gas is nauseating. Modern inventions may have brought their "conveniences," but a staid old senator, who lately passed beyond, insisted that when he wanted a real night of comfort, after the family had all gone south for the winter, he would his himself home, build an old-fashioned wood fire in the cookstove and sit around as in his old boyhood days on the farm. "What memories it recalls," he would say, "to hear the crackle of the wood and sniff the smoke that seems to be purifying rather than oppressive!"—Joe Chapple's News Letter.

The Brute.

Mrs. Holden Weeks, the suffragist, said to a reporter, at the end of one of her suffragist addresses: "There is too much brute tyranny in the world today. A woman, one spring morning at breakfast, murmured to her husband: 'Dear, the summer is approaching. Have you forgotten that summer trip to Brittany you promised to take me on—that trip to picturesque Concarneau, with its innumerable blue sardine nets drying in the Breton sun?' The husband, looking up from his paper with a scowl, thundered: 'Yes, I've forgotten it. Haven't you?' The poor lady's eyes filled with tears, and she stammered: 'Yes, I—I have forgotten, now that you remind me.'"

Geese That Pick Cotton.

Dr. R. O. Williams of Humboldt, Tenn., who is also a farmer, claims to have a flock of geese which he has trained to pick cotton. There are ten geese in the flock, and Dr. Williams claims each goose will pick on an average of seventy-five pounds of cotton a day, and that often his flock will gather sufficient seed cotton in one day to make two large bales. The doctor says he first taught his geese to do the picking act by placing grains of corn in the open bolls of cotton in such a way that in order to get the grain the goose would have to pick out the cotton.

Why He Laughed.

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis said to a woman interviewer the other day: "It's you women who must fight the economic battles of the future. The men are so busy earning the money that they have no time to give to the campaign for cheaper living. This must be a woman's campaign, and woman will fight it best with the ballot. That's why, when I hear men laugh at the thought of woman's suffrage struggle, I'm disgusted and ashamed. Such laughter seems as inopportune as Smith's. Smith, you know, laughed loud and long on the way home from his wife's funeral."

A Tower of Skulls.

In 1809 the Turks defeated the Servians at Nish, and in memory of the victory built a tower of stone and Servian skulls. At one time visitors and tourists used to carry away skulls as souvenirs, and not so many years ago the heads were still to be seen embedded in the walls. When Nish became Servian, however, as many skulls as could be extracted were given Christian burial. A few still remained, too firmly held by the plaster, and of these two, in a glass case, are shown at the memorial church close by.—Wide World Magazine.

Mrs. Belmont's Irony.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, in suffragist argument in New York, said ironically of man's vaunted superiority: 'Oh, yes, man is always superior to woman, isn't he? Take the matter of love, for example. A woman, we know, can always tell when a man is in love with her; but a man can go ever so much farther than that. Why, the average man—" Mrs. Belmont smiled subtly. "The average man," she said, "frequently knows that a woman is in love with him even when she isn't."

Sad Case.

"I do believe my brother will be a bachelor. He has such bad luck! Every time he wants to marry a girl for love she has too little money."

Alas!

Two of a kind—unsinkable ships and fireproof buildings.—Batavia (N. Y.) Daily News.

Get to Work.

You can never tell how hard the task is by standing and looking at it.—The Christian Herald.

Would Be Better Acquainted.

There would be far less international strife if the civilized races read more of each other's literature.

Leap Year Perils.

He was a nice young man, with high hat and patent leather boots. He strolled leisurely down the street, puffing daintily at a cigarette, and occasionally twirling the waxen end of a mustache. He was accosted by a stout woman with a florid complexion. "Top of the mornin' to ye, Mister Charley," said she. "Good morning, Mrs. McGwinn," said the nice young man. "My darlint boy, would ye—" and she bestowed a bewitching smile upon him. He dodged out of her reach. The recollection that it was leap year rushed upon him. He answered: "Madam—really I can't—I can't marry you." She gazed at him in astonishment, and then said, indignantly: "Who axed ye to marry me? The idea o' the likes o' me, a respectable woman wid a paralyzed husband an' four children to support by washin', axing' ye to marry me! I was only goin' to ax ye for that money for the washin'." He sighed, gave her the two dollars and walked sadly away.—Exchange.

Italian Pilfering of Mails.

One deplorable effect of the Turco-Italian war is the bold pilfering of the mails in Italy—especially of those from the United States. The Italian government, doubtless struggling under the onerous task of carrying on the war, seems to be quite unable to insure safe handling of the mails. That this is petty thievery is indicated by the fact that not alone registered mail, but ordinary letters as well are being stolen right and left. Two or three weeks ago the Italian police captured a man with forty stolen letters in his pocket. An American student at the North American college in Rome reports that he receives only half of the letters that his relatives write him. He has lost six letters since January 1, 1912. Americans in Italy, unable to get any satisfaction from the Italian post office officials, are asking their relatives and friends at home to procure some effective action toward safeguarding this international correspondence.—National Magazine.

The Native Lair of Artists.

Victor Kramer, a noted music publisher from Chicago, having retired from business, is visiting the southwest for the purpose of establishing a colony of artists by the western sea. He has secured three hundred acres of land along the beach at Cardiss, which is to be laid out in building lots with building restrictions ranging from $3,000 to $10,000. His idea is to establish a home colony of retired artists, including theatrical and musical people. The great southwest and the western sea appeal to every artistic sense, whether of the eye or of the ear.

Better Halves.

If you think the expression of a man's better half as applied to his wife is a joke you are not a newspaper reader. For instance, the ladies at Eagle Rock the other day entertained representatives of 93 women's clubs and then they only scratched the surface of feminine culture in a limited district. You would have to take in all of California and half the governments of Arizona, Utah and Texas to get a corporal's guard of men from half that number of literary clubs.

SERMON SAVED HIS HONOR

Legislator Who Was About to Yield to Bribers Changed His Mind After Hearing Dr. Gladden.

Two men were taking their lunch at a popular restaurant in town and a woman was sitting at a table nearby, and she tells us this: The men were talking about the legislative bribery cases, when one of them said:

"I know all about it; I was a member of the legislature once, and I know the drawing power of an offer of $500 or $1,000 for a vote. I came mighty near tumbling once, when there was a tender of $1,500 for my vote on a certain proposition. It was awfully fascinating. I needed the money. Why not take it? Nobody would ever know it.

"I had a terific struggle over that offer. I concluded to take it and then changed my mind and changed back again, and I did that over and over again, all the time while thus tempted. It was on a Sunday when the fever was at its height and, passing the Congregational church, I noticed that Dr. Gladden was to preach; so I went in there to hear him, but principally to get away from myself. It happened that the doctor preached that night on 'The Honest Man.' Well, that settled it; that bribe lost its grip on me, and every low, mean motive as well. The influence of that sermon must have made me appear bribe-proof, for never since then has anybody ever approached me, either directly or indirectly, with a bribe."—New York Evening Post.

POVERTY DROVE TO THEFT

Recent Case of Baron Von Bechinie Reveals Penury in the Public Service of Austria.

A Vienna jury has just acquitted Baron Joseph von Bechinie in spite of his confession of embezzlement. The trial gave a sad insight into the penury existing in the lower ranks of the civil service.

The baron, who belongs to an old but decayed family, entered the postal service and married when receiving only 2s. 6d. a day. His pay ultimately rose to £3 a week, but the greater part of it was pledged in paying off the debts he had been forced to incur earlier in order to keep his wife and family.

He confessed in court how one day when he had nothing to give his four children to eat, he forged an entry in a savings bank book, and once having given way to temptation, repeated this till he had embezzled £20, always hoping that relatives would help him to repay.

The acquittal, for which there were no grounds but sentiment, is somewhat criticised in the Vienna press, the newspapers pointing out that it forms a dangerous precedent, there being so many impecunious members of the nobility in the public service, and that this particular baron had brought his poverty on himself by his improvident marriage.

Remarkable Admission.

"Were you acquainted with the murdered man?" asked the prosecuting attorney of a witness for the defense in a murder case. The willingness of the witness to say all that he could in behalf of the murderer was very apparent, by the way.

"I know'd him. He was the honestest"—

"Never mind about his honesty. You say you knew him."

"Yes, sah; and I'se proud to say I nebber knowed sich a noble"—

"Nobody asked you about that. What was the condition of his health—was he not in robust health?"

"No sah! He was the feeblest niggah I ever seed."

"He was killed by the accused, was he not?"

"I can't say so, sah. My idee am dat he was in sich bad health dat, eben if he hadn't geen killed when he was, he would hab died, anyhow, at least two days previous, sah."

Old Clock of St. Giles.

All loyal Scotsmen will learn with regret that the well-known clock on St. Giles' tower in Edinburgh, which must have told the time to Scott and Burns, is doomed to disappear. Apparently a workman fell through the case and damaged the mechanism so badly that the civic authorities do not consider the wornout works worth repair. So the old clock will be banished by the city museum and replaced by an invisible timepiece, without hands or face, which will merely strike the hours and leave the aesthetic effect of the tower unspoiled. The ancient clock of St. Giles has seen two centuries of service, but is a mere giddy youth compared with some of the medieval horologes on English cathedrals. There are clocks that date from the fourteenth century at Exeter, Wells and Peterborough.

Looking to Molino

By Colin S. Collins

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"My dear friend, let the dead past bury its dead," urged the dictator gently. "Why should we give so great concern to the rifles of the wicked administration of that dog of a Molina?"

"Because they are not paid for and I'm here to get the coin," said Hartley Marvin with emphasis. "You can let the dead revolution bury its dead—if your trumpery revolutions ever do have any dead—but those guns are still a live issue."

Director Balamo sighed gently. The day was warm, as was the argument. He disliked warmth of any sort, else he would have risen in his wrath, and cast this importunate collector from the palace door.

But to do that might involve some unpleasantness with the diplomats and Balamo well knew that the presence of a hostile gunboat in the harbor would be made the excuse for a revolution that would be personally unpleasant to himself.

"You yourself agree that you sold these rifles to that Molina," he reminded. "If this is so, would it not be as well to ask of him the payment? Shall I give out of the treasure of the country to pay the private debts of a traitorous revolutionary?"

"You've got the guns, haven't you?" demanded Marvin brusquely.

"I have some guns," admitted Balamo diplomatically. "That they are your guns I do not know. When the country rose in its might against the extravagance of the presidente and made me dictator it was found that there were many fine rifles. With those we armed our troops. The guns are the spoils of war. If Molina did not pay for them, is it then my fault? It is to Molina that you should look for your money."

"And your friend Molina! Where is he?"

"Friend!" Balamo spat viciously at the word. "He is no friend, senor, as you well know. Where he is I know not, but there is justice in San Cristobal for all who come to the tribunal. I will give you a warrant for this Molina. Bring him to the bar of justice and there bring suit. You shall have ample justice."

In spite of his anger Marvin smiled. Molina, the departed ruler, was a fugitive in the forests.

"I think I'll accept that suggestion," agreed Marvin rising. "I suppose that you look on the guns as spoils of war, but it would be better to pay for them honestly instead of referring me to Molina.

"That is a threat?" asked Balamo.

"Merely advice," was the lazy response. "I bid you good day, senor."

Marvin strode from the courtyard, where the interview had been held, and headed for the Plaza Cristobal, where the inhabitants of La Rosario were wont to congregate in a cafe.

To his surprise the cafe was crowded with strangers and they all were unmistakably from the States.

"Is there a steamer in?" demanded Marvin as he sank into a seat in a corner where he could have a table to himself.

"It is a circus," explained the waiter. "It is but just arrived and the people, they are hungry and very thirsty, so they come to the best place to eat and drink."

"It seems to be mostly drink," declared Marvin with a laugh. "That I may be in the fashion, bring me a highball with lots of ice."

The waiter hurried away to give the order and Marvin was still wondering at the size of the party when a hand fell upon his shoulder and he turned to look into the face of a gigantic fellow. For a moment he stared wonderingly into the twinkling eyes, then with a shout he was on his feet and pounding the newcomer on the back.

"Joe Bardeen, by all that's great," he cried. "What good fortune brings you down here?"

"It looks more like bad fortune," said Bardeen seriously as he sank into a chair and pounded on the table to attract the attention of the waiter. "I'm the chaperon of this bunch of artistic talent."

"Your show?" asked Marvin. "How did you come to get in the show business? I thought that you were content to stick to horse-raising in Arizona."

"So I was," admitted Bardeen, "but a chap talked me into outfitting his Wild West Show, and then when the show did bad business I had to advance some more money to get a chance to be paid for what I had furnished. Well, things ran on until the first thing you know I owned the show and had to run it in the hope of getting out clear."

"Too much for the country," declared Marvin, and Bardeen nodded his approval of the opinion.

"He's brought his wares to a bad market here," said Marvin. "I'm down here trying to get some money for the guns that the last administration bought—before it became the administration."

Bardeen smiled. There had been a time when his adventurous nature had sought the excitement of Central and South America, and he knew the people.

"The old man is pretty good at collections," he declared. "Let's call him over and have a talk. He's retired from business, and he travels with the show for the fun of it. That's why we are staying out. If he stayed home and just looked over the balance sheet, he'd send for us mighty quick, but he's rather enjoyed the cruise, and so he sticks."

He rose from his chair and strode across the room to where an elderly man was entertaining two of the circus riders. There was a whispered consultation, and presently the two men came to Marvin's table.

After a whispered consultation the three men went inside of the exhibition tent and Marvin nodded approvingly at the huge space.

"You can stow the entire town of La Rosario in this tent," he declared, laughingly. "To get a full house, even the barracks will have to be deserted."

"They ought to come as a matter of education," declared Bloodgood. "Bardeen's reproduction of the battle of Port Arthur that winds up the show is a lesson in warfare by modern methods."

"Advertise it as a war school in these revolutionary republics and the whole country will come," advised Marvin.

"I'm going to have an audience here that will include the whole town," declared Bloodgood. "I think I'll go and see the Dictator. Even he will not be able to resist a free box."

Bloodgood was right. The Dictator had the universal appreciation of the free pass, and when Bloodgood explained his plans, he found a ready adviser in the Dictator.

The following day the seats were packed to excess when the parade, which had halted outside, made entry upon the hippodrome tracks.

It was a splendid performance, and as act succeeded act, the natives' eyes grew wider and wider with amazement. This was vastly different from anything ever seen before in La Rosario, and when at last the cowboys dashed into the arena and took possession of the rings, the excitement was unbounded. The natives appreciated good riding, and they were seeing the best.

Before the finale, Bloodgood took his stand in the central ring and explained that the entire force of the circus would give an accurate reproduction of the battle of Port Arthur.

At one side of the arena an inclined platform had been built to serve as 101 Meter Hill, and on this the Russians took their stand, while the Japs marched in and paraded around the hippodrome track before they gave battle.

They marched in open order and at a trumpet call they halted and faced forward. Bardeen stood beside the state box and now he leaned over Balamo's shoulder.

"Those guns are loaded with ball cartridges," he advised. "The two gatlings are fully manned. They can sweep the tent and in ten minutes wipe out the population of La Rosario. Five miles from town Molina is in camp ready to move on the city. He does not know that the place is unguarded, but one of our riders can make the trip in half an hour. You owe Mr. Marvin $18,000 gold, for some rifles and big guns. You have advised him to see Molina about it. Is that still your advice?"

"This is a trap!" whispered Balamo.

"If you will," assented Bardeen. "Marvin is a friend of mine, and I want to see him treated fairly. Your treasurer is here. Let him take some of our men to the treasury and convey the money to our steamer. After that we shall take our departure, and you shall be our hostage until we leave. If you refuse—well, Marvin will have to look to Molina, and Molina will be willing to pay—when he is restored to the presidency. Marvin had seen to that. There is a collection fee of $11,000 to be added to the other. Will you pay?"

With trembling hand, Balamo signed the order, and motioned the treasurer to accompany Marvin. They rumbled off with several eight-horse trucks and Bardeen explained to the audience that there had been a hitch in the performance and advised them to remain quietly in their seats.

The advice was not needed. The sharpshooting had convinced them of the futility of matching their marksmanship against that of the cowboys, and the few who carried revolvers did not draw them.

The half hour that passed seemed like days, then Marvin and the treasurer returned. A file of men and one of the gatlings were sent off to protect the boat, and while the soldiers were massed under guard, the rest of the circus force hurriedly took down the tents and rushed them to the steamer. In four hours the loading was accomplished and the steamer, followed by the tug which constituted the San Cristobal navy, pulled out. They were some five miles from shore when Bardeen approached the dictator and his cabinet.

"We will put you aboard the tug now," he announced with a smile. "We have had a very eventful little birthday party, and we are very much obliged to you for your share in the festivities. You may return with the assurance that Molina has not usurped your seat. As a matter of fact, we could not locate him, else we should have put him in your place as a lesson to other dictators."

"It was all a lie?" asked Balamo, stammering in his rage.

"It was a birthday party," corrected Bardeen, "and a most successful one at that. Good day, senor. Next time, meet your debts—do not refer them to Molina."

Bardeen watched the tug as she turned and steamed toward the shore, then with a laugh he turned to Bloodgood.

"There's one town that paid a profit on this tour," he declared with a laugh, "to say nothing of giving you a birthday party without an equal."

To Improve the Hudson.

Secretary of War Stimson has transmitted to congress the report of Colonel Black, engineer officers in charge of the New York harbor, containing a recommendation that $1,570,000 be spent during the next five years in improving the Hudson river to meet the requirements of the big ocean steamships.

Fruit With Ambition.

"What is a grape fruit?" one Atchison man asked another recently. "A grape fruit," answered the one appealed to, "is a lemon that has had a chance and taken advantage of it."—Atchison Globe.

Sport Language is Universal.

Germany is now said to be taking up baseball, but is the language fitted for it?—Detroit Free Press.

Fulfilling Their Promise

During his week at Cumback inn young Sweeney discovered his fate for the sixteenth time in his life. Thereafter he lived and breathed only when within sight of the dark Wankle twin.

The Wankle twins were popular because they had been obliging enough to grow up exact opposites. Laura being extremely dark and Evelyn a pale blonde. This did away with discouraging situations, such as beginning a remark to one twin and mistakenly finishing it to the other. A man could fall in love with one of them with perfect ease of mind, since it was always possible to tell which was which.

When young Sweeney had to go away he realized that it would be all of two weeks before he could return. That desolate period loomed before him like an eternity.

"Say, Laura," young Sweeney breathed as he held her hand in the seclusion of the summer house, "I have an idea! When the Chicago boat comes down the bay past the inn you be out on the end of the pier and wave a lantern at me and I'll be up on deck and whistle to you!"

"How perfectly lovely!" cried Miss Wankle, temporarily drying her tears. "That'll be saying good-by all over again! You are a genius, Jimmy! It's easier to let you go, now that I can do that!"

The inn launch bore away the doleful Sweeney, together with a dozen or more fathers and brothers bound for the Chicago boat. Then presently Laura Wankle strolled disconsolately down upon the pier. She found her sister there with a young man whose father's industry had made it unnecessary for him to go back to town to work with the rest of the men. The two frowned at her. Laura seated herself, undaunted.

"I am going to wave at Jimmy," she explained. "He wants me to. I'm so sleepy I don't see how I can keep my eyes open another instant, but I wouldn't disappoint him for worlds when he expects it!"

"Oh," said the dimlon twin, more cheerfully, "the Chicago boat is due to come by in 20 minutes."

"Yes, we'll spare you 20 minutes," said the young man. "That isn't so bad."

Something surely had happened to delay the Chicago boat. There was no sign of it down the bay. The blond twin had coughed at her pensive sister twice distinctly and the young man seemed politely irritated at the continued interruption of his special conversation.

"You'll fall into the water if you go to sleep sitting up that way," commented the blond twin, severely. "I should think you'd go to bed!"

"We'll wave your lantern for you!" suggested the young man, hopefully.

The dark twin made a scornful sound. "Yes, you would!" she breathed. "And poor Jimmy sitting up to keep his promise to me and being disappointed! The idea!"

Yet as time went on she really grew terribly sleepy. Besides, she had a kind heart and hated to spoil her sister's evening. The boat did not come.

"I'd feel just scandalous," she murmured, "not to wave that lantern at Jimmy if the poor dear boy is sitting up all this time so as not to disappoint me! But it may be hours! Evelyn Wankle, if you'll promise never to tell on me I'm going to hire the porter's little boy to sit here and swing the lantern at the boat! You two'd forget!"

"Anyhow," the dark twin told herself, as she hastened to her room, leaving the porter's son and heir dangling his feet over the pier edge, "it really doesn't make an difference, because I'll be there in spirit and Jimmy'll think it's I and so will be just as happy! I couldn't bear to disappoint him, he's so faithful!"

Some time later when the big Chicago boat slipped down the bay and past the Cumback inn pier young Sweeney drowsily turned over in his berth as certain piercing human whisties from the deck reached his ears.

"Dear little girl!" he murmured, before he sank into the depths of sleep again. "I wouldn't have disappointed her for worlds! That kid's earning his quarter, all right. I told him to whistle as long as he saw the lantern wave! Think of her sitting up all this time for me! Girls are so romantic."—Chicago Daily News.

When the Boat Drifted On.

Charles H. Hall of Missoula, who occasionally runs for attorney general of Montana on the Democratic ticket —usually in years when Montana goes Republican—says two French Canadian citizens of his home town were traveling down a river in Montana in a houseboat. One of them knew the river and the other did not.

They anchored for the night on a bar. Along toward daylight the craft went adrift. Three hours later the motion awoke one of the travelers. He poked his head out of the door. An entirely strange section of scenery was passing.

"Baptiste! Baptiste!" he yelled "Get up! We ain't here!"

His comrade roused himself and looked out.

"No, by gar!" he said, "we're twelve miles from here!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Mental Diseases.

Fear and apprehension make people nervous and sick. The thousand and one needless worries over the future are simply providence for the morrow gone mad. Fear of disease and death are normal; but to allow the mind to dwell on these things is to become a hypochondriac with no more stability than the leaf of the aspen.

BUT WHAT IS MAN? THE BIBLE ANSWER

Man Never Fell From the Angelic Nature

And Has Not Been Promised Angelic Nature in Future—He Is "of the Earth Earthy"—Christ Redeemed Him With a View to His Restoration.



Paris, August 11. —One of Pastor Russell's addresses today was from Psalm viii, 4, "What Is Man?" He remarked that although he had been several times in Paris this was his first public address there—on invitation of the local Class of Bible Students Association. He had heard that Bible students were scarce in France, but already he had found some very alert for clearer light upon the Word of God now due because we are in the dawning of the New Dispensation.

Once he and other Bible students, confused with the errors of the Dark Ages, thought of man as a spirit being inhabiting a body of flesh, coming into it at birth and departing from it at death. Bible study is rapidly driving away that error. The Bible clearly tells that the *genus homo* is an animal being, of the earth earthy—not a heavenly or spirit being. This is in harmony with what science has been telling us—that which we could not receive until we found it to be the Message of God. The Bible does not place man upon an equality with the brute, but far above. His superiority is that of form and species. His larger brain and its better shape than that of the brutes indicate his knowledge and intellectual superiority over them. He is to them God's representative—their king, created in the moral image and likeness of his Creator.

The fact that man dies has led some to the conclusion that he is a spirit being and at death merely finds release from his body of flesh and soars back again to a spirit condition in which he once was. How inconsistent! How illogical! The Bible tells, on the contrary, that God made man as He desired to have him—adapted exactly to the conditions provided for him—an earthly Eden, Paradise. The Bible tells that God proposed to him everlasting life as a man on condition of continued obedience. It explains that

[redacted]

Day in which God, through Messiah, will wipe away all tears from off all faces. The result of that Day, a thousand years long, will be that all the willing and obedient will be uplifted and all the wilfully disobedient and wicked will be remanded to death—"the Second Death."—Revelation xx, 14.

Why So Long Delay?

It is easy to see why these blessings of Restitution and uplifting out of sin and death conditions did not begin before the first advent of the Redeemer. The uplifting work could not be accomplished until two things would first be done. One was that a redemptive price needed to be given. Adam's life was forfeited. The life of a Redeemer must be given in his stead. This was what Jesus did. He left His heavenly glory, humbled Himself to human nature, and then the Man Christ Jesus gave Himself a Ransom-price for all. This is plain.

But, according to the will of God, instead of beginning the blessing of the world, He did first another work, namely, the gathering of the Church to be His Bride. Their invitation is to suffer with Him and to reign with Him—to present their bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God through Christ. (Romans xii, 1.) So consecrated, the flesh of all believers is counted as the flesh of Jesus, and suffers, as such, trials, ignominies—"Let us go to Him outside the camp, bearing *His* reproach;" "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus."—Hebrews xiii, 13; II Corinthians iv, 10.

Soup for the Sick.

A good simple soup is made of pearl barley. Soak one cup of the barley over-night, drain and cover with three pints of boiling water. Add one teacupful of seeded raisins and the grated rind and juice of an orange. Set the saucepan on the back of the range and let it simmer four hours, adding a little water if it evaporates to much. Serve this with thin sandwiches.—Harper's Bazar.

THE NEW ERA

Published every Friday at

RIVERTON, N. J.

JOSHUA D. JANNEY, M. D.
Editor

WALTER L. BOWEN
Publisher

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Cook Wins Championship.

The last regatta of the season was sailed here Saturday under lowering skies, which discharged an occasional shower, and with a puffy wind from the south which blew in squalls at times, keeping the crews on the jump.

The one-design class was first to start, and furnished a surprise when the Nokomis, sailed by G. R. Coleman, won from the Laura by nearly a minute. Notwithstanding today's defeat, however, Capt. Cook won the championship for the season. The Nokomis led the Laura over the starting line by about the same margin in which she finished, and held the lead throughout the race.

In the cruiser class Dr. Hill's Kid got first place by two minutes over Commodore Reese's fast Tekama, but both lost the race of the Tub on time allowance.

The Tom, a new catboat in the Club this year, won her first race today, when she crossed the line five minutes ahead of the veteran Sea Gull, Capt. Lee Cook's cat, which was practically the undisputed leader in her class for years. The Tom sailed a particularly good race with Edward Faunce at the tiller.

Tomorrow the cruisers will sail off a postponed race, which will be the last race over the course until September 7, which will be a ladies race.

Summaries:

ONE-DESIGNERS—Start 2.45

Boat and owner	Finish	E. Time
No. 7, Leinau & Watkins	3.53:40	1.08:40
No. 1, A. G. Cook	3.54:30	1.09:30
No. 2, W. M. Jones	3.54:40	1.09:40
No. 3, H. M. Biddle	4.00:40	1.15:40

CRUISERS—Start 2.50

Kid, Dr. J. M. Hill	4.01:22	1.11:22
Tekama, J. H. Reese	4.03:20	1.13:20
Tub, J. Waddington	4.09:20	1.19:20

CATBOATS—Start 2.55

Tom, R. A. Light	4.17:15	1.22:15
Sea Gull, Lee Cook	4.22:40	1.27:40

Mrs. Odgen's Will.

The will of Sarah Morris Odgen, deceased, of Riverton, has been admitted to probate by Surrogate Hufi and letters testamentary issued to Ellison Perot Henry Howard Ellison and Harriet M Ogden Nevin, who are named as executors. The income from two trust funds of $150,000 each is left to Henry Howard Ellison, Jr., a grandson, and Harriet M. Ogden Nevin, a daughter of the deceased. Other bequest are: $5,000 to Ellison Perot, nephew; $10,000 to Philadelphia Home for Incurables; $1,000 to the Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty; $1,000 to the Women's Association of Philadelphia for the Relief of Sick and Infirm Poor; $1,000 to the Free Library of Riverton. The residue of the estate is left to the daughter, Mrs. Nevin and grandson, Henry Howard Ellison, Jr.

Other wills probated are: James J. Tomes, deceased, of Palmyra, executrix, widow of the deceased, Anna M. Tomes, who is the sole legatee.

Slick!

Edward E. Love, who took a coat and some other valuables from a fellow employee by "mistake" and who was later captured in Philadelphia, and taken to Mount Holly by Marshal Quigley, where he was confined to the county jail awaiting sentence, escaped by a clever ruse in which he fooled the prison authorities and physician. A few days after being incarcerated he became ill, and later developed a violent attack of appendicitis. So well did he simulate the symptoms that he was taken to the county hospital. Friday night two pistol shots were heard just outside the institution. While they were being investigated Love escaped, clad only in his night clothes. He evidently had confederates, and the whole scheme had been so carefully planned that it worked without a hitch.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET
for Riverton and Vicinity

Karl Frank was at Wildwood over Sunday.

The Misses Thomas spent Sunday at Florence.

Dr. C. S. Mills was in New York Thursday.

Mrs. H. M. Morris and children are at Wildwood.

Miss Fortiner returned from Clayton, on Saturday.

John Keating is spending a week at Atlantic City.

$1000 wanted on first mortgage. Box 274, Riverton.

A. C. Alcott and family spent yesterday at Asbury Park.

Miss Elsie Wood went to Atlantic City on Thursday.

Harry Sims and family are spending a week at Atlantic City.

The house at 613 Main street has been rented by Ada E. Price.

Miss Edith Smith is spending a fortnight at Island Heights.

F. W. D'Olier and family went to Jefferson, N. H., on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hughes spent the week-end at Atlantic City.

Frank Johnson is spending a month with relatives in Brooklyn.

Joseph Laverty and family visited friends in Moorestown Sunday.

William Dawson and son, John, spent Wednesday at Barnegat fishing.

Miss Louise Horlacher spent Sunday with friends near Wilmington, Del.

Wilbur Jones, of Camden, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. Dare, of Pennsylvania, spent Saturday with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Caley.

Mrs. C. B. Wood and daughter, Miss Daisy, went to Asbury Park, Saturday.

Miss Rebecca Trueax returned on Sunday after spending a week at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Ripperger, and Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Iddings went to Wildwood on Saturday.

Morris McIlvaine, of Philadelphia, spent Tuesday with his brother, James McIlvaine.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hipple went to Lancaster, Pa., on Wednesday to visit his parents.

Mrs. A. W. Herr returned from Atlantic City on Wednesday after spending two weeks there.

H. E. Braun and family returned home Tuesday, after spending two weeks at Brownsburg, Pa.

Benjamin Lippincott, of Cinnaminson, has picked a thousand baskets of peaches every day this week.

William G. Frank has purchased the Shannon property on Thomas avenue, and will move in next week.

Mrs. Charles M. Biddle, Jr., won the weekly golf handicap tournament at Buck Hill Falls on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong and his mother, Mrs. Charles Armstrong, spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Remember the ice cream and cake festival tomorrow evening on the R. A. A. grounds. Tickets 15c. Dancing.

The annual Harvest Home of the Asbury M. E. Church will be held August 29 in Hunters Grove, Taylors Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Showell and Miss Gertrude Showell went to Asbury Park today, where they will spend a week.

Miss Mabel Myres, of Mount Holly, returned home Thursday evening, after spending a week with Mrs. W. R. Simpson.

The Gorham Press, of Boston, is preparing to publish a book of poems by Mrs. Blanche Chalfonte Tucker, of Riverton.

Miss Elsie Yard, of Pennington, and Norman Bills, of Camden, spent Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Burr.

Miss Myrtle Thomas returned to her home in Philadelphia on Saturday, after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. H. Hofflinger.

Miss Lillian Roland, sister of Mrs. C. A. Wright, was operated on yesterday in a Philadelphia hospital, and is in a serious condition.

Miss Alice Simpson returned to her home in Camden on Tuesday, after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. W. R. Simpson.

Mrs. J. B. Colahan, Jr., sister of Mrs. Charles L. Flanagan, died on Monday, the 12th inst., at Bass Rock, Mass., where she had been spending the summer.

Herbert Richman, who has been in the employ of H. A. Dreer for several years, has accepted a position with the Bell Telephone Co., and started to work on Monday.

The Woolston Auto Truck Co. received a silver cup for their two-ton truck which they exhibited at the Farmers picnic, which was held Thursday at Washington Park.

The Steamer Columbia dropped her rudder just after leaving Trenton for Philadelphia Sunday night. The boat did not strike a rock, as reported in the daily papers, and was in no way damaged. She was in commission the next day.

Capt. S. J. Coddington, William Wolfschmidt, George Evaul and Frank Coddington went to Fortesque Thursday morning aboard Mr. Coddington's new motor boat, the Mabel. George Evaul and Frank Coddington will return home Sunday.

An ice cream and cake festival will be held on the ball grounds at Broad and Linden, Saturday afternoon and evening, August 17th. Proceeds for benefit R. A. A. foot ball team. Tickets 15c, includes ice cream and cake. A dance pavilion will be erected for the pleasure of the young folks.

Miss Helen Steedle had a narrow escape from drowning Thursday afternoon when she dived off the Riverton wharf, and immediately afterward a small boy jumped, landing on Miss Steedle's head. The blow made her dizzy and she grabbed hold of a pole for a moment, but loosened her grip and sank twice. She was rescued by the prompt action of Hastings Trueax, who was on the float, and went to her assistance as he saw her sink.

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A. W. Herr is in Florida on business.

Mrs. A. W. Herr is visiting in New York.

Miss Fannie Eisele went to Atlantic City Wednesday.

Hubert Beddoes went to Chicago on business this week.

Miss Hannah Lowden is spending ten days at Ocean City.

H. O. Patchell moved from Main street to Delanco on Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. John Rigg, and D. H. Wright were at Spring Lake this week.

Mrs. Winter and children, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mrs. John C. Stoltz.

Mrs. Thomas Goslin went to Ventnor on Thursday, where she will spend a month.

Mrs. McCoy, of Germantown, is spending the week-end with Mrs. C. P. Padmore.

Miss Lydia Fox returned home Tuesday after spending several days at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Eugene Carty, of Kinkora, spent Friday and Saturday with Mrs. John B. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Cole spent Tuesday in Camden with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cole.

The wharf at Riverton is in a dilapidated condition, needing immediate and extensive repairs.

Gilbert H. Fowler, of West Philadelphia, moved into the Thatcher property on Thom as avenue yesterday.

Mrs. A. R. Cavanna and daughters returned home Wednesday after spending several weeks at Wildwood.

Edward Yerkes returned Wednesday night after spending several days with his parents near Oxford, Pa.

Mrs. Orville Marple and child, of Highstown, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Perkins.

The Ven. R. Bowden Shepherd will officiate at St. Andrews, Mount Holly, next Sunday, in the absence of the rector.

Mrs. F. P. Pfeiffer and daughter returned home Wednesday from Wildwood, where they had spent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Cole and Mrs. John B. Watson visited Mr. and Mrs. William R. Evans, of Oak Lane, on Sunday.

Miss Mildred Mills, who has been touring Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Flint, of Roxborough, returned home yesterday.

H. P. VanSteenburg and family, F. Kneibler and family, and J. T. Evans and family, spent Saturday and Sunday in Atlantic City. They made the trip by automobile.

Thomas J. Pancoast, of the firm of Collins & Pancoast, of Merchantville, has withdrawn, and the firm is now in the hands of J. S. Collins & Son, making the fourth yard controlled by them.

Ogden H. Mattis and party who went down the bay on a fishing trip aboard the Thetis, last week, returned on Tuesday. They had a very pleasant time, but the wind blew too hard for much success in fishing.

It would be well for the Tree Commission of Riverton to give attention to a large maple tree in front of Mrs. Sharp's place on Main street. It appears to be hanging by the eyelids, and liable to be blown over at the time of a high wind, when persons passing would be in danger.

Mrs. Lewis Ourt has announced the marriage of her daughter, Miss Anna B., to John H. Mansfield, of Palmyra. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. G. Noordewier, at his home in New London, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield will be at home at 400 Main street after November 1st.

A gondola loaded with coal, which had been placed on Evans' siding preparatory to unloading, ran down the incline and was derailed on the east-bound passenger track yesterday morning, and the early trains were obliged to use the west-bound track. The obstruction was removed before noon.

At a public meeting Monday night at Moorestown, a motion was adopted to appoint a committee to wait upon the water company and ascertain whether it would sell its plant to the town and to get a price. This action grew out of a feeling on the part of many citizens that the water is partly responsible, at least, for the epidemic of typhoid fever now raging there, and that the water company has not taken effective measure to improve the supply.

County Board of Agriculture will Hold Summer Meeting.

On August 24 the Burlington County Board of Agriculture will hold its first summer meeting on the Campbell Soup Company's farm, on Branch Pike, near Westfield and Moorestown. This farm is of historic interest as being the former home of the old Parry Nursery, where the San Jose scale, which for years threatened to ruin the fruit industry of New Jersey, first appeared in the East, and from where it was distributed over this and neighboring states.

The Campbell Soup Company has greatly improved the farm, erected forcing houses of the most modern type, and installed a large engine and pump for irrigation and other purposes. The farm is devoted principally to testing the different varieties of tomatoes, and making crosses to produce valuable sorts.

The meeting will be presided over by Charles D. Barton, President of the County Board, and by F. H. Hall, formerly from near Boston, who is Superintendent of the farm and one of the best known market gardeners in the East.

From ten in the morning the visitors will be shown over the farm by the Superintendent and his assistants. At two o'clock they will assemble for addresses by speakers, and discussion, followed by further inspection of the farm. An exhibit will be made of the tomatoes and other products of special interest brought in by farmers.

It is expected that Professor Tracy of the United States Department of Agriculture will speak. Prof. Tracy is probably the best known breeder of and authority on vegetables in this country. All who are interested are welcome to attend the meeting.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.

Services for August 18, eleventh Sunday after Trinity:

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.15 a.m., Sunday School and Bible classes.

11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon by the Rev. Howard B. Thompson.

8.00 p. m., Evensong and sermon by the rector.

Services during the week:

Wednesday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

Friday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

8 p. m., evensong and address by the rector.

Saturday, St. Bartholmew, Holy Eucharist at 7 a. m.

The Rector invites questions at the Friday evening service on matters spiritual, biblical or ecclesiastical.

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People's Column

Open to a free discussion of all topics of general interest, it only being required that the Publisher have the name of the writer.

Camp Brooke Pays Its Way.

August 14, 1912.

Editor THE NEW ERA.

My Dear Sir:—In order to correct a mistaken impression, I beg leave to use a few lines of your valuable paper. It appears as if the lessor of the grounds occupied by Camp Brooke, has led the people of Riverton to believe that he is donating his property in East Riverton to the Juvenile Protective Association of Philadelphia. I wish to state emphatically and unqualifiedly that this is not true. The Association is paying fifty dollars a month rent for their privileges and are not securing them from any philanthropic motive of the owner.

RAYMOND A. HOYER
Director in Charge.

Interesting Talk by Mrs. Pilsbry.

On Wednesday of this week a large gathering of Riverton ladies and a few gentlemen met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Wright to hear Mrs. Henry A. Pilsbry tell of her experience and impressions of the Conference she attended very lately at Cambridge, Mass.

The Reverend Mr. John Rigg, introduced, or rather presented, Mrs. Pilsbry, who certainly is gifted as a speaker, in the fluency of her speech and pleasing manner, but more than all else in her perfect knowledge of the subject she discussed. We all felt she had attended this Conference with some real purpose, and brought so much home to those who were fortunate in being there. A moment we bowed our heads and the blessing asked on our meeting, and we surely felt that the prayer had been answered before the time came to part, for the interest was intense in the work that was being done in prisons, hospitals, in fact every place to make mankind better.

The work of Bishop Brent in the Philippines was of particular interest. The silver offering is to be sent to swell the fund that is being raised and sent on the anniversary of his fiftieth birthday, and his ten years of labor in the Philippines. This is to be used by him in the building of a school, chiefly for American boys and girls. Mrs. Pilsbry will gladly receive any addition to the sum given on Wednesday, if sent to her by next Monday, when she will send the gift of Riverton to the general collector.

We were asked to pray for one week for Bishop Brent and that sufficient means to carry on this work may be given. There will be special prayers for this at Christ Church, Riverton, next Sunday morning. INTERESTED.

Riverton Defeats Mount Holly's Third Team.

The Riverton A. A. defeated the third team from the county seat last Saturday by the one-sided score of 16-4.

Shellenberger, the new twirler for Riverton, showed up well and it is believed that he will deliver the goods. The team is now well balanced in every position, and no changes in the lineupare contemplated. Manager Williams has scheduled the North Side Professionals for this Saturday. This Club is composed of former league stars and fully uniformed, and will no doubt prove the banner attraction of the season.

Keep in mind the dates September 14 and 21, when we line up against our old rivals, Palmyra.

Don't forget we need your support. Come up to the game on Saturday, Broad and Linden avenue. Admission to all 15 cents.

Criticism of Modern Education.

Too much of the teaching of today is book learning, and too little of it education.—Exchange.

Which Do You See?

The pessimist sees the thorns on the roses! the optimist sees the roses on the thorns.—From Judge.

Speed Parting Bride.

Those who still cling to the time-honored custom of throwing rice after the bride may fancy the idea of having the rice provided for them in tiny paper slippers and passed on a silver salver after the bride has retired to make ready for her wedding journey. This is a new idea and quite novel and pretty. One that is still newer is to have the florist provide a supply of flower petals to toss after the departing bride and an idea borrowed from the English is to cast after her tiny silver paper horseshoes.

Avoiding a Cold.

Avoiding a cold is to a certain extent a matter of constitution, of habit, of manner of living and of mental hygiene. Some persons instinctively know the moment a cold begins to come on, and by stamping their feet hard on the floor and mentally defying it break it up at once. Others sit down by a hot fire and drink very hot water and get into a perspiration and then go to bed. Others inhale very hot air before a hot wood fire for a few times. A cold is a sort of nervous disease, caused probably by nervous shock from cold air on the neck or the base of the head or abdomen or back or feet or legs. These are the parts most susceptible. By toughening the skin and its nerves they bear cold better and thus colds are avoided. The habitual cold bather rarely has a cold, but many do not think they can bathe regularly, and so the skin becomes more and more sensitive, until finally the very least change of air produces a bad effect.

Chinese Workers in Cuba.

John Chinaman is ubiquitous in Havana. The census of 1899 shows a Chinese population of 2,751, and here as elsewhere they are industrious members of the community. Chinamen are seen carrying burdens swung from balanced shoulder poles after the manner of their native country. On the outskirts of the city and in the suburbs are extensive Chinese truck farms. The market garden industry is largely in their hands. The Chinese quarter is in Zanja and Aguila streets. The Chinese theater is in Zanja street. The Chinese in Cuba are reminders of the coolie trade which brought here hundreds of thousands to virtual slavery. They were imported under a contract to serve eight years at $4 a month, and the planters paid $400 for them.—Havana Post.

Age of the Gambler.

The eighteenth century was the age of the great gamblers. On February 6, 1772, there was a debate in the house of commons on the 39 articles, and it was noticed that Fox spoke very indifferently. Horace Walpole suggests an explanation: "He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till 5 in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th. An hour before he had recovered £12,000 that he had lost; and by dinner, which was at 5 o'clock, he had ended losing £11,000. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate, went to dinner at 11:30 at night, from there to White's, when he drank till 7 the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he wan £6,000, and between 3 and 4 in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket.—London Chronicle.

Made Study of Dictionary.

To read a dictionary twice through for pleasure, as Lord Chatham did, is not a tempting suggestion. But there is a hint in Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's diary of 1877, when he was doing a good deal of train traveling on the continent. "In these last days I have been exceedingly amused by Brachet's 'Entymological Dictionary,' which Henry Smith recommended to me when I was in Oxford the other day, and which is a perpetual succession of pleasant surprises. It is an admirable railway book for one who can only read at the stations." As the lord said who dipped into the dictionary while waiting for Sir Walter Scott, the dictionary stories are "unco' short."—London Chronicle.

Sacred Sights Uncovered.

Excavations at Nazareth in Palestine have uncovered the spot on which stood the carpenter's workshop of Joseph, husband of Mary, mother of Jesus. The Franciscan monks, on whose property the discovery was made, have bought all the adjoining buildings, and intend to erect a magnificent temple to mark the spot. It is also believed that the spot where Christ's transfiguration took place has been found. It is an imposing rough, hewn rock, resembling an ancient altar.

Earnestness Above All.

Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self; and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules.—David Copperfield.

Ruins of Old Roman Fort.

A Roman fort has been found on the farm of Mumrills, near Laurieston, Dumbartonshire, a mile or so to the east of Falkirk, Scotland. While plowing operations were in progress in a field on the farm referred to there were laid bare the foundations and ruined walls which had been buried for centuries. Several of the roads or streets were traceable. A local antiquarian expert, having been advised of the discovery, assisted in the

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THE BEST

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

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DON'T THROW

away the opportunity to have your bin filled with high grade, wellscreened coal. It is a great satisfaction to know that you have your winter's supply safe in your house before cold weather comes, and now is the time to do it, before prices go up, by ordering from Evans's.

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Rather Unreliable.

"You say that you refuse to believe the sworn testimony of this man?" asked the examining barrister.

"That is so," replied the witness.

"What reasons have you?"

"Why, I know the man! He hates to tell the truth—it's absolutely foreign to his nature. He and I were at the same school, and he used to cry bitterly when the teacher made him repeat that two and two made four."

"Have you any further reminiscences, sir?" This rather sarcastically from the man of law.

"Oh, dear me, yes! Once he was ill and described his symptoms so that the doctor prescribed for water on the knee, when he was really suffering from inflamed tonsils!"

Draining Desert Lands.

One of the curiosities of irrigation is that it is sometimes necessary to drain such lands. When the lands are situated on a comparatively level, the water from the irrigation ditch above seeps along the line betwen the rock formation and in many cases accumulates in such an amount that it actually becomes swampy. Then it has to be drained, just as in the case of the south. It seems strange to witness the laying of a drainage system in an arid country, but it has been done a great many times. The average user of irrigation who fails may trace his lack of success to the too liberal use of water. Instead of watering he really drowns his crops.

All That Was Left.

A large boarding house caught fire during dinner and much confusion resulted. After the worst was over the landlady, who was a philosophical soul, remarked that it was a blessing that the fire had not happened at night, as some life might have been lost.

A little later the colored boy, who heard this, mysteriously called her aside and cautiously exhibited a great bunch of dark, tangled hair. "Don't say nothin', Miss Nora," he whispered. "Dis fiah is worse dan it 'pears. One o' dem ladies in de room ovah de liberry done get burnt up. I ben up dar to see, an' I found her hair."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Food for Babies

SICK OR WELL

should have careful attention. They cannot as a rule digest ordinary cow's milk which has not received special treatment.

BORDEN'S Malted Milk

IN THE SQUARE PACKAGE

will be found a satisfying, non-irritating easily digested food; finely powdered, and ready for immediate use by the addition of water.

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

¾-inch tap, kitchen	$6.00
Bath tub	4.00
Wash basin	1.00
Wash tub	1.00
The above is for either hot or cold water or both	
Water closet, self-acting, pan valve or reservoir	2.00
Outside tap, 50 feet or less	6.00

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

JOSEPH MORGAN,
President.

HOWARD PARRY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Mr. and Mrs. George Seel spent Sunday at Asbury Park.

Mrs. Harold Ellis spent Wednesday at Ocean Gate, N. J.

Squire William B. Hires spent Thursday in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Mathews spent Thursday at Ocean City.

H. P. Hurff, who was operated on last week, is very much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Land and sons spent the week-end at Wildwood.

Mrs. Cann, assistant postmistress, is spending her vacation at Indian Mills.

Mrs. T. E. Steele and daughter, Alice, are spending the week at Atlantic City.

Everett's Ice Cream Parlor has been purchased by Edgar McCoy, of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. E. King spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Greer, of Philadelphia.

Miss Louise King, of West Philadelphia, is visiting her brother, Edward King.

Mrs. A. C. Roray and Mrs. J. E. Greenwalt spent Wednesday at Asbury Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Crouch went to Camden on Monday, where they will reside.

Mrs. Anna Pound and son, of Philadelphia, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Amos Truman.

Miss Viola Persing has returned home after spending a week with relatives in Camden.

Miss Margaret Rhoades, of Philadelphia, spent Monday with her brother, George Rhoades.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tees and daughter, Miss Edith, are spending ten days at Block Island, Me.

Harry Kemmerle, Sr., Herbert Kemmerle and Walter Kemmerle spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Alexander and Miss Jennie Simpkins, of Camden, spent Thursday evening with Mrs. A. B. Powell.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul S. Meinert returned from Asbury Park on Thursday, after spending two weeks there.

Mrs. Frank Day and daughter, Miss Bertha, have returned from Wildwood, after spending ten days there.

Miss Eva S. Thring and Herbert Sowden, of Roxborough, spent Sunday with Miss Winifred A. Bailey.

James and Mabel Gladney have returned home after spending a week with their grandmother in Philadelphia.

Russell Blackburne has been sold by the Chicago team to Milwaukee, and left Palmyra Tuesday morning, to fill his new position.

Mrs. George Cook, Mrs. Harry Geghan, and Mrs. Ellsworth Hall spent Wednesday at Island Heights with Mrs. James Forrester.

Mrs. B. T. Zelley and Miss Anna Zelley returned home Thursday night, after spending two weeks with relatives at Atlantic City.

Mrs. T. A. Lloyd and Mrs. Thomas Branson and daughter, Ruth, are spending a fortnight with friends and relatives in South Jersey.

A cold storage warehouse, ice cream factory and pasteurized milk depot has been established in connection with the ice manufacturing plant at Bordentown.

Real Estate Agent George N. Wimer has rented Joseph M. Roberts' property at Broad and Higland avenue to Robert Tweedy, of Philadelphia, who moved in yesterday.

The barn and outbuildings on John Denneler's farm, at Scheisstown, were destroyed by a fire of unknown origin Tuesday. No live stock was burned. The loss is estimated at $1500. The Cinnaminson fire company responded promptly, but their efforts were badly handicapped by the low water pressure, which prevented the effective use of the fire hose. The low pressure at this point is caused by the elevation of the ground, which is the highest in the system.

A method of treating roads with cold asphalt is being tested by State Road Commissioner Stevens. The process consists of adding a volatile liquifier, such as gasoline or naptha, to the asphalt, thus reducing it to fluid state, in which condition it is applied to the road through a hose. After the asphalt has been spread in this manner, a match is applied, which burns out the oil and leaves a coating of pure asphalt. It is said that so far the tests appear to have been successful.

Joseph W. Horner, whose home is in Miami, Fla., died last week at Davenport, Ia., where he was visiting. The body was sent to Palmyra on Saturday. Services were conducted by Rev. John Rigg on Tuesday afternoon at the home of his brother-in-law, William F. Morgan. Interment was private at Colestown under the direction of Undertaker Morton. Mr. Horner formerly lived on the Burlington Pike, and was a brother of Judge John G. Horner, of the Burlington County Court.

Suit for $50,000 has been brought in the Supreme Court by Attorneys William C. French and Samuel T. French, counsel for Michael Bagan, against the Pennsylvania Railroad for damages he sustained at West Palmyra, on July 25, 1912, by being injured by freight car door falling upon him. Bagan was unloading a box freight car at West Palmyra, and in his declaration he asserts that the door fell from the rollers while it was being moved by an employe of the railroad company, and fell on him and broke his back. Egan, who is a widower with four small children, is in Cooper hospital, Camden.

At a town meeting held on Monday night under the auspices of the Moorestown Improvement Association, a new water system for the town was promised by officers of the Water Company. It was stated by Samuel K. Robbins, secretary of the company, that at a recent meeting of the board of directors of the company it was decided to submit to the stockholders at the annual meeting which will be held on the third Tuesday in September, a proposition for drilling artesian wells and furnishing the water through this supply. The plan is to increase the capitalization of the company to take care of the expense. The company proposes drilling wells and then aerate the water, a similar system to this being in use at Merchantville.

Field Club Notes.

For seven innings the Palmyra boys played a fine game, and Tony Boehme pitched rattling good against the leaders but the eighth and ninth innings were regular picnics for Florence, as they jumped on Boehme with a vengeance and scored three runs in the eighth and eight runs in the ninth, making the total 13-3 for the visitors. If the weather man had only come at the end of the seventh when the score was tied at two, all the fans would have gone home very well satisfied, as it had been a fine game, full of good plays and sensational fielding.

Herbie Kemmerle was a very busy gent out in left field and covered every inch of ground from the foul line over to left center—he even went under the pavilion and speared a foul fly. Herbie played the best game out in left field that has ever been witnessed on local grounds, and made the old timers open their eyes with envy.

The local boys only had a chance in two innings—the seventh they pushed over two runs and the ninth looked like a rally, as they filled the bases and scored one run and Lefty Holt was put in to bat for Polis but Sweeny put on steam and fanned him.

This Saturday the Roebling team pays us a visit. Game called at 2.30 p. m. Admission 25c, ladies 15c.

Squibs.

Stack had an off day at short.

All the runs came in the ninth, after three men should have been out.

Twenty hits was Florence's total, but I must admit that a good many went for hits that should have been fielded.

Harry Kemmerle made a pretty throw to the plate in the first.

Beckett had four hits.

Manager Baker should have yanked Boehme.

Boehme pitched a fine game up to the blow up.

Roebling this week.

ROOTER.

Condition of County Finances.

The finance committee, composed of Turner Birkhead, T. P. Miller and Thomas W. Fairbrother, has rendered the following report to the Board of Freeholders concerning the county finances.

During the year 1911 the appropriations were $242,518.76 and expenses were $227,395.01, which left a cash balance of $15,123 75, and on that date the unpaid bills for the year 1911 amounted to the sum of $31,764.08. These bills could not be paid at that time for the reason that there was insufficient money with which to pay them, and they were held to be paid at a special meeting to be held in January after money had been received from the state and other sources for 1911 accounts, which by being received in 1912 must be credited to the 1912 accounts. Now the amount of unpaid bills for 1911 being $31,764.08 and the balance of appropriation for 1911 being $15,123.75, left a deficit of $16,640.33, but the Board issued a bond for $5,000.00 for election purposes (which must be credited to that account only) which decreased the above amount to that extent, and subtracting the $5,000.00 for election purposes from the $16,640.33 deficit would make the county of Burlington to be in debt in 1912 for 1911 bills to the amount of $11,640.33, so that instead of Burlington county's having an actual balance of some $33,000 to its credit on January 1st, 1912, the county was in debt to the sum of $11,640.33, which was shown on the books of the county auditor and which was the correct statement.

In view of the fact that the Board did receive miscellaneous receipts in January, 1912, to the amount of $18,503 44, the sum of $7,264.14 was transferred to the Atsion road account to pay bills for that account which had been overdrawn, also to the asylum account, and $5,000.00 as above mentioned was placed to the election account, leaving a balance of $6,239.30 to be placed to the credit of the miscellaneous account toward making up the $20,000 appropriated from estimated miscellaneous receipt during 1912.

Miss Ethel Sawn is visiting friends at Woodstown.

The Cost of Discovering America.

The English newspapers print a report from Madrid to the effect that some ledgers discovered at Palos, Spain, contain interesting information on the cost of discovering America by Columbus. The sum total for which America was discovered amounted to $7,000, or 38,000 pesetas. This was distributed as follows: 14,000 pesetas for armament; 2,000 pesetas for personal expenses of Columbus and his officers and crew; 22,000 for general expenses during the eight months for which the voyage lasted. The sum of $7,000 in 1492 represented $70,000 in 1912.—*Scientific American.*

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9.15 a. m., Sunday School.
10.30 a. m., preaching by the minister.
7 to 8 p. m., vesper service with special music. Sermon by the minister.

Christ Church, Palmyra.

Rev. T. J. Bensley, rector.
Services at Christ Church, for next Sunday are as follows:
7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.
8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9.45 a. m. Sunday School.
10.45 a. m., morning service.
8 p. m., evening service.

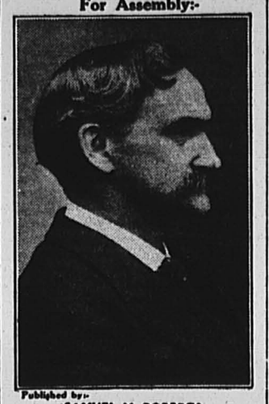
Sword in Heart of a Tree.

Embedded in the heart of a plank of wood taken from a railway station platform at Oakley, Fifeshire, Scotland, there has been found a sword measuring over two feet long. The plank had been in use for at least fifteen years. The weapon, which was of an old-fashioned type, a short crosspiece forming the handle, was in good preservation, and it is believed had been picked up by the tree at an early period of its existence and encircled with the growth.

Keith's Theatre.

The overwhelming success of The Meistersingers, Boston's famous triple quartette of male voices, heard for the first time at Keith's Theatre this past week, fully justifies holding the brilliant organization for a second and last week beginning with the 19th inst. The Meistersingers are young men of Boston's leading families, comprising the Schubert, Harvard and Weber quartettes and members of the Alleppo Temple Choir of the Mystic Shrine of that city.

For Assembly:-



Published by—
SAMUEL M. ROBERTS.
Edgewater Park, N. J.

WHY MAN EXCELS AT GOLF

Woman Lacks the Active Physical Training Which Her Brother Gets in Boyhood.

If you were asked why men play better golf than women your answer probably would be: because men are stronger than women. And that would be the truth, but only part of it.

Possibly the difference in the effectiveness of the woman's and the man's game can, as some people claim, be traced directly to the length of the shot, but the more one investigates the more he is led to qualify this conclusion. It becomes, on the whole, less reasonable to credit solely to muscular advantage the eight to nine strokes which, roughly, measure the handicap due from a man to a woman. In other words, if a man and a woman should happen to have an equal supply of strength and endurance, it seems that the man would turn out to be the better golfer. That is the question.

In the first place, men have far greater game experience. They begin to play bat and ball games at an earlier age and thereby develop more thoroughly the "feel" of clubs and the fine eye that is necessary for success in such games. There are all sorts of games that boys amuse themselves with from their earliest youth which give them eye. And when they take a golf club in their hands for the first time the essential act of concentrating their vision on the object to be struck is not a novelty. It is second nature.

With a girl it is different. She has not daily played games that developed her eye, such as marbles, "scrub," hockey, snowballing and target practice, games that are the constant avocations of bipeds who practice the profession of being boys. And yet one of the greatest of women golfers assures me that women have shown in tournaments more concentration of the eye than men and that only last fall this fact was proved. It appears that a computation was made both at the men's championship and the women's which proved that the women missed their drives less often than the men.—Charles Alden Seltzer in the Outing Magazine.

First Rook to Talk.

In New street, Horsham, England, says a writer in the May Strand, there is to be seen the very exceptional and interesting spectacle of a talking rook. The bird is the property of two school children, a little girl and boy, who caught it five years ago, when it was quite a baby, in a local rookery. It is of the gentler sex, and occupies a small pen in a tiny back garden. No attempt has ever been made to teach the rook to talk, and yet she has a vocabulary of close upon 100 simple words. She is often allowed out in the garden, for, although she can fly swiftly and strongly, she can be trusted not to make her escape. It is said that this is the first instance of a rook developing the power to talk.

Just Like the Bible.

Niles, who is 10 years old, has a weakness for attending the circus, and he willingly goes to church with his mother when the circus season approaches and doesn't hesitate to point to his Sabbath rectitude as one of the reasons why he should be permitted to go to the circus.

When the circus came this week he filed his regular petition for permission to attend.

"You have seen the circus three times, Niles," said his mother, "and I don't believe you need to see it again."

"Well, mother," he answered, "I think a circus is a lot like the Bible; you can't get too much of it."

The afternoon performance found Niles and his mother looking on.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Edward J. Watkins, is in a quandary over a statement made to him at the Pendennis club. He does not know whether to be flattered or offended.

At the club, a negro boy as black as a shoe, is in charge of the check room, and while taking Watkins' hat and coat, he cast an admiring glance at Mr. Watkins's new gray suit, and said: "Mr. Watkins, that's the best looking suit I see this year. I'd like to buy some of your clo'se, sir, sometimes if you got any you'd dispose of. You dress more to a nigger's taste than any other gentleman at the club; yessir."

Rather Absurd.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, a few days after his regrettable resignation, was talking to a Washington correspondent about an adulterated food.

"But the manufacturer says he can prove the adulteration does not harm," the correspondent ventured.

"Well," answered Dr. Wiley, with a smile, "if he tries to prove that, he'll involve himself as absurdly as the man who declared in triumph:

"'Nobody can have two birthdays but a twin.'"

LITTLE LADY BOUNTIFUL

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

In the top of the tall tenement, Tom Stevens recklessly lighted both gas burners.

"I might as well be warm once," he murmured, and settled back in his uncomfortable chair to pass another day in pain and loneliness.

It is bad enough to be sick, even in the midst of luxury, but to be sick and poor, that is enough to make a man groan and writhe. Tom Stevens, alone in the big city, too proud to write back home and tell of his hard luck, looked at the gray skies and the gay streets and wished he were dead.

And just then he heard the rustle of paper, and, looking toward the door, he saw that a note had been slipped under it.

Painfully he crossed the room, and painfully he returned to his big chair. Then he opened the sheet of paper. Across the top was painted a wreath of tiny rosebuds, and underneath was the verse:

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Though the skies above be dark and drear;
There is ever a song that our hearts shall hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere.

As he read Tom felt as if the sun were shining and the birds singing on a June day. Who had thought of him in his loneliness? Why, it was better than food and drink—better than fire and warmth.

"It's a girl's handwriting," he said to himself. He felt as if he wanted to get right up and hunt for her, but when he tried to move he sank back with a groan, and the little neighborhood doctor, coming in, cautioned him.

The next morning the janitor's wife brought him his meager meal. It was sloppy and badly cooked and Tom turned from it with a sigh. So the janitor's wife carried the tray, but left a crack in the door.

And it was through this crack an hour later, was slipped a tiny tray. On it was a steaming cup of coffee, two slices of hot toast, and a soft boiled egg.

Tom, making for the door, threw it wide open and faced an empty hallway. He dragged himself to the apartment across the way and knocked. The janitor, passing through the hall, asked curiously: "Did you want any help, sir?"

"Who lives in there?" Tom demanded.

"An old man and his wife," said the janitor. "And he works and she works."

Tom sighed and went back to find on the tray a little note:

Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper,
What shall he sing for, white bread and butter.

Tom ate the toast and the egg, drank the coffee and laid the note carefully away in his bill book with the one which had come the day before.

"Just wait till I'm well," he murmured.

He resolved that he would watch the door and lie in wait.

"But I wonder—when she'll come," was his eager thought.

The day passed, and the night was well advanced, when Tom, still lying awake, heard in the hall a little sound. He sat up and listened, and suddenly he was aware of a light shining under the door. Gathering his dressing gown about him, he rose from his couch, opened the door and looked out. On the threshold was a lighted candle in an old-fashioned candlestick. Tied to the handle was a card, and on the card was written:

"How far that little candle throws his beams so shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Tom went back to bed, and laboriously made his stiff fingers pen his sentiments:

"Dear Lady Bountiful: I can't write poetry, but I can say in plain, everyday words how grateful I am. And how I wish—but, you know what I wish—that Fate will not be unkind and that—some day—when you will it—that I may see you, and tell you what is not easy to say adequately on paper."

He signed it "Tommy Tucker," and put it in the hall and shut the door. And when an hour later he opened the door the note was gone.

"Aha," said Tom to himself, "she's not far away, and that's something to think about."

After a time there came a quick "tap, tap," and Tom got out of his chair in a hurry, but by the time he reached the door the hall was empty, but there was a note lying waiting for him.

It said: "I am going to send you a grandmother—you must be nice to her for my sake."

Tom whistled. "Well, of all things," he ejaculated.

At six precisely a little, gray-haired lady bustled in.

"Gracious!" she said, without waiting for formalities, "you poor boy. This won't do at all. You ought to be in bed, covered up with hot water bags and hot broths and, and—"

"But, really, I can't," Tom stammered.

"Nonsense," said the brisk little lady. "I have four sons of my own, and I know what to do with sick boys. Now I'm going over across the hall and heat some water, and when I come back I'll tuck you up comfortably, and take care of you until you are well."

"But," Tom gasped, "I can't—"

"Nonsense," said the little lady again, "you do just as I say. I'm used to bossing boys."

An hour later Tom, tucked up in bed with hot water bags to the right of him, and hot water bags to the left of him, and with his appetite satisfied by the most delicious broth that he had ever tasted, inquired meekly of his "grandmother:"

"How did you know I was ill?"

She looked at him sharply over her spectacles. "A little bird told me," she declared.

He was sick two weeks, and every day there came to him dainty notes in the graceful feminine script. They came by mail now, and there was the postmark of a distant city.

Tom had learned by this time that his "grandmother" lived on the opposite side of the hall. When he was strong enough he went into her plain apartment, and then he wondered where the luxuries which she had furnished him during his illness had been obtained, for in these rooms there was no sign of affluence, yet there had been for him all the delicacies that tempt the appetite of an invalid.

"Now, grandmother," he said one morning, when he was dressed and ready to take his first outing. "We've got to have an understanding. It must have taxed you a lot to get all those good things for me, and as soon as I can get work, I'm going to pay you back. But I can't ever repay you for the other things—your sympathy and kindness.

The little woman patted his big hand. "There," she said, "don't you worry about it. It hasn't cost me a penny—there was a fairy godmother who met all the bills."

But she would not tell him another word.

The next day Tom began to look for work. He had been badly placed in his first position. He felt himself equal to something better.

One day he found it—a bigger thing than he had hoped for—with an excellent salary attached.

Then he went back to the little "grandmother." "I want to find my fairy godmother," he said, "and you know where she is."

"I don't," said the lady flatly.

"Oh, come now."

"I don't," was the decided answer, "but I can tell you who she is. She is my niece, and when she was twenty-one she came into a nice little sum of money, and she made up her mind that she would spend it on having a good time. But she's a funny child, and she didn't call it a good time to go to the shows and things; she just wanted to spend her money on helping other people. And one day she heard you cough, and when your door was open she peeped in, and she just couldn't bear to think of your being so lonesome, and so she planned the little surprises, and one day she said, 'Now, auntie, he needs more attention than I can give him, and you just do all you can, and I will provide the money.' And she has, and then when you began to want to know her, she got scared and went home."

"Where is her home?" Tom demanded.

"She ain't there," said the little lady. "She's gone to work. You see, her money didn't last long, when she spent it that way. But she said she had the time of her life."

"What is her work?"

"She's a stenographer," said the little lady.

Tom's heart leaped. Then at least she was not a rich girl, as he had feared. How could he then have dared to woo her!

"If you know her home address, you give it to me," he said, and reluctantly the aunt gave it to him, and that night he took a train and started on his quest.

He found her, for fate was kind to him. And she was dear and sweet, as he had dreamed she might be.

He brought a letter of introduction from the aunt.

"But I don't really need it, you know," he said.

"No," her cheeks were pink; "did you—did you think I was very forward?"

"I thought you were—an angel," Tom blurted out.

But he did not tell her then all that was in his heart, for time was needed for the wooing and the winning.

Short Kings and Tall Queens.

Many European monarchs are of shorter stature than their queens. George V. is several inches shorter than Queen Mary. The German empress is slightly taller than the kaiser; and it is alleged that when they are being photographed together William sees that the queen takes a seat while he himself stands.

The czar of all Russias is by no means as tall as his consort, and Alfonso of Spain is said to be a head shorter than Queen Victoria Eugenie. The King of Italy hardly reaches to the shoulders of his Montenegrin wife. The queen of Denmark, too, is taller than her husband.

Exceptions are the king of Norway and the king of the Belgians. The latter, six feet two inches in height, is the tallest ruler in Europe.—Harper's Weekly.

Let Buildings Speak.

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings without some intellectual intention.—Ruskin.

What Battleships Cost in Coal.

The admiralty has postponed fleet exercises for very much smaller causes than the coal strike. The navy is, of course, a national concern, but so are the railways, and the knowledge that the third home fleet will be burning on a daily average for the next three weeks enough coal to run 300 express trains 200 miles a day will make the taxpayer think that the fuel would have been much better expended in that way. A King Edward eats 10 tons a day while exercising and three times as much if hard pressed. The Cornish Riviera or Wild Irishman can run 100 miles on two tons.—London Truth.

Best Way to Rest.

Sometimes the best way to work is to take a few hours of relaxation before plunging into troublesome duties.

It is impossible to rest unless there are quiet and calm in the mind and peace in one's heart and soul.

A trouble worried brain disturbs the entire physical forces, making one incapable of work or one's best efforts.

There is a great difference between the naturally lazy person and one who knows the need of rest. One cannot find pleasure in rest unless one works, for otherwise there is no contrast. It's like eating when one isn't hungry. No hurried, flurried, fussy woman can ever be beautiful.

Her Reason.

"Mrs. Bloodgood is sending out cards of invitation for a little dance."

"Wants to entertain a few friends, does she?"

"Yes, and to snub a few more."—Harper's Bazar.

Against All Tradition.

"That millionaire is a very queer chap."

"As to how?"

"Never claims he was happier when he was poor. Always says he is happier now."

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In effect June 21, 1912.

Phila. for Riverton.	Arrive at Palmyra	Arrive at Riverton.	Riverton for Phila.	Palmyra for Phila.	Arrive at Phila.
A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
5 10	5 38	5 41	5 50	5 52	6 19
6 12	6 41	6 43	6 41	6 44	7 15
7 12	7 39	7 42	7 22	7 24	7 47
7 44	8 05	8 08	7 44	7 46	8 15
9 00		9 23	8 14	8 17	8 39
9 40	10 01	10 03	8 45	8 48	9 15
10 35	11 01	11 04	9 14	.....	9 39
*			10 34	10 37	11 00
			11 16	11 19	11 45
P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
12 00	12 22	12 25	12 22	12 25	12 50
12 40	1 08	1 10	1 30	1 33	2 00
1 20	1 50	1 52	2 30	2 33	3 00
*2 00	2 28	2 31	3 08	3 11	3 39
2 30	2 53	2 56	3 38		4 03
3 20	3 49	3 52	3 55	3 58	4 19
3 56	.....	4 17	*4 25	4 27	4 55
4 28	4 51	4 54	5 16	5 19	5 43
5 00	5 27	5 30	5 29	5 33	6 03
5 20	5 44	5 47	6 13	6 16	6 40
5 40	6 08	6 11	7 17	7 19	7 45
6 00	6 26	6 28	8 15	8 18	8 45
6 32	7 00	7 03	8 30	8 33	8 55
7 20	7 44	7 47	9 45	9 48	10 15
9 20	9 47	9 49	10 45	10 48	11 15
10 50	11 16	11 19	12 16	12 19	12 45
11 50	12 15	12 18			

SUNDAYS

A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
7 55	8 21	8 24	8 23	8 26	8 55
9 00	9 27	9 30	11 18	11 21	11 45
10 10	10 37	10 40	P M	P M	P M
P M	P M	P M	12 46	12 49	1 15
12 30	12 57	1 00	2 57	3 00	3 25
1 30	1 59	2 02	4 55	4 58	5 30
4 00	4 23	4 26	6 20	6 23	6 55
5 10	5 37	5 40	7 09	7 10	7 40
6 20	6 46	6 48	7 52	7 55	8 20
7 20	7 45	7 48	9 14	9 17	9 45
9 20	9 47	9 50	10 10	10 13	10 45
10 00	10 30	10 33	11 00	11 03	11 35

* Saturdays only

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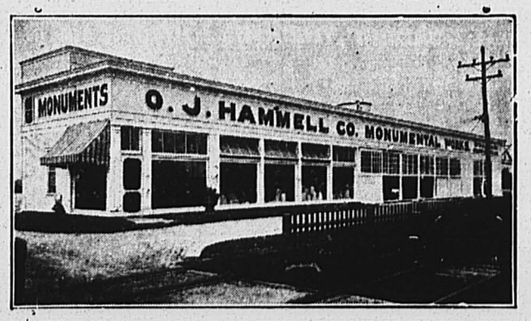

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The Diamond Cipher

A Baseball Romance

By W. A. PHELON

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SYNOPSIS.

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

CHAPTER II—Brockett, Chula Lon Kan, a Siamese, Ramon Solano, a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters practice baseball playing until dark. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER III—As outcome of Brockett's cipher, the ball player and Solano are engaged by government for mysterious mission. Yazimoto, mysterious Jap, calls on Brockett.

CHAPTER IV—Brockett falls into Yazimoto's trap, a fight 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—Yazimoto returns to headquarters and reports his failure to obtain the cipher to Baron Zollern: Miss Lawson, 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—Brockett and Solano arrive in Jersey City; make appointment to meet McGinnity, the "Iron Man," baseball manager.

CHAPTER IX—Brockett and Solano arrive in New York and run into a Chinese Tong war; rescued by a white man.

CHAPTER X—The place of refuge found to be a trap; find themselves prisoners of Yazimoto. Kelly to rescue, mulches Jap out of $10,000.

CHAPTER XI—Kelly turns the money over to Brockett.

CHAPTER XII—Brockett and Solano have encounter with tough gang, but are protected by Kelly's men.

CHAPTER XIII—On sleeper Cleveland-bound: the Baron detected in act of rifling Solano's berth, jumps from train.

CHAPTER XIV—At Detroit the messengers go to ball game, receive hieroglyphs in mysterious manner and depart for Chicago.

CHAPTER XV—Arriving in Chicago, the messengers are robbed by a "transom thief;" the baron again appears.

CHAPTER XVI—The Baron offers to assist in recovering the stolen papers.

CHAPTER XVII—The Messengers find the stolen papers in the possession of a giant negro.

CHAPTER XVIII—After a fierce battle with negroes Brockett and Solano wake up in jail.

CHAPTER XIX—The Messengers and police visit the Tenderloin in search of the stolen property.

CHAPTER XX—The thief is found in a "hop joint," a fight follows, and part of the "booty" is recovered.

CHAPTER XXI—Mysteriously receiving another hieroglyphic message, the messengers board a train for the West and are later arrested by bogus Arkansas sheriff.

CHAPTER XXII—Brockett and Solano knock the sheriff and his deputies down and his deputies down and take to the wods.

CHAPTER XXIII—The genuine sheriff arrests Baron Zollern, and the boys resume their journey.

CHAPTER XXIV—The Messengers arrive on the Rio Grande and play ball with the troopers.

CHAPTER XXV—While playing ball Brockett is lassoed and robbed.

CHAPTER XXVI—The messengers meet the commander of the post.

CHAPTER XXVII—They start with important papers for the Mexican chief and run into ambush.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Brockett and Solano in the hands of brigands who demand the papers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Ask the sentinel at the door," said Brockett, after the prisoners had been shown into a rude but comfortable hut, lighted with whole rows of candles, "if he can get a needle and some strong thread. Tell him I want to do some repairing on my clothes—they need it badly."

The puzzled Cuban executed the commission, and the sentry, an obliging, jovial fellow, soon brought in a heavy needle and some twine. Brockett, seating himself where the light was brightest, then produced an old ball, bearing evidence of many a vigorous swat upon its horsehide cover, and calmly proceeded to dissect the sphere, while Solano looked on in mystification.

"Going to stuff the ball with dynamite, and then bat it to Captain Torrejon?" he asked, with a forced chuckle. Brockett smiled frankly and evidently with self-confidence and full renewal of courage.

"Not exactly, Ramon," he replied. "I'm going to stuff it with something valuable, though. Watch and see."

Deftly the boy extracted some folded letters from the inner pockets of his clothing. As deftly he crumpled them, wound them round the rubber center of the ball and pressed them into spheroid shape. Some of the yarn from the ball was then wound round the bundle, and then came the work of resewing the cover. This was a long and tedious task, but was completed in perhaps forty minutes, when the ball, to all outward appearances, was again nothing but a worn and battered veteran of big league battles.

"That ball," said Brockett, surveying his handiwork with justifiable pride, "contains the entire packet of letters to Gomez Esteral, and the envelopes now contain sundry wholly harmless letter-sheets I happened to have in my pockets. I think that the inside of a league ball is about the last place they would think to look for important papers."

"Pretty old ball," commented Solano. "Had a rubber center instead of a cork core. But what good is the ball going to do us? If we never get through to Gomez Esteral what difference does it make whether the dispatches are in a ball or in an aeroplane?"

Brockett smiled serenely. "Quit worrying, Ramon, quit worrying. Now, then, come closer—still closer—where there won't be any chance of sharp Mexican ears getting wise. Now, then, listen to me!"

* * *

Captain Juan Torrejon's bandits certainly loved baseball, and evidently played it to the best of their ability and as often as time and place allowed. The clearing in which the camp was pitched had a rude diamond laid out at its northern edge, while the southern borders showed much evidence of the tramping feet of the outfielders. Sentinels guarded the boundaries of the camp with hawklike gaze; some twenty of the bandits frolicked back and forth upon the sward, waiting for the practice to begin, and the rest of the operatic-looking brigands, with their leader, lounged around the catcher's position.

Juan Torrejon greeted his prisoners with great courtesy, and asked if they had slept and breakfasted well. Answered in the affirmative as to both queries, a look of genuine pleasure seemed to cross his swarthy countenance, and he expressed his satisfaction at their words.

"If it pleases you, caballeros," he went on, "will you inspect the bats and balls? Our equipment is doubtless crude and poor, but in these troublous times it is not easy to obtain first-class material. What branch of the profession will you deign to instruct us in as a beginning?"

"If agreeable to you, Captain Torrejon," said Solano, "my friend will bat up some flies, to see how your fielders handle them."

"Bueno, muy bueno," Torrejon approved. "I fear you will find them but feeble in pursuit of the ball!"

Feeble they were. They tried hard, these bandit Mexicans, but only the easiest kind of fly balls rested securely in their grip. After about a dozen balls had been dropped, Solano, with a gesture of impatience, set off at a jog-trot, crossed the field and took up a position among the farthest Mexicans, not far from the edge of the clearing.



IT GRIEVES ME EXTREMELY, YOUNG MEN, BUT I FEAR YOU MUST DIE"

"Bueno, bueno!" laughed Captain Torrejon. "Your friend will show how the fly ball should be caught, sí? Let us watch him."

Solano took two fly balls, each fairly well out, and backing beyond the ring of Mexicans to get them. Loud applause greeted his graceful handling of the chances. Then Brockett laid the wood against the ball with tremendous power. The startled sphere soared high, and Solano, starting at the crack of the bat, raced under the ball far down to the bushes' edge. Amid a volley of cheers, he leaped high, pulled down the ball—and then kept right on running. Before the astounded Mexicans could realize the trick, he vanished into the chaparral, sprinting like a madman, and with him went the ball that contained the messages to Gomez Esteral!

* * *

Juan Torrejon was a man to act with promptitude, no matter what the exigency. Horsemen could not ride through the dense undergrowth into which Solano had vanished, but twenty bandits were on his track a moment later. The chief himself sprang at Brockett with a snarl of fury, and made a lightning search of the prisoner. The search brought forth the envelopes in which the original missives had reposed, and Torrejon, his fierce face lighting up a trifle, carefully stowed them in his own apparel.

He called a young Mexican to his side and ordered him to act as his interpreter.

"Tell the young man," said the chief, slowly and with an apparent return of good humor, "that I was quite sure his friend had not carried off the papers, but that I wanted to make sure—he will therefore pardon the roughness of the searching process. Five minutes before the other young man went out to catch fly balls, deft hands had been over his clothing and found nothing. He, therefore, simply ran away, and left his companion to face the music. So be it. If he can be caught, all right, all well and good. If not, let him go his way—I give him credit for a clever escape. You and I, Senor Brockett, will meet the gentlemen with the unpronounceable names in a few hours—and we will bargain with them. Will it please you to go on with the baseball teachings?"

Noon came, and the bandits who had pursued Solano began to straggle in. They brought no prisoner, and declared that the young Gringo must have been carried out and befriended by the devil. Torrejon, courteous as ever, made Brockett eat with him, and asked him many questions concerning the great game of the Americans, its rules, its famous players. Towards one o'clock a sentry at the western edge of the clearing challenged loudly, and a moment later two bandits escorted a huge German gentleman to the presence of their commander. Baron Zollern bowed pompously to Torrejon, and then smiled mockingly at Brockett.

"I see, mein frient," quoth the baron, "dot you vos, ad lasd, in safe hands. Vere iss your bartner?"

The baron was much worried at the news that Solano had escaped, but expressed marked relief at the information that the Cuban had not succeeded in getting away with the letters addressed to Gomez Esteral.

"Dot iss vell," he sighed, happily. "It iss, perhaps, better yet dot he haf gone—he can haf nodings to say, und dere iss but de von left to disbose off. Shall ve get down to bitsness? Vere iss de liddle ledders, gaptain?"

A sentinel at the northern edge of the clearing gave challenge, and two more of the bandits came across the glade. With them walked a little



AMID A VOLLEY OF CHEERS HE LEAPED HIGH AND PULLED DOWN THE BALL.

brown man, suave and gentle—the little man whom Brockett thought long since dead in the waters of North river—the tireless agent of Japan—none less than Mr. Yazimoto!

Baron Zollern greeted the Nipponese with evident surprise, but with forced courtesy.

"I subbosed," said he, "dot my abointment vos exclusive mit de captain. Sdill, Herr Yazimoto, you are welcome. You unterstand, of gourse, dot I haf de virst und only glaim to dese Esteral documents? De key off de cipher code. Herr Yazimoto, I will share mit you, und gladly. Iss dot agreeable?"

Mr. Yazimoto purred his dissent. The entire dossier of Esteral letters, as well as the cipher code, he explained, were his. After he had persued them, he would gladly let his old friend, the Baron Zollern, glance through them, but for the present time, though it desolated him to be so selfish, he must insist upon the first inspection of the papers, already purchased from the honorable captain.

Baron Zollern glowered and growled his statement that he had paid for the letters, and that he, he alone, should have first reading of the missives. Both men appealed to Juan Torrejon. That operatic brigand promptly found refuge in his ignorance of the English tongue. Loud language was heard; the big German purpled in the face, and the suave smile left the countenance of Mr. Yazimoto. Brockett, fascinated by the faces of these two men, whom he had thought removed from his path forever, almost forget that he was a prisoner, and completely forgot the dangers of his situation as he listened to the quarrel.

Juan Torrejon stood by and smiled humorously at the babel of tongues, but finally seemed to tire of the uproar. He beckoned the young Mexican who had previously translated his words to Brockett, and calmly laid down the law to the contending spies.

"I must confess, senores," said Torrejon, pleasantly, "that I forgot which one of you should have precedence in your dealings with me. It is



HE VANISHED INTO THE CHAPARRAL AND WITH HIM WENT THE BALL THAT CONTAINED THE MESSAGES.

true, also, that I did accept money from you both. That money, however, was but a retainer, an advance fee, let us say. Here are the letters, intact, even as I but a few hours since took them from this young caballero. Suppose, senores, that you make further offer for them?"

Baron Zollern emitted a snort of indignation. "A hold-up, iss id?" he fairly bellowed. "Vell, I should haf oxbected id. Here"—and he dragged a capacious wallet from his inner pocket—"iss ten tousand dollars more. Vill dot suffice your rabacity?"

Juan Torrejon bowed with all the grace of a true Spanish cavalier. "It will be ample, senor—unless this other gentleman desires to offer still more."

Mr. Yazimoto turned white beneath his saffron skin.

"I had imagined," he protested, "that the bargain concluded with the honorable captain was a business transaction. Unfortunate to declare, I brought no money with me. Still, if the honorable captain will agree, I will bring twelve thousand dollars before the sunrise of another morning."

Torrejon shook his head.

"I fear," said he, "that present opportunities must be accepted rather than future chances. Senor Zollern, permit me to present you with the documents in question."

Grunting with heartfelt pleasure, the German seized the envelopes and thrust them, unopened, into his pocket.

Mr. Yazimoto, clenching his small brown hands in rage and disappointment, eyed him like a wildcat hesitating before a spring.

"Dere vas great need," said Baron Zollern, "dot I should haf dese ledders. Herr Yazimoto, I rebeat to you—you vas endirely velcome to de cipher code. Vill you agcept id from me tomorrow? Also, I bromise you, you shall haf de obbortunidy to examine all bortions off dese babers dot may goncern you or your gofernmend. Vot say you? Vill you agcept a segond reading?"

"It seems to me," came a soft, well-modulated voice, "that a third reading will be better for Mr. Yazimoto. At least, that is my opinion."

Juan Torrejon, petrified where he stood, was staring open-eyed and open-mouthed at a small, almost insignificant individual, standing not ten feet from the bandit's side. The members of Torrejon's gang, suddenly converted into most peaceful citizens, had dropped their arms and were ranged in meek and gentle groups along the glade. Across the clearing was streaming a long column of superbly armed and mounted riders, and additional horsemen were already holding every exit from the camp-ground.

"I believe," the little man resumed, "that every man is entitled to a first perusal of his own correspondence. Will you kindly hand those envelopes to me, Herr Zollern? I am Gomez Esteral."

(To Be Continued.)

PROPERLY MADE TEA

THE MOST HEALTHFUL AND EXHILARATING OF BEVERAGES.

Where It Does Harm the Fault Is Always With the Maker—Unwholesome Qualities Are Brought Out in the Steeping.

It is said that we tan our stomachs and become, therefore, incapable of digesting food—that we turn into nervous wrecks if we drink tea. And this would be so if we used tea immoderately and made it carelessly. Let us investigate a little and see what can be done to preserve to our use the cup that cheers.

Analysis shows that tea is rich in proteid, that it contains alkaloid—thein—and a volatile oil and tannic acid. Its stimulating effect is due to thein and the oil—its astringency is caused by the tannic acid. Thein is so soluble that it is almost immediately drawn from the leaf when brought into contact with boiling water. Thein stimulates gastric digestion, but the tannic acid and oil are harmful. Experiments show that tannic acid is developed in very small quantity as soon as tea comes in contact with boiling water, and that more tannic acid is developed when tea has steeped five minutes than when it has steeped three minutes, and that the longer it stands the more this acid is drawn out.

It is known that tea is stimulating, refreshing and an alleviator of headache and bodily fatigue. It has a slight influence in regulating the circulation of the blood and the temperature of the body. It is one of the most warming drinks in winter and cooling drinks in summer.

In view of these facts all will admit that to get the good and reject the unwholesome qualities of tea it is necessary to make it with freshly boiled water—fast boiling because the stimulating property, thein, cannot be extracted below the boiling point—and for this reason also the teapot should be thoroughly scalded before the tea is put into it; freshly boiled water, because long cooking causes its atmospheric gases to escape and renders it flat and insipid. (Soft water is best used when it first comes to a rapid boil, hard water may be boiled fifteen to twenty minutes before using).

Tea should always be made as an infusion—never boiled—and with but one infusion to each measure of tea. The habit of renewing the boiling water over the first measure of tea, or of using and reusing the tea leaves with a small additional supply, is a very objectionable one and is most strongly condemned by all health and food authorities. This is the way to obtain all the injurious qualities and none of the benefits of a pot of tea. No wonder people tan their stomachs when they follow such a method.

Here is the way to make one cup of tea without a teapot: Heat a cup to boiling point with boiling water, measure one-half teaspoonful of best tea; pour the water from the cup, put in the tea, pour over enough fresh boiling water to fill the cup three-quarters full, cover closely and let stand in a warm place (not in a draught and not over the fire) for three minutes. Have ready another hot cup and a hot strainer; strain the tea into the cup and serve at once with sugar and cream or milk, or with thinly sliced lemon and sugar.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cream of Watercress Soup.

Wash, pick over and chop fine one bunch of watercress, add to three cupfuls of veal stock, bring to a boiling point and let simmer ten minutes; then strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. Melt four tablespoonfuls butter, add five tablespoonfuls flour and add to the stock. Cook until mixture thickens, add a cupful of cream or rich milk, season with salt and pepper. Put in a few drops of green vegetable color, reheat and serve with squares of bread nicely browned.

Furniture Polish.

Beeswax and turpentine is a capital polish for furniture which is not French polished. To make it, shred half an ounce of beeswax very fine and add to it a quarter of a part of spirits of turpentine. Stir well and put aside until the next day. Then stir again and let it stand for another day, when it will be ready for use. Never melt beeswax and turpentine over a hot fire, as it is highly inflammable.

Beef Roll.

Take a large round steak about an inch thick, spread flat on a board or table, then make a dressing of bread crumbs as much as you want and season with salt, pepper, sage and one egg, then spread on round of steak and roll up and tie a cord around it or use skewers to keep it together; then bake till nice and done.

American Toast.

To one egg, thoroughly beaten, put one cup of sweet milk and a little salt; slice light bread and dip in the mixture, allowing each slice to absorb some of the milk. Then brown on hot buttered griddle, spread with butter and serve hot.

Fruit Loaf.

One pound dates, one pound figs, three-fourths cup English walnuts, grind through grinder and mix thoroughly together, knead into a roll and roll in powdered sugar.

English Colliery Superstition.

A curious custom prevails among the Durham (Eng.) colliery women. Whenever they put clean sheets on the bed, they also place three small bits of coal on it. If they omit to do this, they think the husband will meet with an accident before the sheets are changed next time.

SOME SCOTCH RECIPES

FAVORITE DISHES IN THE LAND OF THE THISTLE.

Broths and Soups Seem to Be Especially Favored—For Stewed Oxtail—Just How to Brander a Steak.

The following recipes come from a Scotch housewife who says they are favorites in the land of the thistle, her own family having used them for many years. Scotch housewives take special pride in the preparation of wholesome broths and soups, one of the famous ones being "cockie leekie." Any fowl, teuch (tender), youthful or middle aged, may be used, but if one does not possess a fowl, beef may take its place, though the dish will not be so delicate in flavor. For four quarts of soup use two or three pounds of meat, eight or nine large leeks and pepper and salt to taste. Wash the leeks thoroughly and if they are old scald them for a few minutes in boiling water. Take off the roots and part of the heads and cut them into pieces of about an inch in length. Put the meat and half of the leeks into the pot, and allow these to simmer gently for about half an hour; add the remaining leeks and boil them for three or even four hours. Skim carefully and season to taste with salt and pepper.

For stewed oxtail cut the tail at the joints, discarding one or two pieces at the extreme points. Put them into a stewpan with just enough water to cover them. When the water begins to boil, remove the scum on top and add a sliced onion and two carrots. After covering let the meat simmer gently for two and a half hours. Melt an ounce of butter in a little pan, stir in gently half an ounce of flour and some of the strained liquid from the meat. Allow this to boil for five or ten minutes. Add a tablespoonful of catsup and a little lemon juice. After browning it slightly pour the sauce over the tails, which should be arranged with the vegetables on a dish. Serve at once.

To broil, or in Scotch parlance, to "brander," a steak in Scotch style, have the "brander," or gridiron, very hot and the fire clear and bright. A little salt sprinkled over the fire will keep down the flame. When the brander is hot rub it all over with a piece of suet. This prevents the steak from sticking. Cut the skin that lies along the edge of the steak in several places and flatten slightly with a rolling pin. Lay it on the gridiron and turn it every half minute with steak tongs. With a double gridiron it is of course unnecessary to use the tongs, but in shifting the meat about while on the gridiron steak tongs are useful, and not as familiar as they should be among American housewives who too often use a fork for the purpose. A fork should never be put into the meat while it is cooking. Have ready a very hot dish and when the steak has been turned for ten minutes lift it up and slip it on the hot dish. Put on a cover and set it into a Dutch oven. Let it stand for ten minutes. Lacking a Dutch oven, the American housewife will have to content herself with her up-to-date gas range. The steak is then lifted on to the hot gridiron and turned for five minutes more. Serve on a hot platter after spreading lightly with butter. Americans, as they like their steaks rare, will select a very thick steak if they desire to cook it in Scotch style.

Butter and Cheese.

Good butter has no strong odor. It is of an even, golden yellow and has a fine grain; if slick it has not been properly handled. It should never be marbled in appearance. If there is too great proportion of moisture present the butter breaks easily. In this case the purchaser pays for the water. Cheese should be of good color, depending on the variety, and of fine grain. The cheese with large air cells is usually not of the best quality; if the fat separates from the body of the cheese rapidly it usually indicates the addition of foreign fat.

Potato Balls.

Take equal parts of cold boiled potatoes and raw ones. Peel and grate the raw and squeeze out through cloth; now grate the boiled potatoes and mix with the raw; add salt, flour enough to form in balls; have ready little squares of bread, browned in butter; take two heaping tablespoons of potatoes and put two or three squares of bread in center; now form in balls with hands; drop in boiling salted water and boil fifteen minutes. Good with any kind of gravy and meat.

Salade D'Anchois.

Fillet the required quantity of anchovies, cut each fillet into two, lengthwise, and arrange in lattice fashion on small glass dishes, garnish with quarters or slices of hard-cooked eggs and capers, pour over a little olive oil, sprinkle with chopped chives or parsley and serve.

Young Cook's Guide.

A good rule for a young housekeeper in cooking vegetables is that all vegetables that grow above the ground should be put on to cook in boiling water; all that grow below the ground, except new potatoes, in cold water.

To Serve With Pancakes.

Lemon juice and powdered sugar are delicious with feathery wheat pancakes. It is said that the Kaiser is especially attached to this dish.

BROUGHT OVER FROM SPAIN

Three Recipes That Have Found Favor Because of Their Really Excellent Qualities.

Chicken Spanish.—Chicken cut into small pieces and fried brown in its own fat and half cup olive oil; add clove garlic, medium sized onion, half can tomatoes, pepper, salt, five cloves, two dozen allspice, one bayleaf. Stew slowly one hour, adding a little water if necessary. Thicken with flour and water just before serving.

Spanish Summer Squash.—Fry in butter an onion and three green peppers chopped fine; add three ripe tomatoes and stew well, seasoning with salt and teaspoon of sugar. Add summer squash, sliced, and fry until soft.

Spanish Shrimps.—Large onion, six green peppers chopped fine and fried in butter; add two large tomatoes and cook well; then add a pinch of soda and cup of cream; then can of chopped shrimps.

PREPARING THE STEAK

SOME TIME-HONORED WAYS OF COOKING AND SERVING.

"Blanketed" Is One of the Best That Has Been Devised—Delicious in the Form of a Pie—For Those Fond of Hamburg.

Blanketed Steak.—Wipe a sirloin steak, cut one and one-half inches thick, and broil five minutes. Remove to platter, spread with butter, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Clean one quart of clams and discard tough muscles. Cover steak with soft portions, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot over with one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter. Place on grate in hot oven, and bake until clams are done. Garnish at ends with sprigs of parsley.

Beefsteak Pie.—Wipe one and one-half pounds of round steak with a piece of cheesecloth wrung out of cold water, and cut beefsteak in one inch cubes. Put in a stewpan, add half an onion, peeled and thinly sliced, and pour over four cupfuls of cold water. Cover, and bring quickly to the boiling point, and then let simmer until meat is tender, the time required being about two hours. Add one teaspoonful of salt after the first hour of the cooking. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter; add four tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then add gradually to hot stock. Wash and pare potatoes, and cut in one-fourth inch slices; there should be one and one-half cupfuls. Parboil in boiling salted water eight minutes, drain, add to meat, and cook three minutes. Turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with pie paste or baking powder biscuit mixture, and bake in a hot oven. If covered with pie paste, make several incisions in crust, to admit of the escape of gases. This is a good way to cook tough steak.

Hamburg steaks should be chopped to order, the meat coming from the round. Season one pound of Hamburg steak with salt and pepper and a few drops of onion juice, and form into six cakes, handling as little as possible. If cakes are pressed too compactly they will be solid. Put in a slightly greased hot iron frying pan, sear on one side, turn, sear on other side, and cook six minutes if liked rare; eight minutes if liked well done. Let stand around edge of frying pan to brown edges. Remove to hot platter, put around mound of julienne potatoes and spread with maitre-d'hotel butter. Pour buttered cauliflower in four corners of platter and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Planked sirloin steak is prepared on one of the up-to-date planks that fit into a nickel frame with nickel and ebony handles. Remove flank end from a sirloin steak. Wipe steak and broil or pan-broil until nearly done. Pipe a border of highly seasoned mashed potatoes around edge of slightly buttered plank and make nests of mashed potatoes. Place steak on plank and put in hot oven to brown potatoes and finish cooking steak. Fill mashed potato nests with canned peas reheated and arrange around, at equal distances, piles of buttered carrot cuges and stuffed tomatoes.—Woman's Home Companion.

Laundering Soiled Towels.

Oftentimes the towels become gray and dingy looking. Treat them in this manner and they will become white again:

Place them in a kettle and cover with cold water. Add shavings of pure white soap and the juice of a lemon.

Place on the back of the stove and allow the water to gradually come to a boil.

If very much soiled, the process may have to be repeated.

Rinse in tepid water, then in slightly blue water and hang in the air to dry.

Filled Apples.

Select six healthy, large apples. Scrape out the inside and grind up in a food chopper. Have soaked one cupful of bread. Squeeze out dry with hands. Add one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half cupful sugar, yolks of two eggs, one-half cup cocoanut or any kind of nuts chopped fine. Mix with chopped apples and fill the apples. Bake until done. Then beat the whites of two eggs. Sweeten to taste and put some of this on each apple. Put in the oven to bronze.

Pretzels.

Five cups of dark brown sugar dissolved in a cup and a half of water, one cup of lard and one-half cup of butter melted together, two eggs beaten light, one-half cup of aniseed, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of melted chocolate, enough bolted rye flour to make a dough as for cookies. Roll into the form of a snake, cut and bake.

Casters Need Oil.

Oil your casters once in a while and see how much more easily large pieces of furniture may be moved. Do this at any rate at housecleaning time, and take care to wipe off any superfluous oil, not only because it would collect dirt if allowed to remain, but also because it might drip a little and stain the carpets or rugs.

Delicious Dish.

Serve pumpkin pie with whipped cream and pecan nuts over the top for a change.

Hurt Fishermen's Business.

A strange story comes from Frontignan, Herault, France. Recently 700 gallons of confiscated wine were thrown into a canal there by the customs officers. But the wine had the effect of intoxicating the fish, which swim on the top of the water and can be picked out by hand. The housewives refuse to buy fish when they can get them for themselves, and the fishermen in the district have united to protest against the action of the customs officers.

Sun Power Wasted.

Measurements have shown that on a clear, sunny day the sun transmitted to the earth energy which corresponded to about 7,000 horsepower per acre. At present all that is practically wasted, or rather generally in localities where any addition to the temperature could well be dispensed with. Attempts have from time to time been made to utilize this enormous supply of energy, but not with any great measure of success.

HER DAY OF TRIUMPH

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS IN HONOR OF THE GIRL GRADUATE.

Here Are a Few Seasonable Dishes for Such Occasions—Cold Chicken Bouilion Always a Part—Good Combination Salad.

Just as the new bride is feted with little social functions of all sorts, so is the girl graduate given her own special festivity. One of the prettiest social functions given in her honor is a pretty luncheon, to which are invited all the girls of her class. If there are twelve maids a long table will be used, but with a numerous company a number of round tables are preferred. The tables are got up in a very "partyfied" manner—dainty china, a profusion of flowers, burnished silver and sparkling glasses giving them quite a wedding air. New favors for these charming functions are small, stiff bouquets made up like the old bridal nosegays. The flowers for these are artificial, the daintiest that can be had, and about the paper horn that holds them there is a frill of some pretty cheap lace. The long stem of the bouquet is wrapped with tinfoil. The menu of the banquet may be as grand or as simple as one considers consistent with such gala fixings, but the usual spread includes some delicate appetizer, bouillon, an entree in season, broiled spring chicken, a green salad, ices and cake. Salted almonds or peanuts and little dishes of bonbons are scattered over the tables.

Here are a few recipes for seasonable dishes for such functions:

Cold Chicken Bouilion.—Get good roasting chickens and remove skin and fat when cleaning them. Put them on in cold water, adding at the same time one leek to each chicken, two tender carrots, one onion and a sprig of parsley. Let the chicken barely simmer until it falls to rags. Take it off the fire, remove superfluous grease and then strain. Clarify the bouillon with the whites and shells of two eggs and then strain again. Put on the ice until needed and serve in broad tin teacups or, better still, bouillon cups. Many persons prefer the bouillon hot.

Combination Salad.—Wash a head of romaine salad in several cold waters. Then take large shears and strip the leaves into pieces about an inch wide. Clip green peppers in the same way, cutting these almost to threads. Put these in a large bowl, add some canned asparagus tips carefully drained of liquid, two tablespoonfuls of chopped chives, and four tender beets cut in thin slices, and then throw in the tender hearts of two bunches of celery, these split into four. Use French dressing, olive oil, salt, pepper and lemon juice. This salad should be kept cold as ice before serving.

Salted Almonds.—Shell two pounds of almonds and then boil them five minutes; remove skins while still warm. This is how the almonds are blanched. As soon as they are peeled, sprinkle lightly with fine table salt.

Some Uses for Floursacks.

How many know that flour sacks make nice "nighties" and summer underwear for children? Under skirts and waists for grown-ups can also be made. They make good pillow slips and quilt linings, and can be used for anything that requires good muslin. Restaurants usually sell them at 25 cents per dozen for the fifty-pound size and 50 cents for the larger ones.

Worn out hosiery can be made into good play drawers and under skirts and hose for children. For under skirts simply cut open and sew as many as needed to reach around waist, small end up; the flare makes enough fullness. The feet in hose can be made of contrasting shades of hose or of fine knit underwear, bottom of foot cut on double fold.

Left-Overs Used.

Use the left-over potato from a previous dinner in cakes with a smaller cake of sausage on top and bake until they are brown. The sausage sold loose at good markets is most convenient for the cakes. The potato should be mashed and seasoned with a little butter, salt and pepper. One housekeeper uses a little bacon fat in place of butter on the potato. Left-over fish may be flaked, covered with cream and mixed with grated American cheese and be heated in the oven and served on toast.

To Cook Brains.

Soak the brains in cold water, changing twice in an hour, and to the last water add a little vinegar and salt. Tie the brains in cheese cloth and cook in boiling water seasoned with a small blade of mace, one bay leaf and a few cloves. Cook twenty minutes, drain and blanch in cold water and remove any coarse fibres. Have a rich hot cream sauce made and add the brains to it. Season with one teaspoon of kitchen bouquet.

Brown Bread.

Two tablespoons butter or dripping, half cup brown sugar, two tablespoons molasses, add a pinch of salt, two cups of sour milk or buttermilk, one cup flour sifted with one teaspoon soda, three cups graham flour. If desired, add one egg, beaten, at the last.

Use for Milk Cans.

Forty-quart milk cans are very convenient for keeping flour, etc., in, if you happen to have one that is not in use for any other purpose.

Salt Pork Cooked in Batter.

This is a great favorite with French people in country districts: Dip slice of salt pork in batter made with a beaten egg, one cup of sweet milk, and flour enough to make batter as thick as used for pancakes. Fry in plenty of hot fat rendered from fat salt pork. Allow them to cook to a rich brown without burning.

Plantation Salad.

Peel and cut up fine one large cucumber, one green onion, one bunch radishes, three boiled potatoes, and shred one small head of cabbage. Mix all together and cover with good salad dressing.

Cheese Pie.

One and one-half cups cottage cheese, one-half cup flour, one and one-half cups sweet milk, two eggs, yolks added to milk, whites for frosting. Mix all together and bake as a custard pie.

AUNT JENNY'S JOHNNY CAKE

How This Most Popular of Table Dainties Is Put Together by Southern Cooks.

A cupful of sweet milk, a cupful and a half of buttermilk; a teaspoonful each of salt and of soda—the latter sifted three times in a cupful of meal; one tablespoonful of melted butter. Enough meal to enable you to roll the dough into a sheet half an inch thick. Begin with two cupfuls and add at discretion.

Knead the dough briskly before rolling it out. Have ready a clean, sweet board of oak, hickory, or hemlock (never of resinous wood), buttered and heated. Set before the red coals under the grate at an angle that will not let the cake slip down, and prop it in place. Spread the dough upon it, patting it gently to make the surface even, and bake. As soon as it is hard enough to keep its place, set the board upright. Begin then to baste it with butter, lightly going all over the sheet. Do this three times. The cake should be nicely browned and crisped.

Cut with a sharp knife, held perpendicularly, into squares.

Virginia water ground meal should be used for this delicious cake. The northern cornmeal will not do. Nor does the southern cook put sugar into corn bread. She holds that the meal should be sweet enough without it.—Chicago Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Paraffine rubbed on the heels of stockings will cause them to last much longer.

Orange fritters are as delicious an accompaniment to broiled or fried ham as apple sauce to spare rib.

When beating eggs separately, beat the whites first and then add a teaspoonful of the beaten whites to the yolks soon after starting to beat them and they will not stick to the egg beater and will grow lighter much quicker than when beaten without the addition of the bit of beaten whites.

Comparatively few people realize that the gas bill may be very perceptibly reduced by exercising care to light the gas properly. Hold the lighted match to the burner, then slowly turn on the gas. Most people turn the gas on full force, and then apply the match. A slight explosion ensues, which affects the meter and sends it rapidly forward.

When Food Burns.

"With too many irons in the fire some will burn." This old adage often proves too true to the busy housewife. She has forgotten to add water to the cooking food, and the odor of the burning meat, vegetable or fruit reminds her of the fact.

When this happens quickly seize the pot from the range and immerse it in a vessel containing cold water.

The steam will escape from the outside instead of passing upward through the food.

Place the food in another pan and continue cooking or dress to serve.

The most critical person cannot detect a burnt taste in the food. This is a suggestion worth trying.

Spiced Chocolate Cake.

Melt a square of baking chocolate over hot water, add one-quarter cup light brown sugar, one-quarter cup hot water. Cook until smooth. Cream one-half cup of butter, add one and one-half cups of brown sugar, two well beaten eggs, hot chocolate mixture, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one cup chopped raisins, one cup chopped nuts, one cup sour cream, in which dissolve one-half teaspoon of soda and three cups flour sifted, with one teaspoon of baking powder. Mix in order given. Bake in a sheet or in layers and put together with white frosting, or bake in gem pans and sprinkle before baking with chopped nut meats and granulated sugar.

Quick Sally Lunns.

One egg, one-quarter cup of sugar, one cup of milk, salt, baking powder, two teaspoons and two cups of flour. Beat the egg in the mixing dish, add sugar, milk and salt and beat all with the egg beater. Then add baking powder and flour. Last of all add about one and one-half tablespoons of melted butter or lard. Delicious. Bake in iron gem pans about one-half hour.

Sweetbreads.

Soak in cold water thirty minutes and blanch in boiling water containing salt and lemon juice for twenty minutes. Now split each sweet bread and season and coat with oil or butter; sprinkle with flour and broil over a quick fire for about ten minutes, turning constantly.

Two Excellen. Ideas.

The best way of whitening kitchen tables is to scour them with wood ashes and soap. Floors can be also most effectively scrubbed with cold water, soap and wood ashes.

A cork soaked in oil makes a good substitute for a glass stopper.

Candied Sweet Potatoes.

Parboil the potatoes and slice a little thicker than for frying; cover with butter and sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Taking His Medicine.

Harry Furniss, the English humorist, was talking to a New York reporter about America's wonderful captains of industry. "But a captain of industry," said Mr. Furniss, "is in the last analysis, just a man with sense enough to get other people to do his hard unpleasant work for him. I know a little boy who will probably grow up to be a tremendous captain of industry. His nurse said to this boy one day: 'Come, Tommy, take your dose of jalap like a good child without making and further trouble. Your father says he'll give you five cents if you do.' 'I'll tell you what, nurse,' said the youngster eagerly, 'you take the jalap for me, and then I'll give you two cents and only keep three for myself.'"

Both Ways.

Gibbs—"Personal appearance is a helpful factor in business success." Dibbs—"Yes, and business success is a helpful factor in personal appearance."—Boston Transcript.

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Mountain of Cans.

The results from an appropriate prize of a goat, plus harness and wagon, offered by "The Sentinel" to the boy who collected the greatest number of tin cans, surprised Knoxville. The winner, a six-year-old lad, gathered in yards, alleys and streets almost a thousand cans for every year of his age. Other competitors had scores only a little less amazing, so that the total effect upon the aspect of Knoxville must have been great. The president of the City Beautiful league supplemented the offer of "The Sentinel" with consolation prizes for the boys who brought in the second, third and fourth largest number. Although Knoxville has reasonable access to fresh goods from farms and market gardens, a miniature mountain of cans rose beside "The Sentinel" building.—The Survey.

Conchas for Window Glass.

Perhaps in no other country in the world except the Philippines are conchas used as a substitute for window glass. These shells are flat, nearly round, and edges are trimmed off, so as to leave panes about three inches square, and these are set in narrow strips of wood. The shells are, of course, translucent rather than transparent, and the result is a soft, opalescent light, very agreeable in a country where the glare of the sky would be intolerable if ordinary glass were used. To obtain the maximum window openings the sashes are made to slide horizontally on wide sills of hard wood in a manner similar to that adopted by the Japanese. By this means openings as wide as twelve feet are obtained.—The Century.

Canal Centuries in Digging.

Canals are not a new thing in the world today. Nero in his younger days dreamed of digging one, and he even started the work on the Corinth canal, but the project was not completed until the last century. It is cut through the isthmus of Corinth and enables ships to go to Athens and then on through the Aegean sea to Constantinople without having to sail around the rocky coast of Mores, in the south of Greece. It is 3½ miles long, a hundred feet wide and 26 feet deep, though in some places it was necessary to dig through cliffs 300 feet to reach the sea level.

Flight of Insects Recorded.

Motion pictures of insects in flight prove that the movement of the wings of all insects presents the same general character. When flight is begun the amplitude of the first wing beats is much smaller than of the subsequent ones, but the period remains almost unchanged. The insect regulates the velocity of its flight not by the rapidity of the motion of its wings, but by changing their inclination. Although in normal conditions the period of the wing beat remains constant, it may be increased or diminished by various influences, such as fatigue and cold.

Volcanic Ash for Cement.

For some time a Japanese company has been engaged in the exploitation of the use of volcanic ash in connection with Portland cement and it is claimed that this combination is particularly valuable in the construction of works which are submerged in salt water. It is claimed that the cement thus formed possesses greater tensile strength, and is denser than ordinary Portland cement. It is thought that should this industry prosper it might well be extended to the Philippines, where a great deal of volcanic ash is available.

Power of Gold.

Those who worship gold in a world so corrupt as this we live in have at least one thing to plead in defense of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true that, like other idols, it can neither move, see, hear, feel nor understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.—Colton.

Hard to Corner Sheridan.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was visiting at a country house, where a venerable spinster bored him with her attentions. She wanted to be his companion on a walk through the park, but he excused himself, saying the weather was too bad. Later she intercepted him as he was about to leave the house alone. "Well," she said, "it has cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," replied Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two."

Remarkable Bible Verses.

The eighth verse of the third chapter of Zephaniah contains every letter including the finals, of the Hebrew language, while one will find in the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra every letter of the English alphabet except j. The verse reads as follows: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."—Youth's World.

Market for Suckers.

Maine fishermen are finding that the once despised sucker, now known by the more aristocratic name of frost fish, is having a market value for something besides smelt bait. Tons of them are being caught in Maine waters and shipped to the New York market, where they are bringing 13 and 14 cents a pound. Years ago the fishermen when finding these fish in smelt or bass nets used to throw them on the ice or overboard, as they had no market value.

Sensible Austrian Law.

Cooing couples who indulge in the questionable habit of courting by post may be interested to learn that it is a punishable offense in Austria for lovers to vary the official postage stamp, whether on a card or on a letter, to indicate their sentiments.



Excuse Me!
A New Story by Rupert Hughes We Will Print in Serial Form

NEED OF CARPETS FOR ROADS

English Expert Recommends Use of an "Elastic Skin" on the Highways.

A lecture was recently delivered by a member of the board before the Royal Institute of London on "The Road—Past, Present and Future," according to Consular and Trade Reports. The lecturer said the problem was to find the best mode by which a road should be constructed so that its surface would not be broken by traffic, so that the transit might be easier for both passengers and goods, a road which would form neither puddle holes nor exude mud from vehicles and create no dust when the weather was dry.

One thing was universally recognized, that the road of the future should be a truly bound road in which, whatever kind of stone was used, the stone should be held together so that it would form a crust. The lecturer suggested that what he called a carpet or an elastic skin should be adopted as the covering.

The carpet, he thought, should be made of bituminous material mixed with sand and placed on the roads in various thicknesses, according to the nature of the traffic. It should go on in liquid form, solidifying quickly, but always remaining resilient and compressible, and so integrating with the crust of the surface below.

The advantage of such a carpet, it was said, would be to permanently protect the crust, and, just as a carpet on the floor softens the step, so would this carpet for the roads silence the noise and reduce the shock of rolling vehicles. It was admitted that the original cost of a road so laid would be more than that of a mud bound road, but spreading the cost over a series of years it would probably not be so great, since the crust of the road itself would not have to be renewed.

HIS HOME ON FLOATING FARM

Institution Common on the Rivers of China Has Been Copied by an American.

Jens Soeby's "floating farm" is one of the famous sights on the Columbia river, writes a contributor to the Wide World Magazine. All the buildings are supported by three rafts made of huge pine logs. Soeby, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, got the idea of a floating houseboat when traveling in China and Japan, and when he returned home after the war he built three rafts on the Cumberland river, and on these he erected a house and a warehouse to keep nests and boats, chicken pens, and so on; he also made a garden in which he raised enough vegetables for the use of his family. Soeby's farm and inn, floating serenely on the waters, soon became a favorite headquarters for fishing parties. Here they were housed and fed, and at night Soeby would play his old violin for their entertainment. He also gave music lessons. The "farm" was moored in front of the property of C. E. de Long, who charged Soeby 50 cents a month rental. When Soeby did not pay his rent for two years De Long secured a judgment and a writ of ejectment from the judge of the superior court, but when the sheriff attempted to enforce the order the water was too low to move the rafts. Recently, after a freshet, the water rose, and George Johnson, deputy sheriff, was sent to remove Soeby's property. He hired a river steamer and crew of half a dozen men, pulled up the anchors of the rafts, and towed this unique floating habitation half a mile down the stream, where it was anchored, and where Jens and his wife still live.

Sadly Disillusioned.

A certain young man of tender heart has lost his faith in mankind. Some years ago he did a favor for a friend, who, to show his appreciation, presented him with a pipe of meerschaum persuasion, wonderfully and marvelously wrought and bearing date of a hundred years before. The young man treasured this pipe, which was to him a masterpiece. And whenever the blue smoke curled upward from its bowl his heart swelled with the thought of the generosity and goodness of the human race, for he had been told when the pipe was handed to him that a pawnbroker would advance three dollars on it, thus proving it to be worth at least a ten-spot. Doing favors, he thought, surely furnished recompense. And then one day he broke the stem. He took it to a tobacconist with whom he was well acquainted and asked to have it mended. "It's such a treasure," he explained. "Notice the work on it and the date." The tobacconist smiled. "My boy," he remarked, "they turn these out by the barrel and sell them for ten cents."

Killing Cut Worms.

You can easily get rid of cut worms around sweet peas by pouring strong soap suds about the roots and picking up the worms which will come scrambling out of the earth at once. Drop the worms in the suds and it will kill them. Do this half a dozen mornings in succession, and you will be rid of them.

Remarkable.

Willis—He is a remarkable man and the best hod-carrier in the world.

Gillis—No great glory in that.

Willis—Ah, but he has never written a magazine article on hod-carrying, nor delivered a Chautauqua lecture on hod-carrying, nor even done a hod-carrying act in vaulevville.—Puck.

Knew Whose Room It Was.

A Chicago business woman has recently returned from a trip through Pennsylvania. At a small town there is a hotel where it is said George Washington used to stay when he was in that part of the country. The Chicago woman arrived at the little hotel after a theatrical company had been assigned rooms. She was assigned to a poor room on the top floor. At the breakfast table an actress who had a comfortable room said: "They gave me the room they used to give George Washington when he came here." "Well," said the Chicago woman, "the one they gave me must be the one they gave Benedict Arnold when he came."

The Goat Did It

By Arthur Stapleton

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

When young Charles Gaynor rang the bell at No. 223 Chestnut street that balmy May evening he loved the whole world. In another five minutes he would see the maiden who had been engaged to him all of two weeks. He had not seen her for 36 hours, and the time seemed 36 years.

Within the five minutes Charles Gaynor was saying good evening to Mattie Raynor, the young lady in question, but he had also dropped at least half his love for the world. There was a caller before him—Guy Spencer. He had been there before him on several previous occasions, and Mr. Gaynor didn't approve of it. He wasn't quite so jealous now that he was engaged, but Mr. Spencer knew of the engagement, and why should he continue to come?

It is the understood thing, even among savages, that when a young lady has made her promise the only after-calls by warriors or gentlemen are calls of congratulation, and should last not more than three minutes. Here, however, was a chap who had been very much at home for at least 20 minutes, and looked good for a whole hour. It was plain that he wasn't going to run off the track by the news of an engagement. He even patronized the lucky man and then almost ignored him.

Miss Mattie Raynor was 20 years old, and there were folks who said she was as kiddish as a lass of 16. She had tantalized young Gaynor for months before she said yes to his appeal, and the very next day, and on several other occasions, she had warned him that she might change her mind. It looked as if she had a change in mind, as she sat there chatting with Mr. Spencer and laughing heartily.

Mr. Gaynor was a brave young man, but he had never told anybody so. Mr. Spencer was a brave young man, and he had told the fact to scores of people. This evening he was telling it to



He Didn't Want Any of That.

Miss Mattie. If she had a hobby, it was on the subject of brave men. That's why she had surreptitiously purchased and read the life of Captain Kidd, Buffalo Bill and other heroes, and longed to read of others. She had forgotten to ask young Gaynor if he was brave, and she was wondering if she hadn't made a mistake in saying yes too soon.

As Mr. Spencer lounged in his chair and related it. He was a hero at three years old. His mother had fallen down the well, and he had untied the clothes line and heaved an end to her. At six he had saved the schoolma'am when a terrible conflagration reduced the school house to ashes.

At nine years of age Mr. Spencer had choked a mad dog to death and at twelve he had captured an escaped convict. So it went on up to the last year, when he had saved an ocean liner with a thousand passengers aboard by giving the captain needed advice in a typhoon.

He had got that far in his biography and Miss Mattie had praised his courage over and over again, when Mr. Gaynor arose and left. As the door closed on him he gave the girl a look that would have made a three-sheet poster curl up. She knew what it meant, and she got rid of Mr. Spencer as soon as possible and sat down to think. Her lover's nose was out of joint. On the next evening he would return and inflict a lecture. He would say this and say that, and if she were humble he'd bear on the harder.

Humble? Not any! The time for lectures and humility was after marriage, and she wouldn't stand too much then. Mr. Charles Gaynor must be made to understand that they were only engaged, and that engagements were broken every day. If he didn't like it that an entertaining liar should call upon her he must give his reasons very gently or there would be a row.

You, Mr. Gaynor called the next evening. All day long he had been preparing his lecture, and he was no sooner seated than he began to shoot it off. Before he reached the end he had made out that entertaining a liar and applauding his yarns was a crime in the eyes of the law, and that a detective might be expected at the door any minute.

Miss Mattie kept quiet under the dynamite blast until the smoke blew away, and then she took her innings.

As an orator, she beat her lover. As a lawyer summing up a case, she had him all frazzled out. He could like it or lump it. He could go and hang himself or drown himself. He could hang around town or go with Dr. Cook on another north pole hunt.

When Mr. Gaynor was out of the house and walked in some direction or other, he didn't just decide whether a boiler had burst in the electric light works or a dago had tried to hammer the end off a stick of dynamite. What he did realize, however, was that all was over between him and the girl he wanted to jump over precipices to prove his love for. She had broken the engagement as a mad woman might snap a basswood broomstick across her knee. She had jilted him for a liar. She might read of his death in the morning papers by falling down a coal-hole, and instead of tears she would giggle.

Spare Mr. Gaynor the next four weeks! He didn't run amuck through the streets with knife or tomahawk, and they didn't send him to an insane asylum, but after a month a doctor felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and the whites of his eyes, and told him to go to the country for a month.

As for Miss Mattie Raynor it isn't to be said whether she went into a decline or not. Her father and mother decided to go to the country, and she went with them.

Mr. Guy Spencer had found that Miss Rayner was "not at home" to him after that fateful evening, and in time he decided to go to the country for a new crop of yarns to tell to a new girl.

The Raynors went to Meadow Inn. Mr. Gaynor went to Meadow Inn. Mr. Spencer went to Meadow Inn. The Raynors got there at noon. Mr. Spencer got there at night. Mr. Gaynor got there next morning. It was strange that they all sought the same place.

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, after the dew had ceased making bogus diamonds of the dewdrops, Miss Mattie strolls in the meadow by her lonesome to gather daisies. Mr. Spencer sees her strolling and has just cheek enough to set out after her. Up comes the bus and Mr. Gaynor, and from the window of his room he sees the two strollers, and goes down to lick Mr. Spencer as he returns. That was one of the things he had vowed to do before death came.

And the goat? He gets his cue and comes on right here. He was the hotel goat. He had some cute tricks to make him a source of amusement.

As the strollers strolled he caught sight of them. It might have been the color of Mr. Spencer's hair or eyes that fired his anger, or there might have been a mental telegraph line between him and Mr. Gaynor. But—he ambled down to within a hundred feet of the strollers, who had ceased to stroll, and then charged.

A goat is not a fearful object as he stands chewing an old shoe, but when he is coming at you head-on, and you remember to have read his skull is hard enough to burst a barrel of cement—that's different!

Miss Mattie's shrieks were heard at the hotel.

And the liar-hero?

He didn't want any of that, and wheeling softly he ran 50 feet and vaulted a barbed wire fence without tearing his trousers, and did not stop running for half a mile. Mr. Gaynor was after the goat, but Billy stopped dead still a few feet from the girl. She was laughing till she weaved to and fro and her eyes blinded with tears.

"What is it, dear?" asked Gaynor as he reached her.

"W—ait a minute!"

"Are you hurt?"

"N—no, but did—did you see the hero! Oh, Charlie, it was rich! Take me somewhere so I can laugh all I want to."

They made up, but that goat had brought it all about, and he just doted on peach stones, and they never fed him a single one!

Study American Telephone System.

At the Hawthorne plant of the Western Electric company, at Chicago, are three Chinese students sent out by Nan Yang university to study the mysteries of American telephony.

A Sheffield company successfully prosecuted two leading dealers in the United Kingdom for selling this imitation ware as "old Sheffield plate," and it has now been decided by the courts that the term "old Sheffield plate" means articles made from metal consisting of silver fused upon copper and not copper electroplated, and that any dealer applying the term "old Sheffield plate" to an article made in any other way than by the fusing process is guilty of fraudulent description and may be proceeded against.

There is any quantity of electroplate made which would be entitled to the name of "Sheffield plate." The decisions of the courts referred to have particular reference to the term "old Sheffield plate," which today is the only safe description under which to buy plate if one expects to secure genuine examples of the old process.

Sentiment at the Seashore.

Miss Eleanora Sears is as witty as she is athletic, and Boston has recently been smiling at one of her "mots." Miss Sears, so the story runs, was discussing at a tea the strange, softening effect upon the heart that the seashore seems to occasion. "This effect was amazingly brought out," she said, "at Coronado beach in March. There was a house party there including six young men and six girls. You'd hardly believe it, but—" Miss Sears smiled archly. "You'd hardly believe it," she said, "but on their departure from Coronado there were 36 engagements in the party."

Lumber Carried Burro Back.

The forests of Mexico are situated chiefly in the mountains at altitudes of 8,000 to 12,000 feet. In the lowlands of the tropics there are scattered mahogany trees and a variety of other hardwood timber. Owing to the inaccessibility of many of the tracts of timber in the mountains, comparatively few railroads have penetrated them. The chief means of getting out the roughly hewed timber and bringing it down from the higher altitudes is by burros. These little beasts of burden have powerful strength and endurance. They follow the narrowest and most dangerous mountain trails even when their bodies are loaded with the weight of enormous timbers. It is upon the backs of these burros that thousands of railroad crossties were brought down from the mountains, thus enabling the construction of the more modern lines of transportation.

Ruth's Ill Humor

Ruth Ritchey had an out of town friend, Eloise Nixon, visiting her last week, and I decided to entertain for her.

"That will be delightful, Lucile," said Ruth, when I spoke to her about it. "What kind of an affair will you have?"

"Oh, just a nice party," I answered. "You must be sure to keep Friday evening for me."

I was just making out my invitation list when Arthur Knight phoned me that he had theater tickets for Friday evening and asked if I could go.

"Yes, indeed, I could go," I answered. Then I told him that I was giving a party for Eloise Nixon Saturday evening. Not having sent out my invitations, it was, of course, a very easy matter to change the date of my party. I was rather glad to have it a day later so that mother and Cousin Fannie would have a little more time to do the necessary baking, for I had determined to save a caterer's bill by having simple, homemade refreshments.

Father talked to me quite seriously at the beginning of this year about trying to avoid extravagance, so I intend to cut down expenses in every way I can. I told mother that I knew good coffee, salad, rolls, cake and ice cream would be as acceptable to my guests as a more elaborate supper served by a caterer, and she said with a sigh that she supposed it would.

Mother has a dreadful habit of sighing. Sometimes it gets on my nerves awfully, but I always try to be patient with my dear mother.

Friday I went down town to get a fresh pair of white gloves and a new hair ornament to wear to the theater. I met Ruth and Miss Nixon in the store.

"Why," asked Ruth, laughingly, "aren't you at home getting ready for your party?"

"Oh, the party is coming on nicely," I returned.

"Well, you must be a good manager, Lucile," she said. "Now, if I were giving a party tonight I should be at home running from one room to another seeing about everything."

"But, you know, it's not tonight," I reminded her.

"Why, Lucile, you told us distinctly that the party was to be here Friday night," insisted Ruth.

"Well, at first I did intend to have it tonight," I explained, "but something came up that made it inconvenient, so I sent out the invitations for tomorrow night. I thought, of course, you knew."

"You didn't notify us," Ruth declared.

"Dear me, didn't I? How heedless of me! You know, Ruth, when one is in such a society whirl as I am all the time one will occasionally forget some little thing. You must forgive me, dear."

Ruth looked almost sour as I parted with them and hurried on. Her friend's face wore an amusing expression of mystification, she being evidently a girl of small social experience.

Saturday evening, when Ruth and her friend came into the drawing room and saw the card table, Ruth asked: "You're not going to have bridge, are you?"

"Yes, of course," I replied.

"Eloise doesn't play bridge," announced Ruth, solemnly.

"Doesn't play bridge! Surely Ruth is joking," I said, turning to Miss Nixon.

"No, I don't play," she answered. "But it doesn't matter at all. I can watch the games."

"I'm very sorry indeed that you don't play," I said. "It never occurred to me that there was anyone in society nowadays who didn't know bridge. You will certainly have to learn."

Other guests began to arrive, and in a few moments every one except Miss Nixon was deep in bridge. She wandered about among the tables a little, looking so lost and forlorn that I was really glad when she started to read a magazine.

When all the guests but she and Miss Nixon had gone Ruth drew me aside and said: "It may interest you to know that Eloise and I were invited to the theater tonight and that we had to withdraw our acceptance when we learned that your party was to be this evening. I didn't tell you when I saw you yesterday, because I thought it might make you uncomfortable. But I now think you ought to know it.

"If you had only told me yesterday that you were to have bridge, Eloise might have been spared this extremely gay evening. Of course, I'm greatly obliged to you for entertaining in her honor."

I was so astonished at this rude outburst of sarcasm that I made no reply. Indeed, I should regret having taken the trouble to do anything for Ruth and her friend were it not for the fact that the party, which was really a distinct success notwithstanding Ruth's ill humor, has cleared off a great many of my social obligations.

Why They Were Small.

The Salesman—Plovers' eggs, madam? Just arrived.

The Customer—Rather small, aren't they?

The Salesman—Just a trifle, madam, owing to the coal strike.—Sketch.

Depended on the Kind.

He was a good American banker, and his son was studying art abroad. In course of time he received this cable from the London bank where he had deposited an account to his son's name: "Your son has drawn a sight draft on you for 20,000. Shall I honor it?" Hot over the cable went back this answer: "If it's those little French things, all right. If it's pounds send him home."

THE WORLD'S SIN; THE CHURCH'S SIN

One Redeemer, Christ Jesus, For Both Church and World.

The Bible Nowhere Represents the Devil With Hoofs and Horns and Forked Tail Caverting Amid Flames Torturing Hapless Beings.



Berlin, August 18.—Pastor Russell delivered two addresses here today. We report the one from the text, "He is the propitiation for our sins (the Church's), and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (I John ii, 2.) He declared that the Devil of the Bible transforms himself into an angel of light in his endeavors to mislead the people of God and to make void the Word of God. The Bible nowhere represents the Devil with hoofs and horns and forked tail caverting amidst flames of hell, torturing hapless beings—and stoking fires.

The Bible hell is *sheol, hades*—the tomb, the state of death, where both good and bad go and from which all are to be recovered in due time. The Church will be the first: "Blessed and holy are all they that have part in the First Resurrection; they shall be priests unto God and shall reign with Christ a thousand years.—Rev. xx, 6.

During that thousand years all the remainder of the race will have resurrection privileges. The world's resurrection will include not only an awakening from death, but much more. *Anastasis*, the Greek word for resurrection, means a raising up again—implying that the person was once up, fell down and is to be raised up again.

The Apostle declares that man fell from perfection and the raising up again is to be to human perfection. None will be forced to return, but all the willing will be assisted to obedience—the reward of which will be a gradual uplifting to all that was lost in Eden and redeemed at Calvary. The disobedient, after full opportunity, the Pastor declared, will be destroyed in the Second Death, which the Scriptures symbolically represent as the Lake of Fire.—Revelation xx, 14, 15.

One Redemption—Two Salvations.

Pastor Russell called attention to numerous Scriptures which seemed in harmony with his contention that the redemption provided in Jesus is to be co-extensive with the condemnation which came to all through Father Adam. Father Adam alone had been tried and, because of sin, had been sentenced to death. The remainder of humanity have never yet been individually tried. They have merely shared in hereditary weaknesses, mental, moral and physical, and shared also in the hereditary death penalty which involved them in sin, sorrow and pain in conjunction with the ultimate result, death. It is because all were thus condemned through one man's disobedience that the death of the Man Jesus once for all can be justly the redemption-price for the sins of the world.

Christ has died. And the fact that but one class of humanity for whom He died has been blessed should be to us a guarantee that the remainder will be blessed, since "He has tasted death for every man."—Hebrews ii, 9.

Who is so blind as not to be able to see the difference between the Church and the world in our text? It reminds us, said the Pastor, of Jesus' words to His disciples, "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world," "for I have chosen you out of the world."

Not only the Apostles were chosen out of the world and separated by their call and spirit-begetting and development in the School of Christ, but all of the followers of Jesus throughout this Gospel Age have been sharers in this same call to separateness from the world. They walk by faith and not by sight—their faithfulness in living unto the Lord and not for self, is promised the great reward of a share in the Messianic Kingdom glory.

Then when the Church shall have reached her glory will be the time for the world to be blessed. The Church as the spiritual Seed of Abraham (Galatians iii, 29) will with her Redeemer bless all the families of the earth for a thousand years and make good to them their share in the merit of Christ's sacrifice.

Geneva's Monument to Servetus.

The Pastor said that a week before he had been in Geneva and looked at the monuments to Calvin and to Servetus (the Christian brother whom Calvin had caused to be roasted alive by a slow fire for five hours). The latter monument had been erected by Calvin's followers to show that they had no sympathy with their leader's course in this matter.

Pastor Russell declared that Calvin had not invented the Doctrine of Election, for it was in the Bible fifteen centuries before he was born. He gave him due credit for having made the doctrine prominent.

With the increasing light now shining upon the Bible, said Pastor Russell, we see that the elect Church when united to her Heavenly Bridegroom will be the Elect Seed of Abraham which God has promised shall bless the non-elect.

Not a Square Deal.

The sound of laughter and crying came from upstairs. "Silence!" roared the irate parent. But still the din went on. Then the father strode angrily to the bedroom door. "What are you young imps making all this noise about?" he demanded. "Oh, please, nothing," replied one of the twins. "Only nurse has given Alexander two baths and hasn't given me one." Father couldn't help smiling.—Ideas.

THE NEW ERA

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District Trained Nurse for Riverton.

In the Spring a movement was started to raise a fund for a district trained nurse. It will be interesting to those subscribing to learn of the success of the effort. $720.00 is needed to maintain such a nurse for one year, and $530.30 has been subscribed. Nearly all of the above amount is in annual subscriptions which enables us to make it a permanent position. It is hoped that the remaining $169.70 will be subscribed in the next few weeks, so that it will be possible to have a nurse installed by the first of October.

Subscriptions can be sent to
MARTHA McILVAINE BIDDLE,
207 Bank Avenue.

Championships.

The postponed race in the cruiser class was sailed last Saturday, and was won by the Kid. The Tekama was in the lead when she fouled one of the buoys, barring her from the race and causing her to lose so much time that she finished about a minute later than the Kid. However, the Tekama won the championship for the season in her class, with 19 points, the Kid having 13, the Tub 13, and the Thetis 7.

In the one-design class the pennant went to the Laura, A. G. Cook's boat, which had 25 points, the next nearest competitor, Nokomis, having 14.

In Saturday's race the Sea Gull did not enter, and the Tom sailed over the course alone.

Summaries:

Start 3.00

Boat and owner	Finish	Elap.T.	
Kid, Dr. J. M. Hill	4.06:50	1.06:50	
Tekama, J. H. Reese	4.07:20	1.07:20	
Tub, J. F. Waddington	4.22:50	1.22:50	

Championships—Riverton Country Club.

The annual contest for the Championship of the Riverton Country Club will be played on September 7th, 14th, 21th and 28th.

The qualifying round, medal play, will start on September 7th, after which the men will be divided into "eights" continuing to play; the first round match play September 14th, the second round match play on September 21st and the final round on September 28th.

It is expected that at least 32 players will enter this tournament.

There will be a medal for the the best score in the qualifying round, and cups will be offered for the winner and round up in each "eight" entering. The first "eight" will play for the "Riverton Cup," the second "eight" will play for the "Cinnaminson Cup" and the third "eight" will play for the "Burlington Cup."

The four men in each "eight" defeated in the first match round will continue to play, at match play, the winner of each "defeated four" being awarded a suitable trophy.

Election Officers.

On Friday the Burlington County Board of Elections announced the following registry boards for this vicinity:

Riverton—
Fred P. Hemphill, R
Thomas Earp, R
Ezra M. Perkins, D
Charles Fox, D

Cinnaminson Township—
Lewis Smith, R
Harry McKinney, R
Joseph F. Schmierer, D
T. Morton Haines, D

Palmyra, 1st district—
Joseph W. Richards, Jr., R
Sydney Y. Snelson, R
William H. Buck, D
Elias Morgan, D

Palmyra, 2nd district
Harry J. Saar, R
Harry Kemmerle, R
Marion F. Wallace, D
William B. Powell, D

Riverton Defeated.

The locals tackled the East Phillies on Saturday and met defeat by the score of 9 to 1. The East Philadelphia Club is the best traveling team in Philadelphia, and is composed of real ball players.

Shellenberger, the local's twirler, pitched good enough to win, but his support at times was ragged. In the fifth inning he retired in favor of Bodine, whom Manager Williams wanted to try out. Gibbons' hitting was the bright part of the game—each time up he whaled the ball hard. Hardy was another man whose playing was up to the standard. For the visitors Fenton and Clark were the stars.

Manager Williams has secured the services of Wallace, the star twirler, for the balance of the season. Wallace is without a doubt the best twirler around these parts. This will greatly strengthen Riverton, for the team as it is now is strong in every department. Captain Lynch reports that he secured Deacon, the local product who has been playing with the Phila. Electric.

On Saturday the team will play the strong West Phila. Club. This Club is composed of Ex-College stars and will no doubt prove a good attraction. Don't fail to be on hand Saturday for the Club needs your support.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET
for Riverton and Vicinity

Mrs. Harry Sim is in Boston.

George Evaul spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Mrs. C. F. Allen went to Allenhurst, N. J., Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Karins is spending the week at Wildwood.

John Hillson and family are spending a week at Atlantic City.

Miss Clarice Frishmuth went to Jamestown, R. I., Monday.

Watson Richman went to West Creek Saturday for a week.

Miss Helen Harris spent Sunday in Pedricktown with friends.

Miss Gertrude Karins went to Atlantic City today for two weeks.

William Neiger, of Scranton, Pa., visited Mrs. Wahl on Tuesday.

Mrs. Watson Richman spent a few days this week in Ocean City.

C. Gronolch and H. Davidson are spending a week in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sauers returned from Boston, Mass, on Monday.

Mrs. Conrad Becker and daughter are spending two weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Sr., spent Saturday and Sunday at Wildwood.

William G. Frank moved into his new house on Thomas avenue yesterday.

Miss Eva White, of Philadelphia, spent Saturday with Mrs. Charles Howard.

Howard Armstroug is home from Atlantic City, where he has been working.

Joseph M. Roberts and Edward H. Pancoast spent Thursday at Augustine Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jander, of Fox Chase, spent Thursday with Mrs. J. C. Stoltz.

Mrs. H. P. Grim, of Hopewell, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris this week.

Mrs. Samuel MacMullin entertained the Fortnightly Reading Circle Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Seymour Bioren returned from Minnewaska, N. Y., Thursday evening.

Carl Wahl, who is employed at Toms River, visited his mother Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss May Brown and James Brown are spending a fortnight at Narbeth, Pa., visiting friends.

Mrs. Fred Hemphill and son returned home Monday, after spending six weeks at Sea Isle City.

Mrs. H. L. Brown and daughter went to Bay Shore, L. I., Monday, where they will spend a week.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Evans, of Oak Lane, spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. S. R. Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. S. Leymel returned home this week, after spending the summer at Tunkannock, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret Stow entertained the Misses Tillie and Anna May Harris, of Philadelphia on Thursday.

Mrs. Harper was moved from Fourth and Howard streets to East Riverton on Wednesday, by Watson's teams.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Shoemaker, of Bridgeton, spent the first of the week with his sister, Mrs. J. L. Harris.

The annual meeting of the State Horticulture Society will be held at New Brunswick on December 9, 10 and 11.

Ed. Blachowski has a new Thor motorcycle. It is expected that he will enter it in the races at Stone Harbor on Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Pfeiffer went to Pocono Mountains on Monday, and will visit Niagara Falls before they return home.

Mrs. Seward C. Tremaine, and Miss Tremaine, of Bridgeton, are spending several weeks with Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Houghtaling.

Mrs. Orville Marple has returned to her home in Hightstown, after spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Perkins.

Mrs. Alex. Marcy, Miss Marjorie Marcy, and Miss Marie Brown returned home Saturday after spending several weeks at Oak Bluffs, Mass.

Mrs. Helen McIlhenny has had a new brick pavement laid on the Broad street side of her property at Broad and Linden avenue, occupied by Mr. J. McConologue.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stackhouse and children returned home Tuesday, after spending three month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Frigar, at Boothwyn, Pa.

James Stout discovered a hornet's nest on a tree in C. A. Wright's yard, but from the fact that James is still on duty we infer that he did not investigate its internal workings.

The Riverton Football Team desires to express its thanks to the many friends who contributed to the fair held last Saturday, to those who loaned paraphernalia, and those who assisted by their presence.

A white bull dog has been making a nuisance of himself by killing chickens, and recently he killed a pet rabbit. This item is published in the hope that the owner will take action, as it would be a pity to have so fine an animal shot.

Thomas H. Birch, Thomas V. Devlin and C. Taylors Rue, of Burlington, and Horace G. Reeder, of Bordentown, have been appointed by Governor Wilson, delegates to the annual convention of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Assocation, which will be held in New London, Conn., from September 4 to September 9, inclusive.

Maurice Louderbough, of Bristol, Pa., entertained a number of friends at the home of Mrs. D. Willingmyre, Thomas avenue, this afternoon, in celebration of his tenth birthday anniversary. The guests were: Barrett Boys, Kenneth Davis, Melvin Davis, Jack Dawson, William Jacobus, Fred Kneibler, Webster Willingmyre.

George Alwin, of Riverside, while crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks at that place on Saturday, was struck by the pilot of an engine. A wheel passed over a finger and crushed it. Two ribs were factured by the impact of the blow and he was also injured internally. He was taken to Cooper hospital, Camden. The injured man is sixty-eight years of age.

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Quarterly Meeting of Friends.

The Burlington Quarterly Meeting of Friends was held at Mount Holly on Tuesday last, commencing at 10.30 a. m., with less than the usual attendance.

In the religious service, after a period of the customary devotional silence, Lukens Webster, of Philadelphia, arose and repeated the injunction, "Be still and know that I am God." He signified that such spiritual communion is important to the growth of moral and righteous character.

Samuel Taylor, of Trenton, who is 94 years old, ably endorsed the address of the first speaker and referred to the Garden of Eden as being typical of the garden in every human soul. In each of us, he claimed, is the "Tree of Life" and the leaves thereof should be "for the healing of the nations."

George Henry Kille, of Mount Holly, repeated the Divine injunction "Hear and thy soul shall live," and stated that we may eat of all the fruit of the trees with impunity, except the one forbidden fruit, eating of which is spiritual, not physical death, but the shutting out from the better life with the Divine Power.

Daniel Batchellor, of Philadelphia, referred to the spiritual realities of life, and claimed that every material thing has its spiritual foundation, making it important for the human species to distinguish between the temporal and the eternal.

The business meeting which always follows the devotional on these occasions, was conducted by the clerks, Franklin S. Zelley and Phebe W. Buzby, who were again chosen to serve the Quarterly Meeting for another year. The first, second and eighth queries, which inquire after the condition of the Society as to the attendance of meetings, and the observance of the hour of assembling, as to the first query; whether love and unity are maintained, talebearing and detraction discouraged and differences duly adjusted, as to the second query; and as to whether offenders are dealt with in the spirit of meekness and love, and judgment is reached in the authority of Truth, as to the eighth query.

The matter of "love and unity" referred to in the second query was discussed, and a difference of opinion as to what "unity" really means was referred to by Dr. Janney; he claiming that "unity" means uniformity of opinion, which in his view is incompatible with the nature of the human family; and offering "interest" as a substitute for "unity;" viz: "love and interest." Lukens Webster expressed his disapproval of the proposed revision of the Discipline, while Dr. Janney thought a new and more modern phraseology and a proper transposition of subjects, would bring the Discipline up to the time in which we live.

The new Friends home at Trenton, for which $18,500 was lately paid, was reported, and much discussion was elicited, after which the Meeting was brought to a close, and a lunch announced, to which all were cordially invited, and at which ag much zest was exhibited as at any part of the very interesting meeting.

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Arrivals at The Lawn House.

Miss Marion S. Barney, M. Belknapp, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cross, R. G. Coolbaugh, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Giger, Mr. and Mrs. N. Hilitenhaus, Miss M. Hutischo, Mrs. John Heerman, Miss Katharine Heerman, Miss Leinau, Mrs. M. Lyons, George Miles, Miss Miles, Miss A. C. Noble, R. S. Richardson, William Westbrook, Mason Wilson, Philadelphia.

Stuart E. Booth, G. A. Watson, New York.

Miss M. G. Pebody, Madison, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Freehall, Lincoln, Neb.

F. A. Kelly, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Olney Payne, Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Canfield, Cynwyd, Pa.

James O. Wallsee, Burlington, Vt.

George S. Rue, Beverly.

John Z. Hinds, Joseph H. Hinds, Germantown.

John S. Graham, U. S. N.

Mrs. C. Beers, L. T. Brehm, George R. Coleman, Mrs. C. A. Chase, Mrs. R. M. Hollingshead and son, G. P. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wood, Mrs. A. M. Willcox, Riverton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis and daughter, Palmyra.

Asbury Notes.

Don't forget the Harvest Home on the 29th.

Rev. and Mrs. Howard Crammer spent Monday in Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Vauvane, who has been visiting Mrs. J. L. Harris, attended the funeral of her brother-in-law in Philadelphia on Thursday.

John Swiegert and family, of Philadelphia, visited at the home of R. Richman on Sunday.

Miss Edith R. Richman visited her cousin at Barrington a few days last week.

George Southwick will attend Dickinson College the coming term.

Mrs. J. L. Harris visited her daughter at Hopewell last week.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.

Services for August 25, eleventh Sunday after Trinity:

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

10.15 a.m., Sunday School and Bible classes.

11 a. m., Matins, Litany and sermon.

8.00 p. m., Evensong.

Services during the week:

Wednesday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

Friday 9 a. m., matins and litany.

8 p. m., evensong and address.

The Rector invites questions at the Friday evening service on matters spiritual, biblical or ecclesiastical.

Fifty cases, growing out of the recent typhoid epidemic, have been accounted for to date by experts of the State Board of Health, according to reports of health officials at Moorestown. Many of the victims were stricken at seashore and mountain resorts and the evidence unearthed in investigation of individual cases substantiates the original assertion of the State authorities that a local dairy was responsible for the spread of the disease. Dr. A. C. Hunt, of the State Board, has found that every case was, strangely enough traceable to this dairy, as a number of the victims had had the milk shipped to them in the belief as to its absolute purity.

Would Reclaim Zuder Zee.

A great project is again before the people of Holland—the draining of the Zuder Zee. The sea, which, as every one knows, is at the north of Holland and covers an area of fifty thousand hectares, a hectare being practically 2½ acres. Just half a century ago a scheme to drain the southern portion of the sea was first mooted and, although it received considerable support the opposition was greater, but now an association has been formed and a bill will be introduced into the chamber. The promoters see that with an increased population means must be taken to enlarge the country, and this reclamation of the sea is suggested as capable of accomplishment. If the sea is conquered there are several lakes which can be dealt with later.—Mundus.

No Room for Women on Juries.

Neither the women of California nor the legal authorities, it seems, altogether favor the idea of jury duty for women. Attorney-General Webb says that a jury under the common law consists of "twelve free and lawful men;" this has been the custom and court construction of centuries. He can find nothing in California's statutes that enjoins this duty upon women. Dr. Ethel Lynn, Mrs. Ettie Blum, Mrs. Ella Costillo Bennett and Mrs. Austin Speery of Sacramento, while willing themselves to serve as jury women, believe that by the ruling the majority of their sex in California will "experience a relief." In the course of political evolution, however, the women "will attempt to have a law passed conferring this obligation upon them."

Town Patriotism in Luxembourg.

Though "town patriotism" exists all over the world, nowhere, perhaps, is it fiercer than in the little grand duchy of Luxembourg. The tourist can turn it to excellent advantage. When he arrives at the inn of any little town he should get into conversation with the master, or better still, with the mistress, of the house, and mention that at the last town at which he stayed the best and cheapest meals he ever had in his life were served. Madame will depart to the kitchen determined to demonstrate to the tourist that he has never in his life before really had a decently cooked meal. And by the time for coffee and cigars he will come near to believing it. The finest cooks in Europe are women of Luxembourg.

Boxing, Ancient and Modern.

Although boxing and pugilism, occupying much attention at the present time, were popular in classic Greece, they seem to have died out in the middle ages, and it is not until the end of the seventeenth century that we find references to boxing as a regular English sport. Boxing, as distinguished from pugilism, may be said to date from 1866, when the Amateur Athletic club was formed, and the Queensberry rules drawn up. The boxing glove, however, had been invented about a century before by Broughton, "the father of English pugilism," who used them in his practice bouts. But you will remember that the boxing glove, as described by Virgil, was a terrible instrument of offense.

How Malta Became European.

Malta underwent a geographical as well as a political change through its acquisition by England in 1814. It had always been regarded as part of Africa, to which it seemed to belong both from topography and language. After its annexation, however, it was discovered that the garrison were entitled to the higher pay granted to troops employed out of Europe, and were therefore more privileged than the soldiers in the Ionian islands. To remedy this parliament passed an act decreeing that so far as pay went Malta should be regarded as part of Europe. It used to be a joke that Malta had become European by act of parliament, and the jest soon became a reality.

London's Smoke Nuisance.

A parliamentary return just issued gives the total number of smoke consuming furnaces in the various police districts of London as 7,875, including 265 furnaces fitted in steamboats on the Thames. The number of convictions sought for and obtained before the magistrates in respect of smoke nuisances since the operation of the act, in 1854, amounts to 672. There are 54 different constructions of apparatus at the various manufactories, works, etc., in the metropolis, all of which work well and prevent nuisance from smoke. The number of furnaces in the city of London is 397, the convictions two, and five persons are employed as examiners of furnaces.

Unexpected Testimonial.

Little Bilderson prided himself upon his good appetite and his capacity for amusing. He was dining with a friend a few nights ago, and did his best to keep his host and hostess with their six-year-old daughter amused, and at the same time managed to do ample justice to the good things provided. "Oh, dear, Mr. Bilderson," remarked the little one, after the guest's wittiest sally, "I wish you'd come here to dinner every day." Bilderson positively beamed satisfaction. "Do you, dear?" he smiled. "Why?" "'Cause," came the reply, as the observant maiden glanced round the table, "'cause there wouldn't be anything cold to eat the next day."

Whistles and His Door Opens.

There is in London a man who surely must combine the two characteristics of laziness and invention to a remarkable degree. It is his custom to have his breakfast in bed, and, burdened with the trouble of getting out of bed for the purpose of unlocking his bedroom door, he has invented a door which opens to his whistle. He has accomplished this somewhat remarkable feat by means of a simple electromagnet which draws the bolt when a current passes through it, a platinum point, and a piano wire attuned to a certain note. When this note, or one of its octaves, is sounded the wire vibrates in response, and this vibration brings it in contact with the platinum point. The circuit is thus completed and a sensitive relay is brought into operation.

Worked Hard for High Place.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, director of the department of hygiene of the Sage Foundation, came up from the ranks. At Oberlin college he cut lawns, cared for house furnaces and worked as a book agent. In preparing for college at the high school at Hanover, N. H., he paid his living expenses by sawing wood and waiting on table at a summer hotel. He studied at the medical college of the University of New York, taught physical training, had a milk route, and got up before daybreak to milk the cows, after which he made delivery to his customers. Dr. Gulick was born in Honolulu, spent his childhood in Japan, and learned the Japanese language thoroughly. In his younger life, he intended to follow his father's footsteps and become a medical missionary.

Virginia's Anti-Treating Bill.

Virginia will depart from one of her old customs, and if an anti-treating bill offered by Delegate W. B. Fitzhugh of Northampton becomes a law the Old Dominion, the home of hospitality, will take a back seat. Delegate Fitzhugh is an enemy of the demon rum, and he has come forward with a bill which will make obsolete the old-time and familiar "Let's have one." More than that, whenever a gentleman shall see a thirsty wayfarer along the highway, and shall invite him to partake of the Virginia julep, and the friend shall say, "I don't care if I do," the gentleman extending the invitation will make himself liable to a fine of $25. And no dispensary of exhilarating beverages is to allow any treating to be done.

Changing Famous Street.

The Strand, London's Broadway, will be more modern in appearance within a short time. To widen this narrow main artery of traffic many buildings and a parallel street were sacrificed, and while the traffic situation was improved the general aspect of things from the artistic viewpoint was not. Since that improvement was made a great area on the north side of the Strand, surrounded partly by a fence and having erected on it tall advertising signboards rented by the thrifty London County Council, has been an eyesore to most persons. Now the way has been paved for the erection of handsome buildings on this valuable piece of property.—The Argonaut.

In Nigeria.

With Moroa people, on the death of a chief, his son (or heir if he has no son) must provide a mare which is led around the assembled guests by a laughing woman, who is dressed up for the occasion. It is absolutely necessary that a mare should be obtained for the funeral—should the heir neglect to do so, the ghost of the deceased will never give him any peace—and she must be sold afterward; if not, she will die. Why the woman should have to be laughing is past comprehension, but that is the Moroa custom, and after all it is quite a mistake to suppose that people must necessarily look glum on those occasions.

Moving-Picture Education.

The moving picture as an educator has had many successful trials, says the Politische Korrespondent (Berlin), and in proof of the assertion refers to the pictures on sanitation, natural history, botany, anatomy, etc. The latest step in that direction was made recently by Dr. Ludwig Munch, of Darmstadt, who employed the motion picture to demonstrate mathematical problems, "and by this means enabled those students who were unable to grasp the questions and methods of solution in their original form to thoroughly understood the work."

Street Cries to Be Preserved.

Armed with a recording gramophone, M. Ponge, a schoolmaster in Paris, spends his leisure hours lying in wait for street cries in populous quarters. He is preparing a museum of speech, which he will leave behind him for the instruction of future ages. When he hears the Parisian equivalent of "Milk" or muffin man, he pounces on them and compels them to sing or ring bells into his receiver. He has already collected most of the well-known street cries.

Out of the Question.

William H. Crane was twitted because his lines in "The Senator Keeps House," his new play, are not witty. "I had the matter up with the authoress," retorted Crane, "and after I had aired my views at length she blandly replied: 'You can't expect a senator to be witty in his own house!'"

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HOWARD PARRY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

Miss Bertha Joyce is at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Gordon Hemple spent Sunday at Wildwood.

Mrs. William MacKinnon is visiting her sister in Canada.

Mrs. Lewis Bowker is entertaining friends from Pittsburg.

Master John Werrbach is visiting his grandparents in Philadelphia.

Miss Catherine Truman is visiting Mrs. Charles Seibert, in Philadelphia.

Miss Lulu Taylor, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Miss Anna Zelley.

Warren Mullen returned home Sunday after spending several days at Wildwood.

Mrs. George Hubbs and son, Harry, spent several days this week at Wildwood.

Mr. and Mrs. John Saar and daughter, Miss Lillian, spent Wednesday at Pennsgrove.

Miss Ruth Warner is spending several days at Woodbury with Miss Eleanor Robinson.

Mrs. A. T. Lloyd has returned home after spending two weeks at Salem and Swedesboro.

Miss Nora McGuire, of New York, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davis, Jr.

Mrs. Bertram Spiese entertained the Thursday Afternoon Euchre at her home in Philadelphia.

William Dougherty, of New York, is spending his vacation with his mother on West Sixth street.

Miss Anna Van Baun entertained a number of friends Thursday evening in honor of her birthday.

Miss Norma Truman is spending a week with her aunt, Mrs. Lawrence Founder, in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Zelley and son, of Burlington, visited his mother, Mrs. E. T. Zelley, several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blum returned home Tuesday after spending several weeks traveling through the West.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Wallace, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is slowly improving.

Perry Morton returned home Thursday, after spending a week at Ocean City. He made the trip on his motorcycle.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward King entertained several of his relatives from Camden and West Philadelphia on Sunday.

Miss Florence Allen, of Philadelphia, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Davis, on Broad street.

H. P. Hurff, who has been successfully operated on at Dr. Bainbridge's private hospital, in Philadelphia, is improving rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Plumly, of West Fifth street, spent Wednesday visiting the many interesting places in Fairmount Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilkins, of Arch street, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Manahan, at Riverside, on Sunday.

The monthly meeting of the Township Committee last Tuesday evening was postoned because there was not a quorum present.

Mrs. John Werrback, of West Sixth street, entertained her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. John Ullman, of Philadelphia, on Sunday.

Mrs. Elward Becton and children returned home last Friday, after spending the summer in Indiana with relatives and friends.

William Neiger, of Scranton, Pa., who has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Plumly for several days, returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. Alice Alston died at her home in West Palmyra on Sunday. Interment was made Tuesday at Wrightsville, under the direction of J. E. Morton.

Mrs. T. E. Steele is entertaining Miss Julia Howarch, of Utica, N. Y., Mrs. George A. Steele, of Long Branch, and Miss Bessie Morton, of Philadelphia, over the week-end.

Samuel Taylor, of Bordentown, died on Monday in the Hahnemann hospital. He was buried Thursday afternoon from his late residence. Mr. Taylor was a former freeholder, and was a cousin of Mrs. B. T. Zelley.

S. Wilson Vaughn was tendered a freedom party last Saturday evening by his parents. Many friends were present to help celebrate the event, and Mr. Vaughn received a gold watch and chain, besides other gifts of beauty and value.

Miss Gertude Roden, who returned to her home at Wyncote, Pa., about two weeks ago after visiting her grandparents in Palmyra, was taken suddenly ill with appendicitis and died on Monday. Services were held Thursday afternoon at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Roden.

The Progressive League of Palmyra has been organized with Joseph W. Richards president, J. W. Coleman secaretry, and John M. Davies treasurer. The membership at present is about 30. At a meeting of the league last night a letter was read from Mayor Farner, of Burlington, requesting that delegates be sent to the County Committee which will meet in the near future. J. W. Richards and S. G. Snelson were appointed.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Plumly and party returned last Friday evening from a two weeks' automobile trip through the New England States. They report a very good time and pleasant weather during the trip. While homeward bound they just escaped seeing the automobile accident near White House, New Jersey, in which three people lost their lives—the owner of the car, Mr. Burling, formerly of Burlington, his wife and the chauffeur.

Thirty delegates and two alternates from Washington Camp No. 23, P. O. S. of A., attended the State Camp, in session at Washington, N. J., Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. They went by train, trolley and automobile. The party that went by automobile with R. G. Wood met with all kinds of trouble, mostly with the tires, and did not reach their destination until afternoon. Coming home it was the same story, and they reached Riverton about 4 o'clock yesterday morning. Thomas J. Prickett was elected State Master of Forms.

Raymond Griffith spent Sunday at Wildwood.

Frank Matsinger has retired from the florist business.

The schools will open on Monday, the ninth of September.

Miss Flora Real, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. Wesley Hassell.

Miss Jennie Weart expects to spend Sunday at Annapolis, Md.

Mrs. Morgan, of White Plains, N. Y, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. C. Hirsch.

George W. Shaner has started a new house at Spring Garden and Lincoln avenue.

Mrs. J. B. McLaughlin and Miss Helen Appel spent several days this week at Atlantic City.

C. H. Powell, Miss Viola Persing and Miss Florence Sackarnd spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blackburn returned home Thursday, after spending two weeks at Wildwood.

Mrs. Harry Kemmerle, Sr., Herbert Kemmerle and Charles Flynn are spending a week at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Day returned home to-night from their automobile trip through the New England States.

Elvin I. Powell returned home Saturday night after visiting in Ohio, and went to Wildwood where he will spend two weeks.

Real Estate Agent Blackburn has rented the house recently occupied by Fred Schroepfer to George Straubel, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Thomas J. Prickett and daughter returned home Tuesday after spending two months with relatives near West Chester, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Faunce and daughter, of New York, have returned home, after spending a week with her mother, Mrs. William Faunce.

Miss Ellen Atkinson expects to return home Saturday after spending two weeks with Miss Helen Clark, at Long Branch. Miss Clark will come with her for a visit.

Took Sunday Dinner.

It started in fun but ended in a near tragedy. When Bert Wallace and Jack Hunter appropriated the Sunday dinner of Joe John, who lives at Broad and Delaware avenue, last Saturday night, they were prompted by that same spirit which make boys play tick-tack; but when John Saar interferred and told him that it was a pretty trick to steal the dago's dinner, Wallace got riled. In the scuffle that followed both Saar and Wallace lost most of the upper parts of their clothing. During the fight Wallace is said to have struck Saar's wife and daughter who went to his assistance.

Officer Baker was sent for, and attempted to arrest Wallace, but soon found that he had his hands full, for Wallace showed fight, and, gripping the officer by the throat, gave him a very uncomfortable constriction of the wind pipe. Baker called on the crowd of spectators which had assembled for assistance, but no one responded. Finding it was up to him, and rough usage was necessary if he would land his man, Baker tripped Wallace, and when they fell managed to land on top, where he beat him into submission with his club and handcuffed him, after which Saar assisted him to drag his prisoner to the lock-up which, fortunately, was but a short distance away, for Wallace weighs something over 200 pounds.

Sunday morning both Wallace and Hunter were given a hearing before Justice of the peace William Roray, who held Wallace in $200 bail charged with assault and battery, resisting arrest and attempt to kill. Bail was furnished by William A. Donaghy. Hunter, who said the taking of the dinner was only a joke, and who offered no resistance to the officer, was discharged.

"An Aztec Romance" at Chestnut Street Opera House.

The star-cast of "An Aztec Romance," which opens the season at the Chestnut St. Opera House, Philadelphia, Monday, September 9; for a two weeks engagement, has been completed. The full roster contains the following names; Miss Tittell-Brune, Robert Warwick, Edwin Arden, R. D. MacLean, Charles B. Hanford, George Probert, Clifford Leigh, William A. Evans, Louise Hamilton, Josephine Bowers and Douglas Groves.

There are also a number of lesser players in minor roles, together with a chorus and ballet, ninety in all. Special music has been composed by Harold Orlob, who will also direct the augmented orchestra of thirty musicans.

"An Aztec Romance" is the first play to be produced dealing with life in America before the Christian Era. The story of the ancient Aztecs is one of the most romantic in the annals of history.

The author, Orestes Bean, spent two years in the writing of this play, but it also represents many prior years of preparatory research and thought. It was his purpose to tell a stirring, romantic story of life in America analogus to "the glory that was of Greece and the grandeur that was of Rome."

The production will be one of the most massive of recent years. There are five scenes showing the Hall of Justice in Zarahemla, Seantum's Palace at Antionum, Seantum's Garden, Zoan ze Isobel's Palace at Siren and the home of the High Priest at Zarahemla. The locale is in that tropical portion of America where the Aztecs developed a civilization that is even now the wonder of the world. The scenic opportunities of such settings may be well imagined. Pictorially this production promises to be a delight long to be remembered.

Mail orders sent with remittances to the management of the Chestnut Street Opera House, will receive prompt and careful attention. No seats will be higher than $1.00, notwithstanding the stupendousness of this production.

Hidden Beauty.

It is difficult to get a boy to see the beauty of the leaves that he is compelled to rake from the lawn.

Moravian Church Notes.

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

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

10 30 a. m., the 180th anniversary of Moravian missions. Theme, "The Law of Increase." Also the 11th anniversary of the "Society for the benefit of lepers" will be observed. Sermon by the pastor.

Field Club Notes.

By a ninth-inning rally, in which they scored three runs, The Field Club defeated the Roebling team by the score of 4-3. Up to the ninth inning the local boys had only scored one run, and that was a long drive over the fence by Russell Holt, which gave him a homer. Holt has a habit of doing this stunt every once in a while, and it usually comes when he leads the inning off; he evidently wants his teammates to follow in his footsteps, but they have not as yet acquired the habit.

Things looked blue for the Blue Sox up to the ninth, but Harry Kemmerle and Baker each singled and was advanced a base by John Saar with a neat sacrifice. George Durgin, who, by the way, had made the errors that gave Roebling their lead, was at bat, and squared himself by sending Kemmerle and Baker over the pan with the tieing runs. Durgin took second on the throw in. Roebling seemed to forget about him, as he had a very large lead off second, and taking advantage, he stole third with ease and came home with the winning run when Costigan's throw bounced off his knee out into left field.

Roebling scored their first run in the fifth on Connoly's three-base wallop and Gees' single. Connoly again scored in the seventh when Harry Kemmerle missed his high one. He then stole second and scored on Hilbourne's single. One more was added in the ninth when Joe Stack missed Moulder's easy bounder; a stolen base, a fielder's choice, and an error by G. Durgin—this gave them a total of three, which did not prove enough to win.

W. Gibbons was back on second, and barring a sore shoulder which interfered with his throwing, he played a star game.

The infield, as now backed up, looks to be one of the best in the League, or will be as soon as they get a little more experience. They can easily be called the Crack Kid Infield.

This Saturday we travel to Riverside where we play the Taubel A. A. team. Rooters can leave on the 3 p. m. trolley, which will arrive in time for game which starts at 3 30. Are you going to be one of the rooters?

Squibs.

Some good game when each side can only get seven hits.

The Palmyra hits came at the right time.

Lefty's home-run drive was some long and solid hit. Keep it up kid!

Herbie Kemmerle had an off day out in left field. Not often can a man go from second to third on Herbie.

Mgr. Baker sure does fight for every inch of ground. He mostly wins out in a close argument, too.

Harry Kemmerle and Baker each had two hits.

John Saar and Joe Stack covered every inch of ground on their side of the diamond, while Baker and Gibbons took care of the other half, while George Durgin played poorly behind the bat.

Connoly's three-base hit was what you would call a fluke,

Len Baker's pickup in back of first was some class.

This Saturday Taubel at Riverside.

ROOTER.

Keith's Theatre.

The closing week in August will be extraordinarily brilliant in Vaudeville at Keith's Theatre. The program embraces several new names and features, some recent importations, and a few entertainers already popular with an appreciative public. "The Clown" is the title of a new comedy-drama, written by Edgar Allen Woolf, and presented in most convincing and delightful style by Joseph Adelman and a star cast of some fifteen people. The Clown tells a complete story of the inner life of the circus world, the scene taking place in a dressing room of a tent city in the country town the characters being all taken from life—the ring-master, fat boy, bearded lady, bareback-riders, and others, with the clown of course the leading personage.

Wellington Cross and Lois Josephine recently made a tremendous hit in New York with their new feature which they call "a comedy skit with song and dance trimmings," entiled, "Dying to Act."

The Big City Four—Messers. Rover, Bates, Emerson and Reed—are perhaps the best-known male vocal quartette in the Varieties, every one of them being a solist and their ensemble work being well nigh faultless. There are no sweeter singers on the American stage than the The Big Four, and their selections, both popular and classic, are suited to every taste.

Robert Carter and Kathryn Waters, two accomplished vaudevilians, present a new act which they call, "Pro and Con (mostly 'Con')." The prevailing Suffragette movement is responsible for most of the fun which these clever people infuse into their act, and they also give a good natured burlesque on Vaudeville and the people who try to amuse the public.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.15 a. m., Sunday School.

10.30 a. m., preaching by the minister.

7 to 8 p. m., vesper service with special music. Sermon by the minister. Subject, "The Passing of the Seasons."

Christ Church, Palmyra.

Rev. T. J. Beasley, rector.

Services at Christ Church, for next Sunday are as follows:

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.

Services next Sunday as follows:

9.45 a. m. Sunday School.

10.45 a. m., morning service.

8 p. m., evening service.

Silence.

The black sheep of the Warywalk family had distinguished himself again. "This is the last straw!" groaned his respectable brother. "I'm through to 'ave it put in the papers that I've changed my name from Warywalk to Wobbleway, 'cos of my brother's disgracin' the name. I'll 'ave it printed on 'and-bills an' distributed by the thousand! I'm determined nobody shall suspect that I'm related to 'im."—Ideas.

Brown Sugar.

In the course of a recent statement before a house committee Dr. H. W. Wiley, the government's food expert, declared that people would enjoy better health if they ate more yellow sugar and less of the refined variety. This remark appears to support the belief that sugar loses something in the process of refining which it would be well to retain. Certainly the beautiful white sugar now in use lacks the sugary taste of the old-fashioned golden brown sugar of other days. And those who remember the soft, cleanly brown sugar of their early years will probably agree that it was quite as attractive to the eye as the granulated white variety commonly used today. And who that remembers pastry made with the old-fashioned sugar will admit that it is equaled by that made with the bleached and insipid commodity of the present time?

Hardly Fair.

"Which is your favorite among the plays of Shakespeare, Mr. Henpeck?"

"'The Taming of the Shrew.'"

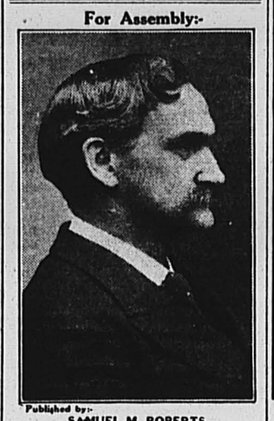
"But do you think you ought to permit your personal feeling to get the better of your judgment in such a matter?"

The Likeness.

Mrs. Newed—I suppose now we have disagreed, you are comparing this to your old home.

Mr. Newed—Exactly. This is just like the rows mother used to make.

For Assembly:-



Published by:-
SAMUEL M. ROBERTS.
Edgewater Park, N. J.

Song of the Sands.

"At a camp in the northeastern corner of the plateau the curious 'song of the sands' was heard," says, in the Geographical Journal, one who has been in the Libyan desert. "The sound began about 7:30 p. m. and continued at intervals until about eight. The sound was very faint; in fact, two of my men were unable to hear it. There were two distinct sounds; the one somewhat resembled the sighing of the wind in telegraph wires, and the other was a deep, throbbing sound that strongly reminded me of the after reverberation of 'Big Ben.' It was difficult to determine the direction from which the sound came, but apparently it came from a place about a mile distant where the sand poured over a low scarp. The sound was a distinctly musical one, as opposed to a mere noise."

Must Have New God of War.

"The heathen spirit of the less educated and more superstitious of the Chinese has once more come to the front in the revolution," says the North China Daily News. "It happens that the god of war, to whom homage has been paid for generations back, is a deity that was adopted by the Manchu dynasty when they became rulers of China. As a matter of fact, he was the canonized version of a great warrior of the third century. Now that a new government has been set up in this part of the country a section of the followers of the revolutionary party has decided that it is necessary to have a different god of war to that which has presided over the military destinies of the Manchus, and it is learned that the canonization of another personality to supersede the old god is about to take place."

Giant Oysters.

The petrified oyster weighing three pounds dredged at Faversham, shows that at one time some of our natives must have rivaled American oysters in size. In the seventeenth century gigantic British oysters were occasionally seen. In Moufet's "Health's Improvement," published 1655, we read: "Alexander, with his friends and physicians, wondered to find oysters in the Indian seas a foot long; and in Pliny's time they marveled at an oyster which might be divided into three. But I dare, and do truly, affirm that at my eldest brother's wedding at Aldham hall, Essex, I did see a Peldon oyster divided into eight good morsels, whose shell was nothing less than that of Alexander's."—London Chronicle.

Tells the Time Automatically.

The Home Telephone company of Spokane has closed a contract for a phonograph which will, when installed, automatically give the time of day to all patrons of the company. Manager Byron E. Cooney of that company said: "Chicago is the only city in the country that now has one of the machines, and it serves the purpose of 40,000 users of the automatic telephones in that city. I am told that it gave the time of day to 16,000 people in 24 hours by actual count. The phonograph will tell the time twenty times a minute at intervals of three seconds. Any subscriber calling the number designated will be told the time four times before the connection is cut off."

Clubhouses in New Guinea.

R. W. Williamson, who has traveled extensively in New Guinea, writes of a certain tribe living on that mysterious island: "Their social life is very interesting. They live in scattered clusters of villages, on a clan system, occupying their own villages, and each clan having its own chief. In each village they have what ethnologists call 'clubhouses,' these being houses in which the unmarried men live, and which are also the ceremonial places—the town halls, I may call them. The chief of each clan is specially associated with the clubhouse in the village of his clan in which he himself resides."

Excuse Me!

Four days of fun and frolic on board a trans-continental limited train with sixty laughs to the minute—and then some.

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The Greatest Joy Ride You Ever Took

Of all the mismated, love-sick parties that ever were thrown together, this specially conducted excursion by *Rupert Hughes* is the funniest that ever was.

Watch for this new serial we're going to print.

You Will Enjoy It All the Way

CANNIBALS WHO CHEW GUM

Traveler Finds the Seris Kindly and Affectionate and Quite Without Deadly Weapons.

Though it seems rather a pity to shatter romantic illusions and myths in a world from which romance (of that kind, anyway) is fading rapidly, yet it must be said that there are only two old, useless rifles in the hands of the tribe, and at the time of our visit only two bows and a couple of quivers full of arrows, not one of which was headed. And now they haven't those, for we bought them for souvenirs.

Among themselves, at any rate, however they may have behaved to strangers in the past, the Seris were as kindly and even affectionate a lot of people as I have ever had the good fortune to encounter. Never did we see a mother or father slap a child. Never was anger displayed or irritation. They were continually sharing with each other the little gifts we made them. Really, you know, when you see a group of alleged cannibals sharing chewing-gum (the first they had ever tasted) from mouth to mouth and enjoying themselves hugely, respect for travelers' tales of blood and thunder goes down a peg or two.—Michael Williams in Outing.

Lessons in Etiquette.

Those who have dined in restaurants or hotels habitually will find that they have fallen into many unpleasant little ways, permissible possibly toward a landlord, but not toward a hostess. They feel that they have the privilege both to criticise openly and to imply criticism either of the food itself or of the way in which it is served. Women who cherish the ambition of making poor, forlorn habitues of hotels happy with "home cooking" have their hopes dashed by this ungracious habit. Let those, too, who have fallen into the habit of dipping a spoon or fork into a glass of water and then wiping it on a napkin before using it beware of those moments when they become deeply absorbed in conversation at the house of a friend or even at the home table. Could any habit be more insulting to a hostess?—Harper's Bazar.

A Stupid Hunter.

Returning from two months spent on a ranch he was telling a story of hunting in the hills with an Englishman.

"All of us were out hunting one day," said he, "and the Englishman shot at everything that moved. If the wind carried a cloud of dust upward, you could depend on 'is ludship to shoot at it. So it happened that he narrowly missed shooting a young woman, who, with her husband, was visiting on the ranch. When our party returned the husband, boiling angry, approached the Englishman and said:

"'Look here, you damned stupid ass, you missed shooting my wife by an inch.'

"'Aw, missed her!' said the Englishman, either astonished or perplexed. 'By an inch, by Jove? Well, old man, I'm sorry, very sorry.'"

Nails in Hard Wood.

It will be found almost impossible to drive thin steel nails into hard wood, for the moment you hit them hard enough to puncture the wood they bend over on themselves.

Many people employ the use of a small gimlet to bore the hole destined to hold the nail, and few people know that if yellow soap is rubbed on the nail it can be driven in the hardest wood with ease.

This trick was learned by a carpenter, who discovered it accidentally.

Now whenever he is working with hard wood he keeps a cake of soap near by and sticks it full of nails, using them as he needs them.

He also has a deep hole cut in the handle of his favorite hammer and keeps it filled with soap in which to stick the nails if the cake of soap is not conveniently near.

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Phila. for Riverton.	Arrive at Palmyra	Arrive at Riverton.	Riverton for Phila.	Palmyra for Phila.	Arrive at Phila.
A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
5 10	5 38	5 41	5 50	5 52	6 19
6 12	6 41	6 43	6 41	6 44	7 15
7 12	7 39	7 42	7 22	7 24	7 47
7 44	8 05	8 08	7 44	7 46	8 15
9 00		9 23	8 14	8 17	8 39
9 40	10 01	10 03	8 45	8 48	9 15
10 35	11 01	11 04	9 14	.....	9 39
			10 34	10 37	11 00
			11 16	11 19	11 45
P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
12 00	12 22	12 25	12 22	12 25	12 50
12 40	1 08	1 10	1 30	1 33	2 00
*2 00	2 28	2 31	2 30	2 33	3 00
2 30	2 53	2 56	3 08	3 11	3 39
3 20	3 49	3 52	3 38		4 03
3 56	.....	4 17	3 55	3 58	4 19
4 28	4 51	4 54	*4 25	4 27	4 55
5 00	5 27	5 30	5 16	5 19	5 43
5 20	5 44	5 47	5 29	5 33	6 03
5 40	6 08	6 11	6 13	6 16	6 40
6 00	6 26	6 28	7 17	7 19	7 45
6 32	7 00	7 03	8 15	8 18	8 45
7 20	7 44	7 47	8 30	8 33	8 55
9 20	9 47	9 49	9 45	9 48	10 15
10 50	11 16	11 19	10 45	10 48	11 15
11 50	12 15	12 18	12 16	12 19	12 45

SUNDAYS

A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
7 55	8 21	8 24	8 23	8 26	8 55
9 00	9 27	9 30	11 18	11 21	11 45
10 10	10 37	10 40	P M	P M	P M
P M	P M	P M	12 46	12 49	1 15
12 30	12 57	1 00	2 57	3 00	3 25
1 30	1 59	2 02	4 55	4 58	5 30
4 00	4 23	4 26	6 20	6 23	6 55
5 10	5 37	5 40	7 09	7 10	7 40
6 20	6 46	6 48	7 52	7 55	8 20
7 20	7 45	7 48	9 14	9 17	9 45
9 20	9 47	9 50	10 10	10 13	10 45
10 00	10 30	10 33	11 00	11 03	11 35

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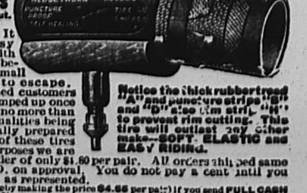

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The Diamond Cipher

A Baseball Romance.

By W. A. PHELON

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SYNOPSIS.

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

CHAPTER II—Brockett, Chula Lon Kan, a Siamese, Ramon Solano, a Cuban, together with some twenty other youngsters practice baseball playing until dark. One of Wilkins' stenographers is seen to pass a paper to mysterious stranger.

CHAPTER III—As outcome of Brockett's cipher, the ball player and Solano are engaged by government for mysterious mission. Yazimoto, mysterious Jap, calls on Brockett.

CHAPTER IV—Brockett falls into Yazimoto's trap, a fight 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—Yazimoto returns to headquarters and reports his failure to obtain the cipher to Baron Zollern; Miss Lawson, 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—Brockett and Solano arrive in Jersey City; make appointment to meet McGinnity, the "Iron Man," baseball manager.

CHAPTER IX—Brockett and Solano arrive in New York and run into a Chinese Tong war; rescued by a white man.

CHAPTER X—The place of refuge found to be a trap; find themselves prisoners of Yazimoto. Kelly to rescue, mulches Jap out of $10,000.

CHAPTER XI—Kelly turns the money over to Brockett.

CHAPTER XII—Brockett and Solano have encounter with tough gang, but are protected by Kelly's men.

CHAPTER XIII—On sleeper Cleveland-bound; the Baron detected in act of rifling Solano's berth, jumps from train.

CHAPTER XIV—At Detroit the messengers go to ball game, receive hieroglyphs in mysterious manner and depart for Chicago.

CHAPTER XV—Arriving in Chicago, the messengers are robbed by a "transom thief," the baron again appears.

CHAPTER XVI—The Baron offers to assist in recovering the stolen papers.

CHAPTER XVII—The Messengers find the stolen papers in the possession of a giant negro.

CHAPTER XVIII—After a fierce battle with negroes Brockett and Solano wake up in jail.

CHAPTER XIX—The Messengers and police visit the Tenderloin in search of the stolen property.

CHAPTER XX—The thief is found in a "hop joint," a fight follows, and part of the "booty" is recovered.

CHAPTER XXI—Mysteriously receiving another hieroglyphic message, the messengers board a train for the West and are later arrested by bogus Arkansas sheriff.

CHAPTER XXII—Brockett and Solano knock the sheriff and his deputies down and his deputies down and take to the woods.

CHAPTER XXIII—The genuine sheriff arrests Baron Zollern, and the boys resume their journey.

CHAPTER XXIV—The Messengers arrive on the Rio Grande and play ball with the troopers.

CHAPTER XXV—While playing ball Brockett is lassoed and robbed.

CHAPTER XXVI—The messengers meet the commander of the post.

CHAPTER XXVII—They start with important papers for the Mexican chief and run into ambush.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Brockett and Solano in the hands of brigands who demand the papers.

CHAPTER XXIX—Brockett sews papers up in baseball; at the game Brockett bats long fly to Solano, who catches it and vanishes. Zollern and Yazimoto appear to claim papers, also the Mexican chief.

CHAPTER XXX.

Baron Zollern buttoned his coat, clenched his fists, and snarled defiance. "No! Nefer!" he roared, stepping forward and glaring at the little leader. "Dake dem ofer my dead body—if you can!"

Gomez Esteral smiled compassionately.

"I do not wish to be too strenuous," said he. "Still I think we can obtain the letters without having to commit any massacres."

The close-ranked horsemen opened up a lane and Ramon Solano, leaning on the shoulder of a small, stocky, redheaded boy, limped up to the little chieftain. Brockett, with a whoop of delight, fell upon the Cuban, who hugged him delightedly for a brief instant, and then turned smiling to Gomez Esteral.

"Why not let Baron Zollern keep his papers?" spoke Solano. "The real letters, Senor Esteral, are here."

Gomez Esteral took the battered old ball gingerly, as if suspecting a bomb-plot or a practical joke. Brockett, sensing the comedy of the scene, laughed unrestrainedly for a moment, and then, taking the ball from the puzzled leader, ripped open the seams. The yarn was torn away, the papers came in view, and Brockett, still laughing, handed the crumpled missives to Gomez Esteral.

"Madre de Dios!" cried Juan Torrejon, "but that was cunning work! The craft of a fox! The generalship of a Napoleon! But what, young friend, would you have done if you had not possessed this ball?"

Both boys joined in a peal of merriment. "That, Senor Captain," Brockett answered, "would have been the least of our troubles. We would have borrowed a new ball from you!"

Torrejon smote his thigh with open palm. "Carramba," he shouted, "and I would have given it, beyond a doubt! Then I would have been ten times more the monkey and what you Gringos call the goat! Gomez Esteral, I am your prisoner. Do with me what you will—I do not care. After beholding a good joke such as this, I can meet any fate, well-satisfied!"

Gomez Esteral spoke gravely, thoughtfully. "There is much here to perplex and bewilder me. I will retire and reason out the full meaning of these letters. Rest you here, senores, all of you. I will return in perhaps an hour." And the little man, attended by two or three of his horsemen, disappeared amid the chaparral.

Baron Zollern drew the worthless envelopes from his pocket, tore them open, and stared at the blank sheets they had contained. Then, with a gesture of utter disgust and sardonic contempt, he offered them to Mr. Yazimoto. The Japanese struck them from the German's hand, sank down upon the sod, and sobbed like a little child. Baron Zollern drew himself up proudly, gallantly.

"For me," he spoke, "id iss all ofer. I may not go back to Berlin now. Young chentlemen, I gongrachulade you. You haf outvitted me from start to finich, und you haf dricked me at de lasd. Vill you shake hands mit me?"

Brockett and Solano stood with bared heads as they clasped the baron's hand. A great soul had broken before them, and a patriot had come to the bitter ending of his dreams. They clasped the German's hands—and all was silence save the sobbing of the little Japanese, unnerved and overwhelmed.

"Id vos not a fair contest," the baron said, patting the boys on the shoulder. "Dere vas you two—und against you twenty spies und skilled hunters of men. Somedimes, Herr Yazimoto und I vorked togeder. Somedimes ve vorked abart. Mit all de resources at our gommand, ve kebt ubon de drail—two men can hardly vool twenty. Ve did all ve could—und yet you beat us, beat us at efery blace, und in efery city. At lasd, here in Mexico, I believed ve had you—und you gafe us de checkmate at de lasd turn off de road! Boys, again I gongradulate you. You vill be great some day—I, Baron Zollern, crushed und beaten, say it now!"

"He didn't count de numbers right, dere," piped up the small red-headed



youngster who had escorted Ramon Solano to the scene. "Where'd de hull bunch o' youse a' been but for Mike McKane, I'd like tuh know?"

"What I'd like to know," queried Brockett, "is how you happened to get down here, anyhow? Who turned you loose?"

"Turned loose nottin'," answered Mike McKane. "Didn't I tell youse guys I was goin' on dis trip? Well, I made good. Lissen tuh me, bo: youse two left a track so wide yuh coulda driven an ortermobile over it. When youse left Washin'ton I was right in de neighborhood. If youse wanter know, you'd a hadda heap o' trouble gettin' clear from dat street fight wit' de bulls but for me. I pointed 'em up an alley, an' dey went up it like a lotta boobs. After dat, it was plumb easy fer me to keep in touch wit' youse. One or two times, youse did a doublin' act, like a guy tryin' to t'row de shadows off when his wife has hired de Pinks ter watch 'im, but I kinda figgered out just where you'd likely light—an' I didn't miss out once. Did dem letters have youse a-guessin'?"

"Well, rather!" cried Brockett. "What's the explanation?"

"Explanation's dead soft," grinned the messenger boy. "Yuh see, old Chief Wilkins an' General Cole has always thought I had de goods in me fer a Sherlock Holmes. So when youse was all framed up fer de trip dey calls me in an' tells me to hang 'round in de vicinity, see? And tuh keep a close eye on youse, do all I could to help youse, an', if youse got stalled at de finish, to shoot home de news. In oder words, I was guardeen an' shadow over de whole journey—an' de letters was jest part of it all. It was a pipe fer me to learn your cipher—any baseball bug can easy do it—an' as for de letters, I can say dis: I may talk on de fritz, but at school I always got any spellin' prizes dat was to be had."

"You must have kept in touch with the chief, too, didn't you?" asked Solano.

"I surely did. I was de live wire, de line of communication, an' I just ferried along some letters dat de chief an' de general managed tuh get tuh



me. I was Johnny on de spot right up to de finish—an' I'm thinkin' dere'd have been a different finish today but fer me."

"That's right," cut in Solano. "You noticed I was limping a little, didn't you? I was making the best speed I could to get away from our friend Torrejon's people, when, maybe two miles out of camp, I wrenched my ankle. They were almost on top of me when this imp of Satan jumped out from a patch of cactus by the road. Somehow or other he dragged me into the bush, and there we crouched while the hunt went by. They are good trackers and it wasn't long before they were back, all 'round the spot where I had disappeared. Mike proposed to give them a fight as soon as they found us, and I think he'd have cleaned up their whole company—only he didn't have to. They couldn't have been ten feet from us when Gomez Esteral rode up with 300 men and that changed the story."

"Youse never thought to ask how dis Gomez party happened along in the neighborhood, didja?" questioned Mike McKane. "Naw, I thought not. Charge dat to me, too. When youse guys rode outa de cavalry camp, I was five miles in de lead. I ain't no rider, so I was paddin' de hoof ahead. When youse was held up I was maybe tree hundred feet away. I knew where youse was headed for, an' so I beat it to dis Nogal joint, where de Gomez feller holds out. Den I tells him all I know; he agrees to turn right out; quick as he can get some men togeder, an' I tries to hurry back to see if dere was anyting I could do. On de way, I falls in wit' Solano—an' youse knows all de rest."

Gomez Esteral was holding judgment in the center of the clearing. The face of the man who had dreamed of empire was lined and drawn; twenty years seemed to have been added to his age in one hour's time. Somberly he gazed at the little group before him, and his voice choked as he spoke.

"I have had a rude awakening," said Gomez Esteral. "I have learned that friends are false, and that enemies may be truest friends. The shock has almost overwhelmed me—I can say but little. Baron Zollern, Mr. Yazimoto—go your ways. Whether my dreams are ever realized or my ambition wrecked, there shall be no profit for Japan or Germany. The world of Latin-America shall know of the tremendous treachery they planned, and that knowledge will end the hopes your nations may have held. Juan Torrejon, I pardon you and your men for any indiscretions you may have committed. Young gentlemen of the United States, you may return, under escort and protection, bearing with you my heartiest admiration and assurance that your noble nation, at least, need fret no more over the plots of Gomez Esteral!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Nice promotion waiting back in Washington for you, Mr. Brockett," said old Colonel Lewis, beaming with fatherly affection upon the messengers. "Too bad you are not in government service, Mr. Solano."

The Cuban smiled delightedly.

"I'm sorry, at times," he admitted, "that I am not an American citizen and working in the same department as Harry Brockett. Still, Cuba is quite a country—and I am told that a responsible post will be given me at Havana, just as the outcome of these adventures."

"Glad to hear it, my boy," replied the colonel. "By the way, there is quite a lot of news from Washington besides your promotion, Mr. Brockett. Chief Wilkins' stenographer, Miss Lawson, will not be there when you return. You can probably imagine why. No arrest, no trouble—nothing at all. 'For the good of the service,' you understand? This redheaded imp" (Mike McKane looked combative for an instant) "is to go into the secret service—the chief says he regards him as a most promising junior operative. How about dyeing that hair, young man? That sunset head would tip you off to every crook in North America."

"Aw, dat's nottin'," remarked the crimson-head. "Trouble an' wisdom soon turn de hair white an' make a guy look dignified."

"A bit from Chicago, also, gentlemen," resumed the colonel. "Aguilar, the Filipino with whom you had some exciting experiences, has been identified as one of the last ladrones, or murderous robbers, that prowled the Island of Luzon. Nice reward for his capture. I would suggest that it be divided up between yourselves and the policemen who made the capture. The big negro whom Aguilar stabbed will get well."

"Glad of it," interrupted Mike McKane. "He looked like a big, good-natured mutt to me when I slipped him a cipher letter in Detroit."

The colonel laughed good-naturedly, and continued: "Everything that you were asked to do has been done with honor, young gentlemen. And now, boys, there is one thing I wish you would explain to me—I have official permission from General Cole to receive enlightenment upon the subject. Will you kindly map out to me the details of this confounded cipher? It is easy enough to write and work out when you have the key—but what is the basic foundation of the key? I've tried every way I could imagine to work it out. I understand that the best cipher experts of Germany and Japan found the task hopeless and impossible. That was one reason for their anxiety to get the key away from you. Just to satisfy my own curiosity, I have submitted the code to three American gentlemen who were supposed to be marvels in deciphering puzzles of the kind—and they gave it up in anger and abasement. They said that there was no law, no logic, no foundation from which to unravel such a cipher. So much the better. That made it the safest and surest thing in secret service codes that anyone ever invented. It is a marvel—I'll take my hat off to it—but, just to ease the old age of a bewildered man, you will show me the idea and the backbone of the thing."

"It's as easy as A B C," said Brockett, "if you start it right and get acquainted with it. As you doubtless understand, the terms used are all borrowed from baseball. That's easy enough, isn't it?"

"It ought to be," assented the colonel, "but how about the order and sequence of the hieroglyphics?"

"Well, here you are," said the inventor. "I took a guide-book, a baseball book covering the season of 1910, as my model, and classified things in this fashion:

"A: Numbers. The numbers which scorers give to the players are remembered—and used the other way. The scorer usually calls the pitcher



No. 1. In this cipher P—the abbreviation for pitcher—does duty for the figure 1. The numbers, then, are as follows:

1—P.
2—C.
3—1B.
4—2B.
5—SS.
6—3B.
7—RF.
8—CF.
9—LF.
10—Sub.
O—Umpire."

"Not bad," chortled the colonel, as this last announcement was read. "Go ahead—this is good."

"I decided," Brockett continued, "to let 100 stand for the word manager—used either way, of course—and 1,000 stand for magnate. Certain figures, to make the cipher a trifle harder of unraveling, were then added from the averages. If, for example, I had occasion to use the figures 385 in any connection, I used the word 'COBB,' 385, you see, was Cobb's batting average on the 1910 season."

"That word," laughed the colonel, "proved the death-blow to one of my experts who had been getting along swimmingly till he encountered it. Go on, son."

"The letters of the alphabet," Brockett resumed, "were taken from the details at the heads of columns in the scores, or from the details at the lower portions thereof. Let me show you the idea:

"A—Pos.
"B—AB.
"C—R.
"D—BH.
"E—SH.
"F—SB.
"G—2BH.
"H—3BH.
"I—HR.
"J—TB."

"Hold on," interrupted the colonel. "I can follow so far—but what does the TB represent in baseball?"

"Total bases, colonel," Brockett explained.

"K—BA (batting average).
"L—PO.
"M—A.
"N—E.
"O—TC (total chances).
"P—FA (fielding average).
"Q—IP (innings pitched).
"R—W.
"S—L.
"T—To (taken out).
"U—Fin. (finished.)
"V—T (tied).
"W—BB.
"X—HB (hit by pitcher).
"Y—WP (wild pitch).
"Z—SO.
"And—PB.
"The—ER (earned runs).
"Of—LB (left on bases).

"Some of the last-named abbreviations, colonel," Brockett went on, "are really just ornamental, but can



help to puzzle anyone of an inquisitive nature. Then, too, you can use the order in which the teams finished in 1910 to designate the terms first, second, third, etc. See how it all runs?"

The colonel looked over key and code once more, and then solemnly shook hands with all three of the youngsters.

"Boys," said he, "I surrender at discretion."

* * *

"Shall we leave tomorrow?" asked Brockett, as the common citizens were arraying themselves for the decisive game against the cavalry. The Cuban nodded, emphatically.

"Not that it isn't pleasant enough 'round here," explained Ramon Solano, "and we could put in the whole month of your leave-of-absence among good friends. Still, I want to go back east. By the way, how about that ball—the ball that Delehanty gave you?"

Brockett sighed sympathetically.

"You have my condolences, Ramon. I really wanted you to have that ball—but it so happens that it was the very ball in which I put those messages that night near Rancho Nogal—and Gomez Esteral now holds it as a souvenir."

"I'll go over and coax it away from him," volunteered Mike McKane.

"Not a chance," negatived Brockett. "Not a chance. Esteral prizes that ball above all other trophies, and you'd be lucky to escape unhanged if you tried to get it. Sorry for you, Ramon—there's one of your dreams that won't come true."

"It looks that way," smiled the Cuban. "Still—there are other dreams. That's why I want to go back east tomorrow. I promised that I would pay a call upon your sister, Harry—and the call is overdue."

Solano's dark face flushed frankly; Brockett began to whistle, and Mike McKane revolved away toward the ball field by a series of handsprings. A bugle sounded; the athletes of the cavalry trooped out to take up their positions, and the bearers of the Diamond Cipher started happily towards the battleground.

(THE END.)

Satisfied With Life Work.

Dr. William Coleridge, for 32 years medical officer of health for the city of London, is to retire. For 21 years he was medical officer for the port of London and during all these years' service he has been fighting for pure and unadulterated food for the people of London. He is satisfied with his work, and says: "If I had my life to live over again I should lead it in the same way. I could not go slow and sacrifice enthusiasm for the sake of an extra ten years of life."

Work of the Sheep-Herder.

The sheep-herder of today is not the type of man who was led by the Star in the East to the manger of Bethlehem, but he is still doing the service for his day and generation that the shepherds of the gospel story were doing in their day. He is putting a large element of faithfulness and self-denial into every pound of wool that goes into the garments of the people and is content to be an essential cog in the great wheel of industrial activity.

Believes in Advertising.

"I tell you, advertising pays." "Well, what is on your mind?" "Some time ago I advertised for a lost five-dollar bill, and a stranger who had picked one up on the street restored it to me. This morning while looking through an old suit I found the V I thought I'd lost."—Boston Transcript.

Practical Church Work.

In order to get into personal touch with their flock, the two athletic clergymen in charge of a well-known Anglican church in Scarborough, Yorkshire, England, have resorted to most original methods. The vicar, when challenged to a footrace by two local fishermen, the other day, said: "If I win, will you undertake to attend my church?" The bargain was made, the vicar conceded five yards in 150 on Scarborough sands, and won pulling up. He also met and defeated other athletes, who had won races at the fishermen's sports. The vicar's colleague frequently goes to sea with the fishermen on steam trawlers, and spends two or three days at a time with them.

Plucky Are the Women.

Are women, as a general proposition, bad losers? It is they who bear in the end the losses which the masculine speculator accepts with such outward cheerfulness. Women in countless instances see the man they have sworn to love, honor and cherish fall by the wayside, yet they stick to him. They see the family fortune swept away by some imprudence not their own, but of which they suffer the pinching consequences. They endure pain, disease, the loss of children, the blasting of social ambitions, as few men can endure such inequalities of fortune, and indeed play a losing game with a fortitude that commands masculine respect.—New York World.

Lion's Death Made Spectacle.

The lion D'Artagnan, the most ferocious animal in any French menagerie, is dead. He had mauled so many trainers that it was difficult to find anyone willing to enter his cage, so it was decided to shoot him; but he died gloriously in the open, in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleu, near Paris. D'Artagnan was sold to a cinematograph company, taken to the forest, and set free. He was climbing a rock, when he noticed a horse tied to a tree. While the animal trembled with terror the lion crept up and crouched for a spring. But at that moment a picturesque cowboy ran forward, raised his rifle, fired, and the lion fell dead.

Method of Modern Physician.

A famous physician who was particularly expeditious in examining and prescribing for his patients was waited on by an army man, who was polished off in almost less than no time. As the patient was leaving he shook hands heartily with the doctor and said: "I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel F., speak of you." "What!" exclaimed the physician, "are you Dick's son?" "Certainly." "My dear fellow," said the doctor, "fling that infernal prescription in the fire and sit down and tell me what is the matter with you."

Father Had Been There.

"Good morning, Mis—er—ah—father—that is—" begins the new son-in-law. "Now, Jim," smiles the bride's father, "I know just how you feel. I felt like forty kinds of a fool when I first tried to call my father-in-law 'Father,' and I said right then that if I ever had a son-in-law I'd not give him the same worry. You call me 'Mister' or 'Say' or 'Bill,' or anything else you like, until the time comes when it will be natural for you to address me as 'Grandpa.'"—Life.

Nevada and Italy.

In area, Nevada and Italy are nearly the same—Nevada, 110,700 square miles, Italy, 110,550 square miles. Italy has a population of 32,425,000. Nevada, 81,875, or less than seven-eighths of a person to the square mile. Rhode Island has 509 persons to the square mile, and if Nevada was as thickly populated as the little New England commonwealth it would have nearly 66,000,000 people within its borders.

Breaking It Gently.

"Good morning, Mrs. McCann," said an Irish laborer to a lady at the wash tub. "An' the top of the mornin' to you, Mister Mullin," she replied. "Oi t'ought," said he, "Oi'd shtep in t'say 'ure husban' has shtopped shmokin', Mrs. McCann." "Saints be praised! It's seventy-five cints a mont' he'll be savin'." "Oi'm layin' bets he won't," said Mr. Mullin. "He wor lightin' his pipe in the powder factory an' he dropped the match."

Conversational Strategy.

"I observe that you never contradict any theory that Mr. Heftybrane advances." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "he's likely to get through talking much sooner if you don't break in and suggest new topics."

HE WANTED IT JUST RIGHT

Particular Young Man Had Ulterior Motives in His Purchase of Box of Candy.

The expensively dressed young man threw away his cigarette and entered the confectionery store. "Put me up a two-pound box of your best chocolates," he said to the clerk who waited on him. "Make sure that they are your very best; I don't want any mistake."

"Yes, sir. These are the very highest grade."

"Come to think of it, you had better make it a five-pound box, instead. The same kind as those you showed me."

"Yes, sir, certainly."

"And make it mixed chocolates and bonbons. And let me pick out a box I like. Haven't you something with violets on it? She is particularly fond of violets, and I want this to be just right. No, I like that design better, the one in blue and gold. Let me have that. Here, be more careful about the way you do it up. No, there isn't any card to go. I will deliver it myself. Make a neat-looking package of it while you are about it."

The clerk tied it up carefully, then passed it over the counter. As he took the bill in payment, he smiled ever so slightly, and remarked: "The young lady should be very much pleased with that, sir."

"Young lady nothing! That box is for my mother. I'm going to tackle dad for a new runabout tonight, and if I can get her over to my side I'll get it."

FAMOUS SONS OF COLUMBUS

One Rose to Distinction as an Admiral and the Other Was a Great Scholar.

How often do we hear of the sons of Columbus? Yet the great discoverer had two sons, one of whom, Don Diego, rose to distinction as an admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar.

Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe and almost every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing 20,000 volumes, which he gave to the cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and it is so to this day. From books in his collection Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus" was founded. The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears upon the site of his tomb:

"What does it profit me to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat, to have three times crossed to the new world discovered by my father, to have embellished the shores of the tranquil Guadalquiver and preferred my simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled round thee divinities from the source of Castalia and offered to thee the riches gathered by Ptolemy, if, 'passing in silence over this stone, thou shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory, or to myself a slight remembrance?'"

Climax of Red Tape.

This is a tale of a self-confessed murderer who wished to be arrested, as related by a writer in Le Matin, Paris.

Some time ago a man named Berge was stabbed to death at Algiers. Three men were arrested on suspicion, but, as they proved their innocence, they were released and the matter was shelved.

A few days ago a man called at the office of the local police commissary and said to that official:

"My name is Marius Yvorra. I killed Berges, and this is how I did it."

The commissary listened to the man's confession and said:

"You had better see my secretary."

The secretary also listened to the man's confession, and, after a little reflection said:

"Now, look here, my good man, this is not the way to get arrested. You must write us a letter confirming the oral statement made to us. Then we shall be able to attend to you. Now, get along."

The man left the office, and, perhaps because he was not a good writer, he has not been seen since in Algiers.

War Time Coffee.

This was the formula of a coffee mixture that sold freely in the days of gross adulteration during and immediately subsequent to the Civil war, before matters began to right themselves, as they did without the help of food laws:

Best Java coffee, one pound; rye, three pounds. Carefully clean the rye from all bad grains, wash to remove dust, drain off the water and put the grain into the roaster, carefully stirring to brown it evenly. Roast the coffee separately. Grind the mixture and pack in airtight containers. An essence of coffee was prepared by boiling down molasses until hard and then grinding it to a powder and mixing it with a half pound of good ground Java coffee, using four pounds of the powdered molasses.—From the Ideal Grocer.

Just to Cheer.

Young Hub—There's no need of further parley; the next war that comes along finds me joining—

Young Wife—Oh, George, George, don't!

Young Hub—In the cheers of victory.

Ingenious Plea.

"Prisoner at the bar, I find you have been sentenced to prison twice before. What have you to say why I should not send you there again?" "I urge, your Honor, the generally accepted feeling against a third term."—Baltimore American.

Lamp Chimneys.

In country homes the breaking of lamp chimneys often causes a great deal of bother. I have found if one will put all new chimneys in a pail of cold water and put on the fire to boil for a couple of hours the chimneys will last twice as long as an ordinary one.

Not So Much to Blame.

Teacher—Why, Willie, these problems are all wrong. What is the trouble? Willie—I don'no. I worked awful hard before I could even get 'em wrong.—Judge.

IMPROVING THE TABLE LINEN

Daintily Embroidered Initials Add to Appearance as Few Other Things Can.

Nothing so vastly improves the appearance of table linen as daintily embroidered initials in the corner. To a certain degree the fashions change each season; but a safe rule for the conservative needlewoman to follow is:

For tablecloths, letters two inches long.

For napkins, letters three-quarters of an inch long.

Sheets, two inches long.

Other articles are marked according to the taste of the embroiderer. But the best method of marking linen is a problem which presents itself very often.

There are many ways to choose besides the plain embroidered initial stamped either in script or block type. Perhaps the most attractive method of working large initials is to embroider the letters over fine net, cutting away the linen underneath, so that when finished it will give a transparent effect that is unusual and beautiful.

The work is not difficult and can be done rapidly by one who has any experience in needlecraft.

HOME-MADE VANILLA EXTRACT

Preparation Needs Care and Time, but One May Be Sure of Its Wholesomeness.

There are various recipes for making a preparation of vanilla extract or essence and some of these are too complicated to be practicable in amateur hands at home. If plenty of time can be allowed for the strength of the flavoring to be extracted from the beans the following is a simple and satisfactory recipe for a home-made preparation for home purposes: For an eight ounce bottle, take eight Tonka beans, split them in two, soak over night in two tablespoonfuls of warm water, and fill up the bottle with deodorized alcohol. It takes some time for the beans to digest in the fluid, but the extract is of excellent strength. Here is another practicable recipe for a good home-made vanilla essence: Deodorized alcohol, five parts; proof spirits, three parts; sugar, one part; vanilla bean, one part. Slit the beans and cut them fairly fine; mix with the sugar and bruise moderately fine, add the alcohol and spirits and mascerate, or allow them to soak for two weeks, occasionally shaking. Then strain and filter.

Chicken Chartreuse.

Neatly dice or cut fine the remains of a roast chicken. Wash one cupful of rice, drop it into a kettle filled with salted boiling water and keep at a galloping boil until the grains are tender, then drain. Have ready a buttered mold. Line it an inch thick with rice. Season the meat and to one pint add a sauce made with one tablespoonful of butter, two of flour, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, salt, pepper and onion juice to taste, a half teaspoonful of lemon juice, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and, when taken from the fire and slightly cooled, two well beaten eggs. Pack this mixture in the center of the mold, cover with the remainder of the rice and steam for an hour; turn out carefully on a hot platter and serve with cream or tomato sauce, passing grape jelly as an accompaniment.

Aromatic Mustard.

To make this relish use six tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix to a soft smooth thick paste, using a little vinegar—about one-quarter cupful—in which one onion has been boiled. Allow the mixture to stand some hours before using, and keep closely covered or moisten the top with a few drops of olive oil.

WORTH KEEPING IN MEMORY

Garnered Wisdom That Has Been Handed Down Through Generations of Housewives.

When making sweet croquettes add a little sugar to the crumbs in which the croquettes are to be rolled.

Cold water is preferable to warm for scrubbing doors because it does not sink into the wood and so dries quickly.

Holding tomatoes over the gas flame will cause skin to burst and come off easier than when scalded, and the tomato will be less mushy than when scalded.

Neglected brass may be polished with a paste of powdered bath brick and oil. Take two pieces of the brick and rub together. This makes a finer powder than if scraped with a knife.

Cut hams may be kept from molding if the cut end is wet with vinegar each time after cutting. Vinegar will also keep beef fresh for a time when you happen to be without ice temporarily.

To frost over a window without darkening the room, dissolve Epsom salts in hot water and paint over the window while the water is hot, then allow to dry. This is easily removed and is entirely opaque while on.

Fringed cloths are often quite ruined in appearance at the laundry. They may be made to look like new for an indefinite period if, when they are starched, a little care be taken not to starch the fringe. Fold each cloth in four like a handkerchief and then gather the fringe of each part into the hand and hold it firmly while you dip the middle only into the starch. When the cloth is dry shake the fringe well and comb it with a specially kept toilet comb, and it will fall as softly and prettily as when new.

Women Not Patrons at Bars.

They tried an experiment at a new hotel in New York which failed so utterly as to prove at least to the manager of the hotel that women do not care to drink alone or with other women. Tea excepted, of course. When the hotel opened there was a dainty bar fitted up exclusively for feminine patrons. It was presided over by a courtly English butler, and every last detail was carefully planned to meet the approval of women. To the manager's intense surprise, cobwebs began to gather upon the delicate glasses and tempting bottles on the pretty shelves. Nobody came. The tearoom was popular, but the bar was forsaken. Hastily the manager made some changes. Then it was rededicated, this time to men.

Ever Travel in a Pullman?

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RUPERT HUGHES
The Well-Known Author

It's a tale that travels at a mile-a-minute gait from beginning to end, with a round of laughter in every chapter. Watch for it!

All Aboard Don't Miss This Serial

Kitchen Line.

A convenient clothesline for the kitchen or other place where a clothes drying line is sometimes needed, is rolled into an oxidized copper reel case about five inches in diameter. This reel screws to a wall or casing and a hook is put up in a casing on another wall. When the line is wanted it is stretched across the space between the two and is fastened by a ring over the hook, the reel meanwhile catching it automatically and keeping it from slipping. When the line is not in use it is out of the dust in the reel casing. The line is 24 feet long. It would be a convenience for the kitchen veranda or porch of the summer cottage.

Making Nut Muffins.

Two cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of milk, half a cupful of chopped nut meats, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, then add the beaten yolks of eggs, butter and milk. Beat well, add the vanilla extract and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Divide into buttered and floured gem pans, bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Sit While Ironing.

There is an old-fashioned prejudice against sitting down while ironing. Our grandmothers would probably have condemned the woman caught in this practice as hopelessly lazy—but why not do so, especially when standing at the ironing-board means tired, blistered feet and a frazzled temper? It might not be practicable to sit while ironing a dress skirt or anything requiring a long reach of the arm, but handkerchiefs and such small pieces can easily be managed while sitting.

Safeguard Against Moths.

Gather wild yarrow, commonly called tansy; sprinkle freely among fur garments of any sort, as well as woolen material. Lock your wardrobe; feel perfectly safe that when opened next fall your furs are unharmed by moths. Equally good for the buffalo bug; never fails.

Nut Loaf.

Mix one cup bread crumbs with one cup of ground nuts. Wet with one cup sweet milk and one beaten egg; season with salt, pepper, sage; grate in some onion; bake 25 minutes; fine for lunch.

To Clean Clothing.

Take light bread and rub where there is a grease spot and it will remove it without leaving a mark, from men's hats or any kind of clothes.

Daily Thought.

Absence of heat and haste indicates fine qualities. A gentleman makes no poise, a lady is serene.—Emerson.

She Likes American Men.

This from Lily Lena, the English comedienne, who finds in America something which she envies us—our men:

"American men are the neatest dressers in the world and their clothes fit. They are not silly in their attentions to women, but they are always courteous. They work hard and play well and pay their wives' bills, and they're fair enough to hear a woman's side of an argument and consider its value.

"The dear old souls are doing great things every day and making other nations sit up in astonishment.

"American wives, sweethearts and daughters should be proud of their men. They are the kings of the earth and their greatness is as yet unmeasured. Most visitors to this country rave about your women. I believe they are nice, but the men—well, if American women could travel about the world more and make a few observations I think the stability of homes in America would be infinitely increased and the divorce judges could sleep late in the mornings."

THE NEW ERA

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Resent Loss of New Year Festival.

News of the proposed change of calendars from the Chinese to the Gregorian was not very well received by the Chinese residents in Manila. While realizing that many radical changes must be made in the government and in many of the institutions of the empire, still they deemed this one as coming too suddenly, and some even considered it entirely unnecessary. The Chinese New Year, the only real period of recreation and joy for them, will, by a recent proclamation of the provisional Chinese republic, be done away with, but the Manila Celestials have determined to observe it as heretofore.

Unnecessary Lines on the Face.

Long lines across the brow, the result of elevating the eyebrows to assist in conversation, is a common mistake against which too much cannot be said. These seams continue to grow deeper with each year, until they become fixed and dark, carrying with them the appearance of age and anxiety. By all means massage them with a cold cream, using a rotary movement, and then practice talking minus the eyebrow accompaniment before your mirror, say a half hour at a time. Persistence in this treatment will bring about its abandonment. Be careful not to draw the eyes into unnatural lines when laughing.

Forgotten Tyrant of China.

The abdication—or deposition — of the emperor of China recalls that the rather lengthy list of ex-soverigns includes another Oriental ruler who once figured very prominently in the public eye—the notorious Theebaw, who succeeded his father to the throne of Ava in 1878, and immediately began to murder his relatives and generally misrule his kingdom. Protests failing to affect him, the British government dispatched an expedition under General Prendergast to depose him. Ava was added to the empire and Theebaw was sent into exile in India, where, powerless, but well provided for, he still survives.

Cats and Witchcraft.

It may be said that cats have for centuries been associated with Satan and witchcraft. Whereas in countries where wolves abounded men and women with the aid of the devil could turn themselves into wolves—it is well known that the inhabitants of Ossory, Ireland, became wolves once in seven years—the Italian women usually became cats. It is also true that when the black death ravaged Europe learned men attributed the displeasure of the Almighty to the introduction of boots with pointed toes, which were supposed to be peculiarly offensive to the Lord.

New York's Wealth.

According to the tabulation figures in the tax books for 1912 real estate in New York is assessed at $7,525,474,063. Estimating the realty which is exempt from taxation at $2,500,000,000, the value of all real estate in the five boroughs approximates $10,000,000,000 (ten billions). The assessed valuation of taxable property in New York has been raised in the last 14 years, or since consolidation, from $2,469,136,887.

HINTS TO THE HANDICAPPED

Writer in Atlantic Monthly Tells Them How They May Make Best of Life.

Grow up as fast as you can. Cultivate the widest interest you can, and cherish all your friends. Cultivate some artistic talent, for you will find it the most durable of satisfactions, and perhaps one of the surest means of livelihood as well. Achievement is, of course, on the knees of the gods; but you will at least have the thrill of trial, and, after all, not to try is to fail. Taking your disabilities for granted, and assuming constantly that they are being taken for granted, make your social intercourse as broad and as constant as possible. Do not take the world too seriously, nor let too many social conventions oppress you. Keep sweet your sense of humor, and above all do not let any morbid feelings of inferiority creep into your soul. You will find yourself sensitive enough to the sympathy of others, and if you do not find persons who like you and are willing to meet you more than half way, it will be because you have let your disability narrow your vision and shrink up your soul. It will be really your own fault, and not that of your circumstances. In a word, keep looking outward; look out eagerly for those things that interest you, for persons who will interest you and be friends with you, for new interests and for opportunities to express yourself.—Atlantic Monthly.

Would Let His Hearers Sleep.

The Rev. Allan Stockdale, a Congregationalist pastor of Cambridge, Mass., has issued a notice to his flock intimating that no one need stay away from church because they fall asleep. "There are many reasons," he says, "why men go to sleep. Many of them have been hustling during the week, and when they come into the warm church and restful pews they cannot avoid sleeping. Heavy air and heavy sermons are also responsible; the music soothing, too. Let the man fall asleep; the rest will do him good perhaps."

Monkey "Caught On."

Darwin describes a trick played on a monkey to show its intelligence. Lumps of sugar wrapped in paper were first given to him. Then for sugar a live wasp was substituted, but after meeting with an unpleasant experience from the wasp the monkey put the next package to his ear to learn if it might be safely opened. This action showed that the monkey had memory and considerable wisdom and had discovered that a wasp buzzes when wrapped in paper.—Youth's Companion.

Tax on Bachelors Over Twenty-Four.

At the last sitting of the town council of Nagyperkata, Hungary, it was decided almost unanimously to introduce a special tax on bachelors over twenty-four. The amount is to vary between 20 pence and £4 according to the pecuniary circumstances of each unmarried man. The proceeds will be entirely devoted to the foundation and maintenance of an asylum for poor homeless children.

Senator's Little Innovation.

A senator from Kentucky was one day walking down Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, when a dapper young gentleman approached him and said, "Ah, Senator, how do do? I called on you this morning. Did you get my card?" "Yes," said the senator, "but what did you mean by writing 'E. P.' in the corner?" "Oh, that's the correct thing, you know," said the young man, "when you leave the card yourself. It means 'en personne,' left in person." Next day it was the senator who met the young gentleman, and accosted him with the question, "Did you get my card? I called on you this morning." "Yes," was the reply, "but what in the world did you mean, senator, by writing 'S. B. A. N.' in the corner? That's something new, isn't it?" "Oh, no," said the senator, "that's the correct thing when you don't leave the card yourself. That means 'Sent by a nigger.'"

Astronomical Discovery.

One of the greatest discoveries of science is due to observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. It was found that when the earth was in the part of its orbit nearest to Jupiter these eclipses occurred sixteen minutes earlier than when it was in the farthermost part; whereas by all rules of astronomy they should have occurred at the same minute each time. It was deduced from this that light was not instantaneous, and consequently took sixteen minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, a distance of about two hundred million miles, thus giving to light a velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, which was accurately shown later by other experiments.

Not to Be Intimidated.

In a certain New York town there lived an eccentric character whom every one called "Uncle Hi." In his old age Uncle Hi "experienced religion," and one night was asked to lead the prayer meeting. As he could neither read nor write, the request might easily have daunted him had he been a less courageous man. But Uncle Hi was not one to be daunted. Very solemnly he rose and drawing his unusually tall form to its greatest height said: "Brethren, sing the one thousandth Psalm." After a silence, broken only by an occasional titter, some one said: "There aren't as many as that." "Sing as many as there be, then!" thundered Uncle Si.—Youth's Companion.

Chasing Burglars With Light.

Darkness is necessary under ordinary circumstances to enable a burglar to carry on his work. One of the engineers of a large electric lighting company has devised a system of emergency lighting for residences by which the turning of a master switch at the head of the bed turns on the lights all over the house. These lights may be ordinarily operated by their respective switches in the usual way, but in case the master switch is turned on they cannot be turned off by means of the individual switches. This means, of course, that once the master switch has been thrown, any intruder in the house must beat a retreat.

Carnegie's First Library.

When Andrew Carnegie was a mere lad in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad, he with the other boys of the old First ward, Allegheny, Pa., now the North Side, Pittsburg, had for many years the use of the private library of a Major Anderson. Mr. Carnegie, while speaking at the installation of his libraries, often said that much of his success was due to the influence of the books obtained in this library, and that when he became wealthy the building of the Allegheny Free library was one of his first acts.

Three Days in Open Boat on Sea.

Two French seaweed cutters, a man and a woman, had a trying experience recently. They had been gathering seaweed near St. Malo, off the coast of France, in a small boat and being unable to make land, remained in the English channel for three days and three nights. They eventually drifted into Piemont bay, Jersey, completely exhausted. They had had no food except a crust of bread, and were wet through and very weak.

Inherits a Million.

Price Goodwin Beavan is the name of a farm laborer in Breconshire, Wales, who is acclaimed as the heir to £200,000—one million dollars—left to him by his father, Richard Goodwin, who died in Texas six weeks ago. The farm laborer has employed a solicitor of Llandrindod Wells to devote his time to securing the inheritance, and Price Goodwin Beavan has left the farm at Llwynffily, exchanging his slouch hat, corduroys and gaiters for a new black suit and hard felt hat. Beavan is now being deluged with hundreds of begging letters and letters suggesting investments for his money, besides which he is asked to contribute to scores of benevolent and church projects.

Had No Objections.

A Union officer appeared before the mistress of a southern home, saluted and said: "Madame, a federal soldier has been killed on your place. Have we your permission to bury him here?" The old woman drew herself up proudly. "Sir," she replied. "You may bury the whole Union army here, if you wish!"

To Keep Dust Out.

When there are no sills under the doors dust will find a way to enter the closet and settle upon one's "best clothes." To prevent this, get weather stripping with a felt edge (not rubber) and fasten it to the bottom of the door on the inside. The felt should just touch the floor.

Not Loaded.

Mrs. Wise—"Will you come home straight from the club tonight?" Mr. Wise—"You mean to come straight home." Mrs. Wise—"No, I mean to come home straight—no zigzag walking."—Exchange.

Barber' Odd Duties.

Many barbers in Egypt are government servants. According to an edict issued by Ibrahim Pasha in 1848, village barbers were ordered to examine all dead bodies and register the necessary particulars.

There's the Rule.

"I always make it a practice to let tomorrow take care of itself." "That's easy enough, but it's forgetting yesterday that causes trouble for so many of us."

WILLINGLY RISKED HIS LIFE

English Hospital Surgeon, Knowing Danger, Put His Patient's Interests Before All.

An act of unselfish devotion by Mr. E. T. Mullally, house surgeon of Guy's hospital, London, England, was disclosed at the Shoreditch county court during the hearing of a case recently, which was adjourned some time ago owing to his inability to attend. It was explained that for a month he was hovering between life and death. The details of his fight for the life of a child were furnished by a doctor at Guy's hospital. "There are times," he said, "when life or death is a matter of minutes or even seconds. A child was brought into the hospital suffering from diphtheria in its worst stages. Mr. Mullally, who was the senior surgeon present, saw the child, and understood at once that an immediate operation was imperative, and that even a few minutes' delay might be fatal. Diphtheria in this stage is terribly catching, and in the case of an operation such as Mr. Mullally was to perform, the chances were a hundred to one on his catching the disease unless he took the usual precautions. It was, however, a matter of minutes. Possibly there would have been time for him to fetch his mask, which covers the whole face, and is a sure protection against infection, and to take the other general precautions in such cases. He knew that by doing so—by waiting a few minutes—he was risking the chances of the operation proving successful, and so he decided to operate at once, well realizing that he was almost bound to suffer. He saved the child's life, but he caught the disease, and it was touch-and-go with him during a whole month."

Pinched Mary Garden for Less.

In an article on baseball "fans" in the August American Magazine Hugh S. Fullerton tells the following story: "One of the quickest things I ever heard was a remark from a Washington fan which upset Frank Isbell, the veteran, completely. Isbell's head is as bald as a concrete pavement and usually he kept his cap plastered tightly on his head to shield himself from the gibes of crowds. This time he tried to steal second, and made a desperate, diving slide around and under the baseman, only to be called out. He was so enraged that he ran at the umpire, grabbed his arm, argued and raved and finally in sheer anger jerked off his cap, hurled it onto the ground and jumped upon it. His bald head glistened in the sunlight and the crowd roared. Then above the roar came a voice:

"'Put on that cap. They pinched Mary Garden here for less than that.'"

Breaking the News

"Papa," began Bobby, after dinner, does it cost very much to build a house?"

His father laid down the newspaper he was reading and considered the question.

"It depends, of course, on how big a house you want to build and how deep your purse is," he said at length. "Are you thinking of building a house?"

"I've been thinking about how much it costs," Bobby said. "And I wondered. There's so many winders and doors and things. Of course, parlor winders cost more'n cellar winders, 'cause they're made of better glass. Now, Jimmy, he says some parlor winders cost $2, but then Jimmy always puts prices up awful high. Gee, I wisht it wouldn't rain such a lot. We don't hardly get outdoors any."

"It's rather hard on baseball and picnics, isn't it?"

"Well, we ain't had any plans for picnics yet, hardly. Billy says our room at school oughter get up one, but he begins talking picnics soon's Christmas is over. Nellie Foster's had one all thought out long ago, but it ain't fair to get up one that way.

"I ain't in a awful hurry for any picnics long's it's so wet. It's baseball that I'm looking for. I'd like to know how anybody could run in all the mud, less'n he was a fish. It was baseball started me thinking about houses an' things like that."

"I suppose your idea was to build a grandstand to protect the baseball fans. Is that it?" asked the father.

"N-not exactly," Bobby acknowledged. "You see, we don't get any fans 'cept fellers that don't want to sit down. They get so excited they just jump up and down, an' run all around. Jimmy he's a swell player this year. We was playing yesterday and this morning before it started in to rain in the same dinged old way."

"Hold on! That's no way to talk."

"Why, 'dinged' isn't bad. You just oughter hear that feller from over on Aunt Mary's street. Gee, that's going some, the way he talks."

"I don't like that sort of boy, myself."

"Oh, well, he ain't so bad," Bobby said, hastily. "He don't say 'em, you know. He just knows 'em and keeps still. Only he told some words to us fellers wunst and they're worse than 'dinged.' He's a swell player, only he gets sore when the fellers butt in. You see, the fellers get so excited they pick up the ball and throw it in when they ain't on the team at all, and it makes him awful sore. I don't blame him, do you?"

"No, I should think not. They have no business to touch the ball."

"Well, he made me crazy talking about houses. It was him started me and Jimmy talking and he said houses often cost more'n a thousand dollars. He said you divide up a thousand dollars into winders and doors and you'd find a door cost a heap. He said there was about twenty winders in this house. Is there?"

"I don't think I ever counted them. You might count them some day, just for fun."

"Well, anyhow, he said he could count 'em from where he was and he bet each winder upstairs cost $4 and a cellar winder cost at least $2. I ain't ever heard anything so foolish, have you?"

"It was perhaps a rather high estimate. Some day when we are over at the glazier's we might ask him just out of curiosity how much one of our windows cost. A cellar window, for instance."

"I thought maybe we might go over that way this evening if it stopped raining," Bobby said hopefully. "You ain't had a lot of walking today, have you?"

"Not a great deal."

"Billy says burglars always get in through cellar winders. Do they?"

"Not any oftener than through other windows."

"Once would be often for me," Bobby sighed. "Balls go through winders awful often, I think."

"So a ball went through one, did it? I hope it wasn't where the boy would get himself into serious trouble."

"No, sir. That's the nice part about it," Bobby said cheerfully. "It was our window. It went through, just as easy, this morning."

"Our window? Did the boy feel sorry? I suppose he offered to pay?"

"I'm—well, I'm offering now," Bobby stammered. "It was me."—Chicago Daily News.

Children Versus Church.

In a strong article in Suburban Life Magazine, Margaret Woodward raps the present-day woman and shows how the ancient and honorable calling of home-making is being neglected by the modern woman. As an example she cites the following: "Across the street a new family has moved in, consisting of father, mother and several small children. These children are allowed to amuse themselves by committing acts of lawlessness in adjoining yards. When visited by an irate neighbor, whose lawn had received a donation of tin cans and other abominations, the mother admitted she did not know what her children were doing. When asked why she did not look after them she offered as an excuse church duties, which were so arduous as to leave her no time."

How It Started.

It is a not unreasonable supposition that many, if not most, quarrels are like that described in the Washington Star. "So you and your husband are always quarreling?" asked the lawyer. "Yes," answered the young woman. "What do you quarrel about?" "I forget the subject of the first quarrel. But we have been quarreling ever since over who was to blame for it."

PLAN SIBERIAN SEA ROUTES

Russian Authorities Seek to Establish Communication From Its Pacific Ports.

Contrary to previous reports, it now appears that the plans of the English captain, Webster, to establish regular steamship communication between European ports and northwestern Siberia, by way of the Arctic ocean and Kara sea have been disapproved by the Russian government, obviously for the reason that this bold undertaking, which appeared to be entirely feasible, would have diverted considerable traffic from the Trans-Siberian railway. On the other hand, the Russian authorities are furthering in every way the establishment of communication by sea between Pacific ports and northwestern Siberia via Bering strait, says a writer in the Scientific American. A surveying party, under Captain Grunfield, has proceeded from Yakutsk to Nishni Kolymsk, at the mouth of the Koyma river, to make a thorough investigation of that port, and the geologist, J. P. Tolmatschew, will study the conditions of navigation between the mouths of the Kolyma and the Lena, including an examination of the Lena delta, with a view to establishing a sea route to the latter region. The icebreakers Taimyr and Waigatsch were to leave Vladivostok in May for a surveying expedition along the coast of Kamtchatka, after which they will proceed via Bering strait to the arctic coast of Siberia for a cruise at least as far west as the Lena. If ice conditions prove favorable, these vessels will attempt to pass Cape Chelyuskin and accomplish the northeast passage to the European port of Archangel.

SCENE IN THE NEAR FUTURE

When Man Shall Have Completed, as He Boasts He Will, His Mastery of the Air.

The old village postmaster limped out of his office and elbowed his way through the crowd of gaping rustics, squinted at the heavens through a three-foot telescope.

"Anythin' in sight, Uncle John?" inquired the village interrogation mark.

The postmaster did not reply. He caught sight of a moving speck low down in the sky. The speck arose, it gained in bulk, it came nearer. The postmaster closed his $4 telescope.

"Here she is, boys!" shouted the village cut-up.

The areoplane swerved down. The letters, "U. S. M.," were plainly visible.

"Lookoutbelowthere!" called a faint voice, and down came a leathera mail bag. It struck the village smarty squarely on the head and knocked him into the horse trough.

The old postmaster shook his telescope at the aerial carriers.

"You're three minutes late, boys," he yelled.

But the big bird was soaring away across the valley.

And Meat So Dear.

At 1 o'clock he stood in front of a bulletin board and read the fragmentary news from the convention. Under his arm he carried a bundle. "It's liver for dinner tonight," he explained. "I ought to be getting home with it before it spoils in this heat." His car came along just then, but a new bulletin went up, so he stayed.

At 4 o'clock he was seen watching for his car with one eye, and reading a new bulletin with the other. The bundle under his arm looked moist and worn. "I really must take the next car," he declared. "The folks in Kearny expected me home at noon. I'll just wait till I get the result of this ballot and then I'll break away."

At 7 o'clock he turned from the board with a sigh of disappointment. "I hoped the nomination was coming that time, sure," said he. Still watching the bulletins, he started for his car.

On the way to the corner he tossed his bundle into a wastepaper can.—Newark News.

Beware the Death Flower.

Scientists setting out to solve the mystery of the mammoth statues of Easter island have been cautioned—more or less humorously—to steer clear of El Banoer, another island of the Pacific. One of the early English explorers, Hugh Arkwright, who sailed the Pacific in 1581, warns travelers against visiting El Banoer—the home of the death flower. This flower, he says, is so large that a man can stand upright inside one of its blossoms. But if he does so he will surely fall asleep, lulled by the strange fragrance it distills. Then the flower folds its petals and suffocates him. "And so he passes into death through splendid dreams and gives his body to the death flower for food."

King George and the Collier.

While the king was looking at a seventeen-year-old pit pony which had been brought up for his inspection, the pony proved somewhat restless. "I expect the daylight worries him," said the king. "No, sir," replied the miner, "it is the headstall he dones't like. He can't see your majesty plain enough.—London Spectator.

Founded Girl Scouts.

Miss Clara Adelia Lister-Lane of Des Moines, Ia., is the founder and chief scout of the Girl Scouts of America. She organized the movement in 1910, and says that there are now 50,000 members. If there were more leaders, she says, fully 100,000 girls could be organized within 24 hours.

Some Good in It.

"I don't hear Blodgett stutter any more."

"No, he's curing himself. When he runs across a difficult sentence he repeats it over and over again until he masters it. See his lips move."

"Yes. What's he saying now?"

"Can't you catch it? He's saying 'irresponsible paranoiac.' Try it yourself."

She Had the Habit

"I'm dreadfully worried," said the girl in the white serge suit to her friend on the opposite side of the little table. "I don't know whether I can explain it to you because it is kind of involved."

"I'll have to go back to the time when I was fourteen and Willie had just looked upon my horizon. I thought he was the handsomest boy the beneficent powers above had ever permitted to glorify the earth. Effie Snow, who was in love with the boy who delivered groceries, and I used to quarrel for hours at a time, each trying to convince the other of the superior attractions of her beloved.

"I remember pointing out to Effie the glorious sweep of Willie's raven hair above his noble brow and the falcon fire of his flashing black eye.

"I said it showed that he was a hero destined to do noble deeds and that she was a horrid thing to say he was homely. It was just because she was jealous.

"Years later I came across a picture of a Sunday school picnic with Willie in the front row and I took a good look at him. He was a boy who was exaggerated at all points. His bristly hair stood straight up like a shoe brush nd he had pop eyes. He just queer looking and it seems to me that I have heard rumors from some one that he is running a livery stable in his home town.

"Well, when I was seventeen my heart belonged to Richard. I thought that of all the grand men on earth he was the grandest and used to sit at my window at night when I should have been getting my beauty sleep and look at the moon and dream of him.

"'Noble' was the adjective I applied to Richard. I meditated upon his serene brow, his poetic face and his wonderful profile. I likened it to a cameo and sighed to think that all the men in the world could not be like him and so redeem it from its prosaic ugliness. I said that just to look at him one would know he was filled with splendid aspirations and was far, far above sordid thoughts of gain that made most men selfish and grasping. I rember mother sighing at the time and murmuring that sordid gain was a mighty nice thing to have around when the grocery and milk bills came due.

"I saw Richard not long ago, and of all the lank, slipshod, weak faced, no account creatures he is the worst! I think he sells woodenware and takes his meals at a fifteen-cent restaurant. There wasn't a single, solitary thing about him to admire or look up to—and how I had raved about him once!"

"When I was eighteen I thought the sun rose and set in Mr. Judkins, who was a friend of father's and a bachelor. I said his face showed that he had fought with the world and had been a victor in his battles and the marks of his struggles only added to the strength of his countenance. I said that after knowing him the younger men bored me with their greenness and inexperience and that it was such a comfort to be able to rest on Mr. Judkins' superior judgment and know whatever he said was right.

"My family were terribly wrought up about the matter and father used regularly to explode when I spoke of Mr. Judkins' wisdom and stability. Mother would dissolve into tears and beg me not to ruin my life by marrying an old man. Well, that's five years ago—and today Mr. Judkins looks to me like a fat, weatherbeaten, elderly man and if there was a law compelling me to marry him I'd never obey the law if they put me into prison for life.

"There were several after Mr. Judkins. And every one at the time I considered the best looking man on earth. The attractive features I could dig up in those men would have been sufficient to make a perpetual beauty show of the masculine population of this big town we live in.

"And after we had our falling out every time I blinked my eyes and took another look I saw their thin hair and watery eyes, their crooked noses and awful ears.

"It never failed.

"Now what is worrying me—" the girl in white serge made marks on the doilies with her spoon, "is whether—

"You see, of course, I don't mean there is anything serious between Harry and myself, but—well, am I going to wake up and find out that he is homely and commonplace, too? That would be awful after I was married and—yet, I might as well tell you that I'm engaged to him! What do you think?"

"My dear," said her friend in a tone of awe, "if you can think for a minute that a man with a snub nose, red hair, small eyes and a walk like a kangaroo such as Harry has is the least bit good looking it is proof that you are so deeply in love with him that you'll never come to your senses! Go ahead and marry him!"

"I intend to!" said the girl in white serge, stiffly. "And I must say it's only jealousy on your part that makes you run down a handsome young man like Harry!"

"Anyhow, you're consistent!" said her friend.—Chicago Daily News.

What is a shrub in one climate may be a tree in another.

Height Too Much for Birds.

John Muir says that among the larger birds of the Yosemite valley are geese and eagles, and the former are often deceived in the height of the valley walls, rising to considerable height, only to find that the task is beyond them and then descending with loud screams. They are strong of wind and limb, but starting from the bottom they cannot reach the top.

THERE IS ONE GOD AND ONE MEDIATOR

The World Needs a Mediator, Church Needs Advocate.

Pastor Russell Addressed Two Large Audiences in Stockholm Yesterday. Left to Fill Lecture Appointment in Copenhagen, Brussels and London.



Stockholm, August 25.—Pastor Russell of London Tabernacle addressed two large congregations here in Swedish and left for Copenhagen, Kiel, Brussels and London. We report one of his addresses from I Timothy ii, 5, 6: "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a Ransom for all, to be testified in due time."

Many wonder why God does not forgive sin freely without requiring the death of Christ as a basis for reconciliation. We are to forgive those who trespass against us, because we do not occupy the place of Creator and Judge towards our fellows, and because we ourselves are sinners like others. For the Creator to forgive sin and remit its penalty unconditionally would be to admit either that the Law and penalty were too severe or that man was imperfect in his creation and unable to keep a perfect law.

Justice Cannot Admit Either Premise.

Divine Justice cannot admit either premise. Man was created "very good;" and the Law was reasonable, and the penalty just. For God to have overridden the justice of His own decree would have opened the door for transgressions on the part of angels, for each creature might justly claim the privilege of sin and forgiveness. This would vitiate justice. Instead, God manifested His love by providing a satisfaction for man's sin, a substitute under the penalty—Jesus.

The *Logos* was made flesh, and died willingly; "for the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross." The joy included the work mentioned in our text and also His own exaltation to the right hand of Divine Majesty.

Thus the Man Christ Jesus laid down an unforfeited human life and received the divine nature and glory far above angels. The human life laid down is to be "a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." (I Timothy ii, 6.) But that due time has not yet come nor has that sacrifice been appropriated for mankind. Hence "the sin of the world" is not yet taken away, although as the Mediator, Jesus has laid the price of human redemption in the hands of Divine Justice.

Jesus awaits the gathering of the Church, over whom He is Head. He, with the Church, His Body, will constitute the great Mediator, who will inaugurate the New Covenant, after completing His "better sacrifices." (Hebrews ix, 23.) The first of these was His own flesh; the remainder is the flesh of His Church; thus He said to Saul of Tarsus, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." See also Ephesians v, 30-32.

When the foreordained number of His members shall have passed to Him beyond the veil, then the great Mediator will be completed. Then bloodatonement will be applied on behalf of the world, and Divine Justice will accept that ransom-price. Thereafter the world will be free from the death sentence. Forthwith Christ will establish His Kingdom for restoring all that was lost in Adam.

No longer will it be true that the world lies in the Wicked One; thenceforth the world will be under Messiah's Kingdom. Satan will be bound. The knowledge of the Lord will fill the earth, and every creature will have opportunity of return to the Father's House. The wilfully disobedient will be destroyed in the Second Death.

"We Have an Advocate."

It will be observed that the Church is separate and distinct from the world and developed as the Body of the Mediator. The Church is called to become partaker of her Redeemer's sufferings and His divine nature. She was, by nature, "children of wrath even as others," hence needs Divine mercy also.

The invitation of this Age is to suffer with Christ, to sacrifice earthly interests and hopes, to be dead to the world with Him, and thus to be made sharers with Him in His heavenly glory and Kingdom.

But none is worthy to offer sacrifice nor could God accept imperfect sacrifices; hence the Divine provision is that we present our bodies to the High Priest for sacrifice. He then becomes our Advocate, and, in harmony with the Divine will, accepts us as "His flesh" and sacrifices us as such, imputing to us of His own merit to cover our blemishes. Thus the Church is "accepted in the Beloved." Thus suffering with Him as His members, we receive also a share with Him in His reward as members of the Body of Messiah, the Mediator, Prophet, Priest and King, through whom God's blessings are soon to be dispensed to the entire groaning creation, under the terms of the New Covenant. An appreciation of the Divine arrangement helps us greatly to estimate our privilege of suffering with Him, that we may also reign with Him.

Big Trout.

Steelhead trout are running in their natural habitat, which is the streams of southern California, and twelve of the beauties were recently caught from near the mouth of the Ventura river. Fred Hartman of Ventura got the prizes of the day in two fish which are the largest which have been caught in many seasons. One measured 28½ inches in length and the other 30 inches.

THE NEW ERA

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EDITORIAL.

THE Progressive Club of Riverton has been organized, and has announced its intention of putting in the field candidates for the borough council, two members of which are to be elected this fall. Mr. Mattis, one of the members whose time expires, is enrolled among the Progressives, so there is likely to be no opposition to his re-election from that quarter. The other retiring member is Robert Biddle, a pronounced Taft man. Mr. Biddle has served the borough of Riverton so well, and is in possession of so much valuable information regarding the sewer disposal plant which must be put in operation within a year, that it would be very short-sighted policy to deprive the taxpayers of Riverton of his services at this time—provided, of course, that Mr. Biddle will accept re-election; and we trust that the Progressive Club, since it has deemed it advisable to take up the matter of municipal officers, will see its way clear to endorse Mr. Biddle's candidacy, if he consents to stand for re-election.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a special meeting of the directors of the Riverton Branch of the Needlework Guild of America, held August 22nd, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call home our late president, Mrs Edward H. Ogden, it is therefore

Resolved that we desire to put on record our appreciation of her services as our first and only president for eighteen years, and our grief in her loss. Her advice and help were always freely given, and by her wise counsels the society has been brought to its present usefulness. We shall miss her sadly, but can only bow to the will of the Almighty and echo His greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And it is further resolved that these resolutions be spread on the minutes, and a copy sent to her family, and they shall also be printed in The New Era and the Weekly News.

ELLA M. F. SPACKMAN,
Secretary.

Championships—Riverton Country Club.

The annual contest for the Championship of the Riverton Country Club will be played on September 7th, 14th, 21th and 28th.

The qualifying round, medal play, will start on September 7th, after which the men will be divided into "eights" continuing to play; the first round match play September 14th, the second round match play on September 21st and the final round on September 28th.

It is expected that at least 32 players will enter this tournament.

There will be a medal for the the best score in the qualifying round, and cups will be offered for the winner and runner-up in each "eight" entering. The first "eight" will play for the "Riverton Cup," the second "eight" will play for the "Cinnaminson Cup" and the third "eight" will play for the "Burlington Cup."

The four men in each "eight" defeated in the first match round will continue to play, at match play, the winner of each "defeated four" being awarded a suitable trophy.

Members are requested to put their names on entry list on bulletin board at Club House as early as possible.

The Bull Moose in Riverton.

The Progressive Club of Riverton was organized tonight, adopting the Roosevelt policies in full, and will have candidates in the field for the two vacancies which occur in the borough collector. (The terms of councilmen Biddle and Mattis expire.) The officers are E. C. Stoughton, chairman, Mayor E. H. Flagg, Jr., treasurer, F. P. Hemphill, secretary. The other members of the club enrolled last night are Freeholder Lowden, Joseph Beck Tyler, Louis Corner, Sr., Councilman Louis Corner, Jr., Samuel MacMullin, Councilman Harry B. Davis, Councilman William N. Mattis, William B. Lynch, D. M. Clifton, George H. Mealley, John Armitage, F. P. Pfeiffer, J. J. Adolph. Messrs. Tyler and Stoughton were appointed delegates to the county convention, with Messrs. Davis and Lowden alternates. A public meeting will be held on September 16.

After the Classics.

"Now that the guests have gone," said the eminent pianist, "let's have a little rag-time and enjoy ourselves."

Can Defy Microbes.

A doctor in Yokohama, Japan, has built himself a novel house with a view to guarding against microbes. The walls of this remarkable edifice are made of blocks of glass. They are hollow, the interstices being filled up with a solution of salts of soda, which is intended to regulate the temperature of the interior. The windows are hermetically closed, and air is only admitted after passing through filters.

WEEKLY NEWS BUDGET
for Riverton and Vicinity

The public school will open September 9.

George Willingmeyre is in Wisconsin on business.

Joseph Dorgan spent Sunday in Atlantic City.

Miss Ineze Starks is visiting friends in East Orange.

Miss Ruth Sharp went to West Ridge, N. H., on Saturday.

The post office will close on Monday, Labor Day, 10 a. m.

Miss Elsie Evaul is spending a week in the Pocono Mountains.

Miss Gladys Dawson went to Maine Wednesday for a short trip.

Mrs. Horace S. Hofflinger spent Monday in Camden with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Biddle, Jr., returned from Cape May on Tuesday.

Mrs. Samuel MacMullin spent Wednesday with relatives in Tacony.

Mrs. F. B. Johnson and son are spending several days at Baltimore.

Mrs. C. C. Fitler and family returned from Bretton Woods on Tuesday.

Robert Stackhouse spent several days this week at Beach Haven on a fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cole, of Camden, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cole.

Scratch pads 3½x5½ inches, good bond paper, 8c per pound, at THE NEW ERA Office.

Miss Jean Klencklin returned home Tuesday, after spending two weeks at Wildwood.

Mrs. Nellie McCarty has returned home, after spending a month at Northfield, Mass.

James Elliot and sister, Miss Edna are spending a week with relatives in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Elizabeth Stranahan, of Jamesburg, is visiting her sister Miss Emma Stranahan.

Rev. F. L. Jewett, of Bordentown, was a visitor at THE NEW ERA office on Wednesday.

Mrs. Caswell returned home Thursday, after spending three weeks in New York and Atlantic City.

Mrs. Carrie Fest and daughters, Myrtle, returned Monday, after spending a week at Wildwood.

Mrs. Charles G. Davis and sons, Kenneth and Melvin, spent the week with relatives in Leesburg, N. J.

The annual meeting of the Riverton Yacht Club will be held next Tuesday evening at the club house.

Miss Mabel Stratton returned home today, after a week's visit with her sister near Washington, D. C.

F. S. Ringgold, a former resident of Riverton, is proprietor of a 10c, 15c and 25c store at Trinidad, Col.

Mrs. Charles Howard and children spent Wednesday and Thursday in Philadelphia with relatives.

Casper H. Padmore will spend two weeks with his brother, Edward, in Chicago, starting Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wyman and daughters have returned home after spending a week at Ocean City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Powers, of Roxborough, Pa., are spending a week with Capt. and Mrs. H. M. Powers.

S. J. Coddington and William Wolfschmidt returned home Sunday after spending two weeks at Fortesque.

Mrs. John Barr, who was operated on for appendicitis several weeks ago, has recovered and is able to be out-of-doors.

Miss Louise Horlacher is spending ten days in Norfolk, Va, with Miss Constance Darling, whose wedding will take place on Saturday.

Master Lee Styles and Master Alden Stackhouse, of West Philadelphia, spent Sunday with their grandmother, Mrs. Charles H. Stackhouse.

Mrs. Rebecca Hughes, Mrs. Amy M. Sharp and daughter, of Philadelphia spent a few days this week with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Mansfield have returned from their trip through the New England States, and are residing at Fourth and Main streets.

A new driveway, with stone gateposts and a cement approach, has been opened on the Fulton street side of Dreer's nurseries, near Fourth street.

Mrs. Margaret Worrell, of Mount Holly, mother of H. C. Worrell, died on Sunday. Interment was made Wednesday afternoon at Mount Holly.

Mrs. Seward C. Tremaine and Miss Tremaine, of Bridgeton, returned home Thursday after spending ten days with Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Houghtaling.

About forty members of the Girls Friendly, accompanied by Mrs. J. J. Reese and Rev. John Rigg, took their annual picnic to Knights Park on Wednesday.

Capt. Powers, Walter Powers, L. P. Lowden and James H. Lowden went to Barnegat on Wednesday in the captain's auto, and returned Thursday night with a barrel full of fish.

The schools at Westfield will open on September 3rd. The children from East Riverton will attend the school at Westfield, owing to the advance in price of tuition asked by the Riverton Board.

Mrs. James J. Karins and Miss Bessie Karins went to Corwell, Pa., last Tuesday, and attended the services at which seven women took the white veil at the Sister Catherine Drexel convent at that place.

A peach and ice cream festival will be held in the basement of the Moravian Church, Wednesday, September 4th, 6 to 10 p. m., under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society. Fruits, candies and fancy cakes also on sale.

Miss Ethel Mattis will entertain on the Thetis this evening. Among the guests will be the Misses Helen Apple, Ellen Atkinson, Helen Clark, Bertha Joyce, Anna Keil, Caroline Jackson, Helen Thatcher, Emma Sawyer, Adaline Seel, Frances Weart and Jennie Weart.

In its endeavor to secure the co-operation of municipal authorities in its warfare against trespassers, the Pennsylvania Railroad yesterday made public figures showing that its police department in 1911 spent more than $100,000 in its campaign against trespassing. This was nearly twenty per cent. of the total cost of maintaining the railroad's police force.

Compton's store will close at 12 o'clock on Labor Day.

A calculation by the New York Sun shows that in seven states alone, including New Jersey, a total of more than three million dollars has been collected from automobiles in license fees. In New York the revenue is near a million dollars, and as the number of motor cars is rapidly increasing, so is the tax. It is shown that in the last six months New York took 6,000 new cars, and that the increase in registration in the United States averages nearly 20 per cent. New Jersey now has one car to every sixty persons, which is perhaps the greatest for any one state.

Sewage Disposal in Philadelphia.

Tuesday's Evening Telegraph contained an article that would be interesting to those citizens of Riverton who think that our borough is the only municipality along the Delaware taking any active steps toward ceasing to pollute the river with sewage, as directed by the State Board of Health, and who have been heard to say repeatedly, "Philadelphia is doing nothing; why all this activity in our little town, whose sewage is not a drop in a bucketfull, compared with Philadelphia?" According to the article referred to, an Act of the Assembly of April 2, 1905, required Philadelphia to cease dumping its sewage into the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers by January 1, 1912, which time was later extended to 1914. With a view to complying with this Act extensive experiments have been made, to determine what method of disposal it will be best to adopt. An experimental plant has been in operation on the Schuylkill, on the site of the old water works at the foot of Thompson street, since 1909. In about two months Philadelphia expects to instal a provisional plant on a more extensive scale at Torresdale, to take care of the sewage from the city and county institutions there—the House of Correction, new County Prison, and Home for the Indigent, as well as all of Holmesburg, thus treating the sewage of about 10,000 persons. The cost of this plant will be over $100,000. It is estimated that the numerous plants required to take care of all of the city's sewage will cost in the neighborhood of forty million dollars.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Samuel Sargent, minister.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9.15 a. m., Sunday School.
10.30 a. m., Holy Communion and reception of members.
7 to 8 p. m., vesper service with special music. Preaching by the Rev. Norman V. Sargent, who is in his senior year at the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., and will return the second week in September.

Instant Postum

Postum Cereal is now put in a concentrated form requiring no cooking.

Put teaspoonful in cup filled with boiling water, add cream and sugar.

Small can 30c.

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Presbyterian Church Notes.

Rev. N. F. Stahl, D. D., pastor.
Services next Sunday as follows:
9 45 a. m. Sunday School.
10.45 a. m., morning service.
8 p. m., evening service.

Christ Church, Riverton.

Rector, Rev. John Rigg, B. D.
Services for September 1, thirteenth Sunday after Trinity:
7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.
10.15 a.m., Sunday School and Bible classes.
11 a. m., Holy Eucharist, sermon by the rector.
8.00 p. m., Evensong and sermon.

Services during the week:
Wednesday 9 a. m., matins and litany.
Friday 9 a. m., matins and litany.
8 p. m., evensong and address.

The Rector invites questions at the Friday evening service on matters spiritual, biblical or ecclesiastical.

Burlington Island Race.

The Burlington Island race of the R. Y. C. was sailed last Saturday, the Allegro winning in the one-design class. In the cruiser class the Tekama was the first to cross the line, but the heavy time allowance gave the race to the Kid.

In the one-design class the Nokomis led off from the starting line, and was first around the Buoy at Burlington, but the Allegro overtook her on the down trip, and beat her in by 17 minutes. In the cruisers the Tekama was first to get away, and maintained her lead throughout the race.

The prize for the one designers was presented by the Club, and for the cruisers by Charles C. Rianhard.

Summaries:

ONE DESIGNERS—Start 9.05

Boat and owner	Finish	E. Time
No. 2, W. M. Jones	2 36:38	5.31:38
No. 7, Leinau & Watkins	2.53:00	5 48:00
No. 1, A. G. Cook	2.59:40	5.54:40

CRUISERS—Start 9.10

Tekama, J. H. Reese	2 47:20	5.37:20
Kid, J. M. Hill	2.49:50	5.39:50

Show Strength of Character.

High cheek bones are said to indicate great strength of character in some direction.

How to Grow Tomatoes.

The meeting of the Burlington County Board of Agriculture held last Saturday, at the residence of Dr. Dorrance, formerly the place of Pomona Nurseries, was largely attended by the farmers and others throughout the greater part of Burlington County.

At about 10 a. m., the time appointed for convening, the men took a walk over the farm of Dr. Dorrance—some of the women accompanying them—to view mainly the growing crop of tomatoes, the subject for which the meeting was appointed.

The cost of producing, gathering and marketing an acre of tomatoes was lengthily considered; the participants being Ellis H. Rudderow, Herman Conrow, Samuel Coles and others.

It was suggested that $1.50 to $2 would be the approximate cost of setting out an acre of tomato plants; $3 to $4 an acre for the cultivation of the same; 600 baskets per acre the average yield; and a cost of from 2c to 3c a basket for picking; 8 tons an acre, the average yield, and the hauling about $2 per ton. Ten dollars per acre was deemed a fair rental for the land used. Samuel Coles thought one could not afford to pay $3 per thousand for tomato plants grown with hotbed customs and drive ten to twenty miles to secure them, as such plants are not generally up to the standard for very good results.

At the beginning of the afternoon exercises, and after all had been sumptuously fed under the large oak tree near the barn, Dr. Dorrance made a few very appropriate remarks, and Mr. Hall, superintendent of the farm, was introduced as an expert on tomatoes and their growth; but before his discourse some one asked where the San Jose Scale came from. John S. Collins stated that it came from China to California, and thence to the Pomona Nurseries on this identical farm.

Mr. Hall stated that nitrogen as a fertilizer produces vine and leaf, and phosphoric acid pertains to the growth of fruit in the tomato plant; hence he would combine these chemicals to obtain the best results. He advised spraying the tomato vines with the Bordeau mixture to destroy destructive insect life.

Leek and parsley are grown extensively on this farm, as well as tomatoes, all of wnich are used in the manufacture of the famous Campbell soup.

The greenhouses were a source of interest to the visitors on this occasion. These are dedicated to the growth of cucumbers and cantaloupes. The seeds of these are planted in earth, in oblong boxes or shallow troughs, and the vines are trained on leaning racks; the fruit hanging in mid-air, the cantaloupes being suspended in very open network baskets, made of rye straw. The cucumbers are not supported, but hang, and at the proper stage of growth are picked for market; some being 8 inches or over in length. It was said that cucumbers grown in this way under glass will produce fruit the year round. Near the greenhouses are patches of watermelons and pumpkins growing side by side and close together. (Will they not mix?)

The day was fine although quite warm, and the occasion one of happy social mingling, as well as interested interchange of thought and investigation.

Watchword: "Farmers to the front!"

Agriculture is becoming an intelligent art and he only who pursues it from a scientific standpoint is the most successful in his avocation.

IMPORTANT!

Everybody should know that one of the strongest Banking Institutions in this State is the

CINNAMINSON BUILDING and LOAN ASSOCIATION
of Riverton, N. J.

who for thirty-four years have been assisting hundreds of persons in securing their homes on the easy payment plan. On

Monday, October 14, 1912

they will issue the thirty-fifth series of stock and offer you an opportunity to subscribe for shares and begin at once to pay for your home. 836 shares of stock were issued in the 34th series and about $58,000 was loaned out on this particular series during the year just closing.

This should appeal to you, why not begin to save? About $7,000 to loan out monthly.

General Office of the Association, 422 Thomas Avenue.

J. OTTO THILOW, President
ROBERT BIDDLE, Vice President
JOS. H. SMITH, Secretary
H. B. LIPPINCOTT, Treas.

Base Ball.

Last Saturday Riverton won from the West Philadelphia team 11-2.

Next Saturday they will play the Towanda A. A.

All Have Their Opinion.

As yet it is undetermined which is the worse: "The man who can sing and won't, or the man who can't sing and will."

Foot Ball.

The Riverton foot ball team will open the season at Broad and Linden avenue on September 28. In the meantime the boys will get some practice and try to be in shape to maintain their record of the past four years, during which time they have not been scored on.

Players will report for practice next Thursday evening, September 5, at Broad and Main streets.

The schedule for the coming season has already been partially filled, and includes some of the best teams in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. The support of the public is most earnestly requested.

The team will have considerable new blood this year, improving the line and strengthing the back field. The boys are filled with enthusiasm and confidence, and are impatiently awaiting the opening game.

On Monday evening, September 9, the team will give a dance on the West End grounds, to raise money for suits. Dancing 8 to 12. Brinkhirst's full orchestra. Tickets, 25c, may be had from any player.

Notice of Registry and Elections.

In conformity with the provisions of an act entitled "An Act to Regulate Elections (Revision of 1898,") approved April 4, 1898, and the amendments thereof, notice is hereby given that the Board of Registry and Election in the

Township of Cinnaminson,

in the County of Burlington, will meet for the purpose of making a registration of voters, on the dates and at the place hereinafter designated:

TUESDAY, SEPTEMB -R 10, 1912
(House to House Canvass of Voters)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1912
(For General Election Only)
(From Seven A. M. to Nine o'clock P. M.)

TUESDAY OCTOBER 29, 1912
(From One to Nine o'clock P. M.)
AT
Harris Hall

And that a Primary Election for making nominations, electing members of the County Committees of the respective parties, and expressing the popular preference for United States Senator to be chosen at the next session of the Legislature; will be held at said place of registration on the

24th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1912, between the hours of seven o'clock A. M. and nine o'clock P. M., in the Township of Cinnaminson, in the County of Burlington; and that a General Election will be held in said Township at the place of registration on the

5th DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1912, for the purpose of electing the following:

Presidential Electors
Congressman
State Senator
Member of the General Assembly
County Auditor
Coroner
Five members of the Small Board of Freeholders
Township Committee
Collector
Assessor
Constable
Pound Keeper

Also adopting the several appropriations for the ensuing year. Amount of appropriations to be raised for Township purposes $1600.

GEORGE C. FRANK,
Clerk of Cinnaminson Township.

Keith's Theatre.

The week of September first at Keith's Theatre celebrates the opening of vaudeville's grandest fall and winter season. The management has sought to set a variety pace that will cause more widespread comment and enthusiasm than has greeted any season since the opening of the popular playhouse.

First on the banner-list is that travesty drama of "up-state folks," as the author calls it, presented by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, entitled, "More Sinned Against Than Usual," from the pen of the witty and talented author-painter-playwright, Mr. Everitt Shinn.

After long absence, the charming prima donna vocalist, Miss Linden Beckwith, known as the "Magnetic Mistress of Melody," makes a welcome re-appearance, offering some of the latest ballads in her own individual manner. Miss Beckwith is not only a consummate comedienne and vocal artist, but she is considered to be one of the best-gowned women on the American stage.

The Metropolitan Minstrels, composed of Philadelphia juvenils under the leadership of Miss Ray Dooley, also well-known in this city, return to make another hit with us—the cleverest sextette of blackface minstrel kiddies that ever appeared in vaudeville.

The children are well remembered on this program in the person of Miss Belle Hathaway with her funny trained monkeys—a whole stageful of them, as it were. Miss Hathaway has also made friends of Philadelphia audiences, particularly among the little folks, and will be warmly welcomed. Bring the kiddies for a good laugh!

Notice of Registry and Elections.

In conformity with the provisions of an act entitled, "An Act to Regulate Elections (Revision of 1898,") approved April 4, 1898, and the amendments thereof, notice is hereby given that the Board of Registry and Election in the

Borough of Riverton

in the County of Burlington, will meet for the purpose of making a registration of voters, on the dates and at the place hereinafter designated:

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1912
(House to House Canvass of Voters)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1912
(For General Election Only)
(From Seven A. M. to Nine o'clock P. M.)

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1912
(From One to Nine o'clock P. M.)
AT
House of the Riverton Fire Co., Howard above Fourth street, Riverton, N. J.

And that a Primary Election for making nominations, electing members of the County Committees of the respective parties, and expressing the popular preference for United States Senator to be chosen at the next session of the Legislature, will be held at the said place of registration on the

24th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1912, between the hours of seven o'clock A. M. and nine o'clock P. M., in the Borough of Riverton, in the County of Burlington; and that a General Election will be held in said Borough at the place of registration on the

5th DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1912, for the purpose of electing the following:

Presidential Electors
Congressman
State Senator
Member of the General Assembly
County Auditor
Coroner
Five members of the Small Board of Freeholders
Two members of Borough Council
Collector

JOHN H. REESE,
Clerk of Riverton Borough.

Street Cries to Be Preserved.

Armed with a recording gramophone, M. Ponge, a schoolmaster in Paris, spends his leisure hours lying in wait for street cries in populous quarters. He is preparing a museum of speech, which he will leave behind him for the instruction of future ages. When he hears the Parisian equivalent of "Milk" or muffin man, he pounces on them and compels them to sing or ring bells into his receiver. He has already collected most of the well-known street cries.

Out of the Question.

William H. Crane was twitted because his lines in "The Senator Keeps House," his new play, are not witty. "I had the matter up with the authoress," retorted Crane, "and after I had aired my views at length she blandly replied: 'You can't expect a senator to be witty in his own house!'"

CARE CONVENIENCE SAFETY

BANKING SERVICE

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

THE
CINNAMINSON NATIONAL BANK
OF RIVERTON

THE BEST

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

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

Your account is cordially solicited.

DON'T THROW

away the opportunity to have your bin filled with high grade, wellscreened coal. It is a great satisfaction to know that you have your winter's supply safe in your house before cold weather comes, and now is the time to do it, before prices go up, by ordering from Evans's.

JOSEPH T. EVANS
RIVERTON
5-12-11



Watson's Local Express

Riverton and Palmyra to all parts of Philadelphia daily

MOVING A SPECIALTY

Orders can be left at 623 Main Street, Riverton; W. T. McAllister, Palmyra, and 251 Market Street, Philadelphia

Phones: Riverton, 328
Philadelphia, Market 255

JOHN B. WATSON

HOWARD PARRY

Real Estate and Insurance

RIVERTON, N. J.

Something Here You Want?

We have such an assortment of useful as well as interesting articles to solicit your attention we cannot name all, but as for anything in building materials you all know we have the goods. But you should see our line of

Poultry Food, Feeders and Fountains
Garden Tools of all descriptions
A Patent Ash Sifter that will save all that precious coal
Rubbish Burners that won't let the waste paper blow all around
But don't let us send you one of those Simple Power Washing Machines for free trial unless you want a permanent fixture, for you won't be satisfied without it afterward
Imitation Hard-wood Rug-Borders will save you much time and labor
To make the children happy, buy them Roller Skates

J. S. COLLINS & SON

PAUL C. BURR, Mgr.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 2

Begin now to acquire the business knowledge that means success. We place all our graduates. 150 students last year. Bookkeeping, etc. Either Pitman or Gregg Shorthand, latter fastest system known. Write for Prospectus.

PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS COLLEGE
1017 Chestnut St., Phila.

Friends' High School and Kindergarten

Cor. Second and Chester Avenue
Moorestown, N. J.

RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 9th
with well equipped buildings for all grades

A thoroughly modern school under the direction of an efficent, experienced faculty.

Special instructions in singing, drawing, manual training and physcial culture.

Individual attention given in all branches.

General Academic and Collegiate Preparative Courses.

Certificate relations with Swarthmore, University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Wellesley and all Colleges admitting by certificate.

Lunch served daily at reasonables rates.

For catalogue, etc., address

MRS. HENRY H. LIPPINCOTT
or MRS. JOSEPH L. THOMAS
Riverton, N. J.
Members of Committee.

SIMEON VAN TRUMP JESTER
Principal

Food for Babies

SICK OR WELL

should have careful attention. They cannot as a rule digest ordinary cow's milk which has not received special treatment.

BORDEN'S Malted Milk

IN THE SQUARE PACKAGE

will be found a satisfying, non-irritating easily digested food; finely powdered, and ready for immediate use by the addition of water.

Recommended and for sale by

Wm. H. Stiles
Pharmacist
Riverton, New Jersey

Ask for BORDEN'S at the Fountain

CARL WALLIN

Fine Shoemaker

SHOES MADE TO ORDER
REPAIRING DONE

507 Main St., Riverton

C. W. LUDLOW

Fresh and Salt Meats

Our own make
Sausage, Scrapple and Lard

521 Howard Street
Riverton

Houses Building Lots
Sale and Rent

Windstorm, Tornado Cyclone and Fire INSURANCE

ADA E. PRICE
416 Lippincott Avenue, Riverton

Annual Water Rates
OF THE
RIVERTON AND PALMYRA WATER COMPANY

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

¾-inch tap, kitchen	$6.00
Bath tub	4.00
Wash basin	1.00
Wash tub	1.00

The above is for either hot or cold water or both.

Water closet, self-acting, pan valve or reservoir	3.00
Outside tap, 50 feet or less	6.00

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

JOSEPH MORGAN,
President.

HOWARD PARRY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

INTERESTING NEWS BITS in and around Palmyra

G. W. B. Hall spent Sunday at Wildwood.

Master Thomas Given spent Sunday at Ocean City.

Miss Caroline Rutter spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fraser spent Sunday at Anglesea.

Mrs. Walton Leap spent Monday, with her mother in Camden.

Russel Holt will spend Sunday and Monday at Atlantic City.

Mrs. John Brown and son spent Sunday with friends at Chester.

Miss L'zzie Kemmerle is at Ventnor for two weeks with relatives.

Warren Erwin entertained his father from Philadelphia on Sunday.

Mrs. William Stack spent Monday with her sister in Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Ford entertained relatives from Philadelphia, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Storrick spent Sunday with friends in Chester.

Mrs. James P. Cooke is spending a week with friends at Swedesboro.

Everett Gladney moved from Broad street to Horace avenue this week.

William Trout is spending a few days with his relatives in Williamstown.

David Sutton has returned home, after spending a week at Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Sawn attended the funeral of Rev. J. S. Sawn at Paulsboro on Tuesday.

Miss Anna Sutton returned on Wednesday, after spending six weeks at Cape May.

Mrs. Freemont Miller entertained her sirter, Mrs. Ware, of Pottsville, Pa., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grubb were among the Sunday visitors at Wildwood.

Scratch pads 3½x5½ inches, good bond paper, 8c per pound, at THE NEW ERA Office.

Miss Sabina Kehr, of Taylor, Pa., is spending some time with Mrs. S. A. Plumly.

Baldwin Prickett entertained Frank Streit, of Philadelphia, Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Truman and children spent Monday with friends at Chester.

John F. Platt, of Washington avenue, who has been very low with pleurisy, is improving.

Miss Florence Powell returned Tuesday night from three weeks spent at Geneva, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Barrett returned on Sunday, after spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

Mrs. A. R. Bradley and Mrs. Keim and daughters are spending a week at Ocean City.

Miss Caroline Jackson has returned home after spending several weeks at Stone Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. J Wesley Connor have returned home after spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

Morris Beck went to Norfolk, Va., Wednesday, to stay with his brother George, who is ill.

Miss Ethel Morton entertained Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Jackson, of Philadelphia, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCord are entertaining the former's father, of Philadelphia, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Morton returned home Tuesday after spending several days at Ocean City.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles H. Williams returned home today, after spending a month at Palmer, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Plumly, Mrs. Lizzie Aten and Miss Bina Kehr spent Sunday at Valley Forge.

Mrs. Hattie Gray and daughter, Marie, of Camden, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Given.

Harry Mansfield has returned from Mount Hermon, Mass., and will remain in Palmyra for the present.

Mrs. Seward Lisk and son have gone to New York where she will live with Mr. Lisk's mother, who is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ware and child, of Atlantic City, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Freemont Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Trout spent Saturday and Sunday visiting relatives and friends in Williamstown.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Taylor and family returned home Tuesday, after spending two weeks with friends in North Jersey.

Arthur Vaughn injured his foot on Tuesday by jumping upon a steel hook, as he leaped over a fence in the back yard.

Miss Alma Hurff, who has been suffering from an attack of acute indigestion for the last few days, is able to be around again.

Mrs. Nicholas Meginney returned home Monday, after spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Christine, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. James Tomes and Mr. and Mrs Albert Tomes and children returned home Monday, after spending two weeks at Atlantic City.

Owing to Monday, September 2, being a holiday, the Palmyra Building and Loan Association will meet Tuesday evening, the 3rd.

Harry Whitehead, of Elmira, N. Y returned to his home Thursday, after spending several days with his sister, Miss Whitehead.

The vesper services, which have been meeting with success at the Methodist Church, will be continued until the first Sunday in October.

Reports from the hospital last night stated that H. P. Hurff is improving rapidly. He feels very comfortable, and has a good appetite.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCord and Misses Florence and Catherine Allen, of Philadelphia, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George McCord.

Miss Alma Hurff and thirteen other girls from the Philadelphia office attended the banquet at Atlantic City given by the Heralds of Liberty, yesterday.

Miss Alice Harding has tendred her resignation as assistant at the post office, to take effect September 1. Her successor has not yet been appointed.

The Boy Scouts, of Spokane, Wash., have been doing useful work this summer in co-operating with the Realty Board to stop the breaking of windows in vacant houses.

Miss Eva M. Bethel and Thomas F. White, of Philadelphia, were married in the Moravian Church last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Paul S. Meinert, assisted by Rev. F. B. Raub, of the Third Moravian Church, Philadelphia.

William Wood and family, of West Philadelphia, returned home Wednesday after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kemmerle. Miss Margaret Kemmerle went with them for a fortnight.

The boys know how to entertain, and all who attend the dance to be given by the Riverton foot ball team at the West Palmyra grounds on September 9, are assured in advance of a good time. Dancing 8 to 12. Music by Brinkhirst's full orchestra. Tickets 25c from any player.

Next Wednesday, September 4, is the last day on which petitions may be filed by canidates for local offices. Up to last night Township Clerk Albert N. Stewart had recived only one petition, and that was filed by William McConnell, who wants to be elected a member of the Democratic County Committee.

Independence Fire Company, No. 1, of Palmyra, was 25 years old on the 8th of this month. Of the 55 original members but four are alive who have retained their active membership—George W. B Hall, who was the first First Assistant Foreman, Levis H. Wallace, John P. Saar and Charles Cooper. The quartette are justly proud of their long continuous service.

Mrs. A. B. Powell has been confined to the house this week suffering with injuries to her foot sustained on Wednesday of last week when she attempted to board a trolley car in front of her home on West Broad street. As she was about to put her foot on the step the car lurched and nearly threw her off. Mrs. Powell also suffered sundry bruises about the head and other parts of her body.

Field Club Notes.

The Field Club boys traveled to Riverside Saturday minus some of their star players, and lost to the Taubel team by the score of 6–1.

Moses and Holt, two port-siders, were opposing slabmen, and Moses came out way ahead, as the Palmyra boys could only get six hits off of his delivery, while Taubel got to Holt for fifteen safe swats, but at that the score wouldn't have been so large had the boys fielded in anything near their usual style, but this no doubt was caused by the condition of the grounds.

Taubel started scoring in the fourth, when Saar, after fumbling Ellis' easy grounder, threw the ball over Baker's head; Hughes singled to right, which scored Ellis, and was caught trying to get to second. Richardson then put one over the centrefield fence for a double; scored on Woodington's single, who scored when Baker missed Guss' grounder and Moses' single. They added one more in the fifth on three singles. Another run was scored in the sixth, when with the bases full Russell Holt forced a man over with his only base on balls.

Palmyra's only run came in the ninth when Walter Gibbons and George Durgin each doubled, Baker singled and Polis was given a base on balls. Hubbs then hit to short and was called out at first, when he was safe by a yard, nipping our rally.

This Saturday we go to Riverside again, and both Kemmerle boys will be on hand, so a different tale should be told next week. Forget about our game last week and come up once again with us this Saturday. Trolleys leave 2 30 and 3.30 p. m.

On Labor Day, we have as our opponents the Beverly team. This is the team you have heard so much about and they are some strong team, so come out and root for the local boys. This will be the last League game on the home grounds. Game called Labor Day at 3.30 p. m. Admission 15c.

Squibs.

Richardson, at short for Taubel, played a star game.

Stack and Baker each had two hits.

Saar didn't hit the ball all afternoon, striking out every time up.

Hubbs caught a nice game.

Boehme will most likely do the twirling next week.

Powers, Taubel's catcher, hit Holt for three singles and a double.

Umpire O'Niell was afraid to give any close decisions to the visitors. He is Southwark's old manager.

This Saturday at Riverside—our old rivals the Riverside A. A.

Monday, September 2nd, at Palmyra. This is Poth's star team.

September 7th at Florence, and September 14th and 21st we play Riverton on our grounds.

ROOTER.

Althouse Family Reunion.

On August 21 John A. Althouse and wife, their two daughters, Mrs. Lucy Krecker and son, and Mrs. E. D. Hickman, son, and her husband, Dr. Hickman, of West Chester, attended the Althouse family reunion at Perkasie, Pa., at which 125 persons were in attendance. A permanent organization was effected, and arrangements made to hold the reunion annually. John A. Althouse, of Palmyra, is a member of the advisory committee. The authentic history of the family in America dates back to 1749, at which time Arnold Althouse arrived in this country aboard the ship Fame. Four members of the Canadian Althouses, which there are about 300, were present. At the meeting next year it is expected to have a much larger attendance of the Canadian cousins, and it is hoped to have at least a representation from Germany and England, in both of which countries the Althouses are numerous.

Christ Church, Palmyra.

Rev. T. J. Bensley, rector.

Services at Christ Church, for next Sunday are as follows:

7.30 a. m., Holy Eucharist.

11 a. m., Choral Holy Eucharist and sermon.

8 p. m., choral evensong and sermon.

The Sunday School will re-open next Sunday, September 1st, at 3 p. m. The Rector wishes for a record attendance and will be glad to see all scholars back again.

Caught Robbing Mail Box.

While on his way to Riverton Tuesday morning, Harry Vannenbaugh, who drives the junk wagon of Morris Getz, of Riverside, saw four boys extract a letter from the rural mail box of E. M. Middleton, at Cambridge. He saw them go into some bushes by the roadside and open it, throwing away the letter and envelope. The letter contained a railroad ticket, which they kept. Vannenbaugh followed the quartette into Palmyra, where he gave the alarm, resulting in the capture of the whole band. Vannenbaugh caught one, Officer Grubb one, Walter Storrick the third, and Earl Cooper the last one. They were placed in the lockup. Postmaster Wimer was notified of the capture and Wednesday morning Inspector Furness, of Philadelphia, questioned the boys, who gave their names as Harry Meyers, of Newark, N. J., Herman Fink, Paul Smith and Jake Greenbaum, of Philadelphia. They all agreed that young Fink took the letter, which he admitted. During the examination Greenbaum was seen to wink significantly at Fink several times, and the manner of the boys would seem to indicate that it had been agreed between them to lay the blame on Fink, who was the youngest of the party, thinking, possibly, that he would get off easier because of his tender age—he did not look to be a day older than fourteen years.

The boys said they had been to Riverside looking for a job with the circus, and that being unsuccessful they were on their way back to Philadelphia.

Fink was held for the U. S. Marshal, who came for him Wednesday evening. The other three lads, against whom there was no evidence, were allowed to go Thursday morning.

Notice to Delinquent Subscribers.

The Lakewood Citizen, in large type, under a double column heading, goes after its delinquent subscribers in this fashion:

"We are sending out several hundred subscription bills this week which we were surprised to learn run into thousands of dollars. We want those who get the bills to understand that it is a matter of business and we want the money. It takes a lot of money to get out the Citizen in its present form and we must collect what is rightfully due us. Patience has ceased to be a virtue with some of our delinquents and we do not intend to be a good fellow with them any longer. We are aware they will spout and blow when they get a notice to settle from a legal representative, but the official will be instructed to collect the money if the subscriber is worth it and if not he will not get the Citizen. This is a plain statement of facts but it is just where we stand. With the present high cost of living it is a little expensive to be in business for your health."

The Citizen has our sympathy. While our delinquents do not run into the hundreds, nor do their united arrearages amount to thousands of dollars, there are enough of them to make the journalistic path much easier to travel if they would pay up.

"The Doll Stories."

"The Dollie Stories," written by Farmer Smith, of Cedar Grove and Montclair, and illustrated attractively by William B. Pell, is a perfectly fascinating book for both boys and girls. It tells about every child's dear old pals, the cat, the dog, the goat, the rabbit and the monkey, and every kind of doll ever heard of. But, bless you, how different and up-to-date they all are, with their air-ships and autos!

There is one lovely story on each page, set in a broad, pictured border, so you can pick the book up any place and not need to "please turn over" to get to the end of that story.—*From The Montclair Times, August 17, 1912.*

Moravian Church Notes.

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

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

10.45 a. m., Litany and sermon by the pastor. Theme, "Children's Rights."

7.00 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. consecration meeting led by the pastor. Subject, "Hopefulness."

7.30 p. m., song service and Labor Day sermon by the pastor. Theme, "True Religion and Industrial Life."

Fate's Grim Humor.

A pauper murderer in a German prison has just fallen heir to $5,000,000.

PROPOSALS.

Proposals for the grading necessary to curb and the curbing of certain sidewalks, crosswalks and gutters in the Township of Palmyra. The Township Committee of the Township of Palmyra, in the County of Burlington hereby requests proposals to do all the work and furnish all the materials necessary to be furnished for the constructing and curbing of the uncurbed sidewalks, crosswalks and gutters, as follows, viz:

(1) Construct curb on the Northerly side of Broad Street from Market Street to Elm Avenue.

(2) Construct curb on both sides of Leconey Avenue from Broad Street to Fourth Street.

(3) Construct curb on the Westerly side of Delaware Avenue from Broad Street to Fifth Street.

(4) Construct curb on the Easterly side of Delaware Avenue from Broad Street to Fourth Street.

(5) Construct curb on both sides of Fourth Street from Leconey Avenue to Delaware Avenue.

(6) Construct curb on both sides of Fifth Street from Leconey Avenue to Delaware Avenue.

(7) Construct curb on the Easterly side of Parry Avenue from Broad Street to Township Line.

First. A separate bid for the substantial grading necessary to raise or reduce the ground on which the curb is to be constructed to the established grade; and for the furnishing of materials, the incidental grading and the curbing or re-curbing those portions of the sidewalks that shall lie in the angles at the intersection of streets.

Second. A separate bid for the furnishing of materials, the incidental grading and the curbing or re-curbing of all the uncurbed sidewalks which shall lie in front of or border upon the lands so to be improved.

The curb to be constructed so that it will not be less than eighteen (18) inches deep, eight (8) inches at base and six (6) inches at top, composed of broken slag, Jersey gravel, and the best Portland Altea Cement or its equivalent, and to be guaranteed for five years.

The proposals should be received by Albert N. Stewart, Township Clerk, Palmyra, New Jersey, and endorsed "Proposals for Sidewalks," by the 10th day of September, 1912 at 8.00 p. m.

Specifications will be furnished on request.

ALBERT N. STEWART,
Township Clerk.

Dated Palmyra, N. J.
August 29th, 1912.

Desperate Chance to Save Life.

An interesting operation has just been performed in Sedan hospital, Paris. Six months ago a little girl was badly burned. The flesh of her back was completely carbonized, and the doctors had no hope of saving her life. As a last resource they decided to make an attempt at grafting human skin. The child's father, a workman, offered himself for the purpose. The other morning, while under chloroform, all the skin was removed from one of his thighs and grafted upon the child's back. Only a third of the huge burnt patch could be covered, but the doctors have hopes of her recovery. As for the father, it will be a long time before he is completely recovered.

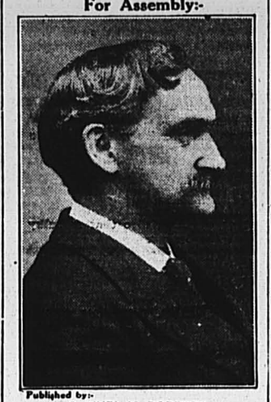
Dog's Suicide.

French veterinary surgeons are saying that Lepreux's dog deliberately committed suicide. "Dyck," as his name is spelled, had been as attached to his master as his master was to him, and he whined by day and night, refusing every atom of food. The dog was taken out one day, but he was hardly in the street when he ran in front of a tramcar. The driver was able to stop in time, and "Dyck" escaped without a scratch. But as soon as the vehicle moved on he repeated the performance and was crushed. Veterinary surgeons who have hospitals for animals consider this no novel case, and quote many cases of dogs' suicide.

Parisian Advertising Scheme.

The latest novelty to attract the public of Paris is a young woman who the other day in an attractive looking smartly cut tailor-made costume, patent leather shoes and a large fashionable hat, appeared on one of the principal boulevards smoking a cigarette. In her hand she carried a riding whip. A large crowd gathered as she continued her walk along the boulevard until she reached a shop, in which she disappeared. Emerging a moment after she announced to the crowd in a clear voice that admittance was free.

For Assembly:-



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SAMUEL M. ROBERTS,
Edgewater Park, N. J.

AIR KING WALSH AT TRENTON FAIR

Countless Thrills For Thousands When Curtiss Wizard Does the "Turkey Trot" and Other Feats.

Throughout the east the Trenton Fair is looked to for the great thrill of the year, and in the past the thrill has never been lacking. The 1912 Fair, which is to be held Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 2, 3 and 4, will, it is said, surpass all former years with its sensational feature, for Secretary Mahlon R. Margerum has just announced the securing of that king of all air men, Charles F. Walsh of the Curtiss Exhibition company.

Trenton Fair patrons have witnessed flying feats before, but the performances of other years will pale into insignificance when compared to the extreme daring of Mr. Walsh. Mr. Walsh will introduce the feats that have made him the most talked of aviator the world has yet known, including the new "turkey trot," the spiral glide from a height of 6,000 feet, dipping and other death defying tricks that no one has ever done as the incomparable Walsh does them.

Mr. Walsh is to give flights every day in a Curtiss machine, and the Trenton Fair may well be considered fortunate in securing such a marvel of skill and daring.

HIGH CLASS HORSE SHOW AT TRENTON 1912 FAIR

At the close of the 1911 Trenton Fair there was only one opinion in regard to the horse show as directed by Robert A. Fairbairn—it was a show worthy only of highest praise and equal to most of the strictly horse shows in the country in spite of the fact that it was only one of the many features of the remarkable Trenton Fair.

Mr. Fairbairn will again have charge of this feature, and so much has been done to make it excel last year that no other result seems possible. Again the Fair will make a great showing of Clydesdales, Percherons and all other horses. An innovation will be the judging of all horses in a newly constructed ring directly in front of the grand stand.

Still another feature will be the parade of the prize winning horses and cattle Thursday. This should prove one of the most interesting events of the Fair, as some of the best show horses in America will be seen in the parade.

There will be a decided increase in the cattle show for 1912 also, as Professor Minkler has been devoting a great deal of his time in the development of this department. A new feature will be the Todd interstate breeders' consignment sale, to be held Thursday, Oct. 3.

This high class horse and cattle show should make Trenton the Mecca for all horse and cattle breeders during the Fair, which will be held this year Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Blasted Ambition

It was a hot day and Abe Shreter sat on a chair under the awning of Skinner's grocery, with his feet on the head of a barrel and his head nodding with drowsiness. Colonel Harper, who had come into town and left his mule hitched in front of the postoffice, came along on his way to the drug store and halted to say:

"That yo', Abe? I declar' to goodness but I didn't know yo' at first sight. Powerful hot day in town."

"Bless me, kurnel, bless me!" exclaimed Abe in reply, as he slowly lowered his legs to give the colonel the benefit of the barrel. "I was jest a-thinkin about yo', kurnel—jest a-thinkin' and a-pondering. How's co'n a-getting on this weather?"

"Ought to be a little mo' rain, mebbe, but co'n isn't looking 'tall bad."

"And mewls hold their own, I reckon to consider?"

"Jest about hold their own, Abe; jest about."

"That's good, kurnel. If I can't hold my own I'm still glad to see other folks do it. Things are looking up a bit for me, however. These yere Pike county scandalizers seem to have got tired of throwing me down and jumping on my head, and mebbe I'll get a chance to draw a long breath. Dawg-gone folks who ain't willing for other folks to get along!"

"Scandalize ain't right," said the colonel as he moved his hat to mop his forehead.

"Of co'se it ain't; of co'se not. Can't make a man better by scandalizing him—can't possibly do it. Can't put ambition into a man's soul by throwing him down every week or two. He's got to be encouraged if yo' want him to do his best. Have I been encouraged in this town, kurnel? Has Pike county ever extended her hand to help me climb up?"

"Reckon not, Abe."

"No, suh; no, suh, 'cept by one solitary human being, whose name is Kurnel Harper. You run to co'n and mewls, and yo' work 22 men on yo'r plantation the year round, but that don't prevent you from seeing and realizing all sorts of situations. Firstly, I went into the late wah as a private soldier. I came out the same thing. Drat their pesky hides, but they were making captains and majahs and kurnels, while I was pouring out my blood for love of country—that is, I was willing to pour, which is the same thing, I take it."

"'Bout the same, Abe," paternally replied the colonel, "except that the bullets don't hit yo'."

"When the wah ended I run for office, same as all the rest. They owed me an office for having laid down my life for my country, but what was my reward? Kurnel Harper, I reckon yo' can remember that I was knocked out—h'isted 20 feet high—snowed under till yo' couldn't see the top of my hat. That's the way Pike county encouraged me to grab hold with both hands and climb to the top!"

"Yes, I remember about that," mused the colonel, as he watched a dog rolling over and over in the dusty street.

"Then I turned to law," continued Abe as he hitched the chair over to get a brace for his feet on a post of the veranda. "Kurnel Harper, nobody on the face of this big earth will ever know how I pinched and saved and starved and worked to get that law business down to a fine point. Did anybody encourage me? Not a critter. Not a pesky varmint had a kind word for me. If I'd known yo' during them struggling times yo'd have been the man to open yo'r wallet and hand me out $30 or so, and tell me to pay it back in my own good time. Yes, that would have been yo, kurnel."

"Yes, mebbe," doubtfully replied the colonel.

"Wall, I got to be a lawyer. Then what? I wanted practice. I finally got a case and went into court with it, but the pesky jury was lying in ambush to throw me down. Yes, suh—had the purtiest, nicest, cleanest case yo- ever heard tell of, and that jury was bound by law and evidence to bring in a verdict for me, but I got the cold flop instead. They brought my client in guilty of stealing a hawg when he was 30 miles away at the time, at the bedside of his dying mother. Do yo' call that encouraging a young man, kurnel? Was that giving me a show to climb up?

"Can't skassly call it that, Abe, but if I remember right, they found fresh pork in yo'r client's house."

"They found meat there, of co'se, but was it the meat of that yere hawg or some other? They never stopped to consider, kurnel—jest throwed the verdict agin me in order to crush me out. Same way in the second case, and the third and fo'th. No matter how many witnesses I had or how plain I made my case, no Pike county jury would find for me. How many times have yo' to flop a young man, Kurnel Harper, to kill off his ambition and take the fight out of him?"

"'Bout fo' times, I reckon."

"Jest about fo' times, kurnel. After that fo'th flop I realized that Pike county was agin me as a lawyer, and I went into politics. There I was flopped agin."

"But yo' won't have to go to work, will yo', Abe?" queried the colonel.

"Never in this world, kurnel; never in this world. That's what Pike county wants to drive me into, but she shall never succeed."

Blind Workers First.

It was the recruit's first fire. A piano factory was burning. Said the battalion chief to the recruit: "Find out where the tuning room is and make for that." The recruit obeyed; afterward he asked why. "Because daring working hours you are likely to find several blind men there," said the chief. "Many piano tuners are blind, and in case of fire they need first help in getting out. When fighting fire in a piano factory always bear that in mind."

Pet Woodchuck Good "Ratter."

A pet woodchuck at the home of Johnnie Hughes of Cascade, Pa., catches mice and rats with the success and agility of a cat. It was its association with a cat that taught the chuck to become a "ratter." The eye of the animal and its scent appear to be more acute than even a cat's. It will lie for half an hour at a rat hole and wait for the rat to appear. It is generally sure death to the rat when the chuck makes a dive.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this heading for one cent a word, each insertion payable strictly in advance. Minimum charge 25c.

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FOR SALE—Rubber tire pony cart with saddle and harness. Sleigh nearly new. Apply 718 Main street. 8-30-2

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FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Lower half of double house on Leconey avenue below Fourth. Eight rooms, bath. Apply Fourth and Linden, Riverton. Phone 3X.

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WANTED—Stable accommodation for horse and wagon. Address Box 232, Riverton. 8-16 3

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P. R. R. TIME TABLE

In effect June 21, 1912.

Phila. for Riverton.	Arrive at Palmyra	Arrive at Riverton.	Riverton for Phila.	Palmyra for Phila.	Arrive at Phila.
A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
5 10	5 38	5 41	5 50	5 52	6 19
6 12	6 41	6 43	6 41	6 44	7 15
7 12	7 39	7 42	7 22	7 24	7 47
7 44	8 05	8 08	7 44	7 46	8 15
9 00		9 23	8 14	8 17	8 39
9 40	10 01	10 03	8 45	8 48	9 15
10 35	11 01	11 04	9 14	.....	9 39
			10 34	10 37	11 00
			11 16	11 19	11 45
P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
12 00	12 22	12 25	12 22	12 25	12 50
12 40	1 08	1 10	1 30	1 33	2 00
1 20	1 50	1 52	2 30	2 33	3 00
*2 00	2 28	2 31	3 08	3 11	3 39
2 30	2 53	2 56	3 38		4 03
3 20	3 49	3 52	3 55	3 58	4 19
3 56	.....	4 17	4 25	4 27	4 55
4 28	4 51	4 54	5 16	5 19	5 43
5 00	5 27	5 30	5 29	5 33	6 03
5 20	5 44	5 47	6 13	6 16	6 40
5 40	6 08	6 11	7 17	7 19	7 45
6 00	6 26	6 28	8 15	8 18	8 45
6 32	7 00	7 03	8 30	8 33	8 55
7 20	7 44	7 47	9 45	9 48	10 15
9 20	9 47	9 49	10 45	10 48	11 15
10 50	11 16	11 19	12 16	12 19	12 45
11 50	12 15	12 18			

SUNDAYS

A M	A M	A M	A M	A M	A M
7 55	8 21	8 24	8 23	8 26	8 55
9 00	9 27	9 30	11 18	11 21	11 45
10 10	10 37	10 40	P M	P M	P M
P M	P M	P M	12 46	12 49	1 15
12 30	12 57	1 00	2 57	3 00	3 25
1 30	1 59	2 02	4 55	4 58	5 30
4 00	4 23	4 26	6 20	6 23	6 55
5 10	5 37	5 40	7 09	7 10	7 40
6 20	6 46	6 48	7 52	7 55	8 20
7 20	7 45	7 48	9 14	9 17	9 45
9 20	9 47	9 50	10 10	10 13	10 45
10 00	10 30	10 33	11 00	11 03	11 35

* Saturdays only

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Leave Philadelphia for Riverton—Saturdays, 10.30 a. m., 2.00 p. m. and 9.15 p. m.

Leave Riverton for Philadelphia—Sundays, 10.20 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 2 55 p. m., 5.30 p. m. and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia for Riverton—Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 10.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m. and 8.30 p. m.

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BREAKING AWAY FROM TRUTH

Two Opinions With Respect to a False Statement Minister Admits He Made.

A curiously interesting question of ethics has arisen over the failure of a minister to secure employment for an erring but repentant woman until he told prospective employers that she was a woman of good character. He had often been on the point of getting for her the work she needed in order to make an honest living and to regain the moral equilibrium which had been disturbed by her wrongdoing. But as soon as the minister, in his devotion to the strict letter of the truth, admitted that the woman had sinned, the doors of honest living were closed in her face, the "unco' good" people who were in a position to lend a helping hand refusing to run the risk of "contamination," unwilling to follow the example of Him who said to another erring woman: "Go and sin no more."

Now a rather lively local discussion has arisen as to whether the minister was justified under the circumstances, or whether anybody is ever justified under any circumstances, in telling a lie. Perhaps few will deny that if this minister really lied at all he strained the truth in a good cause and that the imposition practiced upon those who refused to give to another the chance of reform which they themselves would have welcomed in their own cases was intended to serve a humane purpose. All who are inclined to take an ultra conservative view of the inviolability of truth might ponder the splendid words of Dickens when he wrote Tom Pinch and the lie that he did only good to another human being:

"There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount, as on bright wings, to heaven. There are truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, that bind men down to earth. Who would not rather have to fan him in his dying hour the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, than all the quills plucked from the sharp porcupine, revengeful truth, since Time began?"—Kansas City Journal.

JUDGE STILL HAS THE $50

Condition Competitors Did Not Seem to Notice Went With Offer of Prize.

The walking craze of a few years ago gave a well-known sporting man an opportunity which he could not resist taking advantage of. He had handbills widely distributed on which was stated:

"A Great Crosby gentleman will give $50 to the man, woman or child who first succeeds in doing the following task: To walk from the Pierhead (Liverpool) to Crosby village. There each competitor must buy a meat pie and walk around the Big Stone and eat it."

About a hundred entries were received, and the walk took place on Whit Monday. Much excitement prevailed and a great cheer rose as a local pedestrain was seen leading the rest of the crowd. His meat pie was soon eaten as he walked round the stone, and he went to the judge for the $50.

"Why," exclaimed the judge, "I didn't think you could have done it. The stone seemed too hard to eat."

"What's that go to do with it?" asked the ped.

"Everything to do with it," answered the judge, "and nobody gets the $50 till they do."—London Tit-Bits.

Mother Kangaroo's Bravery.

During a severe drought in a certain section of Australia, the owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the porch when he saw a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as if half in doubt and fear what to do.

At length she approached the water pails, and, taking a young one from her porch, held it to the water to drink.

While her baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with apprehension, for she was but a few feet from the porch where one of her foes was watching her.

The baby having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch and the old kangaroo set off at a rapid pace.

The spectator was so much impressed by the astonishing bravery of the affectionate mother that he made a vow—and kept it—never again to shoot a kangaroo.

Eccentric Tides.

Owing to the effects of shore lines and other influences which are more or less obscure it is very difficult to account for the peculiarities exhibited by tidal waves in various parts of the world.

Interfering waves cause once-a-day tides at Tahiti and in some other places, while on the other hand in the harbors back of the Isle of Wight and in the Tay in Scotland there are three tides in a day. The latter have been ascribed to overtides, produced by the modification of tidal waves running ashore and resembling the overtones of musical sounds.

Diamonds in a Rat's Nest.

Seven years ago Mrs. Charles Delong lost trace of two diamond earrings valued at $200. Carpenters, remodeling the house, found the jewels in a partition where rats had a nest. Incidentally, an apology was made to a servant who had been indirectly accused of the theft.—Milwaukee Journal.

FLOATED TO THE NEW SITE

Village of Provincetown Was Put on Rafts and Moved Across the Bay.

Commercial street in Provincetown had an origin in keeping with its present nautical air and appeal to the imagination. The town originally stood on the spit of sand far out across the harbor, where the lighthouse now is. Many years ago the government bought Provincetown, houses and all, in order to protect the harbor from the threatening sea. The Provincetonians went to the government and asked what they were going to do with the houses.

"Pull 'em down, of course," said the government.

"Can't we have 'em?" inquired the late owners.

"Sure," replied the government, "if you'll take 'em away."

"Sure!" echoed the Provincetonians.

Old wreckers that they were, they applied their technic to the problems of "housemoving." They bulkheaded their dwellings up, necklaced empty casks about them in the way of lifepreservers, and one sunny morning the village of Provincetown, true to its maritime traditions, set sail, schoolhouse and all, and came floating gayly across the harbor to where it now stands. Near the railway track today they point out a certain store as the original seafaring schoolhouse.—Robert Haven Schauffler in the Metropolitan Magazine.

HOW NATURE LEADS US ON

After the Courtship Dreams With Their Bright Hues Come the Babies' Future Dreams.

Love is an illusion. Some seem to take it as a bitter thing that after the honeymoon the married pair settle down to the humdrum of everydayness. But, in the first place, they never quite become entirely disillusioned. The stain of the rainbow lingers in the average marriage, and in the second place, even if this illusion passes, another comes, for there are the children, and lover and lass who once dreamed of each other now are father and mother and must dream of the babies' future.

Illusions are Nature's device for getting things done. That is why she fills young men so full of illusions as to their own power. Heaven help us if young people knew precisely what they could do! They would do nothing at all.

And if girls knew just what marriage was going to be, and all their future down to the grave, they would never marry. Illusions are Nature's bait.

Life itself is progressive illusion: "Maia" the Hindus call it.

And we are not poor dupes. Nature is not cheating us, and sneering at us the while. She is leading us on in love, as we lead our little children.—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World.

The Smoking Mountain.

In 1897 I climbed two volcanoes in Mexico—Popocatepetl or "the Smoking Mountain," about 17,800 feet, and Orizaba, the former the most famous because within view from Mexico City and thus a source of especial pride and admiration to the inhabitants, who have been loath to believe that any other of their mountains could be higher. Popo has a really splendid crater, about half a mile across and one thousand feet deep. The walls are generally vertical, but in one or two places it is possible to descend. When workers are engaged in collecting sulphur, machinery is used to hoist them up and down. From Popo's summit there is a glorious prospect, not alone of the immense crater, but of the beautiful "White Lady," Ixtaccihuatl, reclining a thousand feet below; of Orizaba on the far horizon, and of the charming valley of Mexico.—Annie S. Peck in "The Christian Herald."

Opaque Windows.

The building contractor let loose some of his most emphatic phrases when he found that the man who had been hired to daub whiting all over the windows had not half done the job.

"That man doesn't seem to understand what the windows in a half-finished building are whitened for," he said. "We don't plaster them over with chalk to prevent the public from seeing the unfinished condition of the interior, but to keep the workmen from battering out the glass. Transparent glass looks just about as transparent as air to the man who is moving a wooden or iron beam, in a hurry, and he is likely to ram the end of it through an expensive window, but when the glass is coated with white it becomes visible, and the workmen hand their material in through the door."

One Benefit.

To top off an expensive education a young married woman of no particular ability in any one line took a course at a dramatic school. She never attempted to secure an engagement, so one day a close and candid friend of her husband asked what good all that training had done, anyhow.

"So far as I can see," he said, "that $300 you spent on Ethel's dramatic education has been practically thrown away."

"Oh, no, it hasn't," returned the husband mildly. "Her stage experience has taught her to dress in a hurry. Nowadays when I ask her to go any place with me she can change her clothes in ten minutes. It used to take over an hour."

Term Offended Castro.

Diplomatic documents are ticklish matters to translate, as the Paris Temps points out apropos of the official text of the Franco-German agreement. Three years ago a mistranslation led to very strained relations between Venezuela and Holland. The Dutch consul at Caracas, referring to a trivial incident, wrote to the Venezuelan foreign minister that "een booze droom," an evil dream, threatened to disturb peace between the nations. This the foreign office translator rendered "maladetto spirito," a "cursed spirit." President Castro took this to be a reference to himself, and ordered diplomatic relations to be broken off with Holland. But an interpreter woke him from the bad dream.

Lawyer Had Enough.

A badgering lawyer was examining a doctor in an assault case, says the New York Sun. The solicitor represented the defense, and the doctor testified that he treated the prosecutor for a black eye. "What do you mean by a 'black eye?' queried the legal gentleman. "I mean," said the doctor, without a smile, "that the prosecutor had received a severe contusion over the lower portion of the frontal bone, producing extensive ecchymosis around the eye, together with considerable infiltration of the subjacent areolar tissue." The medical witness was relieved from further cross-examination.

Cherries Grown for Royalty.

Every morning since All Saints Day the train which arrives from Nice brings a little package. It contains cherries grown in the open by an amateur gardener at Nice. Some days the weight of the package is a pound; on other occasions it is two pounds. The fruit is destined for the royal table at Brussels. It is said that this amateur gardener manages to grow the fruit nearly all the year round. His method, it is believed, consists of carefully covering the trees at night with straw matting. The grower gets about $20 a pound for his fruit.—London Globe.

KINDLY OLD BAVARIAN RULER

Ample Reasons Why Duke Max Was Popular Within and Without His Dominions.

Duke Max of Bavaria had no greater delight than leaning over the counter of some small shopkeeper, talking gossip or purchasing toys for his great-granddaughters in Austria. Innumerable stories are told illustrating his character. R. H. Goldschmidt, a wealthy banker of Frankfort, was once journeying to Vienna. Opposite him on the velvet cushion of the first class car sat an old gentleman, whose dress and looks betrayed no uncommon rank. "Are you on a pleasure trip?" asked the banker's vis-a-vis. "Yes," answered the latter, "I am going to visit my daughter, who, thank God, fortunately married the Banker Wiener in Vienna." "How strange," replied his companion; "the incentive to my trip is the same. I am going to visit my daughter in Vienna. Thank God; she, too, is rather fortunately married to the emperor of Austria."

The duke's pocketbook was open to all. Many a poor creature in that Catholic city told off beads for "good Duke Max," and blessed his name. A disciple of old Baltazarini, whose art had once charged the chief levers of music, having grown old in her profession, was unable to get employment. In despair she wrote to Duke Max, giving an account of her situation. His secretary handed him the letter with the remark: "She deserves nothing; she has lived a fast life." "Then," answered his highness, "she will miss her former splendor so much the more," and, sitting down, he wrote her a letter, enclosing money, and signed "From an admirer of your art."—The Argonaut.

ONE THING RIGIDLY BARRED

Seemingly Small Point That Threatened to Disturb Etiquette of Royal Procession.

"There is just one thing the law-abiding citizen may not do when watching a royal procession in London, and my wife, through attempting to do it, mighty soon found out what it is," said the traveler. "There was a marrow-piercing wind to chill us and icy slush lay thick on the pavements that day we stood to see the king go by. After teetering around for a few minutes in a vain endeavor to keep her feet warm my wife folded a newspaper and stood on that. The policeman at her side looked on in kindly disapproval.

"'Mustn't do that,' he said.

"'Of course she asked, 'Why not?'

"'Looks bad,' said he. 'If you was back in the crowd it wouldn't make so much difference, but right in the front row it's against the rules to throw a scrap of paper on the ground.'

"My wife glanced at the long line of muddy shoes of all colors, sizes and conditions, and wondered how one edge of white paper could damage the display, but the policeman's tone precluded argument, so she picked up the paper."

Made Up in Quantity.

An old colored woman, who had grown gray and bent in the service of the family who had raised her from childhood, was not gifted with an overabundance of gray matter, and her mistakes and queer ideas furnished much amusement to those about her.

One day a Yorkshire pudding that she had made for dinner did not seem quite as it should be, and the mistress called Eunice and said: "What is the matter with the pudding, Eunice; did you make it in the usual way?"

"Yesm'm," said Eunice.

"How many eggs did you put in it?"

"Six."

"Six!" exclaimed the mistress; "why, the recipe only calls for four!"

"Yesm'm, I know," said Eunice; "but they weren't very good, so I put in more of 'em."

Things Fish Can See.

It is doubtful if fish can distinguish forms outside the water, but they unquestionably can see moving objects at considerable distance. Their instinct teaches them to flee from strange moving things and from shadows thrown on the water by persons moving along the waterside or by birds flying over. The proof that they cannot see the outlines of forms sufficiently well to distinguish between animate and inanimate objects, is that they will show no more fear of an angler standing perfectly still in the water, than they will of a tree or other harmless object. That their sight is keen in the water is evidenced by the fact that game fishes, that prey on their fellows, do much of their feeding at night, pursuing and capturing minnows and other small fish in deep, dark holes.

Literary Tailors.

One does not look for literary men among tailors, but none the less the profession can claim some illustrious names. John Stow, the antiquary and author of the "Survey of London," for instance, began life at a tailor, and another famous tailoring antiquary was John Speed, one of our early mapmakers and member of the Society of Antiquaries.

And then there was Robert Hill, "the learned tailor" of Birmingham, who contrived to teach himself Greek and Hebrew and became famous as a writer of theological treatises. And George Meredith was born over the tailor's shop.

KEEPING THE LOOK OF YOUTH

Parisiennes Are Probably the Most Successful in This, But Many May Achieve It.

A Russian princess who has attracted much attention in Paris this winter, and who is considered one of the best-dressed women in that city, declares that nothing ages a woman's appearance so much as the old-fashioned method of pushing the flesh up above the corset.

How few women who have passed the "dangerous" age stop to think of this, yet is it not true? The settled look that comes with middle age is enhanced by a stiff-corseted figure above the waist.

Put money into a good corset, have it fitted sitting down, and in adjusting it be sure to pull it far down and gird it firmly round the hips.

Many women find as they grow older they must have their evening gowns cut high. This need not be done if care is taken to get a corset that has a low bust.

From Paris comes another hint about youthful looks. A famous dressmaker says that real lace ages women and should never be worn near the face.

The Parisienne has learned to fight age more successfully than most women because she pays heed to details that to others seem trivial. She makes a study of line, angle and color, and who will say the results are not worth the trouble?

It is every woman's duty to keep young looking. The worst way to do it is to feign youth through cosmetics or a kittenish manner!—Cleveland Leader.

HUMAN NATURE NOT SO BAD

New York Newspaper Man Observes With Pleasure the Aid Given the Blind.

If you doubt that human nature is kind, watch the ordinary passerby in his attitude toward a blind man. The office window man was riding in a Broadway open car the other day. The car was just barely moving, owing to some blockade or other, and kept about even pace with the pedestrians who crowded the pavements in their usual daily hustle.

The eye of the Office Window casually lit upon a blind man, walking alone, with that upright tilt of the head so common to the sightless. He tapped his stick incessantly before him and moved briskly until he neared the end of each block, with its hazardous curb. The car kept pace with him for seven blocks, and upon every block some one took charge of that blind man as he came to the curb, saw him safely over and said a pleasant word in parting.

One young man stayed near him for three blocks, steering him over the crossings each time. Probably the man with the tapping stick thought the friendly guide was a different man for every block. Or does his ear become so delicately attuned to voices that he fairly sees through hearing?

The Office Window man wondered if the smiles that so often light the faces of the blind come from the habit of thanking people who lend them friendly aid so many times a day?—New York Evening Mail.

Sleeping Sickness Discovery.

Reports received from the commission on Sleeping Sickness working in Rhodesia state that it has been proved beyond doubt that the tsetse fly, known as Glossina morsitans, as a carrier of the disease.

The commission was dispatched to Africa in consequence of the appearance of the disease in regions where Glossina palpalis (the species of tsetse fly, which up to that time had alone been regarded as a carrier of sleeping sickness,) was non-existent. The guilt of Glossina morsitans has been proved not only under laboratory conditions, but also in nature. Certain animals can act as the host of the virus without suffering thereby.

While palpalis is to be found only in narrow limits, morsitans is met with throughout Africa in wide areas, and the methods of migration and isolation hitherto employed will be practically impossible.

Consumption From a Monkey.

A report comes from Russia that Mme. Gvosdeska, prima donna at the Imperial theater, is ill from consumption, having been infected by her pet monkey. She fondled her pet when it suffered from bronchitis. Inasmuch as the monkey is suffering from tuberculosis, the Russian doctors decided that the disease had been caught from the monkey. It is probable that consumption would last considerably longer in the woman than in the monkey, and the chances are that the poor monkey while out of sorts really caught the consumption from the prima donna, who may have been infected long ago, the trouble, though, only recently showing to any serious extent.

Your Temper and Your Cat's.

Cats are of a high strung and sensitive nature, easily influenced by their surroundings. If you wish a fine tempered, nice little home loving cat you must possess some of these attributes yourself.

You cannot expect to have a very amiable animal if you are cranky all the time. Give the animal credit for being a good imitator. If you are vile tempered and given to striking the kitten, find no fault if the cat has a like manner and strikes people and smaller animals.—Dumb Animals.

PRESERVE FOES' HEADS

SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBE THAT EMBALMS THE TROPHIES.

Method Employed Reduces the Grisly Relics to the Size of a Billiard Ball With Changing or Mutilating Features.

The little-known Indian tribes that inhabit the more distant provinces of the South American republic of Ecuador, in almost entire independence, have a strange custom of preparing the heads of their vanquished enemies in a manner which reduces them to extremely small dimensions, without changing or mutilating the features.

For many years a war of extermination has been going on between the various tribes. Ambushes and night attacks are of frequent occurrence, and the parties often march dozens of leagues to surprise their enemies.

The head of the vanquished chief is cut off and becomes the most esteemed booty of the victorious leader. It is then, in due time, desiccated and reduced by the latter by means of a process, the secret of which has so far been jealously guarded. As far as is known, the skull, jawbones and fleshy parts are entirely removed without the skin of the head and face suffering any damage, and the only trace of the operation is a small incision in the nape of the neck which is afterward sewn together again.

After removal of the bony and softer parts of the skull the skin is filled with hot stones and a vegetable concoction, the secret of which, as well as that of the process, is carefully guarded. This procedure is continued until the head is shrunk to the dimension of a good-sized billiard ball and has become as dry and tough as sole leather.

It is remarkable that during the process neither the natural luster of the hair nor its quantity is diminished, that eyebrows and lashes remain intact, and that even the grain of the skin with the fine hairs are plainly distinguishable after the preparation is completed.

The process lasts about one year, and the head during that time hangs in smoke, for which purpose a stout string is drawn through the upper part of it. The lips are sewed together in order to prevent the dead enemy from speaking and eating, and the long threads by which it is done remain attached and hanging from the mouth.

The trophy, which by the reduction has lost its ghastliness, is kept in a niche in the hut of the chief, stuck on the end of a spear. During the three years succeeding the killing, feasts, lasting three days, are held on the anniversaries of the victory, during which the shrunken head is exhibited. After three years the victor may dispose of his trophy in any way he sees fit, but this is rarely done, as the head forms a war trophy of the highest honor.

Case of Poetic Justice.

That was a case of poetic justice when a jury of women in San Francisco were called upon to pass on the fit of a man's clothes. A certain tailor in that western city sued a customer for money due for clothes. The customer pleaded that the suits did not fit and asked for a jury of women to decide the important point. The 12 good women and true, who from their own experience were no doubt eminently qualified to pass on the fit of clothes, found for the defendant. It must have afforded them infinite satisfaction to know that, after all the sarcasm with which their husbands treated their own troubles with dressmakers, their exasperating experiences should in the end be drawn upon to render a lawful judgment on clothes worn by men. All the fun poked at women and their dressmakers in San Francisco and all the jokes collateral to that engaging theme have been recalled.

Book Don'ts.

Good books are treasures, and they should be handled with the greatest of care by everyone. Here are a few rules that should be observed:

Never drop a book upon the floor.

Never turn leaves with the thumb.

Never lean or rest upon an open book.

Never turn down the corners of leaves.

Never touch a book with soiled or damp hands.

Always place a large book upon a table before opening it.

Never pull a book from the shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.

Never close a book with a pencil, tablet or anything else that is bulky between the leaves.

Influence of Clothes.

It is said that the average man is, to a great extent, influenced by the kind of clothes which he wears, in the same way as he is affected by his environment. A well-dressed man will walk better, talk better and, they say, even do better work than the man who is carelessly dressed. Therefore, the man who is neglectful of his personal appearance, is unneat, slouchy, his clothes not pressed or carefully brushed, his shoes unpolished, his linen soiled and his hat dented and covered with dust, discards one of the most potent instruments of success. Perhaps he cannot afford to buy linen or suits made at the best tailors, but every man can afford to be clean and neat in his dress.

Filled Icehouse With Hose.

According to an account included in a letter received here from the northern part of the state, the farmers up there are not going to be bothered about ice prices this year. The letter was recounting the conditions of the exceptionally cold winter. "We filled our icehouse easier this winter than ever before," the letter said. "When the cold was at its height we attached the garden hose to the gasoline force pump, and turned the water into the icehouse, which had previously been lined with frozen cakes of sawdust. One night was sufficient. Next morning the icehouse was filled with a solid cake of ice, frozen to an unusual degree of hardness. We merely nailed up the door, and have ice enough to last all summer."—Indianapolis News.

His Cursory Glances.

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her woes evidently found connubial bliss a misnomer, for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally the pair were haled into court, and the dusky lady entered a charge of abusive language against her spouse. The judge, who had known them both all his life, endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters. "What did he say to you, Caroline?" he asked. "Why, jedge, I jes' cain't tell you all dat man do say to me." "Does he ever use hard language?" "Does yo' mean cussin'? Yas, suh; not wif his mouf, but he's always givin' me dem cussory glances."—Lippincott's.

Horse's Charge Scattered Soldiers.

A sensational incident attended the recent Australian military maneuvers at Oakleigh, Vic. Some drivers belonging to the field artillery were having lunch outside a tent, when a horse in the vicinity bolted. The animal made straight for the soldiers, who, being unprepared for attack, could not withstand the charge. Half a dozen men were knocked in confused fashion amongst dishes and miscellaneous articles, and most of them received some injury.

Demand for Black Fox Skins.

According to government reports, there are only a few dozen genuine black fox skins in North America each year in the wild state and there is great demand for the skins in Europe. As the black puppies usually fall a prey to the red females in the wild state, the market is almost dependable upon the animals raised in captivity. A farm of twenty pairs of grown foxes should produce from 40 to 60 puppies in a year.

Lion's Brief hour of Freedom.

The only lion in the menagerie at Lal Bagh, Bengal, India, escaped from its cage recently, and attacked a pair of bullocks drawing a cart within the garden. The driver just contrived to escape by scrambling up a tree. The lion afterwards concealed itself, and two Mahomedan shikaris were called in to shoot it, but they only managed to wound the beast. An hour later a resident of Lal Bagh Road cycled up with a rifle and killed it.

HUMAN BURRS IN THE WORLD

Unwise People Who Bore Their Friends With Their Display of Lack of Tact.

Do you ever encounter inquisitive people who are really annoying—people who have not the least interest in your affairs, but simply "want to know" out of idle curiosity? A great share of America's reputation for rudeness may be laid entirely to the charge of their riling questions. Equally undesirable is the person who confides her family troubles to all her friends. Instead of putting the stoutest kind of padlock on the closet door where the family skeleton lurks, some women shamelessly drag it out and parade in the public eye.

The too-friendly individual who runs in at all hours without ringing and offers her services upon every occasion, and the woman who monopolizes or tries to monopolise all the time and attention of her friends is likewise to be avoided. "Dearie, if you are thinking of going shopping this week, let me know and I'll go with you. Stop for me if you go to the matinee on Wednesday."

It never occurs to them that their company might not be appreciated. But just as the burrs of the field make us appreciate the flowers more than ever, so do the human burrs teach us to rejoice in the pleasant, considerate, sensible friends that fall to one's lot for the latter outnumber the former many, many times.—Exchange.

DIGNITY IN LOW NUMBERS

New York Business Men Said to Attach Importance to Figures of Their Telephones.

"Such a small thing as a telephone number has some significance in the standing of a firm," remarked a New Yorker who had little else to do but talk and observe.

"How so?" asked the other.

"Take the low numbers—'Broad 1,' for instance—and, as a rule, it will be the number belonging to an old established firm, provided, of course, that firm has remained in one location. The firm now bearing the above number was in existence before telephones were in use at all, and in like manner it is possible to ascertain the old established business houses. If a firm moves, but remains in the same exchange, it has the privilege of retaining its original telephone number. Americans don't care much for age and long established anything, as a class, but there are many firms in this city that are proud of their telephone numbers in a system where the numbers run high up in the thousands."

Saints and Sinners.

Goodness itself can be so overgood that you can't distinguish it from badness.

When saints make sandwich men of themselves, advertising their virtues to the public, extolling their own tender, angelic qualities, you want to kill them.

If only some of the pains taken to make human beings good were expended in trying to make them happy what a different place this old world would be.

If only teachers and preachers and parents and fanatics and reformers would realize that what people need is a little sunshine sent into their lives before they talk about responsibilities and a future state.

There are children and grown people so cobwebbed over with care and misery that all talk of "how good" to them is useless. Their only hope—their only salvation—lies in infusing a little sympathy, consideration and happiness into their lives.

Often it is a mother—weary, body and soul. Tired of plodding, tired of working on in a round of endless detail—little, insignificant, provoking items that she gets no credit for doing, but fatal discredit for leaving undone.

Telling the Time in Turkey.

In Turkey the watch and clock are extremely rare and a big crowd of persons could be rounded up on the street without finding a watch among them, but the natives have an exceedingly ingenious way of approximating the time and some of them hit it with considerable accuracy. They locate two cardinal points of the compass and then folding their hands together in such a manner that the forefingers point upward and in opposite directions, they observe the shadow cast. In the morning or evening at certain known hours one finger or the other will point directly at the sun. A comparison of the two shadows will determine the hours between. Another system followed in that country and some others of the orient is to observe the eyes of a cat. Early in the morning and evening the pupils are round. At nine and three o'clock, it is oval and at noon it consists of a narrow slit.

Girl Walks to Work Asleep.

Miss Nellie Lerra, a pretty young girl of Point township, in her sleep early this morning arose from her bed and walked to a local cap factory, where she was an employe. She was barefooted and attired only in a flimsy low-necked night gown. She was not seen by anybody and finally reached the factory and was about to try to enter when the tooting of a locomotive close by woke her.

Realizing her perdicament, the girl grew excited and ran back home at top speed. She fell senseless from nervous exhaustion to the door of her home.—Northumberland Correspondent Pittsburg Post.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE HARSH

Merchant Simply Had Idea of Doing a Good Turn to the Young Lady Typist.

"An old customer of mine from the interior of the state came to town a few days ago," said a Philadelphia wholesaler, "and after leaving his order for the goods he asked the privilege of sitting down to my desk to write a letter. I took him to one of the typists and told her to get his letter up in good shape, and the two worked over it for half an hour. Then the man came back to me with his letter in his hand and said:

"'Mr. Blank, this typewriting business is a great thing.'

"'Yes.'

"'And that's a fine girl who did the work for me.'

"'Yes!'

"'She made her fingers go like lightning.'

"'Yes, she is very speedy.'

"'Seemed to be perfectly willing to oblige.'

"'Yes.'

"'A very nice girl, indeed, and I hope that she'll get on. In fact, I want to put in a word for her.'

"'That's kind of you. What is it?'

"'Tell her,' he said, as he glanced over his shoulder, 'that if she'll pay a little more attention to her spelling she'll come out at the top of the heap. Tell her in a way not to hurt her feelings?'

"'But what words has she spelled wrong?'

"'He held out the letter and pointed to a word and whispered:

"'The young lady got one "f" too many in the word, but tell her as gently as possible.'

"'The word was 'coffee.'"

SHOULD THE WOMAN PROPOSE

Question That Seemingly May Be Relied On to Get an Argument at Any Time.

Ever since this conundrum was put to me, I have been submitting it to everybody I met. There has been extraordinary diversity in the answers. They have run from a shocked "No! No! No!" through a hesitating, "Well, I don't see why—and yet I could never do it myself," to a decided, "Yes, certainly! Why not?"

One woman said: "Under no circumstances. Nothing ever justifies us in forgetting our womanliness." Another: "Yes, indeed. In fact, I proposed to my husband. I saw that he was in love with me, but that he thought that we could not afford to be married. I knew that we could, and so I proposed to him." Another: "Of course women should propose. They are much better judges of character than men, more intuitive and spiritual." Another: "If women proposed, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. As things are, men can choose from their entire set of women. Women can choose only from those who propose to them. If women proposed more of them would marry the man they really wanted to marry." Another: "I think the one should propose who could do it the most artistically." (Note—She was a young girl writer, and I am afraid considerations of literary effects guided her conclusions.)—Harper's Bazar.

A Difference.

"Ever since I was done converted last week," remarked a certain colored citizen in a chastenedly-triumphant tone, "muh conscience gnaws me when I thinks o' what a sinner I was befo' I seed de blessed light. I was false to de Lawd and untrue to muh fellermen, and muh conscience gnaws——"

"Do it gnaw yo' enough, Brudder Bogus," grimly interrupted old Brother Gumpshun, "to make yo' pay me back dem fou-dollahs yo' borried off'm me yeah bef' last?"

"W'y—w'y, sah!—yo' knows how clost de times is, dese days, and—— Well, sah, here's haffer-dollah, dat I'll pay yo' now, and——"

"Huh! If dat's de best yo' kin do, sah, yo' conscience ain't gnawin'—it's dess uh-nibblin'."—Satire.

Delicate Subject.

"Do you think, my darling," he gurgled, as he buried his manly mustache in his charmer's silk-soft neck, "that your father will consent to our marriage?"

"Well, popkins," she replied, "of course, papa will be sorry to lose me—still——"

"But," interrupted the ardent one, "I will remind him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son."

A deadly pallor o'erspread her damask cheek.

"Clarence," she cried, "if you really want me, I implore you to say nothing so foolish. Papa has three such sons living with him now, and he's extremely touchy on the subject."—Tit-Bits.

Quakers Increasing.

While so many of the churches are deploring a falling-off in membership, the Society of Friends in this country has been increasing for many years past, and now, for the first time in many generations, the increase is at a greater rate than that of the general population. During the last decade the population advanced by 10.9 per cent, while the increase in the membership of the Society of Friends was 13 per cent. There is a considerable excess of women over men in the membership, and the proportion of women shows a tendency to increase.—Westminster Gazette.

His Title to Fame.

There is a big-hearted man editing a paper in Iowa who ever tries to say something eulogistic about every citizen of his town both during the subject's life and at his death. On one occasion he was much perplexed to know what to say in the case of a man, a resident of the town for many years and an excellent citizen. For the life of him the editor could think of nothing that his friend had done to entitle him to distinction. The following was the one fact that the writer could produce from the recesses of his memory as a climax for the eulogy that appeared in the paper: "Mr. Jones was once prominently mentioned for the nomination as alternate delegate for the annual conclave of the Order of Sons of America."—Harper's Magazine.

Witness Oak Honorably Pensioned.

A gigantic oak tree that has stood for three centuries at Grimes avenue and Morningside road in Edina village, was "pensioned" by the Morningside Civic league. The league voted to fence it in in every way and to provide for it until it dies of old age. Serving first as the government's official mark at the junction of four quarter sections of land it is unique among all American witness trees; it went down in the government's first field notes as the official landmark, has always remained so and now marks the junction of the streets. The ancient tree shaded Indian councils a century ago and was well known when Gideon H. and Samued A. Pond established their missions at the lakes.—Minneapolis Journal.

Demand Dainty Footgear.

"It is wonderful," said a New York woman who has been living abroad, "how much attention the Frenchwomen have come to pay of late to their footwear, their shoes and their stockings. The tight short skirt is altogether responsible. When the shoes were concealed it did not matter so much what a Frenchwoman had on her feet, and the shoes were always long and pointed. The advent of the bobbie skirt made feet look so awful over there that the French bootmakers had to take to making shoes shorter and with more regard to looks, so that now the Frenchwoman goes in for silk stockings and smart shoes just as much as the American. She will insist, however, upon having the top of a different color from the lower."

German Folklore.

One of the delights of traveling in Germany is the familiarity one soon acquires, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, renews, with the familiar folklore and fairy legend of the country. If, in England, one can scarcely escape the Charles Dickens characters, in Germany one is constantly noting the types immortalized by the brothers Grimm. Indeed it would be quite as difficult to imagine Germany without Mother Hulda, Goldilocks, Red Riding Hood, the Brementown Musicians, Hansel and Gretel and the rest of the company of dear familiars, as it would be to think of old London without the Pickwickians. German painters, sculptors, musicians invariably try their talents of portraying their ideals among the children's fairytale folk, and it must be a fine bit of work indeed that passes the muster of German criticism. One of the strongest bonds that holds the German in the characteristic grip of loyalty to the fatherland is this very pronounced love of children and fairy tales.—The Christian Herald.

Sleep.

Investigation by scientists of the nature of the sleep of persons in normal health shows that it varies according to the daily diet and the different hours at which sleep is begun. Altogether, the ideal hour for retiring is ten o'clock. The sleep of a person going to bed regularly at approximately this time gradually augments in intensity for the space of an hour. It then suddenly becomes very profound, reaching its maximum intensity at about eleven-thirty o'clock. Within five or six minutes from this time it has been found that the sleep begins to be less deep. In an hour the sleeper is again in the same condition of slumber as at about a quarter after eleven. From that time until after two o'clock the rest is steady and light; from two until four it augments and then it consistently diminishes until it ceases at the customary time of rising.

Poets Are Sometimes Made.

"Poets are born and not made," said the young man with the pale, interesting face and the long hair. "Are they?" replied his wife. "Well, I'll show you that they are made sometimes. I'll make you watch the baby while I go shopping this morning or you shall never have another dollar that my father sends to me."

Native City Honors Melba.

Mme. Melba is to have her portrait hung in the national gallery of her native Melbourne. Another native of Melbourne remembers that Mme. Melba, when a pupil at the Ladies' Presbyterian college, was already famous among her fellow-pupils as a whistler. She could stick two fingers into one corner of her mouth and whistle as long and as loudly as the most accomplished larrikin.

New Disease in Washington.

An epidemic of "cashitis," a new malady attended by vertigo, sharp headaches and stiff necks, and caused by eye strain in the glare of sunshine and electric lights on piles of new gold and silver coins, has broken out among treasury clerks in Washington, and has resulted in the establishment of an emergency hospital room in the treasury building.

Weather Test.

A red sunset foretells dry weather because it indicates that the air toward the west, from which rains are generally expected, contains little moisture.

In the Parlor.

Miss Weereigh—Hark! Isn't that the church clock striking twelve? Staylate—Yes, but that's nothing to go by.

Finest Coat in the World.

Anna Held, famous French comedienne and cantatrice, is the proud possessor of a wonderful garment created from skins of Russian sables which cost $25,000. The coat was made in Paris and required 110 skins, perfect in every detail. Their coloring is most uniform, and the pelts are of the same even texture. This valuable coat is made up on the kimono pattern. At the neck, instead of a collar, there is a scarf composed of four choice sable skins, all lined with ermine. There are four ermine tails on one end of the collar, and a head and three tails on the other. The scarf is fastened about the shoulders and neck by a hook. The coat when finished was said by experts on furs and their wearing to be the finest coat in the world owned by a single individual.

Her Little Knowledge.

The lady was reading a nautical novel. She struggled along bravely for a few minutes, but finally had to appeal to her husband. "Gerald," she said, "the author says that the boat was sailing 'wing and wing.' What does that mean? I've been on a yacht, but I never heard that before." "That means," answered Gerald, rejoicing in the fact that he, too, had spent several hours on a sailing vessel, "that means that the schooner had her mains'l out to port and her fores'l out to starboard—or vice versa." "Oh, I see!" cried the lady. "It's just like a chicken—a wing on each side. And now I understand why they call those little sails in the middle 'jibs.' It's short for 'giblets' of course. Isn't sailing interesting?"

Determined to Visit Birthplace.

"It was the only way I could visit my old home before I die." This is Henry Sack's excuse for disappearing from his farm near Oak Mills, about three weeks ago, and sailing to Europe. His son, John Sacks, received a letter from him recently. This was the first word his family received from him, although they learned that he sailed from New York on a transatlantic liner. Mr. Sacks is now at Ubeline, Prussia, his birthplace. He is staying with relatives, he wrote, but he expects to return in a month. He often expressed a wish to visit Germany, but his relatives objected on account of his age. He is eighty-two years old.—Kansas City Journal.