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CRS.

CRS.

ABBOTT,
Counselors-at-Law.
 Master in Chancery.
 107 N. LAUREL ST., N. J.

ADMITT C. ABBOTT,
Attorney-at-Law.
 Collector and Master in Chancery.
 107 N. LAUREL ST., N. J.

MAN L. HAMILTON,
Counselors-at-Law.
 107 N. LAUREL ST., N. J.

ADAMS & COLE,
Counselors-at-Law.
 14 & 16 West Estate and Bay Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

ADAMS, J. INGERBOLD,
Counselors-at-Law.
 107 N. LAUREL ST., N. J.

ADAMS, CURRIE BUILDING,
 Corner Atlantic and South Carolina avenu,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

A. J. ANDERSON,
Counselors-at-Law.
 Rooms 1 to 4 Blackstone building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

B. W. BENNETT,
Attorney-at-Law.
 Office—Barclott Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

BOGGIN & MOORE,
Counselors-at-Law.
 107 N. LAUREL ST., Philadelphia and
 Sussex Street and Christ College.
 Real Estate and Bay Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

BREYER & GOUDFREY,
Attorneys-at-Law.
 Publishers in Chancery and Notaries Public;
 practicing in the Supreme and Federal
 Courts; Loans negotiated; Collections
 made.
 107 N. LAUREL ST., Building,
 Corner North Carolina and Atlantic avenu.,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

LY & ATKINSON,
Counselors-at-Law.

—Currie Building,
 Corner Atlantic and North Carolina avenues,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —LITTON & REPETTO,
 Attorneys-at-Law,
 Masters in Chancery,
 Room 1114 Hotel Atlantic and Law Building,
 Phone 180, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —McDonnell Office—
 100 Walnut St.,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —TIN E. KEEFE,
 Attorneys-at-Law,
 Room 404-B Bartlett Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —P. P. HEDGECOCK,
 Attorneys-at-Law,
 Union Bank Building, Rooms 11-12,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —JAMES C. GASKILL, Jr.,
 Attorneys-at-Law,
 Rooms 406-7-8-B, Bartlett Building,
 Phone 180, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —H. H. HAYES, JR.,
 Law Office,
 Phone 728, 1321 Atlantic avenue,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —J. H. WOOTTON,
 Counselors-at-Law,
 Rooms 406-7-8-B Bartlett Building,
 Phone 180, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —N. C. HEDGECOCK,
 Counselors-at-Law,
 Atlantic avenue, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 —BANK SMITHERS,

Counselor-at-Law,
Room 15 Royal Estate & Law Building,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

BEE & CALHOUN,
Counselors-at-Law,
Union Bank Building,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

N. HAUFFENBACH,
Attorney-at-Law,
Phone 17. 1801 Atlantic avenue,
Phone 70. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

N. F. X. RIES,
Law Office,
Room 614, Bartlett Building,
Phone 1183. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

W. R. SCHNEIDER,
Counselor-at-Law,
Union National Bank Building,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Residence, Coast 1130 M.
Phone 11.

GRIMSON & VOORHEES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Masters Court of Chancery,
Box 513, 514, 515, Bartlett Building,
Phone 441. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Phone 362.

ARTHUR BULTE,
Counselor-at-Law,
Rooms 63, 64, Royal Estate and Law Building,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

GOLDENBERG,
Law Office,
Rooms 37, 38, 39, 40, Royal Estate & Law Building,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

O. W. SCHIMPE,
Counselor-at-Law,
Rooms 567-4 Bartlett Building,
Phone 418. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

VERNER T. ROGERSON,
 Counselor-at-Law,
 1328 Atlantic avenue,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 Phone 3.
 THOMAS W. SPRINK,
 Attorney-at-Law,
 66-67 Bartlett Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 Phone 10.
 Office at Hammonton, N. J.
 THOMAS R. ENRIGHT, Jr.,
 Attorney-at-Law,
 Room No. 2, Union Bank Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 Phone 1.
 CLAUDE H. NUTTER,
 Attorney-at-Law,
 12 Union Bank Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 Phone 1004.

STENOGRAPHY. _____
 IS D. CHAMFORD,
 Monography and Typewriting,
 Commissioner of Deeds,
 Notary Public,
 Room 28 Real Estate and Law Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 Phone 10.
 J. MYROSE,
 Public Monographer,
 66-67 Bartlett Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
 Phone 10.
 Monographer First Judicial District
 New Jersey.

ARCHITECT. _____

IRLSON VAUGHN,
Architect,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

WARREN A. FLOUT,
Architect,
Woods Barlett Building,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

FRANK MIDDLETON,
Surveyor and Field Examiner,
Rooms 524-525 Barlett Building,
For North Carolina and Atlantic avenues,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

D. B. RIGHTMIRE,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Barlett Building, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

MEDICAL.

H. H. C. JAMES,
Office Hours:—(Until 10 a. m.; 1 to 5 and
7 to 9 p. m.),
—Main street, MAYN'S LANDING, N. J.

DENTIST.

WILMER A. ABBOTT,
Dentist
1508-H Pacific avenue,
Phone 6. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

LEGAL.

[illegible]

LAWYERS

TER ARBO

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on
SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF
JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND NINE
at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

[illegible]

Sold as the property of Ada L. Weeks et vir.
et als; and taken in execution at the suit of
George E. Palmer et als, executors, &c., of Julia
A. Palmer, deceased, and to be sold by
BNOCH L. JOHNSON,
Sheriff.

Dated December 28, 1908.
JOHN B. SLACK, Sell.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on
MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF FEBRUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND NINE

At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of William Zimmer, in the city of Egg Harbor City, county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

All that certain tract or parcel of land and premises, hereinafter particularly described, situate in the township of Galloway, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the north corner of Cologne avenue and Herschel street; thence running north-

asterly along the northwest side of said Cologne avenue fifteen hundred and six feet and eight inches; thence northwesterly along a line at right angles with said Cologne avenue eleven hundred and fifty-six feet and six inches to the division line between the farms fronting on Cologne avenue and those fronting on Vienna avenue; thence southwesterly along said division line parallel with said Cologne avenue fifteen hundred and six feet and eight inches to the said Herschel street; thence southeasterly along the said street to the point

of beginning containing forty acres and known and designated on a plan or map of the Gloucester Farm and Town association a copy of which is filed in the Clerks' office of Atlantic County as Farms No. 299 and No. 300.

Seized as the property of Martin Schade et al. and taken in execution at the suit of Egg Harbor Building and Loan Association and to be sold by

ENOCH L. JOHNSON,
Sheriff.

Dated December 6, 1908

HERMAN L. HAMILTON, Solicitor.
81. Pr's fee, \$10.15.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on

**SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY
OF JANUARY, NINETEEN HUN-**

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Kuehnle's Hotel, corner of Atlantic and South Carolina avenues, in the city of Atlantic City, county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

All the following described tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the city of Atlantic City, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey:

Beginning in the easterly line of Windsor avenue as now dedicated according to a map made by Andrew

showing said avenue as marked in July, 1888, extending said avenue as laid out eighty feet westward from the westerly line of Annapolis avenue and westward of the width of sixty feet extending parallel with Annapolis avenue from Atlantic avenue to Ventnor avenue at the distance of one hundred and eighteen feet northwardly from the northerly line of Atlantic avenue and extending thence (1) northwardly along the easterly line of Windsor avenue forty-three feet; thence (2) eastwardly parallel with Atlantic avenue eighty feet to the west-

erry line of Annapolis avenue; thence (3) southwardly along the westerly line of said Annapolis avenue forty-three feet; thence (4) westwardly parallel with Atlantic avenue eighty feet to the place of beginning; being the same premises conveyed from Mary A. Holdzkom et. vir. unto the said Townsend Godfrey, Trustee for Mary A. Holdzkom, by deed bearing date the first day of November, A. D. 1907, and duly recorded in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic County at May's Landing, N. J., in book No. — of deeds, page — &c.

NOTE.—This property is sold subject to taxes for the year 1908 amounting to \$17.05; taxes for the year 1904 amounting to \$31.16; for the year 1906, \$34.30; for the year 1907, \$33.71 and for the year 1908, \$37.04, together with interest and costs thereon.

Seized as the property of Townsend Godfrey, trustee et al. and taken in execution at the suit of Mary E. Wright and to be sold by

ENOCH L. JOHNSON, Sheriff.

Dated December 13, 1908

ODFREY & GODFREY, Solicitors.
ST. JOHN'S, 126B.
Frs fee, \$14.40.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on

ATURDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY
OF JANUARY, NINETEEN HUN-

two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at uehln's Hotel, corner Atlantic and South Caroline avenues, in the city of Atlantic City, county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey. All the following described tract or parcel of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the city of Atlantic City, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey:

Beginning in the Easterly line of Ocean avenue at a point opposite the centre of a partition wall between two brick houses and about

hundred and eighty-four feet and eight inches Southward of the Southerly line of Pacific avenue and extends from thence (1st) Eastwardly in a line parallel with Pacific avenue which line shall pass through said partition wall sixty feet; thence (2nd) Southwardly in a line parallel with Pacific avenue twenty-nine feet; thence (3rd) Westwardly parallel with Pacific avenue sixty feet to the Easterly line of Ocean avenue; thence (4th) Northwardly in the Easterly line of Ocean avenue; thence (4th) North-

erty in the Easterly line or Ocean avenue
being twenty-nine feet to the place of begin-
ning; being the same premises conveyed unto
Minnie K. Donovan by Joseph Convey et. ux.
died bearing date the eighth day of March,
A. D. 1907, and duly recorded in the Clerk's
Office of Atlantic County at May's Landing,
New Jersey, in book 555 of deeds, folios 283, &c.
1907. This property is sold subject to taxes
amounting to \$75.08 and taxes for 1908
amounting to \$33.16 together with interest and
costs thereon.

elized as the property of Minnie K. Donovan
 and taken in execution at the suit of
 Mutual Building and Loan Association
 to be sold by
 ENOCH L. JOHNSON,
 Sheriff.
 dated December 19, 1908.
 GODFREY & GODFREY, Solicitors,
 Pr's fee, \$12.10.
 CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

Frederick W. Jaynes, Annie Jaynes, Della Quilras, and Veronica Quilras. By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the 14th day of June, 1907, and the date hereof, in a cause wherein the said Leypoldt is complainant and you and the said Jaynes are defendants, you are required to appear, plead, answer or demur the complaint in bill on or before the fifteenth day of January, one thousand nine hundred and eight, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

ne said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage
by Frederick W. Jaynes and Annie
Jaynes, dated April 11th, nineteen hundred
seven on lands in the city of Egg Harbor
county of Atlantic and state of New
Jersey, and you Frederick W. Jaynes and
Annie Jaynes are made defendants for the
same on thereof, and you Amelia Quirus and
Veronica Quirus are made defendants be-
cause you claim to be the owners of the said
lands or some part thereof.

HERMAN L. HAMILTON,
Solicitor for complainant,
Egg Harbor City, N. J.
dated December 14, 1908. P's fee, \$4.35.

PERRY & STOKES,
Counselors-at-Law.
Solicitors, Masters and Examiners in Chan-
cery; Practices in the United States and Cir-
cuit Courts.
Office:—Currie Building,
Corner Atlantic and South Carolina aves.,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Coast Phone 17. 1531 Atlantic avenue,
Bell Phone 790. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

J. JOHN F. X. REES,
Law Offices.
Room 614, Bartlett Building,
Coast Phone 1193-Y. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

H. HARRY W. SCHNEIDER,
Counsellor-at-Law,
Union National Bank Building,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Bell Phone 1717-A
 Room 29 Real Estate and Law Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

W. MYROSE,
 Public Stenographer,
 646-647 Bartlett Building,
 ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
 Official Stenographer First Judicial District
 of New Jersey.

On the application of the undersigned, Executor of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent to exhibit to the subscriber, under oath of affirmation, their claims and demands against the estate of the said decedent, within six months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

HORACE E. BURGER, Executor.

Day's Landing, N. J., November 13, 1908.

The image is a dark, grainy, high-contrast scan of a document page. It features vertical lines and a large black area at the bottom, suggesting a heavily degraded or obscured document.

Covell's Joke

By WILLIAM MORRIS, JR.

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All Balmoral, with the exception of Dan Betterley and his sister, thought Covell's joke a good one. The Betterleys were excited because the joke was on Dan and the talk across the bar of the Brindle Pup saloon was hushed on those rare occasions when Betterley favored the place with his company. At other times men slapped each other on the back and roared as Covell detailed the progress of events. The joke had sprung from a careless remark made by Rob Henders when Julie Betterley had refused to marry Howard Wetton on the ground that she did not want to leave Ben alone to keep house in bachelor discomfort. "Some one would do Wetton a personal favor by marrying off Ben," suggested Henders, and the rest of the crowd shouted with delight at the idea of the silent Benjamin marrying. "But he wouldn't know how to ask a girl," suggested Covell. "Some one would have to pop the question for him. By John Rogers," he added, "I think I'll do it for him! I've a maiden aunt back east who's been crazy to get married for more years than I've lived. Her name's Adora Dedrick, and she must be about fifty now."

"She's got a little money, and she may think that he's marrying her for that, but she'll take him. We'll carry along the game until we're proposed for him, and then we'll let Ben get the answer or else we'll bring the old lady on and let him fight it out with her."

"That would be great," declared Henders approvingly. "Let her walk right up to him and put her arms around his neck and say 'Darling! I'll be one to help pay the old lady's traveling expenses on this here excursion' broke in Denver Bill, who dealt back. "What will it cost?"

"Say \$400," suggested Covell as he took off his hat and threw in \$20. "In a few minutes more than the needed sum had been realized, and, calling for pens and paper, Covell wrote the first letter, while the rest of the crowd looked on.

Betterley was not disliked in Balmoral, but his taciturn ways and his refusal to make one of the crowd that nightly thronged the Brindle Pup marked him a man apart from the rest. Hence the crowd was willing to pay for the pleasure of seeing his amazement when his undesirable bride elect should appear.

Unmindful of all postal regulations, the postmaster agreed to let Covell have the letters addressed to Dan Betterley should any come from the little New England town where Miss Adora Dedrick lived. Presently came, a heavy letter in which Miss Dedrick expressed a willingness to correspond with a man so well recommended by Cousin Covell.

"I guess she's forgotten you, Col," suggested Henders when this line was reached, but Covell merely grinned appreciatively and continued to read.

"There was little to laugh at in the letter. Indeed, more than one of the crowd wished there was some one back east who would write letters like that to him, but Covell's vivid description of Miss Dedrick's overbearing charm, and the thought of what Dan would say when he arrived kept the joke alive during the correspondence that followed. Finally when Miss Dedrick wrote that she was sending her picture and the accompanying photograph proved to be that of a comely girl scarcely out of her teens, Covell rolled on the floor in his delight.

"Cousin Adora was that old before they knew how to take pictures," he insisted. "She must have begged this of a photographer. I think that it's time to spring the joke now. We'll send her the money to come on with and ask her to start at once. Dan will see this picture, and when Cousin Adora comes I reckon he'll be some surprised."

Covell laboriously indited a lengthy letter, in which he declared Dan's inability to wait longer for his bride and begging her to come west at once. A few days later a telegram telephoned from the railroad town to camp announced her start, and when they had learned the sense of the message the plotters allowed it to be delivered, while at the same time Miss Adora's last letter and her picture, inclosed in the original letter, were placed back in the postoffice and delivered to Dan that evening.

The Brindle Pup opened until a o'clock in the morning that the earliest news might be learned, but Dan gave no sign that he was disturbed. A scout reported that his shack was in darkness.

"I don't think I'd lose sleep myself," admitted Henders with regret. "I suppose it took him rather sudden that some one's doing his courting for him, but he's willing to make good for his unknown friends with the original of that photograph."

"Wait until he sees what he draws," reminded Covell. "He'll go some shy of sleep when Cousin Adora gets after him with all those letters. She'll never believe that he didn't write them." The thought cheered the disappointed ones, and even when Dan went quietly to his claim on the morrow and did not even ask the postmaster about the letter they chuckled as they thought of the awakening that was in store for him.

Every man in the camp was on hand when the stage came over from Buxton three days later.

Far down the trail the driver waved his hat three times as a signal that the bride had arrived, and they were all lined up about the front of the hotel where they could watch Ben and his sister without being so near that he might suspect something.

There was a tense moment when the veiled figure descended from the interior of the stage, but a murmur of

disappointment followed when it was seen that a heavy automobile veil was impenetrable.

Dan came forward, and the arrival turned to him. He led her up to his sister, and the three climbed into the Betterley buckboard and were off to Dan's shack before the camp fairly realized that it was being robbed of its fun.

"It's going to be curious when she takes off that there veil," said Henders with a sigh. "But it's damned mean that we can't declare in on the deal. I sort of feel that I've been cheated."

"Same here," chimed another voice, and, though Covell urged that there still would be plenty of fun, he was decidedly unpopular for the moment.

In an effort to change the humor of the crowd he invited them over to the Brindle Pup, and they were still having drinks at his expense when Dan Betterley strode in and drew Covell to one side.

"Look here," he said quietly, but with a ring of determination in his voice. "Dora has been asking for Cousin Covell, and I suppose that means you. If it does you are at the bottom of this trick. I want to know what it all means."

"It was a sort of joke," explained Covell, who did not appear to be greatly enjoying the "joke." "Some of the boys thought that you ought to be married, so I'll come marry Howard Wetton, and I remembered that I had a Cousin Adora back east who's been wanting to be married for the last fifty years, so I thought I'd make the whole lot of you happy and—"

"And you did the writing," concluded Dan. "From what Dora says I gather that there were a number of letters I never saw. I want them."

From the saloon safe Covell extracted the package of letters and silently turned them over to Betterley.

"I suppose you know what the punishment is for illegal use of the mails?" he asked, raising his voice. "The first hint from any one that reaches my wife's ears to the effect that she was the victim of a rotten practical joke will bring a postal inspector here who will see that you get what's coming to you."

"Your wife?" gasped Covell. "You don't mean to say that you're going to marry that mummy?"

"Doesn't the fact that you are still alive argue that?" asked Betterley. "The joke appears to be on you, Covell. I fell in love with her photograph just as Dora did with mine, and I was well content to make the match you so amiably planned."

"She looks like that photograph," asked Covell gaspingly.

"It doesn't half do her justice," declared Betterley fondly. "The Adora Dedrick that you have been corresponding with became Mrs. Henry Sprague some ten years ago. This Adora is her niece, her brother's child, named after her. She was the only Miss Adora Dedrick, and she received the letters. She wants to see her cousin, and if you dare hint anything when you come up I'll—"

"You won't have to," said Covell humbly. "I've acted like a bound puppy. Dan, you needn't be afraid. I'm only too glad the joke's been switched."

"Same here," said Betterley, more contentedly. "You fellows come up to wedding. There's going to be a double wedding, for now Julia can marry Wetton. You're a pretty good joker, colonel!"

"I ain't no joker," declared Covell, with more emphasis than grammar. "I'm one of them pretty pink Cupids that they have of a kind—singles—and I'm rather good at the job too."

The Poverty Ridden.

Was there ever a more heartbreaking problem than that of being poor and yet looking prosperous? Far better was a diet of potatoes and cabbage soup and a pair of leather breeches of the vintage of 1858. And that is one great reason why the country—be it in Galway or in Chateaufort or in any other place—is a better place to be poor in than the city. A man is a man there, even if blue drilling jumps are his best.

Barring a condition of actual, gripping want—from which may God save all who were made in his image—there are no people in the world so fortunate as those who have made up their mind to be poor and happy together. Nor is there anywhere a man so cursed as he who can no longer live in the simple society in which he was born and yet yearns for it.—New York Mail.

The Beginning and the End.

The beginning is three or four weeks previous to election. Two aldermen get to talking politics over their beer, and one finally says:

"Well, Jim, I think I know the sentiment of the people, and I'm willing to bet my candidate will be elected."

"Money," said the other.

"How much will you put up?"

"Five dollars."

"Done."

And two or three days after the election the daily paper informs its readers:

"Among those who had a clear insight into the temper of the electors throughout the country is Alderman Thomas, who backed his acumen with his money and is a winner to the extent of \$30,000."—Baltimore American.

Sarcasm.

Hubert Henry Davies, the playwright who spent much time in London, told of an amusing interview between the owner of a publication in the British capital, whereof George Bernard Shaw had been the dramatic critic, and Max Beerbaum on the occasion of the latter's assumption of the duties laid down by G. B. S.

The owner advised Max of the salary that had been paid George Bernard, observing at the same time:

"Being comparatively inexperienced, you, Mr. Beerbaum, cannot, of course, expect so much."

"Oh, yes, I shall," hastily interposed Max.

"Indeed, I shall expect more. You know the drama so thoroughly that it is an easy matter for him to write it, whereas I, knowing nothing whatever about it, shall find it dreadfully hard work."—Harper's Weekly.

The Sheriff and the Chauffeur.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The farm gate creaked loudly, and Annie Jane hopped out of bed and ran to the window. Two triangular patches of light on the driveway, followed by a dark bulk, betrayed the arrival of an automobile. The voices of men raised in angry altercation floated through the open window.

"Oh, dear! He's caught another one," waited Annie Jane sleepily as she lighted a candle and proceeded to brush her pretty brown hair.

The mirror reflected a lovely face, full of sweetness and modesty, with soft curves and enchanting dimples. "If mother was only at home to take turns with me!"

"Annie Jane!" bellowed a voice up the stairway. "You got dressed and come down. I got another one of the chaps off here!"

"Coming, father," rawned Annie Jane, buttoning herself into a little pink frock she had worn that afternoon. When she entered the kitchen her father was sitting on a corner of the table fussing with an old fashioned revolver. Beside him was a shotgun.

Every separate snowy whisker of the sheriff bristled with hostility when he glanced toward the lawbreaker whom he had captured.

The unhappy prisoner was lounging, his chair tilted back against the wall. He was also smoking a cigarette and cying his warlike captor with good natured tolerance. He jumped to his feet when he saw Annie Jane, and the cigarette performed a parabola into the coal scuttle.

"Sit down!" roared Peter Lamson. "I reckon you don't realize you're a prisoner, young man! Now, Annie Jane," he added, turning to the girl, "I'm going over to get the justice and have him."

"You better let me take you over in my car," interrupted the prisoner eagerly.

The sheriff glared at him wrathfully. "Yes, and when you get me out in the road you'll run away with me just as a chawfer did with a sheriff down Scouge way! As I said, Annie Jane," he continued, turning his broad back on the prisoner and addressing his daughter, "I'm going to ride over to Justice Walnwright's and get him."

"Oh, I say, sheriff," said the prisoner, withdrawing his glance from Annie Jane's downcast face. "I've kept still, young feller!" thundered Peter Lamson, unbending his figure to its full height. "Now, you understand that whatever you say will be used against you. Do you march into that pantry, double quick!"

The chauffeur measured the sheriff with a calculating eye. At the end of a minute his gaze encountered Annie Jane's appealing glance. Then he bowed his head and disappeared within the dark pantry.

The sheriff slammed the door, locked it and hung the key on a convenient nail. Then he opened a sliding door in the wall of the pantry.

"Now, Annie Jane, you set here in front of the little door and if that chawfer tries to get out do you use this weapon on him! Better aim for his feet. That'll stop him quicker'n anything else." He thrust the revolver into his daughter's reluctant grasp.

"You know I'm afraid of firearms, father!" cried Annie Jane timorously. "I couldn't shoot it off."

Peter Lamson bent his head until his white whiskers brushed the girl's pink hair. "It ain't loaded," he whispered hoarsely. Then, with an elaborate wink at the girl, he left the room.

Five minutes later Annie Jane, crouched in the Boston rocker, facing the pantry, heard the rattle of wheels as her father rode out of the gate. Just then a tall clock in the corner chimed 12.

"Put the revolver on the table if you ain't afraid of it, I won't try to escape," said a reassuring voice from the pantry. Framed in the opening was the good looking face of the prisoner.

"If you'll promise," said Annie Jane relievedly. She placed the weapon on the table and resumed her seat.

"Father is very—very conscientious," she murmured apologetically.

There was a distinct chuckle from the pantry. "I have noticed that," remarked the chauffeur dryly.

"Father has only been a sheriff since the first of the month," she further explained. "You know there is a sign-board down the road which says that motorists must slow down to ten miles and—"

"I'm aware of it. That's what happened to me!"

"It happens to so many of them," sighed Annie Jane. "And then father catches them and they are so rude. Some of them offer money to let them go again. They offer bribes."

The prisoner blushed hotly under the scorn in Annie Jane's voice.

"What did father say when you tried to bribe him?" she asked demurely.

"He said—he said he was the only sheriff in the county that couldn't be bought," said the prisoner sulkily.

Annie Jane nodded. "Father is like that," she said modestly because he believed that he had the moral courage to refuse a bribe. Our new justice, Mr. Walnwright, says the lives of the people in this community shall not be endangered by the reckless driving of autos. He says they shall observe the law! We have never seen Mr. Walnwright, but father says he's the right man in the right place."

The prisoner smiled somewhat grimly.

"Of course, you look at it from another point of view," said Annie Jane courteously. "I hope your employer will pay the fine."

"Thank you," said the prisoner gently.

There was a long silence after that, broken now and then by the dropping of a coal into the grate of the cooking stove. Annie Jane was observing the leather cap and goggles and huge fur coat slung across a chair. Somehow the prisoner in the pantry did not seem to be like the majority of motorists whom the conscientious sheriff captured in the night watches.

As a rule, the prisoners were dusty and grimy, with oily hands blackened and discolored. They were of every nationality and temperament, but one and all concurred in that they were unjustly detained.

This young man, however, had a clean cut, clever face, with a determined jaw and keen blue eyes. He was an American; his hands were brown and strong and well kept. Annie Jane liked good hands.

Suddenly she uttered a little shriek and tucked her feet under her ruffled skirts.

The prisoner shifted his gaze from her charming face to the bright rag carpet. "What is the matter?" he queried.

"Such a horrid rat!" quavered Annie Jane, pointing to where a small, gray body slid along the floor.

"Go on, dear! He's caught another one," waited Annie Jane sleepily as she lighted a candle and proceeded to brush her pretty brown hair.

"No, oh, no! I can't let you out!" sobbed Annie Jane hysterically.

"Nonsense! I'm not going to have you frightened to death," retorted the prisoner authoritatively.

"I am afraid of it—but I promised to keep you locked up. I cannot break my word," murmured Annie Jane, with an attempt at valor.

Once when she was a little child a rat had bitten her hand, and since then the sight of one would send her into hysterics.

The chauffeur looked at her face, from which every trace of color had fled, and, with a muttered exclamation, he turned away from the little opening.

A minute later came the sound of a window being raised, and presently the prisoner walked into the room through the back door. Without a word he seized a poker. There was a rush of the door and Annie Jane's eyes were closed.

The door opened and closed. The chauffeur washed his hands at the sink. "I shall return to the pantry now," he began, when the outer door opened again and the harsh voice of the sheriff boomed through the house.

Annie Jane sprang to her feet, whiter, if possible, than before.

"He's locked in the pantry, justice, and Annie Jane's been a watching him!" said Peter Lamson triumphantly.

"Justice Walnwright's out, rowdy and jovial, withal he had been aroused from his bed, entered the room in advance of the sheriff, and his genial glance alighted on the prisoner, who was calmly drying his hands on the roller towel.

"Hello, Walnwright!" he cried. "So you got here after all. Lamson says he went over to your place, but your servants said you were out in the machine chasing scoundrels. I suppose! Now, Miss Annie Jane, have out the prisoner, and we'll each land him a heavy fine, eh, Walnwright?"

"Justice Walnwright swept the room in a keen glance that noted Peter Lamson's chagrined face and the pitiful entreaty in Annie Jane's eyes.

"Sorry, sheriff. It's all my fault, but your prisoner has escaped," he said carelessly.

"Snicks!" exploded Peter Lamson, with sincere relief.

"Your treat, sheriff," laughed Smith comfortably. "Let it be some of that russet cider. I'll go down with you and hold the lamp."

When the discomfited sheriff had preceded Smith down the cellar stairs, the late prisoner approached Annie Jane, who stood disconsolately before the stove.

"You were very kind, indeed, Mr. Walnwright," she stammered with embarrassment. "I know father will be angry, but I really—he he—he made such a blunder—that he treated you so unkindly."

"You were very kind to the prisoner, Miss Annie Jane," said the justice, with a tender note in his pleasant voice. "Under those circumstances it was very strange that he should try to escape, wasn't it?"

Annie Jane's eyes dropped before the warmth in his gaze, but she made no reply.

"I don't believe—he escaped, after all," mused Walnwright thoughtfully.

And subsequently it was proved that he did not.

"A good listener is usually much sought after."

"That's so. Henpeck's wife is looking for him all the time."

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on SATURDAY, THE SIXTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Kuehnle's Hotel, corner Atlantic and South Carolina avenues, in the city of Atlantic City, county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

All the following described tracts or parcels of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey:

Beginning at a point in the south line of Caspian avenue one hundred and twenty feet and one-half feet west of the westerly line of Tennessee avenue and running thence westwardly along the south line of Caspian avenue twenty feet and ten inches to a point; thence southwardly between parallel lines of this width and parallel with Tennessee avenue one hundred feet to the north line of a twelve and one-half feet wide alley, being a part of the same premises conveyed to Eli H. Chandler by John M. Jackson et al. by deed bearing date the second day of October, A. D. 1901, and recorded in book No. 272 of deeds, page 186, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1908.

Also beginning at a point in the south line of Caspian avenue one hundred and thirty-three feet and four inches west of the westerly line of Tennessee avenue and running thence westwardly along said south line of Caspian avenue twenty feet and ten inches to a point; thence southwardly between parallel lines of this width and parallel with Tennessee avenue one hundred feet to the north line of a twelve and one-half feet wide alley, being a part of the same premises conveyed to Eli H. Chandler by John M. Jackson et al. by deed bearing date the second day of October, A. D. 1901, and recorded in book No. 272 of deeds, page 186, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1908.

Also beginning at a point in the south line of Caspian avenue one hundred and seventy-five feet and one-half feet west of the westerly line of Tennessee avenue and running thence westwardly along said south line of Caspian avenue twenty feet and ten inches to a point; thence southwardly between parallel lines of this width and parallel with Tennessee avenue one hundred feet to the north line of a twelve and one-half feet wide alley, being a part of the same premises conveyed to Eli H. Chandler by John M. Jackson et al. by deed bearing date the second day of October, A. D. 1901, and recorded in book No. 272 of deeds, page 186, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1908.

Also beginning at a point in the north line of Wabash avenue one hundred and twenty feet and one-half feet west of the westerly line of Tennessee avenue and running thence westwardly along said north line of Wabash avenue twenty feet and ten inches to a point; thence northwardly between parallel lines of this width and parallel with Tennessee avenue one hundred feet to the south line of a twelve and one-half feet wide alley, being a part of the same premises conveyed to Eli H. Chandler by John M. Jackson et al. by deed bearing date the second day of October, A. D. 1901, and recorded in book No. 272 of deeds, page 186, on the seventh day of May, A. D. 1908.

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