

CRIMINAL COURT

SKET WILL SOON BE

ARE OF CASES.

gbee To Resume Trial of

Offenders Monday and

Sentence on All Those

and Found Guilty.

only a few cases remaining for trial

Judge E. A. Higbee adjourned

Court yesterday morning until Mon-

day when the hearing of those indicted by the

and jury will be resumed and sentences

passed on those convicted by the jury.

Edward L. Howard, Tyson and Harvey

who stripped a copper pipe from a

in Atlantic City last December and sold

bank dealer, were found guilty Tuesday

and sentenced to jail to await sentence. They

down and confessed to the theft after

confronted by an accomplice in the

court.

Edward Dunsheath, charged with keeping

elderly house where boys resorted to play

and gambling, was charged Tuesday and

found guilty to the theft of some linen

from the Holland House hotel, and

First asked for clemency on the

grounds of intoxication. The evidence of the

was only partly submitted when Judge

Higbee decided to remand him for sentence,

and he was taken back to the jail.

John J. Joyner, colored, was acquitted of the

charge from a drug store last Decem-

ber. He was charged with the theft of

and Assistant Prosecutor

He was arrested on another

and the charge was found in his room

and its identity could not be

in the case of Florence Graham,

on a charge of assault and battery

and Helen Green, wrestled with the

and finally won.

and the jury decided to remand him for

and the jury decided to remand him for

and the jury decided to remand him for

MAY'S LANDING JOTTINGS

Paragraphs, Personal and Other-

wise, Briefly Describing What

Has Occurred in the Capitol of

the County.

Enjoy the good weather while it lasts.

First quarter of the new moon next Thurs-

day evening.

Court visitors are less numerous than for

many terms.

Mrs. L. R. Somers, of Burlington, was a visitor

this week.

Everybody put together for municipal pro-

gress and better civic facilities.

The "class" of 1909 has been a curi-

ous one.

Mrs. Charles D. Makepeace is entertaining

her sister Mrs. W. E. Ellis, of Haverhill, Mass.

The improvement of Industrial Park is one

of the objects of civic progress during the year.

Revival meetings have continued during the

week in the M. E. Church with good attend-

ance.

Miss Bella Henry, of Painsboro, was the guest

of Mr. and Mrs. William Feeney during the

week.

Daniel B. Frazier, of Philadelphia, was here

Tuesday looking after his extensive property

interests.

Owners of ice-houses expect to reap their

annual frozen harvest before the new moon is

at hand.

The public schools will observe Lincoln's

Birthday on February 12 with appropriate

exercises.

Assemblyman Martin E. Keffer is endeavor-

ing to secure more game fish for liberation in

Lake Lemoine.

Mrs. Joseph L. Johnson will entertain the

members of the Gamma Sigma society at her

home this evening.

The many friends of Section Foreman Daniel

McIntire will learn with pleasure that he is re-

covering from his recent illness.

When your electric light globes become

REPUBLICAN LEAGUERS

ENTER NEW HOME

WM. R. HARRIS RE-ELECTED

PRESIDENT.

Re-Organization for Year Effectuated

in Handsomely Furnished Quar-

ters—Election of Officers Most

Harmonious.

Handsome new headquarters for the Young

Men's Republican League were opened Mon-

day night in the former hall of the Aerle

Eagles on North Carolina Avenue, Atlantic

City, when William R. Harris was re-elected

President of the organization by a unanimous

vote and other officers for the ensuing year

were elected. The League is one of the strongest

political organizations in the State. The new

quarters, which occupy the entire second

story of the brick building adjoining the

Bartlett Building, have been furnished with

rich carpets, handsome hardwood furniture

and pictures of leading Republicans, and are

said to be the finest of their kind in South

Jersey. The League has established these as

permanent headquarters.

Harmony marked the election of officers,

and the meeting was well attended by mem-

bers, including leading Republicans from all

parts of the county and city.

Other officers elected for the ensuing year

were:

First Vice-President—E. C. Shaner.

Second Vice-President—Samuel E. Keffer.

Third Vice-President—Samuel W. Moore.

Recording Secretary—Philip B. Grove.

Financial Secretary—Dr. F. B. Coll.

Treasurer—Edward R. Donnelly.

Trustees—Alfred Smith, Alfred Gillison,

Harry Wootton, James H. Hayes, George T.

Ortloff.

The committees appointed by President

Harris follow:

Executive—Tobias L. McConnell, Samuel

Winterbottom, Richard McNally, G. Arthur

Bolton, William Stephenson, Harry Schneider.

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTY

Happenings of Interest Transpir-

ing in the Cities, Boroughs,

Towns and Townships Told In

Few Words.

Correspondents are requested to affix their

signatures to all letters to "The Record," not

necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee

for the Editor.

PLEASANTVILLE.

Frank Wilcox, of Camden, was a visitor

Monday and was warmly greeted by his many

friends.

Mr. John Kirkbride and family have taken

possession of their new residence on Pleasant

avenue.

The Rev. Lawrence Correll, of Bridgeport, a

former pastor of the Wesley M. E. Church, was a

visitor Monday.

Revival services are being held nightly in

Salem M. E. Church, under the leadership of

Rev. H. E. Casanova.

Marion Snyder, a student at Brown College,

spent recently a few days with his parents, Mr.

and Mrs. George Snyder.

Misses Pearl Adams and Elizabeth Risley

are spending two weeks in Newark as the

guests of Mrs. Warren K. Taylor. They will

also visit Mrs. William E. Hires, of Palmyra.

The Art Club was entertained at the home of

Mrs. Charles A. Campbell Tuesday afternoon.

Refreshments were served by the hostess and a

pleasant afternoon spent by the members

present.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Adams left Monday

for Cuba, where they will spend a month visit-

ing various places of interest. Mr. and Mrs.

Hugh Collins, who are now in Florida, will

join them for the trip.

Mrs. Sarah Ryan, of Absecon, entertained a

number of relatives at this place at dinner last

Sunday. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Pardon

Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ryan, Mr. and

Mrs. Edward Ryan and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel

Collins.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

RECENTLY RECORDED

ENTERED AT THE COUNTY

CLERK'S OFFICE.

Brief Description of the Properties

\* That Have Changed Hands and

the Considerations as Shown in

the Documents of Transfer.

Atlantic City.

Edgar Young et al. to Addie R. Thompson.

30x125 ft. West side Morris ave. 155 ft. south of

Arlene ave. \$335.

Rufus Boyce et al. to Addie R. Thompson.

30x125 ft. West side Morris ave. 155 ft. south of

Arlene ave. \$4,500.

Frank E. Hamell et al. to Susan E. Booy.

50x130 ft. East side Maryland ave. 20 ft. south of

Pacific ave. \$18,000.

Edmund Doughty et al. to Andrew Marcus.

25x93.7 ft. East side Ohio ave. 25 ft. north of M.

Kinley ave. \$750.

John A. Biehoff to Mary B. Walton. 44x105

ft. West side Maryland ave. 910 ft. south of

Pacific ave. also goods \$1.

Elizabeth J. Townsend et al. to Mary B.

Walton. 25x90 ft. South side Baltic ave. 200 ft.

West of Iowa ave. \$1.

Joseph J. Shields et al. to Louis Schwab.

31x150 ft. North side Pacific ave. 101 ft. East of New

Jersey ave. \$4,100.

Samuel Ireland et al. to Alpha Lee. 25x90

ft. West side Michigan ave. 130 ft. North of Cas-

plan ave. \$1.

Valley K. Caviller et al. to Clyde H. Mc-

Coskey. 42x75 ft. West side Raleigh ave. 194 ft.

North of Atlantic ave. \$1.

Clyde H. McCoskey et al. to Mary A. Wells.

description same as above. \$1.

Record Development Co. to Pauline Scheele.

30x225 ft. West side Buffalo ave. 80 ft. North of

Winchester ave. \$650.

William C. Jones, Receiver to Isaac Bach-

man. Irreg. northeast corner Baltic and

Morris aves.; together with improvements and

fixtures. \$30,000.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS

Other Matters of Import to the

Real Estate and Financial World

Entered of Record at the County

Clerk's Office.

Cancellation of Mortgages, Atlantic City

The Leeds Co. to Guarantee Trust Co. Irreg.

135 ft. West of North Carolina ave. and 1238.06

ft. South of Pacific ave. \$50,000.

Mark Parsels et al. ux. to Edward P.

Williams. 25x75 ft. West side St. Catharine

Place, 250 ft. North of Atlantic ave. \$2,800.

Sylvester Leeds et al. ux. to John Boke. 90x200

ft. Southeast corner Indiana and Grant aves.

\$600.

Julius N. Blinder et al. ux. to C. Edythe Stal-

lard. Irreg. south side Pacific ave. 100 ft. West

of Kentucky ave.; 50x150 ft. West side Kentucky

ave. 100 ft. South of Pacific ave. \$1,000.

Martha L. Blinder et al. ux. Economy B. & L.

Asso. description same as above. \$2,000.

Oliver H. Guttridge et al. ux. to Orlando Ray-

nor. 31x85 ft. 117 ft. North of Baltic ave. 165 ft.

West of Massachusetts ave.; 65x100 ft. 227 ft.

North of Baltic ave. and 165 ft. West of Mas-

sachusetts ave. \$3,500.

Henry Rutter et al. ux. to Provident Life and

Trust Co. Irreg. 75 ft. West of Maryland ave.

and 1183.3 ft. South of Pacific ave.; 40x38 ft.

beginning in high water line of Atlantic ocean

where intersected by division line between

lands of John L. Young et al. and lands of

Henry Rutter. \$3,000.

Frederick J. McWade et al. ux. to Harvey J.

Shumway et al. 62x570 ft. at intersection

North side Ventnor ave. and east side Wisca-

hickon ave. \$1,135.

Edward A. Kelley to Almada W. Lechard.

104x55 ft. Southeast corner Illinois and Cas-

plan aves. 106.25x175 ft. Southwest corner Ken-

tucky and Sewell aves. \$2,500.

Sallie I. Freeman et al. ux. to Mary Holz. 50x

150 ft. East side Pacific ave. 100 ft. South of Aro-

4,500.

Henry Flitton to Max Brueckmann. 60x60 ft.

FORESTER WILL PROMOTE

TREE CULTURE IN STATE

READY TO ASSIST OWNERS

OF WOODLAND.

Examination of Timber and Prac-

tical Instruction Offered—Prin-

cipal Enemy of Forests is Fire—

Optimistic Over Work.

Under the direction of the forest park

commission, State Forester Gaskill is



## POINTS OF INTEREST. THE STATE GOVERNMENT

FORMATION FOR PEOPLE MEN WHO DIRECT THE SHIP  
FROM AFAR. OF STATE

ices In Atlantic City and County Make-up of the Judiciary and the  
Where Seekers After Pleasure Subordinate Officers of the Sev-  
May Find Entertainment of eral Branches—The Military and  
Every Kind. Naval Attaches.

famous Atlantic City Oceanwalk along ocean front from the Inlet to South Atlantic City, is seven miles long.

Abscon Light House, Pacific avenue, has been moved from Vermont and Rhode Island avenues, and now crosses the I-95-604 lower overways, and in fine weather only a m. or so. north 12 m.

United States Life Saving Station, on near light house, South Vermont avenue, was built by Capt. J. A. Smith, U.S.N., at his old post Office, Pacific and Pennsylvania avenues, open weekdays from 6.30 a. m. to 10 p.m. Sundays from 11 a. m. to 12.30 p. m., at 10 p.m. There are nine substations Atlantic City.

U.S. Weather Bureau Station, 21 1/2 mi. Rhode Island avenue, Mammouth other map, Oceanwalk and Pennsylvania Avenue.

United Life Saving Service, beach patrol station, ocean front during the Summer season. Protection of bathers. Three stations; head-quarters, South Carolina avenue and Beach, T. Beckwith, Surgeon in command.

Pennsylvania Railroad Passenger Station, on Express train from Atlantic avenue, Pennsylvania Railroad Passenger Station, on Express trains between Atlantic City Philadelphia, Atlantic and Tennessee uses.

Reading Railroad Terminal, Atlantic avenue, between Arkansas and Missouri avenues, nearly east of Atlantic county, Maryland 48 miles from Atlantic City. County Inland at Smith's Landing, 7 miles from Atlantic City.

Country Club, Northfield, Golf Course, 7 miles from Atlantic City. Eighteen holes, 5,900 yards.

Inlet, fleet of pleasure and fishing yachts, and power craft.

Hospital, on Pacific avenue, between Atlantic and Pacific avenues.

A Public Library built by Andrew Carnegie, Pacific and Illinois avenues,

Governor, John Franklin Fort,  
Secretary to the Governor, Leslie R. Fort,  
Secretary of State, S.D.J. Dickinson, Assistant Secretary, J. B. R. Smith,  
Treasurer, Daniel S. Voorhes, Deputy Treasurer, George W. H. Smith,  
Comptroller, Henry J. West,  
Attorney General, Robert H. Metcalf, Trenton.  
Assistant Attorney-General, Nelson R. Cassell, Camden.  
State Engineer, Henry C. Buchanan, Trenton.  
State Geologist, Henry R. Knappendick, Trenton.  
State Board of Equalization of Taxes, President, Earl Lantz, Newark; E. Ambleur Armstrong, Camden; Charles C. Black, Jersey City; Edward F. Vincent, Camden; Theodore Shinnerson, Newton; Secretary, Frederick R. Lebach, Trenton.  
State Board of Assessors, David Laird, Camden; Stephen J. Meeker, Newark; Theodore S. Johnson, Vineland; Edward P. Build, Mt. Holly, Secretary, Irvine E. Maguire, State House, Trenton.  
Department of Banking and Insurance, Commissioner, David O. Watkins, Woodbury; Deputy, Thomas K. Johnston, State House.  
State Department of Agriculture and Industries, Chief, Winfon C. Garrison, Newark.  
Commissioner of Labor, Lewis T. Bryant, Atlantic City.  
Trustees of the School Fund, Governor, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Comptroller and State Treasurer.  
State Board of Education, Edward E. Grasscup, George A. Frey, James B. Woodward, Silas R. Morse, W. Edwin Monahan, Vice-presidents, J. C. Morris, William Pennell, Chrysler, William H. Morrow, Charles E. Seaburn, Sweeting Mills, Louis Spelt, Edward G. Robertson, Leslie C. Love, James L. Hayes, T. O'Connor Sloan, Homer Allen, William R. Orricko, Edward Ross, William D. Forbes, Trustees, Joseph W. Clark, Joseph W. Condon, President; Edmund Wilson, Gordon D. Whiting; Alfred N. Barber, Secretary.

**The Courts.** Supreme Court, Chief Justice, William S. Gummere, New Jersey; Associate Justices, C. G. Garrison, Merchantville; Charles E. Hendrickson, Red Bank; William Pitney, Morristown; Francis J. Smyth, Newark; Alfred Reed, Trenton; Thomas W. Treachard, Bridgeport; Charles W. Johnston, Jersey City; James J. Bergen, Somerville; Clark, William Riker, Jr., Deputy Clerk, Charles S. Coddling, Reporter, Garrett D. W. Vroom, Sergeant-at-Arms, Clatskanie.

rease S. Biddle and John T. Revier.  
Court of Errors and Appeals, the Chancellor  
(Assistant) and the Justices of the Supreme Court,  
and Judges John W. Bogan, William H. Vin-  
denburgh, Garrett D. W. Vroom, Elmer Ewing  
Green, George R. Gray, James B. Dick, Clerk.  
The Secretary of State is *James B. Dick*.  
Council of War, William C. Whilliam, J.  
Magie, Elizabeth, Frederic W. Stevenson, John R.  
Emery, Newark; Frederic W. Stevens, Morris-  
town; Eugene Stevenson, Paterson; Lindley  
M. Garrison, Jersey City; Edmund B. Leaning,  
Newark.

Avenue and Gardner's Basin; office,  
 325 Hartelt Building.  
 Atlantic Yacht Club, 1206 Atlantic avenue,  
 Richmond avenue and Thoroughfare.  
 Biddle's Place, Theatre, Oceanwalk and  
 Oceanview, Oceanwalk and Indian avenue.  
 Biddle's Place, Theatre, Oceanwalk and  
 Oceanview, Cet Fauts, infant incubator  
 and concerts, ocean promenade, bowling  
 alley.  
 Camden, Court House, Sergeant-at-Arms,  
 David R. Isaac.  
 Camden, Court House, Ordinary, the Chancellor,  
 Vice and Sydney Vancney, Clerk, the Secretary  
 of State.  
 Camden, Court of Pardons, the Governor, Chancellor  
 and Judges of the Court of Errors and Appeals  
 specially appointed, Clerk, the Secretary of  
 State.  
 Circuit Court Judges (Act 1864, ch. 78, revised  
 1900, p. 349, sup. 1904, p. 51), Frederic Adams,  
 Newark; Allen B. Endicott, Atlantic City;  
 William A. Hesley, Long Beach; Benjamin A.  
 W. Jones, Camden; George H. Hoboken.  
 James F. Mintrim, Hoboken; William H.  
 Spear, Jersey City.  
 Proprietary Offices, East Jersey, John F.  
 Goodridge, Sr., Surveyor-General; Adrian  
 Lyon, Recorder, Office at Perth Amboy, open  
 daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; West Jersey, Henry  
 Surveyor-General and Register, Office at Bar-  
 Harbor, open on application to Register.

report—A pretty trip by trolley may be  
 taking the Longport trolley at Tennes-  
 and Atlantic avenues, a ride along miles  
 from front through Chelsea, Ventnor, South  
 tie, Oberon, landing soon at the steamboat

Longport every half hour direct.

road, Passaic, Somers Point and Absecon, to view the Great Salt Meadows and high above the towns, is always reminding the vastness of meadows and pretty scenery, make this trip well worth taking. The Atlantic City and Absecon roads are the Oceanwalk, about 30 minutes at 45 miles past the hour, from 6.15 a. m. to m., then 9.40, 10.15, 11.00 and 11.45. The speedway is a new drive, extending from Jersey, Albany avenue to Longport. It is about 30 miles long. One drive in 30 City are as follows: to Longport or Egg Harbor inlet, eight miles; the Elizabeth River, 10 miles; to the Atlantic City Convention.

First Brigade, General Edward A. Campbell, Newark, First, Fourth and Fifth Regiments of Infantry; Battery A, Field Artillery; First Troop of Cavalry.

Second Brigade, General Dennis F. Collins, Elizabeth, Second and Third Regiments of Infantry; Battery B, Field Artillery; Second Troop of Cavalry.

Signal Corps, Captain Wm. C. Sherwood, Jersey City.

Third Brigade, First Battalion, Commander Edward McClure Peters, Armory, Hoboken; Second Battalion, Commander Albert De Un-

or South Atlantic City, five miles; Abington and Lighthouse, two miles; Pacific City, five miles; Vinland, another five miles; and the Inlet on a macadamized road. Still another drive is across the salt marshes to Pleasantville, and thence along the coast to the towns of Club and Ocean View, and other pretty towns in the city of Atlantic City. The road across the swales is kept in first class condition. The Inlet is the broad opening South of the city, and the road to the island is a fine beach and reaches, It is a mile or more from the centre of the city, and the northern end of the Oceanwalk, and the electric cars, and the salt beds are to be seen every morning until night, either by the hour, or the day, at \$5 to \$8 per day.

of large salt-baths from parties charged with the duty. In addition to the salt-baths, the water is used in many other ways for the purpose of taking persons on trips to adjacent lands or out to sea all sums, according to the distance covered. The thoroughfare, which divides the island from the mainland is broad, deep and easy to cross, and those who have the opportunity to enjoy a sail on the waters of the thoroughfare without unpleasant consequences. Those who wish of heavier water may indulge their thirst to their heart's content, for from the

There are so many attractions at Atlantic City that every taste can be satisfied. Of the ocean piers are the rendezvous of the general public, but the delights of the promenade on the Ocean Promenade supersede all others. There is about the hotels and the places along that wonderful promenade never-ending sources of delight and amusement. In all the resorts along the Atlantic there is nothing to compare with the grand highway of travel, and the daily throngs of people to be seen there, and the great variety of human nature.

Established 1873-  
**Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.**  
 224 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.

Capital .....	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits..	\$951,530.50
Assets .....	\$7,333,826.11

Trust Funds not included in above  
 \$4,500,000.00

Interest Paid to Depositors during 1908  
 \$164,452.35

If you did not share in this, open an account with  
 get the benefit in future.

ALFRED WOOD, President.  
 BENJAMIN C. REYNOLDS, Vice-President and Trust Officer.  
 JOSEPH LIPPINCOTT, Secretary and Treasurer. GEORGE E. BERGEN, Soli-  
 citor.  
 EPHRAIM TOMLINSON, Assistant Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS  
 William S. Smith, Benjamin C. Reynolds, George J. Bragg,  
 Benjamin C. Brown, Joseph E. Berken, Alexander C. Wood, Joseph W. Coopey,  
 William S. Price, Edmund E. Reed, Jr., Ephraim Tomlinson.

# The Greatest Number

Of people don't give sufficient attention to the important matter of selecting an Executor. The Atlantic Safe Deposit and Trust Co. is organized under the law. If any of its officers die, they are succeeded by men equally as capable. Therefore, when they are your Executor, there is no chance of loss or mismanagement through the death of the party acting in this capacity. We draw wills free when appointed Executors.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT, \$5.00 UP.

Capital and Profits \$460,000.00.  
Deposits, \$1,600,000.00.

The Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co.,

N. E. Cor. Atlantic & New York Aves., Atlantic City, N. J.

Buy It At Mendel's...

Full line of Suits and Pantaloon for Winter Wear at  
Lowest Prices. Also a Complete Stock of

## Winter Suits and Overcoats

by the best makers—"Guaranteed." We quote no prices as we always sell goods as represented, and the best brands of Clothing in the County.

Full Line of Suits, Pantaloon, Hats, etc. Latest Design  
and colors

You are Cordially Invited to Inspect our Line of Goods





















# Los Mende

1625 Atlantic Avenue,  
Atlantic City, N. J.

# THE REAL SHOE

REGAL SAVE,  
THE SHOE  
THAT PROVES.

Winter Styles for Men and Women  
Now On Sale.

1432 Atlantic Ave

1702 ATLANTIC AVE.,  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

C A MELONEY

U. A. MEECH, JR.

# Wall Paper Shop,

11

22 South Tennessee Ave.,

Both Phones. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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## Converting Gwendolyn.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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At twenty Gwendolyn Rand was undeniably a personality to be reckoned with.

"I don't see where you get such ways, Gwendolyn," complained her mother. "Why, at your age!"

"Yes, indeed," corroborated Mr. Rand, "at your age, Gwendolyn, your mother had settled down—she wasn't running around after all the young men in the neighborhood."

"Oh, daddy," remonstrated Gwendolyn. "I think you might be a little more gallant."

"Well, well, the young men weren't all running after her, then," amended Mr. Rand, softening at the hurt look in Gwendolyn's big brown eyes. "But it doesn't look well either way. I can't understand where—"

"Mother was brought up in a convent, you remember. I'm the product of coeducation," retorted Gwendolyn in explanation.

"H'm," reflected Mr. Rand. "That may be the reason, but the remedy is Aunt Abitha."

Gwendolyn gave a little gasp of apprehension.

"Yes, my dear," continued Mr. Rand, "your mother and I have decided to send you down to Florida to spend the winter with your Aunt Abitha."

"She will teach you the things a girl of your age ought to know, daughter," added Gwendolyn's mother demurely, "things which I have somehow failed to make you take an interest in."

"In other words, I'm to be sent to a convent," exclaimed Gwendolyn as she swished out of the room, her head high in air, but her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Aunt Abitha's spacious, old-fashioned house merited kinder verdict than Gwendolyn bestowed upon it at first glance. Once up in her cozy bedroom, however, with its chintz covered four poster and French windows opening out on to a little rose covered porch, the girl's heart melted in spite of her self, and she threw both arms around Aunt Abitha, completely submissive for the time being.

But after the novelty of dusting, sewing and cooking began to resolve itself into routine Gwendolyn suddenly balked.

"Now I know how to do all these trivial things, Aunt Abitha," she argued, "what's the use of doing them day after day? There are so many real live things to do in the world. Let's give a garden party or something, Aunt Abitha. Are there any male inhabitants in Centerville that we could like to come, do you think?"

Gwendolyn, my dear, how you talk! Of course there are," Aunt Abitha was startled into admitting. "There's young Jack Hayward for one."

"What's he like?"

"Very thoughtful and polite," replied Aunt Abitha laconically. "He comes of one of our best families."

"Poor thing!" muttered Gwendolyn. "What did you say, dear?"

"I asked what he does for a living?" prevaricated Gwendolyn unobtrusively.

"Why, he manages his father's estate, of course. He's a country gentleman."

"Oh," commented Gwendolyn indignantly, "he must be a very provincial kind of person! I don't think I should like him."

"Well, of all things, Gwendolyn," bristled Aunt Abitha. "Of course you'd like him. Every one does. I'll ask him to call."

An afternoon or two later as Gwendolyn was reclining in the hammock on her little porch, concerned in a novel she was reading, she was startled that the front doorbell had been ringing for some time. On the veranda below she could hear Aunt Abitha's rocking to and fro.

"The front doorbell's ringing, Aunt Abitha," she called, jumping up. "If it's that polite and thoughtful young country gentleman, please don't disturb me. I'm in the midst of an awfully exciting love story."

A heavy, muffled laugh followed Gwendolyn's declaration.

It aroused her curiosity, but also her indignation, and she re-established herself in the hammock, determined not to display the slightest interest, whatever happened.

But the next thing she heard startled her into a sitting posture.

"Now, Aunt Abitha, will you introduce us?"

Gwendolyn, walking to the rail of the porch, could hardly believe her eyes. There, on the roof of the veranda, not ten feet away from her, sat an extremely good looking young man. And there on the lawn stood Aunt Abitha, the picture of dismay and disapproval.

"Gwendolyn," she called up, "this is Mr. Hayward. Jack, my niece, Miss Rand. I never saw such goings on in my life. Go right into your room, Gwendolyn!"

Gwendolyn did not budge. She only laughed and laughed, until Aunt Abitha finally joined in.

But such a triangular situation was not over encouraging, especially since Aunt Abitha refused to leave her angle of observation, so eventually they all adjourned to the downstairs veranda for afternoon tea.

"So you're a climber, Mr. Hayward?" Gwendolyn observed archly, taking advantage of Aunt Abitha's absence in the kitchen.

"Given sufficient incentive—yes," Jack answered lightly. "I couldn't stand down there below, you know, and let a fellow in a book get ahead of me."

"Get ahead of you?"

"Well, absorb your interest to the exclusion of a real human being," explained Jack.

"You took an awful risk," laughed Gwendolyn.

"Oh, that was nothing," Jack boasted. "I'm used to all sorts of athletic stunts you know."

"That isn't the kind of risk I meant exactly," Gwendolyn enlightened him. "Well, how did you like him?" beamed Aunt Abitha after the caller's departure.

"Not very well," said Gwendolyn, shaking her head dubiously. "He's so bold and conceited."

"But, my dear," hastily interposed Aunt Abitha. "You mustn't judge him from first appearances. Jack was a little queer today. I don't know what was the matter with him. But we'll have him in often, and you must be polite to him, Gwendolyn."

And that was how a most audacious courtship came to be carried on right under Aunt Abitha's eyes.

"Gwendolyn," asked Jack dreamily one sunny morning as they sat together in the fragrant rose garden, "how did you ever happen to come down to this quiet little spot anyhow? I should imagine you'd love all the gay things of life—dances, theaters, diners and all that, you know. Don't you?"

"No, you're all wrong," answered Gwendolyn slowly, blinding her face in the flowers she had gathered. "I love something quite different."

For a few minutes the birds in the garden had it all to themselves, so suddenly still were the two people who sat there.

"Gwendolyn," Jack finally found himself asking in a husky voice quite unlike his own, "do you really love it down here—the quiet, lazy life we lead?"

Gwendolyn nodded, but did not lift her face.

"Love it enough to stay with me, dearest?"

Gwendolyn nodded again.

"Look up at me, you fraud," Jack commanded, taking her joyfully into his arms.

"I can't," Gwendolyn protested, blinking. "There's something in my eye."

"Oh, let me get it out, sweetheart!" implored Jack sympathetically. "What is it, darling?"

"A tear, I think," confessed the mischievous Gwendolyn.

Half an hour later Jack sat talking with Aunt Abitha on the porch. Gwendolyn was scribbling her daily line to her mother.

"Read that, Aunt Abitha," the girl called suddenly, holding out a sheet of note paper. "It has something about you in it."

And this is what the astonished Aunt Abitha read:

Dearest Mother and Dad—I want you to come down here just as quickly as you can. I am to be married at Aunt Abitha's two weeks from today. The wedding will be very quiet. Aunt Abitha fully approves of my engagement—in fact, she has done everything in her power to bring it about. Please bring my trousseau along with you. Your loving

P. S.—His name is Jack Montgomery Heyward, and he's just as nice as his name. I can cook and sew and dust. G.

He Liked the Sound.

Mr. Goff has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half amused, half indignant manner some times, half pitying to his friends.

One day when in town he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal he called to the waitress and inquired what kind of pie could be had.

"Apple pie, peach pie, blueberry pie, strawberry pie, plum pie, cherry pie, mince pie," the young woman repeated glibly.

"Will you please say that again?" he asked, leaning a trifle forward.

The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "And strawberry shortcake," she concluded, with emphasis.

"Would you mind doing it once more?" he said.

The waitress looked her disgust and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked when she had finished. "I'm going to have the apple pie. It's very interesting, very. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."—Youth's Companion.

A Noiseless City in Friesland.

Fancy a city of 35,000 inhabitants, guileless of street cars and omnibuses (the steam tram line from Franeker halts discreetly without the town, easily encompassed in an hour, for its singlet, its old moat which it has not yet greatly overstepped, is not three miles in extent; a city without great noise or confusion, save on market days, and clean, quiet streets, lined by low houses with shining windows, peopled by rosy cheeked serving women, capped with gold and lace, and demurely dressed, grave faced citizens. Send red sailed boats to its very heart, until masts are jumbled with electric light poles and church towers; plant densely foliaged trees beside its quays and a few from railed flower beds in its open squares; give it a water circle thronged with hundreds of boats, crossed by a few bridges and many little hand ferries—and you will see Leidenwarden.—Scribner's Magazine.

An Untamed Marquis.

The father of the Marquis of Bute had an amusing experience in the neighborhood of Rothsay. He met a cockney traveler who asked to be directed to a certain place. Deceived by the marquis's recent, the visitor took him for a southern and took occasion to make supercilious remarks about the barbarous islanders of Bute. He said, "Blime me, I suppose you're like me, an Englishman?"

"No," responded the marquis. "I'm a native of Bute, this is land."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Londoner, in amazement. "Then who is the dooce tamed yer?"

Lord Bute assumed a fierce expression and making a poisonous cough he was carrying, said angrily, "Who says I'm tame?" The alarmed cockney turned and fled.—Pall Mall Gazette.

May Do It Now.

"In the olden times it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible."

"Shew." That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day.

"You don't say so! How do they manage it?"

"By marrying famous women!"

## When Jimsey Plugged the Game.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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No thunder rolled, no lightning flashed, when James Henry Holden got his job, but the proceedings were not altogether without excitement. James Henry entered the office with a demand for the position offered in the morning paper.

"We've got a boy," declared Royce, the gray haired manager. "You're too late."

"I was to ten other places before I could get here," explained James Henry. "Which is the kid you put on?"

Royce nodded in the direction of a small boy who was regarding his nicely polished boots with embarrassed interest. James rendered thanks for the information and slipped out. He was back again in an hour or so to take a package and some change on Royce's desk.

"Them's the pencils you sent for," he announced. "Where'll I put my hat?"

"I told you we had a boy," said Royce crossly.

"And 'ain't 'is," explained James Henry. "He's gone home to get his eye fixed, and I told him I'd take the job, so he couldn't worry."

For a moment Royce hesitated. It was bad policy to employ a boy who had taken another's job, but Royce was very tired of boys who lacked spirit, so at last he nodded his head in the direction of the bench where the boys sat waiting for their turn to be called.

"No more fighting or out you go," he warned, with a frown, and James grinned as he crossed over to the bench.

In two days he was "Jimsey" to everyone in the office with the exception of Benson, the senior partner, and even Benson thought of him as Jimsey on those infrequent occasions when he gave the lad any thought at all. He was alert, intelligent and always ready to perform services not strictly in his line.

More than once Jimsey was sent up town to Benson's home with some message, and in these commissions he delighted. Usually he carried a message to Mrs. Benson, and Jimsey grew adoringly fond of the sweet faced girl who was the broker's second wife.

Marion Chesney had married Benson because her parents had given her no peace until she had consented to make the sacrifice that should re-establish the Chesney fortunes even at the price of her own unhappiness, and like a brave little woman she was trying hard to make the best of it, though she found it very difficult at times.

Benson had sought a mistress of his home rather than of his heart. He delighted in seeing his wife at the head of his table when he gave dinners to his business associates. Like the plate and the wines, she did credit to his taste.

Beyond that he gave her little thought. He was careful to provide flowers and candy, but merely because he felt that this was expected, and Jimsey took far more delight in the trip than did Benson in the sending or Marion in the receiving.

Once it had slipped out at home that the head clerk had a standing order to remind his employer to send flowers and things, and after that they were flowers or candy to Marion—nothing more.

Jimsey's frank admiration and lively ways went far more to her because his boyish adoration was sincere and his friendliness genuine. She came to watch for his appearance, and to Jimsey the quarter or half dollar that she gave him meant far less than the friendly pressure of the slim, cold fingers as she laid the coin in his palm.

So matters stood when Jimsey, making a short cut through the park on the way to the street car line, came face to face with Marion and a man as he turned a curve in the path. There was no mistaking the man's attitude. He was making determined love to her, and she seemed at least tolerant if not receptive.

For an instant Jimsey paused and then half turned to retrace his steps and made a detour. When he caught a better glimpse of the man's face he sauntered forward.

He came to a stop before the couple, and his hat was whisked off as he made a sweeping bow to Marion. Then he turned to the man with a look of infinite disgust.

"Get on a new lay, Skinny," he demanded. "You're off your beat and in over your head. You'd better beat it or I'll tell the cops where the lead pipe from Hennessy's new tenements went to. It's too bad you can't stay no longer, but you get 't' out here."

To Marion's surprise the man rose and without a word took a hurried departure. Jimsey turned to her with mild reproach in his eyes.

"I know how you feel," he said soothingly as he watched the tears come unbidden to her eyes. "You want to have a steady, and the old man ain't no good for the mushy stuff. You can't get a flirtation with no one what knows your push, but you don't want to get mixed up with no lead pipe thief."

"I am interested in charities," she explained, not realizing that she was making a defense to a fifteen-year-old boy. "He spoke so interestingly of the conditions he had studied. This was the first time that he presumed to become personal."

"He thought he had you cinched," remarked Jimsey, forbearing to add that he thought she was "easy." "You want to put the old man wise, because Skinny may try to hold you up—blackmail, you know."

"I couldn't, I couldn't!" cried the girl with a sob.

"But you must," insisted Jimsey firmly. "If you don't tell, he'll make up all kinds of stories, and you'll have to put up or stand for 'em."

"But you can't understand," she began, and Jimsey sagely nodded his head. He was wise far beyond his years.

"I know," he conceded. "You two ain't never had a good fight so's you could know each other. C'm put him wise!"

The girl shook her head, but Jimsey shook his, too, and, though he said no more to her, he was waiting for Benson when the latter left the office. It was Benson's habit to walk uptown each evening until he felt tired, and tonight Jimsey emerged from the shadows of the corner and fell into step.

"I want to chew the rag, boss," he explained.

"See the cashier if you want more salary," was the short response. "I cannot be bothered with office details."

"This ain't office," denied Jimsey. "It's about the lady. I didn't promise not to tell, and she's afraid to."

"What do you know about my wife that she's afraid to tell me?" demanded Benson sharply.

"This way," explained Jimsey hurriedly. "She ain't got nothing to do but to be good to folks, and she gets in with the charity people. There's a chap that trails with the bunch for what he can get outen it, and—and—she was makin' love to her today. There ain't nothin' wrong, and you can't blame her. I seen him sellin' soap for twenty-five cents a cake, and there ain't no other fakes I know c'n get more'n ten. He's a swell talker, and she fell for it—to listen—to listen, you understand, he thinks that he c'n threaten to tell you and get some money from her, and I want to plug the game."

"And get the money yourself for tellin'?" demanded Benson. "It won't work. I have implicit confidence in my wife."

To his shocked surprise Jimsey slapped him jollily on the back.

"That's the way to talk," he cried, with enthusiasm, "only tell it to her boss. Don't tell it to me. Just sort of get together. Good night."

He sped away into darkness, and in his perturbation Benson walked all the way home. He could see the poor little girl fearful of what might happen and trying to greet him with a smile. He could recall many little things to which business had blinded him, and when at last he came into his home he took the trouble to tell the woman in his arms and told her that he understood.

Even Jimsey could not realize to what good effect he had "plugged the game." He had made many crooked ways straight, and some vague thought of this made him happy as he stood in line for a gallery ticket to the melodrama, where the stage villain would be knocked out and virtue would triumph as he had seen it that day in real life.

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Turquoises and the Mongols.

Turquoises are the favorite stones of all the Mongol races and are generally worn in their original state except by the Chinese women, who have them roughly cut and wear them mixed with pearls and coral. Both the Tibetan men and women ornament themselves with lump turquoises, the men wearing them attached to their single gold earrings, which are worn in the right ear only.

The women of Ladakh carry their fortunes on their heads in the shape of a broad strip of red cloth studded with huge turquoises, which, starting from the forehead, is carried over the head and hangs nearly to the waist. By the Ladakhis these turquoises are preferred that have little black specks on them, which show their genuineness, for even in the wilds of central Asia the spotless blue composition emanating from Europe is offered for sale at a bazzar at Darjeeling being flooded with it.

The Bhutia women in the Darjeeling district wear quilt brass ornaments covered with chip turquoises, which are cheap, but the Mongolians have the embossed silver plates which form such a becoming headgear studded with really fine turquoises, for which the owners have to give valuable furs in exchange.—Cornhill Magazine.

Men, Women and Bundles.

"Wrap them up separately," said the woman at the counter, "and not in one big package."

And then, still speaking to the clerk, though obviously for the benefit of others within hearing, she went on:

"It looks better to carry a lot of little bundles than one big one, and it's easier too. You can pack them in handily between one arm and the body and leave the other arm free. Now, if all these things were in one big package I would have to use both hands to it or run the risk of dropping it."

So saying she stowed her purchases deftly along her left side, keeping them in place with her arm, and departed. A man who had heard her looked incredulous and when his turn at the counter came had all his packages made into one big bundle and tied securely. As he slipped his fingers under the cord and lifted the bundle off the counter he remarked:

"This is my way. If all these things were in separate packages I'd lose half of them before going a block."—New York Sun.

Pretty Strong Lungs.

In "Through Luzon on Highways and Byways" the author, a naval officer, tells this expansive story. We rouch for the story only, not for the facts:

While traversing this attractive country, which offers so much to tempt the husbandman, we met with no sign of life until nearing a village, where could be seen native hunters after deer and carabao. The carabao furnishes a fine quality of meat and has a peculiar, instinctive trait in being the only denizen of the forest that can protect itself against the boa constrictors, which are somewhat numerous in these parts.

When the carabao is pounced upon by the boa and the reptile has wrapped itself round the body for the squeezing process of killing the animal, the carabao slowly draws in its sides until the boa has its grip fixed securely and begins to tighten up, when suddenly the carabao indates his lungs to their fullest and spreads his sides, tearing the vertebrae of the reptile into a thousand pieces.

The Lady and the Detective.

"Acquaintance with a detective is not the good thing some people may imagine," said a young woman who has never yet been accused of being an adventuress or anything else that is supposed to get one's name on the front pages of the newspapers. "A few months ago I was robbed of a belt that I prized very highly because it was unique and cannot be duplicated. I spent considerable money and had the assistance of a headquarters detective, but without recovering the belt."

"That was all well enough, but yesterday as I was walking down Broadway I saw Mr. Detective. He saw me, too, and remembered that he had seen me somewhere, but had evidently forgotten the circumstances. 'He shadowed' me for a block; then when I turned into a store he slipped into a doorway and waited for me to come out. Again he shadowed, me till I turned into my doorway. At that point he seemed to suddenly remember that he had known me as a client, not as a victim, for as I looked back he seemed to have a sheepish look in his face as he turned and walked rapidly away."—New York Globe.

Nefarious Scoundrels.

No modern advertising column is likely to contain an advertisement as vigorous in its language as one published in an old Newburyport Herald of a century ago, threatening with "public exposure"—no mention is made of prosecution—if he could repeat his nefarious scoundrel, void of every manner of breeding, who had stolen apples from a certain orchard.

Whether or not the remainder of the crop was spared, it is impossible to tell, but the satisfaction of seeing "nefarious scoundrels" in good black print must have proved eminently soothing to the spirit of the peppery old gentleman who penned the advertisement.

The disproportion between the language and the offense reminds one of that trial, in another old colonial town, at which a pious judge had discouraged so eloquently on the offended majesty of the law and the wickedness of lawbreakers in general that the plaintiff, who was simple minded, began to fear the special larceny in question would be lost sight of.

"Don't ye hang him, judge!" he broke in suddenly. "No, don't ye hang him! He deserves it for goin' agin' the law and the prophets, but I don't want he should forget he stole my three biggest pumpkins! I want he should set sorrowin' in jail and remember what brung him there. Try and forgive him his other villanies, judge, and just you jail him for them pumpkins!"

The Lambs on the Track.

One never knows the value of an amiable deed till he knows all its consequences, and the merit of it is in not knowing them all beforehand. An engineer of a passenger train was driving through a snowstorm, eagerly scanning the track as far as he could see, when, halfway through a deep cut, something appeared lying on the rails.

It was a sheep with her two little lambs. His first thought was that he could rush on regardless of them probably without damage to his train, but the sight of the innocent family covering the light in the storm touched him, and as they paid no heed to his warning whistle he pulled the air brake and sent his freeman ahead. In a few minutes the man came back with a terrified face. There had been a landslide, and just beyond the cut the track was covered with rocks. It seemed certain that the train had gone on at full speed in the blinding snow it would have been impossible to stop in time to escape disaster. In the absolute sense the incident was providential, as everything is, but circumstantially the passengers on that railway train owed their safety, if not their lives, to an engineer who was too tender hearted to kill a sheep and her lambs.

LEGAL.