

He Found A Watch

And Received the Reward He Wished For

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Simpson was walking on the street one afternoon in a portion of the city devoted to residences. The sidewalks were broad and laid between grass plots. In the grass on one side he saw something sparkling. Going to it he took up a gold hunting watch. The first thing that Simpson did was to press the spring to open the lid over the face. He caught his breath. Inside the lid was a photograph of the face of a young girl and so pretty that Simpson would have given his head for one kiss of the original. The watch was of good size and evidently belonged to a man. A pang shot through the finder as it occurred to him that the girl was the betrothed of the owner of the watch.

On the outside of the case, in a smooth space within the chiseling, were the initials "H. F. L." "That's the guy that owns the watch and the girl, too, I suppose," muttered Simpson to himself. "I can find out who he is through the directory or possibly the telephone book. I don't mind returning the watch, but I'd like to keep the picture."

He went to the nearest drug store, where he took down the telephone book, turned to "H. F. L." and began to run his eyes down the names, keeping them open for the three letters on the watch. It was a long hunt, for there were more than a thousand surnames beginning with "L" and in this case the second letter in the surname was at the lower end of the alphabet. It was "L. The name with the letters "H. F." before it was Loring. Henry F. Loring corresponded with the letters on the watch, and it was probable that this Loring was the owner. His residence was on an eminently respectable street, and very likely he was one of the upper ten thousand.

Simpson was in no hurry to return the watch because the picture went with it, and the oftener he looked at it the more he was infatuated with it. But conscience, combined with a desire to find the original, compelled him to look for an advertisement of the lost property, and at last one met his eye. A reward was offered if the watch was delivered at the office of the newspaper containing the ad.

Simpson was not to be put off in this way. He walked past Mr. Loring's residence and asked a cop on the beat who lived there and what persons constituted the family. He was pleased to learn that Mr. Loring was his head. This was all he elicited or needed. Mr. Loring was doubtless the father of the girl whose picture had enthralled Simpson instead of being her lover.

What luck! Simpson went home, took down his telephone book and learned the Loring number. Then he called for it.

"Is Miss Loring at home?" he asked. "Hold the wire."

In a few moments a feminine voice asked what was wanted.

"I have found a watch with the initials 'H. F. L.' on the case. Has any one of your family lost a watch?"

"Isn't that lovely! Mamma, papa's watch has been found!" Then again in the transmitter, "There's a reward offered!"

"Never mind that. I wish first to establish the fact that the property belongs to your family. Can you identify it in any way?"

"Yes, there is a photograph inside the case."

"Of a very lovely girl?"

"Oh, no, not that; only a girl."

"Then it can't be the watch you suppose it to be. The photograph is surely that of an angel. Sorry, I suppose I must look further for the owner."

There was no reply to this. So Simpson began again:

"I might take the watch to your house, and if the photograph appears to be a likeness of one of your family that would prove property."

Quite likely by this time the girl had got on to Simpson's fawning manner of returning the watch and proposed to play him at his own game.

"If the photograph is that of an angel there is no use of bringing it here. There's no angel in this house."

Simpson was a gentleman and remembered that such a dialogue forced unnecessarily on a young lady by a stranger indeed, one she could not even see—was impertinent. He must be cautious or he would get himself shut out.

"Are your father's initials 'H. F. L.'?" he asked.

"They are."

"Then the watch must belong to him. It is not for me to suggest the manner of its return. I am George Simpson, Athenaeum club. Unless I hear from some one of your family soon I shall send it by messenger to your house."

"I'll tell papa. Thank you very much."

"Goodbye."

Simpson flattered himself that he had made a very good bid for an introduction. He could scarcely be accused of transcending the proper limits. He was not supposed to know that the person at the phone was the original of the photograph. He had got in a fine compliment without offense. He had given his address and could only await the issue.

The next morning he received a note that Mr. Loring would call upon him that evening at his club. When the gentleman called Simpson handed him the watch. Of course the answer made no mention of a reward. He acknowledged the obligation and asked if there were not some way of making a return.

"There is only one way," said Simpson, "of doing that, but it would not be permissible for me to mention it, at least not now."

"Were the watch an ordinary one," replied the other, "I should consider that thanks expressed for its return would be sufficient. But it is a very valuable one. I have had it tested in an astronomical observatory and those in charge pronounced it equal for accurate timekeeping to their best chronometers. But this is unimportant beside the fact that it was given me by my late wife. I trust that you will think over the matter and find some method of enabling me to show my appreciation for its return."

"How did it come into the position in which I found it?"

"I cannot tell you. The watch was stolen some time ago. Possibly the one having it, fearing arrest, purposely dropped it that he should not be incriminated by its being found on his person."

"I appreciate your feeling in the matter, Mr. Loring. I will endeavor to think up some way by which you may get your desire."

When Mr. Loring went home that evening there was much eagerness to hear all about the recovery of his treasured keepsake. Had Simpson opened the other side of the case he would have seen a photograph of an elderly lady, the donor of the watch, and would have noticed a resemblance between it and the face on the other side. What especially pleased those interested was that this photograph was returned unblemished, for it was the only one of its kind in existence.

"What kind of a looking man was he, papa?" asked Miss Loring.

"A very gentlemanly appearing young fellow."

"Did you offer to pay him the reward?"

"Of course not. To offer a gentleman a reward for the return of lost property would have been an insult. I explained to him why I prized the watch and asked him to name some way that would be agreeable to him whereby I might show my appreciation of his return of the property."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said that there was only one way of doing it, but it would not be permissible for him to mention it, at least not at present."

Miss Loring turned away to hide a faint blush. Her father continued:

"I begged him to think over the matter and endeavor to find some method of my acknowledging the obligation."

"Did he say he would?"

"Yes," said Simpson, "but you can scarcely expect that of him, or at least that he should make any favor acceptable to him. It seems to me that it is our part to find a way to favor him."

"Well, Puss, what do you suggest?"

"Why, since he is a gentleman quite likely he knows some one that we know. In that way you might form his acquaintance in a more conventional way than by his returning the watch, and then, you know, it would be in order for you to invite him to dinner."

"I can invite him to dinner without hunting up a mutual friend. It strikes me that returning a man a valued keepsake in the shape of a \$500 watch is more of a voucher than a conventional introduction."

There was no response to this, at least none that was visible to the father, for Miss Loring's face was turned away. Nevertheless her eye lighted with satisfaction.

"An invitation to dinner," she continued, "is not in itself an expression of your appreciation of what the gentleman has done, but it will give you an opportunity to discover how to convey a favor."

"I see," said the father, and, seating himself before a desk, he wrote the invitation.

Now, if the young lady had said, "It will give me an opportunity to discover how to convey a favor," she would have spoken the truth. And if she had said, "He wants the picture you carry in the lid of your watch; his coming to dinner will enable me to find a way of giving him a duplicate," she would have told the whole truth.

When Simpson opened the invitation he looked as if he had been plunged in a basin of joy.

"You look," he said to himself, "that George Simpson, Esq., has managed this affair just about right! George you have good reason to be proud of yourself."

Oh, the conceit of man! Simpson had managed the affair well enough as far as he was in a position to manage it, but had not his action been supplemented by the all important suggestion of Miss Loring he might have whistled to the wind for the desired acquaintance.

The dinner came off, and after it was over naturally enough Simpson and Miss Loring were left together, while the father read the evening paper in his smoking room. And George found no difficulty whatever in telling what kind of a reward for the return of the watch would be acceptable to him. After a good deal of backing and filling on the part of the young lady he went away with a duplicate of the picture in the case of her father's watch.

From this point the narrative is like all other love stories. Simpson now carries the photograph of his wife in one side of his watch and one of his daughter in the other. They look like twins.

Holland, known as North and South Holland, forms part of the northern part of the Netherlands. These provinces are composed of land rescued from the sea and defended by immense dikes. Holland was inhabited by the Batavi in the time of Caesar, who made a league with them. It became part of Gallia Belgica and afterward of the Kingdom of Austria. From the tenth to the fifteenth century it was governed by counts under the German emperors. Holland was at one time a Dutch republic. It was created a Kingdom in 1806, and Louis Bonaparte, father of Napoleon III., was declared king—Ex change.

First Aid to Golfers.

"What would you do if you had a stroke?"

"Call a doctor at once," Judge.

The Other Side of the Wall

And Different Kinds of Love

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A farmer boy not out of his teens was taking the horses to water. The setting sun threw their shadows so far that their bodies were lost in the distance, while the legs looked like telegraph poles. Leaning on a fence enclosing a yard about a cottage beside the road was a young girl. Her feet were on the bottom rail, her head and shoulders being above the top one.

"You're looking mighty pretty to-night," said the young fellow.

The girl smiled.

"The setting sun shining on that hair of yours makes it look yellow enough to be pure gold."

"That must be what you're looking for."

"What?"

"Gold. When you get a girl you can be sure she'll be the daughter of some rich farmer."

"Your dad isn't a rich farmer," replied the young man softly.

"I'm. I wasn't talking about myself."

"Whom were you talking about?"

"Well, there's Lizzie Blake."

There was no reply to this for the moment. He seemed to be thinking.

"I thought," he said presently, "that you and Lizzie were thicker than two peas in a pod."

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"Why, I didn't think you would be jealous of her."

"Jealous? Who's jealous?"

"Oh, you're not, eh? Maybe you don't care who I keep company with."

"Of course I don't."

"Then I reckon I'll keep company with Lizzie."

"You can just do that as long and as soon as you want to; I don't care."

The young man gave a tug at the balusters of the horses and moved on a few steps, when he stopped, turned and looked back at the pretty figure of the sixteen-year-old girl gilded by the last rays of the setting sun.

"Did you mean that?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," was the reply in a tone so bitter that it would have said plainly to any one except the person to whom it was addressed that she did not.

His only reply was another yank at the balusters, and, turning again, he led the horses to the barn, fed them, made their beds and left them for the night.

As for the girl, she went into the house and that night when she went to bed she cried herself to sleep.

These two had been brought up side by side and had arrived at the mating age. A few days before the young man had kissed another girl on finding a red ear at a husking. And so what was about to happen did not happen. Fate makes many sudden turns.

"If I were a man," said Amelia Peddelford, "I would be tempted to use strong language."

"Don't mind me, Aunt Amelia," grinned her nephew. "Don't let your sex bar you from any of the privileges of the male."

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped Amelia, quite restored to good humor. "Tom, what would you do about Donald Brown's chickens?"

"Catch 'em and eat 'em," said the practical Tom. "If they come into your garden and eat your lettuce and scratch up your corn eat 'em. They're fattened on your food, so to speak."

"I wouldn't do that," said Amelia thoughtfully, "but I was wondering if you wouldn't go over and speak to Donald about it."

"Certainly," agreed Tom. "And is old Brown's pretty niece stopping there now?"

"Linda, you mean?"

"Yes; pretty Linda Brown," said Tom sentimentally.

"Then I won't go—er—yes, I will. Aunt Amelia, shall I tell Mr. Brown that you, president of the Woman's Suffrage society of Blanton and a stern believer that woman is the equal of man, have sent me, a mere man, over to grieve at him for permitting his chickens to invade the sacred precincts of your garden?"

"Tell him anything you please," sighed Amelia wearily.

Tom stepped through the open window and walked down a box bordered path to the high brick wall that separated the two places and provided tangible evidence that the old friendship between the Browns and the Peddelfords was no more.

And it had all been on account of marauding chickens on the one hand and Amelia's pet ram on the other side of the fence.

Tom knew a weak place in the wall and kicked out a brick to gain a foothold. The brick assailed Donald Brown upon his rheumatic foot as he hobbled among his old fashioned flowers.

Mr. Brown did not call for a substitute. He roared for himself. He greeted Tom's handsome face over the wall with a dark frown.

"You young rascal! What do you mean by throwing bricks at me?" he growled.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brown, but it was an accident. I didn't know you were there." Tom swung himself around balanced for a moment and dropped a pair of substantial feet into the glass of a cold frame.

"What do you want here?" demanded Donald Brown.

"I came to call upon Miss Linda."

"Linda—pooh! She isn't here, sir!"

"Then I came to complain about the chickens. Aunt Amelia's garden is ruined."

"Humph!" snorted Mr. Brown. "Being unmarried, it's rather hard on Aunt Amelia, went on the young man gently. "If she had a husband to protect her rights!"

"Her own fault!" put in Mr. Brown gruffly.

Tom's eyes danced. Ho! There was an old romance here after all.

"She may have been hasty," agreed Tom.

"You mean she regrets—er—that she remained single?" demanded the other eagerly.

"Oh, no. I mean she regrets that she has had to speak to you about the chickens," explained Tom.

"Oh!"

What a world of disappointment was expressed in the ejaculatory Tom winced and discovered that he was actually feeling sorry for Donald Brown and Aunt Amelia. "Why hadn't they ever married?" he wondered. To gether they would make a spirited pair; apart they nagged at each other.

"Both unhappy and don't know the reason why," he decided wisely.

"You know, a woman won't admit she hasn't made a happy choice when she decides to remain a spinster," explained Tom.

"Ah!" Mr. Brown sniffed a little and wiped his eyes with a spotless handkerchief.

"Still, it's never too late for a woman to change her mind on any subject," went on Tom.

"You might put it up to Amelia, then," said Donald Brown grimly. "If she'll change her mind I'll change mine."

"You mean it?"

"Certainly."

"Put it there, Uncle Don!" yelled Tom, pumping Mr. Brown's hand up and down.

"Please don't be quite so impetuous, young man," said Mr. Brown. "My niece hasn't exhibited any signs of interest in you—yet."

"Linda?" Oh, she'll wait," said Tom airily, for his mind was filled with visions of restoring Aunt Amelia to the arms of Donald Brown. Of course there had been an old romance, and this couple, governed by time and loneliness, only waited a diplomatic hand to join theirs in betrothal.

"Linda and I'll be the bridesmaid and best man," thought Tom as he retreated toward the wall.

"So you're going to put the question to Amelia?" asked Donald.

"If you say so."

"Of course. Tell her I'm sorry it happened and that I'll take all the responsibility. I'm killing off my chickens anyway. Only got a dozen left, and they're matted up tight as can be in the poultry yard."

"I'll tell her," promised Tom as he vanished over the wall.

Amelia Peddelford was sitting in her rose arbor knitting a shawl.

"Aunt Amelia," said Tom impressively, "I've talked with Mr. Brown, and he—er—says—er—that if you'll forget and forgive, why, he will take all the responsibility and blame for the trouble."

Aunt Amelia stared. "Of course he was to blame," she said mildly. "He never should have kept chickens anyway. They ate up his own flowers and vegetables and—"

"And he wants to marry you, Aunt Amelia!" Tom confessed this hurriedly. He wanted the interview over. Had not Linda Brown just flashed past the house in her uncle's runabout?

"Donald—Brown—wants—to—marry—me?" shrieked Aunt Amelia wrathfully. "The old bigamist!"

"Bigamist?" gasped Tom.

"Of course! Didn't you know he was married? Married my old school friend, Lizzie Blake. Poor Lizzie's weak minded and been in the asylum for a dozen years. Marry me?"

"Perhaps he didn't mean that," admitted the wretched youth. "Let me tell you what he said, and you may understand."

So painstakingly word for word he repeated what had been said between the two men on the other side of the wall, and when he had finished Aunt Amelia was laughing merrily, and Donald Brown, who had slipped into the yard and also heard, laughed sympathetically.

"I proposed to Miss Amelia to remove the brick wall at my own expense," explained Mr. Brown, "and I was asking you to assure her that I was ready to keep my promise; also that I was eating up my chickens as fast as possible, and there would be no further annoyance from that source. And Amelia, if you can wait until the other twelve chickens are disposed of—"

"Save them, Donald," interposed Aunt Amelia. "You may need them for Linda's wedding feast."

"And Tom?"

"It looks that way now."

Their eyes followed Tom's many forms as he scaled the wall and disappeared from view.

He was going to Linda—and happily.

The two friends in the rose arbor smiled at each other, secure in the happiness that the healing of old differences brings about.

For there are many kinds of love.

Ancient Trade Unions.

Seven thousand years ago there were trade unions in Nineveh and Babylon, and so strict were their rules that in some cases the penalty of death was inflicted for infringing them. Each man's work was strictly defined, and even the number of hours that he was allowed to work was stated in the charter of his guild or union. Later exactly the same state of affairs existed in Pompeii, and inscriptions have been discovered stating specific appointments of officials to trade unions.

A Downpour.

"What do you do when your wife begins to cry, Jibway?"

"As my wife is a head taller than I am and she cries copiously, my first thought is to stand from under."

KIND WORDS.

"Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and what a beautiful image it is!—Pascal.

Misplaced Sympathy.

Through the busy Glasgow streets a stalwart policeman led a little child by the hand.

A motherly looking woman paused before them for a moment. Then, in a sudden burst of sympathy, she bent over the child and kissed her.

"Pair wee lam!" she breathed softly. "She looks she could and starved like, and she hane been washed fur a week. Some folks canna be trusted wi' balms, wicks, cruel things they are. Whaur did ye fu' the wean, policeman?"

"Find the wean, woman!" snorted the policeman angrily. "I didna find her at a'. She's ma ain bairn!"—Dundee Advertiser.

Writers' Luck.

A New York critic said somewhat bitterly at the Century club:

"The best writers are never recognized by their own generation. Take the case of Poe. Take the case of Burns."

"Burns' native town would have none of him while he lived; then, after his death, they put up a statue in his honor."

"When Burns' mother was told that her son was dead, she said: 'My son asked for bread, and I gave him a stone.'"

He Couldn't Get Even.

"Here, here, little boy," said the benevolent person, "what makes you cry that way?"

"A feller poisoned my dog," was the reply.

"There, there," said the benevolent person, "don't take it so badly."

"But," responded the boy, "the feller that poisoned my dog has only got a cat!"—Indianapolis Star.

From the Boston.

"What do they mean by the expression, 'spilling the beans'?"

"It is from the Boston and means the divulging of information concerning which one should have been more reticent."—Pittsburgh Post.

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Local Points of Interest.

Cotton mill of the May's Landing Water Power Co., on Lake Lenape. Charles Kearns, Superintendent. Manufactures cotton twine, etc. Employs 250 hands.

Plant of the Atlantic Brick Manufacturing Co. Fancy pressed brick. Employs about one hundred and fifty hands.

Cranberry bog of Mapes & Co., more than one thousand acres in extent. On the Egg Harbor City boulevard, about one mile from May's Landing. Charles D. Mapes, Supt.

May's Landing Cut Glass Co., Joseph Thorpe, Supt. Fancy cut glass in process of manufacture.

County Jail and Offices of the Sheriff, Burroughs and County Clerk. Court House. Daniel F. Vaughn, Custodian.

Lake Lenape, artificial, and Lenape Falls. Renowned for beauty and a favorite fishing ground for small mouth bass, rainbow trout, pike and pickerel. Boating and bathing.

Great Egg Harbor River, flowing Southward eighteen miles to the Great Egg Harbor Bay. Once sailed by large ships, the ruins of old shipyards still evident along shores. Picturesque and a favorite stream for motor-boats. Good fishing and boating. Navigable and connecting with all seacoast resorts.

Public water supply station. Water 99 per cent. pure from artesian wells more than two hundred feet deep. Standpipe one hundred and twenty feet high, with fifty-five pound pressure. Cost \$30,000.

Industrial Park and public fountain, adjoining Court grounds on Main Street.

High School, Farragut Avenue. S. G. Huber, Principal.

First National Bank, Main Street. M. R. Morse, Cashier. Deposits \$200,000. President, Charles D