

A BOLD ATTEMPT

By ETHEL HOLMES

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mark Trevor locked his desk and went home. Having left himself in with his latchkey, he went upstairs stealthily, for it had occurred to him to enter his wife's room quietly, and if her back were toward him he would put his arms about her and surprise her with a kiss.

From this it will be supposed—and correctly—that Mrs. Trevor had not been long married. Cautiously pushing the door open, he saw standing before a dresser, hunting in one of the drawers, a woman. In another moment she caught sight of his reflection in the mirror. Turning, she faced him.

"Madam," he said, "what are you doing here?" "I came for your wife's jewels. But since I have not found them and have been interrupted in my search I will put in operation a scheme which I devised for which I prepared before coming here in case I should fail in obtaining the jewels. Your wife is not in the house. I left her some ten minutes ago at the door of a friend of hers with whom she was exchanging a few last words before parting. Knowing the disposition of my sex to prolong these few parting words, I believed I would have plenty of time to come here and at least make a beginning."

Opening a reticule, she took out a bit of paper and handed it to Trevor. It was a note for \$1,000. "Sign it," said the woman. "I will do no such thing."

"Yes, you will when you have heard my reasons why it would be best for you to do so. Your wife will be here in a few minutes. She had got between Trevor and the door, locked it and put the key in her reticule. She will find you locked in here with me. I will plead guilty and ask her forgiveness. Your domestic happiness will be ended."

"Unfortunately for this part of the woman's plan, at this moment the front door was heard to close. Mrs. Trevor had finished the few parting words with her friend and reached her home. Ascending the stairs, she attempted to open the door of her room and found it locked.

"Open the door," said Trevor sternly. The woman produced the key and did as she was directed. Trevor threw open the door. The woman covered in a corner, affecting shame and contrition. Mrs. Trevor stood looking from one to the other, first with amazement, then with indignation.

"Oh, Mark," she wailed, "how could you?" "This woman," Trevor began, but the criminal stopped him.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Trevor," she said. "I have injured you in stepping in between you and your husband. Mark loved me before he ever saw you. He really belongs to me rather than to you. He will love me as he loves me. He will give his own explanation of my being here. He will tell you, as he has had to me. Believe him if you will, but I assure you he is not to be believed."

Mrs. Trevor cast an appealing glance at her husband. It pleaded with him to set himself right, though convicted by overwhelming evidence.

"Eileen," he began again, and again the woman drew his words.

"Don't listen to him," she said. "I will tell you the true story in a few words. Several years ago he found me an unsuspecting country girl. His words were very sweet. He told me that in me he had met his fate, of all the girls he had ever met I was the only one to whom his heart was given."

At this point the woman began edging around toward the door. Mrs. Trevor shrieked away before her, locking the way clear. Trevor stood overwhelmed, paralyzed with the self-confessed thief's unblinking assurance. Then the wife found voice to say to the woman:

"Leave!" "I obey you. I leave you with the man who has blighted my life. Would that you had been left in ignorance of his true character! Never again will I see him."

She was about to back out of the door when Trevor sprang forward, closed it, turned the key and put it in his pocket.

"You will never again play such a bold game with me, for I shall put it out of your power to do so. Give me that reticule."

The woman turned pale. She grasped the reticule the tighter. She grasped the reticule the tighter. She grasped the reticule the tighter. She grasped the reticule the tighter.

A Marital Preparation

By SADIE OLOTT

"Harry," said Jess, "I've been thinking what an awful thing it is for a girl to trust her whole future to a man, not knowing whether he's going to make a good husband or a horrid one. I've a good mind to break our engagement."

"Strange, isn't it? I was thinking the same thing about a man's tying himself up for life to a woman. My uncle says a man runs an awful risk when he marries."

"How should he know? He's never been married."

"I've no doubt that your aunt, who is an elderly maiden, put all this distrust into your head. I've often heard her say she wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"Aunt Martha has a very clear idea of men's faults."

"So has my Uncle Jim of women's shortcomings. But, as I said a moment ago, I've been thinking myself that it's like taking a cold plunge to be married. If you think you don't care to risk it perhaps we'd better break it off."

She pouted at this and bent her eyes down on a locket she was toying with. "Uncle Jim says," he continued, "that marriage is all very well so long as the spooning lasts, but just as soon as a couple come down to the real thing the girl discovers that she hasn't got exactly what she wanted, or the fellow isn't quite a bull, or both."

"And the frozen begins. Now, suppose we stop spooning and treat each other in that friendly way married people do. We'd find out the cause of future dissatisfaction and could make up our minds with deliberation whether we'd better risk it or not."

"That's a good idea. When shall we begin—now?"

"No; the next time we meet. He didn't care to begin now, because it was only 11 o'clock at night and he was quite sure he would wish to spoon till 1. So they sat locked in each other's arms till 2 when they made preparations for parting, which required half an hour more, and finally succeeded in dragging themselves away from each other at 3. They were to begin their humdrum matrimonial treatment at their next meeting, and in order to be well prepared he was not to call again for three days. When the time was up he had nerred himself to act like a man who had been married ten years. He gave her a perfunctory kiss and, throwing himself into an easy chair, asked if anything new had turned up since he saw her last. She gave him a scornful glance, made no reply and, taking a seat in another part of the room, took up a book she had been reading.

He yawned and, taking a cigarette from a box, lit it, leaned back and smoked. There was a long silence. It was only a few minutes, but it seemed long.

"Been to your aunt's today?" he asked.

"No. Is your uncle well?"

"Very." Another silence, during which he took up a magazine from a table, turned over the leaves and threw it down. Then he glanced in her direction and saw that the book she was reading, or rather, pretending to read, was upside down, pictures and all.

"Been a big storm lately?"

"Not that I know of. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I see a picture of a capsize ship in the book you're reading."

"This called her attention to the inverted position of the volume, and she reversed it. There was no sound except the turning of its leaves, which occurred so rapidly that she must have been capable of reading a page every ten seconds. Finally he said, with a yawn:

"I shall have to go to bed early to-night. I've been up till late for several nights."

The Quintessence of Egotism

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

One morning a carriage stopped in the Boislogue wood in Paris. "This is the place," said the occupant. Alighting, he directed the coachman to drive on over a crest and wait. Then he began to pace idly back and forth, now turning to the east to admire the tints painted on the clouds by the coming of day, now snapping off a blossoming head of clover or dandelion. He was an intellectual-looking person, with a cast of countenance denoting the artist or imaginative faculty; straight and slender, with a mass of black hair falling down over his coat collar.

Presently he took out his watch, noted the hour and muttered: "It is time some of them should arrive."

A moment later the grinding of wheels was heard and another carriage came in sight, drove to where the man was standing, stopped, and the gentleman alighted and stood face to face with the first comer. He was followed by two companions, one carrying a bundle of fells, the other a box.

"Ah, M. Charlier," said the newcomer, "why do I find you here alone? Where are the seconds?"

"Wait," said M. Charlier. "You are not the only person I am to meet this morning. There are several persons who wish to deprive me of my life, and I propose that all shall have a fair chance."

"First come, first served," is a good rule. I solicit the privilege of taking my revenge before any one else has had a chance to deprive me of it. The insult I have received cannot possibly be forgotten. I demand an opportunity to show you."

Meanwhile another carriage drove up, and out stepped another party. This time there were two men carrying fells and, as before, one bearing a box. The principal could easily be recognized from the surprise with which he noticed that a party similar to his own had arrived before him.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said. "What does this mean?"

"It means, M. de Musser," said Charlier, "that M. Rubidoux here, having demanded satisfaction, as you have done, is entitled to it as much as you."

"But M. Rubidoux cannot possibly have the precedence that I have. Some petty breach of etiquette, perhaps, while I—"

Again there was a sound of wheels. "What do you mean, M. Charlier?" asked M. de Musser. "Are these carriages intended for your funeral train?"

"They bear other persons who come here for satisfaction."

Two more carriages stopped, and from each a party alighted, all looking astonished at seeing so many persons present. M. Charlier stepped forward to introduce them.

"M. Rubidoux, M. de Musser, permit me to present M. Tedoux and M. Cardiac."

All four men bowed very low, taking off their hats and striving up considerable dust with the wind made by their sweeps. Their attendants stood in groups, looking on, wondering at the strange turn the affair had taken.

"If all those you expect," said M. Rubidoux, "are present I beg to say to them that, as first comer, I shall insist."

"And I, too, insist," interrupted M. de Musser. "Gentlemen!" exclaimed M. Tedoux in a sonorous bass voice. "Gentlemen!" cried M. Cardiac in tones of a shrill reed instrument. Charlier followed his arms and waited. "This fellow," cried Rubidoux, "has sought to save himself from my just wrath by picking a quarrel with so many that he thinks all not being able to take satisfaction we will let him off. I propose we cast lots for first chance."

"Agreed!" cried all the others at once. Charlier himself wrote their names each on a separate bit of paper, put them in a hat, one of the seconds drew, and the first chance fell to M. Rubidoux. They fought, and M. Rubidoux was so eager to finish the case himself that he fended blows and badly. Presently his fall went flying in the air. He was obliged to give way to the next man whose name had been drawn, and M. Cardiac stood up before the victor.

"I'll show you that you cannot insult me by drawing what you conceive to be my character in your miserable novel with impunity."

How Nicholson's Courtship Was Begun

By F. A. MITCHEL

Nicholson met his fate in a library. He was sitting in an alcove reading "Dombey & Son." A young lady in street costume entered and passed her eye over the books on the shelves. On coming to a set of Dickens works she began to appear interested, scanning the volumes more carefully. A librarian was passing, and the girl called her. "Is this the only set of Dickens works in the library?" she asked.

"I believe it is. Yes, I'm quite sure we haven't any other. What volume do you want?"

"Dombey & Son." It seems to be out.

"Beg pardon; here is 'Dombey & Son,'" said Nicholson. "Oh, I wouldn't think of depriving you of it," said the girl.

"I have nearly finished it, but I shall not be able to just now. I beg you to take it."

"Not on any account, so long as you like reading it."

"Well, then, I will complete it. I shall do so in a few minutes."

"Don't hurry. I shall not get away from the library for some time."

She left the alcove, and Nicholson pretended to resume his reading, but instead he followed her with his eye as she dawdled over the shelves, now and again taking out a book, turning the pages for awhile, then passing on to another. Nicholson noticed her pose as she stood on one foot, the other laced in a slender boot showing beneath her skirt, the bon drooping on her shoulders adding to the picture.

Nicholson wore a thin touch of forget-me-nots in his buttonhole. When he had kept the book long enough to have made a pretense of finishing it he took one of the flowers from his buttonhole and placed it between the leaves of the book; then, going to where the young lady was doing her literary browsing, he handed it to her.

"Are you sure you have finished it?" she asked.

"Quite sure—that is, for this time. I shall doubtless read it again, or rather parts that are favorites of mine."

"I shall return it within a week. I am a quick reader."

"Do you ever note parts of books that especially appeal to you?" he asked, looking at the forgetment that hung without the leaves.

"Sometimes," she replied, her eyes directed also to the flower. Then, thanking him for his kindness in letting her have the book she had come to the library for she bowed an adieu and took it to the loan desk, where it was duly stamped and handed back to her.

A few days later Nicholson went into the library at that hour in the afternoon when young women go gadding. He had not been there long when the young lady who had wanted "Dombey & Son" entered. Nicholson retreated into an alcove where he could be in the shadow and look out at his charming who was under the skylight in the center of the library.

Sometimes a very big thing will fall to move one, and sometimes a very little thing will give one the emotion of his life. A very little thing at this juncture set Nicholson's heart beating wildly. The girl wore a faded forget-me-not in her corsage.

Here were two persons of opposite sex who had met, conversed, the man had offered a token in his own delicate way, the girl had accepted it, and it would naturally be supposed that this warranted Nicholson's presuming that it involved an acquaintance.

Nevertheless he did not take advantage of the situation. He considered that situation momentous. Thus far the moves on both sides had been worthy of a pair of thoroughbreds. Nicholson had no idea of making a false move. Instead of walking past the young lady, looking at her and giving her an opportunity to give him a nod of recognition, he got out of the library by the front door, while she was in the rear of the building. Altogether too much would depend should he meet her face to face, upon what she might decide to do. If she did not recognize him there would be a fork in their paths which might never bring them again together. At any rate, Nicholson decided not to hazard a rebutt.

LEGAL

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, in me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF AUGUST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in the Court Room No. 201, Second Floor, Guaranty Trust Building, in the City of Atlantic City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey,

All that certain lot, tract or parcel of land situated in the City of Margate City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Being in the Northern line of Pacific Avenue one hundred and fifty (150) feet Westwardly from the Western line of the Atlantic Avenue and running thence (1) Northwardly to the line of the Atlantic Avenue thence (2) Eastwardly along said Northern line of Pacific Avenue fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning.

Being the same premises as were sold by W. B. & C. Company by Alfred W. Bailey and wife, dated July 25, 1917, in book No. 225 of deeds in this office.

Property will be sold subject to taxes for the years 1915 and 1916 together with interest and costs of all other charges thereon.

Sold as the property of New Jersey Southern Company et al, and taken in execution at the suit of John G. Horner, Inc., et al, and to be sold by

JOSEPH R. BARTLETT, Sheriff.

Dated July 25, 1917.

HARVEY E. CARR, Solicitor. P. O. No. 61734

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, in me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF AUGUST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in the Court Room No. 201, Second Floor, Guaranty Trust Building, in the City of Atlantic City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey,

All that certain lot or tract of land and premises situated and being in the City of Atlantic City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, and bounded and described as follows:

Being in the Northern line of Pacific Avenue one hundred and fifty (150) feet Westwardly from the Western line of the Atlantic Avenue and running thence (1) Northwardly to the line of the Atlantic Avenue thence (2) Eastwardly along said Northern line of Pacific Avenue fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning.

Being the same premises as were sold by W. B. & C. Company by Alfred W. Bailey and wife, dated July 25, 1917, in book No. 225 of deeds in this office.

Property will be sold subject to taxes for the years 1915 and 1916 together with interest and costs of all other charges thereon.

Sold as the property of New Jersey Southern Company et al, and taken in execution at the suit of John G. Horner, Inc., et al, and to be sold by

JOSEPH R. BARTLETT, Sheriff.

Dated July 25, 1917.

HARVEY E. CARR, Solicitor. P. O. No. 61734

SNELLENBURG'S Mail Order Service The Snellenburg System Offers Unusual Conveniences and Advantages to the Out-of-Town Customer. This store, now in its 44th year, has established itself as a leader because of its first-class service...

N. SNELLENBURG & CO. PHILADELPHIA. This is the first week of our MID-SUMMER FURNITURE SALE which is surpassing all previous sales in its wonderful value giving opportunities. We have also just started our AUGUST SALE OF BED MUSLINS, with sheets, pillow cases, bolster cases, longcloths and cambrics, at less than to-day's wholesale prices.

FOOTREST HOSIERY for the Family. E.C. BARTHA Department Store MAY'S LANDING NEW JERSEY. AUGUST. 9-Union Wesley M. E. Church, Pleasantville. 23, 25, 27 - Atlantic County Grangers.

Aurora Hotel and Garage. (Official Automobile Station) Extends a Cordial Invitation to Autoists. European and American Plan. Fred Lott, Prop. Egg Harbor City, N. J.

SUBSCRIBE NOW Enter Your Subscription Now For The Atlantic County Record News from the County Towns, Proceedings of Civil, Criminal and Orphans' Courts, Legal and Real Estate News. Mailed to any address in the United States for \$1.25