

THE RECORD.

(May's Landing Record.)

Published Every Saturday Morning at May's Landing, N. J.

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E. C. SHANER,

Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the May's Landing Post-office as Second-class Matter.

MAY'S LANDING, OCTOBER 23, 1909.

County Republican Ticket.

For Assembly (3 years)—HARRY JENKINS.

For Collector (3 years)—CLARK W. ABBOTT.

For Township Committee (3 years)

CHARLES D. MAKEPEACE.

For Surveyors of Highways,

ELVEY KENDALL, ANSEL B. HOWELL.

For Poundkeeper,

CHRISTIAN SCHUMPF, LORENZ LEILING.

For Overseer of the Poor—DAVID SHAKER.

It is unanimously agreed that the world has heard enough of the Cook-Perry North Pole controversy.

May's Landing, as the County Seat of Atlantic County, is entitled to the best possible train service, and every train should stop at this point.

Residents of Atlantic City may justly feel proud of their splendid Police and Fire Departments, which in point of thorough organization and efficiency are unequalled in the country. The public inspection of the city's guardians Wednesday was the best ever held in the resort.

The enforced resignation of Minister Crane, however much it is to be regretted, will have a disciplinary effect upon other men in similar positions. Minister Crane is said to have made unwise statements in which he divulged State secrets of moment. If such was the case his removal was justified.

The successful flights recently made by aeroplanes have demonstrated that man is at last victor of the air, but whether or not the flying machines are of any commercial value is doubtful. While Wright and others are enjoying aerial travel, the rest of us must yet be contented with humbler locomotion on terra firma.

"Where is that railroad to May's Landing?" asks the Ocean City Board of Trade. The query is pertinent, and we shall await the answer with interest. A short-cut railroad between Somers' Point City and the County Capitol is necessary for the better development of the fertile district between the East Shore line and the Great Egg Harbor River.

General dissatisfaction is expressed all over the State with the present direct primary system of nominations, and it is intimated that an effort will be made at the next session of the Legislature to return to the old method of convention nominations. The results of the new law as demonstrated at the recent primary election seem to indicate that the direct primary is not working out according to the expectations of its sponsors.

The annual report of Curator Silas R. Morse for 1908 has been issued. The report deals largely with the birds of the State and is highly instructive as well as entertaining to all nature lovers. It is evident that Curator Morse has taken an active interest in this department and that he is doing all in his power to increase its usefulness to the people of the State. Larger quarters are needed for the Museum, which contains invaluable collections, for which provision will probably be made at the next session of the Legislature.

Under a new law it is a criminal offense to print and circulate unsigned campaign literature. The statute, enacted last winter, reads thus: "Whoever writes, prints, posts or distributes, or causes to be written, printed, posted or distributed, a circular or poster which is designed or tends to injure or defeat any candidate for nomination or election to any public office, unless there appears upon such circular or poster, in a conspicuous place, either the name of the chairman or secretary, or of two officers of the political or other organization issuing the same, or of some voter who is responsible therefor, with his name or post-office address, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Atlantic County was one of the first districts in the State to realize the benefit of good roads and has set a shining example to the twenty other counties of New Jersey in the way of improved roads not only in the thickly settled portions but in the rural districts as well. On the whole, South Jersey has been more progressive in road building than North Jersey. Representatives from this part of the State caused good roads legislation and the Southern counties were the first to take advantage of State aid. The County now has undertaken to transform the Old Shore Road into a splendid paved boulevard from Absecon to Somers' Point City and other projects relative to the improvement of the public highways are under consideration.

No true sportsman will attempt to evade the new resident hunters' license law, operative last July, providing that "No citizen of this State shall at any time hunt, pursue or kill with a gun, or any firearm, any of the game birds, wild animals or fowl which are protected during any part of the year, or shall use any gun or firearm for hunting, without first having procured a license so to do." This law is intended for the preservation of game in New Jersey and the money netted from the licenses issued will be used solely for the propagation and liberation of game birds and animals throughout the State. When a sportsman pays his dollar for a hunting license he should feel that he is paying at the same time a portion of the large annual expense of restocking the game fields of New Jersey.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Brief Description of the Properties That Have Changed Hands and the Considerations as Shown by Records of Clerk's Office.

Atlantic City.

William A. Logue, Trustee to Robert Moore, Jr., 7x156 ft. in Southeast corner Kentucky and Sewell Aves.; beginning East side Howard St. 56 ft. 3 in. South of Magellan Ave.; 76x156 ft. 4 in. Southeast corner Magellan Ave. and New York Ave.; 78x131 ft. 3 in. West side James St. 56 ft. 3 in. South of Magellan Ave. 41 ft.

Met'ullough Real Estate Co. to Geneva (Corson), 25x125 ft. North side Pacific Ave. 50 ft. West of Northwest corner Pacific and Adams Aves.; 100x125 ft. North side Pacific Ave. 75 ft. East from Northwest corner Pacific and Adams Aves. all right etc. \$15.

Emma Tilton to Bertha V. Clayton, 25x100 ft. East side Connecticut Ave. 30 ft. South of Southeast corner of Arctic and Connecticut Aves. \$2,000.

Hannah M. Bailey et. als. to John E. Sharkey, 50x100 ft. East side Vermont Ave. 25 North of Adriatic Ave.; 25x100 ft. East side Vermont Ave. 50 ft. North of Adriatic Ave. \$1,000.

Laura G. Strauser et. vlr. to Mary S. Hewitt, 41x30 ft. North side Windsor Ave. 118 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$1,500.

John S. Ingram et. ux. et. Edgar S. Mill, Irreg. South side Adams and East side of Grand Ave. 45 interest, \$1.

Albert Beyer et. ux. to Alfred Moore, 50x175 ft. West side Ohio Ave. 150 ft. North of Kithian Ave. \$1,000.

Charles Lee et. ux. to Henry Baile, Jr. et. al., Irreg. Northeast corner Indiana and Canal Aves. \$1,700.

Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co. to Realty Sales Co., 75x106 ft. North side Winchester Ave. 25 ft. West of Portland Ave. \$1,800.

Realty Sales Co. to Samuel Roberts, described as above, \$1,800.

Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co. to Realty Sales Co., 62x53 ft. North side Monmouth Ave. 62 ft. East of Sacramento Ave.; Irreg. West side Brooklyn Ave. 40 ft. North of Winchester Ave.; 60x75 ft. West side Brooklyn Ave. 125 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$—.

Same to same, 50x110 ft. Northeast corner Winchester and Troy Aves.; 125x250 ft. North side Winchester Ave. 825 ft. West of New Haven Ave.; Irreg. North side Winchester Ave. 25 ft. East of New Haven Ave.; Irreg. West side Portland Ave. 154 ft. North of Winchester Ave.; Irreg. East side Brooklyn Ave. 30 ft. South of Monmouth Ave.; 72x240 ft. West side Cambridge Ave. 90 ft. South of Monmouth Ave.; 30x82.5 ft. South side Winchester Ave. 75 ft. East of New Haven Ave.; Irreg. West side Newport Ave. 154 ft. South of Winchester Ave.; 10x15 ft. East side New Haven Ave. 80 ft. South of Ventnor Ave.; Irreg. South side Ventnor Ave. 180 ft. East of New Haven Ave.; 30x110 ft. South side Ventnor Ave. 50 ft. East of Newport Ave. \$3,000.

Realty Sales Co. to Alvin B. Bartlett, 30x110 ft. South side Ventnor Ave. 100 ft. East of New Haven Ave. \$1,000.

Ventnor Finance Co. to Walter Blackburn, 50x50 ft. East side Weymouth Place, 150 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$1,400.

Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co. to Realty Sales Co., 30x82.5 ft. East side Brooklyn Ave. 140 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$10; 40x75 ft. North side Winchester Ave. 50 ft. East of Sacramento Ave.; 82x50 ft. South side Monmouth Ave. 625 ft. West of Cambridge Ave. \$1,550; 35x75 ft. West side Portland Ave. 38 ft. South of Winchester Ave. \$600; 30x110 ft. South side Ventnor Ave. 80 ft. West of Newport Ave. \$3,000.

Antonio Gambelli to Antonio Campomiz et. ux., 25x85 ft. 100 ft. East of Mississippi Ave. and 150 ft. South of Baltic Ave. \$900.

S. Helena Lovejoy et. vlr. to Edward W. Shoultes, 50x50 ft. East side Grand Ave. 30 ft. South of Ave. C, 25x80 ft. East side Grand Ave. 50 ft. South of Ave. C, \$1.

Edward W. Shoultes et. ux. to Fanny M. Ramsey, 50x50 ft. East side Grand Ave. 100 ft. South of Ave. C, \$1.

Atlantic City & Chelsea Imp. Co. to Frederick McQueen, 50x170 ft. East side Ridgway Ave. 300 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$25,500.

Alfred W. Westney et. ux. to Samuel W. Cooper, 78x78 ft. East side Hoshorn Park, North of Atlantic Ave. \$2,000.

Atlantic City & Chelsea Imp. Co. to Harrie D. Ransley, 50x106 ft. East side Elderon Ave. 250 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$5,000.

Joseph Thompson et. ux. to Eugene Baymont, Irreg. North side Winchester Ave. 35 ft. West of Bond Place, \$1.

Augustus Crumer et. ux. to Michael J. Kelly, 50x125 ft. West side Surrey Place, 125 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$2,450.

William H. Carroll to Charles H. Myers, 30x100 ft. West side Trenton Ave. 75 ft. North of Ventnor Ave.; 30x100 ft. West side Trenton Ave. 135 ft. from intersection with West side Ventnor Ave. \$1.

Alice W. Fleming to James A. Fleming, Irreg. Northeast corner Oregon & Oberon Aves. also land elsewhere, \$1.

St. Leonard's Land Co. to George A. Elvins, 60x25 ft. South side Winchester Ave. 65 ft. West of Suffolk Place, \$1,000.

Mittida Clark et. vlr. to Frederick Hubner et. ux., 25x75 ft. East side Houston St. 125 ft. North of Arctic Ave. \$1,400.

Charles Desinger et. ux. to Albert Beyer, 247 ft. N. East side New Jersey Ave. 100 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$7,000.

Anna M. Voigt, Exerx. et. al. to Mito G. Miller, 30x100 ft. West side Providence Ave. 215 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$7,250.

Hammoncton.

Somers S. Lake et. ux. to W. Y. Kinleyse, Irreg. South side West Railroad Ave. 40 ft. East of Orchard Ave. \$7,500.

Henry J. Dearing to Catherine J. Dennen, centre of 9th St. 70 ft. from intersection of centre lines of 2nd Road and 9th St. containing 5 acres, \$500.

Joseph S. Mart et. ux. to Joseph DeMaren, 25x55 ft. 75 ft. North side St. 315 ft. from North corner Bellevue Ave. and 3rd St. \$1,550.

Isabella J. C. Wilkins to Michele Messina et. ux., 50x150 ft. Northwest side Grape St. at corner common to grantor and one Nichols, \$150.

Thomas Skinner et. al. to Anna Fitzgerald, 50x141 ft. South side Pratt St. 100 ft. from south corner 3rd and Pratt Sts. \$150.

William Purcell to Elizabeth H. Purcell, beginning at point in the Hammoncton line 20 perches from the line of the Hammoncton and DuSota Roads, containing 3 acres 12 perches beginning at stake on West side Hammoncton and DuSota Roads, 46.12 perches Southwest from the corner of Dr. Wolverson's land, containing 4 acres 88 perches, beginning where middle line of 4th St. crosses middle of Camden & Atlantic Railroad, containing 3.04 acres; exceptions, \$10.

Pleasantville.

August F. Neel et. ux. to Jesse L. Risley, lot 5 section 5 on map of D. L. Risley, tract 5, \$125.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS

Other Matters of Import to the Real Estate and Financial World Entitled of Record at the County Clerk's Office.

Cancellation of Mortgages, Atlantic City.

Morris Lampert et. ux. to Thomas Kilcourse, Irreg. Southeast corner Arkansas and Arctic Aves.; 64,500 ft. South side Arctic Ave. 463 ft. East of Arkansas Ave.; 30x30 ft. East side Arkansas Ave. 90 ft. South of Arctic Ave. \$24,000.

Philip J. Marvel et. ux. to Solile S. Cook, 57.5 x150 ft. South side Pacific Ave. 111.5 ft. East of Illinois Ave. \$5,000.

Charles W. Holmes et. ux. to Peoples' B. & L. Asso., 25x90 ft. South side Baltic Ave. 175 ft. West of Iowa Ave. \$2,200.

Charles W. Holmes et. ux. et. al. to Charles Fenton et. al., 25x90 ft. South side Baltic Ave. 175 ft. West of Iowa Ave. \$2,200.

Mahlon W. Newton to Mary H. Yates, 25x352 ft. beginning at corner on North side Atlantic Ave. and 25 ft. East from Northeast corner Atlantic and Jackson Aves. \$2,200.

Charles P. Jobbins et. ux. to St. Leonard's Land Co., Irreg. North side Winchester Ave. 45 ft. East of Suffolk Place, \$800.

Marina Nuda Richards et. vlr. to Silas R. Morse, Irreg. East side South Carolina Ave. 1100 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$6,000.

Same to same, described as above, \$2,000.

Isaac Bushman et. ux. et. al. to Rebecca Strong, 16,570 ft. North side Belield Ave. 186 ft. East of Kentucky Ave. \$2,500.

Raufel Schoolem to Hannah E. Howell, 25x150 ft. North side Arctic Ave. 25 ft. South of Baltic Ave. \$1,500.

Edwin H. Culbert to Walter S. Morway, 38x25 ft. West side Bartram Place, 197 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$1,000.

Blanche Fenton to Charles Fenton et. al., 25x100 ft. East side Iowa Ave. 25 ft. South of Baltic Ave. \$600.

Lucy C. McTawley to Mary I. Hall, Exerx., 25x100 ft. East side Vermont Ave. 50 ft. North of Adriatic Ave. \$750.

Same to same, 25x100 ft. East side Vermont Ave. 75 ft. North of Adriatic Ave. \$750.

Same to same, 25x100 ft. East side Vermont Ave. 25 ft. North of Adriatic Ave. \$750.

James Merkins to Atlantic Coast B. & L. Asso., 25x30 ft. West side Ohio Ave. 156 ft. South of Hummock Ave. \$1,200.

Mary A. Justis to William E. Cheesman, 73x100 ft. West side Tennessee Ave. 300 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$1,500.

Hammoncton.

Mary T. Votta to Workington's L. & B. Asso., beginning at stone in the forks of Plymouth and Bridge Roads, containing 2.5 acres \$900.

Alfred H. Miller et. ux. to Hammoncton L. & B. Asso., North side Vine St. the point forming Southeast corner of a lot owned by William H. Burgess, containing 500 ft. \$200.

Giuseppe Notto et. ux. to Elijah Lobdell, beginning in middle of Cemetery Ave. at corner of land formerly of Somers, containing 1.72 acres, \$1,000.

Pleasantville.

G. W. Drake to J. Edward Phillips, lot 3 section 3 on plan of James L. Risley, \$800.

Releases From Mortgages.

William McLaughlin to Central Realty Corp., 50x100 ft. North side Drexel Ave. 100 ft. West of North Carolina Ave. \$900.

Annie Crawford to Sarah A. Callender, 50x142 ft. 40 ft. from Southwest corner Frankfort and Ventnor Aves. \$1.

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co. Trustee to Archibald E. Parker, 50x75 ft. at intersection of North side Ave. B and West side 7th Ave. \$1.

Camden, Atlantic and Ventnor Land Co. to Archibald E. Parker, described as above, \$120.

Ventnor Inv. Co. to Archibald E. Parker, 50x75 ft. at intersection North side Ave. D and West side 7th Ave. \$30.

Chattel Mortgages.

David C. Folwell et. ux. to Georgene Waters, 50x150 ft. East side Illinois Ave. 300 ft. South of Pacific Ave. together with all furniture, goods, etc. therein contained or hereafter to be placed therein, \$10,000.

Same to same, 50x150 ft. East side Illinois Ave. 400 ft. South of Pacific Ave. together with furniture, goods, etc. as described above, \$10,000.

Susan S. Johnson et. vlr. to Mary J. Stewart, goods, etc. at 2108 and 2108 1/2 Atlantic Ave. \$2,557.

Ada Tabor et. al. to Horace B. Deal Co., 50x100 ft. East side New Jersey Ave. 112.5 ft. East of Mediterranean Ave. also certain goods etc. therein, \$10,500.

Susan S. Johnson et. vlr. to William W. Bowker, goods etc. at 22 North Iowa Ave. \$500.

Elmina Franceschi et. ux. to Pietro Monforte, goods etc. on Tuckahoe Ave. Landisville, \$2,000.

Cancelled Chattel Mortgages.

Morris Lampert et. ux. to Thomas Kilcourse, goods etc. in or about premises known as Vanitie Ave. \$24,000.

Hotel Kilcourse at Southeast corner Arkansas and Arctic Aves. \$24,000.

William A. Andrews to Adam C. Fisher, goods etc. in cigar store at No. 8 South Carolina Ave. \$400.

Bills of Sale.

Mary J. Stewart et. vlr. to Susan Johnson, buildings 2106 and 2108 Atlantic Ave. and goods etc. therein, \$5,500.

Mechanics Lien Claim.

Horace B. Deal Co. to John J. Nesbitt, Irreg. N. 7 1/2 in. West of Maryland Ave. and 75 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$81,652.

Lis Pendens.

William Lindly vs. Charles Roesech, Jr. et. al., 50x100 ft. Northeast corner Atlantic and Massachusetts Aves. Supreme Court.

Same to same, 60x100 ft. North side Atlantic Ave. 50 ft. East of Massachusetts Ave. Supreme Court.

Judgments.

Ingalls Electric Construction Co. vs. E. J. Austin (to \$841.40 costs; Circuit Court).

George Weisbrod et. al. trading as Weisbrod & Hess vs. Samuel J. Elliott, \$1,182.22 and costs; Circuit Court.

Watson R. Lewis vs. Charles E. Cope, \$1,428.91 and costs; Circuit Court.

Valentine P. Hoffmann, Exr. vs. Frank Lambert, \$182.82.

Walter A. Tweed vs. Mrs. John Alexander, \$33.97; Justice Court.

Satisfaction of Judgments.

Jesse P. Crowley vs. Annie Gilligan, \$48.50; Circuit Court.

Actions.

Seaside Realty & Imp. Co. vs. Henry Bellis, on contract; Circuit Court; Thompson & Cole.

Building Contract.

Thompson Bros. Contractor and George H. Bailey, owner. Contractors shall provide all materials and perform all work for the erection of a 2-story cottage located on Florence Ave. North of Ventnor Ave. Plumbing, Street Connections, Heating, Electrical Work, Gas Piping, Gas Fixtures, Coal and Gas Ranges, finished Hardware omitted from this contract. The sum to be paid by the owner to the contractors for said work and materials shall be \$2,501 payable as follows: A note for \$500 to be given when building is raised to square; balance in cash within 30 days after completion.

John H. Simon et. ux. to Charles A. Chase, Trustee, 31,25x90 ft. Southeast corner New Hampshire & Drexel Aves. \$2,500.

James B. Townsend et. ux. to W. E. Hand, 38x100 ft. North side Monmouth Ave. 38 ft. Northeast corner of Hoshorn Park, \$1,100.

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A Will and a Way

The Mysterious Woman Who Could Neither Read Nor Write

By BELLE MANIATES

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"His ruling passion was strong in death," remarked Jules Lorme whimsically as he learned the contents of his father's will from his father's lawyer. "He knew that I would not comply with the terms of so atrocious a will to marry a woman who could neither read nor write."

"You have a year of grace," reminded Coyle.

A year later Jules appeared at the office of the family lawyer.

"My lease is up, Coyle," he reminded.

"And I think I have found a way by which you can fulfill all conditions and still retain your freedom. You can marry a woman who can neither read nor write, and immediately after the ceremony you can go abroad. At the expiration of two years she can quietly secure a divorce. You can spare a generous alimony. I have met a good, conscientious girl who is perfectly willing."

"Is she a domestic?"

"No; I believe she does needlework."

"It's odd in these days of schools and training officers that she escaped the alphabet at least."

"She says she never has had the opportunity nor the desire to learn. I will arrange all details for you."

After further discussion Jules acceded to the proposition, and at dusk of the appointed day he rang for admission to Coyle's residence. The lawyer met him in the hall and ushered him into a dimly lighted library where a minister and Henry Phillips, Jules' next friend, were in waiting. They all went into the reading room adjoining. Near the doorway Jules paused and looked into the room, which was in total darkness.

With an odd sinking of the heart Jules took his position beside the shadowy form of a woman. He made the responses in a quick, jerky way, anxious to end the affair. The woman at his side spoke in nearly inaudible tones.

When the sentence of man and wife was pronounced Jules returned to the library and hastily signed some papers Coyle gave him.

"Where is my wife?" he then asked.

"She remained in the reading room."

The young bridegroom hesitated. Then resolutely he turned and went back into the reading room. His eyes, now accustomed to the gloom, discerned her at the end of the room. She was sitting on a couch, her face buried in the cushions. One arm hung listlessly over the edge.

"May I speak with you?" he asked courteously.

She did not lift her head from the pillow.

"I want to thank you," he continued, "for the service you have rendered me."

She murmured a disclaimer of his thanks. He took her hand. It was still cold and trembling. His grasp, firm and sustaining, tightened.

"I am sorry," he said firmly, "that you will not see me, but I want you to promise me that if you ever need help or advice you will come to me."

"I will," she said softly.

"Lorme," called the warning voice of Coyle from the doorway.

"I must go now. Good night."

He went to his lodgings and tried to smoke away the burden of his thoughts. The shadowy outlines of the tall, drooping figure and the low tones in which she had spoken haunted him all night.

"I suppose her motive was as mercenary as my own, so I don't need to reproach myself."

The next day he was leaning against the railing of the steamer, idly watching the scenes upon the wharf, when he saw Phillips making his way toward a young girl who was daintily peering in form and lovely of face and features. She was accompanied by a middle aged woman.

"You must look after Miss Derrington, Jules," cautioned Phillips as he was taking leave of them all a few moments later. "Her aunt has the stateroom habit, she tells me."

Jules scarcely heard him. He was looking into the wonderful eyes of the young girl. An hour later Mrs. Marshall had fulfilled the prophecy regarding the stateroom and Jules had joined Salome on deck.

"You don't seem a stranger to me," she said. "I have come to know you through your books."

There followed a long and animated discussion of books and authors until dinner time.

"She is a darling," Jules told himself as he lay in his berth listening to the rhythmic measures of the engines that night.

The voyage passed in a succession of days of sparkling sunshine. Mrs. Marshall remained perforce in stateroom confinement, and Jules was constantly with Salome, who grew fairly radiant with happiness. He came to have an odd feeling at times, as if in some pre-existence she had belonged to him. Then his new fancy would be succeeded by the mystic charm of the other.

Early in the morning of the last day of their voyage he came out on the afterdeck. Salome was already there. As she turned to him he saw a sad and of sadness in her eyes.

"This is our last day," she said in a low tone.

"Yes, and I am sorry," he replied simply.

"I wish you were coming with us to the north of England."

"He did not reply at once."

"It can't be," he argued to his troubled self. "It is only the first fluttering fancy of a young girl—the fancy

for an older man and one who writes. I shall not see her after we land. Still, in a young, romantic girl's heart affection sometimes flourishes in absence. I should tell her. I will."

"Salome"—the name slipped out unconsciously—"I should have told you before, but I disliked to talk about my personality. I am married."

He then briefly related the circumstances of his marriage.

"Before the ceremony," he concluded, "I had considered only my part in the affair. I was narrow enough to think that because she had been denied certain advantages a little money would recompense. It may have been great need for herself and others that forced her to this step. At any rate, I should have talked the matter over with her. I am going to return to New York if she wishes and have the marriage annulled."

He glanced at her for the first time during the recital. His heart leaped to life. In her eyes was an exquisite softness. A slight moisture dimmed her lashes. She held out her hand.

"Thank you for telling me. And now I must tell you something. I, too, am married."

"You? Salome, impossible! You, so young?"

"I was married the night before we sailed in Mr. Coyle's library."

"Salome, the woman I married was tall—very tall."

"I stood on a stool."

"Her name was Mary."

"My first name is Mary. I never use it except to sign."

He gathered her close to his arms as she claimed her own.

"Salome, only the recollection of my wife was between us. Will you be my wife—my real wife?"

There was a revealing answer of joy in the face upraised to his.

"Tell me," he commanded, "how it came about."

"My aunt engaged Mr. Coyle to manage our estate. He learned how interested I was in your books, and he talked much of you and the will. He proposed this marriage and planned the voyage. He said we could find out if we cared."

"I can't imagine Coyle's being frantic," he laughed.

"It wasn't romance. He would not have proposed it if—"

"If?"

"Oh, Jules, I can neither read nor write! I have been blind since I was four years old (fifteen months ago). Aunt read your books to me."

Making Amends.

A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cad listened attentively and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused.

The cad meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so." Then the slater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him."

And to the accuser he added: "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

Autopsy of a Poem.

"What sort of a thing is a poem, anyway?" asked the old Billville citizen.

"Why, a poem is—is hard to define."

"You said it then, for shore. Now take this one my boy write, for instance. First thing the editor said wuz it didn't have the right number o' feet; then it wuz in a strange 'measure,' an' the 'germ' of it wuzn't original; lastly, it wuz too 'sluip,' an' lacked 'bedick' or somethin'."

"You mean 'unlucky'?"

"Yed on'y knows, but it wuz somethin' like that. Now, the blamed thing didn't walk on 'feet,' thar wuzn't a peck 'measure' of 'it, an' ez fer 'germs,' they wa'n't none at all in it fur ez I could see. Leastways they wa'n't no germs that the naked eye could discover, though a doctor might with a microscope. I reckon I'll have to discourage the boy from further foolin' with such dead-end material." Frank L. Stanton in Uncle Remus Magazine.

Playing Safe.

"Doctor," said the caller, "I'm a victim of insomnia. Can you cure me?"

"I can," replied the physician. "But before I take the case I want to ask you one question. Are you in business for yourself, or do you work for others?"

"I'm employed as a clerk in a grocery," answered the patient.

"Then you'll have to pay in advance," said the doctor. "I'm not doubting your honesty, but after I get through with you the chances are you won't sleep so soundly you'll lose your job. Then you can't pay me."—Chicago News.

Steadfast.

There had been a cyclone, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and the colonel's house was unroofed, his barn crushed and two miles of his fence blown clean over into the next county. Commenting on the catastrophe, two men of the neighborhood engaged in the following conversation:

"Pretty stiff blow."

"Yep; ninety mile an hour. The colonel says he crawled out of his cyclone cellar after it was all over, an' what do you suppose was the first thing he saw?"

"Gave it up."

"He looked across his back lot, and there was his hired man still sittin' on the fence!"

Mr. Goodman—Why don't you take the pledge, my good fellow?

Jaggals—Because there are too many other things to take.

Through The Little Blue Door

The Dedication That Marion Wrote For the New Book

By VIRGINIA BLAIR

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A high gray wall skirted the house across the way, and entrance was made through a blue door with a brass knocker. We had lived in our own little cottage for three weeks and had seen no one go out or in.

"There must be some other entrance," Julia said.

"But there isn't," I declared positively.

"And they can't be away," said Julia, "because we can see lights in the tower window."

"Yes," I said, "and the rural delivery carrier unlocks the box and takes out the mail every morning, so there must be some one who writes the letters."

"Well, I'll ask him," said Julia promptly.

But the mail man knew nothing. "I just take out the letters," he said, "and put the mail in, but I never see a soul."

"How are the letters addressed? Surely you must know whether a man or a woman is shut up there."

"No'm," the man protested stolidly; "the letters just say 'Marion Fuller'—neither 'Miss' nor 'Madam' nor 'Mfr.'"

"Of course it's a woman," I said when the carrier had gone.

"Why?" Julia asked.

"Because a man would have to cook for himself, and all that."

"And no man who could help it would want that name. Think of a man named Marion."

"I'm thinking of one named Jack," I said thoughtfully. "If he were only here, Julia."

Then Julia turned on me wrathfully. "That's always the way," she said. "No matter what I try to say you always come back to Jack. You engaged people always harp on one string."

Silence reigned for a moment, and then to break the ice I began, "I'm going to watch the blue door after dark."

"How can you watch anything after dark?"

"It's moonlight," I reminded her, "and I could certainly see the outline of any one who came out."

"That night as I sat on the porch I sniffed, 'Julia,' I said solemnly, 'do I smell onions?'"

Julia's aristocratic nose was elevated. "Onions it is," she said.

"They are in a delicious combination with something," I said. "It is the nearest thing to a fish chowder that I have known since the days of shore dinners."

"Chowder?" Julia demanded. "Where would they get their fish?"

"Cath' em," said I briefly. "Any one who would drop a line from that stone wall on the other side could fish in the river."

"Then you think?" Julia questioned.

"I think that if it is the fragrance of fish chowder that is being wafted toward us on the evening air the tenant behind the blue door is a man."

And even as I spoke the blue door opened, and a young man came forth carrying a steaming dish.

"Well, of all things," said Julia under her breath.

The young man came up the steps. "I am your next door neighbor," he announced. "And I thought that this chowder might be my introduction. It is a most exclusive recipe, which I have shared with only one friend, Jack Carson."

I sat up straight. "Jack Carson?" I exclaimed. "Why, he is—is he?"

"The man you are engaged to—exactly," said the young man with the chowder. "This morning I had a letter from him in some neighborhood. I knew from the description that you were the young ladies next door, and I felt that his letter and this chowder would constitute a sufficient introduction, and so I have presented myself, and he handed me Jack's letter, with a bow."

And while I read it I heard Julia say, "So you are Marion Fuller?"

"Yes."

"I thought it was a girl," Julia murmured, dimpling and sparkling. "The name is so—so feminine."

"But now that you have seen me?"

he questioned.

"I shall not think of you—at all," she said.

"Stay me with chowder," he pleaded.

"Comfort me with"—He held the dish out toward me. "You'll accept it, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," I said promptly, "and you shall tell me how you came to make a Robinson Crusoe of yourself behind the blue door."

I led the way to our little dining room.

"Our coffee is ready," I said, "and Julia made the rolls with her own fair hands."

The chowder was delicious, and the big man at the head of the table served it with a lavish hand.

That was the beginning of our good fellowship, but it was three weeks before Marion confessed why he had shut himself up behind the blue door, and in those weeks he had fallen hopelessly in love with Julia.

"But why," she insisted one night as we sat in the moonlight, "did you shut yourself up behind the blue door?"

"I was writing a book, and I wanted to be absolutely alone. The publishers had insisted that I finish it by October."

"And this," said Julia, "is the last of August."

She stood up and leaned against the porch rail. "And a man who can write books spends his time making

chowder and trifling with young ladies."

"But," he excused eagerly, "I couldn't write after you came. I could see you from the tower, and you distracted my thoughts so that I couldn't put down a line. At last, in despair, I moved downstairs and went to work. But I couldn't write there. I kept wondering what you were doing. And then I began to plan ways and means of getting acquainted, and then Jack's letter came."

All this he said to Julia.

"It's ridiculous," Julia said. "To fritter away your time this way. Go and write your book."

"Do you think?" said Julia indignantly. "That I am going to be the cause of the world's losing a masterpiece? I have a perfect contempt for a man who will neglect his work for a woman."

"So that is it?" he said slowly, and as he stood up they measured glances. "Well, I shall lock the blue door, and no matter what happens I won't open it."

And when the key had turned in the latch Julia said, somewhat forlornly, "Now we will have peace."

"You'll miss him," I prophesied. "You'll miss him."

One week passed, and two, and not a sound or sight of our neighbor.

But one night there was no light in the tower, and Julia said, "If anything should be the matter?"

"There isn't a phone," she said. "I'll call him by telephone," I assured her.

"There isn't a phone," she said. "I'll call him by telephone," I assured her.

When four more nights had passed and no light flashed from the tower Julia couldn't stand it.

"I've got to go over there," she said. "But you can't," I protested.

"I shall climb over the wall," said Julia firmly, "and you've got to help me."

It was getting a little worried, and when it was late enough so that there were no people passing on the road we carried our stepladder over and set it against the wall.

Julia climbed up and looked over. "There is an apple tree on the other side," she said, "and we can step down on the branches."

Silently we crept through the bushes and over the neglected lawn. It was very dark in the darkness, and not a light burned in the house.

"I'm going to call," whispered Julia, and her voice rang out clearly, "Marion!"

"Somewhere in the distance an answer came back feebly, 'Julia!'"

We followed the sound of the voice and found him on a couch in the kitchen.

"I've had some kind of fever," he said, trying to smile, when we had struck a light.

Julia dropped on her knees beside him. "I knew something had happened."

When we had sent to town for the doctor and nurse and he was made comfortable Julia and I crept in.

"Add the book?" Julia whispered.

"It is finished, and it is dedicated to you," I should like," he continued, "to write the dedication 'to my wife.' A visible came into his eyes. "May I, Julia?"

And when Julia, blushing, had promised we went home together through the little blue door.

Intelligence of Insects.

The mental processes of the horse and the dog are those of man in much lower degree, in the view of Professor N. A. Harvey of Michigan, but the intelligence of insects must be of very different kind. The double nerve cord and ganglia distributed both in structure and position from the brain and spinal cord of man. Insects' eyes are immovable and compound and perceive motion and color, but not form. Ants, bees, wasps and other insects have not hearing. Taste and smell cannot be identical with those senses in man, and feeling is a perception through touch hairs instead of the skin. But insects have very acute powers that we do not possess. A acropia moth can perceive a female a mile or more away, although a man could not detect it under the same conditions at a distance of more than six inches, and ants, bees and wasps seem to have other senses located, like this, in the antennae. Differing from man in general structure, with shorter lives and different living, the insects have intelligence that, though of a high order, is not easy for us to understand.—New York World.

Scotch Breakfasts.

Dr. Redgill, in Susan Ferrier's "Destiny," dwells on Scotch breakfasts with gusto. After proclaiming that Scotland in general is "a perfect mass of rubbish" and the cookery not fit for dogs, he adds: "But the breakfast! That's what redeems the land, and every county has its own peculiar excellence. In Argyllshire you have the Lochlin herring-fat, luscious and delicious, just out of the water, falling to pieces with its own richness, melting away like butter in your mouth. In Aberdeenshire you have the finnan haddock, with a flavor all its own, vastly relishing, just salt enough to be piquant without parching you up with thirst. In Perthshire there is the Tay salmon, kippered, crisp and juicy—a very magnificent morsel. In other places you have the exquisite mutton of the country made into hams of a most delicious flavor."

The Bee's Stinging Apparatus.

A bee's sting, unlike that of a wasp, is always left in the wound, so the first thing to do is to remove it. Do not take it between finger and thumb, for that will cause it to open and release more of its poison. The right method is to push it out by rubbing up against it with the back of the thumb nail. To remove the pain there are many remedies, most of them homely. Here are a few: A slice of onion, ordinary laundry blue, salt volatile, honey, earth moistened with saliva. One or another of these remedies is always at hand.

"Very slippery, the floor," remarked a young man as the band played a popular waltz. "It's jolly hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh, then, you are trying to keep on my feet, are you?" said his partner. "I thought at first it was accidental."

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

MONDAY, THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of William Zimmerman, in the City of Egg Harbor City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey,

All that certain tract of land and premises hereinafter particularly described, situate in Egg Harbor City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the Northwest side of (Chinatown) Avenue one hundred and sixty feet Northwardly of Burger Street, thence, of the said avenue forty feet and extending in length or depth Northwardly one hundred and fifty feet, keeping the said breadth in parallel lines and at right angles with the said parallel lines and at right angles with the said avenue to the Southeast side of a back street, containing six thousand square feet, known and designated on the plan of the division of lands of the Gloucester Farm and Town Association, a copy of which is filed in the Clerk's office of the County of Atlantic, as book number 26, in block number 35.

Seized as the property of Maggie Morgan, week et al., and taken in execution at the suit of Herman Kneibland to be sold by

ENOCH L. JOHNSON, Sheriff.

Dated October 22, 1909.

HERMAN L. HAMILTON, Solicitor.

Pr's fee, \$22.00.

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