





## THE RECORD.

(May's Landing Record.)

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

Readers of "THE RECORD" may have their paper mailed to any address in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Mexico and Cuba, postage prepaid, for \$1.25 per annum, strictly in advance.

Any subscriber who fails to receive "THE RECORD" regularly can have the omission promptly corrected by entering complaint at the office.

Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

Cash sent through the mail will be at the sender's risk; all remittances should be made by registered letter, post office or express money order or check. Address all remittances and communications to the office.

E. C. SHANER,  
Editor and Publisher.

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

MAY'S LANDING, NOVEMBER 20, 1909.

Bells have been provided on the electric cars to warn the public of their approach at grade crossings. Not as good as safety-gates, but better than whistles.

Prer Rabbit is surely on the go these days, dodging sportsmen and hounds. The number of cottontails this season is sufficient to afford fair shooting, but not large enough for any wanton slaughter of the little animals if they are to be preserved for breeding next year.

No one seriously considers for a moment the suggestion that the State adopt a compulsory voting law. Such a statute would be a violation of man's inherent rights. It is the right of every American citizen to vote, and to vote for whom he wishes; it is also his right to register his will by ballot, but if he wishes to waive the right and neglect his duty that is his privilege.

Glowing tributes of praise were bestowed upon Commodore Louis Kuehnle at a banquet recently given in Atlantic City in honor of the Intrepid Republican leader. The banquet was not in any sense of the word a political affair. As stated on the menu, it was a testimonial of appreciation for a citizen who has been a progressive standard-bearer for a greater Atlantic City, and who has probably done more for the municipal development of the resort than any one man in it. Commodore Kuehnle is a stalwart Republican, and he has done his party credit in Atlantic County; but the banquet was tendered, not on behalf of his political constituents nor party associates, but by the people of Atlantic City in recognition of his faithful work in the municipality. It was a deserved testimonial.

While not agreeing with the proposition that "no man loves the law," we must admit that many of our statutes are objectionable to certain classes of people, who will break them whenever they can so without danger of detection. It is impossible to enact a law satisfactory to everybody, so the Legislature must adopt the expedient of finding the happy medium of opinion. In no detail is this more true than regards the game law; no two sportsmen think quite alike and the ideas of the sportsman and farmer frequently conflict. Thus we have general laws clashing oftentimes with local conditions. On the policy that the best way to get rid of an objectionable law is to strictly enforce it, we advise every gunner to comply with the statute while it is on the books and to use his influence to have the bad features expunged at the next session of the Legislature.

The old Jewish law commanding that one day in seven should be set apart as a day of rest is just as wise and beneficent in its influence to-day as in those early times. People nowadays are too apt to go to extremes on the question of observing the Sabbath day. Some would have every recreation, every pleasure, denied to human beings on Sunday while others would have a free license for everyone to do as they pleased. The old law was primarily intended for the good of the race, for man needs a day of rest occasionally; and those who argue the question should never lose sight of the fact that, irrespective of religious views, one day in seven for rest of mind and body is essential to good health and happiness. There may be places and occasions when some work and play can be tolerated on Sunday, but most people will do well to observe the day as it was intended to be observed.

What is it that calls a man at this season of the year to shoulder a gun and go forth into the fields and woods? Is it the quest of game, the love of carnage or the instinct to kill? Ascribe it to this or to many other plausible reasons if you will; but the real, underlying cause is the "call of Nature," that impulse which stirs the breast of every vigorous, able-bodied man, lives he amid city scenes or rural surroundings. [This will to obey the call, to rumble through woods and over fields, along brooks and rivers, where Nature reveals herself in all her excellence. We might cite the lines of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," or the hundred and one other noble writings that have stirred the hearts of men in substantiation of this theory. However, suffice it to say that every man should obey the "call" not only now, but at all times, and commune with nature at every opportunity. The gun, one of the more direct appeals, is needless. The "return to Nature" means health, true wealth and happiness.]

One result of the resident hunters' license law is very evident: there is a marked decrease in the number of young lads and irresponsible persons that formerly wandered along every hedge and meadow in open season and out gunning for anything they could find. This is a result not aimed at by those who framed the law, for it contains no restriction against granting licenses to minors; but the majority of boys cannot pay \$1.50 for a license and are therefore barred from carrying a gun, unless they do so at the risk of arrest. Interpreting the law strictly, boys are liable to be fined for hunting sparrows and other birds with small rifles. Many persons contend that no boy under sixteen years of age should be allowed to hunt. Whether this is drawing the line too close we do not presume to say; but it is certainly one satisfactory result of the new law that irresponsible youth are in a measure restricted from going out with a gun with the one idea of shooting something.

## 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.

John S. Ingram et. ux. to Wilbert S. Higbee, Irreg. South side Sunset Ave. 56.09 ft. East of Southeast corner Chelsea and Sunset Aves. \$1,200.

Abraham W. Newton et. ux. to Anita B. Knoblauch, 4375 ft. East side Jackson Ave. 90 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$2,300.

McCullough Real Estate Co. to Edwin S. Dickerson, 825 ft. South side Beach Ave. 143 ft. West from a point where West side 12th St. If extended would intersect South side Beach Ave. \$1.

Sarah M. Esig et. vir. to Mattie M. Karner, 50125 ft. Northeast corner Arctic and Montpelier Aves. \$3,300.

Realty Sales Co. to Myer Myerson, 80100 ft. East side New Haven Ave. 80 ft. South of Ventnor Ave. \$2,750.

J. Warner Hutchins to August J. Miller, 383 ft. North side Atlantic Ave. 38 ft. West of Nashville Ave. \$1.

Joseph M. Bling et. ux. to Kentucky Ave. Land Co. Irreg. East side Kentucky Ave. 100 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$2,650.

John A. Trehan et. ux. to Morris W. Odell, 30182 ft. West side Montpelier Ave. 35 ft. South of Arctic Ave. \$8,900.

Victor Gelneau to Mary A. Wells, 80185 ft. Southeast corner Atlantic Ave. and Bartram Place, \$1.

William Lindig et. ux. to Thomas D. McDevitt, 60100 ft. North side Atlantic Ave. 50 ft. East of Massachusetts Ave. \$5,000.

Same to same, 50100 ft. Northeast corner Atlantic and Massachusetts Aves. \$9,000.

Charles A. Kelley et. al. to Malinda H. Hepenstall, lot 15 block 12 section A on plan of Longport, \$1,800.

Champion G. Schuster et. ux. et. al. to William A. Dunn, 70182 ft. Northeast corner Atlantic Ave. and Melbourne Park, \$1.

St. Leonard's Land Co. to Bartholomew Donovan, 50125 ft. West side Dudley Place, 115 ft. North of Ventnor Ave. \$1,200.

William F. Brode et. ux. to Atlantic City, South side Chapin Ave. 316 ft. East from West side Maine Ave. all right etc. \$1.

Agnew Hotel Corporation to Ostend Realty Co. 30182 ft. 250.13 ft. South from South corner of Sovereign and Pacific Aves.; 30183 ft. 8 ft. South from Sovereign Ave.; 30184 ft. 8 ft. West side Sovereign Ave. 250.13 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$1.

Charles A. Ahlke et. ux. to John W. Green, et. al. 25100 ft. Northwest corner Ontario Ave. and Jefferson Place, \$1,400.

Same to same, 25105 ft. South corner Illinois and Leeds Aves. \$1,250.

Theodore J. Lapres et. ux. to Donatello Lamponi, 50125 ft. West side Stenton Place, 300 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$2,000.

Leslie B. Ryan et. ux. to Anna A. Knorr, 30125 ft. West side Chelsea Ave. 125 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$7,500.

Charles E. Steacy to Harry S. Young, 39185 ft. West side Bartram Place, 197 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$15,750.

Marion D. Youngman et. ux. to John P. Fulton, 25105 ft. West side Tennessee Ave. 200 ft. North of Arctic Ave. \$2,100.

John W. Fulton et. ux. et. al. to Eliza Fulton, described as above, all right etc. \$1.

Mary Deibel et. al. to Atlantic City, South side Chapin Ave. 316 ft. East from West side Maine Ave. \$1.

Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co. to Realty Sales Co. 55180 ft. South side Montpelier Ave. 75 ft. East of Cornwall Ave. \$5,100.

Same to same, 55180 ft. West side Cornwall Ave. 40 ft. South of Montpelier Ave. \$5,800.

Same to same, 55180 ft. West side Cornwall Ave. 140 ft. North of Winchester Ave. \$8,150.

Hamilton Township.

Gilbert & O'Callaghan to Johanna Bonn, farm lot No. 42 on plan of farm lots of Gilbert & O'Callaghan, tract 35; also farm lot No. 449 on said plan, \$300.

Elizabeth Clements et. vir. to Frederick Rapp et. ux. lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in block 215 on plan known as May's Landing Imp. Co. \$10.

John Clements et. ux. to William Thompson, lot 46 block 219 on plan of building lots known as May's Landing Imp. Co. \$40.

John Clements et. ux. to Lawrence R. Dennis, lot 45 block 219 on said map, \$40.

J. Marie Davis et. als Exrs. to Frances P. Barrett, Irreg. beginning at Southeast corner of lot 46 block 219 on said map, to one Cornelia Vaughn and being 173.3 ft. South from a stone, said stone being Northwest corner of the Taylor lot, \$25.

Hammondon.

Charles B. McCormick to Frank Domonico, block 40 lot 21, \$354.

William H. Bernhouse et. ux. to Joseph Pullio et. ux. 17538 rods Southwest side of the right of way of W. & S. R. R. and 36 rods South from center of 11th St. \$1,200.

Eugene LaRocca et. ux. to Glavanth Bellinger et. ux. 61215 ft. Northeast side Wireman Ave. 200 ft. Southwest of Fairview Ave. \$150.

William L. Black et. ux. to Maria Rubbo, lot 47 on plan of lots of William L. Black, \$1,000.

Lily F. W. Byrnes to Julia E. Birdsong, 401 ft. South side Orchard St. 520 ft. from West end Railroad Ave. \$200.

Emma P. Davis et. vir. to William L. Black, 50120 ft. Northwest side Vine St. 100 ft. Southwest corner 2nd St. deed of confirmation, \$2.

William Colwell et. ux. to Jane E. Myers, Irreg. Southeast side Fairview Ave. 150 ft. 10 ft. Northeast of Fairview Ave. and 2nd St. \$100.

Pleasantville.

Emma E. Moore to David R. Williams, 50130 ft. beginning at stake for North corner of Thomas G. Brown's lot, 220 ft. from Jesse S. Lake's line on East side of West 3rd St.; 50130 ft. beginning at stake for North corner of a lot sold to Mary N. Williams on Eastern line of West 3rd St. \$1.

John I. Doran et. ux. to David R. Williams, described as above, \$1.

Pleasantville Land Co. to Christopher C. Paterson, lots 13 and 15 in section 8 on map No. 3 of Pleasantville Land Co. \$245.

John F. Lamar et. ux. to Horace M. Redden, 20120 ft. beginning at stake for North corner of Harry A. Kern's lot 100 ft. from Jesse S. Lake's line on East side of West 3rd St. \$1,325.

Anna M. Parnells to John E. Blake & Co. Irreg. Southwest side of the Pleasantville and Atlantic City Turnpike, 57470 ft. Southeast from center of Franklin Ave. \$900.

Amanda Eshbach et. vir. to Ernest Beyer, lot 5 section 2 on map of building lots belonging to Charlotte E. Adams et. al. \$850.

Charles B. Newell et. ux. to William I. Newell, Sr. beginning in William I. Newell's line at a willow tree standing about 64 ft. Northwest from center of Shore Road, \$1.

Kate B. Collins et. vir. to William I. Newell, Sr. beginning in center of Shore Road and corner to Kate Collins' lot, \$1.

Lewis H. Lake et. ux. to Richard J. Stebbins, lot 9 tract 6 on map of estate of Daniel L. Collins, deceased, \$100.

Irene Woodbert et. vir. to Samuel Ireland, lots 18 and 20 in block 7 on map of West Atlantic, \$1,000.

Joseph B. Martin to Charles S. Adams, Irreg. middle line of Woodland Ave. 196.1 ft. South-east from intersection of middle line of Lake-wood and Woodland Aves.; Irreg. middle line of Woodland Ave. 87.77 ft. East from intersection of middle line Woodland Ave. and the Doughty Road, \$1.

James K. P. Lafferty et. ux. to Mary L. Lafferty, 41815 ft. Northeast side Merion Ave. 124.3 ft. Southeast from where Southeast side Cedar St. intersects same, \$1,400.

## 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.

Realty Sales Co. to Atlantic City Beach Front Improvement Co., 30175 ft. West side New Haven Ave. 40 ft. South of Winchester Ave. \$450.

Same to same, 30175 ft. West side New Haven Ave. 70 ft. South of Winchester Ave. \$450.

Isaac Aaron et. ux. to May's Landing B. & L. Asso. 20120 ft. East side Virginia Ave. 180.5 ft. South of Arctic Ave. \$2,500.

Samuel C. Shum, 251200 ft. East side Virginia Ave. 149 ft. South of Arctic Ave. \$2,600.

Charles L. Burkard et. ux. to Mary A. Gutekunst, Irreg. Southwest cor. New Jersey and Arctic Aves. \$6,000.

Samuel Cantor to William H. Burkard, Exr. 25120 ft. Southwest cor. Arctic Ave. and Burkard Terrace, \$1,500.

Marie El Khouri to Allen K. White, 30100 ft. Vermont Ave. 216 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$1,000.

Reed, Wardens and Vestrymen of the Church of the Ascension to George Scattergood, 70180 ft. West side Kentucky Ave. 100 ft. North of Pacific Ave. \$6,000.

Emma J. Hinchman to Joseph W. Salus, 501 ft. South-east cor. Rhode Island and Cuspien Aves. \$600.

Annie Bell et. vir. to Ella M. Hilton, 25135 ft. West side Michigan Ave. 125 ft. North of Arctic Ave. \$500.

Alfred Adams, Jr. et. ux. to Martha A. Lindley, Irreg. 11416 ft. South of Pacific Ave. and 115 ft. West of Maryland Ave. 601500 ft. beginning in high water line of Atlantic Ocean 115 ft. West of Maryland Ave. \$5,000.

Charles R. Adams et. ux. et. al. to Moses Hirschler, 1501 ft. East side Bellevue Ave. 300 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$1,500.

Mary A. Campbell et. vir. to William N. Johnson, 25185 ft. \$1,000.

Mary A. Campbell et. vir. to Emma W. Stuber, 501 ft. 20 ft. East side Illinois Ave. and 65 ft. North of Arctic Ave. 25185 ft. North side Arctic Ave. 70 ft. East of Illinois Ave. \$1,200.

Leonora Kalluk et. vir. to Louis Landreth, 175100 ft. West side Delaware Ave. 282.5 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. \$800.

Fannie C. Shum to Fannie W. Thorne, 20130 ft. West side Vermont Ave. 115 ft. South of Atlantic Ave. \$5,000.

Benjamin W. Balline et. ux. et. al. to Mary A. Campbell, 25130 ft. North side Arctic Ave. 50 ft. East of Illinois Ave. \$1,800.

Hammondon.

Kate Schoch et. vir. to Workingmen's L. & B. Asso. 20 acres, center of Middle Road 286.22 rods Northeast from center of Main Road, \$1,400.

Pleasantville.

Elva E. Alkazin et. vir. to Margaret Henderson, Irreg. South side Pleasant Ave. 115.4 ft. from where West side Shore Road intersects South side Pleasant Ave. \$1,000.

Lewis H. Lake et. ux. to Richard J. Stebbins, lot 9 tract 6 on map of estate of Daniel L. Collins, dec'd, \$200.

Wesley M. E. Church to Enoch B. Seull, Irreg. Northeast side Pleasant Ave. 151.83 ft. Northwest of North corner Pleasant Ave. and Shore Road, \$4,000.

Releases From Mortgages.

Camden B. D. & T. Co. Trustee to Elsie C. Chew, 55185 ft. North side Pacific Ave. 47 ft. West of Connecticut Ave. \$3,100.

Guarantee Trust Co. to Greater Atl. Dev. Co. Irreg. West side Beach Ave. 330 ft. North of Maryland Ave. \$2,000.

Guarantee Trust Co. Trustee to Greater Atl. Dev. Co., described as above, \$2,000.

North Camden B. & L. Asso. to Atlantic City, Irreg. beginning where interior line of a certain public park is intersected by West side Ocean Ave. 140.27 ft. South of Pacific Ave. \$2,500.

Economy B. & L. Asso. to Atlantic City, described as above, \$2,500.

Eastern Fire Ins. Co. to Edwin S. Dickerson, 301 ft. South side Beach Ave. 142 ft. West from intersection South side Beach Ave. with West side 12th Ave. \$450.

Camden, Atl. & Vent. Land Co. to Inter-city Realty Co. 123140 ft. at intersection South side Winchester Ave. and West side Tray Ave. \$10,200.

Chattel Mortgages.

Charles Brinkman to Edward J. Mulligan, goods etc. now in premises known as "Brunswick" Southwest cor. Atlantic and Indiana Aves. \$2,000.

Carl Adie to William Adie, goods etc. in premises of Wm. Adie in Egg Harbor City, \$300.

Bills of Sale.

Edward J. Mulligan to Charles Brinkman, all personal property being and situated in the "Brunswick" at Southwest cor. Atlantic and Indiana Aves. \$7,000.

Agreement.

Amanda M. Ireland et. vir. to Abraham Freeman, 50100 ft. Southwest side of Pleasantville and Atlantic City Turnpike where Abraham Freeman's Southeast side intersects same, \$130.

Lis Pendens.

James S. Cechman and Robert B. Ludy and James D. Allison, 1501150 ft. Northwest corner Pacific and Arkansas Aves. In Chancery.

Judgments.

George W. Nock Co. vs. Elmito Franceschi, \$8.55; Justice Court.

Salvatore Cristino vs. Santillo Corisuzzi and Carmine Corisuzzi, \$188.40; Justice Court.

Salvatore Cristino vs. Santillo Corisuzzi, \$91.40; Justice Court.

Thomas Massey, trading as Thomas Massey & Co. vs. Cope, \$629.10; District Court.

Emma L. Willbank vs. Eugene R. Willbank; Circuit Court.

Security Trust Co. vs. Walter Townsend, \$218.86; District Court.

Borough of Folsom vs. William Blazer, \$233.89; Justice Court.

Mary Ossenberger vs. Wm. H. Haughey and Charles J. McDonough, \$230 and costs; Circuit Court.

Release from Judgment.

Herman M. Syphard, Trustee to Charles R. Myers, 301100 ft. West side Trenton Ave. 75 ft. North of Ventnor Ave.; 301100 ft. West side Trenton Ave. 135 ft. from intersection of Trenton Ave. with West side Ventnor Ave.; 301100 ft. West side Trenton Ave. 185 ft. from intersection of Trenton Ave. with West side Ventnor Ave.; Supreme Court Judgment vs. Chas. R. Myers for 6 cents, \$1.

Satisfaction of Judgments.

Jesse Sharpless et. al. trading as Sharpless Bros. vs. Elmito Franceschi, \$22.56; District Court.

McCambridge & Co. vs. Sallie I. Freeman and Lucy E. Freeman, \$1,611.62; Circuit Court.

Headaches.

If my glasses do not relieve your headache I will refund your money. Eyes examined without charge. Newest up-to-date methods. Satisfaction guaranteed. For first-class Optical work there is no necessity of going to Philadelphia. My stock of Eye Glasses and Spectacles is as complete as can be found in any city. Prescription lenses duplicated at short notice. Accuracy guaranteed. Prices consistent with good work. All work done on the premises. A. W. Ely, 1000 Atlantic Avenue, cor. Virginia, Atlantic City, N. J. Established 1890.

## GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Cluett Coat Shirts      Manhattan Shirts  
Fine Underwear      Keiser Cravats  
Fancy Vests      Bath Robes  
Arrow Collars

**HILL & FARRELL**  
Furnishers to Gentlemen  
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

Sweaters  
Stetson Hats      English Caps  
Standard Hosiery      High-grade Gloves  
Fine Handkerchiefs      Refined Neckwear

## BAKERIES.

Is the Talk of the Town  
**Abbott's**  
"Pan Dandy" Bread  
One loaf will prove 'tis the bread of quality and has no equal.  
Our wagon will call at your door daily with fresh wholesome bakery products.

ABBOTT'S BAKERY,  
Charles T. Abbott, Prop.

## The Housewife

need not spend all her time cooking over a hot stove when

## Schusler's Bakery

is at her service. Try our products and be convinced.  
Our wagon will call at your door daily. Fresh wholesome bakery products.

John Schusler, Prop.,  
May's Landing, New Jersey.

## GROCERIES.

## John Truempy &amp; Sons

(Successors to D. W. McClain)  
Dealers in—

Fancy and Staple Groceries,  
Hardware, Paints, Baled  
Hay, Feed, Etc.,

MAIN ST. & FARRAGUT AVE.,  
Under Arcadium Hall,  
Bell Phone. MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

## CIGARS ETC.

FULL LINE OF  
Cigars and Tobacco  
All Standard Brands, the  
Kind You Like; also  
CANDY AND STATIONERY.

George N. Beebe,  
May's Landing, N. J.

## PAINTER.

Harry Jenkins,  
Painter & Glazier,  
Estimates furnished upon application.

Address P. O. Box 42,  
May's Landing, New Jersey.

## INSURANCE.

## FIRE INSURANCE

Any Part of Atlantic County.  
Reduction of 10 Per Cent. on  
May's Landing Properties.

Real Estate.  
L. W. CRAMER, May's Landing, N. J.

## BOAT BUILDING.

## Boats

I am equipped at my yard  
on the Great Egg Harbor River to  
build all manner of craft.  
Catalogues of all standard  
makes. Workmanship guaran-  
teed. Prices upon application.

Address  
William S. Lewis,  
May's Landing, N. J.

## CLEANING &amp; PRESSING.

## ENDICOTT'S

Clothing cleaned, repaired and  
pressed, also lace goods, curtains,  
robes, gloves and dresses by scien-  
tific sanitary process at reasonable  
cost.  
Within easy walking distance of  
the electric railroad station.

## Guarantee Trust

Company,  
BARTLETT BUILDING,  
North Carolina & Atlantic Avenues,  
Atlantic City, N. J.







## Prefect Of Police

A Story of a Stolen Neck-lace in Valparaiso

By GEORGE CATHERWOOD

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

It was on board the steamer Atlantic, sailing from New York to South America, that we first became acquainted with Jim O'Rourke, a young fellow of twenty-five, who had just enough blarney and brogue in his talk to be true to his name. However, he was an expert in his line and at the time was on his way to Brazil to buy diamonds for a New York firm.

Tom Hargraves and I had planned to spend the winter months in the tropics, so when the steamer reached Panama we said goodbye to our friend O'Rourke and went ashore, but the torrid heat of the day and the cold nights made the climate disagreeable, so we soon went on southward, and the following month we reached Chile.

Late one afternoon we arrived at Valparaiso, the capital of the country and a city of well kept streets and many parks, but with such poor people that we decided to go out to Vina del Mar, a noted suburb and seaside resort. Here we found good accommodations at the Hotel Pajarito, whose inviting porches gave a beautiful outlook over the bay.

Hargraves and I put on cool white suits, such as are worn in South American countries, and went down to the late evening meal, the fashionable one of the day at Chilean hotels.

As a waiter bowed us to a table we unexpectedly came on our old friend O'Rourke, who was dining with another American. When he caught sight of us his good natured Irish face broadened into a smile.

"Hello, fellows," he cried, shaking hands cordially. "I'm certainly glad to see you here."

"I thought you were in the wilds of Brazil," I said, laughing.

"I was for awhile," he answered, "but I'm going home now. I came over to Valparaiso to see my friend here, the consul."

And, turning to his companion at the table, who had risen, he introduced us.

"Mr. Cuthbert, two friends of mine from the States—Mr. Hargraves and Mr. Moore."

The consul greeted us heartily, and the waiter arranged places for us at the same table.

During the meal O'Rourke told us of his travels in Brazil, and Hargraves and I recounted our adventures in Panama. The consul also proved very entertaining and was in the midst of describing a trip down the coast when a messenger appeared and handed him a note.

"I have little time of my own," said the consul, rising, and, excusing himself, he left the room.

Through a nearby window the evening air came in with delightful coolness after the heat of the day, and in the gay surroundings the meal passed happily. Here and there in the room was a tourist from the States, but the majority of the tables were surrounded by wealthy natives, and the chatter of the Spanish language sounded incessantly.

Many of the women wore jewels, and as we passed our attention was attracted especially to a corner table near the door, where a man in uniform sat with one of the most beautiful Spanish women I had ever seen.

I think her beauty first attracted me, though all noted the elegant necklace that encircled her throat and the large diamond that formed its central ornament. In a moment we had passed on, and a screen separated us from the couple at the table.

"Did you see that woman?" exclaimed Hargraves.

"Yes," I replied, "and her diamond necklace—only a glimpse of it," said O'Rourke, "but it was a beauty."

We stepped in the doorway, and as a waiter approached O'Rourke motioned toward the screen and asked, "Who is the lady at the first table?"

The servant replied in broken English, "Senora Garcia, the owner of the Pajarito."

"And the gentleman?" O'Rourke pursued.

The waiter looked surprised at the question. "The prefect of police," he said in an awed whisper.

Our conversation must have reached the ears of the couple in question, for at that instant the uniformed prefect appeared around the edge of the screen, and, bowing in sarcasm to O'Rourke, he asked haughtily, "Can I be of service to the senator?"

The tone was insulting, and for a moment we stood speechless. O'Rourke, however, was equal to the occasion, and, imitating the bow of the prefect, he returned with equal favor, "Not that I know of."

The officer glared at us for an instant, then turned on his heel and disappeared behind the screen. We stared at each other nonplussed. Finally Jim burst out laughing, and we continued our way to the porch.

Soon the stars shone in clusters in the clear sky, such as only tropical climates permit, and gay throngs filled the porches and promenade on the walks near the hotel. From some where came the silver notes of a mandolin and the sound of distant singing. We sat on the veranda smoking until it was late. Then Jim remembered a stiletto he had bought as a souvenir and went up to his room to get it.

A few minutes later a disturbance came from within. A woman screamed, and a man's voice called out in Spanish.

Hargraves and I rushed in with the other guests that had heard the noise, and at the foot of the stairs a strange sight met our eyes. Lying prostrate

on the floor was the beautiful Senora Garcia, with eyes closed and hair disheveled, while around her neck was a red band, almost bleeding, as though the necklace had been snatched off with violence. Up on the stairs the prefect grappled with O'Rourke, and as they swayed back and forth with uncertain footing the light gleamed from a stiletto in the latter's hand.

It was the prefect that had called for help, and before we could reach them to assist O'Rourke a half dozen of the hotel servants appeared, and Jim was overpowered. The prefect disengaged himself with difficulty from Jim's embrace and stood panting.

"Look this fellow up until police come from the city," he ordered. But Hargraves and I intervened.

"What's the trouble, Jim?" I called to O'Rourke.

The prefect tried to keep him from replying, but Jim cried: "The stole the senator's necklace. It's in his pocket."

At this the prefect turned on him with a string of oaths. "Villain!" he hissed. "You took the necklace, and if it had not been for me the senora might have fared worse. Thank heaven, I arrived in time to save her from your stiletto!"

The retainers wrenched the knife from O'Rourke's hand, and the crowd surged up hissing, for nothing excites the Latin mind like the sight of naked weapons. The affair was becoming desperate for O'Rourke, but luckily at this moment Mr. Cuthbert pushed through the crowd, which fell back sullenly as they recognized the consul.

"Hold on there!" he called as the waiters tried to drag Jim away. "There must be some mistake, prefect. I know Mr. O'Rourke quite well, and no doubt we can settle this affair in a moment."

The prefect interrupted angrily, but the consul turned his back on him and asked Jim to explain what had happened.

"I had gone up to my room for this stiletto, a curio which I wished to show my friends on the porch," Jim explained, "and on my return from the head of the stairs I saw the senora in the hands of a man who held her by the throat. I shouted to him to let go and was surprised to see it was the prefect, who by that time had wrenched the necklace from her and slipped it into his pocket. Then, realizing that he was caught, he rushed at me as though I was the culprit."

The prefect stamped his foot and shouted "Liar!" But the consul held the floor, and Jim in proof of his honesty turned his pockets inside out. As he emptied his right hand pocket a glimmering gold chain fell from it, at the sight of which he staggered as though he had been struck. It was the diamond necklace.

An exclamation broke from the on-lookers, and the prefect, catching sight of the jewel, sprang down the stairs. With a malicious shout of triumph he held it up before the view of all.

But "he who laughs last laughs best." The prefect had overreached himself, for entangled in the meshes of the chain was his police whistle engraved with his own name, "Pedro Menendez." Unknown to him, it had hung to the necklace during the scuffle when, in order to throw the blame on O'Rourke, he had transferred it to the latter's pocket.

Hargraves and I could not restrain a cheer, and some of the crowd in the hallway joined with us, though others sided with their countryman. The face of the prefect blanched, but he fell back on the dignity of his office.

"This proves nothing," he said haughtily.

"It proves the necklace was in your pocket!" Hargraves called out, and what might have been a general riot was at this moment prevented by Senora Garcia regaining consciousness.

For an instant she swept the crowd with a bewildered glance; then as her eyes fell on the prefect she realized the situation and, with a cry of anger, snatched her necklace from his hands.

"Oh, you scoundrel!" she exclaimed. "You pretended to love me, but it was only for my jewels. I owe my life no doubt to this young man." And she turned to O'Rourke. "He arrived just in time to save me." Then as her hands caught the police whistle she disentangled it from the chain and buried it in the prefect's face.

"It is a lie!" he reiterated.

The crowd, however, easily swayed from one opinion to another, closed in on the prefect, and forced him up on the stairs. In that elevated position he became the target for various missiles that chanced to be handy until, drawing the dress sword that hung at his side, he brandished it in a circle at arm's length. In this manner he fought his way through the crowd and made his escape by a rear door.

Later Hargraves and I laughingly suggested that Jim might supplant the prefect in the senora's affections, but he declared he had enough of South American dealings, and we left the next morning on a Pacific steamer.

The Silent Bell.

Mr. Bluffen—What! Hasn't the land lord sent anybody here yet to fix that front door bell? I'll go right down and see him.

Mrs. Bluffen—Don't bother about it, John. Wait a week or so. It's about time for the installment collector to be coming round—Catholic Standard and Times.

The rate of increase in the temperature of the earth is slow, only 1 degree F. being registered for every 225 feet in depth. At this rate 92 degrees would be attained at a depth of 7,000 feet, which is a much greater depth than any reached in the mining world.

"You are sure you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" asked the heavy father.

"Sure," answered our hero, with the assurance of youth.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. It's more than I can afford any longer."

Scott—Is Jones married?

Mott—I guess not. I never heard him blame his wife for anything.—Boston Transcript.

## Roses and Repentance

By V. A. WAYNE

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

The sun shone warm upon the banks of the Chipeila, upon the tall pines and the low bending dogwoods and upon the little cabin in the half acre clearing that was devoted to chicken raising and sweet potato growing.

There were odors of new growth in the air, the glint of fresh green among the foliage, and from a branch of the flowering dogwood a mocking bird was singing its delicious joy of the spring sunshine and flowers.

A white haired negro came slowly around the cabin, grasping with both hands a large bowl from which a piece had been broken. As he appeared there was a sudden commotion, which spread quickly to the remote parts of the clearing and to the undergrowth beyond, and chickens of all sizes and colors came squawking toward him with wings outstretched and feet scarce touching the ground. He scattered the food among them.

After the chickens had, with impartiality and many admonitions to behave, received all the food from the hand of the old man, he then sought a place where the sunshine fell warm and unbroken and closed his eyes and spread out his trembling arms that he might enjoy it to the full.

There were sounds of dishes being washed in the cabin, the swish of a broom, the passing of a hot iron across newly starched cloth and above all the hubbub of eager, expectant, joyful voices. The day was not an ordinary one; that was evident.

A hoe leaned against the cabin, a mattock lay upon the ground near the door, a saw still pressed its jagged teeth into the trunk of a half sawn branch at the meager wood pile—all these implements of toil as they had been left when work was over the night before.

No one came to resume work this morning, so it was evident that something out of the ordinary was going on.

Presently a dusky young face appeared at the window.

"Hey, gran'paw!" a shrill, childish voice called. "Mammy say fo' yo' to come in fo' yo' clean shirt. Yo' see dress up fust case yo' wa'k slow."

Gran'paw moved toward the cabin. As he went in a troop of six pickaninies came tumbling out, all boys but one. A peremptory voice followed them.

"Now, doan yo' chilluns go fur off. Soon's yo' gran'paw's done, fix yo' gwine be fix too. Now, min'."

At one end of the cabin a rosebush clambered up and about the low eaves. As though through previous understanding, the boys began to slide toward this, keeping an inquiring look upon their sister the while. But not until one of their hands reached slyly toward a freshly opened rose did she notice. Then she said:

"Stop dat. Washin'out! Ah! yo' member dat mammy say all dem roses gwine be save fo' Ann? Cella's marriage?"

But new ones done bloom arter mammy say dat," expostulated Washington petulantly. "Sides, hit's man-cipation an' 'man-cipation's more'n jes' marriage."

"I don't keer. Dat's what mammy say, an' yo' all know mammy ain't say one thing twice."

"Yo' gwine be telltale, Macie?" scornfully.

"No, I ain't gwine be telltale. But dat's what mammy say. Yo' know mammy ain't say no' what she say. Yo' know dat, doan yo'?"

Washington looked doubtfully at his companions and from them back to the roses.

"Day gwine look mighty nice on we alls new clo's," he said wistfully. "an' dar's shorely too many for jes' marriage. An' dey keep openin' up all de darin' time. Mammy ain't gwine say fo' jes' one clean shirt. Yo' see man-cipation. Yo' know dat, Macie?"

Macie did not answer, and Washington went on persuasively:

"Yo' know dat two nickels I done make totin' tings, Macie. Well, I's gwine spen' bit all fo' sweet stuff, an' yo'se gwine hab half. An', sides, yo'd shorely look mighty fine 'long o' one dem roses plumed on yo' blue caliker. Yo' shorely would."

Macie hesitated.

"Dar's no' roses openin' up, sho' nuf," said thoughtfully. "an' I don't 'low mammy'd ear much, especially if she didn't know. An' marriage ain't nuffin to 'man-cipation' nohow. Deu yo' say right 'bout dat rose lookin' pear 'long o' my caliker. Yass, I reckon jes' one rose dat away gwine be all right; but, min' yo', half dat ar sweet stuff 'longs to me."

"Chilluns, chilluns! Whar yo' all be? Come, rusticute yo'se's now! Gran'paw's done fix an' gwine up de road. Yo'se to foller him. Den Mose an' me'll come 'long. We hit de road faster dan yo'll alls. Quick, now. Yo' beah me?"

Their hands were already plucking the forbidden flowers, but at that call the roses felt to the ground, and immediately buried in the sudden confusion, then were picked up and hurriedly concealed about their tattered clothing. As they shuffled round the corner Washington slipped in behind his companions. But in his trepidation he neglected entirely to conceal the rose. The sharp eyes at the door caught sight of the protruding stem.

"Wha' dat yo' got inside yo' shut, Washin'out?" she demanded. Her gaze swept over the guilty faces, then she stepped outside and walked deliberately toward the corner of the cabin to the rosebush. There were telltale leaves and bits of broken branches upon the ground.

"So yo' didn't keer nuffin fo' what I 'specially ordered," she said at length,

with mingled regret and reproach in her voice. "Now I's gwine tell yo' some'n, chillun. De roses ain't much, 'cep' dat I say not tech dem. Dat make all de diff'rence. Now dey's gwine lose yo' de 'man-cipation. Yo' pap an' me an' Macie'll go to de doin's, an' yo' alls will stay right hyeh by de cabin all de 'durin' day, an' Washin'out he's gwine chop wood. Come, Macie, an' be fix up."

But Macie hung back doubtfully, a mighty struggle evidently going on in her small body. Suddenly she raised her head.

"I dode stole one o' dem roses, too, mammy," she faltered.

"Wha' dat, Macie? An' I 'pend 'specially on yo' to look out fo' de od-ders. Oh, chill, chill!"

Her mother spoke slowly, and Macie's head dropped still lower.

"I's sorry, mammy," she said, scarce above a whisper, "but I did stole one. Dat's de trufe. I's hadder'n dey is, case I was to look out fo' dem."

"Yas, yo'se hadder'n dey is," her mother assented, "an' I reckon yo' got to be punish wuss. Dar's dat bag o' corn dat ain't crack yet. Yo' bring hit out hyeh an' pou'n on hit all day. Yo' pap an' me'll go to 'man-cipation by ourselfs. An', min', all o' yo', im-pressively, 'if da's any golin' on-while we's off dar's gwine be mo' punish-ment to-morrow."

The children made no reply, but stood about sullenly until the old people had disappeared up the road toward Marianna, where the "doin's" were to be held.

"I ain't gwine do a stitch o' wuk all de 'durin' day," Washington declared defiantly. "If de wood git chopped hit jes' chop hitself."

This companions grumbled their approval, and one of them kicked vigorously at the hoe which stood near him.

"An' all dis fo' some no 'count ole roses," Washington went on irritably, then: "Wha' yo' gwine to do dar, Macie? Yo' ain't gwine to wuk shorely?"

"Yass, I be," sturdily. "I's gwine pou'n dis corn, jes' like mammy say. An' I's pow'ful 'shamed o' myself. I is. Mebbe de roses ain't no 'count, but dat ain't de p'int. Mammy say not tech dem. An' an' an' mammy's been mighty good to we alls. Yo'se know dat."

Yes, they knew, but not one of them was ready to admit it just yet. So they lay there, scowling and digging their heels and toes into the sand and making jeering remarks at Macie. But she worked quietly on, and at length they rose uneasily, one by one, and found places in the window and inside the cabin, where they swung their legs and continued to scowl.

At last the children were thinking, and at length, in seeming desperation, Washington pushed his way between the row on the window seat and dropped to the ground.

"I declar', hit's sights easier to wuk dan to sot hyer 'long o' sech grumbles," he snorted. "I's gwine into dat wood pile jes' fo' de change."

Presently one of the leg swingers on the window seat slipped to the ground and picked up the hoe.

"An' I 'low dat sweet tar patch has mo' fun fo' me dan dis crowd," he muttered as he moved away.

One by one the others thought of some occupation that was "mo' fun," and shuffled in search of it. And, curiously enough, as they set to work the scowls and grumbling and discontent disappeared, and it was not long before most of them were whistling or singing. Never in the history of the clearing had there been greater industry nor, toward the end of the day, greater cheerfulness. When the old people returned there was a crowdling line to meet them with eager accounts of the day's work and with embarrassed apologies for the disobedience of the morning.

"Laws a massy me!" ejaculated mammy, with smiles that were very near to tears. "What chilluns dey is! An' dat's what mammy say. Yo' know mammy ain't say no' what she say. Yo' know dat, doan yo'?"

Washington looked doubtfully at his companions and from them back to the roses.

"Day gwine look mighty nice on we alls new clo's," he said wistfully. "an' dar's shorely too many for jes' marriage. An' dey keep openin' up all de darin' time. Mammy ain't gwine say fo' jes' one clean shirt. Yo' see man-cipation. Yo' know dat, Macie?"

Macie did not answer, and Washington went on persuasively:

"Yo' know dat two nickels I done make totin' tings, Macie. Well, I's gwine spen' bit all fo' sweet stuff, an' yo'se gwine hab half. An', sides, yo'd shorely look mighty fine 'long o' one dem roses plumed on yo' blue caliker. Yo' shorely would."

Macie hesitated.

"Dar's no' roses openin' up, sho' nuf," said thoughtfully. "an' I don't 'low mammy'd ear much, especially if she didn't know. An' marriage ain't nuffin to 'man-cipation' nohow. Deu yo' say right 'bout dat rose lookin' pear 'long o' my caliker. Yass, I reckon jes' one rose dat away gwine be all right; but, min' yo', half dat ar sweet stuff 'longs to me."

"Chilluns, chilluns! Whar yo' all be? Come, rusticute yo'se's now! Gran'paw's done fix an' gwine up de road. Yo'se to foller him. Den Mose an' me'll come 'long. We hit de road faster dan yo'll alls. Quick, now. Yo' beah me?"

Their hands were already plucking the forbidden flowers, but at that call the roses felt to the ground, and immediately buried in the sudden confusion, then were picked up and hurriedly concealed about their tattered clothing. As they shuffled round the corner Washington slipped in behind his companions. But in his trepidation he neglected entirely to conceal the rose. The sharp eyes at the door caught sight of the protruding stem.

"Wha' dat yo' got inside yo' shut, Washin'out?" she demanded. Her gaze swept over the guilty faces, then she stepped outside and walked deliberately toward the corner of the cabin to the rosebush. There were telltale leaves and bits of broken branches upon the ground.

"So yo' didn't keer nuffin fo' what I 'specially ordered," she said at length,

## DONE BY A WOMAN.

By M. QUAD.  
[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

It had often been remarked in the village of Highlands that Mrs. Carson, wife of the carpenter, was a smart woman. It was not so much that she had the Monday washing out an hour ahead of any other woman in the village or that her hens were laying eggs right along when other hens were resting, but that she was always putting smart ideas into her husband's head and he was always telling of them.

The only reason none of these ideas were carried out was from lack of capital. A village carpenter working for \$2 a day never has a bank account to back him up in speculations calling for thousands of dollars. That was the trouble with his wife's ideas—it wanted a lot of money to carry them out.

Besides, Mr. Carson was not a born speculator. He was simply a good natured, easy going carpenter.

The day finally came when the carpenter sickened and died. He left a home clear of debt and a life insurance of \$3,000. Some of the neighbors said that was more money than his wife could make in fifty years, notwithstanding her smartness, and others predicted that she would take the cash capital and open the eyes of the town.

Within a month after the funeral it was known that she was making a move of some sort. The fact that she had sold her property could not be concealed from the public, but as to what she was going to do with the cash in hand she was reticent. The minister of her church called and offered his financial advice, but it did not seem to be greatly appreciated. Squire Henderson, who was supposed to be one of the smartest capitalists in the village, in that part of the state, called and tried for an hour to convince her that pork was sure to go up and that she could double her money by investing in hogs, but she would not promise to follow his advice. Advice came in from all sides and was received and laid on the shelf.

A pile west of Highlands and on the same line of railroad was a farm of 200 acres. It was one of the oldest and poorest on Long Island. It began at the railroad and ran back to the shores of the sound—not exactly to the shore, but to a marsh and a bayou and three or four tidal channels, the breeding ground of malaria and mosquitoes for ten miles around. The farm had been for sale since the oldest inhabitant could remember. It had passed from father to son two or three times. It had steadily gone to decay with all changes, and the day the Widow Carson made her call and announced she might buy it if the price were right she was regarded as an angel straight from heaven. The price was made right, and a promise was extorted that the name of the buyer should be kept secret for a certain length of time. Even before the deed was signed men were at work cutting down the dead and scraggy fruit and other trees, burning up rotten fences and clearing off the site everything but the house. That was left for the real estate office of the Highland Bluffs Improvement company. No one had ever seen any bluffs there, and no one could discover any bluffs there. But what of it?

On the same day that arrangements were made with the railroad company to build a suburban station at the bluffs a surveyor was in the field laying the old farm out into parks, avenues and streets. A few days later the maps were out. Then followed the advertisements of the new town. The Widow Carson came to the front now. She was handling the good thing all by herself—that is, she paid cash to her assistants, and that ended their interest in the matter.

The Widow Carson went on the principle that the bigger her advertisements the quicker they would be read and the more they would convince.

She therefore took half pages. It was costly business, but even bankers came forward and offered to advance any money needed, and every day or two a new reporter came down from the city to give "the only woman in the real estate business" another fine writeup.

Did you ever see a woman auctioneer? Well, the hundreds from the city who went down to that sale and got off the depot were being sold for new clothes. It was Mrs. Carson. A lawyer and a notary were at hand to make out the deeds, but she took her stand on a box to act as auctioneer. It was a novelty. The crowd had come down feeling good natured, and the novelty further pleased them. There were beer and sandwiches, and the day was lovely. The tide covered most of the mud flats and the marsh, and if any one missed the bluffs they were made good enough to speak of it. That auction sale went with a rush. Between 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 8 in the afternoon 400 lots were sold for cash down. The horse's nose bag used to hold the greenbacks was nearly full. After the first forty lots went the rest was all velvet for rest. It is said that she quit over \$25,000 ahead of the game. Quit? Oh, yes! They always do that, you know. She went up to the city and invested her money in a store and made it pay, and if you will go down to Highland Bluffs tomorrow you will find the place just as it was left the day after the auction. There are the frames of the "villas," the real estate office, the parks and streets, the water filled holes where the depot was to rest. You will find the marsh, the mud and the mosquitoes. "What's the matter?" you will ask. Nothing—nothing 'tall. It was "just one of those sales."

A Practical Girl.

"Yes," he said, "the gentle spring is the season I particularly adore. Oh, the air, the sunshine, the hazy hills! Where do you find such tender greens and whites as the spring verdure discloses to us?"

"If you really wish for an answer," she said, "I think you can find them in a well made salad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## 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-SEVENTH DAY OF DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Kuehnle's Hotel, corner Atlantic and South Carolina avenues in the City of Atlantic City, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, All those certain lots, tracts or parcels of land and premises, hereinafter particularly described, situate in the City of Atlantic City, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, being shown upon a map or plan duly filed in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic County aforesaid, entitled "List of building lots situate in Atlantic City, N. J., belonging to Henry D. Moore et al., surveys and map made by Ashmud & Hackney, C. E., dated 1893."

Beginning in the East line of Arkansas Avenue distant fifty-five feet from the corner formed by the South side of Blaine Avenue with the East line of Arkansas Avenue, and running thence East parallel with Blaine Avenue thirty feet to a ten foot wide alley, thence South parallel with Arkansas Avenue twenty-five feet, thence West parallel with Blaine Avenue to a straight line in the number 10 as laid down on said map, being lot 10 as laid down on said map.

And beginning at a point in the South line of McKimley Avenue eighty feet West of the West line of Ohio Avenue, and extending (1) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (2) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (3) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (4) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (5) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (6) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (7) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (8) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (9) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (10) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (11) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (12) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (13) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (14) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue to a ten foot wide alley, (15) Northwardly in the West line of McKimley Avenue