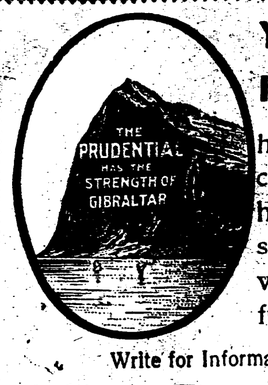
Adhesive Stains

May's Landing Record.

VOL. XXIX. MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC COUNTY, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905. NO. 7.



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SUNLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

Sunshine, sunshine! And all the world's ashine
And the brooks is trolling, filling like a draught of ancient wine—
And the birds are all a-twitter with the gladness of the day,
And it seems a shame to fritter precious hours in toil away,
And the brook a song is lisping that I hope to interpret quite,
And the earth is like a maiden in a robe of silky white,
And the summits flash a message to the ripples o'er us rain—
Oh, it's sunshine, sunshine! It is good enough for me!

Moonlight, moonlight! And all the sky is bright,
And the stars are tapers shining on the mighty wall of night,
And the meadows have their voices, that the very sweet and wise,
And they seem forever saying something sacred unto me;
And the grumbled, mumbled chorus of the frogs is swelling high,
And it's just the time for dreaming, for there's not a danger nigh—
Oh, the sunlight and the moonlight, that alternate o'er us rain—
Would we only drop the worry, they have peace enough for all.

—San Francisco Call.

A Belated Wedding Journey

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

When they were married, Jack [illegible] "act of [illegible] a [illegible] ked [illegible] village [illegible] money [illegible] was [illegible] house [illegible] had [illegible] them [illegible] idea [illegible] ving [illegible] in a [illegible] prompted what [illegible] an anniversary, so after [illegible] quietly to [illegible] and settle down to mar- [illegible] life. But their fairy was not for [illegible]

[illegible] were young then and filled [illegible] expectation of delight [illegible] realized in the future. [illegible] next year, we'll have our wedding journey," the young man said, [illegible] "the marriage [illegible] we won't give it up."

His girl wife smiled her acquiescence [illegible] journey throughout their life together, not thinking of what they should see, and they found the world a place of wonders especially arranged for their pleasure.

"My land, father, isn't there a lot to see!" mother exclaimed excitedly as day by day fresh marvels were revealed to her vision.

"It's considerable few of a world," father agreed, quaintly.

They went to Colorado to visit their sons and their growing spirit of adventure carried them still farther. Father's jest about going "to Oregon" changed to earnest. They saw the land of the Pacific slope and they were awed by its vastness and strangeness. They saw their country from east to west and then they returned to their quiet home, their wedding journey at last accomplished.

"You've got to see things to know how they look; no one can describe 'em to you," said mother.

"No, they can't; but I feel that I'm going to have a real pleasant time telling the folks at home about our trip," returned father, his mind already ahead to the stories he should tell when the neighbors came in to see them winter evenings.

They did not send word to their friends of their coming, as there was no one to meet them at the station in time to get wetted. They walked from the depot, and when they reached the village, but [illegible] neighbors "run in," they found the doorkey hanging on the [illegible] they had left it. Then they went in [illegible] door and went into the [illegible] raised the longest [illegible] doors while the [illegible] again.

"My!" the [illegible] with a [illegible] instinct [illegible] inch [illegible] "We've been [illegible] tide," father [illegible] member that day in the [illegible] most chosen.

Mother had her [illegible] and picked up the [illegible]

"It [illegible]

[illegible] she said.

"Yes," [illegible]

[illegible] spent upon one evil and in the shelter of the home which had received them when they came to it as young bride and groom and then, at last, the very was clear. The old [illegible] by last there [illegible]

[illegible] selves and hugged it to their [illegible] reveling in its delight.

"Oh, yes, we're thinking of [illegible] trip. We've been planning it [illegible] time, haven't we, mother?" he [illegible] ed to an inquiring neighbor, [illegible] carelessly, but looking sideways [illegible] wife, with mischief in his eyes.

"Yes, we have, father," [illegible] swered demurely. Then, [illegible] neighbor she explained. "It [illegible] quite an undertaking at our [illegible] life, but the boys are set on [illegible] ing west, so we're going to [illegible] 'em."

The house was put in [illegible] windows darkened, and the [illegible] back door hung on the nail [illegible] plain sight of all beholders, [illegible] had hung for years whenever [illegible] bers of the family were away. [illegible] chickens and cow were [illegible] care of an obliging neighbor. [illegible] wedding journey was actually [illegible] They made a slow progress, [illegible] ple, elderly man and woman, [illegible] ed in the realization of their [illegible] dream and enjoying it to the [illegible] They often stood hand in hand [illegible] view the sights of the city [illegible] satchel, which they never [illegible] of their keeping, resting it [illegible] ment at their feet.

You would have known [illegible] from the country and that [illegible] the ways of the world [illegible] have known, if you had [illegible] some great happiness. [illegible] case where expectation was [illegible] than realization.

They had planned vaguely for this journey throughout their life together, not thinking of what they should see, and they found the world a place of wonders especially arranged for their pleasure.

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"It's considerable few of a world," father agreed, quaintly.

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[illegible] she said.

married there were the weddings, which, though unpretentious, required an extra expenditure of money. And so it went from one year to another until youth had fled.

Their existence had always meant continual labor, but they went hand in hand to their tasks, unconsciously sustained by their air castle of a wedding journey which they did not permit to crumble to ruins. Sometimes it was forgotten for months, when they were hard pressed, but it was never forgotten entirely.

"We'll go yet, mother," the old man assured his wife when something occurred to bring their long-cherished hope to mind.

"So we will, father, so we will," she answered, cheerily.

This looking forward to a joyous event kept them young in spirit, and their youthful spirits held their bodies strong.

"Father, you can't die yet; we haven't had our wedding journey," his wife whispered piteously, once, when the old man, seriously hurt by a fall, seemed slipping away from earth.

"I'm coming back, Mary," he promised her; "we'll have it yet. I'm coming back."

Fifty years had passed before they saw their trade [illegible] spent upon one evil and in the shelter of the home which had received them when they came to it as young bride and groom and then, at last, the very was clear. The old [illegible] by last there [illegible]

Conquest of the Great American Desert

Were all of arid America fit for the living, it could be occupied by a third of the entire population of the United States. Go into the foothills of Colorado and Nevada. There the sagebrush springs from the sand as it does on the sunbaked mesas of Arizona and New Mexico away to the south. The statistician estimates that even in Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas fully seventy-five million acres will produce only a scanty herbage—just enough to keep range cattle alive a few weeks during the grazing season, yet these States are not considered a part of the desert.

Already a modern miracle has been wrought. The one who has not visited the oasis created by irrigation may scout this assertion, but should he chance into the valley through which the Big Thompson River, in Colorado, flows along the Poudre River, the landscape of field, orchard and garden which nature has created in a literal wilderness will convince him beyond the shadow of a doubt. In the Southwest fruits and grains both of the tropic and temperate zones are to be seen growing in luxuriance where yesterday only greasewood, sagebrush and cactus existed. Yet the soil is unchanged, save for the application of water. It is that of the desert—without moisture, almost incapable of supporting life. When moistened, however, these particles of sand, even alkali rock, contain properties so fertile that from them springs vegetation more abundant and luxuriant than the crops that are gathered from the rich black loam of Indiana and Illinois and the fertile valleys of New York itself.

Although less than 10 per cent of the available area for irrigation has thus far been reached, in Colorado itself no less than 75 per cent of the lands available for cultivation depends upon the artificial water supply. These farms aggregate 750,000 acres. The South Platte Valley, the most extensively irrigated region in the United States, including portions of Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, has 2,000,000 acres which are artificially watered. Farms in Utah thus supplied aggregate 300,000 acres, Arizona contains 100,000 acres, New Mexico 150,000 acres, Nebraska 100,000, while some of the most productive valleys of California which send their fruit and vegetables by the car load to all parts of the United States as well as the principal cities of Europe, are nurtured entirely by wells and canals. Yet the average size of an irrigated farm is not over forty acres, which gives an idea of the millions of people, who today depend upon these great waterworks for their livelihood.—Outing Magazine.

His Well-Known Garment.

Waiter—A thief has stolen yom overcoat, sir.

Customer—Never mind. I'll get it back. Every pawnbroker in town knows my overcoat.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

City Council Up In Lower.

[illegible]

Logical Reasoning.

An amusing little English book entitled "Children's Sayings," just published, contains the following: "Two little children being awakened by their nurse one morning and told that they had a new little brother were keen as children are, to know where and how he arrived. 'It must have been the milkman,' said the girl. 'Why the milkman?' 'Because he says on his cart, "Families Supplied."'"

Suited Him.

Mr. Beefwar — Do you consider twelve men about the right number for a jury?

Mr. Gilroll—Yes, I think so. Among that number you're tolerably certain to strike one who is either ignorant or pigheaded, or both.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A SENATORS' LIFE STORY.

[illegible] Was Told on Fashionable Cruise.

[illegible] were in public life have had [illegible] matrimonial experiences of Senator John H. Mitchell, who had [illegible] of sons and daughters [illegible] who preferred the life of [illegible] to the family fireside of Oregon, says the New York Press. The [illegible] Mitchell is a prominent [illegible] in the French capital, where [illegible] the song with her daughter, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, [illegible] the full name of 70 has to vote [illegible] for the last three days of [illegible] His three brothers and one [illegible] have lived all their lives in [illegible] from which place John [illegible] now known as Senator Mitchell left forty-five years ago to escape [illegible] his wife, Sarah Hoon. He took with him his eldest daughter and left behind a boy and a girl, for whom [illegible] was made when Hippie's [illegible] father, was able to [illegible] property owned by the [illegible] Then began a curious [illegible] Hippie's life. His wife had [illegible] relatives in the West, who [illegible] to kill Hippie on sight because of the indignities made against the [illegible] Hippie thought [illegible] the trail being [illegible] because of the little girl who [illegible] with her father.

[illegible] thoroughly frightened Hippie [illegible] his daughter in a boarding [illegible] and applied to the San Francisco [illegible] for leave to change his [illegible] from John Mitchell Hippie to John H. Mitchell, and gave proof of the [illegible] of vengeance made by Hoon. [illegible] granted the application and [illegible] John H. Mitchell, the brilliant young Pennsylvania lawyer, homeless and broken hearted, stole away to Oregon, where his talents were recognized within two years. He went [illegible] to bury himself from his [illegible] in-law, Hoon, was able to obtain a divorce, married Mattie Price, [illegible] out as a lawyer, then went into politics, raised a large family and became a millionaire several times. In a stolen visit to his two children in Pennsylvania by his first wife Mitchell came face to face with [illegible] Hoon. The former cowboy, [illegible] of pulling a gun, shook hands [illegible] with Mitchell. In the intervening years Hoon had learned the truth about the domestic trouble and [illegible] kind words for his sister. The [illegible] girl left behind had been carefully educated in Mount Union [illegible] The boy of those years is a [illegible] in the Northwest under the name of Hippie. The baby [illegible] years ago is a happy married [illegible] The daughter [illegible] Paris [illegible] Hippie had nothing in common with the second family of Senator Mitchell, nor do they know their [illegible] the duchess. All this page of his life Mitchell buried from friends in his twenty-two years in the Senate.

As to "Early Vegetables."

Every well-regulated family ought to have at least one cold frame and one hotbed, says the Garden Magazine. A cold frame differs from a hotbed in having no fermenting manure to supply heat, and is being used chiefly for protecting, over the winter, plants that could not live outdoors, such as tender annuals, while a hotbed is used chiefly to get fresh vegetables a month or more earlier in the spring. Both are, of course, cheaper than greenhouses, and both have other uses than those mentioned above.

A well made hotbed may cost anywhere from nothing to $10. If one does not care about looks, a jumbly thrown together frame made of such as is used in the yard and removed, leaving the plants to secure where they started, will be found useful for some things, but the best thing to do is to have a permanent structure which is neat, wicked and lasting. One that will answer every purpose is nothing more than a trench and enough boards to make the frame, which may have the sash, with a slope of a few inches to the front, which may have the sash, with a fence or building to protect from north winds. Fill the box with stable manure, which can be had for asking and enough earth to make the soil to grow the plants in. Outside, soil may will be heaped up to the sides of the box to prevent the cold of early for your neighbors.

THE TOO EARLY BIRD.

It is not every master of English who appreciates as Tennyson seemingly have done, the clarion call of "the crested bird that claps his wings at dawn." Carlyle did not. What read as of Mrs. Carlyle's letters does not recall the grimly humorous tale of the great sage's tantrums when their next door neighbors kept poultry? The [illegible] be laymen upon the premises [illegible] Mr. Carlyle [illegible] in the small hours were truly [illegible] examples of thunderous [illegible] and there was no peace in the Carlyle household until the [illegible] commencing her almost [illegible] of toilet, had made [illegible] door and persuaded the [illegible] of the obstreperous bird to boil, stew, fricassee, or in any other suitable manner abolish it from the face of the earth.

A [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the great Waldemar, an [illegible] crowing his vocation in a [illegible] village, [illegible] the [illegible] problem not long ago and conquered it after a fashion of his own. The two early birds in this case belonged to a [illegible] [illegible] the kitchen window, and [illegible] for days before [illegible] his challenge to a [illegible] [illegible]

For two nights the unwilling [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] to the occasion. Beside the door stood a waste-basket of generous proportions. It was to this he turned. Attaching a line to the bottom, and weighing the upper edge with a row of paper-weights, he deftly lowered this ingenious trap until it hung immediately above the rooster, but not near enough to attract his attention. A moment's pause to calculate position and he sure that all was right, then the cord was cut, the basket dropped, and chanticleer was neatly extinguished in mid-crow.

The experience of Doctor Grenfell, of Labrador, with a rooster which desired to crow at intervals all night will doubtless be recalled by many readers. The doctor once had to pass the night at a small house, overcrowded even before his arrival. There was absolutely no place for him to sleep except on top of the hen-coop. For a man used to hardship that was nothing; but for a man tired by a long journey it was much that the rooster underneath should almost at once manifest a determined predilection for untimely noise.

It was not to be borne, but getting was the back of his host's rooster to be wrung in a land where [illegible] are [illegible] the bird's neck, and held on to it with a grasp tight enough to produce silence though not suffocation.

But as the doctor grew sleepy his grasp would relax. Then the outraged captive would emit a feeble squawk at the beginning of a cock-a-doodle-doo not destined to be finished, for the first notes would again rouse the sleeper, who would straightway tighten his clutch once more.

So the night passed. When morning came the rooster was alive, although afflicted with a stiff neck, and the doctor had slept—a little.

Swollen Heads.

A young man, inheriting a vast fortune, got the mistaken notion that a great inheritance makes a great man. In three years he ran his course and is now serving as a point to many a moral tale. Those who were fawning and flattering a few months ago are now tittering and pointing as he passes by. And if the young man has any brains left, he is probably in the most pitiful state of humiliation.

It is an everyday occurrence. The office boy who does not know how to take a raise of 50 cents a week is just as good an illustration of this very common-place young man. And the world of his disgrace will be blunted entirely if every man, however obscure, does not take it home to himself.

Yet already does [illegible] [illegible] the world [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] good [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE SLOTHFUL TODAS

THEY ARE THE LAZIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

A Hill Tribe of India Whose Men Will Neither Hunt Nor Work and Who Are Proud of Their Reputation For Downright Indolence.

In these days of push and energy it sounds strange to talk of people as being lazy, and still the Todas, a hill tribe of India, are the laziest people in the world.

The Todas are not ashamed of their reputation and are free to confess that they know of nothing so foolish and stupid as work. Their one and only pursuit is the raising of buffaloes. They are far too indolent to follow the chase. An ax is their only weapon, although they know how to make others. They use this for waging war and for felling trees. They will not till the land, considering this unnecessary labor. To make housekeeping easier all their natural products are held in common. The idea of property is only restricted to the hut, its contents and live stock.

The buffaloes, which they own in large quantities, furnish them with skins for clothing and the hut, and the meat is used as food. But milk is their principal diet. They do not even relish the idea of milking their cattle. The head milkers are the only ones that are to be persuaded to do this labor. These men are chosen from the class of "pelki," or "sons of God." They are the priests and practice celibacy. Although the priests tend to the cattle, each householder owns his cattle.

Much as these men dislike the caring for their cattle, they find farming a less dignified calling. Some years ago they went to war with their neighbors, the Badaga and Kotas, as they might be able to levy a tax of one-eighth on their grain products. When their grain grows scarce they live on roots and berries. They will sell their land or give it away, but they will not cultivate it at any price.

The building of bamboo huts does not interest them any more than the cultivating of the soil, and they make this task easy by making the boys cut the bamboo and their wives build the huts. It is not unusual for three families to share one abode. The men are often so lazy that they cannot afford one wife alone, but even this does not worry them. Two or three brothers manage to support one wife. Indolent and slothful, they sit listless for hours, unconcerned about all things. What they know they know well. They are intelligent within certain narrow limits, but they are too lazy to increase their store of knowledge. Whatever has to be done must be cared for by the women and children.

Strangely, their appearance does not disclose this most marked characteristic. They are tall and well proportioned. They look like Roman senators as they walk wrapped in skins resembling the ancient toga. Their appearance is not only prepossessing, but bold and self reliant.

Many an amusing story is told of this small hill tribe, numbering about 400 men. An American missionary was working among them when one day he saw some women and boys building a hut of bamboo. He inquired why the men were not performing this labor, and one woman explained, "Husband mine don't work; me and boys build house."

The missionary made no further comment, but when the hut was built he told the husband that he must build another hut, as he could not live in a home made by women and children. But the surprised Toda answered: "No, no. Me no work. Man has boys and wife to work."

The Toda meant what he said. Although the missionary argued and finally horsewhipped the native, he could not get him to build a hut.

An equally amusing story is told by an English officer. He was so taken by the handsome appearance of one of the natives he wanted to take him to England and place him in his own regiment. The officer gave the native skins and silks until the Toda promised to become an English soldier. He was delighted with the officer's bright, gay uniform. He did not feel bad about leaving his country, his wife and children, but when he was told that soldiers work he said:

"Me no be an English soldier; me be Toda. Me no work; me no like work."

When the English officer tried to persuade him he made answer: "Take wife and boys; they be English soldiers—like work. Me stay home and rest; me be Toda."—Chicago Tribune.

Canary Seed.

Perfectly clean seed is absolutely essential to the health of a bird. Do not trust to the appearance of the seed alone, but thrust your hand into the midst of a quantity, and if there is a dusty feeling after you have withdrawn it the seed is not sufficiently clean, says Home Chat. Canary seed, if of good quality, is very bright and plump in appearance and feels heavy in the hand.

Chemists' Odd Jobs.

"Mankind is suspicious," said a chemist of the board of health. "Only last week a wealthy clergyman sent me a piece of pie for analysis. He suspected that his daughter, a beautiful and good girl, wanted to put him out of the way. The pie contained, of course, none but the usual ingredients.

"Some people send me pickles, sauces, plackings—profitable and widely advertised compositions that they want to learn how to duplicate and vend themselves.

"There isn't a well known patent medicine that hasn't been submitted to me for analysis twenty or thirty times."—New York Press.

Ready For the Cholera.

Some years ago there was an outbreak of cholera in France, and instructions were forwarded to the mayor of a certain village to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic was rapidly spreading. At first the worthy magistrate did not know what to do. After awhile, however, he reported that he was ready to receive the dread visitor. Upon inquiry being made it was discovered that by his orders a sufficient number of graves had been dug in the local cemetery to bury the entire parish if required.

Followed Orders.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson. "What a stupid fellow that jeweler is!"

"How so?" inquired his friend.

"Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved on the engagement ring the letters from A. to Z. 'From Adam to Zenobia,' you know—and the idiot went and put in the whole alphabet!"

Fond of Fruit.

[illegible]

MEN OF MUSCLE.

Wonderful Feats of Strength.

Augustus the Strong of Saxony, in his playful moods would seize a pair of couriers, one in each hand, and hold them out at arm's length. He would twist stout iron bars around their necks for collars and straighten horseshoes with a wrench of his muscular fingers, while on one occasion, when the horse of one of his attendants refused to budge, he put his herculean shoulders under it and walked away with horse and rider together.

George Castriot, prince of Albania, wielded such a powerful sword that he could sever a bull's head at a single stroke, while once, for a wager, he walked off with ten of his courtiers, standing on a platform. Charlemagne, who was reputed to be the strongest man of his time, was able to snap the strongest horseshoe between the fingers of one hand, and Don Sebastian merely by the pressure of his knees could make his charger groan with pain.

Peter the Great of Russia so developed and hardened his naturally strong muscles by years of work as a blacksmith and a carpenter that he became the strongest man in his dominions. He had but one formidable rival in a country blacksmith, whose boast it was that he was the only man in Russia who could lift an anvil from the ground.

When this boast came to the ears of Peter he set out incognito with a single companion and challenged the blacksmith to a trial of strength. Without a word the latter seized his ponderous anvil with both hands and, straining his mighty muscles almost to bursting point, raised it a foot from the ground. When Peter's turn came he, too, raised the anvil higher and higher until, to his rival's consternation, he placed it on his shoulder and walked out of the smithy with it. So startled was the blacksmith by this exhibition of strength that he rushed away to summon the villagers to "come and see the evil one, who had run away with his anvil."

Peter had a worthy successor in Alexander III., father of the present czar, whose phenomenal strength earned for him the title of the "Russian Samson." Amazing stories are told of Alexander's muscular powers—how he could burst open the strongest barred doors by a push of his great shoulders, crumple up coins in his hand as if they were leather instead of tough metal, snap iron bars across his knees, tear a whole pack of cards in two and with a few movements of his powerful hands convert a pewter tankard into a bouquet holder.

Nor must we forget that amazonian queen of Poland, Cymburga, who used to crack nuts with her fingers, and when she was training her fruit trees would hammer the nails into the wall with her clenched fist.

The Meanest Man.

A well to do Chicago real estate owner went into a hardware store in that city and asked the proprietor for a pound of nails. The small package was made up and the price, a nickel, handed to the merchant, when the customer asked if the purchase could be sent to his house, which was in a distant part of the city. The merchant assented and, calling an errand boy, handed him the parcel, with the nickel he had just received for it, and said:

"Here, Johnny; take the car and take this parcel out to Mr. Blank's house."

"What!" said the customer. "Are you going to give the boy the nickel to take the parcel out?"

"Why, certainly," said the merchant. "I wouldn't think of asking him to walk so far."

"Well," said the meanest man in Chicago, "if you would just as soon give me the 5 cents I will take it out myself!"—Minneapolis Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You can't spend any time hating people if you want to go forward.

After a man has worked hard to get a thing he has to fight hard to keep it.

No one loves a crying baby, and the same is true of people who are grown up.

While your friends promise you big things, the "if" they put in the promise is bigger.

All your troubles are exaggerated, including the uneasiness that conscience causes.

When friends urge you to come and see them "any time" it requires some figuring to find out just when that time is.

Decisions after mature reflections are so often wrong that greater respect should be paid the decisions of a penny coming down heads or tails.—Atchison Globe.

Old Time Football.

Football has never been a very gentle game, to judge from what Master Stubbes says about it in his "Anatomie of Abuses," published in 1583: "For, as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation, a bloody and murthering practice than a sport or pastime, for dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood; sometimes their eyes start out."

All Wabbly In Their Walk.

"Nobody in New York walks straight," said the gray headed citizen of the metropolis. "Watch a score of pedestrians on the sidewalk, and not one of them sticks to a straight path. Those deviations are not always due to the crowded condition of the pavement either. During the rush hours a man is supposed to dodge this way and that in his efforts to make progress, but when given a clear road there is no excuse for so much sidetracking. Yet no matter how favorable the conditions the New Yorker zigzags just the same. He might have a stretch of sidewalk a block long all to himself and be perfectly sober, yet in that distance he would veer from curb to stoop line and back again several times."

Playing Her Cards.

Tommy—May I stay up a little longer? Ethel—What do you want to stay up for? Tommy—I want to see you and Mr. Green playing cards. Mr. Green—But we are not going to play cards, Tommy—Oh, yes, you are. I heard mamma [illegible]

[illegible]

DON'TS ON NAMES.

Don't name a girl Violet when her disposition may be that of a tiger lily.

Don't hamper a boy with a name that will prove a heavy handicap in life.

Don't name a baby after a hero unless the hero has been dead several years.

Don't name a girl after a flower. Think of an old woman called Pansy or Daisy!

Don't tack a fancy name on a kid. It makes him a target for his companions.

Don't name a child after a relative from whom you have "expectations." The relative may yet marry.

Don't forget that the man with the common name of William is more likely to write checks than one labeled Percy.—Portland Telegram.

Dog Tried, Convicted and Hanged.

William Chambers, the famous English publisher, once related an extraordinary story of a sheep thief hanged at Peebles and buried at crossroads with a stake through his body. The remarkable feature of the case was that the thief's dog was tried for aiding and abetting in the crime, convicted, hanged and buried along with its master. It was proved at the trial that the man when out with the animal used to indicate to it some particular flock of sheep he wanted. After reaching home the dog returned to the place, rounded up the sheep and by devious ways, and only after dark, drove them home. There they were kept for some days and their owners' marks destroyed or "faked." They were then graded with others legitimately purchased and driven to the English markets.

Don't Be a Chouse.

The word chouse was formerly written chiaus and is of Turkish origin. A Turkish interpreter, or chiaus, in London in 1609 swindled some merchants with whom he had dealings out of a large sum of money, and thenceforth a chiaus became the popular name for a thief.

Ben Jonson in the "Alchymist" makes use of the word in its original form:

Dapper—What do you think of me—that I am a chiaus?

Face—What's that?

Dapper—The Turk who was here—as one would say, do you think I am a Turk?—London Standard.

Why the Ocean Doesn't Freeze.

If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference.

The ocean is prevented from freezing not so much by its salt as by its size and by its commotion. On account of its size, large portions of it extend into warm climates at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast storehouse of heat. Its currents distribute much warm water among the cold.—St. Nicholas.

Why Skees Were Invented.

The origin of the skee, which may roughly be described as a snowshoe so long that the sole extends far beyond the toe and heel, was purely practical. It was designed to make communication possible between village and village or town and town in northern Europe after a heavy fall of snow. The skate can only be used on ice, but the skee is available wherever there is plenty of snow to traverse. A forward movement of the lower part of the body gives you a start, and you then slip along without raising your feet from the ground, so that the track forms two parallel lines. Even uphill good progress can be made, aided by a long stick or a stick in either hand.

Uncongenial.

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows:

Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing.

Very shortly the answer came back:

Dear Sir—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job.

—London Tit-Bits.

What They Lacks

Mr. Smith—I was held up and relieved of all my valuables on the way home from my lodge. Captain [illegible] Miller—What did the robbers get? Mr. Smith—Everything except my watch. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

The Leading Journal

W. W. SHAW, Publisher.

$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1905.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR COUNTY CLERK,
LEWIS P. SCOTT,
OF ATLANTIC CITY.

FOR SHERIFF,
SMITH E. JOHNSON,
OF ATLANTIC CITY.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
THOMAS C. ELVINS,
OF HAMMONTON.

FOR CORONER,
GEORGE W. SENFT,
OF EGG HARBOR CITY.

Township Ticket.

Chosen Freeholder,
LUCIEN B. CORSON.

Township Committee,
JOSEPH BAUER.

Township Clerk,
EDWARD C. FITCH.

Constable,
JOSEPH LEACH.

Commissioner of Appeal,
LEWIS W. CRAMER.

Surveyors of Highways,
JAMES DUBERSON,
HOWARD RUMSEY.

Poundkeepers,
JOHN SCHUSSLER,
ANSEL B. CROWELL.

Appropriations:

Roads	$2,000
Township Purposes	500
Poor	100
Lights	1,850
Premiums	100
For Decorating Soldiers' Graves Memorial Day	25

A FRESH epidemic of grip is threatened, but efforts will be made to postpone it until after election.

ARE Americans "leading the pace that kills?" asks a contemporary. It depends on the speed of the autos.

NEWS that the cranberry crop is smaller than in many years may be borne with resignation if the turkey crop is large.

CLEVELAND doctors, it is stated, have restored to life a man who had been dead for hours. If they can do that every time, all the railroads connecting with Cleveland will have to run long funeral trains.

SCIENTISTS tell us that there are 16,000,000,000 square miles of spots on the sun just now, but whether the solar disturbance is due to the life insurance investigation or politics the astronomers have not determined.

GOV. STOKES in a recent address to the State Council Junior Order United American Mechanics said that he believed in the organization of men in unions and their crafts and for the raising of the standard of citizenship.

Convention of County Sunday School Workers.

The thirty-ninth annual convention of the Atlantic County Sunday School Association wil be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Minotola on Friday, November 3d. Sunday school workers from all sections of the County will be present and able speakers will address the meeting. The following program of exercises has been arranged for the occasion:

FRIDAY—MORNING SESSION.

9.45—Opening Singing and Prayer Service, led by presiding officer.

10.15—Address of Welcome, Rev. W. E. Greenbank. Response, Rev. J. McMillan, of Atlantic City.

10.45—Address, Rev. Roland E. Crist, Pleasantville.

11.00—Echoes from the field. Reports from Home Department Superintendent and Superintendent Primary Department.

Minute reports from Township Secretaries: Absecon, C. B. Johnson; Atlantic City, Mrs. Webster, A. Parsells, Ellis Adams; Buena Vista, Charles Wray; Egg Harbor Township, H. Scull; Egg Harbor City, H. Cressman; Hamilton Township, George W. Schussler; Galloway Township, W. Conover; Hammonton, William Werrel; Linwood, E. Somers; Mullica, James Watson; Pleasantville, Mrs. E. Large; Somers' Point, Rev. H. Blackwood; Weymouth, Miss A. Collins.

11.30—Address, Mrs. F. Y. Stebbins, of New England, a special worker.

12.00—Noontide Prayer.

Appointment of Committees.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

1.30 to 2.15—After-dinner conference. Primary teachers, Mrs. P. E. Ivins; Home Department, Mrs. Stebbins; Teachers and Superintendents, Rev. E. M. Ferguson.

2.15—Prayer and Praise.

2.20—Reports of County Secretary and Treasurer.

2.40—Business. Reports of nominations and elections; place of next convention; State appropriation; delegates to state convention; tabulating for convention expenses.

3.05—Convention sermon, Rev. H. W. Bolton, D. D.

4.00—Five minute talks on S. S. work among foreigners and the Home Department.

EVENING SESSION.

7.15—Song and prayer service.

7.45—Report of committees on enrollment and resolutions.

8.10—Address by General Secretary, Rev. H. Morris Ferguson.

Closing words and introduction of new officers.

The officers of the association are: President, R. D. Riley; Vice-President, Rev. R. J. Patterson, Pleasantville, N. J.; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. G. W. Bidout, Mays Landing, N. J.; Recording Secretary, Charles Wray, Buena, N. J.; Member State Executive Committee, Dr. W. H. Walling.

The Secret of Success.

Forty million bottles of August Flower old in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fair showing of success. Don't it prove that August Flower has had satisfied customers in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a safe specific for all stomach and intestinal troubles—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a record of over thirty-five years in curing and aiding millions to these happy results. It moves the system so easily that its wonderful effect is not felt or seen. Sick headache, dizziness, constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, nervous dyspepsia, yellow skin, sour stomach, all these and many other symptoms disappear when August Flower is used. Regular size, 25c. For sale by druggists everywhere. Samples free at Hunter's Drug Store, Atlantic City.

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

VERDICT OF JURY IN BROCK HOMICIDE CASE.

Court Imposed the Maximum Penalty, Thirty Years in State Prison at Hard Labor—Brock Pleased With Verdict.

Richard A. Brock, colored, was placed on trial here Tuesday morning before Supreme Court Justice Francis J. Swayze presiding in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the murder of his wife, Mary Brock at Atlantic City August 20th last.

The prisoner was brought into the court room in custody of Sheriff Kirby and given a seat beside his counsel, William I. Garrison, who was appointed by the court to defend him.

He was dressed neatly, but looked pale and worried. Little time was consumed in empaneling the jury to decide his fate, and the trial progressed rapidly.

The State called a number of witnesses who testified to seeing the prisoner stab his wife repeatedly and the victim's falling to the ground and his continued assaults; that after the deed he ran across lots and bounded over fences in an effort to escape.

County Physician Souder stated that he held the autopsy and found ten stab wounds, any one of which would prove fatal.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the State rested its case, and after a brief opening to the jury by the defendant's counsel, Brock was put on the stand in his own defense.

In substance he said: He was born in Texas and related the trouble with his wife in detail; that he was in the employ of General Wade and his son, Captain Wade, of the United States Army, in the Philippines.

He told how his wife left him and how he had entreated her to return. His defense was that he did not know what happened after he met his wife on the day of the killing.

General Wade and Captain Wade were sworn, and testified that he was in their employ as house servant down in Cuba; that he was faithful and peaceful, and bore a good reputation.

The defense closed its case at 4.15 in the afternoon when adjournment followed. Less than five hours were consumed in the trial which will go down on record as the most rapidly tried homicide case in the history of the County.

The case was resumed Wednesday morning with argument of William I. Garrison, counsel for the defence, who addressed the jury for over two hours, making a dramatic plea for the prisoner.

He was followed by District Attorney Abbott, who delivered a forceful address asking for a first-degree verdict.

Justice Swayze charged the jury after the noon recess and at 3.15 p. m. a verdict of murder in the second degree was returned.

The prisoner was brought in from the jail in custody of Sheriff Kirby and given a seat in the bar inclosure. As the jury filed in he scanned every face, but showed no signs of emotion.

After the verdict was announced, Brock, who was visibly delighted with the finding of the jury, grasped his counsel by the hand and was profuse in his thanks for the efforts made in his behalf.

The Court imposed the maximum penalty, thirty years in State Prison at hard labor.

Criminal Court.

Judge Bergen presided in Criminal Court Thursday for the first time in the new court room. The prosecutions were conducted by Deputy County Clerk Albert C. Abbott, District Attorney Abbott being engaged in the Gibson murder trial.

These cases were disposed of by the Court: George, alias "Dad" Lee changed his plea from not guilty to guilty, for assault and battery on Detective Woodruff and resisting the same officer. He had already pleaded guilty to assaulting his wife.

Walter Johnson charged with larceny of clothing and money was convicted of taking the clothing but acquitted of the charge of taking the money.

Bertha Robinson, charged with larceny, was acquitted.

Frank Thomas and James Williams were convicted of the charge of larceny of clothing.

Melissa Fisher, charged with larceny, was convicted.

Edward Davis, of Hammonton, was found guilty of the charge of rape upon Buela Cross.

Alfred Mott, of Atlantic City, charged with larceny, was acquitted.

James Williams, of Atlantic City, was tried upon two indictments charging him with larceny and convicted.

Harry English, of Atlantic City, charged with larceny, was acquitted.

Gillim Hobbs, of Atlantic City, charged with breaking and entering and assault and battery, was acquitted.

Criminal Court will reconvene Monday at 10 o'clock with Judge Higbee presiding. Sessions will be held daily until the calendar is cleared.

Handicap Bicycle Run to Atlantic City.

An event which will prove of interest to County cyclists is a handicap bicycle record run from Camden to Atlantic City, scheduled for to-morrow, under the auspices of the Associated Cycling Clubs. The start will be made from Haddon Avenue, City Hall, Camden, to White Horse Pike, Waterford Road, Egg Harbor Road, Absecon, Pleasantville, thence over the new Auto Boulevard to Atlantic City, finishing at the City Hall. The handicap limit will be two hours.

Place prizes. Yale Racer bicycle; pair Goodyear heavy traed tires; racing saddle; solar gas lamp; Morrow coaster break; two speed coaster breaks, new departure coaster break; Corbin coaster brake; pair Newton tires; Veeder cyclometer; pair Kokomo tires; gold fountain pen. Time prizes a Stroud racer; French knit racing suit; Solar gas lamp; pair Palmer tires; pair Gibney special tires; a Neverout lamp.

Contestants will not be permitted to start with bare legs. Any rider caught being paced by automobiles, motors or non-competing riders will be disqualified. Referee, S. C. Eaton.

Imposed Sentences.

Judge Higbee presiding at a session of the Criminal Court Tuesday sentenced Nelson Ward, who entered a plea of guilty to an indictment charging him with the larceny of sixty-two pounds of butter from the Anchor Produce Company, of Atlantic City, to serve one year in State Prison.

A sentence of one year in State Prison was also imposed upon C. Lewis, who plead guilty to an indictment charging him with assault and battery upon his wife, Mary Lewis.

John French was sentenced to serve three months in State Prison for stealing a dress suit case and an overcoat from a fellow employee at an Atlantic City hotel.

Sentence was suspended in the case of Harry Brown, an Atlantic City lad, charged with larceny. The boy, who has been in jail several months, was turned over to the parents of his co-mates.

[illegible]

Atlantic City Notes.

Gleaned from Exchanges.

Regular Representative, and Bona Fide Visitor for Quick Readings.

Election Day Next.

All Hallows'e next Tuesday.

Pence Gallons Wears Longer.

Thanksgiving Day November 30th.

Biby's Jumbo Cigars are better than ever.—Adv.

Mrs. Rachel Watson is visiting relatives and friends at Camden.

Mrs. Maria Stone, of Wade, Pa., is visiting relatives and friends here.

Miss Grace Watson who spent the Summer at Sea Isle City has returned home.

Miss Minnie Troissier, of Coatesville, Pa., is the guest of Prof. and Mrs. S. Huber.

Miss Lillian Ripley spent last Saturday and Sunday at Mauch Chunk, Pa., with friends.

Miss Emma Bing, of Atlantic City, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Moore Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Payne, of Millville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Beebe Wednesday.

Miss Georgia Wolfe is the guest of ex-Sheriff and Mrs. S. E. Johnson at Atlantic City.

Mr. Charles Campbell, of Hockendauqua, Pa., is being entertained by Prof. and Mrs. S. Huber.

Rev. Roland E. Crist, Pastor of the Pleasantville Presbyterian Church, was a visitor Thursday.

Prof. Isaac Neafling of Pleasantville, spent Tuesday here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Beach.

Sportsmen throughout the County are making ready for the opening of the gunning season two weeks hence.

Mrs. Emma Lee and Miss Bessie Townsend, of Atlantic City, were the guests of Miss Marie Scull last Sunday.

Prof. S. R. Morse, of Atlantic City, who is the Curator of the State Museum at Trenton, was a visitor Wednesday.

Men's sweaters from $1.00 up. Boys' sweaters from 35 cents up at Bartha's.—Adv.

Mr. John Coleman, of New York City, and Mr. Richard Seeley, of Hammonton, registered at the Mansion House yesterday.

The many friends of Gov. H. H. Baeder, of Walker's Forge, will be gratified to learn that he is recovering from the effects of a severe illness.

The Schooner S. S. Hudson, Capt. D. F. Vaughn, sailed yesterday from Pigeon Cove, Mass., for Philadelphia. The Hudson was laden with stone.

The Barkentine Jennie Sweeney, Capt. Hudson, from Fernandina, Fla., for Jacksonville, Fla., to load lumber for Perth Amboy, N. J., arrived Wednesday, 25th inst.

We offer $500 worth of ladies waists and skirts below cost. These goods have got to be sold. Bartha, the outfitter.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. John Babcock, of Atlantic City, are spending a brief vacation with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Crowell at Gravelly Run. Mr. Babcock is a member of the Atlantic City Fire Department.

The Township Committee, in special session Tuesday evening, appointed Mr. L. W. Cramer a Commissioner of Appeal to fill the vacancy in the Board occasioned by the death of Moses Schemella.

Beginning Monday, October 23, the Atlantic Electric Company will turn on day current, except Sunday from 5.30 a. m. till daylight.—Adv.

Rev. I. B. Crist will preach at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow morning at 10.30 from the subject, "Christ hastening to the cross." Subject for the 7.30 p. m. service, "Christ our song." Miss Bertha Leach will lead the Christian Endeavor Society service beginning at 6.45 p. m.

[illegible] Wednesday evening, the marriage took place of Miss Ethel Morse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Morse and formerly a tutor of one of the departments of the Irvington, N. J. public school to Mr. Edwin H. Shane, of Pittsburg, Pa. will be solemnized at the home of the bride's parents here next Wednesday, November 1st.

We offer to the people of May's Landing for thirty days from to-day clothing, shoes, rubber goods and underwear at a great discount. Bartha, the outfitter.—Adv.

Stanley Francis, of Storey Cotton Company notoriety, was surrendered by his bondsmen Wednesday and sent to Moyamensing Prison. John H. Scott, who renewed the $25,000 bail after Francis had been convicted of complicity in the Storey frauds, formally turned him over to the custody of the Government authorities.

Revival services will continue in the M. E. Church to-morrow, and during the coming week. Miss Boyd, "The Woman Preacher," will preach and assist in the work. During next week other ministers of the Gospel will assist, including Rev. Dr. Bolton, the noted diving. The meetings are increasing in interest and a spirited revival is looked for.

Miss Mary Lambert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Lambert, underwent a successful operation for cancer of the breast at the Women's Hospital at Philadelphia Thursday. Miss Lambert who has been employed in the capacity of search clerk at the County Clerk's Office for several years has many warm friends here who hope for her speedy recovery and complete restoration to health.

The regular monthly meeting of the May's Landing Building and Loan Association will be held in Room No. 1, Veal's Opera House, Tuesday evening, October 31. Money to loan on real estate and stock of the Association. R. D. Riley, Secretary.—Adv.

Mr. Edward Crist, son of Rev. I. B. Crist, and Mr. Charles Raffenberger, a cousin, are seriously ill at the Medico Chirurgical Hospital at Philadelphia, with typhoid fever. The unfortunate young men are students at the Medico Chirurgical College and roomed together. Mr. Chalmers Crist, another son, of Rev. Crist and well known here, also roomed with the stricken young men, but has thus far escaped the malady.

That the Atlantic Brick Manufacturing Company is most prosperous and that the character of goods being manufactured by the corporation is of the finest quality was demonstrated yesterday when the President of the company, Mr. George W. Jackson, filed with Superintendent Benmey orders for a million and a half brick, and stated that other orders calling for upwards of another half million had to be turned down. The plant, it is stated, has enough orders booked to run throughout the year, and with favorable weather conditions, it is stated, will be run full time the coming Winter.

Don't Borrow Trouble.

It is a bad habit to borrow anything, but the worst thing you can possibly borrow, is trouble. When you are weary, heavy, weary and worn-out by the pains and poisons of dyspepsia, biliousness, Bright's disease, and similar internal disorders, don't sit down and brood over your symptoms, but fly for relief to Electric Bitters. Have you will find sure and permanent relief, relief from all your troubles and your body will be built up by a flood of health. "At Hunter Drug Co.'s drug store." Price 50c. Guaranteed.

[illegible]

Stop the Pain.

Are [illegible] due to dyspepsia or indigestion, [illegible] and take Dr. Kinsman's Dyspepsia Tablets [illegible] take out the [illegible] your [illegible]

Guilty of Murder in the Second Degree.

District Attorney Perry, Counsel for Defendant, Made an Elaborate Plea for Clemency—Court Imposed Full Penalty.

Guilty of murder in the second degree was the verdict of the jury rendered early yesterday afternoon in the case of Jesse Gibson, charged with the murder of Helen Godfrey, a woman with whom he had been living for several years as man and wife at Atlantic City, September 16th last.

With the announcement that the jury had agreed upon a verdict, Gibson was brought into Court, and as the Jury filed to their seats the prisoner eagerly waited for the words that meant either life or death for him. When the foreman announced the verdict of second degree murder Gibson manifested his satisfaction as did wife murderer Richard A. Brock who escaped with a similar verdict a few days before by vigorously thanking the hands of his counsel, ex-District Attorney Samuel E. Perry and J. Wharton Stokes, Esq. Following an eloquent plea by Mr. Perry for clemency for his client, Justice Swayze in passing sentence said: "I am entirely satisfied, as I always am, with the verdict of a jury. I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that they have already extended to you a mercy which you did not extend to this woman, and I can see no reason in this case why the extreme penalty should not be imposed upon you. The sentence of the Court is upon the conviction had in this case that you be confined to the State Prison at hard labor for the term of thirty years."

The trial of Jesse Gibson for the murder of Helen Godfrey began before Supreme Court Justice Francis J. Swayze presiding in the Court of Oyer and Terminer here Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Little time was consumed in securing a jury to try the case, and the rapidity with which the case was conducted was demonstrated when both sides had rested its case by 5 o'clock. A night session was held for hear argument, and at 10 a. m. yesterday morning the Court delivered its charge to the jury. The verdict as above was rendered at 2 p. m. District Attorney Abbott conducted the case for the State and Lawyers S. R. Perry and J. Wharton Stokes appeared for the accused.

The greater part of Thursday was taken up by the witnesses for the State who detailed how they had secured evidence that Gibson had climbed to the roof of the little kitchen of No. 15½ Doughty Avenue, and reaching through a broken window pane, had stabbed Helen Godfrey with a knife as she lay sleeping in bed.

The knife with which the killing was done was afterward found lying in a corner of a yard, where it had been thrown by Gibson.

The defence claimed that the high crime of murder had not been committed; and that the law was that where a person's mind was affected by liquor they are not guilty of murder, and the chain of defence was that Gibson was unaccountable when the crime was committed.

Real Estate Exchanges.

The following exchanges of Atlantic City real estate were recorded at the County Clerk's Office for the week ending 28th inst.:

W. Irving Braddock et. ux. to Jesse Wenn, 22x90 ft. West side of Mississippi Ave. [illegible]

Lewis B. Glenn et. ux. to William H. Barthard, lot 23 in section 11 on plan of H. D. Moore et. al, $3,600.

William J. Moore et. ux. to Roland E. Williams, 35x100 ft. East side of Tennessee Ave. 125 ft. North of Arctic Ave. $4,000.

Sylvester A. Keen and ux. to E. P. Roberts and al. 42½x150 ft. North side Arctic Ave. 80 ft. East of Indiana Ave. $9,500.

Samuel Kirby, sheriff to Citizens Mutual Banking and Building Society, 22x100 ft. East side Missouri Ave. 125 ft. South of Pacific Ave.; 25x100 ft. East side Missouri Ave. 175 ft. South of Pacific Ave. $160.

Citizens Mutual Banking and Building Society to Claude J. Kirkland, same land as in above Sheriff's deed, $1.

P. Harlon Boice to Cora B. Conover, lot 26 in section 10 on plan H. D. Moore and al. $1.

Cora B. Conover, admr. to P. Harlon Boice, lot 26 in section 10 plan of H. D. Moore and al. $3,600.

Charles E. Monday et. ux. to Elmira S. Hartley, 30x125 ft. East side Chelsea Ave. 275 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. $1.

Elmira S. Hartley to Laura M. Monday, 30x125 ft. East side Chelsea Ave. 275 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. $1.

Clarence M. Bush Land Co. to Edgar Lehman, 25x100 ft. Southeast corner Euclid and New Hampshire Aves. 310 ft. South of Atlantic Ave.; 100x110 ft. Southwest cor. Sovereign and Arctic Aves.; 100x170 ft. Southeast corner Arctic and Sovereign Aves.; 33x100 ft. East side Sovereign Ave. 508 ft. North of Atlantic Ave.; 33x100 ft. East side Sovereign Ave. 342 ft. North of Atlantic Ave.; 33x100 ft. East side Sovereign Ave. 176 ft. North of Atlantic Ave.; 33x100. ft. East side Sovereign Ave. 110 ft. North of Atlantic Ave.; [illegible] ft. Southwest corner Montpelier and Arctic Aves.; also land in Ventnor City, $45,000.

Charles E. Smith and ux. to Marvell Dunn, 30x85 ft. West side Vermont Ave. 80 ft. North from Northwest corner Madison Ave. [illegible]

Annie G. Cochran and vir. to Bailey L. Fitzgerald, 25x175 ft. West side Ohio Ave. 225 ft. North of Atlantic Ave. $6,500.

Samuel Kirby, Sheriff to Amelia B. Evans, 75x85 ft. South side Oberon Ave. 75 ft. West of Montana Ave. $3,570.

Harry J. Shumway and ux. to Oliver A. Lee, 25x95.83 ft. West side Belmont Ave. 100 ft. South of Pacific Ave. $1.

Jesse B. Thompson and ux. to Catherine McBride, 25x100 ft. East side Florida Ave. 325 ft. North of Pacific Ave. $5,000.

"Our office boy dropped into poetry yesterday."

"How was that?"

"The literary editor kicked him into the wastebasket."—Cleveland Leader.

Her Father's Account.

Perkins—I married her on her father's account. Smythe—On her father's account? Perkins—On her father's banking account.

A Pioneer in Air.

[illegible] Wren's Little Early Risers. [illegible] Little Pills are [illegible] children, [illegible] Hopkins, [illegible] Little [illegible]

ATLANTIC CITY NOTES.

Minor Happenings Down By the Sea.

Newsy Paragraphs of Interest Gathered By a Representative of "The Record" and Presented in Condensed Form.

Pence Gallons Wears Longer.

The failure on the part of the Democratic city political managers to file nominations or hold a meeting keeps the party from having a city ticket at the coming election. Thursday was the last day under the election law, to file nominations.

Biby's Jumbos are as good as they are big.—Adv.

Mayor Storr, Wednesday, signed two ordinances passed by City Council on Monday evening last. These bills give the Steel Pier the right to run wires across the oceanwalk to the pier from its own plant; and to the Enterprise Stock Company to lay a switch or car siding in its place of business.

At the Quarterly Conference of St. Paul Church, held last Wednesday night, the Rev. Wesleyan Hensberger, Pastor, was given a unanimous call to return next year, the vote being a rising one. The Pastor highly appreciated the compliment paid him by his flock. The State Conference will not meet until March next.

Representatives from the Atlantic City Fire Department will attend the annual meeting of the State Firemen's Mutual Benevolent Association to be held in Turner Hall, Trenton, next Monday. The delegation will include Assistant Foreman Thomas McAfee, of Engine Company No. 3; Tillerman William Aiken, of Truck B, and Assistant Foreman Dennis Gormley, of Engine Company, No. 4.

The trial of John Cooney, charged with fraud at the primary election a year ago, was postponed when it was called up Wednesday. The adjournment was asked for by Assistant Attorney General Duffield, of the State Department, who was to assist in the prosecution and who stated that a material witness was in Europe. Cooney was released on his own recognizance pending the return of the witness for the prosecution.

Insure with A. H. Phillips & Co., 1528 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.—Adv.

But for the lateness of a mail, the life of Miss Anna Scott, of New York, who blew out her brains in a beach front hotel here last Saturday night have been saved by a friend, was a feature developed at the inquest held by Coroner Gaskill Thursday evening. That the young woman's act was premeditated, thoroughly planned and self-committed was shown by all the testimony, and the jury at once brought in a verdict to that effect. The letters written by the suicide just prior to her death lifted in part the mystery surrounding a pathetic love tragedy. One addressed to the hotel manager, and explaining the deed, says: "The death of some one very dear to me is the cause of this act. Those who know me know I am a good girl; those who do not, I hope will be generous enough not to cast any slight upon my name, as I have always tried to keep that without a blemish." Another note, addressed to "Fred. H.," says in part: "The one you met in Chicago in August has passed away, and I hope to do the same, as I cannot stand this. You know what his death means to me." One letter said that a relative notified by mail would call for her body. This relative was Thomas A. Davis, of 360 Clinton Street, Brooklyn. After Davis received the letter he boarded the first train that would bring him to this city, hoping to arrive in time to defeat his cousin's destructive hand. It was a race for a life, but death won, for when Davis arrived the body had just been turned over to an undertaker.

THE MOOR'S PLEDGE.

A Point of Honor Religiously Observed by Arabs and Saracens.

A Spanish cavalier in a sudden quarrel slew a Moorish gentleman and fled for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor. "You know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him that as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of safety.

The Moor then went to his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by the Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over he learned from the description given that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one, but as soon as it was dark retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said: "Christian, the person you have killed is my son. His body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses and said:

"Fly far while the night can cover you. You will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood, but God is just and good, and I think him I am innocent of yours and that my faith given is preserved." His point of honor is, it is said, most religiously observed by the Arabs and Saracens, from whom it was adopted by the Moors of Africa and by them was brought into Spain.

NAUTICAL TERMS.

Origin of Some of the Expressions Used Afloat and Ashore.

The word "admiral" comes from "emir al bagh," which is Arabic for lord of the sea.

"Captain" comes straight from the Latin "caput," a head, but "mate" is almost identical with the Teutonic "maat," which means a companion or equal.

Dockwain, and originally the man who pulled the after oar of the gig, is the best man known as "cock." Dockwain "cock" is a corruption of the word "cockle," and as most people know, it [illegible] "cock" [illegible] the Kyle and the [illegible] "[illegible]" is simply the Italian "[illegible]," or commander, and "[illegible]" was originally the "[illegible]," which going a step [illegible] has the same origin as [illegible]

LEGAL.

NOTICE OF REGISTRY OF VOTERS AND OF A PRIMARY AND GENERAL ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that the several Boards of Registry and Election for the County of Atlantic in the State of New Jersey, will meet on Tuesday, September the fifth, nineteen hundred and five, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of organization and proceeding to make a complete canvass of all the legal voters residing within their respective election districts entitled to vote therein at the first election.

And notice is hereby further given that the said Boards of Registry and Election will also meet on Tuesday, September 12, 1905, at the places provided for the holding of the primary election in their respective election districts at one o'clock in the afternoon and continue in session until nine o'clock in the evening, at which time and places said Boards shall hold the primary election as provided by law, and shall also proceed to transcribe and make up from the enumerating books two lists or registers of the names arranged in alphabetical order, together with the residence of all persons in their respective election districts entitled to the right of suffrage therein at the next election, or who shall personally appear before them for that purpose, or who shall be shown to the satisfaction of such Board of Registry and Election, by the affidavit in writing of some legal voter in the election district to be a legal voter therein.

And notice is hereby further given that a primary election will be held on Tuesday, September 12, 1905, between the hours of one o'clock in the afternoon and nine o'clock in the evening of said day, for the election of delegates to convention of political parties or for making nominations or for both as the case may be.

And notice is hereby further given that the County Board of Elections will be in session in the County Court House at May's Landing, New Jersey, on Thursday, November 2, 1905, and Saturday, November 4, 1905, from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, (Recess from 12 until 2 of said days) for the purpose of revising and correcting the aforesaid register of voters by ordering erased there from the name or names of any person or persons who shall be shown to the satisfaction of said Board for any cause not to be entitled to vote at the next election district in the district wherein he is registered and of adding to said registers the names of any persons who shall prove to the satisfaction of said Board by affidavit or otherwise his right to vote at the ensuing election.

And notice is hereby further given that the Justice of the Supreme Court assigned to hold the Atlantic County Circuit Court and the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Atlantic County, or one of said Judges, will sit and hold a Court of Common Pleas at the Court House, in May's Landing, on Monday, November 6, 1905, from eight o'clock in the forenoon till five o'clock in the afternoon, to revise and correct the registry of election of the several election districts of Atlantic County.

And notice is hereby further given that the Justice of the Supreme Court assigned to hold the Atlantic County Circuit Court and the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Atlantic County, or one of said Judges, will sit and hold a Court of Common Pleas at the Court House, in May's Landing, on Tuesday, November 7, 1905, from eight o'clock in the forenoon till seven o'clock in the evening, to inquire whether a person is entitled to vote in the election district in which he is registered.

And notice is hereby further given that the next general election will be held on Tuesday, November 7th, 1905, commencing at eight o'clock in the morning and closing at seven o'clock in the evening.

Done in accordance with an act of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, entitled, "An act to regulate elections, Revision of 1898," Approved April 4, 1898, and the supplements thereto and amendments thereof.

By order of the County Board of Elections.
FRANK E. ADAMS, Chairman;
Attest:—LOUIS A. EMPERIO, Secretary.
JOHN D. LAWSON,
HARRY JENKINS.
Office of the County Board of Elections, May's Landing, N. J., August 30, 1905.

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

SATURDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the hotel of Louis Kuehnle, corner Atlantic and South Carolina Avenues, in the city of Atlantic City, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

All that lot or parcel of land, situate in the city of Atlantic City, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning in the Northeast corner of Ohio and Washington Avenues and runs thence (1) Eastwardly in the Northerly line of Washington Avenue, ninety-three and seventenths feet to the West line of a fifteen feet wide alley; thence (2) northwardly parallel with Ohio Avenue in said line of alley fifty feet; thence (3) Westwardly parallel with Washington Avenue ninety-three and seventenths feet to the East line of Ohio Avenue; thence (4) Southwardly in the East line of Ohio Avenue 50 feet to the place of beginning. [illegible] shown upon a map of plan duly filed in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic County, entitled "Map of building lots situate in Atlantic City, N. J., belonging to Henry D. Moore et. al. surveys and map made by Ashmead & Hackney, C. E's."

Seized as the property of David Gross et. al. and taken in execution at the suit of Atlantic Coast Building and Loan Association and to be sold by SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated October 28, 1905.
THEO. W. SCHIMPF, Solicitor.
6t. Pr's fee, $10.20.

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

SATURDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF DECEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Louis Kuehnle, corner Atlantic and South Carolina Avenues, in the city of Atlantic City, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

All the following described lot or parcel of land, situate in the city of Atlantic City, county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point in the Southerly line of Pitney Avenue at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Vermont Avenue, and extending thence Westerly in the Southerly line of said Pitney Avenue twenty-five feet in front or width and having a depth of that width Southerly between parallel lines at right angles to said Pitney Avenue one hundred feet, being lot No. 9 in block No. 8 on a plan of lots of the Deck and Land Improvement Company, duly filed in the office of the Clerk of Atlantic County at May's Landing, New Jersey, and being the same premises conveyed to Isaac [illegible] by Herbert R. Voorhees [illegible] recorded in the office [illegible] County of Atlantic in Book [illegible]

Seized as the property of [illegible] et. als. and taken in execution at the suit of Atlantic Cities Building and Loan Association and to be sold by [illegible]

Dated October [illegible]
THEO. W. SCHIMPF, Solicitor.
6t.

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias to me directed, issued out of the Atlantic County Circuit Court, will be sold at public vendue on

SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY OF OCTOBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the hotel of Louis Kuehnle, corner Atlantic and South Carolina Avenues, in the city of Atlantic City, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

To wit; a certain two story frame dwelling with attic twenty-two feet front and thirty-two feet deep with a twelve feet by twelve feet kitchen on the north side and the second story of which building has a two-feet overhanging, situate on the following described lot or land, to wit:

All that certain lot or place of land, situate at Longport, formerly in the township of Egg Harbor, county of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey, known and designated as lot No. 3 in block 32, section A, on a map or plans of Longport, duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the county of Atlantic, State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point in the northerly line of Beach Avenue ninety-three feet westerly from the intersection of the northerly line of Beach Avenue with the westerly line of Twelfth Avenue; thence northerly parallel with the westerly line of Twelfth Avenue one hundred and twenty-five feet to a street sixteen feet wide; thence westerly along the southerly line of said sixteen feet wide street fifty feet; thence southerly and parallel to the westerly line of Twelfth Avenue one hundred and twenty-five feet to the northerly line of Beach Avenue; thence easterly along the northerly line of Beach Avenue fifty feet to the place of beginning.

Seized as the property of Euphemia B. Lawrence, builder and owner, and taken in execution at the suit of Charles A. Prausnes and George S. Adams, trading as Prausnes & Adams and to be sold by SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated September 23, 1905.
WM. M. CLEVINGER, Atty.
6t. Pr's fee, $12.25.

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

SATURDAY, THE FOURTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Louis Kuehnle, corner Atlantic and South Carolina Avenues, in the city of Atlantic City, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey.

All that certain tract or parcel of land and premises, hereinafter particularly described, situate, lying and being in the city of Atlantic City, in the county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey:

Beginning at a point on the South side of Arctic Avenue fifty-five feet Westwardly from the Easterly side of Missouri Avenue and runs thence (1) Eastwardly along the South side of Arctic Avenue forty-five feet; thence (2) Southwardly along a line parallel with Missouri Avenue one hundred and fifty feet; thence (3) Westwardly along a line parallel with Arctic Avenue ten feet; thence (4) Northwardly parallel with Missouri Avenue ten feet; thence (5) Westwardly parallel with Arctic Avenue thirty-five feet; thence (6) Northwardly parallel with Missouri Avenue one hundred and forty feet to the place of beginning, being the same premises which the said Charles A. Ruker and wife by deed bearing even date herewith and intended to be forthwith recorded granted and conveyed to the said William H. Wiener, and these presents are given to secure the payment of part of the purchase money for the said premises.

Seized as the property of William H. Wiener and others and taken in execution at the suit of Charles A. Banks and to be sold by SAMUEL KIRBY, Sheriff.

Dated September 30, 1905.
CHARLES A. HAAKE, Solicitor.
6t. Pr's fee, $10.85.

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

SATURDAY, THE FOURTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Louis Kuehnle, corner Atl

[illegible]
Not a breath stirs the air
Not a leaf dares to stir
Not a bird dares to utter a note
Not a cricket chirps at the door
And all is prim and white and cold.

No sign betrays the wandering breeze,
No whisper from the frozen trees,
They muster still and stark and pale,
A phantom host in silver mail.

And silver-studded over all
Is drawn night's velvet purple pall,
And all is peace; the fitful breath
Seems sacrilege in this land of death.

When far athwart the Northern Pole
The rainbow tinted streamers roll,
The leagured wizard of the North
Has flung his fiery challenge forth.

And, where across the frozen plain
Lies the grim harvest of the slain,
His icy searchlights coldly sweep
The approaches to his virgin keep.

So are there latitudes too high
In realms of cold philosophy,
And barren wastes, that cannot give
The bread whereby a man may live.
—The Spectator.

THE MISER

THE door of the doctor's house was closed almost noiselessly and John Breen went slowly down the short flight of steps, his grayish countenance working with fury.

"A guinea for prescribing more rest and nourishment, plus a bottle of drugist's filth!" he muttered. "What on earth possessed me to consult him?"

Reaching the pavement, he began to walk swiftly, but a throbbing behind the old scar on his temple compelled him to slacken his pace.

"I suppose it was that that made me take fright," he said to himself. "I never used to have headaches. * * * If I'm not better by to-morrow I'll take his prescription to the chemist, though I believe it's all nonsense."

A hansom driver hailed him invitingly, but he shook his head impatiently, and quickened his steps in spite of the dull throbbing that caused him to half close his eyes. It was a chilly evening, and, as he turned from the quiet street into the busy thoroughfare sleet began to fall; but instead of taking a 'bus he set out to walk the two miles that lay between him and his place of abode.

His home was an old-fashioned, neglected-looking building in the neighborhood of Russell Square, and he was the sole occupant. A charwoman came for an hour every morning and made a pretense of cleaning up generally, although her work consisted chiefly in removing the ashes of the

BEGAN TO RECKON HIS FUTURE.

parlor grate (in winter) and washing the dishes which her master had soiled the previous day. He placed both in the hall, for she was not admitted to the parlor. John Breen did his own cooking, such as it was, at the sitting-room fire, and his bed consisted of the sofa and a traveling rug in the same apartment. The other rooms, eight in number, of the house were unfurnished.

On entering the hall, which echoed his steps, he locked and bolted the door with exceeding care, and made his way in the dark to the parlor, situated on the same floor. It was necessary to unlock the parlor door, and having done so he entered and locked it again behind him. The inside of the door was covered with sheet iron and fitted with heavy bolts fitting into sockets at top and bottom.

The fire, under a layer of dross, glowed faintly, and was slow to ignite the spill of paper that he presented between the bars. When he did procure a light he applied it to a candle on the mantelpiece, and in its glimmer he beheld his face in the dirty mirror.

"Yes," he muttered, "if I'm not better by to-morrow I'll go to the chemist. I can't afford to be ill. I'm glad I didn't go to a doctor close at hand. He might have found out who I was and insisted on attending me. How my head does ache."

He sat down in the worn-out easy chair and inserted a few slips of wood between the bars of the grate. Small flames pierced the blanket of dross and presently he set a little kettle on the hottest part.

"A cup of tea will pull me together."

He rose and crossed the room to a bookcase void of books. From a lower shelf he took a loaf of bread and a lump of cheese, also a plate and knife, and carried them close to the side of the easy chair.

Then suddenly he began to smile and rub his hands softly. The window shutters, iron-bound like the door, were closed and bolted, but he went over and examined them and drew the faded curtain together. After that he peered into all the corners and under the sofa, smiling and fingering something in his hip pocket. John Breen was not a timid man; he was merely careful.

When he was quite satisfied that he was alone he went back to his easy chair, and stretching out his right hand opened the paneling at the side of the fireplace, disclosing the door of a small but apparently deep and supremely strong safe. Inserting a couple of keys, he manipulated them until the locks yielded and the stout door swung open. The safe was packed with little bags of gold, parcels of notes and bundles of negotiable securities. The latter papers represented John Breen's capital—his father's legacy to him—the notes and gold the interest, less his trifling expenses, of nearly thirty years. The investments were as safe as the nation's credit, and the owner had never sought to alienate them for others bringing a larger return. The stream of gold from them may not have satisfied him with its pittance, but at least it was steady, and he loved to mark on a calendar the days on which he would receive a fresh supply with the certainty of a new crisp printed [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

But when the hansom driver had paid no attention to his shouting, which for some minutes, he began to, most unbearable, had already caused him a sense of peace had succeeded upon John Breen.

His eyes closed, he lay disconsolate, his hard features wonderfully softened. Strangely enough he dreamed well, and as he lay there in the gloomy light of the candle and the last embers of the fire, which failed to make clear the poverty and wretchedness of his surroundings, he might have been taken for a well-to-do and rather handsome elderly gentleman enjoying a nap.

The bottle was dry and ruined, the fire was almost out, and the candle was within an inch of its socket when John Breen came back to life again. He sat up, feebly and looked curiously about him.

He felt no pain, but he was greatly puzzled. An expression of disgust dawned upon his face when his eyes caught sight of the bread and cheese, but being desperately hungry he cut a piece of the former and ate a portion. He was chilly, too, and felt a craving for hot food.

Then he beheld his wealth. He began to tremble violently and tears rolled down his cheeks.

Awe-stricken, he whispered to himself, "And I might have died to-night. I might have died, and no one, not even myself, have been the better for my having lived."

He took the notes, the bags of gold and the documents from the safe, laid them in a heap at his feet, and began to reckon his future. It was easily done, for each bag was stamped with "£500," while each bundle of securities had a slip of paper attached bearing its approximate value. Besides, he found no difficulty in counting now.

The grand total came to a few hundreds and odd over eighty thousand pounds.

"I must leave this accursed house at once," he said suddenly. "I must lose no time, or I may be too late."

Within an hour he left the house in a cab with a couple of ancient portmanteaus. In his pocket he carried a letter addressed to his charwoman and containing instructions for her not to call until notified to do so, which he intended to post at the first opportunity. The letter also contained ten £5 notes.

It was past midnight when he reached the large hotel in Northumberland avenue—the name of which had somehow occurred to him as he stepped into the cab—but he managed to get a fairly good supper before retiring. He slept little, for he had many plans to make for the morrow. Still, he arose in the morning with nothing worse than a feeling of tiredness which, however, seemed to affect his memory rather strangely. For instance, he could not remember where he had come from the previous night and as the day wore on he was occasionally perplexed regarding other matters of the past. The bunch of complicated keys in his pocket puzzled him, and when he happened upon the doctor's prescription in another pocket he could not recollect the visit to the physician. Most of all, the revolver in his hip pocket troubled him. He did not know what to do with it, and he was afraid to unload it lest it discharge. For the time he decided to lock it in a drawer in his bedroom.

He spent the forenoon in studying the newspapers, and in the afternoon he paid a visit to the poorest quarter of the East End, returning, with a white and troubled face, to play with his dinner and to spend the evening, locked in his room.

A few days later people began to call upon him—prosperous-looking gentlemen and fine ladies—and earnest conversations took place in the elegant sitting-room he had engaged in addition to his bedroom. Other men and women, pinched and sad, began to watch for his coming to their miserable dwellings.

And nearly three months went past

* * * * * * *

One evening toward the end of May Mr. Breen gave a little dinner party in his private sitting room. Ten ladies and gentlemen, all keenly interested in philanthropic work, were present, and even those of them who were high in rank and treated their gentle-faced host with unfeigned respect and seemed to regard him with sincere affection as well as admiration. Although the weather had unexpectedly become oppressively hot, the spirits of the guests did not suffer depression. Only the host appeared somewhat wearied when, the dinner itself being over, the time came for him to explain a new scheme of charity which he had lately been deeply considering, and which all present were eager to hear about.

"I must ask you to pardon my leaving you for a moment, my friends," he said, suddenly. "I find I have left my notes on the scheme in my room."

With a word of thanks for the permission readily granted, and a pleasant smile to all, Mr. Breen left the room.

"He is a wonderful man," remarked a countess. "Is it really the case that he has given £40,000 to the children's hospital in Whitechapel?"

"He handed the money to us yesterday," said an old man with kind, twinkling eyes. "And it was only a first installment, he assured me. But he has made so many magnificent gifts recently that one fears he must soon exhaust himself. Truly it was Providence that allowed John Breen to become a rich man."

"He ought to be Sir John at least," said a pretty woman, "though I fancy he would scorn a title."

Meantime Mr. Breen was in his bedroom searching for the slips of paper on which he had set down the details of his scheme.

He could not remember where he had put them. Drawer after drawer he tried without success. As he drew open the last drawer a vivid flash of lightning lit up the chamber—he had not thought it necessary to light the electric light, as he had sufficient light from the open door—and immediately a terrific [illegible] overhead.

John Breen's blood chilled [illegible] in the drawer [illegible] look of [illegible] countenance.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]