

BODY OF WOMAN FOUND FLOATING IN MORRIS CANAL

Little Boy Discovers the Gruesome Object Yesterday Afternoon—Was a Former Wharton Girl—Leaves Two Children in Scranton.

The body of Mrs. Grace Jewell, of Elmhurst, Pa., was found floating in the Morris Canal below Reiley's lock yesterday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock. The gruesome find was first discovered by a lad named Burrell and a crowd quickly gathered. Marshall Byram went to the scene shortly after the body was discovered and succeeded in getting it ashore. The woman was about thirty-five years old and was well dressed, her clothing being of good material and clutched in her right hand was a pocket book or bag for a purse. It contained some few cents in change and a Lackawanna railroad ticket good from Dover to Elmhurst, Pa., and it was purchased at Elmhurst on May 28. A son of William Collicot, who keeps a saloon and restaurant at the corner of Warren and Dickerson streets was in the crowd and he said the woman had been at his mother's home on Wednesday night. The body was removed to Dalrymple's morgue, and William Collicot, the lad's father, was seen and he said the woman that was at his place was called Grace Dorman or Grace Jewell but he did not recognize her when he saw her and otherwise he told a rambling story. Mrs. Collicot while she did not see the woman described the clothing, etc., and established her identity beyond a doubt. She stated that Mrs. Jewell had taken supper at her place on Wednesday night and had left the home shortly after 7 o'clock saying she was going to the home of Dr. Stage on McFarlan street, but she did not reach the Stage house and she was not seen again until found in the canal. The girl's father lives at Wharton and a relative at that place identified the girl last evening. George Young, a resident of Dover, said he saw a woman walk to the canal bank above Gardner's barn Wednesday evening and throw her arm out over the water but he thought she had walked away again. Mrs. Grace Jewell, was the widow of Matthew Jewell who at one time conducted a saloon on Sussex street. She has two children living in Scranton. Since the above was in type William Batten and Signard Larsen say they were accosted by a woman who tallied with the description of the person found and she asked where she could find "Pa Dorman" to use her own words. It was then about 10 o'clock on Wednesday night and Mr. Batten knowing of Dorman's at Wharton directed her to a Wharton car but she turned and walked across the street to a male companion and walked together to Warren street where they lost sight of her. At the time she talked to Messrs. Batten and Larsen she smelled strongly of liquor, her speech was thick and her gait was unsteady. Dr. J. W. Farrow last night made an examination and stated that she had not been in the water twenty-four hours. She was completely dressed excepting a hat and there were no marks, bruises or any evidence of violence on the body.

DEAD VETERANS HONORED BY THOSE STILL LIVING

Fast Dwindling Members of G. A. R. Pay Fitting Tribute to Former Companions in Arms--Services Held in Library Hall.

On Friday afternoon Past Commander Allen, Wolfe and McCormick, who were detailed to visit the public school, visited the North Side School. Had there been a proper understanding the three schools would have been visited. The East Side and South Side Schools having made elaborate preparations, were disappointed. The same committee visited Wharton school on Monday and report a fine time. On Sunday morning a detail of twelve members of the Post drove to Mount Freedom where they, were joined by other comrades. The fourteen graves of deceased soldiers in the Presbyterian cemetery were decorated with flags and flowers, after which they proceeded to the Methodist Church, where appropriate Memorial services were held. "My Country 'Tis of Thee" was sung, the Grand Army service prayer was repeated by Chaplain Brannin, the Roll of Honor was read by Past Commander Wolfe and the pastor gave a most excellent address which was listened to with marked attention not only by the comrades but by the large audience present. When the church services were ended, the G. A. R. comrades, assisted by the children, proceeded to decorate the graves of the eleven comrades in the Methodist yard and two in the Baptist yard. The hungry veterans were then distributed between the homes of Commanders Wright and Abers and Past Commander Hulbert, where the hospitality of former years was well sustained. At about 2 o'clock the cavalcade was again in motion with Millbrook

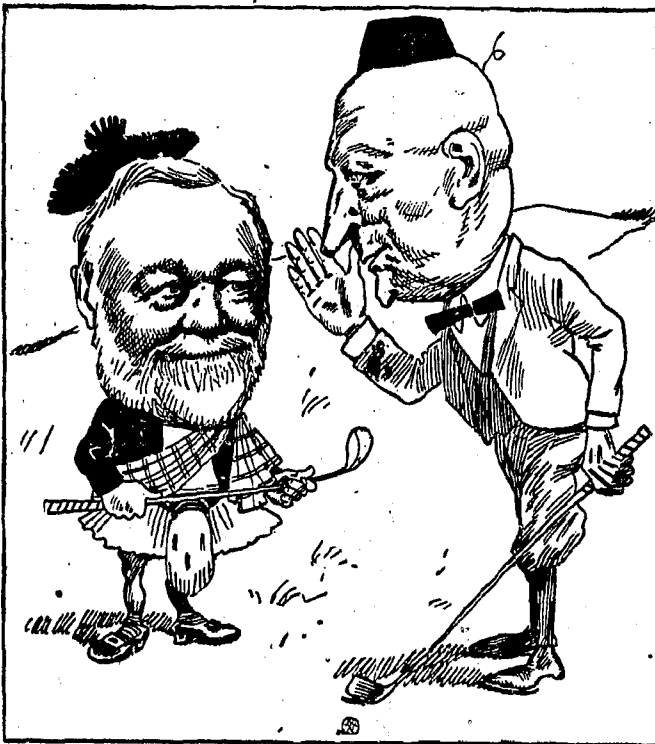
IRON WORKER FALLS ON ORE HEAP

Clarence Cole, a laborer employed at the Ulster Iron Works was injured by a fall while at work on Wednesday. Cole was working on a car and while in the act of loading a heavy piece on a barrow he toppled off a plank to the ground some four or five feet below. He landed on the back of his head in an ore heap and sustained a rather ugly wound.

BUILT GASOLENE LOCOMOTIVE HERE.

H. P. Hall, of this place, on Saturday shipped to the Repauno Manufacturing Company at Gibbstown, a large gasolene locomotive for use at that company's dynamite plant. The machine is so regulated that it will pull a big load at low speed or a light load at high speed. The engine will haul a large dongola full of coal at the rate of eight miles the hour. It weighs about three and three quarter tons.

GETTING AN EXPERT'S OPINION.



John D. to Andy C.: "Say, Andrew, I'm having a little difficulty in giving away my money. I wish you'd tell me how you manage with yours."

DOVER WINS TWO GAMES MEMORIAL DAY, HANDS DOWN

Biscuit Company Team from New York Prove Easy Marks for Duquette's Lackawanna Leaguers--Large Audiences Present.

The Dover A. A. on Memorial Day defeated the Inner Seal team of New York city in two loosely played games. The morning exhibition went ten innings not because of any brilliant playing, however. Stroud, the young Dover production pitched for Dover and backed up as he was by Manager Duquette's strong arm stick wielders the game was won at the start. Stroud did the rather remarkable stunt, even against a poor team, of striking out fifteen men, and he seemed able to fan as many more. The game was 4 to 3 after the sixth inning in Dover's favor until the ninth when Shelley the visiting pitcher got on by an error, stole second went to third on an out and was sacrificed home. Dover's ninth recorded no runs and the game went ten innings. The visitors in their half went down one two three but Dover filled their bases twice and twice failed to score. After this nice bit of fielding Shelley forced a man on balls and the game was over.

In the afternoon a large crowd assembled and the Citizens Band attended discoursing lively music but the visitors even in the face of all this gaiety refused to cheer up or ginger up and the game was a hit and run affair. all on one side, the home team winning 16 to 3. Duquette was in the box for Dover and he passed bewildering assortment of curves and speed balls that had the visitors falling all about the lot. After an inning or two the visitors were permitted to hit the ball while the fielders engaged in sensational one hand stops, throws, pick-ups, and in a couple of cases, errors. Dover scored five runs in the first inning and every other inning or so went after four or five more until the total was sixteen and the players were tucked out with base running. The visitor's pitcher, Shelley, was batted out in the third inning and another, Degnon, went in and he succumbed in two innings and Cassidy went in to be batted about the lot.

The summary of both games follow:

Table with columns: DOVER, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows: Goodman, s. s., Morehead, 2b., Cosgrove, 1b., Furnell, 3b., Plunkitt, c., Hutchings, c. f., Weber, l. f., Tippet, r. f., Stroud, p.

Table with columns: INNER SEAL, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows: Degnan, r. f., White, s. s., Lyons, c., Hallock, c. f., Cassidy, 2b., Foley, 1b., Yackel, 3b., Brown, l. f., Shelley, p.

Table with columns: SCORE BY INNINGS. Rows: Dover, Inner Seal. Includes earned runs and umpire information.

Table with columns: DOVER, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows: Goodman, s. s., Morehead, 2b., Cosgrove, s. s., Furnell, 3d., Plunkitt, 1st., Hutchings, c. f., Weber, l. f., Cheney, r. f., Duquette, p.

Table with columns: INNER SEAL, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows: Degnan, r. f. & p., White, s. s., Lyons, c., Hallock, c. f., Cassidy, 2b. & r. f., Foley, 1b., Yackel, 3b., Brown, l. f., Shelley, p. & 2b.

Table with columns: SCORE BY INNINGS. Rows: Dover, Inner Seal. Includes earned runs and umpire information.

MORRIS COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY

The eighty-eighth anniversary of the Morris County Bible Society will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, Mendham, on Tuesday, June 13, 1905, at 10:30 a. m. The opening sermon will be by Rev. E. P. Gardner, of Chester. At the afternoon session, after reports of committees and the transaction of other business, Rev. Charles E. Hesselgrave, of Stanley, N. J., will deliver an address on "The Comparative Value of the Versions of the Bible in English," and short addresses from others may be expected.

CLOSING RECEPTION WELL ATTENDED

The closing reception of Prof. Charles J. Bruneel's evening dancing class was held in Elite Hall on Friday evening of last week. There was a goodly attendance and the only regret was that it was the ending of the season. Mrs. H. A. Ackley and Prof. George Hiler furnished music for dancing. The closing reception for the afternoon class will be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock. An informal hop will be held at 9 o'clock. Prof. Bruneel has had a very prosperous season and will re-open his classes at this place in September.

ENGINEER POTTER TALKS TO COUNCIL OF SEWERAGE

Open Meeting Held on Monday Night and the Sewerage System and its Advantages Fully Explained--Cost Estimated.

At a special meeting of the Common Council on Monday night, called for the purpose, the matter of a sewerage system was discussed. The meeting was an open one and Alexander Potter, a sanitary engineer from Orange, with a sewerage system to sell, talked at some length and the citizens some six or seven who attended talked also. Mr. Potter and Mayor Searing had some time previous to this meeting talked over a sewerage system for Dover and later these two had gone over the town making rough measures and estimates. Mr. Potter had also prepared a rough map or diagram of the proposed route. Mr. Potter when he took the floor talked on his subject well and plainly answered the questions asked him like one conversant with his subject. He said that before much or anything could be done the people must feel the need of a sewerage system and then proceed. Other towns, he said, had put in sewerage disposal plants and have shown a rapid increase in growth. But recently Mr. Potter was engaged on 150 miles of sewerage near tide-water embracing eleven towns and he thought sewerage system necessary as an inducement to bring new residents to this town. He further said, whether the death rate will be decreased by putting in a sewerage disposal plant or not is a question and it is impossible to give figures. He cited a town he knew of whose sewerage was very bad but the town was unusually healthy and the death-rate in consequence was very

low but this was no proof he said and nothing to work on. As to the question of expense he did not know what it cost to maintain and clean the cesspools but, he said, if one has the sewerage system one is free from the thought that there is a nasty, smelly cesspool in the yard. As to the cost of putting in the plant it varies with the character of the town and thought Dover rather an easy one to pipe. Dover's greatest need for sewerage was in the low part of the town where the water is close to the surface while the up-lying sections are not in such need because of the sandy soil. He stated that the people of Jersey City and those who have its water under control will not stand to have our sewerage turned into the river and we must find some way of getting rid of it. The low part, Mr. Potter continued, would need five miles of sewerage that would cost \$50,000 which he thought was a liberal estimate and the remaining sixteen miles of street in the town could be piped for \$50,000 additional since the cost per foot in the lower parts of the town cost more than the higher places. The system could be built in sections the lower part piped first and the other part at some other time making the system when complete cost \$100,000. The sewerage system is not intended to dispose of the storm water, that he said could be run into the river and the law would sustain the town. The size of the sewers at the outlet would be fifteen inches and on any one (Continued on page eight)

COUNTY OFFENDERS GIVEN LONG TERMS IN PRISON

Albert Jones Received the Full Penalty for Burglary--Others Well Punished for Crimes--Judge Lenient in Some Cases.

Last Friday the twelve prisoners in the county jail were sentenced for the crimes they had committed. Albert Jones fared the hardest, received a sentence of seven years and a fine of \$2,000--the full penalty for burglary. This was imposed for stealing the rugs, etc., from the Kinnicut house. For the breaking and entering of Merchant's store seven years was imposed, but this is to run concurrent with the first sentence. For the four indictments to which he pleaded guilty to receiving stolen goods from the stores of F. Rosen, W. Smith and Merchant's, twice; also to the conspiracy to break jail, he was sentenced to serve three years, but these five sentences all run concurrent with the seven years. Under the indictment for robbing Robison's store at Mendham, sentence was suspended. William Stevens fared nearly as badly as Jones, receiving six years, three for breaking prison and three for larceny. He also got three years for conspiracy, this to run concurrent with the other sentences. Robert Lanza, who pleaded guilty to robbing the store of Edward S. Thompson, was sentenced to four years. Under the indictment for robbing the Kenvil station he was given two years and the same for breaking jail, but these are to run concurrent with the first sentence. Harry Case, colored, who was tried and convicted of adultery with Annie Willberger, a white woman, was sentenced to one year and six months. Under an old indictment for larceny under which sentence was suspended

in 1903. For the adultery crime he received eighteen months, to run concurrent with the first sentence. Annie Willberger, who was convicted with Case, was sentenced to eighteen months in State prison for adultery. Mrs. Grace Jones, wife of Albert Jones, was given one year in State prison for carrying weapons into jail to her husband. The judge, in sentencing her, said that she realized what she was doing, but the court took into consideration her youth and the fact that she was under the influence of those older than herself. Jesse Jones also received one year in State prison for carrying weapons into jail. Mr. King, in speaking for him, stated that the jury had made a mistake in convicting Jesse Jones. This crime was the result of the influence used by his elder brother. The fact that a petition asking for clemency, signed by the police and the committing magistrate, ought to be taken into consideration. Mr. Rathbun replied that it was a serious offense and might have resulted in the death of some of the keepers had it not been discovered before the crime was carried out. Judge Mills stated that he could not pass over this crime without a rebuke. John Simulski or Moleski, as he is better known, was fined \$500 and cost for the illegal sale of liquor at Hibernia. The prosecutor stated that it was the third time he had been before the (Continued on page four)

LIGHT IN WINDOW SCARES HORSE THIEVES.

Horse thieves paid a visit to the barn of William Batten on Spruce street Sunday morning about 12:45 o'clock. One of the members of the family had occasion to go from her sleeping apartments to the first floor about the time mentioned and she saw two figures fumbling at the lock on the stable door. About the time the would-be thieves were seen they saw the light from the window and made a run for it. In their mad flight they

overtaken a pile of boxes and jumping the fence got tangled in a neighbor's ash barrels.

Mr. Batten had by this time got out wearing a shot gun and a few garments prepared to give chase but the would-be abductors of horse flesh had made good their escape. The annual meeting and dinner of the White Meadow Club was held at the club house on Friday evening of last week. Some sixty odd guests attended and supper was served by Day. Hiler's orchestra furnished excellent music.

The Iron Era

FOUNDED 1870.

J. E. WILLIAMS, Editor.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1905.

County Offenders Given Long Terms in Prison

(Continued from page 1)

court for sentence for the same charge. Mr. King, on behalf of Mr. Simulski, stated that the crime was not any more than a grocer selling adulterated goods...

Simulski, who is a man about 55, began crying when called upon to stand up for sentence.

The court stated that it intended to see that he stopped selling liquor illegally and sentenced him to six months in jail, but this sentence was suspended until the court saw fit to compel him to serve it out.

Louis Debrito, who was convicted of assaulting George Poyer, was fined \$100 and costs.

Mr. Barkman made an appeal for leniency in the case, stating that the fact that he used the flat side of the shovel that he did not intend to hurt Poyer, but only did it in self-defence.

Judge Mills, in sentencing, stated that the jury did right in convicting him, but as he bore an excellent reputation the court was inclined to be lenient.

Edward H. Behre, of Chatham, who pleaded guilty to cutting trees from the estate of William A. Martin, was fined \$50 without costs.

Mr. Martin appeared in his behalf and stated that Behre had been working on an adjoining place and thought the trees were not beneficial to the place and cut them down.

Owen H. Martin, of Mt. Arlington, who pleaded guilty to breaking into a saloon, was sent to the Rahway Reformatory until discharged according to law.

Aaron Emery, who pleaded non vult to malicious mischief in breaking the window of Todd's store at Rockaway, was given six months in the county jail.

James S. Hardy, who had pleaded non vult to stealing the horse of Mary Mraz, was brought into court for sentence, but as the judge was about to pronounce it, Hardy asked the privilege to retract the plea and enter one of not guilty and wait for trial.

Sentor Hillery had spoken for Hardy and stated that he had insisted that he was not guilty, but the people upon whom they had relied for evidence failed to tell what they knew, and his partner, Mr. Beam, who had charge of the case, advised Hardy to plead non vult.

Prosecutor Rathbun stated that he had proof of Hardy's guilt, but there were facts in his case which warranted clemency. He was the one who furnished Keeper Orr with the information concerning the attempt to break jail and would have testified against Stevens, Telfer and Jones had they not pleaded guilty.

It was after these statements were made that Hardy asked for a trial, and will now have to remain in jail until October.

F. C. LEAMING.

Eye sight Specialist changes office Hours after July 1st will be at Dover office Saturdays only 8 to 1 o'clock.

Until July 1st every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

\$38.50 Buffalo to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo and Return, via Nickel Plate Road.

Tickets on sale June 29th, 30th and July 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Final return limit August 8th.

For full information regarding routes, sleeping car accommodations, etc., write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Realism in Art.

Little Visitor (pointing to a large oil portrait)—Whose picture is that? Little Hostess—She was my mamma's great-aunt. I never heard much about her, but guess she was a schoolteacher. Little Visitor—Why? Little Hostess—See how her eyes follow us about.

Time For Others.

Tess—So Grace is finally married, eh? Jess—Gracious! No! Why, this is only her first venture.—Philadelphia Press.

Too many wish to be happy before becoming wise.—Necker.

Dead Veterans Honored By Those Still Living

(Continued from page 1)

In the Orchard street cemetery forty-one graves were decorated, after which the pretty marchers and decorators were dismissed with thanks by the Commander.

In the afternoon at about 1 o'clock the parade was formed as follows: McDavit Post G. A. R., Boys' Brigade of Memorial Church, composed of two companies, A and B, and Washington Camp No. 5, P. O. S. of A. The Boys' Brigades of the First M. E. Church and Baptist Church were much disappointed at not having received their uniforms and therefore did not turn out.

The procession headed by the Enterprise Band and led by Marshal Byram was soon in motion. The line of march was changed somewhat from that announced last week, but covered the same streets. "Old Glory" was prominent along the route and many people viewed the parade which ended at the Library Hall.

An incident at Orchard street cemetery showing some fruit of our Memorial Day deserves mention. The members of the Boys Brigade during the halt decorated the grave of James Burnbaum, a former member.

The brigade made a fine showing in the parade and elicited much admiration. As the veterans reached their seats, yet standing, and while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" the flag was run up and saluted, after which it was placed at half mast and the veterans were seated.

By reason of no instrument singing had to be dispensed with and all were greatly disappointed at being deprived of hearing the solo by Miss Praed. Past Commander McCormick was detailed master of ceremonies and the following program was carried out.

Music by the band, prayer by Rev. S. H. Jones, Lincoln's Gettysburg address by Rev. W. W. Holloway, D. D., music by the band, Roll of Honor by A. B. Searing, Adjutant of the Post, address by Rev. E. E. Brooks, music by the band, short address by Comrade E. E. Potter, vote of thanks and benediction.

Memorial at Succasunna.

In the meantime, when the parade had recovered about one-half of the line of march, Past Commander Wolfe, who had charge of the Memorial services at Succasunna, and Past Commander Allen, who was to read Roxbury's Roll of Honor, fell out and were soon on their way to that beautiful village, which both remember as home.

Soon after 3 p. m., the line was formed with a goodly number of veterans on the right and a fine array of children next, all carrying flags and flowers, and, led by Ex-Mayor Wolfe, of Dover, soon made a very pretty parade through the principal street to the Presbyterian yard where the graves of thirty-one deceased soldiers were beautifully decorated, then passing into the Methodist yard where twenty-five others were beautified.

Proceeding thence into the Methodist Church the program published last week was carried out to the letter, and more even, for after Dr. Richardson had delighted the admiring and appreciative audience with his masterly address, Prof. L. C. Force, former drummer boy of Co. C, 27th Regiment, was called for by a comrade and ably responded.

The veterans and ministers were invited to lunch with the ladies in the chapel and spend an enjoyable hour. Among other things prepared to please the guests was a large cake on which was written with icing the names of each veteran present and was surmounted by the great American Eagle.

This cake was cut and as the roll was called the piece having his name was handed to each comrade.

Lieutenant Wolfe, who cut the cake, captured the bird.

This ended the Memorial services of 1905.

ROLL OF HONOR.

- ORCHARD STREET CEMETERY. Maj. Thos. J. Halsey, Surg. Herbert B. Chambré, Capt. Edward P. Berry, Capt. George Gage, Lieut. Warren Segur, Sergt. Edward J. Kinney, Drummer Henry D. Wilson, etc.

- Priv. C. A. Hugbison, Wm. H. Kithcart, John T. Reed, John M. Yattman, Austin Trowbridge, etc.

Nickel Plate Road Again Offering Very Low Round Trip Rates to Portland and Other Pacific Coast Points.

OBITUARY.

Thomas Heagan, aged 41 years was found dead at the foot of the stairs leading to his apartments in the Opera House building at Boonton on Wednesday morning. Death was due to heart trouble.

Mr. Heagan was at one time a resident of Dover and was in the shoe business at this place with his brother, P. O. Heagan now of New York city, who with a sister, Mrs. Frank McNally, survive him.

Mr. Heagan was a charter member of the old Dover Cornet Band also a charter member of the then Vigilant Hose Company of this place. He was an exempt fireman in both Dover and Boonton.

The funeral services were held at Boonton Thursday morning and interment was in St. Mary's Cemetery.

John Drown, aged 70 years died at his home at Newark on Monday of complications. Mr. Drown was born in Devonshire, England, and came to this country when a lad locating at Mt. Hope. Some twenty years ago he left there and went to Newark. The funeral services were held at Newark on Wednesday and interment was at Rockaway, the Odd Fellows having charge after the remains reached Rockaway.

William McKinnon, aged fifty years died at his home at Rockaway on Monday night of paralysis brought on by injuries received some five years ago. Mr. McKinnon was born in Rockaway, had been a life long resident and was much liked and esteemed by many. A wife and six children survive him. The funeral services were held on Thursday at 2:30 o'clock at the M. E. Church, the Rev. Stewart Molyneux officiated. Interment was in Rockaway.

Edward Danielson, aged 34 years died at his home on Pequannock street on Thursday morning of tuberculosis. Mr. Danielson came to Dover when the Richardson & Boynton works located here in whose employ he has been twenty-one years. A wife and three children survive. The funeral services will be held at the First M. E. Church on Sunday at 4 p. m., the Rev. A. B. Richardson officiating. Interment will be in the Locust Hill Cemetery.

The Finest Yet. Our grand line of white goods suitable for shirt waists and suits from 14c to 25c a yard at J. H. Grimm, 6 N. Sussex St.

COMPLAINTS MADE AGAINST TWO

Theodore Tomkins Secure Evidence Against Sunday Selling—Cases to be Tried on Monday.

The Sunday closing of stores has created much talk and on Sunday all but two of the stores were closed, that is aside from news-dealers.

Marshal Byram last week notified all the storekeepers to close up but on Sunday two remained open.

James Moglia at the corner of Warren and Blackwell streets was open as was John Musa at the corner of Dickerson and Sussex street.

Since Sunday a complaint has been made and the proprietors of these places have been summoned to appear before Justice Gage, at 10 a. m. on Monday to the charge of violation of a town ordinance prohibiting the sale of candy, cigars, etc.

Some years ago an attempt was made to close these stores or stores similar and it was unsuccessful, because no jury could be gotten together that would agree.

Theodore W. Tomkins, of Spruce street, a carpenter employed at the Lackawanna shops at East Dover is the one who secured the evidence and made the complaint.

Mr. Tomkins on Sunday went before Justice Young and made a complaint. The papers were drawn but on Monday some one happened to remember that Justice Young was one of the jury that failed to agree when the affair was on before and Mayor Searing counseled caution. This complaint was then destroyed and Tomkins went before Justice Gage and made a complaint and the cases will come up on Monday.

Kindness of an Ostrich.

During an exceptionally heavy tropical rain in Durban two ducks of the common half bred native and Bombay variety got washed in the flood down the Umgoni river, which flows through the town gardens. The ducks both got entangled in the barbed wire and wire netting which crosses from bank to bank. One managed, by much plucking of wings, to extricate itself; the other seemed, however, to be on the point of drowning when a large ostrich stalked out of the bush and waded into the river, lifted it bodily out of the water and carried it ashore by one wing.

The duck was not badly hurt, but its rescuer was severely torn on its thigh muscles by the barbed wire. The incident is all the more remarkable, as the ostrich, with rare exceptions, buries its head in the sand during a storm and will starve to death sooner than move.

—Durban Spectator.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Editor Iron Era:—The following was originally published in the "The Hub" and copied by a New York paper. It has some good sensible points and I would be pleased to have you give it space in your columns.

The question of motor speed has been exercising the mind of the Dutch Parliament lately, and in the consideration of the subject the slow thinking but sure thinking Hollanders have arrived at a much sounder and more reasonable solution of the matter than any other nation. The Dutch House has agreed to impose no speed limit, but has passed a law holding the automobilist liable for whatever may occur due to his unsuitable driving.

Commenting on this decision, L'Auto remarks that a speed limit is a Utopian idea, seeing that on some occasion, and in some places, forty miles an hour is no more dangerous than eighteen miles an hour, although, on the other hand, there may be occasions when four miles an hour would be fraught with peril. Speed, must be governed by what is in view and by the circumstances likely to arise from the environment. No great amount of wisdom is required to realize this. A driver must know and feel that at such and such speed his brakes will stop him in such space, and he must drive with this estimate always present to him.

The Dutch chamber has come to the conclusion that the best method of controlling automobilism and avoiding danger to the public therefrom is to throw the onus of mishap on the automobilist, and not to enact laws which bring about a disreputable system of police espionage and provoke police officers to perjury and magistrates to irony and press notoriety. It is a broadminded decision, and one from which our own legislators might take pattern. Automobilists are not hoodlums or other kind of loafers, but as a body, have as much regard for the lives and comfort of the users of the highways as a Manhattan magistrate.

May 31, 1905.

Iron Era:

Please take notice that the regular monthly meeting of the Association of Exempt Firemen of Dover, N. J., will be held at the Fire House on June 5, 1905, at 8 o'clock. All members requested to be present.

Yours truly, JOS. V. BAKER, Secretary.

House Cleaning Reminder. Beautiful line of Lace Curtains from 50c to \$2.00 a pair. Big assortment of curtains some in dotted and striped effects from 10c to 18c a yard at J. H. Grimm, 6 N. Sussex St.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUPPER

By Acacia Lodge Members a Pleasing Affair—About Two Hundred and Fifty Attend.

The members of Acacia Lodge No. 20, F. and A. M. entertained the ladies at their lodge rooms in the Baker building on Wednesday night.

The rooms have recently been finished in sumptuous fashion and the members of the lodge planned to furnish a pleasing entertainment, reception and supper which occurred on the night named.

The members and guests assembled at the lodge rooms shortly after 8 o'clock and the entertainment opened with a selection by the four piece orchestra.

Past Master E. M. Searing who presided as master of ceremonies then introduced Miss Scott who rendered a harp selection that was most pleasing. Following her Miss Belford who has a fine soprano voice sang and Horace I. Bowne who has appeared here before recited and rendered monologues.

A clever magician named Retailer was the next entertainer and his feats of slight of hand and power to deceive the eye was excellent. After an hour and a half or so of entertainment all of which was most pleasing the assemblage went to Elite Hall where Caterer John Bennett had arranged a fitting supper for an already enjoyable evening. Some two hundred and fifty or more attended.

CHURCH NOTES.

Presbyterian Memorial Church.

In the Presbyterian Memorial Church on Sunday the Salvation Army staff will hold forth at 11 a. m.

At the evening service the Rev. Dr. W. W. Holloway will preach on "Consideration."

First M. E. Church.

Two of the staff officers of the Salvation Army will assist Dr. Richardson at the morning service of the First M. E. Church next Sunday. In the evening his theme will be, "Close parallels between Joseph and Jesus." General class 9:15 a. m. Mrs. J. Dietrick will lead the Epworth League. All seats free. Everybody welcomed.

House Cleaning Wants.

Window shades linen opaque from 21c to 40c. 5-4 Table Oil Cloth 15c a yard; Shelf Oil Cloth, 5c a yard; Sash Curtain Rods 10c; Curtain Poles 10c; at J. H. Grimm, 6 N. Sussex St.

The Orange team will be here tomorrow, don't miss the game.

"Our Own Brand." Advertisement for L. Lehman & Co. featuring various products like Cocoa, Sauce, Mustard, Chocolate, Coffee, Raisins, Baking Powder, Oats, Corn Starch, Spices, Taploca, Tea, and more. Includes an image of a product box and contact information for 11 W. Blackwell St., Dover, N. J., Telephone 21-b.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Remember Dover vs. Orange tomorrow.

The usual Decoration Day exercises were held in the public schools last Friday.

Dr. R. A. Bennett on Monday brought a new "Rambler" auto from Philadelphia to this place.

The National Staff Band of the Salvation Army will give a musical in Library Hall on June 3.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Education will be held on Tuesday evening of next week.

The total number of passengers carried by the Morris County Traction Company on Tuesday was 5,138.

The regular monthly meeting of the Trustees of the Free Public Library will be held on Wednesday evening next week.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian Church are planning to hold a lawn social in the rear of the new church June 7th.

The musical entertainment of June 3d at the Luxemburg Church is postponed until Saturday evening, June 10.

The box social by Washington Camp, P. O. S. of A. held in Elks' Hall on Tuesday night was well attended.

A special meeting of Court Beach Glen No. 73 Foresters of America will be held in Searing Hall on Bergen street, on Sunday at 1:30 p.m.

Commencing June 15 the four Morristown banks will close during the summer at 3 o'clock. Saturdays at noon as at present.

The musicale given by the choir of the First M. E. Church in that church on Wednesday night was a pleasing affair and was well attended.

George Peer on Monday night gave a test of the Sip Fire Extinguisher at the Fire Engine House for the benefit of some of the members of the town council.

The Booklover Magazine for June has a pretty rustic scene from Dover. The picture shows what is known as Reiley's lock on the Morris Canal.

Fred Allgrunn as local representative of Camp No. 11,675 of the Modern Woodmen of America on Thursday, paid to the widow of William Hillman \$3,000.

W. H. Cawley, jr., has been at J. V. Smith's desk in the Second National Bank while the latter took his vacation outing at the lake.—Messenger, Somerville.

"Hank" Wear was arrested by Officer Dehler on Tuesday morning for being plain drunk. Justice Gage released him on his promise to "git goin'" and he left for Pennsylvania.

The members of the Girl's Tennis Club of Presbyterian Memorial Church are thinking somewhat of starting a tennis tournament about September and some have already begun practice.

Master Williams, the young violinist, will give a selection this evening at the literary meeting of the Intermediate League in the First M. E. Church. A good program.

The Ladies' Helping Hand Guild of St. John's Parish, will hold a sale of home-made bread, cake, pie, ice cream and aprons on Saturday afternoon, June 3d, from 3 to 6 o'clock.

Roy E. Lynd, president of the senior class at the Stevens' Institute of Technology, has been selected by his class and the faculty to deliver the valedictory oration at the coming commencement on June 22d.

The Sussex County Board of Freeholders believed that too many prisoners were becoming habitual occupants of the county jail and at its last session passed a resolution to put that class of prisoners on a diet of bread and water to see if they wouldn't rather support themselves.

The invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Lena Buck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Buck, of West Blackwell street, and W. H. Cawley, jr., of The W. H. Cawley Company. The wedding will be held at the home of the bride's parents at 4 p. m. on June 14.

Some two weeks or so ago three young men left Dover for fear of arrest and they as yet have not returned. Reginald Blakeley is one of this trio and he leaves a wife and one child who were starving until they were taken care of by Overseer of the Poor Byram. As for the others the town is well rid of them.

Rev. D. W. Moore was called to Sussex county last Saturday to conduct the funeral services of Elizabeth (Northrup) Warbasse, wife of David R. Warbasse in the town of Fredon. Mr. Moore was an old and intimate friend of the family, being Mrs. Warbasse's pastor at Baleville from 1862 to 1867, and having preached her father's (Dr. Peter Northrup) funeral sermon forty-two years ago, and that of Mr. Warbasse's mother, forty years ago. He also united in marriage Mr. Warbasse's youngest brother and Mrs. Warbasse's youngest sister in 1863. He remained over the Sabbath and attended services at his old charge at Baleville.

Can't Be Beat. Our handsome line of children's lace caps, lace and fancy hats, white dresses and jackets at J. H. Grimm, 6 N. Sussex, St.

Dover will meet Phillipsburg at this place on Wednesday of next week.

Animal Fur.

Fur is a threadlike fiber which grows out of the pores of the skins of animals. It grows in length from the root and not from the top, as with vegetable productions. The lower portion merely lengthens out, and the top projects forward, consequently if once cut it will always remain blunt. It is tubular and filled with oil, which gives to the fiber its color. In addition to the oil it contains mineral matter, among which are sulphur and iron. A close examination of the fiber will, to a certain extent, show the section of the country the animal inhabits. The short and crisp, with an oval or angular cross section, indicates tropical growth; the long and soft, with circular cross section, a northern climate. The fibers from different parts of the same animal have a different structure and value, that which is taken from the back of a land animal being the finest, while the reverse is true of the animal which confines itself mostly to water, the belly being much finer than the back.

Simplicity of Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind must have been the most simple, unpretending prima donna that ever lived. When she first came to England she was open to slang only at the Royal Italian Opera House, and when commanded to sing at the queen's concert she was obliged to refuse. Very sorry to be compelled to notify this, she ordered her carriage and drove straight to Buckingham palace. She handed her card to an official, who, not unobsequially, declined to take it. A higher authority happened to pass and took it upon himself to present it. As soon as her majesty saw it she said, "Admit her by all means." Jenny Lind appeared and said simply that she was so very sorry to be unable to sing at her majesty's concert that she thought it better to call herself and explain. The queen was charmed with her natural manner, gave her a cordial reception and promised to be her friend.—London Globe.

A Vicious Letter Writer.

The famous Dr. Andrew Bell had a wife who, after exhausting all her ingenuity in making him miserable, finally left him. She then began writing him long letters filled with personal abuse and when she found he did not take the trouble to open them took to abusing him on the envelope. One she addressed, "To that supreme of rogues, who looks the hangdog that he is, Dr. (such a doctor!) Andrew Bell." Another was thus pleasingly inscribed: "To that ape of apes and knave of knaves, Dr. Andrew Bell, who is recorded to have once paid a debt, but a small one you may be sure it was that he selected for this wonderful experiment—in fact, it was fourpence ha'penny. Had it been on the other side of sixpence he must have died before he could achieve so dreadful a sacrifice."—London Tatler.

A Clever Cabby.

The king of the Belgians once left his umbrella in a hansom when driving in Brussels. This was returned to his majesty a few hours afterward by the proud cabby, who was offered for his honesty by King Leopold the sum of 100 francs. The astute Jehu, however, begged a great favor of the king. Could he have the umbrella instead of the money? The favor was granted, and before many days had passed the cabman had put up the umbrella for sale, and it was knocked down to some royal enthusiast for 1,100 francs. When King Leopold heard of this he exclaimed, "Well, I've heard of an umbrella being put up to keep off showers of rain, but this seems to have been put up to bring down showers of gold!"

Queer Ways of the Toad.

Paternal affection is not perhaps the precise emotion that we should be disposed to look for in the cold blooded frog, but the Surlinam toad appears to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward his numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs the solicitous father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In these cells, which from natural pressure get to be hexagonal, like honeycombs, the young frogs are finally hatched and for a bit scramble about their mother's back, hiding in their nurseries when danger threatens.

The Sea Anemone.

The sea anemone resembles in shape a morning glory. Its mouth opens like the cup of that flower, and above it are seen a number of tentacles waving in the water. Its food consists of anything it can get, but generally it gets the minute insects that float in the sea. At any alarm it closes its cup and is then hardly distinguishable from the rock on which it is rooted. It has a set of sucker muscles that attach it so firmly to the rock that it will sometimes be torn in pieces rather than let go.

One Bird Barred.

"Can we keep birds?" inquired Mr. Youngusband, who was looking at the flat. "Well, you can keep canaries and such birds as them," replied the genial landlord, "but there's one bird barred from these apartments." "What bird is that?" "Stork."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Human Echoes.

I don't like to talk much with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo for a little while, but one soon tires of it.—Carlyle.

Th' mon that continually says he don't care is glurrily th' touchiest mon in th' whole na-ahberhood.—Baltimore American.

FEET INJURED BY HEAVY WAGON

Fred Buck While Assisting His Employees at Hopatcong is Badly Bruised.

Fred H. Buck, of West Blackwell street, who is in charge of the Kenvil Lumber and Store Company's store and lumber yard at Lake Hopatcong narrowly escaped a compound fracture of both ankles in an accident at Hopatcong on Saturday afternoon of last week. As it was he is suffering from two severely bruised heels. Mr. Buck with a teamster and a laborer was driving a wagon loaded with 1,500 feet of lumber down a steep hill and one of the wheels became blocked by a stone. One man got a sledge to break the rock while the other held the brake ropes, Mr. Buck taking care of the team. The rock gave way suddenly and the wagon with its heavy load got beyond control and seeing it was useless to stay on the load longer Mr. Buck jumped but the wagon passed over both heels and he had to be conveyed to his home at this place. Dr. Farrow attended him and it was thought he would be laid up some time but he managed to get to business on Wednesday although much crippled.

MT. HOPE BAND PICNIC BY "CAVE-IN"

A picnic was held by the Mt. Hope Band alongside of the so-called "cave-in" at Richard Mine recently. The "cave-in" as stated in this paper before is simply the settling of the old No. 7 shaft and the fact that the folks thereabouts hold a picnic close to it is evidence enough that the people are not alarmed in any way.

LETTER TO HARRY L. SCHWARZ.

Dover, N. J.
Dear Sir: Why don't we make paint, as many others do, to go three-quarters as far, or two-thirds, or a third, or a quarter?
Mr. Aaron Higginso, Plainfield, N. J., always used 15 gallons of paint for his house; Devoe took 11.
There are two sorts of paint: all paint, true paint, strong paint, full-measure; and part paint, false paint, weak paint, short-measure.
The paint-manufacturers are two sorts: Devoe and the rest.
Yours truly,
F. W. DEVOE & CO.,
P. S.—A. M. Goodale, Dover, and Castner & Co., Wharton, sell our paint.

LACKAWANNA LEAGUE.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	WON	LOST	PER CENT
Dover.....	3	1	.750
Summit.....	2	1	.667
Orange.....	2	1	.667
Morristown-Chatam..	1	2	.333
Stroudsburg.....	1	2	.333
Phillipsburg.....	1	2	.333

Freeman Opydyke, of Newark, Miss Lulu Opydyke, of Summit, and Frank Opydyke, of Phillipsburg, spent Tuesday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Opydyke of Maple avenue.

Mrs. J. W. King and children, of Morristown, spent a part of this week with her mother, Mrs. A. M. King, of East Blackwell street.

Mrs. W. B. Poole, of Essex street is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Karl Allgrunn and children, of Bethlehem, Pa.

C. G. Buddington has returned to his home on Sanford street, after a visit with relatives at New York city.

Mrs. C. K. Ely, of Hinchman avenue, entertained Miss Helen Sherrill, of New York City this week.

Lawrence Yard, of Hoboken, spent Memorial Day with John Thompson of Richards avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wilson, of Arlington, were in Dover on Tuesday.

Charles Schwab, the steel magnet, and his private secretary, passed through Dover in an auto yesterday bound for Wharton where they met Joseph Wharton. Together with Edward Kelly and John Murray of the Wharton furnace a trip was made over the Morris County Railroad to Hibernia. The party returned to Wharton in the evening and went to New York city via the Lackawanna.

Prof. Claude H. Warford will open a College of Music in Dover next fall. It will be located in the Baker building and the following branches will be taught; viz. voice culture, piano, violin and theory. Besides this musicals at stated times will be given and lectures on musical history and the composers.

All west bound trains over the Paterson branch of the Lackawanna Railroad were delayed this morning owing to a wreck below Paterson.

Several members of the Uniformed Rank, K. of P. of this place attended the field day of that order at Elizabeth on Monday.

Charles Talmadge, of East Blackwell street, while at work at the army station at Picatinny on Monday had his left hand badly crushed.

The Association of Exempt Firemen will meet in the engine house on Monday night.

PERSONAL

Alexander Kanosue spent Thursday, at Clinton.

Mrs. Frank Lent spent Memorial Day at Brooklyn.

Edward Rodda has returned after a visit at Scranton, Pa.

John McConnell, of Madison, was in town on Sunday.

Alexander Davis spent couple of days at Portchester, N. Y.

Wm. Washburn spent the forepart of the week in Dover.

Dr. B. F. Tillyer, of Newark, was in town on Thursday.

Miss Bessie George spent Memorial Day at Hackettstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kraft, of Brooklyn, were in town this week.

Miss Serena Brown spent Sunday with her mother at Stockholm.

Wm. Huff, of Newark, spent the fore part of the week in Dover.

Mrs. George E. Jenkins visited her parents, at Bounton last week.

Miss Rena Drake is visiting Mrs. M. M. Cook, of Middletown, N. Y.

Miss Martha George of Morris street, spent Memorial Day, at Kenvil.

Miss Ray Yeamens is visiting her sister Mrs. S. Goldstein of this place.

Miss Rena Duke entertained friends from Warwick, N. Y., on Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Clarke, of Passaic street, is spending a few days at Morristown.

The Misses Emma and Harriet Williams spent a few days at Paterson this week.

Mrs. Alfred Youmans was the guest of her daughter at Washington last week.

Louis Harris has removed with his family from New York City to Park avenue.

H. L. Schwarz took a party to lake Hopatcong in his launch on Decoration Day.

Miss Elsie Fairer, of Blackwell street, spent Tuesday and Wednesday at Easton, Pa.

Mrs. James Roskrow and daughter of Myrtle avenue, is spending the week at Orange.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Satterfield and son Benjamin, of Plainfield spent this week in Dover.

J. Scott Griswold, of Marcella, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Bowlby, of Bowlbyville.

Miss Clara Simon, of Sussex street, is visiting her sister at Mrs. B. Levison, at Goshen, N. Y.

Miss Anna Fritts has returned to her home on Hudson street after a few days visit at Chester.

William Wear, of Syracuse, N. Y., and George Wear, of Newark, spent Sunday in Dover.

Mrs. Harry Thompson, of Washington, was the guest of Mrs. M. Bolitho, of Clinton street last week.

Miss Mary Keyhoe, of Newton, spent several days with Miss Jennie Singleton, of Wharton recently.

Miss Laura Epstein, of Newark, spent Decoration Day with Mrs. M. Heller, of West Blackwell street.

Miss Anna Heagen, of New York City, spent Sunday with Miss Bibiana Johnson, of East Blackwell street.

Miss Mary Coe is ill at her home on Bergen street. Miss Estelle Force is teaching in her place at East Side.

Miss Margaret Gardiner has secured a position with the Dover Branch of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Mrs. Rebecca Trowbridge and daughter, Miss Nellie, visited several days with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lund, of Roseville.

William Vreeland, of Newark, spent the fore part of the week with his grandfather, J. J. Vreeland, sr., of Bergen street.

Miss Edna Tillyer, of Morristown, spent a part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bennett, of Prospect street.

The engagement of Miss Bertha L. Smith, of Hackettstown to Herbert K. Salmon, of Ledgewood, has been announced.

Fred Heagen, of N. Y. City, spent Memorial Day at this place, with the family of Thomas Johnson, of East Blackwell street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorn Paddock, of Orange, visited with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Northey of Myrtle avenue this week.

Mrs. Henry Turner, of Morris Plains, and Mrs. Matilda Turner, of Binghamton, N. Y., spent Saturday with the family of J. B. Richards of Essex street.

T. W. Sakers, assistant superintendent of the Colonial Life Insurance Company at this place has been transferred to a superintendency at Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Hatch, of East Orange, and Mrs. J. C. Emery, of Newark, spent Memorial Day with Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Bowlby at Bowlbyville.

Mrs. Daniels, of Newark, and Mr. and Mrs. William Washburn, of Brooklyn, have returned to their respective homes after a visit to Councilman and Mrs. R. F. Jenkins, of Richards avenue.

Charles Seering, of the Colonnade, McFarlan street, will leave on Thursday of next week for his usual summer and fall business trip through the western states. Mr. Seering will return sometime early in December.

Mrs. A. P. McDavid and son William have returned to their home at McDavid Place at Dover after a protracted stay at Peekskill, N. Y. While at that place the boy who is a little lad was seriously ill and is still very weak.

OUR LABEL

On every garment is a guarantee of its quality. We do this to protect our many customers against fraud. The average merchant cares nothing for you after he gets your cash. We have our store filled with good clothes at prices to suit every pocketbook and we offer you the opportunity to inspect our line before purchasing. No compulsion to buy. We cheerfully show our stock.

PIERSON & Co.

Clothiers for Men, Boys and Children, Opposite the Bank, DOVER, N. J.

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LAWN MOWERS, Garden Tools, Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Door and Window Screens, Window Screen Wire Cloth, Poultry Netting, Ellwood Fencing, Fishing Tackle, Garden Seeds, THE EAGLE BICYCLE, SUMMER HORSE CLOTHING.

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Base Balls, Gloves, Mitts, Bats, Masks, etc.

TENNIS GOODS—Rackets, Balls, Nets, Poles, etc.

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M. C. HAVENS

'Phone 55-a 8 East Blackwell St., Dover, N. J.

To Protect the Hands.

When washing dishes, doing house work or taking care of the flowers there is nothing equals a pair of RUBBER GLOVES

we handle the best grade manufactured.

KILLGORE & WHITE'S

CORNER DRUG STORE, DOVER, N. J.

Mandy's Declaration

By EPES W. SARGENT

Copyright, 1905, by Epes W. Sargent.

THE men of Jepson Center said that David Grimes was a shrewd politician, with a clean record, and he deserved to go to congress. The women pronounced him a hard taskmaster and husband, a skinflint, unworthy of the wife who had helped to make him what he was, the political autocrat of Niobrara county. But Grimes cared little enough for the latter opinion. Women could not vote. The greed for votes, for political advancement and power was upon him, and the morning would mark the first great crisis of his life.

From justice of the peace to congressman in eight years! His first election had been a walkover. The office of sheriff had fairly fallen into his lap, and he had gone to the state legislature backed by the solid vote of his party. But the office of congressman was the gift not only of his own county, but of Rock Creek also, and then there was young Jameson of Chadron to be considered. Well, tomorrow's conference would settle the question. Smythe, manager of the great land syndicate and irrigation company which controlled mile after mile of redeemable property and hundreds of votes, was coming from Omaha to attend the county celebration at Chadron on independence day, to inspect the company's broad farms and to take a hand in the political game.

And David Grimes was to be orator of the day! Flags would flutter; bands would play; cheers would follow his great speech. A strange thrill passed over this usually cold, calculating and self-contained man. Then his momentary enthusiasm died. A light touch rested on his arm.

"David, if you don't mind, I'd like to go over to the celebration with you tomorrow. I ain't been to Chadron in three years, and I ain't never heard you speak in public." "—

Grimes glanced superciliously at the slender figure beside him, then down the alkali sprinkled street to Morgan's store, where a row of ranch teams announced the presence of voters.

"Chadron won't be any place for women folks tomorrow. There'll be more politics than skyrockets in the air, and I'll be too busy to bother with you. I've promised Brooks, superintendent of the North farm, the extra place in my buggy. Besides, one woman from the family will be enough, I'm thinking, and I've written Effie to stay over for the celebration, being as her teaching there this winter has given her something of a standing with the board. I need all the help I can get just now, and Effie'll make a better appearance than you would. You ain't much on style, Mandy, nor on making up to folks." He said this with the brutal frankness of the self-centered, absorbed individual, and, without waiting for her reply, he strode off toward Morgan's store.

But there would have been no reply. Patient, docile Mandy had long since learned the futility of arguing against fate in the form of her masterful husband. Her first lesson had come twenty years before, when, after a brief wedding journey to see "David's folks," they had stopped off at Chadron to buy the simple furnishings for their new home. Mandy, steeped in the fairyland of new furniture, had been brought back suddenly to realities by the brusque tones of her husband:

"That red plush sofa ain't going into my parlor. You might as well understand now and for good that so long as I pay the bills I expect to run my own house."

Even in the midst of her pain and disappointment Mandy had noted with a sense of relief that the clerk was out of hearing. Later there had come brief mutinies when woman's faithful weapon, tears, had missed the mark; then days of depression and nights of wide eyed staring into inky blackness or silvery moonlight, and at last broken pride, a hopeless yielding to the inevitable. The idea that her bonds might be loosed had never entered Mandy's head, nor had she considered it within her province to lay the burden of her disappointment and grief at the feet of her gentle mother or her impetuous, generous old father. And so in time the man of decided opinions had developed into the domestic tyrant, and the pretty girl he had wooed and won "down in Keuper county" became a silent shadow in her own household, mere bearer of homely, unremitting burdens.

Mandy closed the door and dropped dejectedly into the nearest chair. She glanced at the mirror opposite, and a mist swam before her eyes. Yes, she was getting old and haggard. If David went to Washington, Effie must accompany him. Yet it was her own efforts to save, her daily drudgery, that would provide the means. In a vague way Mandy realized that to the honest man politics is not always a profitable vocation.

Her reverie was interrupted by voices in the front yard, a girlish treble asking eager questions, then a boyish falsetto exclaiming excitedly:

"Say, Effie, won't you give me a quarter? There's going to be a circus in town tomorrow, and dad says I can't go, and he won't take me to Chadron nor!"

"The door flew open, and Mrs. Grimes, all a-tremble with mingled delight and apprehension, drew her daughter inside.

"Oh, Effie, dear, it's so good to see you! An' you're lookin' just fine, not a

bit as if you'd been worrin' with them children through this hot spell. But what will your father say? He's expectin' you to wait over in Chadron for the celebration an' hear him speak. He'll be dreadful put out about your comin'! Dear me, what a lot of bundles! I'm 'fraid you've been wastin' your hard earned money, an' your father won't be pleased at all."

Tiny lines formed around the girl's mouth, but her voice was gentle.

"Let's go up to my room, mother, dear, and we'll open the packages. I have so much to tell you."

But once within the shelter of the dormer windowed room Effie Grimes turned strangely silent. It required several minutes to remove her hat and replace the pins at the proper angle. Then she unpacked her small hand bag and arranged with elaborate care her few toilet articles on the crocheted bureau mats. Her mother watched each move with anxious eyes.

"Effie," she asked in tremulous tones, "I hope it ain't young Jameson. Your father is most eternally set against him an' your havin' anything to do with him. An' you know your father."

Effie was hidden in the closet. It took her some time to find just the right corner in which to tuck her hand bag. When she finally emerged her face was quite pale, but her voice was quiet and even.

"Yes, I ought to know father. I've lived in the same house with him long enough." Then, seeing that her bitter- tones had brought the old shadow to her mother's face, she continued gently: "We won't talk any more about Ed—I mean Mr. Jameson. I want you to see the new dress I bought you."

The color flew to Mrs. Grimes' face. She clasped her hands together nervously as Effie untied the package, and a proud light shone in her eyes. Effie, her eldest born, had given first thought to her, had bought her a dress with the first money she had ever earned. Yet force of habit prompted the next words.

"You hadn't ought to, dear, an' your father won't like it. He was just sayin' this mornin' he expected you'd have a nice nest egg in the Chadron bank. You know he believes in savin'."

Effie straightened up, her eyes blazing, her face set and determined.

"I haven't saved a cent, not a cent, do you understand? And I know what he believes. Heaven knows we've had his theories drummed into our heads with breakfast, dinner and supper ever since I can remember. I have paid my board, and what was left over was mine to do with as I liked. I don't consider that I owe my father a cent of it. He brought me into the world, and it was his duty to care for me, yet he begrudged every mouthful I ate. He never took any interest in me until I became a breadwinner—until some one else saw my worth."

She stopped, horrified at the white, shocked face of her mother. Then she flung both arms round the trembling figure and held the little mother tight.

"I don't mean to be wicked, but I can't help it. Only I do love you, mother, dear, and, oh, I wish I hadn't!— She caught her breath and turned quickly to tear open one of the packages, from which she took out a ready made dress of black and white lawn, trimmed with narrow black lace.

"There it is, mother mine!"

For a time the elder woman sat silently picking at the narrow edging which had become crumpled in carrying. Her touch was almost reverent. It had been so many years since she had owned a whole new dress. Then two great tears of joy splashed on the insertion which crisscrossed the front of the waist.

"Oh, Effie, how did you know I'd dreamed of havin' a dress like this every summer for five years? But I'm afraid you spent too much for it. That lace cost a dollar a bolt if it cost a cent. Then there was the makin'."

Two cool, firm hands drew away the dress, and Effie—tall, self contained Effie—slipped into her mother's arms and clasped both hands about her neck.

"Mother, dearest mother, you make me feel so utterly selfish, you who made me whatever I am, who gave the best there was in you for me, to see you make such a fuss over a little gift. I ought to have done so much more. I ought to have gone to work for you years ago. And I ought not!"

Again that conscious look, that sudden catch in the voice, and she handed her mother another bundle, from which tumbled a gown of sheer white lawn trimmed with delicate lace.

"The very thing for you to wear to the celebration tomorrow with your father!" exclaimed Mrs. Grimes, unmindful of her own disappointment.

A quizzical smile played about Effie's lips, and she stroked the white gown lovingly.

"Do you think there is any celebration worthy of this dress? Besides, I'm not going to Chadron. I hate speeches and fireworks." And the two women went downstairs arm in arm.

It was not until bedtime that David Grimes broached the subject of the celebration. His wife had been called to the bedside of a sick neighbor, and he sat alone with Effie on the porch.

"You'd better take the 9 o'clock train for Chadron tomorrow. I want you to be on hand for the exercises, but you can't go over in the buggy. I've promised Brooks a ride with me, and I'll need him to pull strings with Smythe. It's going to be a great day with me, Effie."

"I hope so, father," said the girl smoothly, "but I don't care to go. Mother will be lonely here, and I shall stay with her."

Then, as if the matter were closed, she rose and walked deliberately in the direction her mother had taken. For a moment David Grimes sat as one stunned; then there rushed into his mind the dozen or more effective answers which he should have made to this open rebellion. So much for letting

one's children leave home and achieve independence! He would have a settling with this high handed young woman, but not tonight. He must reserve his energy, his diplomacy, his voice, for the morrow. There was much at stake on the morrow.

A narrow trail of white dust against a cloudless blue sky was all that told of the departure of David Grimes for the scene of his anticipated triumphs. Arrayed in broadcloth and linen, respectively brushed and laundered by Mandy's hands and carefully hidden by a long linen duster, he had climbed into the best buggy, which had been led to the gate by the disconsolate Jimmy. The latter, barred from both celebration and circus, felt his patriotism oozing rapidly from his grimy fingertips. Effie laid a caressing hand on his shoulder and said:

"Well, Jimmy, I guess it is just about time for our celebration to begin." Something hard and shiny slid into his hand. Jimmy gasped. Never before had he owned a whole dollar. "For the circus, part of it, dearie, and the rest for cannon firecrackers. Be sure you get an extra large one and shoot it for me. You know I'm afraid to touch it off myself."

And with a smile the girl drew her mother's arm through her own and started back toward the house. Mrs. Grimes protested feebly against the extravagance, but Effie laid a loving hand over her mother's lips.

"I must—I must do something perfectly wild. I am so happy."

But there was a suggestion of tears in her voice, and her hands this morning were not cool and firm, but hot and trembling. Mandy turned anxious eyes on her firstborn.

"Effie, you ain't acted natural since you come home. What's on your mind?"

"You, just now," came the quick response. "I don't like to be selfish, but



"I'm afraid you spent too much for it." I am so glad you did not go with father to the celebration, for—for, you see, mother, dear, I am going to be married today, and it would be hard not to have you at the ceremony."

They had reached the house by this time, and Mrs. Grimes dropped weakly into the nearest chair. Effie knelt beside her.

"You mustn't blame me too much for not telling you before, but I was afraid father would find out. He would never give his consent to my marrying Ed. There is nothing but political ill feeling on his part, for Ed Jameson hasn't another enemy in the world, only father in politics. We love each other, and I want a home, a real home, not an abiding place. Oh, I don't mean to hurt you, but you must understand that father ruined my girlhood, just as he has ruined your life. I don't want to teach; I am not suited for the work. And I do love Ed. He could not come to the house all summer long, and I am too proud to meet the man I love like a thief in the night. So we are going over to the Methodist minister's this morning and be quietly married. And there is where all my money went. I have all my clothes and my linen."

"During Effie's long and at times halting speech Mrs. Grimes had offered no interruption. She sat as in a dream, perhaps a dream of the day long years before when she, too, had been a bride. But at the words "clothes and linen" she started as one stung to the realization of an unpleasant fact.

"And you've done this all alone! Your father and mother ain't had any hand in gettin' your outfit, ain't done a thing for you." A world of hurt pride, of motherly despair, rang in the words, and then she turned pleadingly to her daughter. "Don't you reckon if you waited a day and things went right at Chadron for your father he'd feel better natured and we could have a weddin'? I don't want a daughter of mine married without any weddin'!"

"We don't want to take any chances, mother, and I promised Ed to be ready when he comes, so bring your bonnet and I'll fasten on some fresh roses. You must look your prettiest for my wedding day."

Silently Mandy left the room, but when she returned a few moments later she carried, instead of the bonnet which had been "freshened" annually for five years, an old fashioned steel head purse. The expression of her face, even her bearing, had undergone a subtle change. She stood erect, and the lines had disappeared from her face, now illuminated by a sudden resolve that seemed to restore her lost youth.

"Effie, we've just got to have a wed-

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dit. It shan't be said that a daughter of mine was married away from her home an' without a weddin' dinner. We've got the whole day before us. It's only a little past 7, an' I've got a little money of my own that I've been savin' for somethin' just like this. In her excitement she had forgotten that the nickels and dimes had been laid aside to buy new underwear for her "laying out," a custom prevalent in her family for many generations which for her lacked any element of gressomness. "We'll have some of the girls you went to school with. There's Mary Harter—she said she wouldn't go to the celebration because she hates cannon an' noise—an' Lucy Burns didn't get her new dress finished. You get them two to help us fix up the house with flowers." Mandy faintly remembered with happiness and new found powers, while Effie stood dumfounded in the presence of this sudden assertion of maternal rights. "I've got chickens a-plenty, and there's time to beat up a couple of cakes. Thank goodness we didn't eat up all of that best apple jelly. Now you run for the girls while I set Jimmy catchin' the chickens. If Ed comes while you're gone I'll send him right over to engage the preacher."

And Mandy Grimes, rejuvenated—nay, born anew—hurried, with a soft tune on her lips, toward the barn, where Jimmy was rushing through his chores as only a small boy with a silver dollar burning a hole in his pocket can hurry. In the dull haze of the midsummer sunset David Grimes drove slowly toward Jepsen Center. The seat beside him was vacant, and the dust fell unnoticed on his black suit and withered linen. His duster at this moment hung on a peg in Chadron's principal livery stable. The superintendent of the North farm had remained over for the fireworks and ball. The pyrotechnics in the bosom of David Grimes were sufficient to satisfy that gentleman fully, and he had been glad to escape from the gaping, applauding crowds at the county seat—not that his oration had failed to win the approval of his constituents, but there are occasions when constituents are unavailing. This had been one of them.

It had all happened at the conference, when, with the plaudits of the crowd still ringing in his ears, he had heard Smythe state as bluntly as he could have worded it himself that a younger man should represent the district in congress, and the young man which his company, and incidentally Rock Creek county, had in mind was Edward P. Jameson, who had attracted considerable attention by his skillful handling of a big lawsuit in Omaha. The autocrat of Jepsen Center had bowed to the powers as represented by Smythe and had walked proudly, erectly from the room at the close of the conference. Jameson! If it had been any one but that conceited upstart, who had been forbidden his house! It was well that "the rising young politician," as the Chadron Bugle called him, had not been at the conference.

"Hello, Mr. Grimes!" The dethroned autocrat jerked his horse to a standstill. A bent figure sidled up to the buggy. It was only "Pap" Burns, but he had a vote, and from habit Grimes forced a genial greeting. "You don't mind givin' me a lift the rest of the way, do you? Thanks! It is warm, an' them circus tents is the bakin'est places. I seen your Jimmy there. It was a blamed poor show, but he seemed to find the lemonade an' peanuts to his likin'. Circuses ain't what they was when you an' me was boys, Dave. Now, when?"

The garrulous old chap chattered on, but Grimes was not listening. He made a rapid calculation. Jimmy had spent not less than 75 cents—wasted money. Mandy might not realize the gravity of his own political downfall, but she should be made to understand the terrible extravagance of which she had been guilty. But where had she got the money? She had accounted for every cent she had given her in years. If she had sold some of those Leghorns to send Jimmy to the circus—His face turned purple, and he gave his horse a vicious cut. Wasn't it enough to watch his political balloon pricked by a man with a pull without coming home to rebellion in his own household? The memory of how Effie had quietly ignored his expressed wish the night before rose afresh.

He pulled up before the narrow path leading to his front door and, knotting the reins about the whip socket, called grimly for Jimmy. There was no response, but he caught sight of a strange face in the kitchen doorway. It was Poorhouse Jenny. In one hand she held a dish towel; from the other she munched a thick slice of cake. As he strode up the walk his feet ground flower petals and rice into the gravel. These he did not notice, for suddenly Mandy appeared at the door. She wore a new dress. There was a pretty color in her cheeks, a sparkle in the eyes that yesterday seemed faded. She was frail and slender, and the stalwart, frowning man could have crushed her aside without an effort, yet somehow she seemed to bar his entrance. He paused before her with an imprecation. "Where's that boy, and what's Poorhouse Jenny eating the cake I paid for as free as if it was black bread?"

The figure in the doorway trembled slightly, then seemed to turn rigid. "I paid for that cake, David, out of my savin's. An' it's Effie's weddin' cake. She's gone. She left goodby for you, but she didn't want no scene on her weddin' day. It's been scenes every meal we've set down to in years, an' she's tired of bein' hector'd to death. I don't know as I blame her for wantin' to get away from such a life. I'm goin' over to Chadron next week when they come back from Oma-

ha an' help them furnish their house. Edward said I should." Mandy smiled reminiscently. She should certainly buy a red plush sofa for Effie's parlor if there was one in town. Then she looked back at her husband. His hand grasped the porch post, and his face was distorted with rage. "D'ye mean to say she married that Jameson? And you helped her to sneak out of her father's house like—like—"

"That's just what she didn't do, David. She was married right here in her mother's parlor an' with some of her old friends for witnesses, an' we had a dinner. There ain't no use for you to swear an' carry on, David. I am her mother, an' I ought to have some say. I'm goin' to have some say, too, about the house. I've helped you pay for it an' everything that's in it, an' the law gives me a share of it. You told me yesterday I wasn't much on appearances, but that's your fault. No one that's lived the shut in life I have would be. I'm goin' to live like other women do, an' I'm goin' over to Edward's an' Effie's every month. Edward, he said—"

The name was as a red rag to a bull. David Grimes smote the piazza railing with his fist.

"D'ye know that smooth faced, lying young rascal has got the promise of the nomination to congress, which was mine by rights? He's beaten me, beaten the father of his wife, and stole his wife in the bargain. He's!"

Mandy Grimes drew herself up, and more than ever the doorway seemed barred.

"Well, all I've got to say is that I'm glad the nomination's been kept in the family. An' as for the rest, I don't want any scene made here. There's been scandal enough about the way you treat your family without your shoutin' so the whole neighborhood can hear you. If you was half as proud of your folks an' treated them half as decent as you do your voters we wouldn't be the talk of Jepsen Center. I'm plumb sick of bein' spoke of as 'poor Mandy Grimes.' Now, if you have any swearin' to do you march out to the barn an' do it. I've got to help Jenny clear up the weddin' dishes. Your supper 'll be ready in ten minutes."

She turned abruptly and walked into the parlor. Her husband stood transfixed as she disappeared; then his grip on the porch rail gradually loosened. His expression changed from fury to amazement, to incredulity and finally to thoughtfulness. Without a word he turned on his heel, walked down to the gate and led his horse round to the stable. Poorhouse Jenny, picking a chicken bone, watched him curiously from the pantry window. But Mandy, alone in the dim, disordered parlor, clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"I declare I don't know how I ever did it. I ain't quite sure whether it was what Effie and Edward said or just because it was Independence day. If I'd known he'd take it so well I'd read my rights years ago. But I have some good times comin' yet. Edward says he's goin' to take me to Omaha in the fall. I don't suppose it's a wifely way to feel, but I'm glad Edward beat him for the nomination. Havin' that lesson kind of took the life out of him an' made it easier for me. Yes, Jenny, I'm comin', an' you can put the rest of that weddin' cake out for Jimmy an' Mr. Grimes' supper."

Teaching the Teacher. In their efforts to teach children parents are often surprised by the original views which the youngsters take and by their presentation of views which, while they may be but partial, are at least correct and discriminating so far as they go.

It occurred to a father who noticed a carpenter hammering upon the roof of a distant house that he would give his little son, eight years old, a lesson in physics by calling attention to the fact that the blows of the hammer could be seen before the sound made by them could be heard and explaining that the difference in time between the seeing of the blows and the hearing of the noise was due to the fact that light travels much faster than sound. He sought to introduce the subject by asking the boy if he understood why it was that he could see the hammer fall before he could hear the noise of the stroke. He was astonished to receive the reply, "Yes, it's because my eyes are nearer to the hammer than my ears."—St. Nicholas.

How Sea Urchins Swim. Sea urchins, or "sea eggs," have a queer method of locomotion. They are protected by sharp spines, but these spines do not cover all the surface. This is divided up into segments, like a rough rind of melon. The narrow segments are pierced with holes. Through these small holes the "sea eggs" protrude little tubes, which act as feet in the following curious way: The animal inflates the tubes in the water from little suckers at the back, and in this way it pushes itself forward. The tubular feet are fitted to every side of the creature, which is thus enabled to move in any direction it pleases.

Comforting News. It takes a good deal to upset the New Englander's equanimity. A New Hampshire farmer was driving past a country house and witnessed the tragedy of a child falling into a well. Instead of rushing, appalled, to the scene he observed that plenty of help was at hand and jogged stolidly on. About a mile below lived an aunt of the little girl whom the accident had befallen. "How do, Miss Path?" he drawled to the woman shelling peas by the kitchen door. "I jus' seen your sister's little girl fall down the cistern. I guess she's drowned." Then, having delivered his news, he drove on.—Lippincott's Magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE

HIBERNIA.

Five girls and a boy were thrown from the dancing platform at Hibernia on Tuesday and one received a deep gash in the head. The sextett was sitting on a rail which was none too strong and it gave away throwing the party to the ground.

Mrs. Rush and son, of Newark, spent a few days with her brother, William Money penny.

Mrs. John F. Burrell and son, Claude, of Jersey City, are spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Haggerty.

There was a game of ball played here on Saturday between Hibernia and Richard Mine. Score 4 to 8 in favor of Hibernia. They played again on Decoration Day and Hibernia won again, score 5 to 1.

R. M. Everett and children and Misses Myra and Ethel Reed are home from Newark for the summer months.

William Money penny says it's another boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Spargo, of Mt. Fern, spent Sunday here with F. J. Rowe and family.

The Misses Fichters, of Teabo, attended the dance on Tuesday here.

Fred Helms visited friends at Paterson on Monday.

Mrs. Joseph Hitching and Mrs. Andrew Everment were at Rockaway Wednesday shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Miggins spent Friday at Dover.

Mrs. Eleanor James and Miss Helen Smith took a drive to Dover on Thursday.

James Trevarrow visited friends at Hamburg, Sussex county, on Wednesday.

James Ryan has removed from Beach Glen to Snake Hill in Joseph Everment's house.

James Hiler has returned home from Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he has been spending a week with his brother.

WHARTON.

A young son of James Williams, of Luxemburg, is seriously ill.

George Christie, of Jersey City, is visiting his sister, Mrs. P. H. Champion at Luxemburg.

Mrs. Alfred Bloomer, of Birmingham, Ala., and Mrs. Joseph Bissell, of Stanhope, were visiting at the homes of James and Frank Williams at Luxemburg on Monday.

John Lewis, of Newark, and John Jones, of Dover, spent Sunday at Luxemburg.

Pierson Everitt has removed into his new home at Luxemburg.

Miss Tillie Williams and brother, Edward, spent the forepart of the week at Yonkers, N. Y.

A number from this place attended the "Ladies' Night" of Acacia Lodge No. 20, F. and A. M. at Dover on Wednesday night.

The rumor that the Phillipsburg team of the Lackawanna League is to locate at Wharton is unconfirmed and is thought to be merely a club to raise the necessary support at Phillipsburg.

A number of Wharton people attended the picnic at Teabo Mine church on Tuesday night. All had a pleasant time.

A team of future "big leaguers" from this place played ball against Netcong at that place on Tuesday winning and losing.

Miss Daisy Sorber is visiting at Jersey City.

Mrs. Courtney Harry, of Stamford, Conn., is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lyons.

Miss Lillie Lattig has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Harry, at Mount Hope.

Charles Willis has taken a position at Beach Glen on the Beach Farm.

Mrs. Lillie Lumsden spent part of last week at Newark.

Miss Mamie Everment is spending this week at Richard Mine.

Miss Mary Norman spent Friday at Rockaway.

Mr. and Mrs. Eckhart, of Dover, spent Sunday with Mrs. Frank Rowe.

Mrs. Thomas Delaney returned home Monday from Newark where she visited relatives several days.

A Hungarian was seriously injured at the Wharton mine Thursday. He was taken to All-Soul's Hospital, Morristown, for treatment.

Rev. William Haggerty of the M. E. Church participated in the Memorial services at Marcella on Sunday.

The Decoration Day celebration given by the brass band was greatly enjoyed by our young folks, and was a success. Prof. Cullen's orchestra, of Boonton, furnished the music. The committee in charge was August Ohman, Frank Decker, Michael Malone, William Jenkins, Thomas Lukeman and William Richards. It was due to their untiring efforts that the affair passed off so nicely and they should be commended. The band has secured new efforts. For a newly organized band they play very well.

A little son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jenkins is quite ill at this writing.

Florence Matthews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Matthews, died Monday, age 11 months. Funeral services were held at the home of her parents, Wednesday, conducted by Rev. William H. Haggerty. Interment in family plot in Rockaway cemetery, by John C. McGrath, undertaker.

REAL ESTATE TRANS-

FERS RECORDED

Eugene S. Burke, administrator, to Felice Zarra, all of Morristown, property on Flagler street, formerly Ellen Kelley's; consideration \$1,450.

John R. Edwards et al to John H. Rusch, all of Dover, property situate on Lincoln avenue, Dover; consideration \$365.

Edward Kelly et al to Henry Payne, all of Dover, property situate on Blackwell street, Dover, consideration \$1,500.

Richard Howell, et al, of Berwyn, Pa., to Arthur B. Paulmier, of Madison, property on Ridgedale avenue, Madison.

Lydia May Horton et al, of Pompton Lakes, to William M. Voorhees, of Pequannoc, property at Pompton Lakes; consideration \$30.

Thomas J. Beardmore, of Paterson, to George Gouda, of Boonton, property situate on Union street, Boonton.

Henry Schol et al, of Paterson, to Tony Devera et al, of Boonton, property at Oklahoma.

Richard W. Foard, of East Orange, to the Plainfield Foundry Company, property on Hillside avenue, Rockaway.

Margaret A. Squier to William H. VanWinkle, all of Hanover township, property same place.

Edward G. Johns, of Louisville, Kentucky, to Winifred T. Johns, of New York, property on the Mendham Road; consideration \$750.

Mahlon S. Decker to Adelia Decker et al, all of Jefferson township, property on Raccoon Island, Lake Hopatcong; consideration \$800.

John D. Budd et al to Charles S. Budd, all of Mount Olive, property at Budd's Lake.

Louise Stephén, of German Valley, to the R. Stephen Company, property situate at Stephensburg.

Walter E. Green, of Summit, to Josephine S. Gee, of Madison, property situate on Maple avenue, Madison.

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc., Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c. at W. H. Goodale Co., Dover; A. P. Green, Chester; Orm & Co., Wharton.

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One of our natty blue serge suits will be a gilt edged investment just now—good for Spring, Summer and early Fall weather, full of wear and comfort, the proper thing on most any ordinary occasion.

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Men's and young men's blue serge suits, single and double breasted coats guaranteed not to fade or shrink, \$10 to \$15.

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MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Assets, \$2,779,889.83 Surplus, \$254,314.38

Deposits of all amounts over \$5.00 made on or before the third day of each month draw interest from the first of such month.

THE Managers of this Bank have ordered paid from the earnings of the business for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1904, to the Depositors entitled thereto under the By-Laws, a Semi-Annual Interest Dividend, as follows, viz:

1st—At the rate of three and one-half per centum (3½) per annum on all accounts from \$5.00 to \$1,000, and on the first \$1,000 of all larger accounts.

2d—At the rate of three per centum (3) per annum on the excess of \$1,000, up to and including the sum of \$2,000.

3d—At the rate of two per centum (2) per annum on the excess of \$2,000.

Payable on and after Tuesday, Jan. 17th, 1905.

Deposits and Correspondence Solicited.

OFFICERS.

PHILANDER B. PIERSON, President. GUY MINTON, Vice-President.
DAVID H. ROPNEY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Dec. 10, 1904.
HENRY C. PITNEY, PHILIP H. HOFFMAN, GUY MINTON,
EUGENE S. BURKE, PHILANDER B. PIERSON, FREDERICK H. BEACH,
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BY A WOMAN'S WIT

By... CHARLES C. WADDLE

IN the farther ring a troupe of agile Japanese disported themselves on flimsy ladders or balanced in incredible attitudes at the top of long bamboo poles. Nearer at hand Coralle posed and prouetted upon her broad backed palfrey and floated high as a bespangled this-tiedown through paper hoops.

The ringmaster was making an announcement from his rostrum beside the center pole, "Maddox, the fearless, the premier wild beast trainer of the world!"

Coralle rested from her exertions. A white and scarlet clown strolled at the side of her horse as it ambled slowly around the ring.

"See that man in the derby hat standing over by the main entrance?" he asked in an undertone, an ugly sneer visible on his lips beneath the grease paint.

She glanced carelessly in the direction indicated. "What of him?" she said uninterestedly.

"He's the sheriff of Sangamon county, Ill.; that's all!"

The woman gave a sudden, uncontrollable start, and her face underneath the rouge grew white as a sheet of paper. Had the careful planning and subterfuge of all these months gone for naught?

"He's looking for a man named Clark Sawyer, wanted out there for murder," went on the clown in a malicious whisper.

Coralle's gray eyes blazed into a sudden fury. "You hound! You are responsible for this!" she cried, and in her passion she raised her whip and slashed him squarely across his painted face.

"I'm glad of it, then," he snarled viciously at her as he sprang out of reach. The crowd was laughing uproariously, thinking the action of the pretty rider merely a humorous interlude.

"I told you I'd get even with you both," went on the clown. "You won't hold your head so high when they take that convict husband of yours back where he belongs."

The woman made a sudden movement as if to slip from her horse. "Ah, you'd warn him, would you?" broke in the clown. "I'm afraid it's just a little bit too late. Here he comes."

As he spoke the band blared forth, the curtains parted and a cage of tigers was wheeled into the central ring. A shudder and a murmur ran through the audience. In the wake of the cage walked Maddox, the trainer. In his pink tights, with a suggestion of gold here and there, he was as splendid as a knight in a ballad of chivalry.

He gave a glance and a smile across the arena to where Coralle stood erect upon her horse's back. Then, pushing aside the barred door, he sprang into the cage, lightly striking the two tigers nearest him with the whip he carried.

The trainer handled them as a snake charmer might his pythons, pulling open their huge jaws, lifting their



"You hound! You are responsible for this!"

heavy paws upon his shoulders, posing graceful as themselves, yet never for a moment relaxing his watchful gaze, never failing to bring down the whip at the least show of insubordination.

Meanwhile Coralle was once more prouetting upon her horse, but while she airily leaped upon banners her mind was busy with far different questions.

Her husband was innocent of the crime charged against him; that she knew, for he had told her so himself. Nevertheless, circumstantial evidence had convicted him. Now, if apprehended, nothing could save him from that dread prison, there to spend in confinement all the years of his strong, young life.

She could see the sheriff edging around toward the entrance to the dressing tent. Oh, if there was only some way to outwit him!

Like an inspiration came the thought to her that the town where they were showing was on the bank of the Ohio river. Across that placid stream lay West Virginia and a chance for liberty. Once on the other side, no officer dare

lay hands upon her husband until a fresh requisition could be secured.

A bell tapped, and the act was over. Six horses were led in and attached to the cage, in which the trainer remained. The team, well broken to its task, wheeled with military precision and started at a slow trot out of the ring. Just by the curtains which screened the entrance to the dressing tent stood the sheriff of Sangamon county.

As the leaders of the team came abreast Coralle she sprang forward, vaulted position wise to the saddle of the wheel horse, gathered up the reins, and before any one could intercept her she had turned their heads out toward the track.

At the same moment her keen whip slashed across the leaders' flanks. Startled, they leaped forward with a bound, and the others followed.

The man in the cage gave one swift, alarmed glance forward when the vehicle made the turn, but, catching sight of the driver, betrayed no more perturbation and turned his attention to his charges. The people rose up in their seats, gazing wonderingly. The circus men were literally paralyzed by astonishment. Of all the assemblage only two seemed to realize the meaning of the occurrence—the clown and the sheriff—and they immediately started in pursuit, shouting lustily for some one to stop the runaway.

Coralle never looked back, but, bending low in her seat, with whip and voice madly urged on the flying leaders. She gave a sudden gasp! The main entrance loomed up before her, and she had forgotten. It was barred with stakes and ropes to keep the crowds moving through it in single file. But she had dared too much to falter now. Hill! At it they went in a thunder of galloping hoofs, a whirlwind of choking dust. The near horse attempted to swerve, but she held his head with a wrist like steel and lashed him again and again.

Crash! The barrier went down before the force of their whirling onset. Ropes parted; stakes were hurled aside. They were in the open field now, and, with a clear road before them to the gate, she sent them thundering still faster. The heavy van behind them rocked and lurched like a ship in a storm. Maddox had all he could do to stand upright, and the tigers were tossed from one side of the cage to the other. The man clung to the bars with one hand, while with the other he beat the snarling brutes.

It was a picture for a painter, that—the man all tinsel and glitter in the den of raging tigers, the plunging horses and astride the leader the lithe, slender figure of a girl in rose pink tights, riding like one possessed, her hair loosened and floating behind her in the breeze, her cheeks flushed, her eyes alight with excitement of the wild venture.

Onward they tore, over a narrow plank bridge crossing a ditch, the hind wheels just grazing the edge; up a little incline, and then a perilous rush around a turn almost at right angles to their course. At last they were squarely on the level turnpike, with a straightaway before them to the river.

Coralle glanced back. The people were streaming out of the tent, and men were just commencing to mount horses to pursue them. And again she called upon her team for greater speed, and vigorously plied the whip.

Just a minute more! Already Coralle had thrown herself back in her seat and was tugging at the reins to ease the furious rush, when—crash, crash—a wheel spun off its axle, and the heavy cage toppled down at one corner. She put forth all the strength of her arms and in half a dozen lengths had pulled her horses to a halt. Then, leaping down almost before they stopped, she ran back to the sagging cage. The force of the jolt had thrown the tigers directly in front of its narrow door.

"Clark," cried Coralle breathlessly, "the sheriff is after you! We must hurry to a boat and get over in West Virginia!"

Maddox started for the door, but at his approach the tigers set up so menacing a growl that involuntarily he halted. The terror engendered in them by their wild ride had made them unmanageable. Standing off, he beat them cruelly, brutally, but they seemed as impervious to his heavy blows as to the taps of a mullain stalk.

The man and the woman could now hear plainly the sounds of pursuit. More and more slender each moment became their chance of escape. A countryman upon a load of hay drove up and stopped, surveying the thrilling incident in startled amazement.

The sheriff and party of circus men were plainly in view, urging their horses to the uttermost.

"Give me a match!" shrieked Coralle to the rustic upon the hay ladder. He stared at her a moment, then with maddening slowness fingered in his vest pocket, abstracting the desired article from a mass of string and trifling trinkets. Before he fairly had it out she had sprung up on the wheel of his wagon and snatched it out of his hand. As she leaped down she dragged a bundle of hay from the load, quick as a wink had it ablaze, then thrust the flaming brand squarely into the face of the nearest tiger.

Daunted by this new and unexpected attack, the terror-stricken beasts sprang backward, snarling and scratching, rolling over one another in their haste to get away. Maddox lost no time. The door snapped with a click, and he was safe beside the woman in the wagon. She seized his hand to fly toward the boat. Too late! With a rush and whirl of flying hoofs the sheriff was upon them.

"What are you running away for, Sawyer?" he shouted as he sprang from his foaming horse. "I have a pardon for you in my pocket. The guilty man has confessed."

Engineer Potter Talks To Council of Sewerage

(Continued from page 1)

street eight inches. This he said was larger than theory demanded but it had been found that eighty per cent. of the stoppages in a six inch pipe were due to sticks in the turns. At the street corners there will be manholes and the sewer line at these points will be straight so that one may see and be able to make repairs.

As to disposal beds there are three or four systems, one is to construct large tanks one of which will hold half the sewerage of the day, of course he said, there would be a sediment but a certain amount of the matter would pass off in the form of gases. After leaving these tanks the sewerage passes over contact bed, rectangle bed of slag and the different forms of bacteria will collect and making on each other pass off.

Another form of disposal is by a large tract of land laid out in sand beds. These require more attention and cost more money since they must be cleaned or they become foul and defective.

The low part of the town to be seweraged as proposed is main pipe line on Blackwell street, one on McFarlan street cross at Hudson street bridge to Richards avenue to Salem streets to Blackwell again and then to the disposal beds.

In reply to question by Stephen Palmer Mr. Potter said that both the septic tank and the filter beds were practical and both would require a pumping station in fact any system would. He also stated that when the system was extended to the hills the sewers would be large enough to carry off the matter and thus prevent overflowing in the low cellars. He said a man need not be at the pumping station constantly yet the pumps might be going.

He thought the better plan of disposal by use of the tanks and the slag beds, the area need for present requirements being one half to three quarters of an acre. The beds work automatically, the sewerage fills one bed trips a lever and goes to another bed. The solid matter is taken from a tank about once every three years.

The pipes in the town would be seven and a half feet on main sewer and it was not intended to have the cellars drain into the sewer.

He thought the plant could be maintained for a \$1,000 and on a closer survey might reduce the cost of construction.

The Voice of the Turtle Dove.

One of the most complete misapprehensions with regard to the voices of birdhood occurs when we listen to the monosyllabic coo of the restful turtle dove. By no means a musical sound in itself, yet it is so bound up in our minds with the sleepy glamour of summer afternoons that we imagine the sitting dove as crooning to herself from sheer contentment with her lot. Very different is the reality. That drowsy monosyllable is the voice of the male dove, not of the hen upon the nest, and while he utters it his antics are ludicrous to observe. Usually he is giving peremptory orders to his wife to get off the nest, in order that he may take her place, and if she hesitates to obey he enforces his commands with sharp pecks upon the head. At other times he seems merely to order her off the nest for the pleasure of witnessing her devotion to his person, after which he will suddenly become abstracted in manner and presently go off to the feeding place.—London Graphic.

The Tyrant Prima Donna.

It is the rarest thing to find that any famous prima donna ever "created" a new role of any artistic importance or associated herself with the interpretation of the music of any young composer, no matter how gifted. Her choice of songs in the concert room alternates between hackneyed favorites and absolutely worthless novelties. Alone among the great executants, the prima donna has been conspicuous for her abstinence from any efforts to achieve distinction as a composer. Handel had a short way with the prima donna, and threatened to throw her out of the window if she would not sing what he had written for her. Wagner went further, and refused to write for the prima donna at all. And Verdi, in "Falstaff," did throw her out of the window and gave the leading part to a baritone. To the music lover the prima donna is a nuisance, and a very expensive one.—"Diversion of a Music Lover."

Not a Lingering Fault.

"Dear George has only one fault," said the bride of three short weeks. "He is such an awful fatterer." "That fault," rejoined her elder sister, who had been up against the matrimonial game for three long years, "will gradually disappear as the honeymoon wanes." "Oh, dear," sighed the bride, "I was in hopes it would last forever."—Chicago News.

His Doubtful Compliment.

"What was that he said?" queried the indignant grocer. "Did he dare insinuate that I ought to put less sand in my sugar?" "Not at all. When I told him that you were selling sugar cheaper than any other dealer in town he said it took sand to do business like you did."—Houston Post.

CORRESPONDENCE

FLANDERS.

Charles J. Wack and sisters were guests with friends at Drakestown on Sunday.

Martin R. Hilderbrant, jr., and Mrs. F. P. Hilderbrant of Flanders, made a short visit with D. Horton Hilderbrant near Mendham this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Kinnicut of this place entertained their son, Freeman Kinnicut and his wife from Hasbrouck Heights for a few days the past week.

Rev. W. T. Pannell made a flying trip to the city on Monday.

Miss Nellie Schuyler, of Hoboken, was at the home of her mother, Mrs. Julia Schuyler for a short stay this week.

Mr. William Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Batson, Marshal Read and Miss Estella Valentine, of Flanders, were among those who enjoyed their holiday outing at Cranberry Lake on Tuesday.

Mr. J. D. Saunders of this place is improving his farm by building a new dwelling house. Mr. George Wack is also pushing his new dwelling house

to completion. William Doremus is making some very decided alterations to the house on his recently purchased farm on Main street.

The surprise party on Main street last week proved to be a surprise to the guests. It would be well to notify the ones they wish to surprise when they have another and possibly they will be at home.

The mission band met last Saturday afternoon with Miss Harriet Howell, Park place.

The Y. P. S. C. E. held their regular monthly meeting last Friday evening with Mrs. Jennie Chamberlain and was fairly well attended. A new game was introduced called ruffe.

We are informed that some of the patrons of our local telephone have itching ears.

There will be an ice cream and strawberry social Saturday evening at Bartley the proceeds to go towards the building of a new Presbyterian chapel. All are invited.

He Thought It Might Do.

When Patrick received an order he followed it implicitly as far as he could—sometimes even further than his Celtic brain realized.

"He wants a pane of windy glass tin inches by fourteen," said Patrick one day as he entered a shop where his employer, a master carpenter, traded.

In the shop was a young clerk who never missed a chance for a little joke at the Irishman's expense.

"If we haven't any ten-by-fourteens," he said, "I may have to give you a fourteen-by-ten."

Patrick rubbed his head thoughtfully. Then he stood pondering for a moment and at last remarked:

"He's in the great roosh for it, and there's no other place near to get it. Give me wan o' thim fourteen-by-tins, and if he turns it sideways and opposite down there's not a soul would know the difference."—Youth's Companion.

Mirrors in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages, when steel and silver mirrors were almost exclusively used, a method of backing glass for the same purpose with thin sheets of metal was known. Small convex mirrors of glass were made in Germany before the sixteenth century and were in demand until comparatively modern times. They were produced by blowing small glass globes, into which while they were hot was passed through a pipe a mixture of tin, antimony and rosin. When the globe was coated inside it was allowed to cool and was afterward cut into convex lenses, which formed small but well defined images.

Cent-a-Word Column.

Advertisements under this head are published at one cent a word, but no advertisement will be received for less than 15 cents for the first insertion.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House at 46 Sammls Avenue. For particulars apply on premises

WANTED—Head Teamster and General Farmer, on a large private place. Must understand the management and care of farm animals, stable machinery; also the planting, cultivation and harvesting of crops. References required as to ability, habits and energy. Address, P. O. Box 70, Morris Plains, N. J.

LOST—Monday evening, May 20th, on road from Dover to Kenil, lady's pocket book containing money and trading stamps. The finder will be rewarded by returning to or notifying, H. N. ALWARD, 20-16 Succasunna, N. J.

FOR RENT—From June 1. House, 35 Prospect street eleven rooms, all conveniences J. H. Simpson. 28-1f

REMOVAL NOTICE—Thomas A. Collard has removed his picture-framing and carpentering business from No. 8 to No. 4 N. Sussex street in with A. G. Buck on June 1. 28-3t

FOR SALE—A Photograph Car. Apply S. Thompson, Kockaway, N. J. 28-2t

WANTED—To buy chickens, inquire at or send letter stating what you have to offer to, D. Care Iron Era. 28-1f

FOUND—Gold Pin, about the middle of April, on Bergen street. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement.

GIRL WANTED, to do general housework. Apply to Mrs. J. H. Martin, 5 Dickerson St. 28-1f

DRIVER WANTED—Must come recommended. The W. H. Cawley Co. 28-1f

FOR SALE—Good work horse, 8 years old. Apply E. F. Rudine, 118 East Blackwell street, Dover. 25-1w

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply Mrs. W. F. Birch, 46 S. Morris St. 28-1f

FOR RENT—Five room apartment house with improvements on Morris street. F. F. Birch. 28-1f

WANTED—A girl for general house-work. Apply 38 Orchard street. 21-1f

ELASTIC CARBON PAINT—Will stop leaks in tin roofs making them as good as new. For sale by W. W. Seating. 21-1f

CONSULT F. C. Leaming Eye-Sight Specialist and you are sure of getting correct lenses, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. 14-1f

GO TO Charles Doland & Son Jewellers 9 N. Sussex street with your watches and clocks for repair. Satisfaction guaranteed. 8-1f

FOR SALE—Three building lots on Gold, four on Spruce and four on William streets. Fine location. Three minutes from center of town. Decided bargains. L. D. TILLYER.

FLAT TO LET—In Moller Building.

CASITORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*



MISS MILDRED KELLER.

RESTORED TO HEALTH. THANKS TO PE-RU-NA.

Friends Were Alarmed—Advised Change of Climate.

Miss Mildred Keller, 718 13th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., writes: "I can safely recommend Peruna for catarrh. I had it for years and it would respond to no kind of treatment, or if it did it was only temporary, and on the slightest provocation the trouble would come back."

"I was in such a state that my friends were alarmed about me, and I was advised to leave this climate. Then I tried Peruna, and to my great joy found it helped me from the first dose I took, and a few bottles cured me."

"It built up my constitution, I regained my appetite, and I feel that I am perfectly well and strong."—Mildred Keller.

We have on file many thousand testimonials like the above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast array of unsolicited endorsements Dr. Hartman is receiving.

\$59.50 BUFFALO TO PORTLAND, OREGON AND RETURN VIA THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD.

Account the Lewis & Clarke Exposition. Also very low rates to Pacific Coast points in California and Washington. Stopovers and good return limit given. Tickets on sale certain days of each week, beginning May 23! For further particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 201 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. 25-4t

No Gloss Carriage Paint Made will wear as long as Devoe's. No others are as heavy bodied, because Devoe's weigh 8 to 9 ounces more to the pint. Sold by A. M. Goodale. 14-4m

NEAT PRINTING

Has more weight with your correspondent than the more awkward kind. Call Telephone No. 1 and let's talk it over when next you need some work in our line

STRAUSS'S
HONEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES AND LIBERAL TREATMENT GUARANTEED TO EVERY CUSTOMER.
STRAUSS'S
685-687 BROAD ST., 21 W. PARK ST., NEWARK N. J.

Unquestionably the Cheapest House in Newark for Reliable Dry Goods.

A GREAT EXHIBIT AND SALE OF Women's Ready-to-Wear Summer Apparel

THE NEWEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL STYLES IN COATS, SUITS, DRESSES AND SKIRTS

These garments are the products of well known makers, and include newest Summer Dresses, Suits and Skirts which have just arrived in the house—the garments for which you are looking. We want you to compare our prices with others—the price says for itself.

DAINTY FROCK AND FRILL SUITS of washable "Indian Head" soft finished linen duck. Plated short coat to match, the regular \$4.00 sort at..... \$2.98

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE. SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.

DOVER, MORRIS COUNTY, NEW JERSEY, FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1905.

WE HAVE MADE

A very favorable impression upon the ladies who wear shirt waists. We make a specialty of that kind of work. When you are especially particular about some laundry work, just remember us.

DOVER STEAM LAUNDRY, J. K. COOK, Prop. 75 W. Blackwell St., DOVER, N. J. Telephone, 19-a.

Capital \$100,000.00 Surplus \$40,000.00

THE DOVER TRUST COMPANY

Prompt, efficient service along all lines of modern banking.

President, I. W. SEARING Vice Pres't, EDWARD KELLY Second " H. M. GEORGE Sec'y-Treas., E. W. ROSEVEAR

HENRY J. MISEL

EAST BLACKWELL STREET DOVER, N. J.

Never before have we made greater preparations for Spring and Summer requirements in

FURNITURE, CARPETS and MATTINGS

NEW GOODS of the most exquisite and latest designs and patterns comprise our immense stock. Our orders were large and placed with the manufacturers and importers before the recent advance and our patrons will reap the benefit of these advance purchases while they last.

Read the Cent-a-word Wants? Other people do Too

Here we are going in a crowd to the Great Special Sale the last Saturday in May.

As we have just received a large variety of the very best Gingham and Seersucker in all colors. We will sell it for six cents a yard Saturday the 27th of May.

RIBBON—A great special in Ribbon, changeable silk, all colors, Saturday only, 10 cents a yard, regularly 18 cents a yard.

SPECIAL IN SKIRTS—Accordion-pleated Skirts in Panama Cloth for Saturday \$2.99. Great reduction on all other skirts.

SHIRT WAISTS—\$1.49 Waist reduced to 99 cents.

In our Millinery Line never were better bargains offered. On the last Saturday, in May we will sell at the lowest prices. No accumulation of old goods in our store. Everything new and up-to-date.

THE FRENCH MILLINERY AND POUND STORE, 63 W. Blackwell Street, Dover, N. J.

ANOTHER "STRONG" FINISH PERMITS DOVER TO WIN

Phillipsburg Beaten to a Turn in the Ninth Inning by a Judicious Bunching of Hits—Both Pitchers Were Very Effective.

The Dover A. A. on Saturday defeated the Phillipsburg team at the Dover A. A. Park by a score of 5 to 4 in nine innings of good hard work. The visitors came to town with a rattling good team and played a good snappy exhibition of the home team only winning out by superb stick work in the ninth. This makes the third game that has been won in the last inning and the boys certainly do rally to Manager Duquette's cry, "Go at 'em."

Duquette pitched an excellent article of ball and with the exception of a single player was accorded faultless support. He not only pitched his own team to victory but batted out the game in the ninth when with one down, the score tied, and Bill Cheney on second, he singled hard enough to have Langton for the visitors pitched a good game also and while there were two errors behind him neither were costly.

"Tom" Queeney was the "ump" and he did the job well and like Stroudsburg there was little or no kicking which cannot be said for other league team that played here. Both teams got in the run getting early both scoring in the first inning. The

in this inning tied the score and Dover scored no more in the seventh while Phillipsburg forged ahead for a solitaire in the eighth.

Dover had a chance in the fourth to pull away and get a run but the opening was hardly large enough. Plunkett had singled and Framback under instructions sacrificed the runner to second himself going out from Rust to first; Hutchings flied out to center; Cheney singled and Plunkett raced for the plate but was a one half second late, the catcher tagging him as he slid in.

Phillipsburg in the eighth, with a man out got Hennion on by Framback's error; Wells hit advancing the runner and he scored on the return of Carroll's fly out to left; Bridges fanned.

This left Dover two runs to go to win out they did nothing in the last of the eighth and the visitors did the same in the ninth. Dover in the ninth with a last chance staring them in the face had to make good a well earned reputation of "finishers." Framback flied out to left; Hutchings "laid on" for a corking left field drive that netted him two bases by reason of his sprinting abilities; Cheney, who by the by is hitting some, got busy with

a two timer to left sending his brother felder across the plate; Duquette with his own game to win showed what he had up his sleeve by batting Cheney safely home.

The summary follows:

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows include DOVER (Morehead, 2d; Weber, l. f.; Goodman, s. b.; Cosgrove, lb.; Plunkett, c.; Framback, 3d; Hutchings, c. f.; Cheney, r. f.; Duquette, p.) and PHILLIPSBURG (Love, 2d; Tierno, s. b.; Rust, 3d; Simmeister, lb.; Hennion, 1b.; Wells, c. f.; Carroll, r. f.; Bridges, c.; Langton, p.).

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Dover..... 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 2-5 Phillipsburg... 2 0 1 0 0 0 1 0-4 Earned runs—Dover 4. Two base hits—Hutchings, Cheney. First base on balls—Duquette 2; off Langton 3. Struck out—By Duquette 4; by Langton 2. Left on bases—Dover 5; Phillipsburg 6. Hit by pitcher—Rust. Passed balls—Bridges 2. Umpire—Queeney. Time—One hour and thirty minutes.

Weber played a fast fielding game getting all six of his chances.

Another circus finish for ours. Hutchings, Cheney and Duquette played a strong arm hitting game in the ninth.

Duquette became so angry at the umpire when he ordered Plunkett back to third that he began striking right and left and hit the umpire and Westlake, and had not the other players stopped Westlake, the Madison fracas of last year would have been repeated. McCullum ordered Duquette out of the game, and even the Dover people cheered his actions. He would have remained out of the game had not Manager Konkle, of the Morristown team, requested the umpire to let him continue playing, as Dover had no other pitcher.

This is taken from the story of the Dover vs. Morristown-Chatham game in the Daily Record of Morristown on Thursday of last week. Mr. Kelly the author of the above evidently does not see well or possibly he is unable to tell what really did happen after he saw it. There was a little argument in one inning but no such affair as is spoken of above.

BACK GIVES OUT. Plenty of Dover Readers have this Experience.

You tax the kidneys—overwork them. They can't keep up the continual strain. The back gives out it aches and pains; Urinary troubles set in. Don't wait longer—take Doan's Kidney Pills.

Dover people tell you how they act. James Trevarrow, of Mine Hill, retired farmer, says: "I think my backache was brought about by a strain; anyhow, ever after it I had more or less with my kidneys. I could not do any sort of work that required stooping without aggravating the pain. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised in the Dover papers and I sent to Killgore & White's drug store. I had taken only a few doses when I felt much relieved, and continuing with them they did me lots of good. I very seldom have any pain in my loins and when I do a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills quickly drives it away."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

I GIVE HONOR TO WHOM IT IS DUE. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., cured me of Bright's disease and Gravel. Four of the best physicians had failed to relieve me. I have recommended it to scores of people with like success, and know it will cure all who try it. —Mrs. E. P. Mizner, Burg Hill, O. Price \$1.00 all druggists; 6 bottles \$5.00.

"Neglected colds make fat graveyards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Cent-a-word advertisements pay.

The Geo. Richards Co.

Bargain in Children's Stockings

We have just received direct from the mill 80 doz. Children's Fine Black Ribbed Cotton Hose, sizes 6 to 9 1/2. They were made to sell regularly for 15c. pair; we put them on sale, all sizes, at 9c pair.

GENUINE "KAYSER" FINGER-TIPPED SILK GLOVES.

The name in the hem tells the "whole story." If you find it there you have the genuine. The kind that don't wear out at the finger ends. We have them in all shades, also Black and White, and in three qualities. 50c., 75c. and \$1.00 a pair.

Tambord Muslins

for sash curtains, bedroom curtains, &c. A new and splendid assortment; prices 12c. 15c. 20c. 25c. and 35c.

Fine Teas

New crop Formosa, Oolong, Young Hyson, Ceylon Blend, Mixed and English Breakfast, nice leaf, free from dust, better than the gift scheme brands sold at 50c to 60c. lb. 1 lb. caddy 35c. 3 " 1.00

Very fine new crop Formosa, Oolong, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Japan, English Breakfast, Ceylon, Ceylon Blend and Mixed. 50c. lb.; 3 lbs. for 1.35. We can sell you the finest Teas to be found anywhere at the lowest prices.

Coffee

Our Coffees are the best that can be had anywhere at the price. They are roasted by the Dry Process, fresh every week.

Golden Rio—This coffee pleases a good many of our customers, and is a much better coffee than the package coffee sold at higher prices. 15c. lb.; 5 lbs. for 70c.

Finest Maricabo—fully equal to the coffees generally sold as Javas, 20c. lb.; 5 lbs. for 90c.

Our Standard Blend is a very fine heavy bodied coffee, excellent value at the price, 18c. lb.; 5 lbs. for 80c.

Our No. 1 Breakfast is a rich full flavored coffee, fully equal to the proprietary brands sold in tins at ten cents per pound higher, 24c. lb.; 5 lbs. for 1.10.

Our Cream Java a mild, fine flavored coffee, 28c. lb.; 5 lbs. for 1.30.

Our Extra Old Java and Mocha is the finest coffee that can be obtained, 32c. lb.; 5 lbs. for 1.50.

If you try our coffees we are sure they will please you, as we are getting new customers on these goods every day. When ordering please state whether you wish it whole, granulated or pulverized.

Pure Flavoring Extracts (OUR OWN BRAND)

Extract of Vanilla, made from Pure Mexican Vanilla Beans. 2 oz. 20c. 4 oz. 40c. 8 oz. 75c. Pints \$1.25 Quarts \$2.50 1/2 gal. \$4.00 Lemon and other flavors. 2 oz. 18c. 4 oz. 35c. 8 oz. 65c. Pints \$1.15 Quarts \$2.25

Pure Baking Powder

Our Standard brand of pure phosphatic Baking Powder is the best of its class. 1 lb. tins 18c.; 5 lb. tins 85c. Richards pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the best that can be had at any price, 35c. lb.; 5 lb. tins \$1.50.

Hard Wood Refrigerators

The best low priced Refrigerator made. Made of solid ash, compact yet roomy, sizes as follows: No. width depth height ice price 2 26-inch 18-inch 41-inch 50 lb. 7.25 3 29-inch 19-inch 43-inch 75 lb. 8.79 4 32-inch 21-inch 45-inch 100 lb. 9.90

Gem Ice-Cream Freezers

The best and quickest working freezer on the market. 2 qt. 1.75 3 qt. 2.05 4 qt. 2.50 6 qt. 3.20 8 qt. 4.35

Lawn Mowers

These mowers do good work and are as good or better than many of the high priced machines. 12-inch 2.25 14-inch 2.50 16-inch 3.00

Screen Doors

Walnut stained, all sizes, complete with fixtures, 90c. each.

Window Screens

Adjustable to windows of different widths. 17-in. high 18c 20-in. high 23c 24 in. high 30c

Hose Reels

with 50 ft. good Rubber Hose \$5.90 complete.

THE GEO. RICHARDS CO.

CORRESPONDENCE

STANHOPE-NETCONG.

At a special meeting of the Netcong Borough Council last week, it was voted to appoint a committee of three to act with a similar committee from the hose company and proceed with the erection of a borough hall and building for the fire department at a cost not to exceed \$3,500.

A. J. Drake and P. M. Chamberlain started Thursday afternoon for a visit to the Pacific coast which will include a trip to the Lewis and Clark Exposition and side trips to California and Salt Lake City.

J. A. Roy was appointed overseer of the poor by the Netcong council last week.

Rev. C. W. Dennings is entertaining relatives from out of town.

A locomotive tire was received last week from the D., L. & W. R. R. for use as a fire alarm and it has been temporarily suspended on a trestle at the end of the Drake-Bostedo Co.'s wood yard in the rear of the bank.

A large number of people from this vicinity visited Cranberry Lake, Tuesday.

R. J. Pettit and T. H. Mahony have qualified as supervisor and enumerator for taking the state census in Netcong borough.

A special election to decide whether or not to issue bonds to the amount of \$10,000 for the purpose of installing a water plant in Stanhope borough will be held next Tuesday. The plan calls for the construction of a piping system and the purchase of a supply of water from the Rockland Water Co. at a flat rate of \$550 a year, which will result in a saving of at least \$1,000 a year from the expense involved in the construction of any plant requiring an independent water supply.

The Rockland Water Company's reservoir was emptied Wednesday and thoroughly cleaned.

The borough recorder was kept busy for several evenings last week and this in hearing the evidence in an assault and battery case involving the ownership of a hen and requiring the assistance of an interpreter. Mrs. Ross, a Hungarian woman, took a hen and chickens from William Manion's yard during his absence, claiming the hen to be hers. The next day Manion saw them and demanded their return which Ross refused, an altercation followed during which Ross received a black eye. During the hearing the hen was produced in court and positively identified by a farmer as one that he had raised and sold to Manion which seemed to settle the ownership of the chicken. It appeared that Manion had acted in self defense and the case against him was dismissed.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Rockland Water Co., Monday evening a contract was awarded for the construction of an auxiliary reservoir to be built near the springs on the land recently acquired from Gideon Slaght. This reservoir will be lined with cement and pipes laid to it from the spring so that no surface water can enter at any point. Changes will also be made in the overflow at the reservoir, which will provide for changing all the water every thirty-six hours.

An adjourned meeting of the Netcong fire department will be held this evening in the rooms over the bank. It is expected that preliminary plans for the new borough building will be ready for inspection.

At a meeting of the fire department last week the following were elected a board of fire wardens: P. M. Chamberlain, Charles W. Eaton, H. W. Thayer, M. D., A. J. Drake, D. M. Cook, G. H. Lunger, T. J. Allen and George T. Keech.

Mechanic street has been considerably improved by a top dressing of cinder clay and the Prospect hill road has also been repaired.

A meeting of the Netcong school board was held last week at which all the members were present. Nineteen applications for the principalship of the school were considered and F. G. Merithen, a teacher in the military academy at Bordentown, was selected. Mrs. Anna C. King was reappointed teacher of the primary department and Misses Marion Bassett, Jennie Merithen and Lena Roy were chosen as assistants. It is understood since that Miss Roy has accepted a more lucrative position elsewhere which leaves a vacancy for the board to fill at their meeting next week.

PORT MORRIS

J. C. Day and family spent Decoration Day at New Providence.

Mrs. Nellie Todd of East Orange, was at the paternal home over Sunday.

C. H. Weiler spent several days with relatives in Phillipsburg and Easton.

Frank I. Davis returned last week from his outing at Buffalo and Niagara and is highly pleased over his trip.

Ernest McMickle has returned from Indianapolis where he paid earnest attention to business of the convention and hopes he helped do some good.

James Cook and family, of Brooklyn, are visitors at the home of Andrew J. Force.

Mrs. Mary Hoffman is spending some time with her sick nephew near Hackettstown, who is slowly recovering from typhoid fever.

Mrs. Joseph McConnell and daughter, Rilla, of Hoboken, were guests at the home of the Auerbach family for a couple of days.

Miss Nellie M. Weiler is visiting

the Hoole family in Newark and expects to spend a couple of weeks with friends in that vicinity.

Miss Bertha Caskey is at the home of her aunt, Hannah Gorgas in Phillipsburg, helping to nurse Joseph Gorgas who has been operated on for the removal of a tumor, but is now progressing nicely.

Miss Katie Losaw, of Paterson, visited her former schoolmates at the home of Thomas C. Deshazo over Sunday.

Mrs. Frances Groomyde took advantage of the cheap excursion rates to take a trip to Buffalo and Niagara last week.

Mrs. M. T. Dickerman and daughter, Mrs. William Wright, and Mrs. E. R. Smith attended the convention of the Epworth League of Warren county which was held at Butzville last Thursday. Rev. A. W. Willaver, lately pastor of the M. E. Church here is now located there, and has a charge comprising three stations and a large rural population to look after.

CHESTER

John Quimby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Quimby, of this village, is very ill with fever in Trenton.

Mrs. Minnie Dodge, of Washington, D. C. is visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert Skellenger.

The M. M. degree will be worked in the communication of Prospect Lodge No. 24, F. and A. M. next Monday night.

Mrs. Harriet Leek is being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Simon Pruden.

Among recent visitors in town were, Mrs. Etta DeCamp, Robert DeCamp, William Shoemaker, Ralph and Samuel Evans, Pierson Youngs, Charles Flynn, Samuel Swayze, Ernest Pierson, Roscoe Howell, Miss Emma Howell, and Henry Todd.

Preparatory services will be held in the Congregational Church to-morrow afternoon. Holy Communion, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and Sunday school at 10 o'clock.

Among the teachers recently employed for our township schools are: Miss Dorothy P. Budd, primary teacher in the local public school; Miss Frances B. Howell, at Forest Hill; Miss Lizzie Philhower, at Pleasant Hill; Miss

The Maiden and the Beau Gallant

By LOUIS J. VANCE

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MR. RICHARD DORRANCE, meditatively rolling a cigarette, cast about him an approving glance.

"Perfect country," he drawled to no body in particular, though Tom Darby was at hand to hear. "Orange sunshine on the yellow sands, magenta shadows, ultramarine sea, luxuriant foliage to beat all creation. This beats tossing around on board a yacht, anyway. Think I'll marry a native and settle down to dream out my days in peace."

He lit the cigarette and flopped over on his back, flourishing heavenward his lengthy and immaculately white duck clad legs. Tom Darby resented the resultant display of vivid hostility and growled. Darby was in a resentful mood. He had been most comfy aboard Dorrance's private yacht, the Beau Gallant, and saw no earthly reason why he should have been dragged therefrom for a mile's row over the steaming shallows to the end that they might merely loaf on the edge of the beach. Moreover, he was athirst.

"There's not a drink in sight," he said crossly, "nor a suggestion of a breeze. This is plainly the jumping off place. And we'll be caught in the deuce of a thunderstorm if I'm not mistaken."

"Disappointed, you mean?" "Besides," Darby went on defiantly, ignoring the correction, "who'd have you, I'd like to know?"

"That's humdrum. I'll find some one." He raised his voice and chanted: "Young gentleman, rich and of distinguished appearance, desires a wife. Object, matrimony. No triflers." Darby grunted and resumed his disgusted contemplation of Dorrance's socks. He was about to make an unpleasant remark when both became aware of the presence of a third person.

How she ever got there so quietly Darby could never understand, but she stood before them trim and neat and most desirable in a chic muslin frock and a canary colored hat of some sort, with ribbons, perched auclay atop her curly brown hair. Brown eyes she had, too, and the very devil of mischief lurking in their depths, and rosy lips with the shadow of mirth in their corners. Darby believes that her nose is tip tilted just the least bit, but he will never dare assert it. At any rate, she was entirely to be adored, with the sun filtering down through the leaves and dotting her with little blurs of light.

Dorrance was on his feet in an instant, and you may believe that Tom Darby was not far behind him. The two stood like idiots, gaping at her as if she had dropped from heaven. And she might have that, but the dancing eyes were against the theory. She glanced from the one to the other, apparently enjoying the situation immensely. She fairly laughed when at last she said:

"Good evening, gentlemen." Both stammered incoherent responses, and then the young lady calmly pointed at Dorrance with the tip of her dainty parasol.

"I'll marry you," said she. She might have been asking him to tea.

But Dorrance was ever more ready than Darby and lucky. It is but fair to state that Tom was staggered, but Dorrance!

"I was convinced of that when I laid eyes on you," he said, bowing.

"Just so," she laughed. And then Darby found his tongue.

"Perhaps you've overlooked me," he said timidly. "Dorrance is all very well, but I have my points." He stuck out his chest, louting low and with a flourish.

"They're well covered," said Dorrance nastily.

"Which you hereby respectfully submit to my consideration?" she asked.

"Just so, but you're a trifle late, Mr.—er—Dorrance, I think you said? Mr. Dorrance asked first."

Darby protested. "But he never imagined—"

"Oh, but I did," Dorrance interrupted unblushingly. "I've expected this right along."

"Of course he has," she added severely. "That was very ungentlemanly of you."

Darby collapsed; he had never learned to accept defeat gracefully.

"Just my luck," he moaned. "I never raised a little doe and learned to love its soft brown eye but what?"

"Oh, dry up," said Dorrance ungraciously enough. "Besides, you have it wrong."

Tom Darby sniped. The maiden eyed Dorrance somewhat approvingly. He returned her gaze with admiring interest, but she kept her countenance—only those eyes would dance divinely. Neither spoke till she extended a tiny hand with a firm pink palm.

the sin of curiosity. He relented sufficiently to permit a glance over his shoulder. They were quite a distance away, disappearing around a bend in the beach. He ran after them shouting. They turned and waited.

"Mayn't I come, too?" he pleaded humbly.

"If you'll be nice," she stipulated.

"And he can be best man," said Dorrance tentatively.

"Come," cried Darby generously. "That's some consolation! But Dick, the Beau Gallant?"

"Bother the Beau," said Dorrance warmly. He looked out to sea. The yacht was beating steadily up against the breeze. "Headricks can take care of her all right. 'Tisn't every day a fellow gets married."

"No, indeed," Tom Darby assented heartily and followed them. At least he could see Dorrance through even should he fail to keep him from egregious folly. And he himself was falling into the mad humor of the proceeding.

"Ruth," Dorrance began over his shoulder.

"Who?"

"My fiancée, sir?"

"Oh!"

"Introduce me," she said demurely.

"Ruth, this is my chum, Mr. Tom Darby."

"Thomas Edgerton Darby—"

"Tom, my promised bride, Miss Ruth Wharton."

Again Darby bowed, this time over a pink and white confection of a hand.



"I'll marry you."

Decidedly, if Dick did—which of course was monstrous—if he actually should win her, he was open to congratulation.

"Ruth," said Dorrance, "is taking us to her ancestral home. We are to meet her paternal uncle, Mr. Henry Wharton, this evening. At present he is not at home."

"Naturally she wants her family to inspect her choice. I promise to make no revelations as to your character; I'll maintain a most discreet—"

"And damming silence. I prefer that you talk."

"It is not far now," said Ruth.

"The walk has made me thirsty," Darby complained.

"It has then accomplished the inevitable," Dorrance remarked loftily. They had struck inland from the beach, passing through a sparse belt of pines, and now emerged upon a narrow strip of sandy road. Opposite them was a lichened stone wall surmounted by broken glass and boasting a rickety, rusty gate of iron. The three plowed across to this and entered fairly spacious and well kept grounds. Magnolias and shrubby grew here and there, and the orange trees were in blossom. There were prim little beds of old fashioned flowers; also a cast iron stag, severely weather beaten. The trickle of water from a hidden fountain was very grateful to Tom Darby's ears. At the end of a glade he caught glimpses of white Corinthian columns, evidently the facade of a mission. Darby's misgivings vanished under the influence of this peaceful scene. If Ruth were heir to such a stately property, then Dorrance—oh, Dorrance was plainly favored of the gods!

Meanwhile this remarkable young lady was setting a pace that was quite uncomfortable for Darby, who was and is plump, let us say, and firmly opposed to exertion at any time, so that he fell somewhat in the rear and thought it mightily discourteous that the two should converse in tones so low that he was able to hear never a word. Nevertheless he persevered, though with much puffing, and was presently rewarded with an easy chair upon a broad, coolly shaded veranda and left there, Dorrance and his precious Ruth entering the house, engaged in the most earnest of conversations. Darby felt horribly neglected and out of drawing till, to his huge delight, an aged negro appeared with a tray and glasses. He forgot his sorrows in the rattle of cracked ice.

From the open window came the murmur of voices, a steady monotone suggestive of anything but love's sweet silence. What on earth did it all mean anyway? Darby's glass was empty; he contemplated it mournfully and slowly stirred himself to refill it. He realized that he was very hungry.

Dorrance came out abruptly and seated himself on the railing of the veranda. Darby ignored him; he was offended to the last degree. Finally, however, "Try a julip, Dick," he said; "they're excellent."

"You were ever a carnal creature, Tom."

THE TWELVE-ACRE STORE.

Hahne & Co.

Broad, New and Halsey Streets, Newark.

SUPPLIES FOR SUMMER HOMES

FIVE-PIECE REED SUIT

For Reception Room or Parlor, finished in Empire Green and Shellac. Each piece is large and comfortable. Can be used without fear of discoloring or soiling. The price

\$16.00

You may buy any piece of this Suit you desire at these prices:

Table listing prices for furniture: Settee \$6.50, Large Arm Rocker 2.75, Ladies' Arm Rocker 2.50, Arm Chair 2.25, Reception Chair 2.00.

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For Seashore and Mountain Cottages is practical for many reasons. It is almost indestructible, wears better and looks prettier than any other furniture. There are no fabrics to soil, no wood to scratch. Grass furniture is cool and comfortable. We have one hundred styles on display in a variety of Arm Chairs, Rockers, Ladies' Sewing Chairs, Morris Chairs, Sofas, Couches, Foot Rests, Tabouretts and Tables at prices from

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OLD HICKORY FURNITURE

This is made for out-door use and gives the most complete satisfaction of all weather resisting furniture. The bark remains on every piece, the rockers are bolted fast, backs and seats are made of Hickory Splint. "Old Hickory" may be left out in all kinds of weather.

\$1.15 to \$9.00

Hammock Sewing Chair

restful piece of Furniture ever made, besides the comfort it affords, its convenience must be considered. It is supported by and swings in an iron frame that can be put wherever you will, on the lawn, piazza or elsewhere. It is self-adjusting to any desired position. Price \$3.75

LAWN SWINGS

The "Columbia" is made of good maple in two sizes, two passenger and four passenger. The height of both is eight feet; spread eleven feet; width of two passenger is four feet and of the four passenger five feet.

Price for small one, \$3.98; large one, \$4.98

ROWBOATS

We are Sole Newark Agents for the Racine Boat Co. Our leader Rowboat has oak frame, cedar planks, malable iron fittings, ash oars; boat thirteen feet long and forty inches wide, for \$30.00

Canvas Covered Cedar Canoe fourteen feet long, thirty-two inches beam for \$32.50

HAHNE & CO. - Newark

Clyde Line to Florida advertisement. Includes text: 'ONLY DIRECT ALL-WATER ROUTE BETWEEN NEW YORK BOSTON & CHARLESTON, S.C. JACKSONVILLE, Fla.' and 'FASTEST MODERN STEAMSHIPS AND FINEST SERVICE'. Also features an illustration of a steamship and a logo with a bird.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00 per druggist.

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A TOILET NECESSITY



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READING SYSTEM
New Jersey Central.
Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring clearness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JUNE 20, 1904.
TRAINS LEAVE DOVER AS FOLLOWS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, at 6:29 a. m.; 4:10 5:25 p. m. Sundays 5:34 p. m.

For Philadelphia at 6:29 a. m.; 5:25 p. m. Sundays 5:34 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, Asbury Park and points on New York and Long Branch Railroad 6:29 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.

For all stations to High Bridge at 6:29 a. m.; 4:10, 5:25 p. m. Sundays 5:34 p. m.

For Lake Hopatcong at 9:48 a. m.; 4:10, 5:56 p. m.

For Rockaway at 6:53, 10:39 a. m.; 6:07, 7:40 p. m. Sundays 9:11 a. m.

For Easton, Allentown and Mauch Chunk at (6:29 to Easton) a. m.; 4:10 (5:25 to Easton) p. m.
W. G. BESLER,
Vice Pres. and Gen'l Mgr.
C. M. BURT,
Gen. Pass. Agt.

POSTAL INFORMATION.

Closing time for outgoing mails from Dover postoffice:

A. M.
7:05—To N. Y. via Morristown.
8:50—West, via Easton.
8:50—West, via Scranton.
8:50—East, via Bonton.
9:30—Lake Hopatcong, Edison & Woodport.
9:45—Mine Hill (closed).
9:50—Succasunna, Ironia, Chester (closed).
10:15—Rockaway via High Bridge Branch.
10:55—Morristown (closed).
10:55—New York (closed).
P. M.
12:25—East, via Morristown.
1:30—East, via Newark.
2:30—Rockaway (closed).
2:30—East, via Morristown.
3:50—West, all points on High Bridge Branch and Lake Hopatcong.
4:50—West, via Scranton.
4:50—West, to Easton.
6:30—Succasunna, Ironia, Chester (closed).
6:30—East via Morristown.

INCOMING MAILS.

A. M. TIME DUE AT R. S. STATION.
6:30—From New York.
7:00—Lake Hopatcong.
7:00—West, Hackensacktown.
7:30—"Succasunna, Ironia and Chester (closed)."
8:30—"Mine Hill (closed)."
9:05—"East via Morristown."
9:15—"West via Buffalo."
9:27—"East via Bonton."
10:30—"High Bridge."
P. M.
1:45—"West via Scranton."
1:54—"New York, Newark and Morristown (closed)."
3:47—"West via Phillipsburg, Rockaway via High Bridge Branch."
4:10—"Chester, Ironia and Succasunna (closed)."
5:05—"East via Morristown."
5:24—"East via Bonton."
6:05—"Edison, Woodport."
6:46—"West via Hackensacktown."
Office open on Sundays from 9 a. m. to 10 a. m.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD
TIME TABLE.
In effect May 14, 1905.

(Daily except Sunday.)
Trains for New York via Morristown: 4 40, 9 48, 7 23, 9 10, 9 40, 9 45, 11 20, a. m.; 12 50, 1 45, 2 47, 5 58, 7 10, 8 22 and 10 03 p. m.
Trains for New York via Bonton and Paterson: 5 30, 9 00, 9 35, 9 51, 7 20, 7 58, 9 18, 11 14 a. m.; 1 30, 2 55, 3 43, 9 22, 3 41 and 8 11 p. m.
Trains marked * run via Rockaway.
WESTWARD TRAINS.
(Daily except Sunday.)
6:39 a. m. for Scranton.
6:50 a. m. for Netcong and Newton.
9:05 a. m. for Easton.
9:27 a. m. for Binghamton and points west. Connects at Netcong for all points on Sussex Branch.
10:05 a. m. for Chester.
1:50 p. m. for Netcong, Newton, Branchville and Franklin.
2:41 p. m. for Phillipsburg. Connects at Netcong for all points on Sussex Branch.
3:15 p. m. (Flag stop) for Water Gap and points west.
3:20 p. m. (Saturdays only) Netcong, Newton and Branchville.
5:06 p. m. for Easton.
5:24 p. m. for Hackensacktown, Washington, Stroudsburg and Scranton.
5:50 p. m. for Netcong, Newton and Branchville.
6:40 p. m. for Chester.
6:40 p. m. for Hackensacktown.
7:40 p. m. for Stroudsburg, Scranton, Binghamton and Buffalo.
9:28 p. m. for Fort Morris.
10:00 p. m. for Stroudsburg, Scranton, Binghamton, Utica, Syracuse, Ithaca and Buffalo.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
For New York via Morristown: 8 40, 9 49, 11 20 a. m.; 1 45, 2 47, 6 05 and 8 44 p. m.
For New York via Bonton and Paterson: 5 20, 6 55, 7 20, 9 18 a. m.; 1 00, 6 52, 8 41 and 8 11 p. m.
*Via Rockaway.
WESTWARD TRAINS.
5:30 a. m. for Scranton.
6:50 a. m. for Netcong and Newton.
9:20 a. m. for Binghamton and Branchville.
10:33 a. m. for Phillipsburg and points west on main line.
8:15 p. m. (Flag stop) for Water Gap and points west.
4:05 p. m. for Netcong and Newton.
6:00 p. m. for Phillipsburg. Connects at Netcong for Newton.
7:40 p. m. for Stroudsburg, Scranton, Binghamton and Buffalo.
10:00 p. m. for Stroudsburg, Scranton, Binghamton, Utica, Syracuse, Ithaca and Buffalo.
B. W. HUNT,
Ticket Agent.

Darby looked up sharply. Dorrance's tone was strange. He found him smiling rather grimly, an odd, truculent expression which was at variance with his usual placid contentment.
"Hello!" Darby was alarmed. "What's up?"
"Got nerves, Tom?"
"Not a nerve. All lost in adipose tissue." He promptly belied himself by his discomposure and repeated anxiously, "What's up?"
"I want your assistance. It's just this, old fellow, the uncle of this angel!"
"Meaning your betrothed?" Darby grinned in hollow fashion.
"Just the same and seriously."
Darby experienced a flash of comprehension; this might explain why Dorrance was so momentarily solemn.
"Man, you don't actually intend to commit matrimony?"
"But I do, and I may before morning."
"Lord!" said Darby helplessly.
"No joking matter, Tom. This uncle, Henry Wharton, as near as I can make out, is a thorough paced scoundrel."
"The villain of this dramma?"
"Listen to me, you infernal idiot! Ruth!"
Darby wagged his head hopelessly. Dorrance fixed him with a stern glare.
"Ruth," he repeated with determination, "is helless to a peck of property—this and more. She's an orphan, and old Wharton is her guardian. She comes into possession when she's eighteen, and she will be that tomorrow."
"A woman's age?"
"Be quiet, if she marries before that, nine-tenths of her inheritance reverts to her guardian."
Here Darby grew befuddled.
"Then why in heaven's name does she want you?"
"I don't know that she does except as an alternative. This amiable uncle is added about money; wants to get her married, even tried to force her into a match with a—oh, a real day-dish sort of fellow, Fetter by name. Now, Fetter won't do, according to Ruth. She doesn't want him, or anybody, for that matter."
"Not even you?"
"Not even me!"
"How do you know?" she queried archly from the doorway, and Darby is positive that a prettier picture never was than she made framed in its rich, somber darkness. "Are we not engaged?"
"I hope so!" Dorrance cried fervently. "I'll have you if you'll let me, though all the world!"
"Oh, hee," Darby exclaimed hastily, "I'm a modest man! Go on with the plot. I begin to see a light."
"Well, then," Ruth took up the thread of narrative, "as a last resort he persuaded me to come down here from Atlanta, knowing that I could never escape. And I never thought, it's twenty miles to the nearest village, eighteen to the nearest railroad. I could not walk if I tried, and Cassius keeps close watch on me. The horses uncle took with him when he left this morning, saying that he would return this evening. I am positive that he means to bring back with him, this odious Mr. Fetter and a clergyman."
"Two and two," said Darby.
"And—and I know you thought me a bold creature, this afternoon, but I was desperate, helpless. I could not think what to do. You will help me, dear Mr. Darby, won't you?" And, believe me, she plumped down on her knees before him.
Darby was so embarrassed that he jumped as though she had kissed him. He adopted a paternal tone, speaking with the matured judgment of twenty-five years.
"Why, of course, my dear, you may rely on me." He was in a fine conceit with himself for that speech.
"Oh, thank you."
"Not at all! Not at all!" Darby marvels that he restrained himself from saying, "Tut, tut, my dear!" He added, with a relieving inspiration, "Then the best thing we can do is to get right aboard the Beau Gallant."
"Not in a thousand years," said Dorrance firmly.
"Why?"
Dorrance eyed him curiously. "I've a better plan," he said at length.
"Well?"
"I'll tell you later. For the present you stay here. I'm going to trot down to the beach and signal Hendricks. We dine aboard tonight, you and I."
"That's a mercy. At what time?"
But Dorrance was gone.
"He is just splendid, isn't he?" said Ruth.
"Dorrance? Oh, yes, he's all right. If you marry him!"
"I've promised." She hung her head in such sweet confusion that Tom Darby was more than ever envious.
"But he will not hold you to that promise."
"Indeed," she flamed defiantly, "he has the right!"
"I wish I had," said Darby. "He's a lucky dog."
Here he suddenly executed a backward leap of some several feet. Ruth had whipped out from beneath her skirts a small revolver. To Tom Darby its size approximated that of a cannon.
"Great Scott!" he cried. "You can have him. I'm not thinking of interfering. Don't!"
For a moment her surprise was only equalled by his own. Then she began to laugh convulsively.
"Take it!" she gasped. "It's—for you."
Darby was suspicious. "What for?" he inquired.
"You might need—it—should Uncle-Henry come. He—he would be angry."
Darby approached and took the weapon gingerly.
"Is it loaded?" he asked, with trepidation.
"Of course."
"Very well, then," in resignation. He

deposited it softly upon a table, convinced that at any second he might become an involuntary suicide, and retired to a distance. Ruth fled into the hallway. Darby eyed the revolver askance and swore softly, sighed and lit a cigarette.
Twilight was falling, and from behind him came stifled mirth.
Come 10 o'clock on a cool, starlit night, and the Beau Gallant was speeding westward under a full head of steam. To the north loomed the dim, low coast of Alabama.
In the saloon was assembled a motley party to a champagne supper, of which Dorrance and Tom Darby formed the only self-satisfied members, the others being plunged in deepest gloom despite all attempts to enlighten them.
First, Henry Wharton, aged in years and sin, if his countenance be allowed as evidence, glowering evilly across the table at Darby, whom he had mistakenly conceived to be the moving spirit of the enterprise; then Mr. Fetter, young and weak willed, lacking excuse for his existence, but mightily impressed with his own simulation of rakish worldliness; lastly, a pale, frightened person, a clergyman by his cloth, but deep in the clutch of a raging thirst for strong drink—these were the unwilling guests.
Mr. Wharton addressed himself to Tom Darby, who was contentedly engaging the breast of a tender chicken. Mr. Wharton shook a lean fist framed in soiled linen at him.
"I'll have the law on you!" he cried, quivering with rage. "You'll find, young man, that this is not a country where you can kidnap—yes, kidnap—peaceful citizens at your will and not suffer for it!"
"I wish," said Darby calmly, "that you wouldn't wear your cuffs more than a week at a time. You spoil my appetite."
Mr. Wharton fumed, speechless. Fetter laughed.
"He's right there, pop," he said irreverently. "But don't you think you are a little lawless?" he added to Darby.
"Not at all," Dorrance interposed, smiling indulgently. "The parson will be witness that you came willingly."
The parson raised expostulating hands. "At the pistol's point," he protested very truthfully.
"I merely invited you to a stag on my wedding eve, and you came with alacrity, though I did understand that you had a pressing engagement."
The parson smiled faintly. Mr. Wharton attempted to control himself. "I'll tell you what," he said, speaking slowly and thickly. "If you'll take us back immediately I'll give you \$1,000."
Dorrance laughed and shook his head.
"Fifteen hundred?"
"You ate too low," Tom Darby suggested.
"Three thousand," he snarled.
"Oh, make it worth while and I'll raise you, pop," cried Fetter.
"Five?"
"No," said Dorrance.
"Ten, then. I'll give you ten!"
Mr. Wharton's hands were trembling violently. Dorrance politely filled his glass for him. He tossed it off eagerly.
"Twenty?" he pleaded.
"Five-hundred!" Darby whistled. "I had no idea the stakes were so high."
Mr. Wharton hesitated; every moment was now of consequence. He stammered painfully.
"Fifty-fifty thousand," he managed to say.
Dorrance rose and looked at his watch. "You have no security to offer but your word," he said wearily, "and that is worthless."
Mr. Wharton's jaw moved loosely, but no sounds came.
"Moreover," Dorrance continued, "I don't need your money, nor do I want it."
"I'll have the law on you," Wharton repeated sullenly. Hope was dead in his breast.
"I wouldn't if I were you. And you will not. This is rather a noxious business which you've attempted—and failed at. Your credit would suffer were it known. So you will say nothing. I'm happy to inform you that you're too late. It is 11 o'clock, and your ward will be her own mistress in one hour."
Dorrance walked to the door and gave an order. The engines began to chug more slowly, and the Beau Gallant came almost to a standstill. Mr. Wharton sputtered threats and obscenities.
"I believe you were right," said Dorrance to him. "We do not desire your company after all. Come on deck. I'll put you ashore now."
The four followed him.
"That is Mobile," he said, indicating a haze of light on the northern horizon. "There is a landing here and a fair road. By hard walking you should reach it in the early morning. Thence you can get home by noon if you're lucky. But by that time Ruth and I will be married."
"So that's your game," Fetter sneered. "I thought you didn't care for the money."
"My dear sir," said Dorrance, unmoved, "when you have associated with decent people for any length of time—if you ever do—your thoughts may be of some consequence. At present your opinion is of absolutely no moment."
"The boat is ready, sir," a man reported.
"And now, gentlemen, I thank you for the pleasure which your company has afforded me. Oh, not a word, sir—to Mr. Wharton—the obligation is entirely on my side. Good evening." He was bowing them over the side when a thought struck him. "Oh, parson, I quite forgot! We may need your services. Do not go."
So the parson stayed, most willingly, it seemed to Darby. And the Beau Gallant turned tall on the lights of Mobile, picked up her boat and steamed swiftly back over her course.

The dawn found the yacht swinging lazily at anchor. Mr. Dorrance came on deck, refreshed by a bath and a breakfast, yet with a carking doubt for a background to his thoughts. He received an immediate impression that all nature was chuckling in huge enjoyment of his predicament.
He leaned upon the rail, scowled and lit a cigar, hurling complicated oaths down at the careless sea.
Here an hour later the slothful Darby found him.
"Well," cried Darby genially, "for an expectant bridegroom!"
Dorrance favored him with a heavy glare.
"Bridegroom," he said slowly, "be eternally!"
"What! Why, but yesterday?"
"Was yesterday. Today is another matter. I'm in the devil of a fix."
"The lady hasn't sent word refusing you?" anxiously.
"No; that's just the trouble."
Darby grinned blandly at the universe.
"Romance," he pronounced, "is the salt of life and its savor. Without it!"
"One escapes the holy bonds of matrimony. Tom, without exception you are the most unmitigated!"— He broke off. "I'm going ashore and have over with it. Come along."
"I'll stand around oblivious at no lovers' tryst. You shall go alone."
And to this he stuck, so that the rest is only hearsay, but strongly supported by circumstantial evidence.
She was seated by the splashing fountain when he met her. She did not hear his footsteps, but sat idly dabbling her hand in the water, lost in reverie. A school of little goldfish gapping for rations swarmed to her finger tips.
"Oh!" she cried, with a rueful smile, seeing him before her.
"I've returned," he said awkwardly and lost the power of coherent thought. "I see you have." She laughed confusedly and rose. "You—you had no trouble—were in no danger?"
"Not in the least. I"—The unavowable grew startlingly imminent. "You have been safe, I trust?"
"Oh, then we are agreed?"— A pause; then, "I—I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Dorrance."
"Mr. Dorrance," he repeated foolishly. He rushed desperately in where both had feared to tread. "There is the way!"
"I—I—of course, I!"
"Oh, then we are agreed?" Her tone was haughty as a princess.
"But I didn't mean"—he floundered. "You made your meaning plain, sir?"
"Since you feel that way about it"— He turned to go.
"Oh, one moment. I—I do not wish that you should think me ungrateful. Indeed, I am not. You have done me a great service, and"—
"And the reward?"
"But I scarcely know you."
"I haven't claimed it."
"I am sensible that I gave my word."
"But your heart?"
She sighed. "My heart remains mine."
"I knew that."
"To bestow—oh!"
She had been toying with her ring, a tiny affair studded with a single stone. It had slipped from her fingers and splashed in the fountain. Dorrance was instant to plunge his arm in to the el-



"I'll have the law on you!"

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SHOP AROUND to your hearts content—you'll come back sooner or later to good old reliable "No. 73"—the store that's been "EVERYBODY'S STORE" ever since the sixties! Right goods, lowest of low prices, accommodating terms!
"Outlasts All Others."
\$4.49 for strongly built hardwood golden finish upright refrigerators—others call same grade cheap at \$6 to \$7.
Zinc-lined galvanized shelves, solid bronze trimmings, removable drip pipe and baseboard. Other makes, all sizes, all guaranteed.
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\$1.45 for porch rockers—high back—large arms, \$2.00 regularly.
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We sell the Opalite Refrigerator. It's a marvel!
\$11.69 Golden oak extension tables—Others get \$16 for same make.
\$12.49 for white enamel dressers that usually bring \$16.00.
OTHER HOUSING CARPET LEADERS:
75c Brussels, yard..... \$90.
\$1.00 Extra Brussels, yard..... \$55c.
60c Ingrains, yard..... \$40.
Art Squares, Rugs, (Domestic and Oriental), Oilcloths, Linoleums, Matting, Lowest prices always.
An ACME Washing Machine will cut out all your washday troubles—Does the work in half the time with quarter the labor! Call and learn why!
A SALE OF Velvet Carpets that's hitting ALL past records. Patterns are popular ones, qualities have our staunchest guarantee, prices are **SENSATIONALLY LOW!**
85c Yard for the \$1.00 grade 90c Yard for the \$1.10 grade
\$ 1.00 for the \$ 1.25 Grade
AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.
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Near Plane St., West of Broad St.
All trunks transfer to our dock.
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FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF OUR CUSTOMERS
We have moved our office to the Morris street end of our building. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings we will receive and deliver orders as is our custom.
Number 93 is our new Telephone.
W. H. Cawley Co.

A New Beer Depot.
...THE CELEBRATED...
ORANGE BREWERY
Have established an agency on Warren Street, near Dickerson Street.
To saloonkeepers and hotelkeepers--Take Notice.
Orange Beer in Kegs or Bottles.
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MANUFACTURERS OF
ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.
Castings in Iron, Brass and Bronze
Forgings of Every Description
Office and Works, No. 78-86 North Sussex Street
DOVER, N. J.

The SAVING REVELATION

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Copyright, 1905, by Virginia Leila Wentz

The day had been hard, bright and cold. Out in Central park there was the jangle of sleighbells in the air—

Women sitting in their sleighs, under the full stare of the setting sun, did not feel their rugs and furs one whit too heavy.

Helena Christy had to hold her tongue with both hands. Her cheeks and lips were as red as June roses.

But if either the woman or the perfume awakened any sentiment in him the expression of the Hon. Kelsie Siddons did not show it.

As he leaned against the sleigh cushions and beheld the diminishing perspective of electric light prickling itself

As they were turning out of the park on Fifty-ninth street Helena was saying: "The woman who is worth while never undervalues the offer of marriage from any man.

"Do you know," he remarked when he had finished with the fur robe, "I'd like to trespass a little further some time and ask permission to discuss the matter with you?"

"Sweetheart," she whispered as she crossed her slim hands behind his dark head and drew it down to her level, "why didn't you tell me that you loved me at first? That was the saving revelation!"

Human Ear Waggers. There is no doubt that at one period every one could move the "pinna," or external ear, at will.

J. Muller, the German scientist, by will effort and practice continued over many years actually succeeded in regaining the power of moving his ears freely and quickly.

"The situation is like this," the man was saying in rather much the same tone of voice he would have used in arguing an important case before the supreme court.

Not many years ago, on the high-roads about Wittenberg, in Germany, travelers frequently met an old woman

"Are you offended?" he asked. "I've made an offer of marriage in a perfectly businesslike way, having heard you often declare that a marriage contract is like any other contract and should be entered into only when both parties are aware of what they are doing and are rid of gluttony."

His companion paid him the tribute of a lingering glance in which a question mark was barely perceptible. But in the shadows he could no longer see her face—only the white parting of her burnished hair where the freelight shone.

"Offended? Oh, certainly not. But the defense will submit an argument. The match would be, as you say, a suitable one—what do our French cousins call it?—marriage de convenance.

Where Women Touch Their Hats. Many years ago kissing was the most common mode of salutation in England, while shaking the hand was considered an evidence of the closest intimacy.

As for the three or four men to whom you refer, I cannot answer. I've noticed, however, that the number of my proposals is falling off lately.

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argument by saying that she has determined to become an old maid?" The Hon. Kelsie Siddons was leaning forward, his strong, muscular hands clasped loosely before him, a whimsical smile on his lips.

"Do I seem to be melting?" Helena inquired, with a touch of defiance which comported ill with the tumultuous beating of her heart and a most annoying feeling of tremulousness about her lips.

"I think," he said at last, and his voice seemed to Helena to sound far away, "that I forgot to mention one thing in my proposal. I should have told you, perhaps, that I love you, that I've loved you since the day when we first met, that I'd rather have your love than the power of a king or the wealth of a Croesus, that I should count it fine and wonderful beyond all imagining—a moment to die for—"

His voice had become provokingly low and husky. Now he turned to her almost fiercely: "You who are so collected and calm, what can you know of love and passion? Now I realize that I've toiled all these years in vain—no, not wholly vainly, for I'm going to kiss you once—here, now—if it means the worst!"

But the woman held out her arms to him, and the lashes of her eyes were wet.

"Sweetheart," she whispered as she crossed her slim hands behind his dark head and drew it down to her level, "why didn't you tell me that you loved me at first? That was the saving revelation!"

The love of God is the greatest thing we ever heard of, but on our part love is not always the greatest thing, for without faith it is impossible to please Him (Heb. xi, 6), and in Mary and the other women who bought the spices we see how blindly and fruitlessly love apart from faith may act.

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Much has been said and written as to why He refused to allow Mary to touch Him when a little later on the same morning He allowed the other women to hold Him by the feet and worship Him (Matt. xxviii, 9). I am content to accept His own reason given in few words: "For I am not yet ascended to my Father," and to believe that between the time of His meeting Mary and the other women He had ascended and returned.

The last verses of our lesson tell of His appearance that evening to the disciples as they were assembled with closed doors for fear of the Jews. No door was opened for Him, yet He suddenly stood in the midst. In our glorified bodies we, too, shall pass through doors and walls without hindrance and go and come like lightning even as the angels now do.

Note in verses 21-23 that all believers are sent in His name to proclaim His forgiveness of sins through His precious blood (Luke xxiv, 47). As the Father gave Him the words to speak, so He gives us the words and the same Holy Spirit and authorizes us to go in His name with His message (John xii, 49; Matt. x, 20; Jer. i, 7-9; Ex. iv, 12; Rev. xxii, 17).

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 4.

Text of the Lesson, John xi, 21-23. Memory Verses, 10-21—Golden Text, I Cor. xv, 20—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1905, by American Press Association.] We have come to our last lesson in this gospel, in which we have been spending nearly six months, and while the lesson verses are but few we are asked to read the last two chapters.

In xx, 31, we have the reason why John wrote this gospel, "that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and, believing, have life through His name." We called attention to this in the first lesson, and after these months of study it should come with more power.

The word "believe" is used in some form over ninety times, and in chapter 1, 12, it is shown to signify "receiving" Him. We have been taught throughout that believing does not mean seeing or feeling, and now in the end we have His great word, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (xx, 20). One of the strangest things in all the resurrection story is that even John, whom Jesus loved, who also leaned on His breast at supper, knew not the Scripture that He must rise again from the dead (xx, 2, 9; xxi, 20) and that He had to upbraid all the disciples with their unbelief and hardness of heart because they refused to believe those who had seen Him after He rose from the dead (Mark xvi, 11-13).

In these two chapters we have three of the ten or more appearances after His resurrection, concerning which it is written that "He shewed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (Acts 1, 3). In all the appearances He showed Himself, and in His discourse, He expounded Scripture and opened up the Scripture and opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures concerning Himself (Luke xxiv, 27, 32, 30, 33, 44-47).

Mary Magdalene was the first to see Him (Mark xvi, 9); then on that same day He seems to have been seen on four other occasions by the other women, by Peter, by the two who walked to Emmaus, and in the evening by the ten, Thomas being absent. In our lesson chapter we read that Mary Magdalene, having found the tomb empty, ran to tell Peter and John, and they, having come and seen for themselves the empty tomb, went away again to their home, but Mary remained at the sepulcher weeping and was so intent upon finding the body of her Lord that she had neither eyes nor ears for even holy angels, and when He Himself spoke to her she did not know Him, but supposed Him to be the gardener.

The love of God is the greatest thing we ever heard of, but on our part love is not always the greatest thing, for without faith it is impossible to please Him (Heb. xi, 6), and in Mary and the other women who bought the spices we see how blindly and fruitlessly love apart from faith may act. Faith, which worketh by love, is the true method of serving God and one another.

Much has been said and written as to why He refused to allow Mary to touch Him when a little later on the same morning He allowed the other women to hold Him by the feet and worship Him (Matt. xxviii, 9). I am content to accept His own reason given in few words: "For I am not yet ascended to my Father," and to believe that between the time of His meeting Mary and the other women He had ascended and returned.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

WHEREIN N. Baldwin Thompson, surviving Executor of William Thompson, deceased is complainant, and Thomas W. Lamont and Horace Stetson, Executors and Trustees, etc., of Samuel F. Jayne, deceased, also Eleanor Jayne, Annie Jayne and Eleanor Breckenridge, are defendants. Pl. fa for sale of mortgaged premises. Returnable to October Term A. D. 1905.

BY virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias in my hands, I shall expose for sale at public vendue at the Court House in Morristown, N. J., on

MONDAY, the 19th DAY OF JUNE next, A. D. 1905, between the hours of 12 M. and 5 o'clock P. M., that is to say at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all that tract or parcel of lands and premises, situate, lying and being in the Township of Mendham, in the County of Morris and State of New Jersey.

Being situated at a corner of James Cole's land in a line of land belonging to William Phoenix; thence running on a course along a line of the said Cole's land as the compass pointed in the year 1836: (1) North eighty-five degrees and fifty minutes East twenty chains and twenty-five links to a corner of Henry Sander's land; thence along the line of the same;

(2) North one degree and thirty minutes West twelve chains to a stake and heap of stones; thence along the line of the same; (3) North eighty-eight degrees and thirty minutes West twenty chains and forty links to the West side of the public road; thence along the West side of the same; (4) South three degrees and forty-five minutes East twelve chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing twenty-five acres of land being the same more or less, being the same tract of land conveyed to the said William Thompson by Abraham Reynolds and wife by deed bearing date March 27th, 1860, and recorded in the Morris County Clerk's office in book D-6 of Deeds for said County pages 557, &c.

Dated May 17, 1905. ABRAHAM RYERSON, Sheriff, Jerseyman and Iron Era. P. F. \$9.00

Assignee's Sale REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a deed of General Assignment bearing date March 10, 1905, made to me the subscriber, by Fred. Angie, Jr., for the equal benefit of all his creditors and also by virtue of the order and direction of the Orphans' Court of the County of Morris bearing date on the 23rd day of April, 1905, I shall expose for sale at public vendue to the highest bidder at the Marston House in Dover, New Jersey, on Saturday, the third day of June, 1905, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., that certain lot of land conveyed to said Frederick Angie, Jr., by deed from Toney Baylis and wife, dated October 15, 1903, (K 17 of deeds, page 583), and bounded and described as follows: Situated in the Township of Randolph, in the County of Morris, being lot No. one on a map of Alpheus Beemer's lands, made by Frank P. Amnden in 1880, and on file in the Clerk's Office of the County of Morris, and begins at the corner of Read street, shown on said map, with the public road from Thomas Oram's, now deceased, to Rockaway, in the fourth line of the whole tract sold by Joseph Stiles to Alpheus Beemer and runs thence (1) south seventy-five and a half degrees east one hundred feet and three inches along said fourth line to the fourth corner of the whole tract; thence (2) along the third line thereof north eighteen degrees east forty-three feet and eight inches to corner to lot No. 3 on said map; thence (3) north seventy-two degrees west one hundred feet to the east side of Read street; thence (4) along the same south eight and a half degrees west fifty feet to the place of beginning.

Being a part of the same lands conveyed to William H. Baker, by deed from Margaret L. Beemer and James H. Carrel, bearing date June 18, 1884, and recorded in the Morris County record of deeds in Book 111 on pages 112, &c.

Dated May 2, 1905. SYDNEY T. SMITH, Assignee. 25-5w Era and Banner

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. ESTATE OF HARRIET MARIA DALRYMPLE, DECEASED.

PURSUANT to the order of the Surrogate of the County of Morris, made on the third day of April A. D. one thousand nine hundred and five, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Harriet Maria Dalrymple, late of the County of Morris, deceased, to present the same, under oath or affirmation, to the subscriber on or before the third day of January next, being nine months from the date of said order; and any creditor neglecting to bring in and exhibit his, her or their claim under oath or affirmation within the time so limited will be forever barred of his, her or their action therefor against the Administrator, &c.

Dated the third day of April, A. D. 1905. ALFRED N. DALRYMPLE, Administrator "with the will annexed." Prudential Building, Newark, N. J.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. ESTATE OF ELIZABETH J. ROWE, DECEASED.

PURSUANT to the order of the Surrogate of the County of Morris, made on the sixth day of May A. D., one thousand nine hundred and five, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Elizabeth J. Rowe, late of the County of Morris, deceased, to present the same, under oath or affirmation, to the subscriber on or before the sixth day of February next, being nine months from the date of said order; and any creditor neglecting to bring in and exhibit his, her or their claim under oath or affirmation within the time so limited will be forever barred of his, her or their action therefor against the Executors, &c.

Dated the 6th day of May A. D. 1905. WILLIAM H. ROWE, FRANCIS ROWE, 151 Elm St., Newark, N. J. Executors.

26-1w

HIGH TIME To get hold of a life preserver. Dr. David Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent dissolves the uric acid, thus purifying the blood and curing Gout, Rheumatism, Periodical Headache, etc.

At all druggists, \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5.00. Mr. J. W. Brandon, of Jewett Center, N. Y., writes: "Thousands of dollars have I paid out to doctors during my life, and I don't complain of my doctors, but I can't say but that Dr. Kennedy's new medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, cured me last spring of heart trouble, and turned the pains in side, back and head. Am better than for thirty years."

Write the Cal-cura Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle and booklet.

KILLGORE & WHITE

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THE PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. has paid a very large sum for losses in conflagrations since the Company was organized, to which we now add our estimated losses, \$325,000 at Baltimore and \$23,000 at Rochester, N. Y., making a grand total of \$2,677,521.86 It has paid for losses since the Company was organized \$51,802,212.15. and has a Surplus to policy-holders of \$3,581,016.53 to meet any great emergency promptly and fully, as it always has in the past. D. R. HUMMER, Agent, Telephone No. 3 DOVER, N. J.

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