

GOVERNOR'S STRUGGLE TO SMASH GRUNDYISM STARTS ON SATURDAY

Brumbaugh Leaders to Be Asked to Abandon Fight on Machine When Bucks County Republican Committee Meets.

The first skirmish in the open between the political forces of Joseph R. Grundy and Governor Brumbaugh, who is making a determined effort to break up the Grundy machine in Bucks County, will come on Saturday when the Bucks County Republican Committee will hold its annual meeting at Doylestown.

For the last three weeks Bucks County has been the political center of the State. During that time the friends of the Governor have completed an organization and have started a campaign that will continue until the next Legislature is elected in 1917.

Other fights to follow. Governor Brumbaugh has selected Bucks County for his first fight against political machines that are opposed to his policies.

John C. Swartley, former Assistant United States District Attorney, is carrying the fight for the Governor against the Grundy machine. Assisting him is T. Sidney Cadwalader, of Yardley.

Veterans Run Machine. The Grundy machine is under the leadership of the men who have been at the head of that machine for years.

Brumbaugh Surprises Foe. The Governor made the first move in the fight and took the Grundy machine by surprise.

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Villa Confiscates Foe's Property. SAN ANTONIO, Tex., June 17.—Confiscation of all property belonging to those who supported the Felix Diaz, Orozco or Reyes revolutions, or the Huerta regime, has been ordered by Villa, according to Chihuahua dispatches.

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WOMAN SHOT DEAD IN HER BED BY MAN WHO KILLS HIMSELF

Intruder Sends Four Bullets Into Wife of Produce Merchant, Then Fires Another Into His Own Brain.

NEW YORK, June 17.—A mysterious double tragedy in the select residential district of Brooklyn claimed the lives of a young married woman and a man early today.

Cornelius declares he was aroused by the noise of the man climbing through the window. As he leaped from his bed to grapple with McAgahan, two bullets were fired at Mrs. Cornelius.

It was unarmaged and thought it best to summon help, declared Cornelius, "who I saw the stairs to the apartment of Robert Jones, an actor, shouting, 'Bob, for God's sake let me in.'"

MRS. FREEDLY'S WILL LEAVES ESTATE TO SON

Charitable Institution to Be Residuary Legatee of Property Valued at \$164,000.

Ida Vinton Freedly, late of 1534 Locust street, who was killed June 11 while motoring near Cross River, N. H., left an estate estimated at \$164,000, of which \$84,000 is in realty.

The accident in which Mrs. Freedly was killed also resulted in the death of her chauffeur, Duncan McKenzie. The motor car was driven by her son, who was killed while rounding a curve near the summer home of Mrs. Freedly.

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IL MEDUSA SILURATO STRANAMENTE DA UN SOTTOMARINO NEMICO

Una Batteria Nemica Distrutta per Opera della Cavalleria — Continua la Battaglia Davanti a Gorizia e Malborghetto.

ROMA, 17 Giugno. Il Ministero della Marina ha annunciato che un sottomarino austriaco ha silurato il sottomarino italiano Medusa.

Una brillante manovra di ricognizione compiuta da una colonna di cavalleria agli ordini del Conte di Torino ha reso possibile all'artiglieria italiana oggi di distruggere una batteria austriaca mascherata che non vista, fulminava gli italiani.

Da disposti giunti al Ministero della Guerra si rievoca che il conte, alla testa di una colonna di cavalleria, riuscì ad aggirare le posizioni di una divisione di fanteria nemica sul fronte dell'Isoneo ed a scoprire la posizione della batteria austriaca.

DISPERAZIONE O SPIRITO? Nella giornata di ieri alcuni poliziotti austriaci vollero sulle linee italiane lasciando cadere dei circolari sui quali si esortavano i soldati italiani a disertare o ad arrendersi.

Infuria la battaglia. La truppa italiana occupa ora tutti i fianchi e tutte le cime di Monte Nero.

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THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOOD A GREAT MYSTERY STORY

Copyright, 1915, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Author of "The Man in Lower Ten"

SYNOPSIS. Hilary Kingston, artist, anarchist and leader of a gang of robbers, is killed in a fight with his daughter, Elinor Kingston, who has been brought up to believe in politics, the law and the police.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued). "It is all very terrible to me," she replied. "This God of vengeance and mercy."

"When I sent you for," she said, "I had two reasons. I wanted to see you pleased."

"I did not hear, I was watching the time," Personal fear Ward had none. He did not even follow Elinor's eyes as they glanced away from the room.

"There are others," Elinor said, with dry lips. "Your father?"

"I am going back to my house," said the assistant rector of Saint Jude's. He got as far as the door on to the terrace, and there he turned.

CHAPTER XI. THE Chief sent for Boroday early the next morning.

"You've turned the trick all right," he said, grimly smiling.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it was clever, or it was necessary."

"But the Russian had himself well in hand. He only smiled."

"It has occurred to me," the Chief went on, "that that little town has been pretty busy lately. There was that matter of the Country Club, you know, and last Thursday night the parish house burned down."

"Under perfect control as he was at critical moments the Russian's hands had a way of twitching. So now he flicked the ash from his cigarette and was politely interested."

"What happened last night?" he inquired.

"I think you know. If you don't, I'll tell you. Yesterday morning a tremendous collection was taken up at the Church of Saint Jude's to build a new parish house in place of the one that burned down. The rector had been away; the assistant rector took charge of the money."

"Of course you see. What I would like to know is why you follow."

"Boroday spread out his hands in his foreign way.

"I fear you give me great credit. I do not deserve it."

"Why you follow," the Chief went on resolutely, "waited to do his job until the rector, who is old and infirm, had gone away and left a husky young assistant in his place? And that isn't all I want to know."

"In any way that I can assist you—" "What that devil do you mean," yelled the Chief, "by shooting a man down and then going away and leaving the money in his pockets? It's—it's—crude—it's wasteful!"

"The Russian's fingers twitched in spite of him. The Chief saw it and smiled under his heavy mustache.

"Do you mean that somebody shot this—er—assistant you speak of? That is rather sad. Was there—much money?"

"Yes!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

"If I seem hard," he said unsteadily. "It is because I am suffering. You are quite safe, of course. I shall not go to the police. Had he cared less he would have been more merciful."

Old Henriette watched his figure as he went down the garden steps and into the road.

"Strange things in this house!" she mumbled, shaking her head.

She shuffled along the terrace and into the house, her thin black sheet drawn about her shoulders.

"My lamb, my pet," she soothed her.

trust in his pockets, and that he would deliver.

Huff was waiting at the foot of the Kingston place, crouched behind a wall.

Ward was very wise, was wrinkled Henriette, and she knew the Kingston blood.

Ward came down the road rapidly. There was a faint moon. One part of his mind had ceased to work.

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"HE TOOK BOTH HER ARMS"

How Does Your Garden Grow?

Are the beetles eating up your roses? Is mildew ruining your vines? Are cutworms chewing off your young plants? Is rust killing your beans?

How Are the Chickens?

Are the young ones fattening for broilers? Are any of them dying? What are you feeding? Are the hens laying well?

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If your lover was accused of murdering your father; your best friend's father was implicated in the crime; the woman you called mother insisted that you wed another man— If all the world seemed against you— You'd be in the same position as the wonderful, human heroine in

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