

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD

AH SWAR DAT NEBER ACIN DO AH CONNAC MASEF WIF DE KICK END OB A MI-EL. NO HOW AN NO WHAR, S'HEP ME AN SO FOTH

QWAY FUM ME. YOU SIREN, DE BERRY SIGHT OB YOUAH FACE QIS ME GOOSE FLESH

OH T DO DO IT WELL DO DE PERSPECTIVE OB MY TAIL RESTORE YOUR LOST APETITE FO A LIL PIN MONEY

SHRIMP BELIEVES IN SIGNS

DAT SIGN DO SUTTINGLY CHANGE YOUAH WHOLE DAWQONE COMPLEXION. IT SUTTINGLY DO DAT.



LAZARRE

By MARY HARTWELL CATERWOOD

Book I deals with the results of the French Revolution, which drove noblemen from that country into England in 1793. A party about to depart for America... The narrative then begins again with the boy, Lazarre, in an Indian camp at St. Regis, along Lake George, N. Y. There he meets Count de Chaumont and his family, and the Count's physician, who later becomes his tutor, Doctor Chantry.

CHAPTER II (Continued). The person who distinguished himself from everybody else by some nameless attraction, was a man perhaps forty years old, who sat in a high-backed settee at a table near the fire. He was erect and thin as a lath, long-faced, square browed and pale. His sandy hair stood up like the bristles of a brush. Carefully dressed, with a sword at his side—as many of the other men had— he was not surprised to hear his friends sitting opposite call him General Jackson.

General Jackson, as he was called, was a man whose eyes were blue and clear, and who had a manner gentle and persuasive, like those of a soldier. He was speaking of Aaron Burr, the man whose duel had made such a noise in the newspapers. "I disagree with you, Mr. Campbell. Burr is prejudiced against Mr. Burr on account of his late unfortunate affair. Even in that case I maintain every man has a right to honor and satisfaction. But he loves the Spanish on our southwest-side border no better than I do—and you know how I love the Spanish!"

"The other man laughed, lounging against the table. 'You can't believe anything ill of Aaron Burr, General.' I might have given attention to what they were saying, since here were men from Washington, the very fountain of government, if Doctor Chantry had not made me uneasy. He chose the talk at which they were sitting and placed himself in the seat nearest the fire, with the utmost nicety about his own comfort. He wiped his horn spectacles, and produced a note which he placed in a pocket from a breast pocket. I had begged the doctor to keep strict account between us, that I might pay back from my pension whatever he spent on me, and with fine grace he agreed, and then proceeded to debit me with the stage fare, when another quill barred his entrance to his ink-bottle.

"General Jackson, absorbed in talk, did not notice Doctor Chantry, who half arose and showed the quill to his ear. 'Sir, that is my ink!' 'General Jackson, absorbed in talk, did not notice Doctor Chantry, who half arose and showed the quill to his ear. 'Sir, that is my ink!' I knocked the interloping quill in the direction of its owner. The general sandy gentleman changed countenance in a way to astonish beholders. 'Have I disputed it, sir?' 'No, sir; but you have dipped into it without asking leave.' 'By God, sir, what is a spy-bit's work of ink?' 'But it's mine, sir.' 'I see, sir, you're a Yankee, sir!' 'I'm not, sir; I'm English—the finest race in the world!' General Jackson looked him up and down, as they rose facing each other, and filled the air with dazing words. 'I should judge so, sir, by the specimen I see before me.'

Doctor Chantry was like a lightning-bolt, and it was plainly his age which kept the other from striking him. He was beginning our journey well, but I felt bound to intercept whatever fell upon him, and stood between them. The struggle at the table rose with General Jackson. 'Gentlemen, I pleaded with the best words I could command in the language, 'do not forget your dignity and dignity the peace of this house for a bottle of ink!' The quarrel was ridiculous, and the Southerner laughed. General Jackson himself again changed countenance, and gave me a look I do not know why, a smile that must have been reflected from the face of a woman he adored. But my poor master showed the bulging, and, taking him by the arm and the collar, I led him away from that table to a dark entry, where I held him without any admonition save a sudden grip. He became like a child, weeping and trembling, and declaring that everybody was in league against him. Argument was wasted on people having such infirmity, and I carried him to a room in the upper part of the house, where he was well cooked, and I put him in a chair by a fire in the ladies' parlor and he was soon very meek and tractable, watching the creature he so admired. 'You must go to bed as soon as you have your supper.' I said to him. 'The supper to Jackson has been a hard one, but I'll see that you have some.' 'My mother, but I don't know how to get to bed. I don't know I wanted it until last night. When we talked into the other night, and you told me the history of all my family, the

CHAPTER III

DIETPE, high and glaring white above the water, will always symbolize to me the gate of France. The nobility of that view remained in my thoughts when half the distance to Paris was traversed. I could shut my eyes and see it as I lay on the straw in a post-house stable. A square hole in the front of the greater gave upon the landscape. Even respectable houses in that part of the country were then built with few or no windows; but delicious masses of grayness they were, roofed with thick and overhanging thatch.

"The stables of France are nothing but covered dunghills," Doctor Chantry rumbled, so when I crept with the Indian to look at the market stalls, he thought the house was hired for the roué master. Even at Inns there were two or three beds in a room where they set us to dine. "An English inn-keeper would throw the furniture into the fire," he cried in a language fortunately not understood.

"I should not have been so sure of that," I said to myself. "Why, I can be of no use! I cannot go back to France at this time, and if I could, what is my influence there? I am a wanderer in foreign parts, a private soldier, and a man with no money, no friends, and no family." "I should not have been so sure of that," I said to myself. "Why, I can be of no use! I cannot go back to France at this time, and if I could, what is my influence there? I am a wanderer in foreign parts, a private soldier, and a man with no money, no friends, and no family."

"I am not certain," Doctor Chantry said. "I wish I were. Now you are general, Lazarre. People take to you. You attract them. But whatever I am, you are obliged to have my company; you cannot get along without me. You have no experience and no money; I have experience—and a few pounds; not enough to retire into the country upon, in England, but enough to buy a little food for the present."

"I thought I could get along better without the experience, and even the money," I said. "I am not certain," Doctor Chantry said. "I wish I were. Now you are general, Lazarre. People take to you. You attract them. But whatever I am, you are obliged to have my company; you cannot get along without me. You have no experience and no money; I have experience—and a few pounds; not enough to retire into the country upon, in England, but enough to buy a little food for the present."

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OBITUARIES

George S. Lennig, Sr. George Grossman Lennig, Sr., who died Sunday in his cottage at Margate, a suburb of Atlantic City, will be buried tomorrow. Mr. Lennig, who was 77 years old, was a dealer in foreign merchandise at 121 Walnut street and lived at 207 Spruce street. He was a member of the Society of the Mayflower Descendants, Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars.

IN MEMORIAM

WESTER—In cherished and loving remembrance of Mrs. OWEN WESTER, August 24, 1915. C. M. L.

Deaths

ALSOVER—On August 22, 1915, ELMER A. ALSOVER, 84 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

BOLTON—On August 22, 1915, MICHAEL J. BOLTON, 57 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

CAMPION—On August 22, 1915, ANNE CAMPION, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

CHRISTIAN—On August 22, 1915, ANNE CHRISTIAN, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

COHEN—On August 22, 1915, REUBEN COHEN, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

COLE—On August 22, 1915, JOHN COLE, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

COOPER—On August 22, 1915, ANNE COOPER, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

DALLEN—On August 22, 1915, ANNE DALLEN, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

DEWEE—On August 22, 1915, ANNE DEWEE, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

HARTIGN—On August 22, 1915, ANNE HARTIGN, 78 years of age, died at the residence of Mrs. M. H. S. St. Louis, Mo. Burial at 11 o'clock A. M. at Holy Cross cemetery. Friends may view the remains Tuesday evening.

THE DAILY STORY

Grandma's Diamond Ring

At the end of a long bench in the sitting room of the Union depot in the city of New York, a young man was waiting for the same train to be called. He was there first, and he glanced at the ladies as they sat down. The first lady he saw was a young girl with a diamond ring on her finger.

By and by the two ladies took notice of a baby in its mother's arms—a baby crying and wailing. The young man took notice that the baby was crying, and he tried to comfort it. He noticed that the young man was looking at the baby, and he felt a little awkward.

"What shall we do with it?" asked the young man. "It's a beautiful baby," said the young woman. "It's a beautiful baby," said the young woman. "It's a beautiful baby," said the young woman. "It's a beautiful baby," said the young woman.

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Funeral of Mrs. E. W. Christman

The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth W. Christman, of 1117 Oxford street, will be held tomorrow at 2 o'clock A. M. from the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. Arthur A. Cairns, chief medical inspector for the city, at Noble, Pa. Mrs. Christman died yesterday at a noble following a late Mrs. George A. Minter, who was an Episcopal clergyman. Interment will be made privately at the Westminster cemetery.

Funeral of A. B. Loeb

The funeral of August B. Loeb, president of the Tradesmen's National Bank in Atlantic City, will be held tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Arthur A. Cairns, chief medical inspector for the city, at Noble, Pa. Mrs. Christman died yesterday at a noble following a late Mrs. George A. Minter, who was an Episcopal clergyman. Interment will be made privately at the Westminster cemetery.