YOUAH WHOLE DAWGONE

DAT SIGN DO SUTTINLY CHANGE

COMPLEXION, IT SLITTINLY









By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

felt ashamed of brining his temperament to account, and told him I was certain

the doorway and watched me. I knew he thought there was to be trouble with

As we passed through the taproom Gen-eral Jackson gave me another pleasant look. He had resumed his conversation

'Yes, he was in the hut, wrapped in

the duke, who had never harmed him, never conspired against him—had done nothing, in fact, except live an in-nocent life away from the seat of

Napoleon's power. The duke was brought to Paris under guard and put in the dungeons of Vincennes. He demanded to see Bonaparte. Bonaparte would not see

see Bonaparte. Bonaparte would not see him. He was tried by night, his grave already dug in the castle ditch. That lovely young fellow—he was scarcely over

nybody but that jealous monster."
"He shall not tie me here." I said.
"You intend to go?"

"I intend to go."
"This Bonaparte," said Louis Phillipe,
has his troubles. His brother Jerome

has married an American in Baltimore A fine explosion that will make when it reaches his ears. Where are you going to land, Lazarre?"

I said that must depend on the

thirty-was taken out to the ditch I stood up with my hands clenched.

"Sit down." said Louis Phillipe. "There is no room in the world at this time for

know men embraced and kissed.

potter's camp."

or an idiot dauphin?"

I said I understood.

no harm would come of it.

uphin, but de Chaumont refuses to bete it.

bward the end of the first winter word

nest that Eagle's aged hunband is dead.

Chaumont, in love with the 18-year-old

dow-mother, decides that the easiest way to

se her is to take her back to France, and

is her she must return to Europe to beg

poleon for her confineated lamis. Lazarre

i Eagle, however, are in love. When the

runs away she follows him and persuades

n to return to the mansion. On the re
n trip they meet a potter and Louis Phil
pe. Luke of Orleans. There Lazarre real
s for the first time that he is the un
wned king of France.

it the opening of Book II, Lazarre and Eagle

urn to the easile. The former determines

go to France, but is discovered by his

or, Doctor Chantry. The old man loves

to boy, for he has been exceptionally stu
us and kind. Doctor Chantry, finding it

possible to dissuade Lazarre, determines to

with him. They have reached Saraloga

d are in the hotel.

BOOK II. CHAPTER II-(Continued).

T the person who distinguished himelf from everybody else by some seless 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 ide-as many of the other men had-he filled my idea of a soldier; and I was not surprised to hear his friends sitting opposite call him General Jackson.

An inkstand, a quill and some paper sere placed before him, but he pushed hem saide with his glass of toddy to lift ne long foreinger and emphasize his alk. He had a resonant, impressive voice, with a manner gentle and per-suasive, like a woman's; and he was speaking of Aaron Burr, the man whose juel had made such a noise in the news-

You are prejudiced against Mr. Burr on account of his late unfortunate affair. Even in that case I maintain every man he loves the Spanish on our southwest-ern 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 table at ich they were sitting and placed himseld in the scat nearest the fire, with the utmost nicety about his own comfort. He wiped his born spectacles, and produced his own ink and quill and memorandum 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 spider-like characters he was proceeding to debit me with the stage fare, when

nk-eyed, at the genial gentleman with noy unright hair. "Sir!" he oried, "that is my ink!

notice Doctor Chantry, who half and shouted directly at his earr, that is my ink! knocked the interloping quill in the

irection of its owner.

"No, sir; but you have dipped into it ithout asking leave."
"By God, sir; what is a fip'ny-bit's orth of ink?"

"I see, sir; you're a Yankee, sir!"
"I'm not, sir; I'm English—the finest
see in the world!"
General Jackson looked him up and

wn, as they rose fronting each other, d filled the air with dazuling words. "I should judge so, sir, by the specimen see before ma!" Doctor Chantry was like a fighting-

ek, and it was plainly his age which pt the other from striking him. H beginning our journey well, but I bound to intercept whatever fell upon, and stood between them. The other men at the table rose with General Jack-

rds I could command in the language, a not forget your dignity and disturb

seace of this house for a bottle of

shrewishness of an elephant. I had not at that time seen an elephant. When I did see one, however, the shifting of its eyes brought back the memory of Doctor Chantry when I had him at bay by the

"What!" said Louis Philippe, "is he "You are not going to get away from me," he responded. "If you are tired of it, so am I. Otherwise, we proceed." following a weman My face burned, and probably went white, for I felt the blood go back on my heart. He took my hand and stroked it. "It you pick quarrels with soldiers and duelists at every step, what are we to

"Don't chain yourself behind that pariot. Wait a little while for your "I picked no quarrel. It is my luck. Every one is against me!" He hung his head in such a dejected manner that I "Don't chain yourself benind that chariot. Wait a little while for your good star to rise. I wish I had money. I wish I could be of use to you in France. I wish I stood nearer to Monsieur, for your sake. Every one must love this bold pure face. It bears some resemblance to Madame Royal. The eister of the dauphin is a good girl, not many years your senior. Much dominated by "I sm not gental." Doctor Chantry owned; "I wish I were. Now you are genial, 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. years your senior. Much dominated by her uncles, but a royal duchess. It is the fashion now to laugh at chivairy. You are the most foolish example of it have no experience and no money. I have experience—and a few pounds; not enough to retire into the country upon, I ever saw! It is like seeing a knight without horse, armor or purse, set out to win an equipment before he pursues his quest! Yet I love you for it, my in England, but enough to buy a little

"It would be well for me if I had more

food for the present."

I thought I could get along better without the experience, and even the few pounds, than with him as an encumbrance, though I could not bring myself to the cruelty of telling him so. For there is in my a father experience, which friends like you."
"Why, I can be of no use! I cannot go back to France at this time, and if I there is in me a fatal softness which no man can have and overbear others in this world. It constrains me to make could, what is my influence there? I must wander around in foreign parts, a private gentleman eking out my living by some kind of industry. What are you going to do with the fretful old fellow you have with you?" the other man's cause my own, though he be at war with my own interests. Therefore, I was at the mercy of Skenedonk also. The Indian appeared in the doorway and watched my I know

I groaned and laughed. "Carry him on my back. There is no getting rid of him. He is following me to France. He is my lesson-master."

the gentleman from Washington, and I went to him to ease his mind.

Skenedonk had nothing to say, however, and made me a sign to follow him. "How will you support him?"
"He is supporting me at present. But I would rather take my chances alone."
"You have another follower," said Louis Philippe. "Your Indian has been in France, and after hearing our talk and his own ink bottle as if he had at the camp he foresaw you might be moved to this folly, and told me he in-tended to guide you there or wherever never been interrupted.

The Indian led me upstairs to one of the chambers, and opened the door.

In the room was Louis Philippe, and when we were shut alone together, he embraced me and kissed me as I did not know men embraced and kissed. you go! "And Skenedonk, 1001"

I shook with laughter. It was so like determine on the next step.
"What shall I do with them?"
"The old master can be your secretary,

"Do you know Skenedonk?" I ex-"If you mean the Indian who brought

"A secretary and a servant, for an out-cast without a penny to his pouch!" "You see the powers that order us are beginning well with you. Starting with a secretary and a servant, you may end with a full household and a court! I "Yes, he was in the hut, wrapped in his blanket, and after you drove the door in he heard all that was said. Lazarre"—Louis Philippe took my face in his hands—"mak ea clean breast of it." We sat down, and I told him without being questioned what I was going to do. He gravely considered. ought to add my poor item of tribute, and this I can do. There is a shipmaster taking cargo this month in New York Bay who is a devoted royalist, a Breton He gravely considered.

"I saw you enter the house, and had a suspicion of your undertaking. It is sailor. For a letter from me he will carry you and your suite to the other side of the world; but you will have to land in his port." a suspicion of your undertaking. It is
the worst venture you, could possibly
make at this time. We will begin with
my family. Any belief in you into which
I may have been betrayed is no guaranty
of Monsieur's belief. You understand,
said Louis Phillipe, "that Monsieur stands
next to the throne if there is no dauphin,
or an idlot dauphin?"

'And what will the charges be?" "And what will the charges be?"
"Nothing, except gratitude, if I put the
case as strongly to him as I intend to
do. God knows I may be casting a foul
let for you. His ship is staunch, rigged
like the Italian salt ships. But it is
dirty work crossing the sea; and there is
always danger of falling into the hands
of cirates. Are you determined?"

I said I understood.

"Monsieur is not a bad man. But Bellenger. who took charge of the dauphin, has in some manner and for some reason, provided himself with a substitute, and he utterly denies you. Further: supposing that you are the heir of France, restored to your family and procialmed—of what use is it to present yourself before the French people now? They are besotted with this Napoleon. The Empire seems to them a far greater thing than any legitimate monarchy. Of what use, do I say? It would be a positive danger for you to appear in France at this time. Napoleon has proscribed every Bourbon. Any prince caught alive in France will be put to death. Do you know what he did last year to the Duke d'Enghein? He sent into Germany for the duke, who had never harmed him. of pirates. Are you determined?"
I looked him in the eyes and said I was, thanking him for all his goodness to one who had so little expectation of requiting him. The sweet heartiness of an older man so far beyond myself in prince-ly attainments and world knowledge, who could stoop to such a raw savage, took me by storm.

I asked him if he had any idea who the

I asked him if he had any idea who the idiot was that we had seen in Bellenger's camp. He shook his head, replying that idiots were pientiful, and the people who had them were sometimes glad to get

"The dauphin clue has been very cleverly managed by—Bellenger, let us say," Louis Philippe remarked. "If you had not appeared, I should not now believe there is a dauphin."

I wanted to tell him all the thoughts towing in my mind; but silence is sometimes better than open speech. Facing adventure, I remembered that I had never known the want of food for any length of time during my conscious life. And I had a suspicion the soft life at De Chau-

or time during my conscious life. And I had a suspicion the soft life at De Chaumont's had unstrung me for what was cofore me. But it lasted scarce a year, and I was built for hardship.

He turned to his table to write the shipmaster's letter. Behold, there lay a book I knew so well that I exclaimed—"Where did you get my missal?"

"Your missal, Lazarre? This is mine." I turned the leaves and looked at the back. It was a continuation of the prayers of the church. There were blank leaves for the inscribing of prayers, and one was written out in a good bold hand.

"His Majeaty Louis XVI composed and wrote that prayer himself." said Louis Philippe. "The comfort-loving priests had a fashion of dividing the missai into three or four parts, that a volume might not be so heavy to carry about in their pockets. This is the second volume. It was picked up in the Tulieries after that palace was sacked."

I told him mine must be the preceding volume, because I did not be preceding to the control of the proceeding to the second of the preceding wolume, because I did not be the preceding volume, because I did not be to preceded."

after that palace was sacked."

I told him mine must be the preceding volume, because I did not know there was any continuation. The prayers of the church had not been my study.

"Where did you get yours, Lazarre?"

"Madame de Ferrier gave it to me. When I saw it I remembered, as if my head were spiit open to show the picture, that my mother had read from that very book to me. I cannot explain it, but so it was."

"I am not surprised she believes, against Hellenger's evidence, that you are Louis of France."

"I will bring my book and show it to you."

you land?"

I said I would think that out later.

Then the spirit being upon me, I burst bounds and told him impetuously that I was going to learn what the world held for me. Without means, without friends, or power or prospects, or certainty of any good results impudent reckless—utterly rash—"I am going," I cried, "because I must go!"

"There is something about you which inspires love, my boy," said Louis Philippe; and I heard him with astonishment. "Perhams it comes from the mother; abe was a witcher of all mankind."

appetite. I sat by Louis Philippe, whose quality was known only to myself, with Doctor Chantry on the other side fretting for the attendance to which Jean had used him.

crack of the cupboard bed with his heart in his mouth.

The pause was a very short one, for horses are soon changed. Madame de Ferrier threw a searching eye over the

My master was so tired that I put him early to bed; and then sat talking nearly all night with the gracious gentleman to whom I felt bound by gratitude and by

CHAPTER III

D IEPPE, 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 grenier 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

"The stables of France are nothing but covered dunghills," Doctor Chantry grum-bled; so when I crept with the Indian to lodgings over the cattle, one of the beds in the house was hired for the gouty master. Even at inns there were two or three beds in a room where they set us

"An English inn-keeper would throw their furniture into the fire!" he cried in a language fortunately not understood. "But we have two good rooms on the ground floor, and another for Skenedonk," I sometimes remonstrated with him, "at three shillings and six-pence a day, in your money.

"You would not see any man, let his rank be what it may," Doctor Chantry reterted, "dining in his bedroom in Eng-land. And look at these walls!—papered with two or three links of paper, the bare spots hung with tapestry moth-eaten and filled with spiders! And what have we for table?—a board laid on cross-bars! And the caken chairs are rush-bottomed, and so straight the backs are a persecution! The door hipses creak in these times. tion! The door hinges creak in these inns. the wind blows through-"

So his complaints went on, for there never was a man who got so much out of small miseries. Skenedonk and I must have failed to see all in our travels that he put before us. For we were full of en-joyment and wonder; at the country people, wooden shod, the women's caps and Skenedonk to draw his conclusions and determine on the next step.
"What shall I do with them?"

Skenedonk to draw his conclusions and long cloaks; at the quiet fair roads which multiplied themselves until we often paused enchanted in a fairy world of "The old master can be your secretary, and as for the Indian, you can take him tains in the squares were often older than arrived.

Skenedonk heard without shifting for they were views of life we could no take ourselves. Few people are made so delicately that they lose color and rail at the sight of raw tripe brought in by a proud hostess to show her resources for dinner; or at a chicken coming upon the table with its head tucked beneath its wing.

"We are fed with poulet, poulet, noth-ing but poulet," said Doctor Chantry, "until the poulets themselves are ashamed to look us in the face!"

We fared well, indeed, and the wine was good, and my master said he must sustain himself on it though it proved his death. He could not march as Skene-donk and I regularly marched. We hired a cart to lift him and our knapsacks from village to village, with a driver who knew the road to Paris. When the distances were long we sometimes mounted beside him. I noticed that the soil of this country had not the chalk look of other lands which I afterwards as w the east and north; but Napoleon was al-ready making good the ancient thorough-

When my master was on shipboard he When my master was on shipboard he enjoyed the sea even less than the free air of these broad stretches; for while he could cast an eye about and approve of something under the sky-perhaps a church steeple, or the color of a thatch which filled me with joy-he could not approve of anything aboard a ship. Indeed, it was pity to have no delight in cleaving the water, and in the far-off spouting of whales, to say nothing of a living world that rides in undulations. For my part, I loved even the creaking For my part, I loved even the creaking of a ship, and the uncertainty of evercoming to port, and the anxiety lest a black flag should show above every sail we passed. The slow progress of manfrom point to point in his experience, while it sometimes enrages, on the whole interests me; and the menotony of a voyage has a sweetness like the monotony of daily bread. notony of daily bread.

notony of daily bread.

I looked out of the grenier window upon the high road, and upon the June sun in the act of setting; for we had supped and gone early to rest after a hard day. Post horses were stamping underneath, all ready for some noble count who intended to make another stage of his journey before nightfall.

Small obtrusive cares, such as the desire that my shoes should last well into Paris, mingled with joy in the smell of the carth at sunset, and the looking forward to seeing Madame de Ferrier again. I wrapped myself every night in the conviction that I should see her, and more freely than I had ever seen her in America.

America.

There was a noise of horses galloping, and the expected noble count arrived; being no other than De Chaument with his post coaches. He stepped out of the first, and Ernestine stepped out of the accond, carrying Paul. She took him to his mother. The door flew open, and the woman I adored received her child and walked back and forth with him. Annabel leaned out while the horses were changed. I saw Miss Chantry, and my heart misgave me, remembering her brother's prolonged lament at separation from her.

Ferrier threw a searching eye over the landscape. It was a mercy she did not see the hole in the grenier, through which I devoured her, daring for the first time to call her secretly—Eagle—the name that De Chaumont used with common freedom! Now how strange is this—that one woman should be to a man the sum of things! And what was her charm I could not tell, for I began to understand there were many beautiful women in the world, of all favors, and shapely, perhaps, as the one of my love. Only her I haps, as the one of my love. Only her I found drawing the soul out of my body; and none of the others did more than please the eye like pictures.

The carriages were gone with the sun, and it was no wonder all fell gray over the world.

De Chaumont had sailed behind us and he would be in Paris long before us.

I had first felt some uneasiness and dread of being arrested on our journey, though our Breton captain—who was a man of gold that I would travel far to see this day, if I could, even beneath the Atlantic, where he and his ship now float obtained for us at Dieppe, on his own pledge, a kind of substitute for passports. We were a marked party by reason of the doctor's lameness and Skenedonk's appearance. The Oneida, during his former sojourn in France, had been encouraged to preserve the novelty of his Indian dress. As I had nothing to give him in its place, it did not become me to find fault. And he would have been more conspicuous with a cocked hat on his bare red scalp and knee breeches instead of buckskins. Peasants ran out to look at him and in return we looked at them

with a good will. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

THE DAILY STORY

Grandma's Diamond Ring At one end of a long bench in the sitting room of the Union depot in the city sat Mrs. Gordon Almes and her sister, Miss Allie Bennett, waiting for a train to take them to the former's country home.

At the other end of the bench sat Robert Childers, a young man who was waiting for the same train to be called. He was there first, and he glanced at the ladies as they sat down. They glanced at him as they took seats.

Nobody was injured in the slightest by this glancing. Had the prim old maid sat on the seat opposite with stiff back and compressed lips predicted that something would happen from all this, no one would have given her credit for being prophet.

of a baby in its mother's arms-a baby crowing and laughing. The young man took notice that they took notice. Then the ladies took notice that he took a small pasteboard box from his pocket.

He was not about to take a mercury
pill and throw up his hands and have
a call sent in for the ambulance.

He was not a drummer who, under the instructions of a doctor, must take a pill of some sort from that box every f minutes for the next 24 hours, or f himself a mental and physical wreck. The ladies saw him smile as he looked

at the contents of the box. They heard him chuckle as he restored it to his pocket. But did he restore it? He did pocket. But did he restore it? He did not. As he rose to go out and ask the president of the road what in Texas alied his old train, the announcer's voice was heard, and 50 people rose at once. It was then that the box came rolling down along the seat to Miss Allie. "Why, it's his box!" she exclaimed as she picked it up.

"Bring it along," replied the sister. The idea was that they might see the young man at the train and hand him the box, but, of course, they didn't see him. They looked around for him in the car in which they took their seats, but he was not among the passengers.
"What shall we do with it?" asked

"That's according to the contents," was the reply. "Open the box." "Maybe they are troches for hoarse-ness. He looked hoarse." "And maybe it's something else," the elder sister.

They both gasped. On a bed of pink

cotton reposed a five-stone diamond ring.
"My stars!" from the elder.
"Je-ru-sha!" from the younger.
"Well," said Mrs. Aimes, as she held up the lewel, "we are in for trouble.

"We must go to the bother of adver-tising and of watching the papers to see if he does. We can't keep the ring, of

"That young man will make a very careless husband."

"That young man will make a very careless husband."
"Why?"

"Because he ought to have made sure that he returned the box to his pocket, and because he ought to have heard it fall. This is doubtless an engagement ring, and what will his flances say when he appears without it!"
"But folks are losing things all the time," still defending.
"Not engagement rings, sister. If I were the girl and he told me how careless he had been, I—"

"See here, sister," broke in Miss Allie. "I never had a romance in my life, and I am almost 20 years old."
"Didn't a widower 67 years old offer you his hand and heart a year ago?"
"And didn't I tell him to go to Ballyhack? Give me the ring and I'll go to all the trouble there may be."
"And you'll think of the poor girl waiting and weeping for it?"
"Yes."
"And if you meet the young man; you won't try to out her out?"
"Yes."
"And allie advertised the ring. Neither the young man nor any one else came forward to claim it. The nearest to it.

the young man nor any one else came forward to claim it. The nearest to it was an oldish man with a stiff knee. "You advertise that you found a dia-mond ring," he began.

"No. sir."

"It wasn't a package with a safety razor in it?" "No, sir."

"A safety razor to shave safely with?" "No, sir."

"Just a diamond ring?" "Just that, sir."
"Well, I don't know what in Sam Hill
I am going to do without that razor. My
wife says I can shave with the butcher knife, but what does a woman know about shaving? I think, young lady, you ought to have made that advertisement

"Didn't it say a diamond ring?" was 'Yes, It did, but it didn't say not s safety razor, and I came down here with high hopes, and am out 45 cents railroad

"It's too bad." "So the world goes. Let a man get a stiff knee and everybody throws him down. I never shall see that safety razor

again in this hard world." When a week had passed and there had been no call for the ring Miss Allie began to hope that she might meet the loses face to face. She was sure he had taken her train that day, and lived somewhere along the line, and she found excuses for going to the city quite often and return-ing by the same train she had on that nomentous day.

There were other young men who looked as if they might have lost nickels and pocket knives and suspender buttons, but he of the diamond ring had vanished off, the face of the earth. When returning, after her third or fourth trip, Miss Allie Well, he can just go to pot, whoever

is! A young man who doesn't read 'Lost and Found' advertisements in the daily papers is a slow coach, any-And five minutes later: "No, I don't pity the girl a single bit. She hadn't

ought to be engaged to such a man. He must have told her that he lost the ring; but why didn't she tell him to hustle around and find it or she would never marry him?"
And once more: "But maybe when he told her she flew mad and gave him the bounce then and there, and he has lost

all interest in girls and engagement rings. No matter how it is, I'm not going worry any more about the old ring. And two weeks later she had almost forgotten that she was carrying it around in her purse, when she and her sister started out one morning in the runabout. Miss Allie acted as driver. She knew all about it, and that was the reason she ran over a hog in the road. Of course, the hog rose up, and of course the ve-hicle tipped over on its side.

Aimes received a broken arm, while Miss Allie escaped with a bruise or two, but such was the fact. And while they were lamenting and weeping who of all the ninety-three million people of the United States should come along in his auto but the loser of the diamond ring!

"I am sorry to see you in trouble," he said, and he got busy at once.

If Gilbert Denison had been slothful about the ring he made up for it now that there was an accident to straighten out. The first thing was to bind up the hurt of the sufferer; the next to inspect the capsized runabout.
"It may not have suffered any damage

at all," said the young man, "but we will leave it alone. You will both come to the village with me, and we will have that broken arm set. Then I will take you home and see that the runabout gets there all right."

But if we could get word to Mr. Aimes -" began Miss Allie.
"We mustn't lose a minute seeing

doctor," interrupted Mr. Denison.
And he fairly burned up the dust of
the road reaching the village. A doctor
was fortunately found at once, and after
a bit the bones were set and the splints in place. Miss Allie meant to tell about the ring

on the way home, but her sister required all her attention. It was not until the latter was in bed and the runabout had been brought home that she found op-portunity to say to Mr. Denison: "I hope your losing the ring didn't break the en Ring? Engagement?" he queried.

"Yes. The five-stone diamond ring you lost in the depot in the city a few weeks ago. Sister and I found it and advertised the fact, but you never answered." Mr. Denison leaned against a post on the veranda and laughed until he thought

the girl might take offense, and then he sobered up and said: "I bought that diamond ring at Coney Island for 15 cents! I took it home to grandma, and, just for a joke, I told her the atones were genuine. She knocked one of them were genuine. She knocked one of them out, and I had a new piece of glass set out, and I had a new piece of glass set in and was carrying it home. I never could think just where I lost it. Poor old grandma is mourning yet."

The engagement ring bought for Miss Allie aix months later was the genuine thing, and so was the one she presented grandma on the morning of the ceremony.

Coppright by the McClure Newspaper Syndi-

Funeral of Mrs. E. W. Christman The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Christman, of 1337 Oxford street, will Christman, of 1337 Oxford street, will be held tomorrow at 2 o'clock from the summer residence of her son-in-law, Dr. Andrew A. Cairns, chief medical inspector for the city, at Noble, Pa. Mrs. Christman died yesterday at Noble following a long illness. She was a daughter of the late Rev. George A. Mintzer, who was widely known througtout Pennsylvania as an Episcopal clergyman. Interment will be made privately at the Westminster Cemetery.

Funeral of A. B. Loeb Funeral of A. B. Loeb
The funeral of August B. Loeb, president of the Tradeamen's National Bank who died yesterday at his summer home in Atlantic City, will be held tomorrow morning. Services will be conducted at 3 o'clock at its Frankfort avenue, Ventnor, and at 11:50 o'clock in the Henry E. Frank Momorial Synagogue at the Jewish Hospital. Mr. Loeb was treasurer of the Jewish Hospital for many years He will be buried in Mount Simil Cametery.

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 merchandiss at 123 Walnut street and lived at Est 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

WISTER.—In cherished and loving remer brance of Mrs. OWEN WISTER. August 24, 1913. C. M. b. C. M. C.

Deaths

ALSOVER.—On August 22, 1915, ELMER B.
ALSOVER. Relatives and friends, also Maridian Sun Lodge, No. 158, F. and A. M.;
Oriental R. A. Chapter, No. 181; Radian Commandery, No. 29, K. T.; Lu Lu Temple, A. O. N. of M. S.; University Chapter, No. 12, O. E. Star; Pitman Masonic distinctive of the Castle, No. 13, K. G. E., are invited to intend the funeral services, on Wednesday evening, at S o'clock precisely, at his late readence, 39 S. 51st at. Interment Cedar Green Cemetery, Clayton, N. J., Thursday afternoon, at S o'clock. Automobile service.

noon, at a clock. Automobile service.

J., husband of Annie Bolton, aged 31 years.
Relatives and friends, also members of the
Holy Name Society, are invited to attend to
funeral, on Wednesday morning, at 5:20
o'clock, from the residence of Mr. Themse
Corley, 2311 South Croskey at. High Requiem Mass at St. Edmund's Church, at 10
o'clock, Interment at Holy Cross Cemeter,
Friends may view the remains Tuesday
evening.

CAMPBELL.—On August 21, 1915, ANNIB KELLY, widow of Patrick J. Campes. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Thursday, at 8:30 s. m. from her late residence, 1132 Green at. Solema Requiem Mass at the Church of the As-sumption, at 10 s. m. Interment Hely Crea Competery.

CAMPION.—On Saturday, August 21, 1914, FRANCIS V., son of Mary and the iste Richard Campion, in his 20th year, Rejutives and friends are invited to alread he funeral on Wednesday morning, at 8-30 o'clock, from his mother's residence, 22 East Wood at., Norrietown, Pa. Bequiem Mass at St. Patrick's Church at '9 o'clock. Interment at Westminster Cemetery.

CHRISTMAN.—Of 1787 Oxford st., Phila delphia, on August 21, 1915. ELIZABETH W., widow of John W. Christman and daughter of the late Rev. George A. and Dorothea Mintser. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday, at 2 p. m. precisely, at the summer rendence of her son-in-law, Andrew A. Cairns, Noble, Fa. Interment private, at Westminster Cemetery, Trains leave Reading Terminal for Noble at 12:35 and 1:02 p. m.

CLAYPOOLE,—On August 21, 1915, EJIZA-BETH O., widow of Joseph W. Claypes, Relatives and friends are invited to attest the funeral services, on Wednesday, at 2.50 p. m., at her late residence, 4814 Darrab A. (formerly Cedar at.), Frankford, Internet private. Hemains may be viewed on Tuesday evening. COHEN.—On August 23, 1915, REUBEN, husband of Sarah Cohen. Relatives and friends, also Rappaport Lodge, No. 25, L. O. F. S. of I, Joshua Lodge, No. 23, L. O. F. B.

are invited to attend funeral, on Thursd at 20'clock, from the pariors of Emaa Asher & Son, 1602 Diamond st. Interm private, at Adath Jeshurun Cemets Kindly emit flowers.

CONAHAN.—On August 21, 1915, T. FRAN-CIS CONAHAN, husband of Annis P. Conahan (nee Brennan), Relatives and friends, also all societies of which he was a member, are invited to attend funeral Web-nesday morning, at 830 o'clock, from his late residence, Burmont road and Garrett road, Garrettford, Delaware County, Pa-Solemn Mans of Requiem at St. Charies Church, Kellyville, at 10 o'clock, Internessa at St. Charles' Cemetery, Picase omi-flowers.

flowers.

CONCANNON.—Suddenly, on August 21.1914
THOMAS J., beloved husband of Cathering
G. Concannon (hee Gorman), and son of the
latte George and Isabella Concannon. Relatives and friends, also Holy Name Bocket,
are invited to attend the funeral on Wennesday morning at 8.20 o'clock, from his
late residence, 121 East Gorgus lane, MounAiry. Solemn Requiem Mass at Church of
the Holy Cross. Mount Airy ave., at 19 a. m.
Interment at New Cathedral Cemetery.

COPE.—On First-day, Eighth Month 254,
1915. SIHILLA S., widow of Joseph E. Copin the 60th year of her age. Relatives and
friends are invited to attend the funerawithout further notice, from the residence of
Samuel I. Brinten, in West Gosben township.
on Fourth-day, 20th inst. Meet at the house
2 p. m. Interment at Oakland Friends Juring Grounds. Carriages will meet train a
West Chester, arriving at 12.00 p. m. astroileys at 12.18, 12.45 and 1.15 p. m.

COYLE.—On August 21, 1915. JOHN, belowed
husband of New Cores. Relatives 100. trolleys at 12:18, 12:45 and 1:15 p.m.

COYLE.—On August 21, 19:18, JOHN, beloved husband of Rose Coyle. Relatives ask friends, also employes of J. B. Lapticot Commany, are invited to attend the funerion Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock from his late residence, 22:13 Sharswood 8. High Mass at H. Elizabeth Church at U. a. m. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetry.

DALLAS.—On August 22, 19:18, at his late residence, Brooklyn. N. Y. JOHN T. Dake LAS. Relatives and friends are invited by the find the funeral services, on Wednesday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock precisely, 2; the residence of his som-in-isa, Capitain William C. May, 821 S. 48th st., Philadelphia. Interment private, automobile service.

DAUGHERTY.—On August 22, 19:18, ELALES DAUGHERTY.—On August 22, 19:18, ELALES.

DAUGHERTY.—On August 22, 1915, Rid-DAUGHERTY, daughter of the late John Ellen Benner. Relatives and friends of family are invited to attend the funeral. Thursday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from inte residence, 2429 N. Park ava. Solt Bequiem Mass at Our Lady of Mercy Chu-at 10 o'clock, Interment at Holy C Cemetery.