

On Washington's Errand and His Own

By ETHEL HOLMES

One visiting the town of Dobbs Ferry, on the east bank of the Hudson and some twenty miles from New York, will find himself in a place that has been called by its present name for so long that no one, except perhaps some of the present residents, knows the date. Doubtless Mr. Dobbs ran a ferry there to some point across the Hudson. He has passed away long ago, but his name remains.

There is another name connected with Dobbs Ferry of far more importance—that is, George Washington. One mounting the declivity leading up from the railway station and following the road leading southward will pass a frame house before which runs a wall to which is attached a tablet stating that it was the headquarters of General Washington during the Revolutionary war.

One day a country lad named Enoch Weatherby, who was a member of the Revolutionary army and had not seen his best girl in New York city for some time, got leave to go there for the purpose of meeting her. Being a patriotic youth, he went to General Washington and, telling him what he was about to do, asked the general if he could be of any service to him in bringing information of the British army, which was at that time in possession of the city.

The general told Enoch that he very much desired to know how many troops were there, how many cannon and whether any preparations were being made for a movement. Enoch promised to gain what information he could.

That night the youngster put a load of farm produce in his boat on the river and the next morning started with the outgoing tide for New York. On reaching Spuyten Duyvil creek he turned into it and when he arrived at Kingsbridge, leaving his boat under the bridge, proceeded on foot to the city, some nine or ten miles away. There was a British soldier at the bridge, but Enoch, being loaded with produce, was suffered to pass, and whenever he was stopped on the way a few eggs or a pound of butter was sufficient to pass him.

New York was then all at the southern end of the island, and Enoch's girl, Becky Bleecker, lived at the lower end of Greenwich street, near where it joins the Battery. He found Becky, and she was delighted to see him, for there was little communication between the American troops in the region beyond Spuyten Duyvil creek and the city. Enoch while in New York was continually going about, counting the guns he saw and estimating the number of the soldiers.

One day he made bold to sketch a redoubt in the region that is now Central park and was observed doing so by a sentry. The soldier called the corporal of the guard and by him sent a message to the commanding officer that a man had been seen sketching the works. By this time Enoch had left, and a couple of men were sent to bring him back. Enoch soon discovered that he was being pursued, and, though the men most of the time kept him in sight, he succeeded in reaching Becky Bleecker's home without being arrested.

Becky put him into the great hall clock, he handing her the memoranda he had accumulated, giving her a kiss at the same time, and she had no sooner taken them than there was a loud rap at the door. She opened it, and two redcoats entered, inquiring for the young fellow who had just come in. Becky declared that they must be mistaken, but the soldiers, having seen him close the door behind him, searched the house. Not thinking to look in the clock, they did not find him. But one man stationed himself at the front of the house, the other at the rear, and Enoch was pinned in.

After they had gone outside Becky returned to Enoch, and he bemoaned the fact that he would not be permitted to take his notes to General Washington. Becky was in terror lest the information he proposed to take away should be captured on him and cause his conviction as a spy. Something must be done before any one came from General Howe and while there were only green soldiers on guard.

Becky resolved to walk out with Enoch's notes and drawings in face of the sentinel at the front door. She did so, and the man essayed to stop her, but she gave him a scornful look and proceeded. She had scarcely got out of sight before a member of the staff came with a sergeant and eight men and gave orders that no one should be permitted to leave the house. Enoch had heard the door shut after Becky and thought it best to come out of hiding. But since there was nothing found to indicate that he was a spy, after being held for some time he was suffered to go his way.

Meanwhile Becky, presuming that her lover would not be permitted to go back to General Washington, made her way to Kingsbridge, where she found Enoch's boat and pulled herself up to Dobbs Ferry. Mounting the hill to the house where Washington was quartered, she told him the story of Enoch's and her adventures and handed him the memoranda Enoch had collected.

"When Enoch Weatherby returns, if he does," said the general, "come together to see me."

Enoch returned sooner than was expected, and when the lovers called on the general he directed his chaplain to marry them and bestowed upon them a handsome wedding present.

RISPARMIATE DA MONETA

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Il termine fissato spira il 1 Aprile prossimo venturo.

Buchheit Bros. - INDIANA, PENN'A.

Jurors Called for March Court

24 Grand Jurors for the first Monday of March:

Irwin E. E. Montgomery
Clawson R. V., Saltsburg Boro.
Anthony J. J., Armstrong
Calhoun A. P., Armstrong
Bruce Geo. J. Brushvalley.
McKee James, Blairsville Bor.
Glessner C. B., East Wheatfield.
Travis Charles, West Mahoning
Davis Clark, Washington
Gardner L. D., Glen Campbell
Bennett M. C., Indiana
Waugamen W. J., Saltsburg
Stuchell L. A., Marion Center
Taylor Chas., Homer City
Stuchell Roy, Washington
Park Homer, Washington
Hugus William, East Mahoning
Hawes B. W., Cherrytree
Brilhart H. H., Indiana.
Kissinger H. S., Homer City
Cooper Naum, Clymer
Campbell William, East Wheatfield
Garman Leroy, Banks
Lingenfelter W. M., Rayne.
O'Brien Daniel, Pine.

Drawn for the Second Monday of March, 1916:

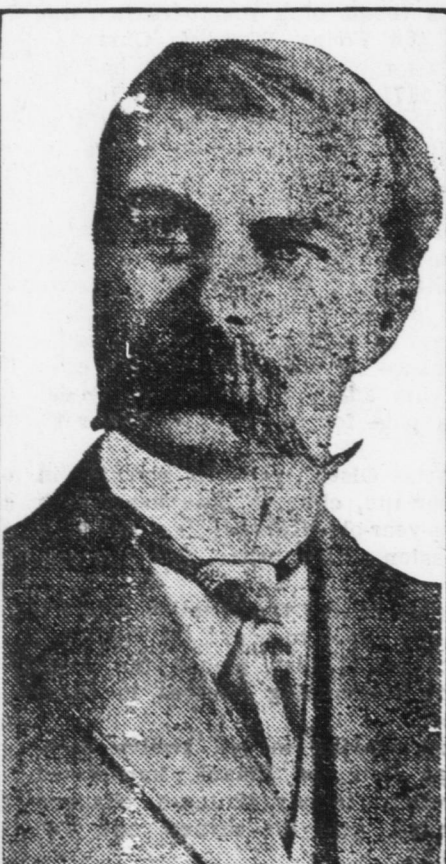
Stadtmiller, John R., Indiana.
Kennedy, S. C., Young.
Allen, C. F., West Mahoning.
Auld, T. H., Rayne
Ames, M. S., Saltsburg.
Graham, G. G., West Mahoning.
Hollis, Milt., Blairsville.
Aikens, John, West Mahoning.
Detwiler, West., Pine.
Lichtenfelter, W. C., West Wheatfield.
Doneka, Edward, West Wheatfield.
Hosick, William, West Mahoning.
Campbell, J. M., West Wheatfield.
Kinter, W. E., Rayne.
Mack, Jacob W., West Wheatfield.
Rowe, G. L., White.
Walteroth, Joseph, Indiana.
Hammond, John, Center.
Daugherty, S. D., West Mahoning.
Churchill, John, Montgomery
Friend, Frank, Indiana.
Blakely H. H., Young
Patterson, H. E. W., Saltsburg.
Cable, Jacob, West Wheatfield.
Canoe, C. E., Pine.
Johnston, L., Cherryhill.
Martin, George, Indiana.
Miller W. P., Indiana
Parks, John C., Marion Center.
Findley, Clarence, West Wheatfield.
Longwill, John A., Indiana.
Gerhard, Jacob F., Burrell.
Clark, F. G., Saltsburg.
Fink, J. L., Homer City.
Hadden, Elmer E., Cherrytree.
Little, H. F., Indiana.
Streams, J. L., East Mahoning.
Cumfort, S. B., Blairsville.
McDonald, Allan, Canoe
O'Neal, Blaine E., Clymer.

Clawson, William, Blairsville.
Laughlin, Chill R., East Mahoning.
Dellafuro, Joe, Blairsville.
Knox, G. I., Banks.
Lewis, S. Clark, Indiana.
Wiley, S. P., Canoe.
Campbell, William H., Burrell.
Hoover, P. E., North Mahoning.
Ackerson, L. E., Clymer.
Wissinger, Blaine, Cherrytree.
Davidson, W. S., Marion Center.
Seeger, Harvey, Banks.
Verner, Alex, Blairsville.
Davis, D. C., Mechanicsburg.
Robison, Charles, West Wheatfield.
Iiltz, R. E., Plumville
Dick, T. L., West Wheatfield.
Stuchell, Anthony, Washington.
Adamson, S. B., Washington.
Jones, W. M., Conemaugh.

Petit Jurors for the Fourth Monday of March:

Wells H. M., Canoe.
Fulton J. E., South Mahoning.
Menser J. A., East Mahoning.
Hurd Murry, Canoe
Madill S. L., Center.
Hicks J. W., North Mahoning
Broughler G. S., Canoe.
Foster Henry, Brushvalley
Dorr Enos, Indiana
Reed W. R., Blairsville
Houk J. Howard, Indiana
Mills, John C., Homer City.
Graham Allen, Buffington
Powell Levi, North Mahoning
Crawford Mack, Green.
Buckley Thomas, Armstrong
Leech Robert J., Conemaugh
Frederick W. T., North Mahoning
Jamison M. F., Indiana
Pettermann James L., Indiana.
Marshall C. G., South Mahoning
Ake Everet, Glen Campbell
Dinger E. E., West Mahoning
Johnston M. H., White
David H. F., Blairsville.
Flickenger Albert, Homer City
Meehan James, Pine
Pettermann H. T., Blairsville
Blakely, J. F., North Mahoning.
Kalbach J. C., Blairsville
McAdoo W. M., Young
Reppler, R. F., Buffington
Will L. H. E., Homer City
Bash Samuel, Grant
Stormer Wm P., Indiana
Wissinger C. P., Washington
Sprinkle Willis, North Mahoning
Balentine H. M., Indiana
Mulberger J. S., Washington
Smith J. Q., Washington
McMannis Silas, Marion Center
Lowman S. F., White
Clawson Harry, Green.
Bennett F. W., Montgomery
Brown D. M. White
Fierce Geo C., Banks
Edward David, Rayne

MONTANA SENATOR WHO THREATENS EMBARGO



THOMAS J. WALSH.

The River Tigris.
The river Tigris appears in the book of Genesis as Hiddekel, one of the four "heads" into which the river of Eden was parted. The name by which we know it does not exactly "mean" tiger, for the correct way of putting it is that both "tiger" and "Tigris" mean in Persian swift as an arrow. "Euphrates" is a Greek version of the Persian Hurat, which signifies "the good abounding" and represents the old Asiatic Burat or Purat, akin to our verb "pour."

Long Lived Tennysons.
The Tennyson family was noted for its longevity. Miss Matilda Tennyson died in her ninety-ninth year; Charles was seventy-one at the time of his death; Mary, seventy-four; Emilia, seventy-eight; Alfred, poet laureate, eighty-three; Frederick, ninety-one; Arthur, eighty-five; Horatio, eighty, and Cedelia, ninety-two.

Books as Carriers of Disease.
The report of the commissioner of education undertakes to reassure persons who are fearful of the spread of disease through books by recording the results of recent investigation at Yale university. During the cleaning of the library a chemical analysis of the dust was made. About half of this was found to be mineral matter, while the other half was organic, including paper fiber, wood fiber and molds. No mouth bacteria were found, and in general the analysis showed the harmfulness of the dust.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Feet.

He's down and out, is Poet Weggis.
His clothes he has to patch;
They say he is on his last legs
Because his feet don't match.

The Wise Fool.

"Nothing is impossible to the determined spirit," observed the sage.
"Maybe not," replied the fool. "But I would like to see a man take a dime out of his right hand trousers pocket with his left hand when he is wearing the trousers."

Clothes.

A woman's mighty queer, by jing!
For, be she thin or stout,
She'll wear herself out worrying
About what she'll wear out.

Huh!

"Oh, well," smiled the optimist, "some of these days we'll all be in clover."
"What fun will that be?" growled the pessimist. "You are liable to catch hay fever."

You Know Him.

He is a worthless cuss, I'll bet,
I speak of Ignatz Dills;
He's fast at running into debt,
But slow at paying bills.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is an optimist?
Paw—An optimist is a man who will point out the silver lining in the cloud and cheer you up so that you will lend him your umbrella before it begins to rain, my son.

Correct.

"It may seem queer," remarked old Ben,
"You may think this is truck,
But you'll find out that lucky men
Do not depend on luck."

Why the Editor Left Town.

Tickets on sale March 31 and April 1, 1915. Limited to return to reach original starting point before midnight April 6, 1915. For full particulars apply to nearest ticket agent. M. J. Coughlin, agent.

a gimlet headed clerk who earns about \$2 a week and his washing.—From an Exchange.

Is That Sol!

Dear Luke:
Your baker may a wonder be,
And what you say is so,
But when he has the money, why
Is it he kneads the dough? Z.

Names Is Names.

Miss Fern Sprinkle teaches the Web-foot school at Trenton, Ia.

Giddap!

"My brother-in-law speaks broken English," remarked the grouch.
"That so?" asked the old fogey. "Is he a foreigner?"
"Naw," replied the grouch. "He stutters."

Things to Worry About.

The water of the Antarctic ocean is colder than that of the Arctic ocean.

Welcome!

Dear Luke—Will you add C. A. Coon and Hazel Nutt of Urbana, O., to your roll of fame?—C. A.

Our Daily Special.
A poor liar makes a poor diplomat.

Luke McLuke Says:

Any old mutt can steal kisses from a girl. But it takes nerve to steal candy from a baby.

If a man would devote as much energy to hard work as he does to cussing his luck he wouldn't have anything to cuss about.

It doesn't do a married man any good to know it all. He never gets a chance to tell it.

The photograph that a girl's own mother wouldn't be able to recognize is always the one that a girl thinks looks most like her.

Some people seem to imagine that a man who confesses that he likes the efforts of Honus Wagner better than those of Wagner, the composer, is a low brow.

Father's idea of disciplining the children is to bawl mother out every time one of the kids does anything wrong.

One reason why the woman who kisses and nurses her Fido wouldn't like to have a baby around the house is because Fido might catch something from the baby.

When a man remembers that there are nearly 2,000,000,000 people in the world he wonders why trouble happens to pick him out and make him the goat.

Any fat head can make hay while the sun is shining. But the fellow who can make hay when there isn't any sun always gets the kale.

We are all inclined to be very careful when it is too late.

A jolly will get more out of a woman than will a threat or a club.

If some of the June brides had to do it all over again they would select April 1 as a more appropriate wedding date than June 1.

Another difference between genius and talent is that talent gets a hair cut once a month.

A man goes to school and to college and thinks he has completed his education. Then he gets married and finds that he has only begun his education.

The man who is killing time is also assassinating his opportunities.

If a man has four or five needy heirs it is a cinch that he is going to live to be at least a hundred years old.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR

Twenty-four persons were killed and twenty-seven injured in a Zeppelin raid over Paris. Ten of the wounded were placed in hospitals owing to the severity of their hurts.

The Zeppelins made a second visit and dropped several bombs, but details are not yet available.

Thirty French aeroplanes searched the remote air regions above Paris for the Zeppelin raiders of whose appearance warning had been given. By the time it had reached the edge of one of the old quarters of the city several of the airmen were able to make out its pale yellow shape 14,000 feet from the earth.

The Germans delivered an attack upon French positions south of the Somme, opposite Domperre. The German infantry was twice repulsed and thrown back into their trenches by rifle firing and a curtain of fire from the French artillery.

The following official statement was issued in Paris:

"The allies are replying jointly to the proposal of the United States inviting merchantmen to discontinue carrying guns."

Mails destined for the Dutch colony of Java were taken by British authorities off the steamer Reimbrandt, which sailed from Amsterdam on Jan. 26 for Java, according to the Overseas News agency of Berlin.

Situations unchanged, both in Mesopotamia and on the Caucasus front are reported by the Turkish war office.

The most notable incidents reported are the recapture from the Russians of a strongly defended position by the Turkish forces engaged in the Caucasus campaign, and the taking of 1,000 camels from the British in the Mesopotamian operations.

The Turkish battle cruiser Sultan Selim, formerly the German cruiser Goeben, despite seven serious actions and several minor engagements in which she has been a factor, is still a fighting unit, apparently as efficient as at the outbreak of the war.

The Russians are surrounding Erzerum, from which city the Turkish officials have fled, according to reports reaching Athens. A strong Russian column is advancing to the Tigris valley, the advices add.

THE FIRST VIOLIN

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Fraulein Bertha Hauck left Germany just before the breaking out of the pan-European war to come to America. She was to be followed by a lover, Gustav Schultz, a young musician. They were both of the more refined class of Germans, but not noble. Their finances were cramped, and it was impossible for them to marry and live among the people with whom they had been used to associate. In America they could earn a living as they would not like to earn it where they were known.

Bertha had enough money saved to enable her to cross the ocean, and it was decided that she should come over in advance of her lover, who was serving his time of military service, which would not expire for several months. Bertha was to look into the new country and, if possible, make an engagement for him with an orchestra. In this way they might be self supporting at once on Gustav's arrival.

Bertha arrived in New York. Found friends who had come over years before and as soon as she had settled herself went out to look for an engagement for Gustav. She met the leader of an orchestra, who promised her that as soon as her lover arrived he would give him a trial. All was arranged, and the girl was expecting her lover to sail for New York when news came that Germany had declared war upon Russia, and the rush of German troops into Belgium commenced.

From that day forward the fraulein heard nothing of her lover. She knew that, since war had been declared, he would not be permitted to come away even if he had chosen to come. Then came news of the fighting in Belgium, followed by more than a year of warfare. Bertha heard nothing from Gustav nor from any of her relatives. She had no great expectation of hearing from her lover, but thought she should hear from her mother and sisters.

That she did not was probably because the censorship had caused the destruction of letters that might have been mailed to her.

At last, after waiting a year, a letter came stating that Gustav had been reported among the missing several months before, and since nothing later had been heard from him he was undoubtedly dead.

Bertha mourned for him as lost. True, if he were dead his identification badge should have been found. But if a man is buried under tons of earth caused by explosion or blown into numerous fragments what good is an identification badge? Nevertheless the poor girl had a ray of hope that Gustav lived and that they would one day be reunited.

Bertha was very handy with her brush and had the faculty of designing cards and other things needed at social functions. In this way she made quite a snug sum of money and, being frugal, had held on to nearly all of it. She met a countryman of hers, an artist much older than herself, who paid her a great deal of attention and ended by proposing marriage. But Bertha's heart was with her lover, be he alive or dead, and she would not listen to any other man.

Bertha's friends endeavored to cheer her by trying to induce her to go about with them to amusements. She yielded so far as music and pictures were concerned, but would not go anywhere else. Finally by holding up to her the fact that many scenes of moving picture plays were beautiful they excited some interest in them. When they told her that pictures of scenes in the great European war were given she was only too ready to see them.

She had been a number of times to see pictures embodying military service when one night the marching to the French rear of a number of German prisoners was given. What was her astonishment to see, pale and haggard, a bandage on his forehead, walking on a crutch while he held up one foot, Gustav Schultz. She at once became hysterical and was taken out of the building.

When she became sufficiently calm to tell what had moved her, inquiries were made in her behalf as to the time the picture which included her lover had been taken. An approximate date was given and was found to be nearly coincident with that at which Gustav was reported missing.

Thinking it possible that her lover was alive and in a French hospital, Bertha determined to go and seek him. She crossed the ocean to England and from there went to Paris. At Paris she learned at what camp the prisoners taken in the fight after which Gustav was reported missing were interned, and there she went. Upon examining the rolls she found her lover's name as an inmate of a hospital.

One morning while Sergeant Schultz was lying on his cot reading a newspaper, an autumn sun shining at a near window, he heard a cry, and, looking up, there was Bertha staggering toward him with open arms. In another moment she had clasped him and he was in an embrace.

Schultz was expecting that if he was ever returned to Germany he would be discharged from the service, for his foot had been so shattered that he would never be able to walk upon it again except with difficulty. He had exchanged a good foot for the iron cross, which he considered a fair exchange. Bertha's story excited a good deal of interest and sympathy among the French officers, who finally obtained permission for Gustav to embark for America.

He is now in New York, first violinist in an orchestra.

John F. Steving
S. C. Streams

Steving & Streams

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