

Trindle Spring Church Music Committee

Purchased a Fine

Bush & Gerts Piano

To-Day From William F. Troup, of

Troup Bros. Music House

212 North Second Street

The Conspirators

Their Clever Bit of Strategy.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

"Of course I can understand my wife's position in the case," the judge said. "She wants her only daughter to marry a man with money, and you haven't any. So this is my plan: I'll settle a good round sum on you, and you can say it came from a rich relative. Then my wife will be satisfied. You can marry Roxane and live happily ever after."

"Oh—Oliver's face was bright with hope—"you are very good, sir!" "But you mustn't tell Roxane where you got the money," the judge pursued. "She couldn't keep it from her mother."

"But I ought not to deceive my future wife." The judge banged a heavy fist on his desk. "Don't be foolish," he said sternly. "It's the only way."

"But—Then before Oliver could proceed with his objection a clear voice spoke. "Milly I come in?" "Roxane!" exclaimed the two men. She stood hesitating on the threshold, a slender little thing, with her fair hair puffed out under a plumed hat.

"Mother is waiting in the motor," she said breathlessly. "We are on our way to the charity bazaar, and I want some money." The judge kissed her. "Now it's Oliver's turn," he teased.

"Oh, father," she reproached him, with a sob. "You know Oliver and I have had to break our engagement because she mother won't bear it!" And she hid her face on the judge's shoulder.

The judge glanced at Oliver. "Tell her," he commanded, and the boy began a halting tale. "As he proceeded Roxane interrupted. "You mean that some one has left you a fortune?"

Oliver nodded. With her face shining, the girl went swiftly to her lover. "Oh, Oliver, Oliver," she said, "how happy I am!" For a moment he hesitated; then he gathered her into his arms. "It's worth everything to know that you are mine, Roxane," he said busily.

"The rustle of silk skirts in the hall brought him out of his rhapsody. "It's your mother," warned the judge, and when the rather stout lady in mauve entered she found two solemn young people on each side of the judge's desk.

"I thought Roxane was never coming down," she panted. "I found Oliver here," Roxane explained, "and, oh mother, a rich relative has left him a fortune."

"A fortune—Oliver?" scoffed the stout lady. "Why, he hasn't a rich relative in the world." "The fact remains, my dear," the judge asserted blandly, "that he has had a fortune left him by a distant cousin."

"What cousin?" was the demand. "You needn't tell me, James." "Tut, tut," the judge cautioned. "Don't accuse the boy of lying." "I'm not accusing anybody," Mrs. Vandiver stated. "I merely asked you what cousin, James."

"I'm not sure of the name, Abbie," he stammered. "Perhaps Oliver can satisfy you." But Oliver weakened. "I think Mrs. Vandiver is right," he said unsteadily. "Until I can offer satisfactory proof of my good fortune it will be well for me to give up Roxane. There may be some mistake."

"Of course," said Mrs. Vandiver, with aggravating sureness. "Come on, Roxane." And she dragged her unwilling captive from the room. Left alone, the conspirators stared at each other.

"Now you've done it," said the judge disconsolately. "Why couldn't you bluff it out?" "Not with Roxane's trusting eyes on me," said Roxane's lover.

"Well, if you knew Roxane's mother as well as I do," the judge growled, "you would know that it's the only hope." After a depressing silence Oliver ventured, "Perhaps if you approached her differently you might get better results."

The judge smiled. "How do you mean?" Oliver blushed. "Oh, well, I've sometimes thought, sir, that if you appealed to your wife's sense of romance—" "Abbie's sense of romance?" the judge ejaculated.

"You must have some memories that would make her feel tenderly toward you—toward us?" "It has been so long," the judge murmured and found himself suddenly curious as to when he had ceased to think of Abbie as the princess in a fairy tale.

"You see, I'm afraid we're beyond romance," he murmured. "She wouldn't understand." "It seems to me," said the wise young Daniel, "that a woman is never to old to resist an appeal to her heart."

The judge pondered. "I asked her to marry me on Oct. 15 twenty-two years ago." "There!" Oliver exclaimed, "and today is the 14th, and tomorrow is an anniversary. Oh, you've got to take advantage of that, Andre."

"I took her to ride in my buggy," the judge rambled on sheepishly. "There was a big round moon—" He stopped suddenly. "But of course we've grown sensible since then," he said wistfully.

"Well, you just ask her to go tomorrow," Oliver recommended, and then the judge gave in. The next evening he presented himself at the dinner table armed with a long paper box. "For you, my dear," he said to his wife, as she came in with Roxane, heavy eyed and pensive. The box, being opened, showed rosy carnations.

"The nearest thing I could get to pinks," the judge explained. "Why pinks?" his wife demanded. "Abbie," he reproached, "have you forgotten that twenty-two years ago you wore pinks?" Mrs. Vandiver's expansive features expressed a blank surprise. "What happened twenty-two years ago?"

"I know," Roxane interrupted. "There's the picture on father's desk—you have on a blue dress and a bunch of pinks—you said you looked that way when he asked you to marry him." The blush that stole up toward Mrs. Vandiver's gray curls gave her a curious look of youth. "Why, James," she faltered, "did you really remember?"

"Yes," said the judge, feeling that had he never forgotten life would have held deeper meanings. Mrs. Vandiver came around and kissed her husband. "Thank you, dear," she said, with a gentleness that made Roxane stare.

After that it was not hard to propose a ride by moonlight, and Mrs. Vandiver, consenting, came down in a blue gown that became her elderly plumpness almost as well as that other blue gown had set off her girlish figure.

The judge's electric runabout replaced the buggy of long ago, and as they went quickly through the city and out into the county roads that astute gentleman refrained from any mention of Oliver and Roxane. All his talk was of things of the past.

"How happy we were, Abbie," he said at last, and his wife responded wistfully. "Very happy, James." A golden moon hung above the dark line of the hills. The air was sweet with the spiciness of the pines. The judge was thrilled with bygone emotions, and his arm was comfortably about his wife's waist.

Then in the rapture of the restoration to her place of romance of the Abbie of long ago he forgot Oliver—forgot Roxane. He was brought back with a shock when Mrs. Vandiver said as they turned toward home: "I've been thinking of Roxane. If she really loves Oliver I don't know but I ought—"

"Of course you ought," said the judge promptly. "Give them your blessing, and let them be as happy as we are." "I am afraid that Oliver has been fooled by some of those firms who hunt up lost heirs," the lady pursued. "Of course Oliver was sincere, but I don't think much of the fortune story."

"No," mendaciously, "it didn't seem probable." "You can settle something on them after they are married," said Mrs. Vandiver. "We haven't any one to leave it to but Roxane—and—and it would be nice to have them engaged on the same day that we were, Jimmie." Jimmie! The magic of the youthful appellation made the judge feel like a colt.

"Let's get them married and you and I will go off and have another honeymoon," he proposed jubilantly. "We will have the time of our lives." The ripple that came from his wife's lips was a silver echo of the golden laughter of other days.

"We will," she said, and lifted her face to him in the moonlight, "and now let's go right home and tell the children, Jimmie." The bump of the buffalo is not a mass of fat, as some people suppose, but is formed by neural spines in length fully double those of domestic cattle and by the huge muscles which lie alongside and fill up the angle between these neural spines and the ribs.

Fine Combination. "She spoke in a flattering way of you the other day." "Did she? That was nice. What did she say?" "She said if she had your assurance with her brains she'd run for president."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Test Question. Newed—I tell you, old chap, I'm another man since I was married. Singleton—So? Does your wife love you as much as the man she married?—Exchange.

Evidence. He—Didn't it ever occur to you that I was in love with you? She—Certainly. Haven't you ever noticed me laughing to myself?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Both Heard. Clinton—Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night? Clubleigh—No; nor without my hearing her either.—Boston Transcript.

Different Now. In the sixteenth century it was customary in Germany to get up at 5 o'clock, dine at 10, sup at 5 and go to bed at 8.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Our National Favorite, Pumpkin Pie

A plain pudding may pass muster, but a plain pie, never. The crust must be rich and flaky, tender and slightly airy. With first-class shortening, a good oven and a little experience, satisfactory results are quickly secured. May the product never grow less.

Pumpkin pie is, without doubt, the most popular of the long list of pies; not only do poets sing its praises but scientists rise in its defence when other nations ridicule this American favorite. To make pumpkin pie, steam, instead of boiling, the pumpkin, and when it is cool put it through the vegetable press or sieve, then it will never be lumpy.

For every pie allow one cup of the pumpkin, one cup milk, one egg or the yolks of two, one teaspoon of ginger, one-half teaspoon of allspice, one teaspoon of cinnamon and a little salt. Sweeten the mixture to taste. Cook this in a double boiler until it is a smooth rich paste. Have the pastry shells ready, fill them and bake until the filling is a rich glossy brown and firm to the touch.

This pie may be finished with a meringue of whites of eggs as is lemon custard pie but this added touch seems unnecessary, so good and attractive is pumpkin pie of itself. The recipe for everyday pastry is extremely simple: For each pie measure a cup and a half of flour, a teaspoon of salt, one-fourth cup of lard and one-fourth cup of butter. Rub the lard into the flour and salt and when the flour is grainy and well mixed with the shortening add as little very cold water as will make the mass moist. If too much

water is used the pastry will be tough. The exact amount of water needed cannot be given as some flour requires more and some less. Roll the paste out and spread on the butter, sift flour over this and fold pastry over itself. Roll out again and continue this until all the butter is used. At last roll the crust very thin, lift it into the pie tin and press the edges down around the rim and trim neatly. For pumpkin, custard and all pies baked in open shell the crust may be baked before the filling is put in as this prevents the pastry becoming moist if the pie is not used at once.

Pumpkin Fanchonettes are for the little folks who enjoy a small pie. They are baked in patty shell pans as tarts are.

DAILY MENU
Breakfast
Oranges
Scotch Oats
Vienna Rolls, Jam
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Broiled Bacon
Coffee
Luncheon
Clear Broth
Toasted Biscuit, Sweet Butter
Creamed Potatoes, Salmon Roll
Fruit
Tea
Dinner
Fruit Compote
Braised Beef, Browned Potatoes
Spinach, Butter Sauce
Buttered Parsnips
Lettuce Salad
Cheese
Pumpkin Pie
Coffee
Sweet Wafers

THE LEADING COMEDIAN WITH AL. G. FIELDS MINSTREL SHOW



Bert Swor

Madame, How Is Your Coal Range?

Does it catch up quickly in the morning? Or must you wait for an hour or more, after the drafts are turned on, before you can get breakfast on the stove?

This is not as it should be. If the fire burns too slowly you are without doubt using coal that is too hard. The softer the coal the quicker it catches up and the more heat you will get.

If you are using all hard coal try hard and soft mixed in equal amounts and if that doesn't work satisfactorily we can make the mixture one-third hard and two-thirds soft. Or we can send you Anthracite coal that is all soft.

We are prepared to mix coal in any proportions. Let us send you a sample.

United Ice & Coal Co.

Forster and Cowden Third and Boas
Fifteenth and Chestnut Hummel and Mulberry
Also STEELTON, PA.

ARTISTIC PRINTING AT STAR-INDEPENDENT

FRENCH ADMIT GERMANS' SUPREMACY IN FIGHTING ON THE FRONT OF VREGNY

Paris, Jan. 15.—The French official statement on the progress of the war given out yesterday shows the fighting Wednesday north of Soissons was most determined. The French could make no material progress on the left of their Soissons line; they held their positions on the center and were compelled to yield on their right. The French troops are described also as taking up positions on the south bank of the river Aisne. Spirited artillery exchanges continued Wednesday at other points on the battle front. The text of the communication follows: "In Belgium the firing of our artillery was interfered with by the fog, nevertheless the cannonading yesterday was very spirited in the vicinity of Neupont and around Ypres. Certain detachments of Belgian troops blew up at a point to the southeast of Stuyveskerke the buildings on a farm which were serving the enemy as a depot for his ammunition.

"Between the Lys and the Oise, in the region of Lens, our artillery were successful in dispersing a group of German pioneers on the outskirts of the hamlet of Angres, and it bombarded effectively the German trenches to the southeast of the chapel of Notre Dame De Norte.

"To the north of Soissons there was determined fighting all day. The engagement was localized to a section of ground situated to the north of Crouy. We hold only the first slopes of these hills. On our left in this field our counter attack made slight progress, but without succeeding in recording a material advance. On the center we retained our positions around the village of Crouy in spite of the repeated efforts of the enemy to dislodge us, but on the east, in front of Vregny, we were obliged to yield.

"The continued flood stage of the river Aisne has carried away several of the regular bridges as well as some of the temporary foot bridges which we took yesterday. The lines of communication for our troops were consequently made uncertain. Under these conditions we established ourselves on the south bank of the river, in the region between Crouy and Missy which bridge heads the north bank in our possession.

"Along the remainder of the front on the river Aisne there was yesterday nothing more than artillery exchanges. In Champagne, the region of Perthes continued to be the scene of local engagements for the possession of German trenches. The Germans believed they were attacked manned their trenches. We then opened violent artillery and infantry fire on their positions. There is nothing to report on the rest of the front."

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PREACHER PLEADS FOR POVERTY

Asks That His Salary Shall Not Be Made Too High
La Grange, Ga., Jan. 15.—Dr. C. E. Patillo, pastor of the First Methodist church, of West Point, has made the following statement to the people of his church:

"The church will during the following week consider the fixing of my salary for the next conference year. No one is more conversant with the distressful condition of the good people of this section than I am; scarcely a home in this city that will not be more or less affected by the financial depression. I do not want a salary that is not in keeping with the conditions now prevailing.

"I should have no respect for myself to accept a salary which would have to be paid out of the sacrifices and needs of my people. If there is to be suffering next year, let me bear my part of it, and no one will do it with greater courage and cheerfulness."

\$40,000 TO CHARITIES

Will of Mrs. H. L. Merrick Remembers Institutions
Philadelphia, Jan. 15.—Provisions for bequests of \$40,000 to three hospitals and a mission are made in the will of Mrs. Helen Louise Merrick, which was admitted yesterday. Mrs. Merrick died at her home in Germantown, on January 5, leaving an estate valued at \$50,000.

The institutions which will receive the bequests of \$10,000 are the Germantown dispensary and hospital, St. Timothy's hospital, the Cosmopolitan Hospital of Guidecca, in Venice, and the Seaman's Institute of Gibraltar Mission, of Venice. The residue of the estate is to be divided among relatives.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.

CITY JOB FOR WOMAN

Miss Beatrice Winsor Appointed to the Board of Education
Newark, N. J., Jan. 15.—Miss Beatrice Winsor, an employee in the Public Library, was appointed a member of the Board of Education by Mayor Raymond. She will be the first woman to hold a municipal office in this city, as her nomination does not have to be confirmed by the Board of Aldermen.

Other nominations of women by Mayor Raymond have been held up by that body. Miss Winsor will qualify at once.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.
Trains Leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5.05, 7.50 a. m., 7.40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and Intermediate stations, at 5.03, 7.50, 11.52 a. m., 7.40, 9.32, 7.40, 11.00 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 3.27, 8.30 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5.03, 7.50 and 11.52 a. m., 2.18, 3.40, 5.32, 6.37 p. m.
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
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