

SENATE HAS FIRST REAL TILT

HARRISBURG, April 24. The usually mild and quiet senate had a "brain storm" this morning and its quietude was disturbed quite considerably. It was all over the effort made by Mr. Grimm to have the committee on elections discharged from further consideration of the bill to establish civil service in cities of the second class.

DEFEATED ON PARTY VOTE.

The Grimm resolution was defeated by a party vote with the exception of the independent, General Willis J. Hulings, who protested against the killing of bills in committee and announced that a chairman of one of the committees was on record as having sworn a mighty oath that a certain bill should never get out of his committee. The Kline resolution was also defeated after Senator Wilbert and Senator Kline had a lively debate on committee action.

WERE FURTHER COMPLICATED.

Things were further complicated when Senator Hulings moved that committees shall hereafter be discharged from consideration of bills after they have had them a reasonable time. Mr. Rogers, of Allegheny, protested against the Hulings motion as a matter of no account, and Mr. Hulings was directed to put his motion in the form of a resolution. At this juncture Senator McNichol, of Philadelphia, suggested that Senator Hulings suspend his remarks until the newspaper men could be sent for.

HULINGS TURNED ON McNICHOL.

Hulings turned on McNichol and told him that he might be funny, but not at his expense, and furthermore the gentleman from Venango announced that he would take no orders from the gentleman from Philadelphia, even if he did have strawberries for breakfast in winter. The incident was the first of the kind during the session, and indicates that the long session is beginning to wear on the nerves of the senators, and that there will be more scraps coming.

Senator Grimm opened the ball in the senate this morning by offering a resolution to discharge the committee on elections from the further consideration of the bill to abolish the party square on the ballot, which was killed in committee last night.

The chair ruled that, under the rule, this was a resolution that "would give rise to debate" and must be referred to committee.

RESOLUTION BEFORE SENATE.

This decision, however, President pro tem. Woods subsequently reversed and declared the resolution before the senate for adoption or rejection.

Mr. Grimm made an eloquent plea for the abolition of the party square on the ballot. He said it betrayed the voter.

At this point the chair ruled that while the resolution of Senator Grimm could be acted on at once, yet the subject matter could not be debated. Things were getting very much mixed when Mr. Herbst raised the point that it was only fair that this party square matter should be threshed out on the floor.

SAID IT WAS A WASTE OF TIME.

Mr. Phillips, chairman of the elections committee, held that as action on the bill had been indefinitely postponed it was a waste of time to discuss it now.

Senator Dewalt charged cowardice on the part of the committee and said the majority was afraid to meet the issue of the party square. He insisted that the committee should deal fair and either report the bill out or negative it.

SENATE TO TAKE NOTICE.

Mr. Hulings held that no committee has the power to suspend legislation and said that when a chairman of a committee can raise his arm in session and swear, "By God that bill shall never get out of this committee!" it is time for the senate to take notice.

The resolution was defeated by the following vote:

- Yeas—Blewitt, Cochran, Dewalt, Dimeling, Grim, Hall, Herbst, Hulings, Kline, Miller, (Northampton), Rowland.

- Nays—Brown, Campbell, Catlin, Crawford, Crow, Cunningham, Edmiston, Fisher, Fox, Gerberich, Godcharles, James, Keyser, Manbeck, McNeese, McNichol, Miller, (Bedford), Murphy, Phillips, Quail, Roberts, Rodgers, Scott, Sisson, Sprong, Stewart, Stinemann, Templeton, Thomson, Tustin, Walton, Wilbert, Williams, Woods.

MANY SUFFERERS from nasal catarrh say they get splendid results by using an atomizer. For their benefit we prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Except that it is liquid it is in all respects like the healing, helpful, pain-relieving Cream Balm that the public has been familiar with for years. No cocaine nor other dangerous drug in it. The soothing spray relieves at once and cure is certain. All druggists, 7c., including spraying tube or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Frank Johnson, John David and John Roy, colored boys of Chester, ranging in age from 10 to 15 years, were arrested on Thursday for burglary in two commission houses early that morning. They made confession to numerous burglaries and robberies and have been committed to the house of detention for trial at the juvenile court.

Rev. X. H. Brosius has resigned the pastorate of Grace Lutheran church, Sanbury, and expects to sail on June 15 for Liberia, Africa, to engage in mission work.

Section Sixteen

By CARRIE NEWMAN

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Clifton glanced down the car at the last section. Somehow it irritated him. Last night the chap who had that section had beaten him at penicill. He might find diversion and revenge if the sleepyhead would only tumble out and recognize the fact that it was broad daylight.

The night before the car had been well filled. All through the night they had dropped off at the way stations, and Clifton thought viciously of the man in his section who had stepped on his face in climbing down from the upper berth about 3 o'clock. So far this morning he had the sleeper to himself, save for the occupant of section 16.

He finished the breakfast that had been served from the buffet and strolled down the car. Reaching through the curtains he gave the shoulder a shake. "Wake up, old man," he shouted. "Your alarm clock's broken, I guess."

There was a muffled feminine shriek, and the porter came dashing around the corner from his tiny kitchen. "Awful you wake dat lady?" he demanded. "You all ain't got no right to wake a lady dataway."

"There was a man went to bed in there," exclaimed Clifton. "How was I to know that he wasn't there yet?"

"Dat geman 'yo done play cards wif las night?" demanded the porter. "He done get off at Falls Crossin' 'bout lethen. Dis hyer lady done come on 'bout 'bout two hours ago. She shuah am sleepy."

"Tell her I'm sorry," commanded Clifton, backing away. "I was lonesome, and I thought I'd rot was on me. I'm awfully sorry."

He went back to his own section, and the porter, mollified by the bill slipped into his hand, made full explanation to the unseen occupant.

Clifton settled himself savagely in his seat and fixed his eyes on the berth. He wondered what the woman might look like. Her voice suggested that she was young. More than that

"Come home, you sally. Bess Winslow was the girl in section 16. She saw your name on the suitcase. That's why she was so late. Nell."

"Any answer?" asked the boy,idgetting first on one foot and then on the other.

"I hope the answer will be 'yes,'" said Clifton absently. "I mean," he went on quickly, "yes, there's an answer." And he stretched out his hand for the blank.

Corot and the Prince de Joinville. "I thank you, Corot," said the prince, holding out his hand, "for having allowed me to renew my youth in seeing your works. And, look, I see there an old acquaintance, your picture of Dante in hades. It was in the Salon of 1843, was it not?"

"That is true, my prince," said Corot. "How in the name of goodness can you remember the date—your who have seen so many things since that time?"

"I hope the answer will be 'yes,'" said Clifton absently. "I mean," he went on quickly, "yes, there's an answer." And he stretched out his hand for the blank.

There followed days when Rosamond was utterly fatigued and disheartened. Many a time she hovered on the verge of giving up her course and going back to her butterfly existence, but the same vital energy that made her father a power in Wall street was latent in her, too, and she stuck it out courageously though often she wished to crawl away before her eyes, her back ached, and her fingers almost refused to "click" at the type of her machine.

To a girl accustomed to waking at 10 in the morning it was no small wrench to put back the hands of the clock to 7 a. m. as a rising hour and instead of luncheon in a well appointed dining room to scurry to a restaurant for a hurried midday meal.

"My, isn't it fine to think that our course is nearly finished?" sighed Matty Brown, a trim girl in black, busily engaged in putting on her hat before a small mirror which hung in the cloakroom. "I suppose we'll be hunting for a next. Wonder if we'll soon get any?"

"I hope so," said Rosamond soberly. The hundreds and hundreds of toilers whom she passed in the streets each night after the 5 o'clock whistles blew had given her a very different view of life from that which she had cherished in her "blossom" hours.

From the first Rosamond had been a girl of a different stamp. Her father, who was kind and courteous—never too hurried to be polite, never more exacting than the occasion required. His sincerity and straightforwardness spoke not only in his frank and genial manner, but in every direct glance of his steady gray eyes, every motion of his well poised head.

"Troll!" said Miss Maythorn a few moments later, looking at his daughter across the dinner table that sparkled with silver and cut glass.

"Not a bit," she answered cheerfully. "And you still like your employer?"

"He seems," said Rosamond demurely, "to be a very just and reasonable sort of person."

"The people who know him say the things of him," returned her father. "I should judge that he was composed of brain and muscle rather than of sawdust."

One evening after office hours, as Rosamond was walking homeward, Graham Ellis joined her. She had a discovery that she had become accustomed to it, but on this particular night his sudden presence startled her, and to gain time she turned into a shabby side street. A girl was just disappearing into one of the dingy doorways. It was Matty Brown. Instantly Rosamond saw a way of escape.

He was nearly noon when at last a commotion behind the hanging curtains suggested that the unknown was getting up, and at last there was a flash of red wrapper, a glint of golden hair and just a suggestion of white as she vanished around the corner to the dressing room.

The porter came in and made up the berth and presently she returned to her section. Now she wore a trim gray dress. There were dimples in her cheeks, and Clifton rose and strolled forward.

"I want to apologize in person for my awkward blunder," he said as he leaned over the arm of her seat. "It was a silly mistake, but somehow the chap in this section last night gave me the impression that he was going through, and I was so horribly lonesome that I wanted him to play cards with me."

"A sleeper is a place of surprises," she laughed, "but I guess that you were more badly scared than I was, so we'll call it square. I know how lonesome it is traveling."

"May I venture to hope that you will share my solitude?" he pleaded. "You want some breakfast, and I want some lunch. May I call the porter?"

The girl nodded, and Clifton pressed the button. Presently they were chatting across the white tablecloth as merrily as though they had been old friends.

Then when the things had been cleared away he got out his cards, and they were soon deep in euchre. She chatted away on impersonal topics, and Clifton was charmed. In contrast with the loneliness of the morning in the deserted car with only the dreary landscape to watch, the girl seemed doubly attractive, and he was surprised when the porter came around to light the lights. A number of persons had boarded the car through the afternoon, but he had scarcely noticed them.

He was sorry now that he had arranged to stop over on some business. He was sorry that he was not going straight through, for she had told him that she was to be on the train until well into the next day.

He swore softly to himself when the porter came to brush him down.

"Be in your station in ten minutes," he said briskly as he picked up the suitcase beside Clifton's seat and took it to the forward door. Clifton followed him more leisurely and stopped at the girl's seat.

"I am grateful to you for a most delightful afternoon," he said earnestly. "I am sorry that our visit is so short, but somehow I feel certain that I shall see you again."

"I'm sure of it," said the girl with laughing eyes. "But next time I hope that the introduction will not be so abrupt."

"I'll follow the adage and let sleep-

Cupid and Croesus.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKoon.

"But the trouble with being rich is that you never know whether any one is in love with you or not," murmured Rosamond Maythorn, stretching out a daintily slipped foot to the fender, where a bright fire gleamed.

Her father's eyes twinkled. "I think I have heard that phrase before, my dear," he said kindly, "and, while I acknowledge that your fortune is a good deal of a lure, I must confess that if I were a young man just the sight of your eyes and the sound of your voice would be enough for me."

Rosamond shook her head. "You see, father, you were an exceptional young man," she said, but the look in her eyes was troubled, and a faint pucker showed between her brows. Her father leaned forward and patted the slim young hand that lay on the carved arm of the chair. His motherless daughter was very dear to him.

"What's gone wrong, Rosamond?" he queried. "Is the new world grown a failure, or didn't you enjoy your dance last night, or is the world generally stuffed with sawdust?"

"Isn't the world that's stuffed with sawdust; it's the men!" cried Rosamond.

Her father laughed outright, and Rosamond frowned at him with delicate severity.

"Ah, you may laugh," she said, "but I'm in earnest just the same. I'm sick of all men I see at balls and operas. I don't want a puppet in evening dress to talk to. I want a man—a man who works and thinks and feels—and in this silly social whirl I've not been able to find one. Besides, there's not one of them that's not a fortune hunter, from Toby Lapman to George Astorrig. The fact is, I'm beginning to tire of my social days and a pleasure seeking existence."

"What do you intend to do, then?" "I seriously to work for my living."

"Seriously, Rosamond?" "Doesn't this look serious?" She drew from the floor beside her a writing pad covered with calligraphic signs. "Shorthand, as I live!" ejaculated her father. "Well, Rosamond, I've altered my mind."

Not long ago a Philadelphia lady was suddenly deserted by the cook and advertised for another, stipulating that applicants must furnish good references. A middle aged colored woman came forward who sought the place, and when asked for her references she said, "Deed, Ah done tore up dem references, lady."

"That if you don't bring any references with you people will suspect that you are not a good servant," said the employer. "I should destroy the references a former employer was kind enough to give you." "Yassum; maybe dat's so," the applicant replied. "Folks can't 'spect Ah ain't er good servant, but y'd know Ah was crazy er Ah'd brung dem references."—Philadelphia Record.

Very Useful. "He's a good horse, but this," remarked the dealer who was trying to sell the animal. "I sometimes have to tie a knot in his tail to prevent him from slipping through his collar. But in the corner of my eye I see that I have to hang a sack over him to keep the hay inside of him from getting sunburned. He's a good horse, but this. My wife and her mother took him for a drive the other day, and they foolishly let him trot. When he trotted the rattling of his bones so startled him that he bolted, pitched his wife and mother-in-law out and killed the old woman. Oh, he's a good horse if this, but he's very useful."—Liverpool Mercury.

Two Reasons Why. A government officer recently returned to Washington after an absence of some years abroad. He met an old friend who had been interested in flying machines and asked:

"Well, professor, how are you getting along with your aerial machine?" "It is not yet a complete success," the professor said, with a sad smile. "I have two things to accomplish before I can say that it is."

"I must discover how to get my machine in the air and then how to keep it there."—Success.

BUSINESS PROVERBS.

Not the big earner, but the wise investor, is the future capitalist.

The wise man knows that wealth is not worth getting save for the purpose of using and so gets after it early.

Investment is putting money into chicken farming; speculation is counting the chickens before they are hatched.

The chap who does his work indifferently because he thinks he is above his job thereby proves his unfitness for the job that is above him.

The man who yields to honest persuasion slowly and imperceptibly, as reason when won. But he who is quick to lay hold of a good investment makes the most money.

Multitudes of people sleep soundly nights, believing their savings to be protected in the banks, not dreaming that the banks have invested them in business enterprises that the depositors themselves declined to buy shares in because they thought their earnings were too large to be safe.—Cent Per Cent.

"Chap" as a Man. Not until the end of the sixteenth century did "chappman," a trader or peddler, get contracted into "chap." From the first Rosamond had been a girl of a different stamp. Her father, who was kind and courteous—never too hurried to be polite, never more exacting than the occasion required. His sincerity and straightforwardness spoke not only in his frank and genial manner, but in every direct glance of his steady gray eyes, every motion of his well poised head.

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IMITATION ANTIQUES

THE WAY CABINETMAKERS CAN COPY ANCIENT FURNITURE.

Curious Inside Information That Was Gleaned by an Inquisitive Visitor at a Little Shop in an English Country Village.

Sober, he is one of the most interesting men I know. Unfortunately he is sober only three days a week. When I ask him the reason he merely says he doesn't know. Yesterday when I walked into the laboratory at the back of his little village shop he was a Band of Hope optimist.

"There's something you'll like," he said, indicating a small bureau, old Spanish mahogany within, new satinwood veneer—so far unpollished—without. The veneer was made with ebony lines and kingwood bands. The accuracy of the jointing was wonderful, the finish perfect.

"You must come in again when I've stained and polished it," he went on. "And then you'll think it one of the best Queen Anne pieces extant."

"Don't your customers ever find you out?" I asked.

"Lor! no sir! When you've pulled up your seventeenth century furniture to pieces all your life and learned the things the tenons and mortises and the finish tell you, it's easy enough to get the right effect. The public hasn't any judgment, and, for that matter, many of the London dealers aren't much better."

"But this veneer—so very new," I remarked.

"Ah, wait until you see it toned down and the drawers fitted with a set of old Boulton handles and scutechons I've got by me and a few little details hammered here and there, especially about the feet, where they get kicked. You'll not know it then. See that little black knot I've left on the face of the third drawer? That knot would take all Van Dourst street."

He is always frank with me about his fakes. He seems to take a pride in being able to deceive a trained eye and a satisfaction in explaining his dexterity.

I left the bureau and began examining a heavy looking oak settle gray with age.

"Looks ancient, doesn't it?" he observed.

"Looks!" I wondered. "Surely it's genuine?"

He shook his head with a wise old smile. "It's as genuine as dilute nitric acid can make it. Oh, you needn't go by the panels. They're purposely warped with hot ammonia. The sun and rain do the rest—bleach it, you know."

"But the carving?" I argued. "It's almost effaced in places."

"It would be after half an hour with a sand blast, a little thing of my own contrivance. The worm holes I make with a very fine punch. Beginners use shot, but that's a clumsy way. Of course the timbers it's made of are old. They are bits of a Charles I. table mostly. The hinges are ordinary trade copies that have lain in the wet all summer and got nicely rusted and hold the joints to draw the screws that hold them. You'd find they were rusty, too, and had no points. Those I filed off and then hammered the heads a bit."

"I didn't know you treated metal as well as timber," I admitted.

"Sometimes. See that fireback?" I went to the corner indicated and examined the fireback. As far as I could tell, it was a beautiful specimen of hammer work bitten and worn by over two centuries of use, as its date, 1687, seemed to show.

"I bought a dozen of those of different dates from a man who makes them. They're only cast, but after they've had a bonfire over them in my yard for a week or two they get soft and look right enough, don't they?"

I admitted that they did, flinching a bit, though, at the adjective he used.

"There's a regular trade between the manufacturers of faked antiques and the London ones. Why? Well, the manufacturers have discovered that people go into the country districts now hunting for antiques. They think the things they pick up there must be genuine. The simple countryman inspires confidence. There's nothing hardy that can't be imitated," he went on. "It's merely a question of time and skill, of course—and it's only by accident, or talking as I'm doing, that the fact is discovered. But when a man can take in an expert it's difficult for him to keep it to himself—that is, if he's got a sense of humor. Do you think that Syrian gold work they had at the Louvre would have been known as the Louvre if somebody hadn't talked? No, indeed! There's the clue. People always think it's about suspicion, but you just look at those two china cows on the shelf there. One's genuine old Stafford. The other isn't. Can you tell the difference?"

I used a pocket magnifying glass to look out at the cows, but my moral minutes I came to the conclusion that they were identical and said so.

"I gave one and nine for the imitation one, but I can't tell which now," he admitted.

"And the selling price?" I inquired.

"Six guineas each. One of them's worth that. After all, it doesn't matter for there's no difference between them intrinsically."—London Mail.

Baby's Progress. "How is Bikki's baby boy getting along?"

"Fine. I was up there yesterday and was surprised to learn that he is beginning to talk."

"Does he pronounce his words plainly?"

"Not very. They sound like a railroad brakeman calling out stations."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Nerve. Lazy Larry—Say, lady, I'm dat hungry I don't know w'at to do. I g'lad had nothin'." Mrs. Gooart—Walk around to the kitchen, poor man, and you shall be fed. Lazy Larry—Aw, say, dat's a purty long walk, lady. Couldn't yer hand it out here just as well?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Irremediable. Fan—I wasn't expecting to be called on to say anything, you know, and when the president of the club asked me to make a few remarks I just went all to pieces. Nan—Remember I told you those buttons on the back of your waist wouldn't stand the slightest strain, don't you?—Chicago Tribune.

His Queer. An Irishman whose wife was fond of moving from one house to another was met by a friend the other morning while walking behind a van load of household goods and saluted with "Hello, Mick! Shifting again? Where might you be going this time?" "I don't know, begorra," said Mick. "I'm following the furniture to find out."—Kansas City Independent.

EXPANSION NOT COMPLETE

NORFOLK, April 24.

It is said the Jamestown exposition, on the occasion of its formal opening on Friday of this week, will be not more than eighty per cent. finished.

The directors announce with regret that, so far as the exposition proper is concerned, it will not be ready for the public on the opening day, or for some weeks afterwar.

This news is not surprising, though no doubt disappointing to the management. It is out of record that any enterprise of this character has been fully prepared for opening day. The exposition management capable of so expediting its work as to overcome the countless delays that beset the preliminaries has yet to be discovered. Experience doesn't seem to count for much in matters of this sort, for each new exposition is confronted with the unexpected development of conditions not encountered in any previous affair of the kind, and the "allowances" of time for such contingencies never seem to have been made ample to meet all of them.

In the case of the Jamestown exposition the management is fortunate in not having to depend on the exposition proper for the attractions of "opening day." President Roosevelt will ride the greatest fleet of warships ever assembled, including the Atlantic Squadron of the United States and ships from every navy on the globe. With these and other "drawing cards" the exposition people expect to make a good showing in the way of attendance on "opening day." The exposition itself will get down to business later on.

Light Restored. "There are many more women living than I used to think."

"Is that so?" "Yes. Before I married I used to think my wife was the only woman in the world."

THE LAKE SKIPPER.

How He Taught a Salt Water Veteran to Handle.

There was a salt water captain who, for reasons of his own, accepted a berth as first mate in a big passenger steamer on the great lakes. He was a capable seafaring man, but he did not know what "bustle" meant until he went aboard at Buffalo. The lake skipper to whom he reported for duty remarked in the most casual manner:

"Just give her a coat of paint this morning, and, if the sun stays hot, she and the dices in good shape, give her a second coat this afternoon."

The salt water mate staggered in his tracks and made amazed protest. This was a 3,000 ton vessel, and giving her two coats of paint was tantamount to work by his reckoning. The lake skipper was a person of discernment, wherefore he had pity on his new mate and forbore to deal harshly with him, explaining with a tolerant grin:

"All right, I suppose you'll have to learn to move lively after snoring around salt water all your life. You just pass that order along to the bos'n and tell him it's got to be done, and then you sit up and take notice."

The bos'n took the order calmly, as if it were in the day's work, and by nightfall the big steamer was spick and span with two coats of paint. The sailor from deep water had learned his first lesson in the ways of the great lakes during the navigation season, when the hard driving shipping must be forced to do twelve months' work in half a year.

FORMER RESIDENT DIED AT PLYMOUTH

William R. Thomas, a former resident of Danville, died Saturday evening at the home of Councilman Samuel Jones at Plymouth.

The deceased was a resident