

# Both Sides OF The Shield

By Major ARCHIBALD W. BUTT, One of the Heroes of the Titanic and President Taft's Military Aid.

Copyright 1905, by J. B. Lippincott company. All rights reserved.

### CHAPTER II. A Guest at the Pines.

PRESENTLY I asked what accommodations were to be had at Oglethorpe.

"Mighty poor, mighty poor, sir—that is, if you stay in the town. But if you are going to be long in the vicinity you might get board in one of the farmhouses outside of the town."

I thanked him and then explained that I was a writer and that I was collecting material for a story.

"A book?" he said, showing great interest at once and carefully scanning my face through his spectacles.

"Yes," I answered, which was the truth at least, for I had suddenly conceived the idea of collecting data for a novel. For where else, I thought, could there be better characters and scenery than right here? My aged companion looked thoughtful for a moment and then said:

"May I ask if you have any references or if you know anybody in these parts?"

I mentioned several persons within the state whom my father had known, and these seemed to satisfy him, for he continued:

"If you are of a mind to accept my hospitality we will be glad to put you up and to share what we have with you. I guess Bud would enjoy your company, and Ellen and Mary—Mary's wife, you know—would make you welcome."

"It would be a great convenience to me," I said and thanked him, "for I know nothing of this country, and you seem to be very well acquainted."

"I ought to be," he said, "for my family has been in these parts since General Oglethorpe, that great philanthropist and friend of the poor, first came to Georgia. The last time he came to this country he made my grandfather's house his headquarters when on his way from Fort Augusta to Savannah. Just before the Revolution he sent my grandfather a portrait of himself in token of the esteem in which he held his father. He lived to see the colony he had planted become an independent state, you know, sir, and he seemed mighty proud of the record old Georgia made during the war of the Revolution. The Pines, as we call our home, was built just after his death, and his picture has the place of honor in it now. It is a sorry place since the Yankees came through here and used it as a stable, but we keep it with the hope that some day the fortunes of the family may go out of their eclipse and that some worthy son will arise to restore it to its former position of importance in the commonwealth. But what there is left you will be welcomed to, my lad."

Before I could properly thank him the whistle blew and our train pulled

stepped off the platform, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, though you have heard mine often enough this morning." I had, indeed, overlooked that detail or else felt indifferent to it, but I handed him my card, which he read carefully and then asked:

"I reckon you ain't any relation to the Palmers of Kentucky. I roomed with two men from that state of your name years ago when I was at Princeton."

I told the colonel that I was not from Kentucky, but thought there was some kinship. I had intended telling him that the families had never met and that in all probability the Kentucky Palmers would not know of me, but I did not finish my explanation, for as soon as I mentioned kinship he grasped my hand warmly and said:

"Then, sir, you can make yourself at home in my house as long as you care to, for there were never two finer fellows than those Palmer boys, even if they did join the Yankee army during the war. I tell you, sir, I am proud and happy to entertain one of their blood at the Pines. And now, Jefferson, drive fast, for we must let Miss Ellen know we have a guest."

The Pines was a distance of some five miles from the town limits. It was appropriately named, for after we entered the grounds we passed into a primeval forest of tall and stately pine trees. The long needles waved in the wind, and there was a mournful cadence in the branches, different from the song we bear in the northern forests. The ground was covered with pine straw, and it might have been falling there and ungathered for generations, so thickly did it seem to lie. We crossed a branch over which there had been built an old stone bridge, now covered with vines.

"That, sir, was built as a memorial to General Oglethorpe," said my old host, seeing my curiosity, for the bridge was out of all proportion to the size of the stream. "When the general paid his memorable visit to this place it was right there, sir, that he drew from his pocket a small flask and after offering my grandfather a dram took one himself. You must know, sir, that the great philanthropist was supposed to be a teetotaler and certainly never took a drink in the presence of any of his colonists for fear of setting them a bad example. That little act shows as nothing else could the great confidence and esteem in which he held my worthy progenitor."

I was anxious to hear more of this episode, but feared to get the colonel started on what was evidently to him an important bit of family history and which I suspected strongly had become a hobby. "Some day Ellen shall walk here with you," he added, "and show you the inscriptions on it. You will find them interesting."

Ellen again. I was beginning to feel the keenest anxiety to meet this Ellen and to wonder what she could be—half cook and half lady, I had begun to think from the little bits I had picked up concerning her during the day. We passed from the pine trees into a long avenue of cedars, and when we emerged from this the Pines in all its solitary and lonely grandeur stood before us, rich in coloring from the setting sun that bathed it in a crimson glow. As I looked at it in wonderment it might have been a dream out of the past that had taken shape and floated now across my vision. Its front and sides were flanked with colonial columns of the Doric type, and the low wings running at right angles to the body of the house were covered with vines which almost hid the low porch.

This porch was supported by diminutive columns of the same graceful curves. I was so moved by the beauty of the whole at first that I failed to note that some of the columns were on the point of falling and that others were crumbling to decay. The plaster had fallen from many of them, showing a dull red brick behind. But these evidences of decay gave an additional charm to the scene, augmenting its perfection as a whole and keeping it in perfect harmony with its owner and the neighborhood of that section. It seemed to typify the generation then living there and fighting against its own decay. I was awakened from my dreamy thought by hearing the colonel calling loudly for some one to get the horse. Presently there came from around one of the wings a little, half-naked urchin, who said that Mrs. Turpin had gone to the Trigg funeral, and that Miss Ellen was cooking the dinner, and that "Young Marsa" had not come from the fields.

"Then tell Miss Ellen, Sammie, to put another finger in the pie, for I have brought a guest home with me. Now, sir," turning to me, "if you will come with me, I will show you your room and bid you make yourself at home."

We passed under the huge doorway and entered a large hall which was as wide as any room I could remember in my grandfather's house in New England. It was almost bare of furniture. There were two or more large mahogany sofas which had once been lined with black horsehair, but this latter was so much worn that the matting showed beneath it in places, and in others it was patched with bright colored calico and sometimes with pieces of faded silk. The colonel led me up a flight of stairs, bare of carpet, but clean and polished.

"You will be right over the billiard room," he said, opening a door which led into a beautifully lighted room on the east side, standing in the center of which was a large, canopied bed. "If you care for billiards," he continued, "I will wager that Ellen can give you ten points and beat you out. And now, sir, we have dinner at 6 o'clock, for Bud likes to have his dinner when he comes from the field instead of in the middle of the day, as he says he feels more like a gentleman. Until then,

sir, I hope you rest well." I had not asked the question before but now summoned the courage to say:

"Colonel, there is one little thing I should like to have settled. Business is business, you know," I said, laughing, for I did not like the look of dignity he suddenly assumed at the mention of business. "In justice to both of us I ought to ask you how much will be my board by the week."

Had General Oglethorpe himself arisen to confront the colonel I do not think he could have shown more surprise than he did at my simple question. He drew himself up with a dignity which was truly commanding, and, speaking in a suppressed voice, he asked me:

"When have the Turpins adopted the custom of taking money from their guests, I beg you to tell me, sir? If you were not a kinsman of my dear friends, the Palmers, I would at once show you the door."

I stood covered with confusion. "I humbly beg your pardon if I have offended you, colonel, and I am greatly mortified to have so deeply wounded you, but until this moment I thought you had been kind enough to receive me as a boarder. I felt grateful enough for that, and you should not put me under obligations which I can never repay and which I have no right to accept. But you yourself are somewhat to blame," I added quickly, for I saw that he was still deeply offended. "You told me that I might get board in one of the farmhouses and immediately offered me the hospitality of your roof."

"The Turpins are not farmers, sir; they are planters, and if we have to cook our own meals we serve them with no less degree of hospitality than when a nigger stood at each door at the beck and call of everybody in the house."

"Colonel Turpin, I hope you will forgive me my stupid blunder or else let me leave your house at once."

His face relaxed into a smile, and, extending his hand, he grasped mine. "As you say, lad, I am not blameless in the matter. But we are getting a little sensitive down here. And now forget all about it, and what is more, don't ever mention it to Ellen or to Bud, for they would think their old father had been lacking in dignity, else a mistake of this kind were impossible."

When he left me I fell a prey to regrets over my stupid blunder and, what seemed worse, my apparent deception concerning the relationship with the Kentucky Palmers. As long as I thought I was going to go to an inn of some kind or to pay my board I had no thought it worth while to explain the mistake into which the colonel had fallen. I felt it to be too late now to confess that in all likelihood there was no kinship at all or, if any, so remote as to form no ties of blood and certainly not to earn for me any consideration on that score. Feeling like a culprit, I threw myself on the bed, determined to leave the Pines at the first moment I could do so without offending my kind old host.

When the pookananny, Sam, knocked at my door to tell me that dinner was served he found me prepared to do justice to anything in the way of food which might be placed before me. I had been traveling all day, to all intents and purposes without anything to eat. While anxious to satisfy my hunger, yet it was with some feeling of embarrassment that I started downstairs to meet the colonel. He met me at the foot of the steps and, motioning me to follow him, led me to a room in one of the side wings. There I saw two silver goblets, frosted on the outside, with their rims completely hidden by long and graceful bunches of mint. Without sitting down he handed me one and took the other himself.

"Of late years, Mr. Palmer," he said, "we have abandoned the time honored custom of drinking mint juleps before our dinner, but in order that you may feel perfectly at home and rest certain of the fact that I feel no resentment on account of your natural mistake I have taken the liberty of asking you to join me in one of these, sir," holding the goblet as if pledging my health.

"This delicious fluid should be sipped only while sitting, but as the family is assembled for dinner I will ask you to forego the pleasure of a chat over our juleps and drink standing. I pledge your health, sir, and that of your kinsfolk, the friends of my young manhood."

It was the first julep I had ever tasted, and I shall never forget with what delicious force the straw threw the liquor against the roof of my mouth. The goblets were soon emptied, and I was ushered into the parlor, where we were evidently expected, for the occupants were standing.

(Continued in next Friday's paper.)

CLERK'S NOTICE NO. 2173 IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the District Court of the United States for the Middle District of Pennsylvania, Burton Lewis Holbert, Honesdale, of Wayne county, Pa., a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said court at Scranton in said District, on the 25th day of June, 1912, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

GEORGE C. SCHEUBER, Clerk.

Have The Citizen sent to your address. Only \$1.50 per year

# GET THESE Money-making Secrets WITH Farm Journal



For \$1.00 you can get now not only the FARM JOURNAL for FOUR full years, but also your choice of any one of the famous booklets, "Money-making Secrets," which other people have bought by the HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Just note what the information given in one of these booklets, "The Million Egg-Farm," did for Robert Liddle, a clerk of Scranton, Pa.

In May, 1910, Robert bought 2300 day-old chicks. He spent just one week studying the methods now given in this book,—his only preparation for the business. Result—this "greenhorn" raised 95 per cent. of all his chicks, and 1350 of them were pullets. ("Poultry Secrets" tells you this secret.) In less than seven months he was getting 425 eggs daily, and selling them at 58 cents a dozen. His feed cost averaged \$4.00 a day, leaving him OVER \$17.00 A DAY PROFIT,—and this before all his pullets had begun laying.

Isn't "Money-making Secrets" a good name for such booklets?

Read what people say of the other booklets, and of the FARM JOURNAL itself—

"I find your Egg-Book worth untold dollars," says Roy Chaney, Illinois. "What it tells would take a beginner years to learn."

"I am much pleased with the Butter Book," writes F. J. Dickson, Illinois, "and would like to know how I could secure 300 copies, one for each patron of our creamery."

"Duck Dollars is the best book I ever had on duck-raising," says F. M. Warnock, Pennsylvania.

"If your other booklets contain as much valuable information as the Egg-Book, I would consider them cheap at double the price," says F. W. Mansfield, New York.

T. F. McCrea, a missionary in China, writes, "I found Garden Gold a great help in my garden this summer. I lost my health in the great famine, trying to save the starving Chinese, and I am trying to get it back by getting near to the soil. After a long tussle with the Chinese language and mission problems, it is a great rest to get out with the vegetables, trees, chickens, etc. I am saving money and regaining my health. My wife and I both find FARM JOURNAL indispensable."

"The FARM JOURNAL beats them all," writes T. H. Potter, Pennsylvania. "Every issue has reminders and ideas worth a year's subscription."

"One year I took another agricultural paper," says N. M. Gladwin, Washington, "and it took a whole column to tell what FARM JOURNAL tells in one paragraph."

"I was very greatly helped by your garden page," writes Mrs. Joe Lawrence, Saskatchewan. "I was never successful in growing cabbage until last summer, when I tried the FARM JOURNAL way. Now I have more than I need to use."

"FARM JOURNAL was a regular visitor at my boyhood home," writes Dr. William Davis, New Jersey. "When the first copy came, it carried me back ten years, and I felt a boy again. I shall never be without it again—I want home to seem like home. When it arrives, I feel the gladness jump right into me. I begin on the first page and read to my wife until half-past ten, and all through the month I drink of its cream. You must work hard to keep it so rich."

"FARM JOURNAL is good for the man behind the counter, as well as the man in the field," says J. I. Sloat, a Virginia bank clerk.

"If I could get as good interest on every dollar as I get from the FARM JOURNAL, I would soon be a millionaire," says A. W. Wetzler, Pennsylvania.

Farm Journal FOUR full years, with any one of the booklets, both for \$1.00

FARM JOURNAL, 333 N. Clifton St., Philadelphia Write for free sample copy, with premiums to club agents.



### "MONEY-MAKING SECRETS."

These booklets are 6 by 9 inches, all profusely illustrated.

POULTRY SECRETS is a great collection of discoveries and methods of successful poultrymen, long jealously guarded. It gives Felch's famous mating chart, the Curtis method of getting one-half more pullets than cockerels, Boyer's method of insuring fertility, with priceless secrets of mating, breeding, feed and feeding, how to produce winter eggs, etc.

HORSE SECRETS exposes all the methods of "lishopping," "plugging," cocaine and gasoline doping, and other tricks of "gyps" and swindlers, and enables any one to tell an unsound horse. It also gives many valuable training, feeding, breeding and veterinary secrets.

THE MILLION EGG-FARM gives the methods by which J. M. Foster makes over \$18,000 a year, mainly from eggs. All back-yard chicken-raisers should learn about the "Ranococa Unit," and how Foster FEEDS his hens to make them produce such quantities of eggs, especially in winter.

STRAWBERRY SECRETS tells how you can have the finest fall-bearing strawberries almost until snow flies. It gives you the fruits of ten years' work and study of experts in this new industry. It reveals the secrets of fertilizing and blossom-removing to produce berries in the fall, tells inside facts about varieties, how to get three crops in two years, how one grower gets 10,000 quarts an acre and nets 25 cents a quart, etc.

CORN SECRETS, the great NEW hand-book of Prof. Holden, the "Corn King," tells how to get ten to twenty bushels more per acre of corn rich in protein and the best stock-feeding elements. Pictures make every process plain.

THE "BUTTER BOOK" tells of seven cows that produced half a ton of butter each per year (140 pounds is the average). An eye-opener for dairymen. Get it, weed out your poor cows, and turn good ones into record-breakers.

GARDEN GOLD shows how to make your backyard supply fresh vegetables and fruit, how to cut down your grocery bills, keep a better table, and get cash for your surplus. It tells how to plant, cultivate, harvest and market.

DUCK DOLLARS tells how the great Weber duck-farm near Boston makes every year 50 cents each on 40,000 ducklings, and why ducks pay them better than chickens, and just HOW they do everything.

TURKEY SECRETS, the latest authority on turkey-raising, discloses fully the methods of Horace Vose, the famous Rhode Island "turkey-man," who supplies the wonderful Thanksgiving turkeys for the White House. It tells how to mate, to set eggs, to hatch, to feed and care for the young, to prevent sickness, to fatten, and how to make a turkey-ranch PAY.

You need the "Stickley-Brandt" Catalogue to keep posted on furniture styles.



Only \$1.77

for this beautiful reed arm rocker. This Rocker has the full roll. Easy arms. Shelled. Built very durable and made for comfort. A similar Rocker retails in stores from \$2.75 to \$3.00.

Carefully packed, shipped to any address for \$1.77.

Send today for our Factory-Price Catalogue of furniture. Mailed free. We are the largest shippers of furniture in this territory. Why? Our Catalogue will tell you.

STICKLEY-BRANDT FURNITURE BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SPENCER The Jeweler would like to see you if you are in the market for JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS, AND NOVELTIES

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

If you know of any news let us know about it. Call us on either phone.

## Established 1906

### REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF HONESDALE DIME BANK

# HONESDALE, PA.

(Condensed)

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Cash and Due from Banks	Capital Stock
Loans and Investments	Surplus and Undivided Profits (Earned)
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	Deposits
Over Draft	
\$713,130.98	\$713,130.98

By this THE HONESDALE DIME BANK

of Honesdale Invites Attention to the Statement of its condition as rendered to the department of Banking on May 3, 1912.

From which the STRENGTH and MAGNITUDE of the Institution will be apparent.

LIBERAL IN POLICY CONSERVATIVE IN MANAGEMENT;

Having unexcelled facilities for the handling of all branches of legitimate banking, this bank solicits the accounts of corporations, firms and individuals.

Holding the interests of its depositors as identical with its own, THE HONESDALE DIME BANK grants as generous terms as are consistent with sound banking principles.

Asthma! Asthma! POPHAM'S ASTHMA REMEDY gives instant relief and an absolute cure in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, and Hay Fever. Sold by druggists; mail on receipt of price \$1.00. Trial Package by mail 10 cents. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio C. C. JADWIN.

J. E. HALEY AUCTIONEER Have me and save money. We attend sales anywhere in State. Address WAYMART, PA. (R. D. 3)



"If I know'd yer had gists I'd sure have brought the coach."

into Oglethorpe. The colonel advanced and, calling out to an old negro, whom he addressed as Jefferson, ordered him to bring the wagon nearer, as there was a trunk to get.

"If I know'd yer had gists, Mars Ge'oge, I'd sure have brought the coach," said the old darkey, looking apologetically at the wagon he was on. The colonel told him that I was going to stay some time and that he "reckoned" I would know all they had soon and so he would not begin by offering excuses.

"By the way, sir," he said as we