

# Both Sides OF The Shield

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

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### SYNOPSIS

Palmer, a Boston newspaper man, is sent to Georgia to report social and industrial conditions in a series of letters to his paper. Colonel Turpin, a southerner, thinks Palmer is a lawyer and has come to foreclose the Turpin plantation's mortgage.

Palmer undecides him, and the colonel, thinking that Palmer is a kinsman, invites him to be his guest at the Pines. Palmer meets Ellen and Bud Turpin and is hospitably received.

He becomes interested in Ellen and learns that the Turpin home is in grave peril through lack of funds. He wants to confess that he is not really a kinsman, but fails to do so.

Squire Hawkins, an elderly man, is courting Ellen. A party is planned in honor of Palmer, who writes his impressions of the place for his paper.

Ellen wears an old brocade gown at the party, and Palmer falls in love with her. Ellen and her friends take take him to the wishing stone.

"You are my queen tonight," Palmer tells her, but she will not permit him to avow his love. He fears he intends marrying the squire to save the old home.

She swept past me, and I sank into a chair, overcome with grief and mortification. How long I sat there I do not know. Every time I heard a foot-



"Don't touch me!"

fall I would start up, expecting her to come back, thinking in my foolish heart that she had relented. Bud came in and found me sitting in the dark. He told me dinner was ready, and we entered the dining room together. Miss Ellen came in late, for it would have been unlike her to have stayed away. In a perfectly natural voice she told them I had been called away. Bud begged me to stay, and the colonel and Mrs. Turpin made me promise to come again. That night was a dismal one. Miss Ellen would not play and soon went to her room. I left the next morning, Bud remaining from his work to drive me to the station. Miss Ellen bade me farewell in the hall, but avoided taking my hand. As the wagon turned into the cedars I looked back, and only the colonel and Mrs. Turpin were standing on the porch to wave me a farewell. I hardly spoke to Bud on the way, but I made him promise that if any one should get ill at the Pines he would write to me at once. At the station I found a letter from the managing editor telling me that my last contribution was the clearest bit of writing I had ever done and that the paper had advertised another one for the following Sunday.

I tore his letter into fragments and, going to the telegraph office, wrote out the following telegram and sent it: Accept my resignation. I will leave for the west tonight on personal business. I grasped Bud's hand, but was unable to speak a word. I boarded the train and sat for hours, my head resting on my hands, with my face turned toward the Pines, my soul full of sadness, with not a ray of sunlight in my heart.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A Lieutenant of Volunteers.

I DID NOT go west immediately after leaving the Pines, as I had intended doing, but remained within the state, hoping vainly to get some word of for-

giveness" from Miss Ellen. In my calmer moments I reviewed my visit to the Turpins, and the letter which she so condemned seemed to me to be my least offense. Though I understood her resentment and appreciated the position she had taken, I felt, however, that I had made a mistake in obeying her and now wished that I had remained at the Pines and confessed everything to Bud. I believed then, as I do now, that he would have understood me better than Miss Ellen had done and would have pleaded my cause for me, though I doubt whether he or any one else at that time could have shaken her determination not to admit me to her friendship again.

I would wake up each morning resolved to quit the state that day, but before noon I would change my mind, as I seemed utterly incapable of tearing myself from the neighborhood of the Pines. I ever looked and longed for some change of feeling which might blunt the edge of my grief, but none came, and my love seemed to grow stronger each succeeding day.

It was maddening to think that I had lost her, and what gave this sorrow a keener edge was the knowledge that I had forever put it out of my power to be of any service to her or to lend assistance to those she loved. I would become a prey at times to the keenest pangs of jealousy. I had no doubt that the squire would renew his suit, and I feared that she might be led in her bitter resentment toward me to accept his hand in marriage. I wrote her several letters begging for her forgiveness and if she could not grant me that to try at least to understand the feelings which had prompted me to write the letters which had been the means of separating us. I told her of the hopeless state of mind into which I had fallen and that I believed that my life would be aimless unless she would touch the magic spring which would set my blood aglow once more and arouse the dormant ambition within me to accomplish something in the world.

I wrote on and on. I exhausted my logic and mental powers to make her understand. I reviewed my visit to the Pines at length, from the moment I had met Colonel Turpin to the last interview I had had with her. My first mistake, I told her, had been in letting my introduction to her and her mother as a relative of the Kentucky Palmers go unchallenged. I explained how I believed myself to have been merely a boarder and the almost fatal mistake I had made in speaking to the colonel on the subject.

Such hospitality I was unaccustomed to, nor do I now fully understand the promptings of that kind old heart when he invited me to the Pines. I told her of my life and of my work; how I had come into her section with the bitterest feelings against it. My one ambition, I told her, was to arouse a hostile sentiment in New England against the political party then in power in nearly all the southern states. I did not conceal from her the satisfaction I had felt when this assignment had been given me nor my disappointment when I learned afterward that I was not to touch on politics in my letters. I told her of my resolution to leave the Pines on the day after I had arrived there, but how that resolve melted as snow before the sun when I had seen her and looked into her eyes; how step by step she had led me to look upon life with a broader and a kinder view and had brought me finally to a full understanding of her section and her people, and how she had made me know for the first time what my father meant when he was wont to say that all the two great sections of the country needed was to get acquainted.

The letter which had so offended her, I said, would be the means of bringing thousands of persons to a proper appreciation of her home land and the southern character, just as the facts embodied in it had caused me to change the opinions I had held once. I did not believe my offense was past forgiveness, and I begged her that in a spirit of fairness she would try to appreciate the impulses of one whose instincts seemed to be to write of things as they are and whose training had led him always to seek out those things to describe which were novel and of interest. I followed this letter with another, but with no better result. I wearied the postal officials with questions and got them to go through the general delivery a half dozen times a day.

I do not know how it would have ended had the thought not come to me, as if by inspiration, that I could at least be of some small service to her, yet keep my identity in the background. After waiting in Augusta one more week in anxious hope that each day might bring a letter from her I took the train for Atlanta and there began a search for the holders of the mortgage on the Pines. With good references I presented myself at the office of one of the large trust companies and authorized its agents to trace the mortgage and to secure it at any cost. After weeks of incessant work we traced the holders somewhere in the southern part of the state, and an agent of the company was dispatched there to take up the mortgage. The utmost caution was necessary to secure the consent of Bud without exciting his suspicion. The holders of the paper were instructed to say that they had to sell and that they had found a company whose business it was to lend money willing to accept it. Nothing was said about reducing the interest. It was not until the transfer had been accomplished that it was made known to Bud that the company had reduced the interest from 6 to 4 per cent.

I had followed the transaction with the keenest interest, and the officials,



They Understood the Necessity of Secrecy.

who were in my confidence, became as interested almost as I. I told them that under no circumstances were the Turpins to know anything about me; that everything must be done through them. They understood the necessity of secrecy, as I told them that the beneficiaries of this act would reject it and force a foreclosure had they any reason to suspect that the interest had been reduced through any desire to assist them in any way. Satisfied that I had done something for Miss Ellen, I determined to leave for the west.

It was while going to take my train that a circumstance occurred that delayed my departure for several days more. I was late and was hurrying through the depot when I ran fairly in the arms of Bud. I did not recognize him at first, and it was only when I stepped back with a conventional apology that I saw the strong outlines of his face and knew it to be that of Miss Ellen's brother. It was only a momentary glimpse I had of him, but he looked older and more careworn, it seemed to me. He seemed preoccupied and did not recognize me, for, lowering my face, I hurried past him and reached the waiting room. I abandoned all intention of taking the train that day, for I at once suspected that my secret had become known and that Bud had come to Atlanta with the determination of either having the transfer revoked or else forcing me to accept the former interest on the mortgage. By a circuitous route I reached my hotel and, sending for a messenger, dispatched a note at once to the company informing the officials of the arrival of Mr. Turpin.

The next day I learned that Bud, thinking the transaction somewhat queer, had come to Atlanta to see about it himself, and I strongly believed that Miss Ellen had urged him to it to satisfy herself that I was in no way connected with the benefit which those at the Pines would derive from the reduction of the interest. Bud demanded to know to whom his family was indebted for this unlooked for piece of generosity. My agent told him that these mortgages had become very valuable and that his company had been authorized to secure as many of them as possible and to reduce the interest on them to 4 per cent. Satisfied that the matter was a business transaction, Bud left for the Pines again and, I had reason to believe, with a lighter heart.

Lost in the background and congratulating myself on the success of my scheme, I wandered into the west. The face of Ellen was ever before me. Night and day the picture of her, clad in a simple gingham frock, her sleeves rolled up and her hand pointing in the direction of the old memorial bridge, was ever in my mind. Several times I tried to resume my writing, but my pen seemed to drop from my fingers or else my mind refused to respond to my will. In dejection of spirit my head would fall over on my arms, and I would sit for hours dreaming of the Pines and Miss Ellen. In my apathy I journeyed to Japan, and for awhile life seemed brighter in that mosaic looking country; but, go where I would, there was ever recurring to my thoughts the picture of Miss Ellen, and my heart would swell and tears rush unbidden to my eyes as I remembered our parting. There was talk of war between my country and Spain, but this interested me little. I seemed to have lost my sense of the proportion of things. Resolved at last to take up the thread of my life again and begin anew, I started for the States. Almost the first thing I learned on reaching the Pacific slope was the fact that war had been declared. The will of an indignant people had swept aside politics and diplomacy and had surged with such force about the nation's rulers that no one dared stand in its path.

The martial spirit of my ancestors had never burned within me, for my mind had always been set in other directions, and my pursuits were those of peace. Never hesitating for a moment, however, I started across the continent. By telegraph and letters I collected my scattered influences and, backed by my delegation in congress, asked the governor of my state for a commission. It was secured without much trouble, and I was mustered in the service as a first lieutenant of volunteers in one of the regiments from Massachusetts.

(Continued in next Friday's paper.)

## CAMORRA TRIAL RAN 16 MONTHS

Minutes Covered 12,000 Pages  
of Typewritten Matter.

700 WITNESSES TESTIFIED.

Cost to Italy Was \$500,000—Fifty  
Thousand Documents in Evidence.  
Soldiers Constantly on Guard—Sub-  
stitute Officials Attended Hearings.

In the remarkably long trial of the Camorristas at Viterbo, Italy, which stretched out for almost a year and a half and came to a close recently, the examination of witnesses began March 11, 1911, and was preceded by a preliminary investigation of five years. The cause of the trial was the murder of Genaro Cuocolo, a Camorrist, at Torre del Greco, and of his wife, Maria Cutinelli, in Naples. Their killing was a Camorrist execution.

During the long trial the following prisoners died: Ciro Alfano, who was arrested on the day of his marriage and is said to have died of a broken heart; Pasquale Gargiulo and Matteo Valcarceli, who died last June, and Ciro Vitelli, who was present at the murder, but evaded arrest and died of cholera last year.

Altogether over 700 witnesses were heard during the trial; but, notwithstanding this, the prosecution's case rested almost entirely on the testimony of Abbatemaggio, a former Camorrist and an informer.

Among the defendants was Ciro Vittozzi, a Roman Catholic priest, concerning whose alleged double life many sensational revelations were made. Another defendant was Erricone Alfano, who was arrested in New York. This man was the leader of the Camorristas and was also said to be the guiding spirit of the Black Hand gangs in the United States.

### A Peculiar Circumstance.

Owing to lack of evidence and the practical impossibility of compelling witnesses to denounce the Camorristas the king's procurator had to withdraw the charge of murder against some of the defendants, of whom there were sixty, and to admit that the proof of the guilt of some of the others was insufficient. The charges of criminal association which were made against a number of men and women among the defendants were also withdrawn. Out of the twenty-two Camorristas who were charged with such criminal association, a crime which cannot be punished with more than five years' imprisonment, seventeen prisoners arrested five years ago served out their terms before the trial and were released automatically.

Only two of the Camorristas who were implicated in the murder of Cuocolo and his wife or mistress succeeded in evading arrest. They were Giuseppe Esposito and Andrea Attanasio, who fled and are supposed to be hiding in America now. Erricone Alfano also fled to this country, but he was arrested in New York by Detective Petrosino, whose murder in Italy was the Camorrist answer. Giovanni Rapi, who fled to Paris, returned to Italy and willingly surrendered himself to the police in order to prove his innocence.

The first ten months of the trial were taken up with formalities connected with the impaneling, swearing and challenging of the jurors and with the hearing of evidence. In order to induce men to serve on this jury a special law was passed by the Italian parliament fixing their pay on this one trial at \$1,40 a day. The last six months of the trial were taken up with speeches for the prosecution and the defense.

Originally over fifty lawyers appeared for the defense, but gradually, either because the Camorristas had not the money to pay their fees or because they pretended to be poor in order to excite the pity of the jury, the number of lawyers was reduced to eighteen. The two Camorristas De Angelis and Amodeo, who were conceded to have been falsely accused of the murder by the society in order to throw the police off the track, were present at the trial and were represented by lawyers in order to claim damages in civil actions after the trial concluded.

### Infantry Guarded the Court.

Besides the speeches of the lawyers, there were others by experts and alienists appointed both by the court and the prisoners to ascertain whether the informer, Abbatemaggio, was insane. During the trial two companies of infantry, 150 carabinieri and fifty detectives were constantly on duty. The Camorra trial cost the state more than \$500,000. This sum includes the expenditure for preliminary investigation, the maintenance of the prisoners, the cost of their removal from Naples to Viterbo and innumerable other items.

The minutes kept by the clerk of the court have covered 12,000 pages of typewritten matter, and the reports of the investigating judges filled sixty volumes. More than 50,000 documents were produced and read during the trial.

In order to provide against the risk of interruption a substitute judge, a substitute prosecutor and a substitute clerk were appointed, and they had to attend all the hearings and be ready to replace their colleagues at a moment's notice. No other trial in Italy has ever lasted sixteen months. The Camorra trial beats all records.

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