

### STOPPING RUNAWAYS

HOW THE NEW YORK PARK POLICE HORSE ENJOYS THE WORK.

The Story of a Glorious Run That Was Only an Incident in the Life of Skipper—A Race That Ended in the Capture of the Runaway Roan.

How the horses of the New York park mounted policemen enjoy catching runaways, which is the most exciting part of their work, is told by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." The author says of his equine hero:

For half an hour at a time he would stand just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact angle with it motionless as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near the mall. Reddy would sit as still in the saddle too. It was hard for Skipper to stand there and see those mincing cobs go by, their pad housings all a-glimmer, chains on their blinders, jingling their pole crests and switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side of the roadway. But, then, when you are on the force you must do your duty.

One afternoon as Skipper was standing post like this he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew this even before he saw the bell-like nostrils, the straining eyes and the foam decked lips of the horse or the scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of broken rein.

How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that crazy roan what real running was! But what was Reddy going to do? He felt him gather up the reins. He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Reddy was actually going to try a brush with the runaway. What fun!

Skipper pranced out into the roadway and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.

"Oh! You will, eh?" thought Skipper. "Well now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is—almost free. And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the roadside, of women who tumbled from bicycles into the bushes and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought Skipper. But she did run well. Skipper had to admit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his best gait. Then for a few moments he could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself, and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was putting the pent up energy of weeks into his strides. Once he saw he was overhauling her he steadied to the work.

Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the mare with a nose pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a great disappointment to Skipper, for he had counted on showing the roan his heels. Skipper knew after two or three experiences of this kind that this was the usual thing.

Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper wished they would come more often. Sometimes there would be two and even three in a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass without a single runaway on Skipper's beat. But duty is duty.

An Anecdote of Dumas. Speaking of Alexandre Dumas, a writer says that his chief characteristic was his utter disregard of money. He made millions, but never had a franc at his command. "For example," said he, "upon one occasion Dumas had invited company to dinner, and finding that he did not stand possessed of a single cent, drove to a friend's and asked him to lend him 2 louis. This his friend readily did, and as Dumas was taking his leave suggested, as he had just been getting some very fine pickles, he would be glad to give him a jar to add to his dinner. The servant was sent for the pickles, and when he put the jar in the carriage, Dumas, having no other change about him, dropped the 2 louis in the man's hand."

Caution. "Well, bub, what is it?" asked the druggist of the small boy with a bottle in his hand.

"Please, sir, but here's the medicine I got for me mother an hour ago."

"Yes, and what's the matter with it?"

"You didn't write on the bottle whether it was to be taken eternally or infernally, and she's afraid of making a mistake."—Detroit Free Press.

The Museum Method. Museum Agent—What's wrong with our new midget? He doesn't seem to draw.

Manager—Of course not. See what a mess you've made of the advertisements. You've put his height at three feet. Make it thirty-six inches, and the people will come with a rush.—New York Weekly.

Their Blame Conversation. "The thing to do" said his social adviser, "is to be blame."

"I know, I know," was the reply, "but it's such dreadfully hard work to be blame."—Chicago Post.

Anger ventilated often hurries toward forgiveness. Anger concealed often hardens into revenge.—Dulwar.

### TRAINING A LION.

The Beast Is Conquered by Persuasion Rather Than by Force.

"Suppose," said an animal expert, "that I am about to train a lion to perform certain tricks. If I went at once into his cage and attempted to drive him, I would probably be killed. But I don't do that. Before I try to teach him anything I let the lion get used to me. I hang about his cage day after day, calling to him and keeping in his sight. He would see me late at night and early in the morning. I would give him his food and water. Occasionally I would pat his head, and gradually the lion comes to have a friendly feeling toward me. I become, as it were, an acquaintance of his, and from becoming accustomed to me the lion grows to like me, and I begin to like the lion. To just as you would like any big pet, a horse or a big dog. Then I go into the lion's cage without being obtrusive or brusque. The big, dangerous beast, having got used to seeing me outside, scarcely notices the difference when I am in his private domain. I gradually approach him and drive him about the cage, cracking my whip so that he will know that I mean business. The lion probably believes that there is much greater power in that whip than there really is. If I hit him with it, I do not hurt him. There is a knack in cracking a whip so that it will not give much pain. I could swing a whip on you and strike you with a 'crack,' but you would scarcely feel it.

"The general principle of animal training is to proceed easily and gradually, being gently persistent, but not aggressive, overcoming opposition by persuasion rather than by direct opposition and force. It is the same course as that which applies to men. You first become acquainted with the man from whom you wish to obtain a favor. Then, as a feeling of friendship grows between you, he is at last glad to do as you wish."—Leslie's Weekly.

### SHOPPING IN GERMANY.

Methods That Astonished a Grumbling American Woman.

Perhaps it would be unfair to generalize too confidently, but there are shopkeepers in Germany who make no great effort to dispose of their goods. An instance of this is given in "Three Men on Wheels." The author accompanied an American lady on a shopping excursion in Munich. She had been accustomed to shopping in London and New York and grumbled at everything the man showed her. It was not that she was really dissatisfied. This was her method.

She explained that she could get most things cheaper and better elsewhere. Not that she really thought she could. Merely she held it good for the shopkeeper to say this. She told him that his stock lacked taste. He did not contradict her. He put the things back into their respective boxes, replaced the boxes on their respective shelves, walked into the little parlor behind the shop and closed the door.

"Isn't he ever coming back?" asked the lady after two or three minutes had elapsed. Her tone did not imply a question so much as an exclamation of mere impatience.

"I doubt it," I replied.

"Why not?" she asked, much astonished.

"I expect," I answered, "you have bored him. In all probability he is at this moment behind that door smoking a pipe and reading the paper."

"What an extraordinary shopkeeper!" said my friend as she gathered her parcels together and indignantly walked out.

"It is his way," I explained. "There are the goods. If you want them, you may have them. If you do not want them, they would almost rather that you did not come and talk about them."

Fame's Brief Life. One thing is certain in regard to fame—for most of us it will be very brief in itself, for all of us it will be transient in our enjoyment of it. When death has dropped the curtain, we shall hear no more applause, and, though we fondly dream that it will continue after we have left the stage, we do not realize how quickly it will die away in silence while the audience turns to look at the new actor and the next scene. Our position in society will be filled as soon as it is vacated and our name remembered only for a moment, except, please God, by a few who have learned to love us not because of fame, but because we have helped them and done them some good.—Henry Van Dyke.

A Dread Ordeal. The Rev. Mr. Inch of Dumbarton tells how on one occasion in his old church in Dundee a brother minister had preached a rather long sermon, and he (Mr. Inch) had occasion later on to enter the pulpit to make an intimation, whereupon a "wee Macgregor," who was in the gallery with his mother and the rest of the family, took fright and exclaimed very loudly: "Come awa', maw. There's another man guan' ta' begin!"—Glasgow Times.

Too Eager For His Own Profit. Hewitt—I overreached myself the other day.

Jewett—How?

Hewitt—I was so anxious to unload a lot of pennies on a street car conductor that I forgot I had a transfer ticket in my pocket.—Brooklyn Life.

Larry—Phwat?

Denny—Xis; it blew out av th' window, and Murphy wint after it.—Philadelphia Record.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.—Carlyle.

### WHAT ADVERTISING CAN DO

How Two Fortunes Were Made in the United States.

In 1880 P. T. Barnum, the great showman, journeyed to the Pacific coast to visit a relative. On his way back east he stopped at Kansas City to see the great Barnum & Bailey show that was then exhibiting in that city. The then press agent of the Barnum & Bailey show, Bert Davis, introduced to Mr. Barnum the editors of the local dailies at the former's hotel. In the course of the conversation which naturally followed Mr. Barnum said: "Gentlemen, Mr. Bailey tells me that my presence at the performances of the Barnum & Bailey circus is worth \$5,000 a day to the show. If this is true, it is my name that is so valuable. It is known in every town, city and hamlet; it has become a household word throughout the country. Now, gentlemen, all of this was done by newspapers, and if advertising can make a name worth \$5,000 a day, what is it that advertising can't do?"

Before Peats, the wall paper man, died in 1902 he was at the head of a mammoth paper concern doing a business of \$15,000,000 a year. Yet in 1891 Peats was running a small establishment for the sale of wall paper at the retail trade on Madison street, Chicago. What was the secret of his wonderful advance in the wall paper business in comparatively so short a while? It was advertising.

A newspaper man in 1892 induced him to experiment with printers' ink. The result was profitable. Peats didn't see that he could have too much of a good thing, so he increased his advertising appropriation and as his profits doubled he doubled his space in the newspapers and periodicals, and as his advertising increased his business grew. Thus he reached the enormous volume of \$15,000,000 a year by the arithmetical progression of wideawake advertising. In the language of P. T. Barnum, himself one of the most expert advertisers the world has ever known, "If advertising can do this, what is it that it can't do?"—Detroit Free Press.

### AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

The Story of a Night Ride on an Egyptian Railroad.

"You can travel with perfect safety on Egyptian railroads now," said an English official, "but it was not always so. There were times when it required tact to save your throat from getting cut, as you will realize from a little experience that occurred to me. It was just before the fanatical outbreak of 1882. I had heard some ugly rumors, but I had to go up by train one night from Port Said to Ismailia. I was the only European in the compartment. Soon after we started an old Arab sheik leaned over and calmly helped himself to a couple of cigars that were sticking out of my breast pocket. I knew what that meant, and I got a sort of cold feeling along the spine, for just then I caught the gleam of a dagger in the hand of a man to the left of me. I said nothing, but opening my bag, brought out a box of cigars and handed them round. The Arabs emptied the box. I smiled affably and lighted my pipe, expecting every moment to be knifed. They were eight to one, and I was unarmed. Suddenly the old sheik reached from the rack a large melon he had placed there. Then he leaned across and, taking hold of the hand that held the dagger, brought it into view. Lifting it from the unresisting fingers of his fellow Moslem, he tranquilly cut two slices off the melon. He handed me one and proceeded to eat the other. Then my heart gave a jump, and as I eagerly sucked at the fruit I knew I was safe, for we had eaten together. But I didn't get to Ismailia that night."

"How was that?" inquired a listener.

"Because," said he, "they murdered the engine driver, the stoker and every other European in the train."—Kansas City Independent.

Feminine Logic. The pretty girl was looking out of the window as the trolley car pushed slowly up the hill past her house. The car was crowded, and a number of men were riding on the rear platform. Just as the car reached a point opposite the girl's house an attractive looking young man standing on the car stepped up and grabbed the box. It was a pound of delicious chocolates.

"I couldn't stop the car, could I?" she said to her conscience. "And besides it was probably intended for a pretty girl, and—with a peek into the looking glass—a pretty girl has it."—Pittsburg Press.

A Fortune in a Clock. A man in Vienna possessed as an heirloom an old clock made early in the sixteenth century. He thought it was worth about \$10. One day a stranger came and offered him \$400 for it. The owner suspected that if it was worth that it might be worth more, so he investigated the matter. He soon received an offer of \$4,000 for it and finally sold it to the Kensington museum, London, for \$20,000.

Following a Prescription. Larry—How did Murphy break his arm?

Denny—Following the doctor's prescription.

Larry—Phwat?

Denny—Xis; it blew out av th' window, and Murphy wint after it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Fair Exchange. Pessimist—What makes you an optimist?

Optimist—Looking at dismal chaps like you. What makes you a pessimist?

Pessimist—Looking at cheerful chaps like you.—Detroit Free Press.

Again Our Queer Language. "Queer language, isn't it?"

"Why so?"

"Because of sickness I had to send my shorthand writer home yesterday."

"Well?"

"That left me shorthandless."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.—O. W. Holmes.

### MAN'S IMPOTENCE.

It is Made Strikingly Manifest When an Earthquake Comes.

A traveler gives this thrilling account of an earthquake in the far east: "The one occasion I saw a panic was in Calcutta in June, 1897. It was a Saturday evening about 5 o'clock. It was pantedly hot, and I was one of a party of pajama clad men sitting on the roof of a high house having tea.

"We were in the midst of a merry chatter when the whole building began to tremble. We were instantly hushed and looking at one another with blank faces until a feeling of terror took possession of us, and somebody shouted, 'My God, an earthquake!'

"We stamped. There were three flights of stairs to go down, and of course the fattest and slowest man was in front and blocked the way. The walls were cracking and yawning; the plaster was falling in chunks.

"We were all barefooted, but that didn't matter. In front of the house was the meidan, the great open space in Calcutta. We ran there. A great part of the adjoining house came down with a roar. The whole front of a newspaper office crashed into the street. The top of the cathedral spire came off and fell through the roof into the chancel.

"Horses were stricken with madness and were careering furiously beyond all control. The natives were shrieking. Europeans, blanched checked, tore from their houses, and many of the women fainted.

"The thing I will never forget was what followed. There was the crunch of ripped walls, and the whole earth was heaving and trembling very much like a ship that has banged against a pier and taken time to recover. The awful sensation was the feeling of impotence.

"The earthquake lasted only five minutes, though at the time it seemed like hours. Men could only stand on the heaving, seasick ground absolutely helpless, unable to speak, but staring into each other's white countenance waiting for the earth to yawn. That was the terrible thing; crowds of folk reduced to mute horror, helpless, just standing with big, wide open, affrighted eyes, and the brain cramped in contemplation of what might happen next moment."—Exchange.

### FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

The peach blossoms before the leaves appear.

The apple, pear and cherry put out their leaves before blossoming.

It takes a year or two for raspberries to reach their best bearing condition.

Plants wanted especially for flowering should never be allowed to produce seed. To prevent this cut off all the old flowers as soon as they wither.

Repotting plants becomes necessary at intervals from two considerations. The plant uses up the available fertility in the soil and fills the pot with roots.

In repotting plants it is well to shake off whatever earth can be separated without breaking and injuring the roots. Then water and shade for a few days.

The yew tree, almost destitute of branches or bark, grows in the Caucasus to a height of from 50 to 60 feet and a diameter of a little over 2 feet. It is considered superior to mahogany and is almost indestructible except by fire.

### APHORISMS.

Promptness is the soul of business.—Chesterfield.

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.—Robert Collyer.

Little things console us, because little things afflict us.—Pascal.

The two offices of memory are collection and distribution.—Johnson.

To see good in a heart that seems evil is to beget good there.—William Henry Phelps.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele.

There is love, and there is justice. Justice is for oneself; love is for others.—R. L. Stevenson.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—Colton.

### ORIENTAL RUGS.

The Armenian dealer in rugs is probably the craftiest of all shopkeepers, and his emissaries have so thoroughly ransacked the orient that the traveler is frequently advised in Persia and Afghanistan to look for the rarest and the best specimens in London and especially in New York. Yet even here the experienced purchaser can find notable bargains. A gentleman who has in Chicago a very notable collection of Bokharas and who has traveled throughout the orient in search of the rarest and the most perfect fabrics lately found three new specimens hanging before a Fifth avenue shop and bought them for prices which, allowing of course for the duty, would have been cheap in the tent of a Persian.—John Corbin in Scribner's.

### GERMAN SOUPS.

Soups furnish a curious instance in which Germany differs from other nations in the preparation of food. Milk soups sweet and savory, chocolate soups, almond soup and wine soup, frothed lemon soup and beer soup are among the number, while soups made of apples, pears, strawberries, currants and cherries are not uncommon. There are also a large number of fish soups which bear a strong resemblance to the fish soups of the Russian kitchen.

### UNDERSTOOD.

Linzee—There's nothing I like better than hard work.

Morris—There's nothing you like better when somebody else is doing it.

Linzee—That's understood. I hope you didn't think I was such a fool as to like to do hard work myself, or any other kind, for that matter.—Boston Transcript.

### AGAIN OUR QUEER LANGUAGE.

"Queer language, isn't it?"

"Why so?"

"Because of sickness I had to send my shorthand writer home yesterday."

"Well?"

"That left me shorthandless."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

The Hall Was the Principal Apartment in the Middle Ages.

Amid all the luxury of a modern home it is hard to realize how our Anglo-Saxon ancestors lived in what now would seem a condition of utter discomfort. Comfort was, however, gradually evolved, and the present article deals with the time when a refined condition of domestic life was first beginning to assert itself.

In this connection it must be remembered that during the middle ages in England there was a general revolution in society. A new class had lately sprung into existence. Feudalism had been destroyed and the middle and lower elements of the population were rising.

With their social betterment came an improvement both in house construction and interior arrangement. Narrow streets were still the order of the day, sadly out of keeping with our modern ideas of sanitary requirements, while the houses were chiefly of the "half timber" kind, some of which had the lower story of stone and those above, consisting of a timber framework filled in with bricks. It was a picturesque fashion, but it did not provide sunlight and air.

The rooms were usually small and dark. The hall was the principal public apartment and remained the only part of the house unaffected by the growing taste for domestic privacy. The general arrangement of this very important part of the house is made apparent to us in such pictures as that of the "Hundred Men's Hall" at St. Cross, near Winchester.

As the hall was the usual scene of domestic festivities it was considered necessary to have a gallery for musicians. Sometimes this gallery occupied two sides, though usually it was placed at one end, opposite the dais. In large halls the fireplace was still in the middle, where there was constructed a low platform of stone of a kind that may be seen in an old cut representing the fireplace in the great hall at Penshurst, Kent. Large iron dogs, or andirons, supported the logs. In some parts of England they were called "cob irons." A group of ornamental fire irons of the sixteenth century is most interesting. Often an implement placed beneath the firelog was used for moving logs.

The walls of the hall were usually furnished with tapestry, and in the middle was a table with a bench on each side. There were also a cupboard, or "hutch," with side tables, one or two chairs and perhaps a "settle." Benches were still comparatively rare. Chafers stools were generally provided, and these commonly had a hole through the middle for lifting them.—Home Beautiful.

### AUDITORS' STATEMENT.

Of Winslow Township Poor and Road Finances for the Year Ending March, 1903.

L. P. McCLARY, Supervisor.

To balance from 1901 duplicate held over... 23 03  
To balance in hand at 1902... 45 07  
To 1902 work duplicate, s' d... 1,633 33  
To cash from... 734 27  
To cash from... 43 01  
By 1902 work duplicate... 628 70  
By 1902 work duplicate... 3,074 68

By 61 days services... 122 00  
By 75 days services by son... 77 50  
By 75 days services by son... 1,226 08  
By 75 days services by son... 25 13  
By 75 days services by son... 397 30  
By 75 days services by son... 653 37  
By 75 days services by son... 258 29  
By balance... 398 08  
By balance... \$1,076 68

J. K. WOMELDOFF, Supervisor.

To duplicate of L. P. McClary, turned over... 377 30  
To duplicate, unseated, of... 20 12  
To cash rec'd from... 2,373 21  
To cash rec'd from... 85 50  
To cash rec'd from... 20 70  
Balance... \$2,844 81  
Balance... \$1,712 56

By old orders of V. R. Holman paid... 150 33  
By old orders of V. R. Holman paid... 315 99  
By old orders of L. P. McClary paid... 520 80  
By order given by Supervisor... 120 00  
By receipts for work paid... 119 29  
By receipts for work paid... 100 00  
By receipts for work paid... 135 28  
By receipts for work paid... 400 00  
By receipts for work paid... 25 47  
By receipts for work paid... 29 75  
By receipts for work paid... 11 30  
By receipts for work paid... 24 50  
By receipts for work paid... 147 90  
By receipts for work paid... 516 90  
By receipts for work paid... 50 00  
By receipts for work paid... \$1,712 56

F. P. BESE, Supervisor.

To seated duplicate... 41,007 03  
To seated duplicate... 119 32  
To seated duplicate... 2,629 82  
To seated duplicate... 491 30  
To seated duplicate... 322 71  
Auditors order to balance... \$1,076 68

By attorneys' fees paid... 20 00  
By attorneys' fees paid... 119 36  
By attorneys' fees paid... 620 00  
By attorneys' fees paid... 400 00  
By attorneys' fees paid... 1,091 35  
By attorneys' fees paid... 290 87  
By attorneys' fees paid... 183 81  
By attorneys' fees paid... 30 40  
By attorneys' fees paid... 104 31  
By attorneys' fees paid... 24 50  
By attorneys' fees paid... 1,427 90  
By attorneys' fees paid... 516 90  
By attorneys' fees paid... 50 00  
By attorneys' fees paid... \$1,712 56

ABRAHAM FYE, Overseer of Poor.

To balance from last year... 230 44  
To balance from Commissioners for returns... 197 30  
By 9 days services... 18 00  
By 9 days services... 24 71  
By auditor's order to G. W. Moberly paid... 2 96  
By miscellaneous expenses... 104 31  
By balance... 309 26  
By balance... \$ 417 72

AMOS STROUSE, Collector of Taxes.

To bal. at last settlement of road tax... 96 24  
To bal. at last settlement of road tax... 1,347 19  
To 1902 cash road duplicate... 3,002 50  
To cash road duplicate, special tax... 3,712 50  
To amt. received for use of election issue... 15 00  
By cash paid to Supervisor McClary... 797 81  
By cash paid to Supervisor McClary... 2,069 82  
By cash paid to Supervisor McClary... 2,376 21  
By cash paid to Supervisor McClary... 243 45  
By 25 commission on... 41 22  
By 25 commission on... 316 95  
By 25 commission on... 374 79  
By 1901 work tax... 91 50  
By returns to Commissioners... 82 31  
By returns to Commissioners... 287 95  
By balance... 228 33  
By balance... \$7,232 43

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