

# Atlantic City Cape May

Wildwood, Ocean City, Anglesa, Sea Isle City, Holly Beach,  
Avalon, Stone Harbor, New Jersey  
THURSDAYS, AUGUST 22  
SUNDAYS, AUGUST 25

**\$4.10 Round Trip** **\$3.85 Round Trip**

Via Delaware River Bridge, Via Market Street Wharf

FROM MOUNT JOY  
THURSDAY TICKETS GOOD UNTIL THE FOLLOWING MONDAY, INCLUSIVE  
SUNDAY TICKETS GOOD UNTIL THE FOLLOWING THURSDAY, INCLUSIVE

STOP-OVER ALLOWED AT PHILADELPHIA  
For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult  
small hand bill or nearest Ticket Agent.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

### MR. HORSE OWNER

It will pay you to read this ad carefully, then come and inspect my line of

**Flynets, Cooling Blankets, Lap Dusters**  
and all kinds of needs for the horse.

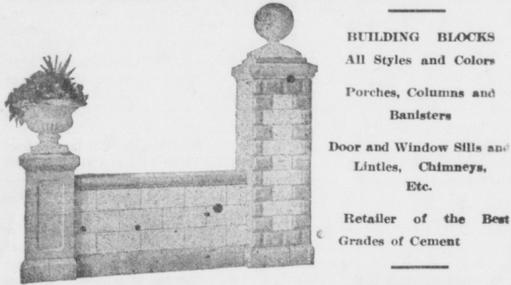
- Driving fly nets, flank, \$2.25 and \$2.50
  - Driving fly nets, to breast, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$3.75
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- Always a complete line of all kinds of harness in stock. Prices cheerfully given.

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North Market St., Mount Joy, Pa.

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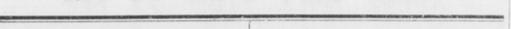
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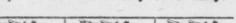
## Lancaster Automobile Co.

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The largest and only strictly first class fireproof garage and repair shop in Lancaster City of County.



We are always prepared to serve  
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Don't fail to see us before placing your order this year.

**J. N. Stauffer & Bro.**  
Mount Joy, Penna.

## Farmers Column

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER

**Stable Manure the Most Lasting—**  
How to Check the Cherry Slug  
Shallow Cultivation—The Getting Rid of the Wireworm—  
Other Notes.

The guano, which is the deposit of millions of sea birds found on the islands adjacent to Peru, is said to have been used and explored commercially by the Incas centuries ago. In modern time this fertilizer has been used on a commercial scale since 1840, and during the years intervening it is estimated that the islands have yielded 11,000,000 tons. Some years ago the richest deposits were on the Cincha island, where the guano lay to the depth of 100 feet.

Even if the law of the state in which one lives does not require it is a pretty good idea to paint the container of gasoline in such a way and give it so plain a label that there will be no possibility of mistaking it for a kerosene can. There are not officers of the law enough to enter every one's kitchen to see that the law is complied with, and because there are not and because householders do not look after this matter themselves kitchen stoves are blown to pieces and lives snuffed out every now and then as a result of using the more inflammable oil in place of the less.

Rotation of crops and fall plowing which will break up their nests, seem to be the only effective method of combating the wireworms, which have come to be a veritable scourge of the corn crop in many sections of the corn belt. The reason for this is that they do not become inactive, as do cut worms, in the early summer, but continue eating in and about the roots of the corn plants thru practically all of the growing season. So had have these wire worms been in some fields that as high as fifteen or twenty of them have been found working in a single hill. In a majority of cases the presence of the pest is nature's mute protest at a wrong method of crop growing.

The reason for the shallow cultivation of corn is the more fully appreciated after one has seen the diagram or picture of the root system of a corn plant at the time of its later growth and maturity. Not only do the roots and rootlets penetrate the soil to the depth of three feet or more, but the spread of the roots laterally is such that they pass and intertwine with the roots from adjacent hills. And added to this and the chief reason for the type of cultivation referred to is the fact that at a depth of from three to four inches there is a perfect network of feeding roots. Disturbing these by deep cultivation simple reduces by so much the ability of the plant to develop.

The cherry slug which does much damage to both cherry and pear trees during midsummer, may be effectively kept in check by spraying the trees profusely with a solution made by mixing thoroughly two pounds of commercial arsenate of lead in from forty to fifty gallons of water. Paris green will serve the same purpose. If the arsenate can not be secured, and should be used at the rate of one pound to 150 gallons of water. In making the latter solution quicklime should be added at the rate of one pound for each fifty gallons of water, to keep the Paris green from burning the foliage. Of the two spray mixtures the latter is the cheaper, but does not adhere to the leaves as well as the arsenate of lead. Either one of these sprays is effective for spraying for the apple worm, potato bug and other worms or insects.

Everyone who has had experience applying manure knows that stable manure will show its effects on the soil for several years after it has been applied, but it is usually thought that as application of stable manure will not last more than three or four years. Perhaps this is true with the single application but when manure applied from year to year, the surplus plant food may be held in the soil for a long time. I have a small plot of land that has been used as a garden spot for perhaps thirty or forty years. The fertility was kept up by the usual annual application of stable manure. This was the only method of enriching the soil at that time, as commercial fertilizers had not then come into use here. The garden spot was removed to another place about thirty years ago. I have had control of the place about twenty years, and the only manure I have applied has been a little acid phosphate. This plot still shows the effect of the plant food furnished to it years ago, as it brings much heavier grain than the surrounding soil. There is a farm about fifteen miles from here that does not look as if it had a very productive soil. It is situated in a rather sandy section of the country and yet it produces very heavy crops from year to year, without either the application of stable manure or commercial fertilizer. I am told that this farm was a pigeon roost years ago, a place where the wild

## Sawtooth's Secret

By JUNE GAHAN

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"She's lived up here on Sawtooth for six months, ever since she got her claim, and she says she'll stick until she's all proved up."

Nick Alden squatted by the camp fire frying fresh-caught rainbow trout. Morrissey swung one booted foot to and fro and patted his pipe bowl reflectively.

The freight cast fantastic shapes about—vast, grotesque forms which seemed to dance back and forth in the shadows of the towering pines like palpable presences. Nick felt friendly and communicative. It was rarely a guest spent the night on Sawtooth. He felt a yearning toward even the old light-hearted Irish trapper. The last three years in the wilderness had left him with a keen appetite for human companionship. And only the girl and himself lived on Sawtooth.

"'Tis no place for a woman," Morrissey objected.

"Haven't I told her so, Andy, over and over, and got turned down for my trouble?"

"'Eh, lad; there's a way in the telling of it. Are you fond of her?" Nick burned some of the fish recklessly, heedlessly.

"Am I? Say, does a fellow live up here in this forsaken hole in the hills for three years, then suddenly meet a girl like Lou Varney, and not get all the symptoms? I'd drop over the edge of Sawtooth gulch for her."

"But have you told her so?" Morrissey's huge shoulders shook with silent enjoyment. "The sex cannot read your mind."

"Seven hundred times. She says we're a couple of hard-up claimers, with hardly grub stakes between us, and she's too busy to get married."

"A lad with your muscle and a hundred and fifty acres on Sawtooth can win the grubstakes. Look at an old trapper tramp like me. I'm thinking you've been too easy going with her."

"You don't know, Andy. I've done my best. I knew how it was going



The Trail Was Rocky and Dangerous.

The first time she ever rode down on her pony, to ask would I mail letters for her in Rackett. Would I'd have taken them to—well, that's all right. I took them to Rackett. Her place is only three miles from here. She's fixed it up the way women always do; muslin window curtains, flowers growing 'round, and then a few chickens. And work? Why, today she was out staking brush by herself. Says she'll clear up the whole claim. She's afraid of fire sparks from the trains starting the whole timber stretch going."

Morrissey blinked at the fire. "So they will some day, lad. I've tramped the whole Sawtooth range for twenty odd years, first as prospector, then as trapper. Now the boys call me old Morrissey, the tramp, don't they, now? I know every step of these mountains and danger points. I can follow any trail blindfolded, except my own trail. I lost that ten years ago. Eh, they say the old lad don't know what he's talking about. You're the only one that's treated me decent, and given me a blanket to wrap in and lie down by your fire there. I don't forget it. Don't be burning the fish."

"It isn't burning. That's smoke." Nick sprang to his feet, face up-lifted, sniffing like an animal at the night air. Above them was a patch of sky showing above the tall tapering tops of hemlocks and pines. It looked lurid and misty. On the wind there came the vague scent of burning timber.

"Sawtooth's ablaze, Andy! Come on," gasped Nick.

Outside the circle of firelight the ponies were bobbing. While Nick saddled them, Morrissey stamped out their own fire and threw earth on it. Nick led afterward in the dead gallop along the up-trail. They had camped on a piney knoll above the rushing torrent of the mountain brook. The trail was rocky and dangerous. Twice Nick's pony stumbled and nearly lost its footing, and a shower of loose stones rattled down in the gully.

"Never mind picking them up, lad," Morrissey called back.

pigeons collected in vast numbers to roost overnight. This was years ago. The wild pigeons have entirely disappeared from the country, but the soil where they congregated still shows the effects of their presence. A part of the plant food left by these birds seems to still be held in the soil.

**Flying Men Fall**  
victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles just like other people.

Another mile and the roar of flames came to them on the night wind. The air was heavy with the fragrant suffocating smoke of burning pine and spruce. Great rolling clouds of gray moved slowly over Sawtooth's breast. Somewhere down in the heart of the pine forest was Lou's little shack.

"You'll never make it, lad," shouted Morrissey. Ahead of them great masses of fallen timber blocked the trail. The air was full of burning leaves and stray wind-blown branches. The horses had begun to fall. Neck, ears and jaws were dripping with white foam. Nick halted, desperate and excited.

"I must get through it to her." "Wait a bit," cautioned the old trapper. "There used to be the old trail through the gulch. No man's eyes but me own and the Indians have looked at it. Do you mind? But tonight I'll ride you down it, and we'll get the girl. Hold back, I'll lead now."

Never once on that terrible ride did Nick question. Unerringly Andy Morrissey led the way over the old trail into the secret heart of Sawtooth's wilderness. When they came to the rocky edge of the vast gulch they left the ponies behind, fastened to trees, out of the danger zone.

At a long bridge Nick stopped short, his mountain trained eye measuring its strength, but Andy strode ahead. There came a sickening crash, and the great lumbering form went down into the gorge.

Over and over Nick shouted his name. There was no response, and he stumbled ahead, seeking a way to cross. Suddenly he heard a call, and saw Lou, her hair blowing in the wind, her pony trailing after her, coming down the old trail.

"Why did you come after me? There isn't one chance in the world of getting out safely unless the wind should change."

"We'll go together, then," Nick said grimly as he took her close in his arms without resistance. "You knew I'd come for you, didn't you, Lou?"

He did not tell her of old Morrissey lying somewhere down in Sawtooth gulch. Hand in hand, like two children, the pony stealing after, they made their way down the old forgotten trail, down out of the smoke and whirling leaves into the cool green depths of the gulch. Suddenly Lou cried out in alarm, and dropped to her knees. Face upward, where he had fallen near the ledge of rock was old Morrissey, comfortably hung in some spruce boughs between land and sky. Leaning over the edge of the trail Lou could see him face up-turned.

"And I'm not dead yet, Nick, lad," he called feebly. "My leg's hurting me, and my shoulder's splintered, but I've found me way down Sawtooth after ten years, and I've found me lost trail again." He patted the ledge of rock beside him. "Lift me down from this tree, and I'll show you where the good grows in nests like birds' eggs."

Nick climbed down and helped him back, little by little, the worse for his fall. And he told them Sawtooth's secret. Ten years before, while hunting up through the gulch, he had stumbled on the gold, first in a few scattered pockets, then in broad, rich veins.

"And I told no one, because I wanted to keep it—not to sell, but to steal down and look at now and then. And the curse was on me for a miser, so I lost me way, and never found the ledge again until just now."

"Here?" Andy chuckled feebly. "Here, on the girl's claim, and it runs through to your own, adjoining. Are you sorry now you gave poor old crazy Andy a warm blanket and the glad hand?"

Nick's arm closed around the slender figure beside her. She lifted her face to the rift of sky far above them.

"Nick," she whispered, "the wind's changing, dear."

Nut Growing a National Industry.  
Dr. Robert T. Morris, president of the Northern Nut Growers' association, who has for some years been studying the adaptation of nuts from the whole world to our conditions, selecting improved varieties and producing new ones by cross-fertilization, says: "The growing is to be one of the great industries of the future and an important source of human food. An indication of this is the increase in importations of nuts and nut products, which, in the fact of large increase in domestic production, amounts to millions every year. During the first 11 months of 1909 the importation of nuts and nut products were valued at \$9,745,611; during the same period in 1910, \$11,806,668; and in 1911, \$13,717,104. We ought really to be exporting nuts."

His Point of View.  
There was an old minister in New Orleans of German extraction, who was an ardent advocate of temperance and never lost an opportunity to assail the liquor traffic and those who dealt in it.

In spite of this, the old man loved his one glass of beer each day, which he was never known to exceed.

One day a small boy in the neighborhood asked him what he thought of a Nick who drank whiskey until he was drunk.

"He is a wicked man, my lad," said the old minister.

"And what about the man that gets drunk on beer?" asked the lad, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Oh," said the old man, "he is a hog. He is a hog."—Los Angeles Times.

## TROLLEY SCHEDULE

Lancaster, Rohrerstown, Landisville, Salunga, Mt. Joy and Elizabethtown Street Railway Co.

WESTWARD  
Leave Lancaster—A. M. 4.30, 5.15, 6.00, 6.45, 7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15, P. M. 12.15, 1.00, 1.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.00, 4.45, 5.30, 6.15, 7.00, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45, 11.30

Leave Rohrerstown—A. M. 4.50, 5.35, 6.20, 7.05, 7.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.05, 10.50, 11.35, P. M. 12.20, 1.05, 1.50, 2.35, 3.20, 4.05, 4.50, 5.35, 6.20, 7.05, 7.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.05, 10.50, 11.35  
Leave Landisville—A. M. 5.15, 6.00, 6.45, 7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15, P. M. 12.30, 1.15, 2.00, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00  
Leave Salunga—A. M. 5.35, 6.20, 7.05, 7.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.05, 10.50, 11.35, P. M. 12.40, 1.25, 2.10, 2.55, 3.40, 4.25, 5.10, 5.55, 6.40, 7.25, 8.10, 8.55, 9.40, 10.25, 11.10  
Leave Mt. Joy—A. M. 5.50, 6.35, 7.20, 8.05, 8.50, 9.35, 10.20, 11.05, P. M. 12.45, 1.30, 2.15, 3.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.15, 6.00, 6.45, 7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15  
Leave Elizabethtown—A. M. 6.00, 6.45, 7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15, P. M. 12.50, 1.35, 2.20, 3.05, 3.50, 4.35, 5.20, 6.05, 6.50, 7.35, 8.20, 9.05, 9.50, 10.35, 11.20

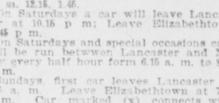
EASTWARD  
Leave Elizabethtown—A. M. 6.45, 7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15, P. M. 12.55, 1.40, 2.25, 3.10, 3.55, 4.40, 5.25, 6.10, 6.55, 7.40, 8.25, 9.10, 9.55, 10.40, 11.25  
Leave Mt. Joy—A. M. 6.50, 7.35, 8.20, 9.05, 9.50, 10.35, 11.20, P. M. 1.00, 1.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.00, 4.45, 5.30, 6.15, 7.00, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45, 11.30  
Leave Landisville—A. M. 6.45, 7.30, 8.15, 9.00, 9.45, 10.30, 11.15, P. M. 1.05, 1.50, 2.35, 3.20, 4.05, 4.50, 5.35, 6.20, 7.05, 7.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.05, 10.50, 11.35  
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Leave Lancaster—A. M. 6.55, 7.40, 8.25, 9.10, 9.55, 10.40, 11.25, P. M. 1.15, 2.00, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00

Arrive at Lancaster—A. M. 6.50, 7.35, 8.20, 9.05, 9.50, 10.35, 11.20, P. M. 1.00, 1.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.00, 4.45, 5.30, 6.15, 7.00, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45, 11.30  
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Arrive at Landisville—A. M. 6.40, 7.25, 8.10, 8.55, 9.40, 10.25, 11.10, P. M. 12.40, 1.25, 2.10, 2.55, 3.40, 4.25, 5.10, 5.55, 6.40, 7.25, 8.10, 8.55, 9.40, 10.25, 11.10  
Arrive at Salunga—A. M. 6.55, 7.40, 8.25, 9.10, 9.55, 10.40, 11.25, P. M. 1.05, 1.50, 2.35, 3.20, 4.05, 4.50, 5.35, 6.20, 7.05, 7.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.05, 10.50, 11.35  
Arrive at Mt. Joy—A. M. 7.00, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45, 11.30, P. M. 1.10, 1.55, 2.40, 3.25, 4.10, 4.55, 5.40, 6.25, 7.10, 7.55, 8.40, 9.25, 10.10, 10.55, 11.40  
Arrive at Rohrerstown—A. M. 7.05, 7.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.05, 10.50, 11.35, P. M. 1.15, 2.00, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00  
Arrive at Landisville—A. M. 7.00, 7.45, 8.30, 9.15, 10.00, 10.45, 11.30, P. M. 1.10, 1.55, 2.40, 3.25, 4.10, 4.55, 5.40, 6.25, 7.10, 7.55, 8.40, 9.25, 10.10, 10.55, 11.40  
Arrive at Lancaster—A. M. 7.05, 7.50, 8.35, 9.20, 10.05, 10.50, 11.35, P. M. 1.15, 2.00, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00

On Saturdays and special occasions cars will be run between Lancaster and Mt. Joy every half hour from 6.15 A. M. to 11.15 P. M.  
Sundays first car leaves Lancaster at 7.15 A. M. Leave Elizabethtown at 7.45 P. M. Car marked (x) connects with

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