

Continuation of the
Florin, Pa.
 close of business
January 3rd, 1922

ASSETS	
Due from Banks and Bankers	\$ 17,184.63
Money loaned on notes	97,820.60
United States and State Bonds	23,077.50
Banking House and Lot	23,282.84
Other real estate owned	4,500.00
Furniture and fixtures	4,040.41
Miscellaneous assets	915.83
Cash on hand	9,846.46
	\$180,668.27

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$125,000.00
Net earnings to date	2,564.44
Deposits	53,103.83
	\$180,668.27

The above statement shows the standing of this new bank after being in business less than eight months.

We pay 4 per cent interest on Time Deposits and Savings Accounts.

Bring us your business, we appreciate it and will take good care of it.

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent in our modern, heavy steel protected vault.

Your business solicited,

Florin Trust Company
 FLORIN, PENNA.

E. JAY NISSLY, Pres. N. F. ARNTZ, Treas.
 S. J. MYERS, Esq., Solicitor

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Her Ferryboat Hero
 By CLAIRE SMITH

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Everybody in the hotel suited at the little bride. She was so obviously in love with her husband, and he with her.

So everybody was really sorry for the bride when the bridegroom was called back to the city on a most important business matter which meant the transference of several thousands of dollars.

And out of her own heart, overflowing with sympathy, she gave a bounteous store to the lonely girl who knitted on the piazza. She wondered why such a nice girl had never married. One day, in a moment of confidence, the lonely girl told her.

"You see, my dear," she said, "when once you have really been in love you cannot ever love again in the same way. I gave my heart long ago—five years ago, my dear. It was stolen, I should say, because—" She hesitated. "I never learned his name," she said.

"You never learned his name?" questioned the little bride.

"I was living on Staten Island and crossed on the ferry to Manhattan every morning to my place of business. He lived there, too. I used to see him on the boat. The look in his eyes used to be a delight to me; he was so youthful in spirit, so happy, so buoyant, so different from that crowd of commonplace city men. I knew he wanted to speak to me. But he was a gentleman."

"I think we must have known each other in this way for three months, although we never exchanged a word, or bowed. And then—do you remember the ferry running the steamship?"

"Yes," said the little bride breathlessly.

"We were almost side by side when the shock came. The ferryboat turned on her side and a dozen of us were flung into the water. I could not swim. I was struggling wildly, battling with death when I felt his arm round me and heard his voice in my ear. 'Keep cool,' he said quietly. 'There is no danger. In a few moments the boat will reach us.'

"When he said that my terror left me. I just lay still and let him support me above the water. I think those were the happiest moments of my life. And when at last we were picked up and put safely aboard and given warm clothes and hot drinks in the saloon cabin, a sudden fear fell on my spirit. I knew that, since he had spoken, I should never see that look in his eyes again.

"Just before we stepped ashore he came up to me. He looked at me inquiringly. He said nothing; there was nothing for either of us to say. He took me in his arms and kissed me.

"Then he spoke. 'I am going West today,' he said. 'Tell me your name. When I come back I shall come to see you. It may be six months or six years, but I shall always claim you. I shall never let you go out of my life.'

"And?" questioned the little bride.

"That is all, my dear."

The lonely girl had arrived the day before the bridegroom was called back to the city. She was due to leave on the day that the bridegroom returned. The bridegroom actually arrived at the hotel just as the lonely girl stood in the office, her baggage beside her, waiting for her carriage. The bridegroom walked in and the lonely girl turned and looked him full in the face.

The little bride saw the look on her face, but she was too much absorbed in the bridegroom to think much of the lonely girl. The lonely girl sat down in a chair and leaned her head back against the wall, her face the color of chalk. The bridegroom had gone out of the office and the little bride hurried to the girl in the chair.

"You feel ill?" she asked. "Can I get you some water? Won't you lie down?"

"No," answered the girl, rising with an effort. "It was the heat, I think."

The little bride had thought that it was very cold. She did not say anything, however, but helped the lonely girl into the carriage and waved her good-by.

The lonely girl had recognized him as soon as he entered the office.

Meanwhile the little bride had sought and found her husband and taken him to the cozy seat on the stoop. "Arthur, dearest," said the little bride, "I want to say something—something awful. Do you remember a confession you made to me the day before we were married about—about kissing a girl once after a ferry accident?"

"I don't want to remember those past transgressions," growled the bridegroom, kissing the little bride.

"But why did you do it, Arthur?" persisted the little bride.

"I felt sorry for her," answered the bridegroom, "and—well, she looked as if she wanted someone to kiss her. That's all. What harm did it do?"

"You hadn't ever seen her before, Arthur?" persisted the little bride.

"Not so far as I am aware, my dear," her husband answered. "Go on; don't spare my feelings."

"You've not seen her again, have you, Arthur?"

"The bridegroom took the little bride in his arms."

"My dear," she said, "I never saw her before and I've never seen her since. To my belief, I shouldn't know her from Eve. Why?"

"O, nothing," answered the little bride happily.

for that
COUGH!
KEMP'S
BALSAM
 Pleasant to take
 Children like it

His Neighbor's Wife
 By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

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Elmer held Watson guiltless of his innumerable offenses against him because of Watson's wife.

In the southwest, where men are quick to avenge insult, Watson dwelled unharmed, mouthing imprecations against Elmer, holding him up to the scorn of the township.

The men were neighbors. Elmer, on his arrival at Westwood, had gone to call upon his neighbor to talk over their boundaries. But he found Watson in a drunken stupor and a sad-eyed girl of twenty-two cooking in the wretched cabin.

"Mrs. Watson?" asked Elmer, doffing his hat. "I am Elmer; I have taken the neighboring range. I came to talk over—" Then he paused in embarrassment and saw the wounded pride on her face.

"Mr. Watson shall see you tomorrow," said the girl quietly, and Elmer withdrew, wondering and dismayed that such a girl should be bound to such a man.

He halted at the back of the cabin to fix his boot. Watson, thinking that he had gone, sat up on the couch.

"You—" he yelled, uttering a vile oath. "I've trapped you at last. You thought I was sleeping, didn't you, and that you could bring that man into my home? I know that you've been meeting him while I was tending sheep on the range. I'll—I'll—!" He staggered across the cabin toward the girl. Elmer strode back into the cabin. Watson was standing over his wife in an attitude of impending assault. Elmer took him by the shoulders and ran him back across the room.

"I don't believe in interfering between a man and his wife—ordinarily," he said. "But if you ever lay a finger upon this lady I'll shake your teeth down your rum-soaked throat, you hound. Save it!"

Watson fell back with a groan and Elmer, releasing him, departed.

He met Mrs. Watson in town next day who was relieved to see that she bore no marks of violence. She nodded very slightly as she passed him.

He learned something of her story a few days later from some of the townspeople. Emmeline Watson had been married to her husband six months before they moved west from St. Louis. She was the orphan daughter of a famous architect who had killed himself in shame at his impending bankruptcy. Ignorant of the world, she had fallen a victim to the coarse, good-looking, traveling man who had told her he loved her. They were married; six weeks later she learned that Watson was a drunkard and an ex-convict. She had prevailed on him to go west, to make a new start.

At night, lying in his lonely cabin, Elmer thought of Emmeline. His passion drove him forth to mount his horse and gallop furiously across the ranges. He turned his horse toward Watson's cabin and then, irresolute, reined in upon the top of an acclivity. In the south a thin column of smoke was rising. It was the first onset of a forest fire. He galloped hastily toward the place.

The sun rose as he rode, and long before he reached the spot the smoke had become a hell of flame. Already the tree-tops were leaping wires of flame when Elmer drew bridle at Watson's home.

It was empty. Elmer shouted with joy. Doubtless the fugitives had been warned in time. They must have fled north along the open range toward Westwood. He turned his tired nag's head and spurred him relentlessly.

The animal sniffed the breeze, laden with smoke and flying sparks, and galloped madly for safety.

Then out of the blind smoke came a cry. It was Emmeline's voice. It seemed to come out of the smoke wrack like the cry of a child that seeks its mother—desperate, hopeless, and weary. He shouted.

"Emmeline! Emmeline!"

An instinct had gulped him aright, for, though she did not call in answer, he found her.

She was bending over a flame-blackened thing that lay in a little hollow among the pastures. Elmer saw at once that Watson was dead.

Emmeline Watson looked up. She seemed to come to her senses.

"My husband is dead," she said slowly. "It is judgment. He tried to set fire to your cabin last night and burn you to death. He fired the cabin and the forests. But God saved you."

He ran back for his horse and led it to where Emmeline stood. He swung her to the horse's withers and mounted behind her. A few minutes later and they had left the flames behind them. Elmer bent over Emmeline.

"We are safe now," he said. "Emmeline—"

But though she lay impassive in his arms he knew that the chain was broken and that life would be fair for them thenceforward.

AMERICAN STORES CO. AMERICAN

The Miracle on Your Table

This is National Canned Goods Week and Prune Week. Some few folks fail to realize what a blessing to mankind the canning industry is. In olden time, the surplus of a plentiful season was necessarily wasted, but today, the many foods from Mother Nature's bounty of plenty can be packed where grown, at the height of the season, in hermetically sealed cans, and thus saved for us, so that we may enjoy them in the long winter months, as fresh and sweet and nourishing as the day they were picked.

We are giving below a list of unusual values in Canned Foods, proving once again that "IT COSTS LESS TO LIVE WHEN YOU DEAL AT AN ASCO STORE."

MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

REGULAR 25c CAN BEST ALASKA RED SALMON	21c	GORTON'S FISH CAKES READY TO FRY, CAN	15c
Now is your opportunity to buy the very choicest red salmon packed at a very special price.		REGULAR 12 CENT JAR "ASCO" MUSTARD	9c
GOLD SEAL FLOUR 12 lb Bag	57c	The highest grade table mustard packed.	
Milled from the very choicest wheat. Buy Gold Seal Brand and ensure best results with your baking.		REGULAR 7c TUMBLER PRINCESS MUSTARD	5c
LENTEN SUGGESTIONS		A very good mustard at a bargain price.	
"Asco" Noodles, package	5c	RICH CREAMY CHEESE Lb.	25c
"Asco" Macaroni pkg.	9c	CHOICE SARDINES	10c
"Asco" Buckwheat pkg.	10c	3 FIVE CENT CANS FOR	
Elkhorn Kraft Cheese can	12 1-2c	Your choice of oil or mustard dressing. You save five cents on every three cans you buy.	
Neko California Sardines can	19c		
Campbell's Pea Soup can	10c		
REGULAR 9 CENT PACKAGE "ASCO" THREADED CODFISH	7c		
Campbell's Celery Soup, can	10c		
Campbell's Tomato Soup, can	10c		
California Tuna Fish, can	15c 30c		
Best Shrimp, can	15c		
Pure Jellies, glass	10c		
Southwark Jams, jar	15c		
Orange Marmalade, jar	23c		

"Asco" COFFEE 1b 25c

You'll never know how good coffee can really be until you have tasted the delicious "Asco" Blend. It's different from any other coffee you ever drank. Buy a pound today.

CAKE SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK	QUALITY CANNED FOODS AT ECONOMY PRICES
REGULAR 21c FIG NEWTOWNS A POUND	REGULAR 31c LEMON PUFFS Lb. 27c
Delicious cakes fresh from the N. B. C. ovens	
FANCY CALIFORNIA PRUNES MEDIUM CAN. POUND	12c
Big, Meaty, Fancy Calif. Prunes lb 17c	
Quality the same, only difference is in the size of fruit.	
"ASCO" TEAS, Lb., 45c	
1/2 Lb Pkg. 12c; 1-2 lb Pkg. 23c	
Five quality blends—Plain Black, Mired, India Ceylon, Orange Pekoe, Old Country Style.	
VICTOR BREAD, BIG LOAF, 6c	
Eat more Victor Bread. It contains those elements most needed by our bodies. Big golden-brown loaves of flaky white goodness.	
	"Asco" Sifted Peas, can 19c, doz \$2.25
	"Asco" Extra Sifted Peas, can 25c, doz \$2.85
	"Asco" Main Corn, can 15c, doz \$1.75
	Teddy Bear Corn, can 10c, doz \$1.15
	Tender Lima Beans, can 15c, doz \$1.75
	Asparagus Tips, can 35c, doz \$4.10
	Garden Spinach, can 20c, doz \$2.35
	Sweet Succotash, can 13c, doz \$1.50
	Fresh Tomatoes, can 11c, doz \$1.30
	String Beans, can 12c, doz \$1.40
	California Asparagus, can 20c, doz \$2.35
	Mixed Corned Beef, can 8c, doz \$1.95
	Sugar Beets, big can 14c, doz \$1.65
	Sliced Pineapple, can 22c, doz \$2.60
	Sliced Pineapple, 11-oz can 16c, doz \$1.90
	California Peaches, big can 23c, doz \$2.70
	Fancy Calif. Peaches, big can 29c, doz \$3.40
	Oregon Plums, big can 25c, doz \$2.90
	California Cherries, big can 35c, doz \$4.10
	Calif. Bartlett Pears, big can 33c, doz \$3.90

100 steps to make a cup of coffee!

Women do not know how many needless steps they take



Women are amazed to know that it takes 100 steps in the average kitchen to make a pot of coffee. But scientific investigation has proven that is the fact.

And yet the coffee can be prepared with only 15 steps.

This is one of the amazing facts established by the study of kitchen work made by leading Domestic Scientists and Mr. Harrington Emerson, the famous Efficiency Engineer.

They found by exhaustive experiments that 996 steps are taken to get a simple dinner in an average kitchen. That, in the American home, 2,113 steps are taken every day to get three simple meals. Thousands were spent on these studies. Steps were accurately counted with pedometers, and stop watches recorded the time.

They ended kitchen drudgery

Mr. Emerson's experiments are the most important ever made for housewives. They proved conclusively that 1,592 of the daily steps in the average home are unnecessary.

He showed definitely the way to end the heavy toll that wears away the lives of countless women.

He accomplished these astounding savings with a Napanec Dutch Kitchen. He proved that the same cooks who took 996 steps to get dinner without a Napanec could get the same meal in the same kitchen with only 262 steps when using a Napanec. They saved 734 steps on this meal alone.

Come in for a demonstration
ROY B. SHEETZ
 Funeral Director and Furniture Dealer
 MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

Who Wants This?

Is there a tenant farmer around here that wants to make as much money with less work than he is doing now? Here you are. A 30-acre farm 1/2 mile from Manheim, best of gravel land, good buildings, an abundance of fruit, fine water. This would make a dandy truck farm as it is close to markets. Don't delay; act quick as I am going to turn this farm—Call, phone or write J. E. Schroll, Mt. Joy.

Here's a Bargain

I have just listed a very desirable truck farm on Longenecker road, Mt. Joy, that will be sold quick. About six acres of excellent land, large frame house, barn, tobacco shed and cellar, an abundance of fruit, a good investment for any one. Good location for warehouse or building purposes. Convenient to industries, trolley, etc. Has bore water, light,

We Sell Ourselves With Every Used Car

When we sell a used car we know that the owner is always going to remember that he got it from us. Unless we sell him satisfaction, we are handicapping our own growth. So we are very careful to know all about our used cars and to represent them truthfully. Responsibility for the new car is shared by the manufacturer. The responsibility for the used cars is ours alone.

E. B. ROHRER

Distributor of Hudson and Essex Cars

We Also Repair All Makes of Storage Batteries

West Main Street Mount Joy, Penna.