

THE WAVE

OF LONG ISLAND.

VOL. V. NO. 15.

FIFTH WARD, BOROUGH OF QUEENS, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ROCKAWAY BEACH.

Communications for THE WAVE may be addressed to Box 139, Oceanus Post Office.

MAILS AR. 9:45 A. M. 12:30 2:50 5:30 P. M.
MAILS LEAVE 7:55 11:55 A. M. 4:45 P. M.

Subscribers for THE WAVE.

Max Ahlert left last Tuesday to serve in the U. S. navy.

Holy Week was appropriately observed at St. Rose of Lima's Church.

Send your children to the kindergarten school at L. I. R. R. next Monday.

To frame of the new hotel at the end of Holland's dock is up and partly inclosed.

Special trains were again run last Sunday to the satisfaction of the traveling public.

Louis A. Phillips is having his hotel and pavilion put in shape for the coming season.

Michael Levine has rented one of the Kewann cottages on Hammel avenue for the season.

Adam Balzer is having a sidewalk of vitrified brick built in front of his property on Bayville place.

Leander Turnbull returned on Wednesday after a six months' stay at the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson have returned to their cozy little cottage on Bond avenue near the city.

George Bookman of Newark, N. J., has purchased the bakery of William Hume. He will take possession to-day.

Mrs. Spratt, widow of the late Joseph Spratt, removed with her family from the beach to Brooklyn, on Monday.

The Long Island Rail Road Co. had ticket "pushers" at all stations last Sunday. Another sign of the approaching season.

Former Home Inspector Benjamin Shaw addressed the prayer meeting at the Congregational church on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. E. Longman, daughter of John Shephard, left the beach on Tuesday for a visit to her sister-in-law, in Washington.

The scholars should return to school on Monday and take up their studies with renewed energy after their Easter vacation.

Thus far the month of April has been entering raw, blustering weather, accompanied by snow and rain on March.

The cold snap and snow of the past week did much damage to the fruits and flowers, and cabbage and potato plants on Long Island.

Grobs-Martin's Hotel is being overhauled and prepared for the coming season. This will be the twenty-third season for this popular hotel.

Wanted.—Two unfurnished rooms by man and wife, all the year round, near Rockaway and Sea Side. Address, Oceanus P. O. box 139.

The annual beefsteak dinner of the Jamaica Bay Yacht Club will take place at the club house, Holland's Station, on Sunday the 17th inst.

Max Abrahamson is prepared to furnish all information and can secure you bonds in any company for renewing your bond and liquor tax statement.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Tator will celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage at their home on Tremblay place, Jamaica, on Wednesday night.

The prompt arrest and conviction of the miscreants who have destroyed the lights along the Boulevard should prove a warning to others who do wrong.

A number of our gallant young men have resolved to go to the front should war be declared. The Seals of Veterans are prepared to depart at short notice.

All our printing might as well be artistic as not. No reason why it should not cost any more either. Call at THE WAVE office and see specimens of our work.

Early Monday morning the electric light pole at Academy street and the Boulevard was blown down. Necessity was felt. The pole was reset later in the day.

At last the discarded, neglected electric light poles and wires are being removed from the Boulevard and the appearance already created thereby is very pleasing.

Robert Miller, conductor on the Beach branch of the L. I. R. R., will leave for a visit to his home in Scotland, next Saturday. He expects to be gone about ten weeks.

A police station house is shortly to be erected on the Seaboard property on Henry street. A full and detailed description of the new building will be given in a later edition.

Commissioner William G. Walnwright was on the beach last Thursday arranging final details for the kindergarten school which opens at Literary Hall, on Monday morning.

The past week being Holy Week the social calendar was practically clear. With the end of the Lenten season, however, entertainments and receptions will again be numerous.

The bricks were carted to and piled on the sidewalk along Hammel avenue, last November, where they still remain. Why don't the Property Owners' Association take the job?

The various ironing the travel lines have been making upon the travel of the Long Island Railroad has been conducive of bringing about an excellent train service for Rockaway Beach.

Two acres of land to plant oysters has been leased to William E. Denton, of Baldwin, at an annual rental of \$10. by the old Town Board of Hempstead. The land is situated at Goose Creek.

Miss Edith Turley, well known on the beach, was married at the house of her parents, Greene avenue, Brooklyn, to Lorenza Miller Nicholson, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. James H. Darlington.

The juvenile fifteen held a tournament on Holland avenue Saturday, the Holland company winning the cake this time. The question "Who's who" is still unanswered. Each of the companies having won a cake.

Louis C. Ott has given up the wholesale handling of Ball's beer, but continues the bottling business as heretofore. The change is made so as to allow Mr. Ott to give all his attention to his duties as Supervisor.

At a meeting of Atlantic Lodge, L. O. G. T. held Friday, April 1, two lodges, Oceanville of Rockville Center, and Fidelity of Lynbrook, attended as visitors. After the business of the lodge was through with, a supper was served.

The moon dogs which appeared in the sky on Monday night were attributed by many to Spain and regarded as a sure portent of war. They are often seen in Udonia I and on Ekdania think of getting his gun ready when they appear.

Commencing to-morrow, a special train for the convenience of fishermen will be run over Rockaway Beach branch of the L. I. R. R., leaving Long Island City at 5:10 a. m., and stopping at Broad Channel, Beach Channel, and at Hammel's.

Palm Sunday dawned rather dull, but the sun soon came out and brightened up everything and everywhere. Large crowds visited the beach, all trains being well filled. During the afternoon the occasional showers of snow caused some surprise.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church, has for its subject to-morrow (Sunday) evening, "Conquering the Fear of Death." John VIII: 51-54; Phil. II: 21-26, led by Miss Sara Higgins and Mr. Charles Van Sledright.

A lot of information which may be of interest to our readers is that John M. Nure, of Philadelphia, is the century winner of 1897, having ridden 253 centuries in that year, breaking A. A. Gray's 1896 record of 157 centuries by 96.

By the decision of Justices Garrison and Gaynor in the case of former policeman Raul he will receive \$800, instead of the \$500, per year as provided by a resolution passed by the late village trustees. The other members of the village force came in for the same.

Governor Black has sent to Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt a request to assign two of the new cutwater destroyers to the naval militia of this state, to be manned for the defense of New York Harbor, Long Island Sound and any other point designated by the naval authorities.

The Town of Hempstead Volunteer Firemen's Association will hold its annual meeting in Literary Hall, Rockville Center, on Wednesday evening April 13. Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected and other business of importance transacted. The selection of a place to hold the next tournament of the association will undoubtedly cause a great amount of hustling.

The tall dry meadow grass in the rear of Darch's bottling establishment on Elbert avenue and the railroad track, was set afire on Monday morning about ten o'clock, by a number of boys. The flames, fanned by a brisk south wind, spread rapidly, but it was not until nearly three o'clock that they threatened to envelop Darch's stable. It was that several lengths of hose were brought from the Atlantic Engine House and a stream turned on, extinguishing them.

The Moon Dogs.

Arctic skies in April are phenomenal, in this latitude, surely, but there is no occasion to lose sleep because one has seen them. On Monday night there was a strange exhibition of moon dogs or mock moons. The moon was the centre of a bright halo in which could be detected a faint crescent. It was also on the periphery of a larger circle, and where the larger long interested the smaller appeared two bright spots throwing radiance outward. A fainter spot was also seen a number of degrees away from the southern dog. The two circles included nearly half the sky and lasted for about an hour. They frost crystals in the air are the accepted cause of the halos.

Firemen's Association.

A meeting of the Firemen's Benevolent and Protective Association was held on Thursday evening at Atlantic Engine House a large number attending. A report was made that the two per cent tax on foreign insurance formerly paid to the fire department is now payable by the terms of the new charter, to the Benevolent and Protective Association, and several checks paid to the treasurer of the late Board of Representatives of the department and turned over by him to the Fire Commissioners of the city, were returned with the information that they belonged to the association. This amounts to about \$400, annually, and will aid the association materially. Fireman Hile, who was injured at the Altior fire, will to-day receive his first installment of relief as per by-law of the association.

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

The Recent Combination of the L. I. R. R. and Brooklyn "L" of Great Importance to the Beach.

The combination recently effected between the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad and the Long Island Railroad promises to do much to enhance the value of real estate and popularity of the beach. Business men in particular are jubilant as the increased number of visitors, who will be tempted to come to the beach by the new train facilities, will greatly add to their profits. Those who own property are beginning to realize their fondest dreams, for with better and cheaper train service, many people will be induced to make their homes among us the year round, and new cottages will undoubtedly spring up all over.

As briefly outlined in the last issue of THE WAVE, the two railroad companies have effected a combination whereby the elevated trains will run from the Brooklyn Bridge and Broadway ferries, without change, through to Rockaway Park. These trains will run day and night, on short headway times ensuring a train service unparalleled anywhere. The way travel will be served by the Lexington avenue and Broadway divisions of the elevated road is through a connection to be made at Chestnut street, East New York, by means of an incline built through private property. This connection is to be built at the joint expense of the two railroads, and the title is to be taken in trust for their benefit. The Long Island Railroad is authorized after this connection is constructed, to build another at the junction of Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, between its surface tracks and those of the elevated railroad, by which it may operate through trains from Atlantic avenue to and over the loop at the Brooklyn Bridge.

The proposed arrangement meets with approval all over. Beach people have long been looking for a closer connection with the business sections of Brooklyn and Manhattan. At the present our facilities for reaching these sections of the city are anything but good, and one hour is consumed in getting there. The new arrangement will, during the fall, winter and spring months, and all of our people cannot get away during the summer months. The time consumed in reaching the heart of the big city will be reduced one-half as will also the fares. Express trains will run to accommodate those going to and coming from business.

While the new arrangement of train service is about to be placed in operation is of great advantage to this locality, the best fact is that many improvements it will bring with it. Better train service is in itself a great good, but it is incommensurate to the increase in all branches of business it will effect. Cheaper fares of means of communication are conducive to larger numbers of visitors, and larger numbers of visitors mean an increase in business of all branches. Quick and reasonable travel to the centre of the business district of the Greater City assures a larger habitation of our beach by permanent residents, which naturally turns the tide of business in favor of our locality. And, as the increase of inhabitants occurs, more dwellings must be erected, which will bring up the value of real estate. And we could go on in this way much further, but the example already set is sufficient to explain the benefits to be derived.

With all these changes must necessarily come some new improvements. Our sidewalks, sewers and other public improvements would be developed to a remarkable degree, while our store and dwelling buildings would be greatly increased in architectural beauty and accommodations.

The proposed trolley between the Park and Far Rockaway will be another artery by which many more visitors will reach the beach, and the property all along this route brought into the market. Taken all in all the recent combination of the two railroads is of more importance than appears on the surface. It will develop Rockaway Beach wonderfully within the next two years. Work on the new extensions of the railroad system was commenced on Monday last.

Obituary.

The three months old daughter of Supervisor and Mrs. Louis C. Ott, died on Sunday last, death resulting from colic. The child was one of twins born in January. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, interment being made in Lutheran Cemetery.

Mrs. James R. Roblin, an old resident of the beach, died on Friday morning, April 1, after a lingering illness of a complication of diseases. The remains were taken to her former home in Syosset, N. Y., on Saturday, where interment was made the following day.

Annastatia C. Dollard, daughter of Mary and the late John Dollard, died from the effects of an operation for appendicitis, in St. Vincent's Hospital, Manhattan, on Monday last, in the twenty-second year of her age. Deceased was very accomplished and a violin favorite in Par Rockaway society. Funeral services were held in St. Peter's Church, Baggly street, Manhattan, on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, interment being private.

ARVERNE-BY-THE-SEA.

Communications for THE WAVE may be addressed to Box 139, Oceanus Post Office.

MAILS AR.—8:28 A. M. 12:11 P. M. 5:30 P. M.
MAIL LEAVE 8:20 A. M. 12:00 M. 4:50 P. M.

The new sidewalks have many bad spots in them already.

Mrs. R. H. Lindeman entertained a large number of friends at her cottage last Sunday.

Edward Stroehlein is rebuilding the boardwalk between Arverne and Stratton avenues.

The war scare has undoubtedly a great deal to do with the small number of rentals thus far effected.

The wintry weather of the past week has caused several of our people to defer their coming down for the season.

Mrs. Gorman has taken a three years' lease of Arnold Sauter's "Flats" cottage, and will shortly come down for the season.

The annual meeting of the Arverne-by-the-Sea Company, will be held in the office of the concern on Wednesday, April 20.

Caroline M. Webster has disposed of a plot of ground on the southwest corner of Meredith avenue and the Boulevard at Adolphus Kureben. The figures are not given.

The decision rendered in the case of the Rockaway Beach police practically reinstates the officers of our village.

The Arverne police were appointed over two years ago and if those who served only one month held good, certainly those of our former village force must necessarily hold good also, and our residents will be pleased to learn of their reinstatement.

Apron and Necktie Party.

Another one of those affairs which have made the long winter months so enjoyable was held at Kiehn's Brooklyn Hotel, Hammel's, on Saturday night. The occasion was a calico apron and necktie party and a large number of young people were present and enjoyed the festivities. The curious and unusual combinations effected through the search for partners was productive of much amusement. The contrast between the dressed elderly matrons' aprons and ties, and the large dining room of the hotel had been cleared for dancing and offered a good floor. Songs and recitations helped to pass away the happy hours, and a spontaneous repeat was partaken of by all present, at a seasonal hour. The contrast between the dressed elderly matrons' aprons and ties, and the large dining room of the hotel had been cleared for dancing and offered a good floor. Songs and recitations helped to pass away the happy hours, and a spontaneous repeat was partaken of by all present, at a seasonal hour.

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the purpose of foisting the force upon the City of New York, are averments of legal conclusions, not matters of fact, and are made upon information and belief and fail to show sources of knowledge and grounds of belief.

MAIL AR.—8:45 A. M. 12:30 4:30 6:30 P. M.
MAIL LEAVE 7:00, 11:40 A. M. 4:30 P. M.

John Seaman, proprietor of a hotel at Rockaway Point, arrested on a charge of selling liquor without a license, was held for the grand jury on Saturday morning.

John Busted and Samuel Hodges, two Bowery characters, and Edgar Kirk, better known as "Ki-Ki," were arrested at Rockaway Beach on Saturday night charged with vagrancy. Magistrate Foley committed them to the workhouse on Sunday morning.

Joseph Matty, Wm. McCue and George Ferrell were arrested last Saturday night on a charge of malicious mischief inflicted by Captain Townsend and Detective Bonnell of the Rockaway Beach force. They were caught loosening the ropes holding the lamps in position, allowing them to drop and strike the roadway, smearing them. Magistrate Foley held them in \$500.00 bonds on Sunday morning, for examination on Wednesday. When arraigned McCue pleaded guilty. Lack of sufficient evidence against Matty and Ferrell resulted in their discharge. McCue was held for the grand jury. Clemence Matthews appeared for Matty and Ferrell and Counselor Gilbert, of Manhattan, for McCue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hammel spent Sunday at this place.

Appropriate services will be held in all the churches to-morrow, Easter.

J. W. Erveger is improving his property on McNeil and Bayview avenues.

J. M. Livermore of Brooklyn, has taken D. N. Decker's cottage for the season.

The High School will reopen on Monday morning, after the Easter vacation.

Joseph Nolan, who had a growth on his right hand removed, is doing nicely.

Miss Bettie Wampler, of Manhattan, was here last Wednesday visiting friends.

Frederick Doolittle was elected chief of the fire department on Thursday evening.

The new building of Jacob Hoffman on Central avenue is progressing rapidly.

John Flanagan and family have arrived at the cottage and will remain here one month.

Thomas Coffey makes quite an efficient clerk of the court, and is winning many friends.

A large cylinder desk was added to the furniture in Magistrate Foley's court on Wednesday.

The war scare and unsettled weather has caused rents to be very poor during the last few weeks.

Miss Jessie Coste, of Lawrence, was the guest of Miss Etta Thomas, of Baldwin, during the past week.

The snow storm of last Tuesday caused several of our residents to get out their sleighs and enjoy a spin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood Smith have been spending a few days at Boston, visiting their son, Prof. Abraham Smith.

The services in St. John's church on Palm Sunday and Good Friday were very appropriate and well attended.

The work of excavating for the foundations of the new McNeil building is progressing as rapidly as the weather will allow.

The Woman's Relief Corps of Inwood, will hold a meeting on Tuesday evening to decide upon a date to hold their coming fair.

A gathering of the Masonic fraternity of Queens County will take place at the rooms of Olympic Lodge, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Daniel Lord and daughter, Miss Fanny Lord are at present sojourning in Europe, where they expect to remain for several months.

The seventh annual ball of the John A. Woods Association will be held on Tuesday evening at the Imperial Hall. Prof. Peterson will furnish the music.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Perry and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Van Cott, all well known at this place, were the guests of Corser's Waverley House, on Saturday last.

BEAUTY BLIND

He said: "The clouds hide yonder range,
And doubtless it will rain to-night.
'Ah, well,' 'twill be a welcome change."
These fields are but a tiresome sight."

He crushed beneath his careless feet,
The white thorns dull, blind words he
said,
The clover blooming, dewy sweet,
Where Dawn has made her rosy bed;

Nor heeded how, like thistle-down,
From purple blossoms lightly blown,
The mists that veiled the mountain crown
O'er all the opal skies were strewn.
—Symposium.

LEARNING A LESSON.

can get along with him. I'm very sure," said Joeselind Darkridge.

"Nobody could get along with him!" chorused the three other Miss Darkridges, in unison.

Uncle Black was the personage of whom they spoke—a crabbed, ill-tempered, little old man—who lived in a superb old country seat among the Catskills.

He had money to leave, but his niece and nephew secretly believed that it would be a deal easier to go to California or Goldconda, or some of the fabulous places and dig fortunes out, nugget by nugget, than to stay at home and earn them by making themselves acceptable to an old gentleman who had as many angles as a rose diamond, and as many prickly spikes of temper as a porcupine.

Naomi Darkridge had tried it first. Naomi was a soft-voiced, slender girl, with a head which reminded one of a drooping lily.

"No one can help loving Naomi," said Mrs. Darkridge, as she kissed her daughter good-by.

But in three weeks Naomi came back half frightened out of her wits.

"He scolds so dreadfully," said Naomi. "And he looked at me as the wolf must have looked at Little Red Riding Hood. Oh, mamma, I couldn't stay there, not if I were to be made richer than Miss Burdett-Coutts herself."

Magdalena Darkridge went next; but Magdalena, although a fine, tall girl, with a spirit of her own, was cowed by Uncle Black's savage eyes in less than a week.

"I'd sooner sweep crossing for a living," said she, "than be Uncle Black's mistress."

And so she came home without loss of time.

Rhoda Darkridge, in no wise abashed by the successive failures of her sisters, was the third one to try Black Grange and its possibilities. But she also succumbed before the terrible scourge of Uncle Black's savage tongue.

"It's scold, snarl, snarl, scold, from morning till night!" said Rhoda, as in three days she too tearfully related her experience to her parents. "Oh, you don't know—nobody can know—what a dreadful man Uncle Black is!"

"Oh, hang the old scamp!" said Mr. Darkridge, who was of a free-and-easy nature, and thought his girls a great deal too sweet and nice to be snarled at by any rich old miser. "Let him alone. My daughters needn't go begging for any man's money."

But here Joeselind, the youngest, tallest and prettiest of the four girls, spoke up:

"I'll go!" said she.

"You don't know what you are undertaking," said Naomi, with a shudder.

"He'd wear out a stone," said Magdalena.

"He's a ghoul!" shuddered Rhoda.

"I can get along with him, I am very sure," said Joeselind, brightly.

And she packed up her little trunk and went to Black Grange.

It was sunset—a red, flaming sunset like one of Gifford's pictures—when she came up the terraced flight of steps that led to the house. Everything blushed blood-red in the deep light, and Joeselind could see how lovely was the scenery, how substantial this old gray house, with its square towers and semi-circular, colonnaded porch. Uncle Black stood on the steps.

"So you are Joeselind?" said he, surveying her with little twinkling eyes, like glass beads.

"Yes, I am Joeselind," said the bright-cheeked girl, giving him a kiss.

"You're late!" said Uncle Black.

"I am late," said Joeselind. "I thought the old beast of a stage never would have got here. The horses fairly crept and the roads were horrid."

"It's a dreadful warm day," growled Uncle Black.

"I'm almost roasted," sighed Joeselind.

"The whole summer has been intolerably warm," said the old gentleman.

"We might as well be in the tropics, and be done with it," retorted Joeselind, flinging off her shawl and fanning herself vehemently.

Uncle Black gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters.

"I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he.

"The servants are miserable!"

"No more than one might expect," interrupted Joeselind, with a disrespectful notion of the hand. "Servants are mere frauds nowadays!"

"And nothing goes right about the place."

"Nothing ever does!" said Joeselind.

Uncle Black eyed her queerly. This was quite different from the determined cheerfulness and systematic good spirits of her sisters.

At breakfast next morning Uncle Black began to scold as usual.

"Fish again!" said he. "This makes four mornings this week we've had fish."

"I detest fish!" said Joeselind, pushing away her plate with a grimace.

"And the rolls hang again!" growled Uncle Black, breaking one open.

"Please give me the plate, Uncle Black," said Joeselind, and she rang the table bell sharply.

Betty, the cook, a stout, good-humored Irish woman, made her appearance.

"Betty," said Miss Darkridge, "be so good as to throw these rolls out of the window."

Betty stared.

"Do you hear what I tell you?" said Miss Darkridge, with emphasis.

And Betty flung the rolls out among the rosebushes, where they were speedily devoured by Cato, the Newfoundland dog, and Rob and Roy, the two setters.

"But what am I to eat for breakfast?" bewailed Uncle Black.

"Crackers, of course," said Joeselind.

"Anything is better than impertinent one's digestion with such stuff as this! And, Betty, if you send up any more fish in a month you may consider yourself discharged—do you hear?"

"But, my dear, I am rather fond of fish," put in the old gentleman.

"Then eat it out fish the whole time," said Joeselind, imperiously. "Here, Betty—this coffee isn't fit to drink! and the toast is burned! and you must have put the cooking butter on the table by mistake! Let these errors be rectified at once!"

"My retired with an ominous rustle on her starched apron, stared very much."

"My dear," said Uncle Black, apprehensively, "Betty is a very old servant, and—"

"I don't care if she is the age of Methuselah," said Joeselind; "nobody can be expected to put up with such wretched cooking as this!"

"I really think she is not so bad, if—"

"Oh, pray don't apologize for her, Uncle Black," said Joeselind. "They are all shiftless, lazy creatures, who must be discharged promptly if they don't do their duties."

Uncle Black began to look frightened. He had kept Betty, Sylvia and old John for ten years. Was it possible that he had scolded at them for ten years, only to have Joeselind Darkridge scold him now?

"I wouldn't be too short with 'em, my dear, if I were you," he remonstrated.

"Let them do their duty," said Joeselind, with the air of an empress.

"We are all mortal," pleaded Uncle Black.

Uncle Black ate the rest of his breakfast with but little appetite. Sylvia, the housemaid, was finishing dusting his library when he entered it.

"Not through yet?" growled Uncle Black, the freckled wrinkles once more coming into his brow.

"Sylvia," said Miss Darkridge, severely, "if this happens again I shall discontinue your services! Look at that clock! Is this the time of day to be dawdling about the rooms with her broom and duster? Remember Mr. Black does not pay exorbitant wages to lie in bed until noon!"

"My dear," said Uncle Black, "Sylvia is generally a very good girl, if—"

"Dear me!" interrupted Joeselind, "pray permit me to be the judge of these matters. You have ruled your household with a stick and indignant hand altogether too long. I shall now institute a reform."

And poor Sylvia had never moved about so briskly as she did that day.

Old John, the gardener, was not exempt from his share of the general turmoil. Miss Darkridge chanced to hear her uncle reproaching the old man for some fancied neglect in the flower beds, where diamonds, ovals and crescents of brilliant colors were the pride of his horticultural heart, and she promptly came to his aid.

"Gardening, indeed! Do you call this gardening?" she said. "Uncle Black, I'm astonished that you keep such a man as that about the place!"

And the torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of poor old John was enough as that individual observed, "to make one's flesh creep."

"My dear, is a young lady of spirit and energy," apologized Mr. Black, when at last Joeselind had gone back to the house.

"Verra like you, sir, verra like you!" said old John, scratching his head.

"Like me?" said Mr. Black, slowly.

And he stood full five minutes, quite speechless and motionless, staring at the mossy rim of an ancient sun-dial half sunk in the velvet grass. And at the end of five minutes he spoke two other words, and only two:

"Like-me!"

"There's no knowin' the master, he's that changed," said Betty in the kitchen, a week or two later. "He's as mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a kitten."

"Sure, isn't that what the young lady told us," said Sylvia, "when she came down into the kitchen that first morning after the fire was lighted, and told us she was a young lady of spirit and energy?"

Uncle Black gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters.

"I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he.

"The servants are miserable!"

"No more than one might expect," interrupted Joeselind, with a disrespectful notion of the hand. "Servants are mere frauds nowadays!"

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Good Roads.

Something About Roads.

A correspondent writes the Indiana Farmer from Bicknell, that State, in these words:

While at the World's Fair, in the Transportation Building, I noticed a section of some foreign roadway that was claimed to have been built some years before Christ. The cost of building stone roads in many parts of the State is bound to be large, owing to the lack of suitable material in places. Some of our people here think that we have plenty of material in our limestone hills to construct good stone roads. Others think it would be cheaper to bring it by rail from the north and east. Be this as it may, to build good roads in this country will cost a good deal. Some think it would be best to make a loan of long standing and let posterity help pay the debt. In my opinion if some of the other things would pay as much taxes in proportion as the farmers do, the surplus would go a long way toward making good roads. I do not think there are many farmers that are willing to have their taxes enlarged very much at this time.

Doubtless there are more people here interested at the time about roads than any other kind. That our roads have been abused is a fact known to everyone. As a general rule it appears that our road supervisors' sole object is to "splash" over his work and receive his ill-gotten gain. And on the other hand the men that go on the road to work are too apt to be watching the sun and asking what time it is. They don't work like they do at home. What is the result? The roads are washing away, bridges have broken through, culverts are filled, fences thrown down and people compelled to drive around bad places.

What is to be done? In the first place in certain places there are more roads than men to work them. I think the law exempting men from work on the roads on account of age, or disability, if they possess property, is not fair. Men usually use the roads more after the age of 50 than they do before, because they are often without work and have more produce to haul, and often possess saw-mills, wheat thrashers and other valuable property. If not able to work let them hire. Who would think of exempting one from taxation on account of age or disability?

Are the roads not as important as the taxes?

Where is the country that has no roads? Take the roads from our country and the streets of our cities will grow up with briars. Farmers ought not receive pay for cleaning their fence corners next to the road. If the land belongs to the road, let the supervisor work it and the briars will not grow. If it belongs to the farmer let him clean them without pay. Perhaps supervisors should receive more pay and then be held strictly responsible for the work they do. They should make weekly trips along the roads, take out obstructions, turn water from roads, fix up bridges, culverts, etc.

THE KAFFIR WHEN OFF DUTY.

South African Mine Laborers Lead a Monotonous Life.

Life on a South African mining property can hardly be monotonous. The report of a traveler fresh from the cape gives a curious insight into one phase of life on the Rand. It is said to be the custom of the Kaffir on receiving his salary—usually \$5 per week—to sally forth and invest all his earnings in bottles of brandy. He would then return to his hut, squat down and drink it like beer until he succumbed. This went on regularly among the mining staffs of all the large companies until, in order to prevent a weekly cessation of labor, the companies adopted the method of inclosing all their native employees inside a compound, and shutting them in like prisoners until their time of service has elapsed.

Visitors to the compounds often take in the positive course to be taken by a handful of which the Kaffirs, under stress of their deprivation of tobacco as well as liquor, will often gladly exchange their old native bracelets and knobkerries. The native method of smoking is peculiar. The pipe is filled several long punts are taken and the smoke swallowed. The bowl is then taken off, the stem is inserted in a bowl of water, and the water is sucked through it and swallowed also. Then comes the tug of war. The man who can hold out longest without coughing is considered a hero. After a short time the smoker will considerably cough for fifteen or twenty minutes, and one can quite understand why the Kaffir is not allowed out to buy tobacco. In the case of the traveler, who gives these details, the mine manager asked him to cease bartering the staff for native trinkets, otherwise the whole colony would be unfit to go down when their time came.

The Kaffir usually returns home after six months or a year at the mines, and is considered a rich man. He buys two or more wives and takes his ease while they do all the work.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Good Thing to Lose Your Job.

Many men who have fair-salaried positions are contented to thus go through life, having no higher hopes and aims than simply to do their work well, and never expect to be anything more than a clerk all their lives. They thus become dwarfed in their mental capabilities, and if they live to be old their services gradually become less and less valuable to their employers. Had some

men of this stamp lost their positions early in life, the struggle that they would have been forced to make would have tended to develop what was best in them.

Many of the most successful business men of to-day would not have achieved their present financial positions had they always remained clerks. Had they had their choice, perhaps, they would always have been clerks; but this very fact was the door which opened up the way to starting a business of their own. So, should these words catch the eye of any young man recently discharged, let him take fresh hope and courage, and resolve to do something for himself. If he is made of the right kind of stuff and is contented to start in a small way, and be satisfied with slender wages for himself for a few years his chances for winning a competency are good. To such a man, although the loss of his situation at first seemed a misfortune, in the end it will prove one of the greatest benefits that ever befell him.—Hardware.

Press Blunders.

Probably no article on typographical errors ever appeared without containing a typographical error, unless the proofreader has been fortunate enough to intercept on the way to the press the mistakes which seemed to be predestined for that very list of mistakes. A queer blunder recently appeared in a New York Journal's elaborate article on blunders.

In this article the following paragraph occurs:

"The account of the locomotive striking a car and cutting her into 'calves' is perfectly understandable."

No doubt this would have been "understandable" if the word "car" had been printed "cow," as it was written, and as it stands in the traditional joke which forms the basis of the story.

With some of his other stories the author of the article had better success. He tells of the author of a classic Roman drama who, by the undesired aid of the printer, made his hero exclaim, "Bring me my toga!" instead of "Bring me my toga!"

It relates that one of Mr. Black's heroines once perished from swallowing a dose of "salution" instead of opium; and that once there was a proofreader, one of a sporting eleven, who had read for the first time the title of Dickens' "Cricket on the Heath."

"Impossible!" said the proofreader; "you can't play cricket in a fireplace," and he corrected it to read, "Cricket on the Heath."

A famous and dreadful blunder was once made in an advertisement, where mistakes of the sort are comparatively infrequent, by reason of greater care; a blunder in an advertisement may be expensive. The advertisement of a great manufacturer of marmalade was made to read:

"Black's preserves are not to be eaten."

A "b" had dropped out before the "eaten." It was probably an engraver, and not a compositor, who made a wedding invitation read, "Your presents is requested" instead of "presences." Barring the grammar, this version would be well enough in a great many cases.

An old English newspaper, mentioning the absence of the prime minister, said: "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of fiends, is shooting pheasants in Ireland." This might have been a joke in an opposition paper, but this one was friendly to Peel instead of being "fiendly" to him.

Uncle Bill's Letter.

We had a note the other day from uncle who went west—

Been gone some twenty year or more, an' is by fortune hoes'd.

He sent his photograph along, an' in his letter said:

He's livin' on a ranch alone an' never yet has wed.

"I guess the Maynard girl still lives," he wrote, "an' pretty still."

She who was known as Roxey when I to her was Bill?"

We showed the photograph ter her—she read the letter through.

An' with a little sigh she said, a little nervous, too:

"Well, Mr. Smith deserves good luck—a noble heart, God knows!"

An' then her face looked strangely like a child's and witter said:

"Perhaps the kind words fetched a chord that straightaway told a thrill—"

"She who was known as Roxey when I to her was Bill?"

Ah, undercurrents of all lives! . . .

Around her children play; She has a husband who is kind—an' yet who knows, that day

When she remembered that one heart in all the world of care

Still turned to her in tenderness an' thought her pale cheeks fair; She felt a pang of regret—longed for the old dream still.

When one was known as Roxey, an' one was known as Bill?"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Bayonet.

The bayonet is said to have derived its name from the fact that it was first made at Bayonne, France, and its origin illustrates the proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention." A Basque regiment was hard pressed by the enemy on a mountain ridge near there. One of the soldiers suggested that, as their ammunition was exhausted, they should fix their long knives into the barrels of their muskets. The suggestion being acted upon, the first bayonet charge was made; and the victory of the Basques led to the manufacture of the weapon at Bayonne, and its adoption in the armies of Europe.

We can never tell by the looks of a man on the streets if he is going to a church social, or to sit up all night with the corpse of a friend.

Worrying about people has to be handled with rare judgment, to keep it from becoming nagging.

Everyone occasionally wonders "how anyone so nice can do such a thing."

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A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

A Child's Remarkable Rescue from
Death.

Away down in the Gulf of St. Law-
rence, in the peaceful little island of
Prince Edward, just called the "Garden
of the Gulf," occurred an incident of
thrilling interest and self-sacrifice.

In a secluded valley, far away from
the din and strife of mankind, reposed
a picturesque farm cottage, ivy-covered
and shaded by trees. Near by
rushed gaily a prattling brook on
whose grassy banks the children loved
to wander, plucking from their stems
the nodding golden cups, and stringing
the daisies into endless chains. About
the door of the cottage the glad voices
of the children, mingling with the
merry chirp of the birds, rejoiced
the mother's heart, and she carelessly
went the round of her household duties.
Between the house and the farm build-
ings, and not far distant from either,
stood the old-fashioned well with its
"moss-covered bucket," and near it
the trough for the horses. Over all
reigned the halo of the morning sun, fast
replacing the drowsy fogginess of the
early dawn. The father of the family,
an upright, hard-working man, had
gone early to do some business at a dis-
tance of about twenty miles, and was
not expected home till nightfall. The
grandfather, now bent and feeble from
the toll of many years, after the "heat
and burden of the day," calmly await-
ing the Master's "Well done," lived
happily in the old homestead with his
son and family, and was still pleased
when some of the farm work was left
to his care. On this occasion he had
come in tired from some slight exertion,
and his daughter-in-law hastened to
bring him a drink of water, but find-
ing that the water in the house was not
fresh, her little daughter was sent with
a tin cup to fetch some which had just
been drawn from the well and was left
standing in the bucket.

Her child absent longer than was
necessary, the mother looked out, but
saw no sign of her. She paid no atten-
tion, however, thinking the little one
had wandered off to play, and she her-
self went and brought the water. After
while the other children began to in-
quire where "Maudie" was, and then
their fears were aroused. Like a
flash a thought came to her, and she
dashed wildly to the well. Who can
describe her despair when, looking
down the dark depths, she described the
loved form at the bottom. No father,
no neighbor, no help—she alone must
act, and that instantly. She snatched
off her shoes and stockings, and with
the supreme force of a mother's love
impelling her onward, a prayer on her
white lips, she made her way, clinging
to the rough stones, down the jagged
and almost perpendicular sides of the
well. As she wildly caught her child
in her arms she realized that her work
was but begun. Here again her voice
and quick wit saved her. Catching up
the hem of her skirt in her teeth, she
thus made a safe receptacle for her
charge, leaving her arms free to scale
the perilous height above her. With
infinite labor and caution this was
done, but the child neither moved nor
breathed. Still, hope was not yet dead
in the mother's breast. Quickly she
wrapped the lifeless form in hot steam-
ing flannels, and began briskly to rub
the little stiffened limbs. After more
than an hour's despairing work she
was able, with a handle of a teaspoon,
to force open the tightened jaws, and
quickly managed to get a little warm
milk into the child's mouth. At last
what the mother's joy when she saw
the relaxing muscles, the quivering
eyelids and the first faint breath of re-
turning life.

The little girl, then 4 years old, grew
up to be a blessing to her many
friends, and now lives, a happy wife
and mother, to testify to the undying
devotion and fortitude of a mother's
love.—Woman's Journal.

Dog Remembers.

There is an old saying says Cassel's
Journal, that "the more you kick a
dog the more he will love you," but
there are exceptions to every rule.

Some years ago I was stationed at
Devonport. A friend of mine (whom I
will call Bates) owned a handsome re-
triever dog. The animal never loved me
kicks than carresses from his master,
and I was continually remonstrating
with my friend on his cruelty to his
dog, but his only answer was the us-
ual one, "the more you kick him the
more he will love you."

I was very kind to this dog, and my
kindness was well rewarded, as the se-
quel will show.

One afternoon Bates and I engaged
a boat for a row. Bates tried all he
knew how to prevent his dog getting
into the boat, but I eventually prevail-
ed on him to let the dog accompany us.
On the return journey a fog came on,
and a passing steamer swamped us,
with the result that our boat was up-
set, and we were struggling in the
water. We could not swim, and the
steamer's crew could not see us, al-
though they could hear our cries for
help.

As I was sinking the dog grabbed me
and pulled me to the upturned boat,
but I could not get him to save his
master, who was drowned.

Absent-Minded.

"Let me put my feet upon the fen-
der," Harriet Beecher Stowe used to
say, "and I can talk till all is blue."

She was a delightful talker, and her
friends, gathered around a fireside,
cheerfully permitted her to take the
lead in the conversation. But some-
times she became so absent-minded
that even when dinner-table guests
were listening to her conversation she
would become silent and would scarce-
ly speak again. The habit of mind,
which even in the prime of life was of-
ten caused by physical fatigue, grew
upon her with increasing years. Fre-
quently, during a conversation, she

would wander silently into a world
known only to herself.

An amusing anecdote, told by Mrs.
Fields in her "Life and Letters" of
Mrs. Stowe, illustrates her shortcom-
ings in this respect:

She was expected on a certain day to
dine at the old President Quincy House
in Quincy. The ladies, his daughters,
received their guest with great cour-
tesy, and she was shown to an upper
room to arrange her dress after the
journey. They waited impatiently, and
began to watch the clock, but there
was no step on the stair.

Dinner was announced, and still they
waited. Then the anxious hostesses
hurried to the room to see what was
the matter with their guest. On open-
ing the door Mrs. Stowe was seen
standing as they had left her, her bon-
net and shawl still on. She was read-
ing a volume she had taken from the
bookcase.

"Oh," said she, returning suddenly to
herself, "do forgive me! I found this
dear old copy of Sir Charles Grandison
just like the one I used to read. I
haven't seen it for years and years!"



F. Tennyson Neely announces a
translation of another of Henryk Sien-
kiewicz's historical romances, entitled
"So Runs the World."

Owing to the fact that public atten-
tion in Paris has been entirely ab-
sorbed by the Zola trial, the issue of sev-
eral books which were to have appear-
ed has been postponed. French au-
thors, publishers, and booksellers are
complaining bitterly of the harm that
has been done them by the "Dreyfus
affair." The sale of books has been al-
most at a standstill in Paris throughout
the winter.

Stanley Waterloo's London publish-
ers are A. & C. Black, and they have
attempted some improvements upon
the American edition of "The Story of
Ah," though without any signal suc-
cess. It is a somewhat thicker book,
but it cannot be said that the illus-
trations, which form its distinctive fea-
ture, are either effective or desirable. A
story of the cave men is one whose pic-
tures are better left to the imagination.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, who
first came into notice about ten years
ago by his verse, has been adding to
his reputation of late by the publica-
tion of "History of Canada." He is
now at work on a new romance of
Canadian life, to be called "A Sister to
Evangeline." It will introduce several
of the characters that appeared in the
same author's first novel, "A Forge
in the Forest," published in America
last year. Mr. Roberts was born in
New Brunswick, and for several years
he held a professorship at King's Col-
lege, Nova Scotia. Last year he left
Canada to take the assistant editorship
of the Illustrated American, a weekly
paper published in New York.

The work of printing the general cat-
alogue of the British Museum Library,
which was inaugurated by the late Sir
Edward Bond, will be completed, it is
hoped, at the opening of the twentieth
century. The catalogue is the largest
compilation of its kind in the world.
Formerly, when it was written, it con-
sisted of nearly 2,000 folio volumes,
which entirely filled the great circular
shelves in the center of the reading-
room specially constructed for its ac-
commodation. But as the catalogue has
been printed the number of its vol-
umes has steadily decreased, and the
room made thereby available on the
circular shelves has been filled with
other works of reference. It is hoped
that when the printing is completed
the catalogue will have been reduced
to about 1,000 volumes.

Very Early Americans.

If the story of a Colorado silver miner,
made half a dozen years ago, be taken
into account, there is but little doubt
that the human race existed on this
continent as long ago as the time when
the silver veins were in process of
formation. In the Rocky Point mine,
in Gillman, 400 feet below the surface
a number of human bones were found
imbedded in the silver-bearing ore.
When taken out over \$100 worth of sil-
ver still clung to the bones. An arrow-
head, made of tempered copper and
four inches long, was also found with
the remains.

Japanese Doctors.

In Japan doctors do not charge for
their services, but, on the contrary, de-
cline to name an amount, and protest
against any idea of remuneration. The
patients, on their side, are too proud to
accept such services free, and send to
the doctor, not as a fee, but more as a
friendly gift or token of gratitude, a
sum of money proportionate to the
means of the giver, with some piece of
silk, bronze, or lacquer work, the idea
being that medical attendance is by far
of too important and elevated a char-
acter to be desecrated by barter for
filthy lucre.

Potatoes Are Prolific.

If (says a contemporary in a curious
computation), there were but one potato
in the world, a careful cultivator might
produce 10,000,000,000 in it in ten
years, and that would supply the world
with seed again.

A man should either give up his
beard or his tobacco; both are bad
habits, particularly if engaged in at the
same time.

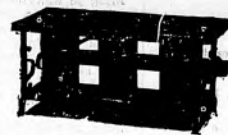
When a local incident suggests an
Abel Lincoln story, it cannot be printed.

Nothing looks so well, or cats so poor-
ly, as roast pig.

Louis Kreuscher

DEALER IN

BLUE FLAME



OIL STOVES

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL, NAPH THA, GASOLINE AND BENZINE.

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Crude, Engine, Cylinder, Lard, Sperm, Naphtha, Castor and Bicycle Oil.
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ESTABLISHED 1860

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at a very low price
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COAL BY THE CAR LOAD A SPECIALTY

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CHAS. DASHBY, Sole Agent for Rockaway Beach
Confectionery, Stationery, Notions etc.

Daily Papers, Novels, etc
Try our Ice Cream Soda. No 5 Keanan's Block Boulevard
Opposite Post Office

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Dealer in Bicycles

Repairing a Specialty.

FAIRVIEW AVE., HAMMEL'S STATION,

ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.

BICYCLES TO RENT



Some inventors are said to be extracting gold from sea-water, but it's probably a Munchausen invention really referring to hotel-keepers in the golden summer season.

Oh, that cry of despair, how it had reached John's ears! He caught a falling spar and floated clear of timbers and cordage.

I have little to give you in return for your devotion, Mr. Colwell," said

Today the aged John and Esthe Maddock live in the home left them by Ralph, and this Easteride the

It saturated for a week, until the dry scalp has absorbed all it will, the wash with pure soap and water. This operation is repeated every two or three months, the effect is said to be marvelous.

The royal crown of Persia, which dates back to remote ages, is in the form of a pot of flowers, surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

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soap has absorbed all it will, the wash with pure soap and water. This operation is repeated every two or three months, the effect is said to be marvelous.

coming out and promote growth is the abundant use of genuine olive oil. Saturate the hair thoroughly, and keep it saturated for a week, until the dry scalp has absorbed all it will, the wax with pure soap and water.

wash with pure soap and water. In this operation is repeated every two or three months, the effect is said to be marvelous.

Atlantic Park Hotel,
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Rockaway Beach, L. I.
POOL AND BILLIARD ROOMS.
BOWLING ALLEYS.
First Class Accommodations for Balls,
Socials, etc.
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Established 1889.
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\$759,000.

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on Principal Cities of the World.
All business entrusted to our care handled with
strict fidelity.

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Electrician.
Bell hanging, Locksmithing
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WIRING FOR INC. AND ARC LIGHTS
Repairing
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Rockaway Beach, L. I.
Mr. W. B. KIRKMAN,
Far Rockaway, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I have examined a sample of
the Distilled Water which you produce as
your plant, and it is undoubtedly an abso-
lutely pure water, free from organic matter,
and when used is conducive to good health.
Yours truly,
ORR L. LISK, M. D.,
Health Officer Town of Hempstead.

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Hygienic Mineral Waters.
FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.
INSPECTION INVITED.

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Dr. E. J. DECKER,
Veterinary Surgeon,
Hospital, Far Rockaway.

Horses boarded for the winter, or pastured at
any season of the year, by the month, at Decker
Farm, Rockaway Beach, L. I., where every
comfort for horses is given.
Horses will be called for and delivered.
Address E. J. Decker, D. V. S., Far Rockaway,
N. Y., Post Office Box 101.

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Carpenter and Builder.
P. O. Box 117, Rockaway Beach, L. I.
Estimates given on all kinds of
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Boulevard,
Cor. Division Ave. OCEANUS, N. Y.
OFFICE HOURS.
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ROBERT J. ENNEVER,
SIGN*PAINTER
Display Advertising, Wagon Painting and Lettering,
CENTRAL AVENUE, FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

MAY HAVE MEANT WELL.
But Her Efforts Did Not Meet with
Much Success.
It takes fully six months for a story
like the following to become public
property. Last season a Washington
woman, possessing both social and
charitable ambitions, elected to give a
reception. The affair was to be very
exclusive. Judge of the surprise when
a bundle of invitations was left at the
door of a hospital in town upon whose
board of managers Mrs. Z. serves. The
invitations were found to be addressed
to the trained nurses of the institution,
and great was the wonder that the pro-
fessional ranks had been invaded for
society recruits.

A few days elapsed, and Mrs. Z. paid
a visit to the hospital. Making herself
extremely agreeable, she remarked to
the nurses:
"Well, girls, I hope you received cards
to my reception?"

Smiles and acknowledgments an-
swered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Z.
went on complacently:
"Indeed, I was only too glad to re-
member you all. I appreciate how
much work and how little play you
girls have, and I thought you would
enjoy a little glimpse of society fun."

"No doubt of it, Mrs. Z.," one of the
nurses spoke up, "but none of us are
likely to have gowns suitable to wear
at such a function."
"Oh, that need not trouble you in the
least," returned the smiling Mrs. Z.,
"Now, my idea is this. Of course, I
understand you have no evening
gowns, and that you know very few
society people, but these facts must not
interfere with your getting a peep at
my guests and eating some of my sup-
per. I thought the whole thing would
be simplified if you all came in your
pretty uniforms and caps, and took up
your stations in the dressing rooms."

An Almanac 3,000 Years Old.
The most valuable almanac ever
made is that now in the British Mu-
seum, which is priceless. It is believed
to be at least three thousand years old.
The days are written in red ink on
papyrus. In columns, and under each is
a figure, followed by three characters
signifying the probable state of the
weather for that day.

The most elaborate almanac in the
world is that issued by the Chinese
Government in twelve thick volumes,
which gives full information as to lucky
times and times for performing the
acts of every day life, which is consid-
ered an essential of success by every
good Chinaman. The Nautical Al-
manac costs the British nation twenty
thousand dollars a year for the salaries
of the professors and scientists who
prepare it. The most curious calendar
at present in use is that of the natives
of Central America, where the months
are only twenty days, and these are
named after animals. Among most
modern European ones the Almanac
de Gotha, which is a compilation of the
names and relationships of Euro-
pean and noble and royal families, has
been the longest in continuous circula-
tion—upward of one hundred and thir-
ty-five years.—Saturday Evening Post.

CH. HALLER,
HARNESMAKER,
Mott Ave. near Central, Far Rockaway.
Repairing neatly done at Reasonable Prices.
Good Work is a Good Advertisement.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

Read This.
GOLD--WALL--PAPERS
5 cents per roll.

Thirty thousand rolls and two hundred pat-
terns to select from.
Now is the time to paint and paper your
cottage.

Paint your Wagon, \$1.50.
Harrison Bros. and Atlantic White Lead.
F. W. Devoe & Co. artists' and drawing ma-
terials and fine coach and wagon paints

General Supply Store.
Painting and Paper Hanging in all their
branches. Call at

WM. MINNICK'S,
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Manufacturer of
Gas Fixtures.

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BUILT TO ORDER.

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MORRELL SMITH,
ARCHITECT.
Bank Building, Central Avenue
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"FOR CUBA LIBRE."
HOW A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION WAS
LANDED IN THE ISLAND.

Welcomed By Coast Guards—Unloading the
Precious Cargo For the Use of the In-
surgents—Omens of Good and Bad Luck.

It was early on Sunday morning
when we first sighted Cuba. The sea
was like a mirror; the gorgeous tints
of the dawn mingled with the azure of
the Gulf water and spread over it my-
riad colors. In the distance the green
coast loomed through a purple haze.
The picture was so thrilling that all
danger was forgotten in the rapture
of the scene. Near us were two sail-
ing vessels, but of those we take no notice.
A veteran of ten years' war is at the
bow, his hands on the oars. The orders are
to get ready for the landing. While ap-
proaching the shore the look-out man
reports, "Smoke on the starboard quar-
ter!" Instead of beating a hasty re-
treat we wait to investigate, and presen-
tly discover that the stranger is a
merchandise steamer, so the boat is lowered
and a party of hunters to go ashore and
reconnoitre. In a very short time they
come back and report everything fa-
vorable, and all start to busy them-
selves with unloading the precious car-
go. While the work is proceeding, a
voice is heard coming from the Cuban
shore, then a shout of "Viva Cuba
Libre!" to which we answer, "Cuba
expedicioneros!" At once three coast
guards mounted on little mustangs
make their appearance, and are wel-
comed by us with a chorus of "Viva
Cuba Libre." The joy seems to have
intoxicated us all, for we are sure now
that the expedition will never fall in-
to the hands of the Spaniards. One
of the coast guards has already gone
to inform a Cuban force, encamped
close by, of the arrival of the expedi-
tion. The steamer which we had
sighted while approaching the land is
by this time plainly seen to be an En-
glish tramp as she comes close inshore
to satisfy her curiosity. Guessing our
mission, she hoists her colors and salu-
tes us with three blasts of her whistle,
which we promptly answer. One
hour and fifty minutes after reaching
the coast the cargo has been landed,
the boats are hoisted, and we sail away
amid the hurrahs of those on board,
heartily answered by those who are
left behind.

The barometer had begun to fall, but
as yet caused little anxiety on board,
as it might portend merely squally
weather, and next day we were once
more lying alongside of our supply-
ship. On account of the rolling of the
two vessels, we were obliged to pro-
ceed very slowly to the transfer of our
cargo, and it was the following day be-
fore we were able to start to land our
second expedition. The nearer we ap-
proached the Cuban shore the worse
the weather became. Some of us had
retired to the cabin to secure a little
rest, when we were aroused at about an
hour before midnight by the cry of fire
—not a pleasant awakening on a ves-
sel carrying three tons of dynamite.
A lamp had exploded but was fortu-
nately thrown overboard without oc-
casioning further damage, and quick-
ness was once more restored. The per-
suasions sailors were inclined to
look on this incident as an evil omen,
but the effect was counteracted an
hour afterwards by a large American
eagle which majestically landed on our
foremast.

The following night at about ten
o'clock we sighted the light of Morro
Castle, and altering our course, headed
for our landing place, which was not
far from the city of Havana. Unfor-
tunately, owing to the darkness and
the rough weather, we were unable to
make our port, and were compelled to
put to sea again. The look-out man
announced a vessel approaching on our
port bow, and at this interesting mo-
ment our steering gear gave way. For-
tunately the accident was not serious
and was quickly mended, and we put
to sea without further incident. Next
day we lay to out of sight of land, and
that night once more headed for the
light of Morro Castle. This time, in
order to avoid repeating our error of
the night before, we went so near to
Havana that we were able plainly to
distinguish the electric lights in Cen-
tral Park. Two hours later we arrived
at our destination. In two hours more,
and in the midst of a driving
rain, we had landed our second cargo
and had again left the Cuban coast—
Harper's Weekly.

Lincoln's Estimate of Two Men.
A delegation of preachers from Chi-
cago waited upon Lincoln to urge the
issuance of the emancipation procla-
mation. The spokesman urged the
claim with ecclesiastical dignity by
saying: "The Lord sends this commis-
sion to you, President Lincoln." "Per-
haps so," he replied, "but I am a
stranger that He should send this mes-
sage by way of Chicago?" To another
delegation urging immediate action he
said: "If you call the tail of a sheep
a leg, how many legs will the sheep
have?" "Five," replied the spokesman.
"No," said the bearded president, "it
would only have four. Calling the tail
a leg wouldn't make it one." When a
stately Congressman from New Jersey
presented two of his constituents by
saying: "It gives me pleasure, Mr.
President, to present to you two of the
wealthiest men from the southern
part of our state," he endured patiently
some pompous compliments, and then,
when they retired, said: "I should think
that end of the state would tilt up
when they stepped off it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Who Founded the W. C. T. U.
The Cincinnati Enquirer publishes
the following:
"Many persons have been speaking
of Miss Frances E. Willard as the
founder of the National W. C. T. U."

The founder of the National W. C.
T. U. resides in this city. Mrs. Mc-
Clellan Brown was instrumental in
calling the first convention inaugurating
the movement in Columbus, in
February, 1874, and in August follow-
ing she went to Chauncy Assembly
with a full plan of organization, which
she had incorporated by a committee
from various states present at that as-
sembly. By her correspondence the
first convention was called at Cleve-
land in November, 1874, where Miss
Willard first entered the work and was
made secretary of the convention. Mrs.
Brown at that time declined the nom-
ination for the presidency. Mrs. An-
na Wittmeyer of Philadelphia was
president for five years preceding Miss
Willard's succession to the presidency
in 1879. Mrs. Brown was, in 1874,
the right worthy vice-temple of the
Good Templars, which have a con-
stituency of 800,000 paying members.
Mrs. Brown still holds the copyright
of the original plan of work of the W.
C. T. U., dated January 12, 1875, and
bearing the signature of Librarian
Spofford and the official seal. Mrs.
Brown formerly resided at Alliance
and later at Pittsburg.

A MARK TWAIN YARN.
The Humorist Narrates a Baby Story. With
a Snapper at the End.

The following anecdote, related by
Mark Twain, has, I believe, never ap-
peared in print, writes a correspondent
of the Brooklyn Eagle. At an enter-
tainment given for the benefit of the
seamen on board the steamer Kaiser
William II., on her voyage from New
York to Genoa, Mr. Clemens was post-
ed for an address. On being intro-
duced he rose and, in his peculiar tone of
voice and manner, said:

"By friends, I see that my name is
on the programme for an address. As
this was done without consulting me,
I shall give you an anecdote in its
place. Now, you know there are anec-
dotes and anecdotes, short meter and
long meter. I shall give you a long
meter one with a snapper at the end.
It is about a Scotch-Irish minister
who thought he was called to preach
the Gospel, while he knew that he had
the gift of oratory, and he never missed
the opportunity to display it. An op-
portunity was offered on the occasion
of a christening. There was a consid-
erable audience, made up of the pa-
rents, friends and neighbors of the in-
fants. The preacher began by say-
ing:

"We have met together, my friends
on a very interesting occasion—the
christening of this little child—but I
see already a look of disappointment
on your faces. It is because the in-
fant is so small? We must bear in mind
that this globe upon which we live
is made up of small things, infinitesimal
objects, we might say. Little drops
of water make the mighty ocean; the
mountains which rear their hoary
heads toward Heaven and are often
lost in the clouds are made up of lit-
tle grains of sand. Besides, my friends,
we must take into consideration the
possibilities in the life of this little
speck of humanity. He may become a
great preacher, multitudes may be
swayed by his eloquence and brought
to see and believe in the truths of the
Gospel. He may be a distinguished
physician, and his fame as a healer
of men may reach the uttermost parts
of the earth, and his name go down
to posterity as one of the greatest ben-
efactors of humanity. He may become
a great astronomer and read the heav-
ens as an open book. He may discover
new stars, which may be known by
his name and his name may be coupled
with that of Newton and other great
discoverers. He may become a distin-
guished statesman and orator and by
the strength of his intellect and elo-
quence he may control the destinies of
nations, and his name may be engraved
upon monument erected to perpetuate
his memory by his admiring and grate-
ful countrymen. He may become an
author and a poet, and his name may
be remembered among the new entombed
at Westminster. He may become a
great warrior and lead armies to battle
and victory; his prowess and valor may
change the map of Europe. Methinks
I hear the plaudits of the people at the
mention of his deeds and name. He
may become—er, 'er—he—my friend—
"Turning to the mother:
"What is his name?"
"The mother—What is the baby's
name?"
"Yes, what is his name?"
"The mother—It's name is Mary
Ann."

Hog's Ordeal in a Well.
Some time ago James Stapleton of
Spread, Ga., missed one of his large,
fattening hogs, for which he made a
diligent though unsuccessful search.
After ninety-eight days had elapsed
from the time the hog was lost, a negro
workman of Mr. Stapleton's was pass-
ing over a field and chanced to look
down into an old well, in which he dis-
covered the missing hog. It was drawn
from the well and found to be still
living.

Milk Production of Sweden.
Of the annual milk production of
Sweden 1,500,000 cows 175,000,000
gallons are converted into 512,000 cwt.
of butter and 145,000 cwt. of cheese,
the bulk of the butter being shipped
to England and the cheese retained
principally for home consumption. The
Swedish experts of dairy produce of
England amount to \$75,500,000 annu-
ally, and of bacon, mostly dairy-fed, to
\$60,000,000.

Coins of low denominations circulate
very rapidly; thus it is calculated that
every penny in circulation changes
hands a dozen times a week.

"THE SEASIDE PROPERTY,"
Seaside Station,
ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.
THE MOST DESIRABLE BUSINESS SITES ON ROCKAWAY BEACH
For Sale or To Let.
WILLIAM WAINWRIGHT,
J. A. PENSEN,
SARAH TATOR,
OWNERS
J. W. WAINWRIGHT, Agent.

John E. Winslow & Son
General Hardware of All Kinds
Assorted grades of Mechanics' Tools. Oils, Varnishes, ready
mixed Paints and Glass.
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
Glass Ware
Cor. BOULEVARD and DIVISION AVE., ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.

HENNE'S
VIENNA BAKERY
AND LUNCH ROOM
BOULEVARD BETWEEN GROVE AND ELBERT AVENUES, OPPOSITE
POST OFFICE, HAMMEL'S STATION, ROCKAWAY BEACH.

THE IMPERIAL
Sea Side Station.
D. Gacquin, Prp.
ROCKAWAY BEACH N. Y.

**Ask your Butcher or Gro-
cer for Rohe's**
Regal Hams
**and Bacon. Choice fami-
ly and Rohe's Regal Soap**

D. L. JOSLIN,
Grand Opening Sale of Dry Goods
bought by us for a fraction of its value, is now on.
Dress Goods, Skirts and Wash Fabrics in endless variety.
Ridiculously Low.

Ladies Shirt Waists, Lawn Underskirts and Special Hosiery in Past Colors at On-
Half value. Bathing Suits, Ladies' Corsets and Summer Goods of every kind.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in the latest styles, and at prices you
never before heard of.

Wynn Building, FAR ROCKAWAY.

E. A. LEEK,
Furniture, Carpets, Bedding.
Hardware, House Furnishing Goods.
Paints, Oils and Bicycles.

Central Avenue, near Cornaga Avenue,
FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

JAC. ROSENTHAL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb and Pork
Poultry and Game in season. Eggs and Butter our
Specialties.
Please favor us with a call and be convinced.

Boulevard and Grove Ave.
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SUNDRIES TRY THE INSTRUCTIONS
FORT GREENE CYCLE COMPANY,
155-56 CUMBERLAND STREET,
RENTING BROOKLYN. REPAIRING

THE FAMILY STORY



PEGGY, THE OFFICE BOY.

WHEN Peggy first made her appearance in the Disseminator office none of us paid any attention to her. Certainly none of us even dreamed that she was likely to prove a heroine.

Peggy was Jimmy's sister; and Jimmy—otherwise James McGovern—was one of the Disseminator office boys. On a certain spring afternoon, when I entered the city department of our justly celebrated journal, I found my accustomed chair occupied by a little, dark-eyed, wide-eyed, fluff-haired young person, whose brief skirts at once proclaimed her sex and her extreme youth. The watchful Jimmy, seeing my perplexity, instantly darted forward, and half pushed, half lifted, the usurper from my rightful throne.

"It's my sister," he exclaimed (clearly somewhat ashamed of owning such a commodity). "You see mother's dead, and father's at work all day, so Peggy her couldn't stay home all by her lonesome; and I thought—"

"You thought you might bring her here," I interrupted. "Well, she's a pretty little thing, and if you don't let her get in the way, I fancy the boys won't mind."

"I won't get in the way," piped Peggy, with superb self-consciousness. An "zen-zen" I can help Jimmy."

I laughed at the idea of a little 12-year-old maiden helping in the busy world of a newspaper city room, and gave Peggy an encouraging pat on the head, and a very modest coin of the realm for certain transactions in candy. Thereafter Peggy adopted me as her especial friend and champion.

It was a day or two later that, on entering the city room, I came upon a curious sight—no less a sight, indeed, than old Buchanan, the city editor, with Peggy on his knee. Now, if ever there was a surly human being it was Buchanan; and I spoke volumes for Peggy that she had been able to tame him. Indeed I had feared that, when my chief discovered her daily presence in the office, he would instantly order her to decamp. Quite the contrary had occurred, and I was stricken with amazement, which did not decrease when Jimmy subsequently narrated to me the events leading up to Peggy's conquest.

Buchanan, it appears, had come growling into the room, as was his wont, and looking for someone upon whom to vent the spleen generated by a half-digested breakfast. He was a terrible man, was Buchanan, when his breakfast did not agree with him! But this morning the city editor was not expected for an hour to come, and so Jimmy and his sister had been indulging in a merry game of "tag." They were rushing wildly hither and thither; upsetting chairs and waste-paper baskets, and utterly unconscious of all else but their fun, when the burly form of Buchanan loomed up in the doorway. Bless you!—these happy urchins never even saw him; and for full fifteen minutes he stood on the threshold, looking on, and feeling his 100-pound oozing out, like Hob Acres' courage, at his finger tips.

Presently Peggy, in one of her frantic rushes from the pursuing Jimmy, ran plump into Buchanan's outstretched arms. Poor little thing!—she almost fainted with fright when she saw who her captor was (and for the matter of that Jimmy was quite as horrified); but the very first words Buchanan spoke reassured her. When I entered he was telling her about his own little girls—particularly about the one that was dead.

notable events occurred. One was the breaking of Jimmy McGovern's leg in a "coasting" accident, and the consequent loss of that invaluable youngster for office purposes. Thesecond—well, you shall hear about the second event as Buchanan is never tired of describing it.

We had all gone home for the night—or, rather, for the morning. The office was deserted and supposed to be closed—although events disclosed the fact that a careless janitor had been in the habit of leaving it carelessly open, while he sought refreshments around the corner.

Buchanan was in the very act of undressing himself to slumber when he heard his private telephone bell ringing furiously. Leaping out of bed, he seized the receiver, and gruffly demanded what anybody wanted with a Christian city editor at such an unearthly hour of the morning.

Great was his astonishment 't he admits that he at first accused himself of dreaming when there came across the wires a voice he knew—a hissing childish voice—calling faintly:

"Misto' Bocoan! Oh, Misto' Bocoan! 'Zis is Peggy, Jimmy's sister."

"Good gracious!" cried Buchanan. "What do you want, child?"

"Wobbers is ve matter," was the answer, louder and more hopefully given. "Wobbers—burglars—'eaves. Come quick, or ve wobbers 'll get away."

Buchanan was a man of quick thought and half-triangular resolve. There flashed across his mind the thought that in his desk at the office, ready for publication on the morrow, lay the proofs and papers in the great Bolton bribery and corruption case. He knew that Bolton, prince of swindlers, was

visiting to Jimmy at the hospital, they had stopped to see the night watchman of the Disseminator office. This careless personage had coolly left little Peggy in charge while he "slipped across the street a minute" for refreshments, with his old crony, McGovern, senior. They had hardly been absent five minutes when Peggy, half-dozing, in a dark corner, heard stealthy steps, and saw two men enter the room. One of them she recognized as a discharged printer of the Disseminator—Healy by name. Not seeing Peggy in her corner, the two broke open Buchanan's desk, and, after a careful search, found and abstracted the Bolton documents.

"And where did they go?" asked Buchanan.

"Peggy ran to ve window an' watch ed 'em. They crossed ve street, an' went into ve saloon across ve way."

"The same saloon that your father and the watchman entered?"

Peggy nodded her head.

Quickly Buchanan lifted the child on his shoulder, and ran down the stairs. On the threshold of the street door were McGovern senior and the resplendent watchman; but Buchanan had no time to abuse them then.

"Follow me, men," he shouted; and, still carrying Peggy and with the star-

tinged pair at his heels he darted across the street and into the saloon—a night resort for printers—across the way.

The saloon was empty save for a group of three men at a table in a far corner. One of these men Buchanan recognized as Bolton the swindler; another was the discharged printer, Healy. Even as they entered a bundle of papers lay in the middle of the table, while Bolton was counting out some greenbacks.

Buchanan set down the child, and sprang like a cat upon a mouse, at the documents.

"Hold those men. They are thieves," he cried, seizing the papers and warding off a frantic blow from Bolton's sledge-hammer fist.

In the confusion Buchanan made good his escape, catching up the frightened Peggy as he went, and still clutching the Bolton papers. In the street he met a policeman, and dis patched him to the saloon, where the erring janitor was probably paying for his carelessness in a tussle with the Bolton gang.

In the office, while they waited for news from the "seat of war," the grim city editor found time to tell Peggy what he thought of her.

"You have done a great thing for the paper, Peggy," he said; "and we shan't forget it. By the way, we need an office boy badly, and I don't know anybody better fitted for the job than you."

The great Bolton case as published in the Disseminator made a sensation; and when Jimmy McGovern got well and came back to work he found himself obliged to take a subordinate position—Peggy's assistant—Chicago Ledger.

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FRIENDSHIP ABOVE MONEY.

How Beverly Tucker Escaped with \$25,000 on His Head.

After the assassination of President Lincoln Secretary Stanton offered a reward of \$25,000 for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, who had been secretary of the Interior in Buchanan's cabinet; Beverly Tucker, C. G. Clay and others. Mr. Tucker made his escape through a faithful friend on his arrival at Detroit. In the early morning he crossed in the ferryboat from Windsor, Canada, to Detroit, and the first person his eyes rested on was the late Isaac N. Cary, so well known in Washington, but who was then residing at Windsor. As Mr. Tucker expressed it, he concluded he was gone. The \$25,000 reward, and what Cary might deem his duty, was, he thought, too much to leave any hope for his escape. He walked to the bow of the boat to try and consider what he should do. He was somewhat disguised as an Englishman, with their usual "impudent" mental of rugs, canes, umbrellas, etc., and while he was considering, a sailor behind him said: "Mr. Tucker, where are you going? Don't you know the cars are regularly searched, and you are almost sure to be recognized?"

"Well, Isaac," said Beverly, "I am trying to get to Kentucky, and from there to the South, and I must take the chances." Cary told him to go to the hotel, feign sickness or fatigue, and remain in his room until night. He said he would buy his tickets and come for him at dusk and accompany him to the cars. He did so, and at dusk Cary came and accompanied him to the cars and sat with him until the train started. The soldiers passed through the cars, but concluded Beverly was some Englishman, and being in company with a colored man, he must be all right. Then the cars started. Cary bid him good-by, and he went on his way rejoicing at having met so good a friend as Isaac Cary. Some time after Isaac Cary came to Washington and obtained a position under the city government which he held until his death. The writer went with Mr. Tucker, on his return to the city, to see him and thank him again for his friendly aid. Such an act of friendship weighed in the balance against \$25,000 cash, he serves to be remembered.—Washington Post.

letters from the French consul in New York, asking the superintendent to find, if possible, a satchel containing \$5,000 or \$10,000 worth of diamonds and other jewelry that had been sent in the New York Central station by an absconding tourist from Paris. Detective Mack was detailed on the case. It was four days after the leaving of the grip when the report of its loss arrived, and Mack considered it a hopeless task to find it. Nevertheless, he set out to look for it.

John Martin, the present inspector of police, was then a patrolman detailed at the New York Central station. Detective Mack read the description of the satchel to him and asked him if he had seen anything of it.

"The only satchel I've seen lying around loose was a seedy-looking thing that had been kicked around the station for several days. I got so tired of seeing it around that I picked it up this morning and took it to the baggage-master. But that, of course, couldn't be the one. It's too cheap-looking."

"Well, I'll take a look at it, anyway," said the detective, and he went to the baggage-master's office and inquired for it. It was a very shabby canvas affair, plastered all over with foreign and domestic baggage checks. The checks were the only promising thing about it. The detective opened its flap, when to the surprise of both him and the baggage-master, there appeared a handsome leather valise within the canvas covering, adorned with a safe-lock combination. The inner bag could not be opened by any of the sleuth's keys or other devices, so the police went it on to New York without knowledge that it contained the diamonds. But it proved to be the Parisian's lost satchel.—Buffalo Express.

He Couldn't Plow. A certain incident connected with the great Napoleon, while he was in exile at Elba, is commemorated in the island, to this hour, by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house.

A man named Glacien was plowing when the famous exile came along one day, and expressed an interest in his work. Napoleon even took the plowshare out of the man's hand, and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the plow, and spoiled the furrow.

"Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCXIV, took in the neighboring field a plowshare from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."

The Great Food Question. "I'll tell you the course I'm pursuing" To save my digestion from ruin: "I'll eat of the things I eschew" (Eschewin' involu't in eschewin').

"I never touch nothing leguminous, Nitrogenous, starchy, albuminous, Sour, bitter or sweet, Fish, fluids or meat."

"My dinner card isn't voluminous." —Pick-Me-Up.

Loved His Country. No thistles grow in Australia till a Scotchman planted some seed out of love for his old country. It was a very natural but foolish deed, for now the thistle has multiplied into millions, and gives a great deal of trouble.

Every vanity has its penalty. It is claimed that curly-headed men get bald quicker than straight-haired men.

W. S. WEEKS,
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.

A complete assortment of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, OPTICAL GOODS, SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS, BRICA-BRAC, etc., etc. Also, agent for ALL HIGH GRADE BICYCLES.

REPAIRING OF FINE WATCHES AND FRENCH CLOCKS A SPECIALTY.

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Arverne-by-the-Sea and Edgemere

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ATTENTION!

To Village Boards, Sewer Street Contractors, Plumbers & Engineers:

That I have a new device for taking rain water from the streets. The cut shows sidewalk, curb and sewer culvert.

Also shows the strength of cover turned upside down. This curb can be fitted to wood, stone and cement curbs, and will make a very neat appearing corner. The curb can be used in the middle of block on straight line.

For particulars and price, enquire of

GEO. GROSS, ROCKAWAY BEACH.

The Stodder Punctureless Tire, resilient, light, durable and guaranteed against puncture. No leather, steel or wire.

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McClaffey **Far Rockaway**

Photographer fine photos of Groups, Cottages etc. drop a postal to Box 446 and I will call. Flash lights at night, a specialty at Reasonable Rates

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LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

WALTER E. FREW, President, JAMES P. BESSEMER, Cashier, WILLIAM STEINWAY, Vice-President

DIRECTORS: WALTER E. FREW, President, SHIRHERD KNAPP, New York City, WILLIAM STEINWAY, Secy., New York City, J. M. P. HAVEMeyer, Vice-Prest, Nat. Bank of North America, N. Y., H. K. KNAPP, Gen. Manager Union Ferry Co., Brooklyn and New York, J. M. LUDWIG, Lehman Bros., 35 Wall, CALMAN, Knoll Calman & Co., 1 City, N. Y., S. K. DE FOREST, Genl. Manager John & Sons, 100 Broadway, BROOKLYN, JOHN B. WOODRUP, L. I. City, N. Y., JOSEPH S. AUBRACH, Cedarhurst, L. I., G. J. GARR, RYSON, Newtown, L. I.

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The accounts of individuals and mercantile firms are solicited, and will receive every facility consistent with conservative management.

Bank Hours, 8.30 a. m. to 4.30 p. m. Saturdays, 8.30 a. m. to 12 noon.

Checks on this Bank are Redeemed through the New York Clearing House.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland and all other parts of Europe, and Brown Bros. & Co.'s letters of credit issued. Deposits by mail promptly acknowledged.

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PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

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Sprinkling, Mowing Lawns & Taking care of Cottages in Winter or Summer, New large commodious and well ventilated stables, constructed on the premises. Horses, Carriages and Harness looked after by practical hostlers, and only the best Straw Hay and Oats provided.

Arverne, P. O. Box 112.

THE WAVE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1908.

Hempstead Town Election.

The annual spring election result of Tuesday is regarded as practically a Democratic victory by many. The election was hotly contested and the very small majority of the successful Republican candidates says much. With the Democratic end of the town cut off by the Greater City, it seemed as if the entire Republican ticket would be elected by large majorities, but from last returns news was not the case. Although the Democratic party was not dominant, the party leaders are rather pleased.

Greater City Items.

Superintendent of Buildings Guilfoyle has announced that in future all holders and others filing plans and specifications must submit an affidavit with them or they will not be accepted.

The Charter Day plans are now practically dead, the Brooklyn members of the local assembly having successfully won their fight against the anniversary. The resolution approving \$500,000 for the celebration in the Board of Aldermen is effectively tied up, that it cannot be moved. In the council it has been in committee awaiting report, the opposition being so pronounced and insurmountable that the committee did not dare bring it up for action because it would have been voted down at once.

City employees who were appointed under the new administration without undergoing an examination may have their salaries held up. It is understood that legal proceedings will be instituted with a view of declaring hundreds of appointments made during the last three months illegal. Controller Coder will be requested to hold up every salary concerned. Controller Coder says he is anxious to receive suggestions from the Civil Service Reform Association and that he has deemed it advisable to hold up some salaries and he may find it necessary to delay others.

The Board of Supervisors of Queens County will now be made up of five Democrats and three Republicans as follows: Greater New York members—1st Ward, James Johnson; 2nd Ward, David J. McDonald; 3rd Ward, Charles J. Powell; 4th Ward, George Creed; 5th Ward, Louis C. Ott; 6th Ward, William H. Jones; 7th Ward, August Denard; 8th Ward, Smith Cox; 9th Ward, James Johnson of the First Ward, which is Long Island City, has tendered his resignation, but his successor will be chosen by the present city officials, he will, of course, be a Democrat.

Advertising does not necessarily sell goods but it makes it easier to sell them. Give the WAVE columns a trial.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Boulevard, near Holland Avenue.
REV. JOHN C. GREEN, PASTOR.
John Jamieson, Supt. Sabbath School.
SABBATH SERVICES.
Preaching, 10:30 a. m.
Sabbath School, 9:30 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer Meeting, 6:30 p. m.
Preaching, 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA.
Fulview Avenue, Hempstead Station.
REV. THOMAS MCCAFFREY, PASTOR.
Masses, Sundays, 8:30 and 10:30 a. m.
During July and August, 6:30, 8:30 and 10:30 a. m.
Weekday Mornings, Mass is celebrated at 7:30 a. m.
Sabbath School, every Sunday after first Mass.
Instructions. For children over seven years every Friday at 7:30 p. m.
Confessions, every Saturday from 6 to 8 p. m.
Meeting of Acolytes Society, every Friday at 8 p. m.
Masses on Holy Days will be at 6:30 and 10 a. m.
Other services will be duly announced at the Sunday Masses.

Good display begins with right type, and reaches perfection by right usage. Advertisers should give THE WAVE columns a trial.

FIRE ALARM SYSTEM

ROCKAWAY BEACH FIRE DEPARTMENT.
At an alarm of fire the bell will strike the number of the box from which the alarm is given.
No. 24. LOCATION.
24 Washington & Fifth Avenues.
20 Boulevard, bet. Thetis & Undine Ave.
28 Boulevard, near Pier Avenue.
32 Sea Side Avenue, near Ocean.
34 Sea Side Ave., near L.I.R.R. Tracks.
30 Boulevard, near Henry Street.
43 Boulevard, near Holland Avenue.
45 Boulevard, near Grove Avenue.
47 Harland's Ave., near L.I.R.R. Tracks.
51 Boulevard, near Division Ave.
52 Pleasant Ave., near L.I.R.R. Tracks.
54 Boulevard, near Kane Avenue.
50 Boulevard, near Cedar Avenue.
62 Boulevard, near Remington Ave.
63 Boulevard, near Arverne Engine House.
65 Grand Ocean Ave. nr. Edgemere Hotel.

NOTE.—Atlantic Engine and Hose Company, Volunteer Hose Company and Oceanus Hook and Ladder Company will respond to the alarm.
Arverne Engine and Hose Company will respond to the following calls: 47, 52, 54, 55, 62, 63 and 65 on first alarm.
Sea Side Engine and Hose Company, Sam Meyers' Hook and Ladder Company and Remmen Engine Company will respond to the following calls: 24, 28, 32, 34, 30, 43 and 45 on first alarm.
Second alarm—three twos (2, 2, 2). Companies will respond.
The foreman of either company not responding to first call will hold all in readiness until the second alarm, or until relieved by one stroke of the bell.
The foreman of each company must see that the numbers are restored immediately after alarm comes in. Wind indicator and the system is ready for second alarm.
P. S.—Restore numbers before winding.
CODE OF STEAMER SIGNALS.
One long (—) blast and two short (—) blasts calls Chief or Assistant Chief.
Continuation of short blasts (—) — — — — — calls foreman or assistant foreman.
One long (—) — — — — — (blast) denotes steamer pressure.

Those who have cottages to rent for the coming season would do well to send particulars to James Keenan, WAVE office.

New York & Rockaway Beach R. R. Co.

In effect Oct. 14, '07.

FROM NEW YORK:

Foot of 4th St., E. R. 6:00, 6:50, 8:10, 9:10, 10:50 a. m. 1:50, 4:20, 5:20, 5:50, 7:10 p. m. Sat. Nights, 12:00, Sundays at 7:00, 9:10, 9:50, 11:10 a. m. 1:50, 4:10, 6:40 p. m. Trains leave L. I. City 10 minutes later.

FROM BROOKLYN:

Flatbush Avenue, at 6:07, 7:07, 8:14, 9:20, 10:52 a. m. 1:54, 4:30, 5:20, 5:50, 7:01 p. m. Saturdays 12:05, Sunday 9:00, 10:00, 11:22 a. m. 1:50, 4:20, 6:31 p. m. Beach, 6:00, 7:00, 8:25, 11:00 a. m. 2:00, 3:00, 7:22 p. m. Sundays at 7:15, 9:20, 11:25 a. m. 1:55, 4:20, 6:50 p. m.

LEAVE ROCKAWAY BEACH:

Rockaway Park at 6:57, 7:57, 10:35 a. m. 12:35, 3:07, 6:15 p. m. Sat. nights 10:17, Sundays 8:15, 10:22 a. m. 12:45, 3:17, 5:25, 7:45 p. m.
Sea Side at 7:15, 8:00, 10:35 a. m. 12:36, 3:10, 6:15 p. m. Sat. nights 10:45, Sundays 8:17, 10:25 a. m. 12:48, 3:20, 5:28, 7:47 p. m.
Holland at 6:40, 7:17, 8:02, 10:40 a. m. 12:38, 3:12, 6:21 p. m. Sat. nights 10:46, Sunday 8:20, 10:27 a. m. 12:50, 3:22, 5:30, 7:49 p. m.
Hammes at 6:51, 7:21, 8:04, 10:42 a. m. 12:40, 3:24, 5:59, 6:23 p. m. Saturday nights 10:49, Sunday 8:22, 10:03, 10:30 a. m. 12:52, 3:25, 5:53, 7:55, 7:52, 10:00 p. m.
* Denotes trains from the "Y."

TROW'S Business and Residential DIRECTORY OF THE Borough of Queens, 1898.

Ready for Delivery, April 8th.
Contains under appropriate Business Classifications alphabetically arranged and fully indexed, the names of all Persons, Firms and Corporations doing business within the Borough, their location, the names of members of firms, the offices of corporations and their residences; also a complete list of Borough Officers, the location of their office, etc. Also a list of the Incorporated Clubs, Associations and Societies, the names of their officers and their location in the Borough. This work will be sent, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price, \$2.00.
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Printing and Bookbinding Co., 21 Union Place, Manhattan, City of New York.

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Trow's Greater New York Business Directory, 6 Borough contained, Price \$5.
Trow's Business Directory of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, Price \$3.
Trow's Business Directory of the Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, Price \$2.
Trow's Business and Residential Directory of the Borough of Queens, Price \$2.
Trow's General Directory of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, Price \$7.50.
Trow's Partnership and Corporation Directory of the Boroughs of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, Price \$5.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple plan to help a business man to get more orders? Write 2013 Atlantic Ave., East New York, N. Y., for our free literature. We will give you a list of two hundred business wanted.

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Holland Station, Fronting the Ocean.
FINEST TABLE D'HOTEL DINNER IN AMERICA FOR 75 CTS.
RESTAURANT, BAR and BILLIARDS.
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Came to Us at so Low a Price, that We are able to Place them on Sale at **\$5.98.**
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HARRY GOODMAN,
2613 Atlantic Ave, East New York, Brooklyn.

WHEREAS, THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE of the County of Queens has been and now is unsafe and unfit for holding Court therein by reason of the insurmountable decay of the Court House, and WHEREAS, the Board of Supervisors of said County have secured the use of St. Mary's Lyceum at 115 and 117 Fifth Street, in the First Ward into the city of Long Island City, in the Borough and County of Queens, City and State of New York, for holding Court therein during the repair of said Court House.

Now therefore, I, Harrison S. Moore, County Judge of the County of Queens, do hereby, pursuant to Section 43 of the Code of Civil Procedure, order that St. Mary's Lyceum, at 115 and 117 Fifth Street, in the First Ward, (late the city of Long Island City, in the Borough and County of Queens, City and State of New York, be and the same hereby is appointed for temporarily holding Court therein, and until the County Court House shall be safe and fit for that purpose.

Dated at the County Court House, Queens County, this 14th day of March, 1908.
HARRISON S. MOORE,
County Judge of Queens County.
A copy as filed March 14th, 1908.
JOHN H. STEPHEN, Clerk.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, a Supreme Court is appointed to be held at the Court House, in Long Island City, in and for the County of Queens, on the 1st day of April, 1908, proclamation is therefore hereby made in conformity to a precept to me directed and delivered by William J. Youngs, the district attorney of Queens County, on the 21st day of March, 1908, to all persons bound to appear at the same Supreme Court, by recognition or otherwise, to appear thereat, and all Justices of the Peace, Coroners and other officers who have any recognizance for the appearance of any person at such Court, who have taken any inquiry or the examination of any prisoner or witness, are required to return such recognizance, in full and in examination to the said Court, at the opening thereof, on the first day of its sitting.

Given under my hand this 21st day of March, 1908.

WILLIAM GAS BAKER,
Sheriff of Queens County.

County Court of Queens County.

Appointment of Terms for the year 1908, and until otherwise ordered.

I, Harrison S. Moore, County Judge of the County of Queens, do hereby designate and appoint the following times for the holding of Terms of the County Court of Queens County for the year 1908, and until otherwise ordered, all of which will be held at the County Court House in Long Island City, to wit:

First Monday of February.
First Monday of May.
Third Monday of June.
Second Monday of September.

Second Monday of November.
At one of which Terms a Grand Jury and Trial Jury will be required to attend, and issues of the fact in civil and criminal actions will be tried, except that in criminal actions, Grand Jury will not be required to attend.

Second Monday of January, March, April, June, October and December, at each of which Terms, issues of law and of fact and Special Proceedings will be tried and appeals heard. On the second Saturday of January, and on the first Saturday of each month (except during the month of August) when motions will be heard.

At neither of said Terms, except as hereinabove stated, will a Grand Jury or Trial Jury be required to attend.

Final application of aliens to be admitted to become citizens of the United States will be heard and disposed of on the second Saturday of January and on the first Saturday of each other month, except August.

Motions and applications, except jury, may be made at other times to the County Judge, at his office in Flushing.

HARRISON S. MOORE,
County Judge of Queens County.
Dated the 8th day of December, 1908.

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FORMERLY GROBE'S HOTEL,
Holland Station, Fronting the Ocean.
FINEST TABLE D'HOTEL DINNER IN AMERICA FOR 75 CTS.
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Bathing Houses, Douches, Hot and Cold Water.
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Double Fire Engine house, Wallabout and Navy Yard.

New Schools at Arverne, Rockaway Beach and Rockaway Park.

Administration Building, Kings County Hospital, Flatbush, L. I.

We have done work for the U. S. Government and gave satisfaction as well as the

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We have set 125,000 bricks per day in building 35th Street and 3rd Avenue, Brook-

lyn, and carried same direct from a dock to the third story.

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We are enabled with our present facilities to set 200,000 bricks per day.

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