

WASHINGTON'S DECISION.

How the General Settled a Point of Military Law.

By EVAN C. MATHEWS. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

"Where are you going, daughter?" "I am going to skate down the river toward West Point to meet Jimmie."

"You service to me, sir, and to Lieutenant Muldrough," he said, "puta an under an obligation that is incalculable, but your kindly act has placed us in a painful position. Why, may I ask, did you not retain your uniform?"

"I could not have hoped to pass through territory in the hands of your troops in my dress as a British officer."

"There is but one hope for us," said the colonel gloomily, "and that is in the magnanimity of our noble general in chief. But what view he may take of the matter it is impossible to predict."

"I am glad," said the British captain, "that I have heard your daughter's words. If I must pay the penalty of the risk I assumed I shall be comforted by them."

"And now, general, I have to introduce to the man who has preserved her to us, Captain George Abernathy of the British army."

"General Washington's face changed from sympathy to curiosity, then assumed a serious cast. 'And how comes it,' he asked, 'that Captain Abernathy is not in uniform?'"

"Lieutenant Muldrough," interposed the colonel, "will explain."

"Muldrough," told the story of Abernathy's capture, their flight, and how Katherine Cogswell, general Washington's daughter, had been captured by the British.

"Captain Abernathy," interposed Muldrough, "will explain."

"I would have by this afternoon been on board a man-of-war bearing the cross of St. George on her banner. In other words, I would no longer be a prisoner of war."

"I shall not forget that you have saved her life." A shadow passed over Muldrough's face as he remembered that it would be his duty to return to prison the man who but for saving that life—a life dearer than all the world to him—would have regained his freedom.

"I will not trouble Lieutenant Muldrough to tell you that, I am Captain George Abernathy of his majesty's service and a prisoner of war. This morning before daylight I found a loophole for escape, the sentry stationed at my door being dead tired and asleep. I walked out unobserved and under cover of the darkness skirted the river north of Fort Clinton. Traveling the pass through the mountains, I stopped after daylight at a house where I found a friendly Tory—who was my benefactor and these clothes. I was crossing the river with a view to going down on the other side to board one of our men-of-

THE CLOCK OF FATE.

How a Marriage License Was Taken Out Four Times.

By DELIA TOURTELLOTT. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

While looking for evidence of a marriage involving property belonging to clients of mine I came upon a marriage license issued to two parties, and written across the face of the entry in red ink was the note by the judge: 'Returned unused. See page 50-and-so.' On turning to the page referred to there was another record and the same red ink note. In short, the record shows that a license was procured and returned unused three different times. The fourth time, however, was the charm, and they were married, he at the age of forty and she at thirty years.

I made a note of the names, intending to look for the story that appeared to be contained in these several notes. Years afterward I stumbled upon it by accident. It was told to me by a sister of the lady for whom the license was taken out. Here it is:

A social party from the city was being given at Derkhardt's farm. Among the husking party were the two persons whose names appear in the marriage record. They were Norman Wittridge, at that time age twenty-five, and Rose Anderson, a slip of a girl, hovering between childhood and womanhood. Wittridge was a handsome young fellow, and Rose Anderson was a very pretty girl. Between fifteen and twenty-five, nothing but physical beauty is needed to unite those of opposite sex. The two were sitting on a heap of corn bhusks tearing off the husks when they saw each other for the first time.

Wittridge handed a red ear. Every one who knows anything about husking parties is aware that when a fellow finds a red ear he is entitled to kiss the girl he happens to be nearest. Wittridge had noticed the vermilion lips of Rose Anderson, and, hungry for a kiss, he was eagerly watching for the red ear that would give him one. The moment he saw the dark kernels he took the kiss, and it seemed to him that he was in heaven.

As it needs only one electric spark to send a message around the globe, so with two young people it needs but a kiss to start a home. The couple spent several hours together, at the end of which time Wittridge, who had driven to the husking in a buggy, handed the girl into it and drove to town. It was the old story. Swayed by impulse, he had dared her to marry him, and, swayed by impulse, she had taken him up.

On reaching the town Wittridge procured a marriage license and took Rose Anderson to a parson for the purpose of marriage. Knowing nothing about the new required to enable a clergyman to legally marry a girl, she replied that she was fifteen. The clergyman declined to perform the ceremony and bearded the young man soundly for bringing so young a girl to him to be married. The two went out and stood for a few moments on the sidewalk, the young man irresolute. Then, putting the girl in the buggy, he drove her to her home.

The next day the marriage license was returned unused. Whether or not Rose Anderson's parents knew of her betrothal she did not learn, but the fact remains that within a week after she went to the parson's she was picked off to boarding school, where she remained, vacations excepted, for three years. During this period she never met the man who had come so near to being her husband.

When the fates have a destined end in view they arrange situations to meet the case. In the first place they knew perfectly well the dispositions of the couple they had decreed should eventually marry. They did not bring them together again in conventional ways. They knew that the next meeting should be calculated in accordance with the impulsive natures of the young couple, especially the girl's. Not only this, they sent Cupid to shoot a few more arrows into their hearts.

Mr. Wittridge and Miss Anderson, three years older than they were at the husking, came together for the second time at a straw sleigh ride, and the managers of their destinies arranged that they should sit side by side. Wittridge began by apologizing for having ever asked a girl so young as she had been at the time to marry him and ended by saying that he was very sorry she had not been of the required age.

Something, she knew not what, moved the girl to discover whether or no he was bluffing—giving taffy—in short, that to express which no correct English word has ever been coined. She dropped her lids, and he felt for her hand. He found it, and it was not withdrawn. When they separated she had intimated to him that if he would call on her the next afternoon she would complete what had been intended after the husking party.

The next morning Mr. Wittridge took out the marriage license for the second time and in the afternoon called upon Miss Anderson. He found her arrayed for the bridal in a plain walking suit, and they started at a place for the clergyman who had declined to marry them before. Miss Anderson went to the very door, but when she saw Mr. Wittridge's thumb about to press the button she turned and fled. She had discovered that he was not bluffing, and he had discovered that she was doing that very thing.

For the second time the marriage license was returned. The clock of destiny for those concerned struck 2. When the couple met for the third time it would not have availed the fates to bring them together that they might not get together before maturity. It was twelve years before they met the third time. It is singular that, really living each other, they should have been separated for so long a period. The reason was that Wittridge sup-

AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

Up to Date Romance In Which a Flying Machine Plays a Part.

By IRA TEN BROECK. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

"But, Jack, dear, I wouldn't dare," chattered Molly in a flutter of excitement. "Yes, you will, Molly," answered Jack Wyster impulsively. "Just think of the novelty of an aeroplane in a flying machine. The Eagle is in thirty shapes, and there isn't a bit of danger, so make up your mind to get this afternoon. Be at the shed at 2 o'clock, dear Goudy!"

It was about this time that a financial panic occurred, and while it was coming on arrangements were being made for the wedding.

One day, two months after the engagement had been announced, Wittridge went to the office where marriage licenses were procured and called for the license that had been twice returned. The clock of fate struck 3.

The wedding day was bright and beautiful, and it seemed that the long unused marriage license would serve its purpose. But the fates had not yet finished their work. On entering his carriage to go to the church Mr. Wittridge was arrested on a criminal charge of misappropriation of funds. He had for some time, like many others, been struggling against a want of ready money in business, and had been considered "shaky" by some of his creditors. One of them, fearing that he was about to fail, took this method on the eve of the debtor's marriage to force an immediate payment of his claim.

Wittridge was unable to meet his demands and instead of going to the bridal went to jail. The act of this creditor brought about Wittridge's failure, and as soon as the former found that his attempt to force his charge, and Wittridge went forth a free man, he was much changed. He looked fifty instead of forty and was discouraged. He had no income on which to support a wife, he had no capital with which to embark again in business, and he felt that his good name had been smirched. Miss Anderson had sent word asking him when he left the jail to come at once to her. When Wittridge entered the drawing room at her home he encountered a pair of arms that were thrown violently around his neck, and his face was covered with kisses. Then the two sat down together, and she said to him:

"I have some property, as you know, and have turned it all into cash, realizing \$10,000. Here is a check for the amount to your order. It is not much to start in business with, but you have a host of friends, and that is capital in itself. You must begin tomorrow."

"A light rose in his melancholy eyes as he said: 'You are the same girl you were at the husking. 'Bray a fool in a mortar.'"

"And she will be the same girl that tried to bluff you when we went to be married the second time," she laughed. "If it hadn't been for both our impulses we might have been happy together long ago," he said, with a sigh.

"And if it hadn't been for my marriage to the great man, I might have been a frightful old hag. Go at once and get that ancient marriage license."

Dr. Johnson and Bagpipes. Dr. Johnson's prejudice against the Scots stopped short just when he was so many Englishmen's. He was so much of a bagpipe, he was so much of a bagpipe, he was so much of a bagpipe, he was so much of a bagpipe.

The Exception. Their teacher had been telling the pupils of the Great Salt Lake in Utah, "The water of which," she explained, "is so extremely salty that no fish can live in it."

His Only Love. McJigger—What's the book you're reading? Thugumbob—It's the story of the only man the author ever loved. McJigger—Ah! By a woman, eh? Thugumbob—No; by a man. It's his autobiography.

She Knew Him. "My hubby has just written that he feels awfully lonesome at home without me." "Don't worry. You mustn't believe all he says." "I don't. That's why I'm worrying." —London Illustrated Bits.

A Question to Be Considered. "Do you consider plagiarism permissible under any circumstances?" "Well," answered Senator Sargum, "it's pretty hard when you do your best compelled to make a choice of being interesting or original."

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The Wise Judge

A Story of How President Lincoln Rectified an Injustice.

By JOHN JOYCE.

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In 1863 I was with the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. I confess I never made a good soldier. I was too fond of an irregular life. I could never be disciplined. When the command was asleep I would be off on some adventure. There was a southern girl south of us, her home being most of the time within the southern lines, who captivated my youthful fancy, and I was constantly absent without leave visiting her.

On one occasion I would surely have been captured by some Confederates who called at the house had she not put me upstairs in one of the bedrooms. There I found some citizen's clothing and, putting it on, went down and mingled with the soldiers.

I gained some very important information from them about the enemy's movements. For I passed myself off for a rebel Confederate. They belonged to Jubal Early's command and told me that they were the advance of his force, intending to sweep around in our rear.

As soon as they had gone I rode away to my general and told him what I had heard. He sent out orders with a view to defeat their purpose, then said to me:

"I've been wondering for some time where I could get a man like you. I want some one for secret service work. I can get plenty of hired spies, but I don't trust them. They will take my money to bring me information and take the Confederates' money to bring them information. But from what you have told me you're just the man for secret service work. Most men have a dread of being caught in citizen's clothes, with the penalty of swinging. You don't seem to mind the risk at all. Now, I wish you to go down on our left and find out what the enemy is about down there. I have reports that there is no force in that region at all, and I have reports that the enemy is concentrating there. Can't you go at once?"

"Yes, general," I said. "Shall I report your orders to my captain?"

"You were absent without leave on this little expedition, weren't you?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, you can continue absent without leave. If you report to your captain the men will know that something is up in your case and talk it over. I don't like any talk at all about secret service work. Besides, if you do well I shall make a regular secret service man of you, attaching you to these headquarters."

"Won't my comrades think I have deserted? I've always been in trouble with my captain—my own fault, of course, because, being of a roving disposition, I always objected to regular duties."

"That's just what I wish them to think of you. It will keep them from thinking anything else."

"But, general, if I should come back into our lines and not find you to my satisfaction—"

"I'll fix that."

I sat at a table and scratched off a memorandum for my headquarters and handed it to me.

"That's all," he said, "do what you like with that. But don't get caught with the enemy in the lines or it will bring you down."

I took the paper, put it in the lining of my hat and, with a good-speed from my commander, rode away into the darkness.

The first thing for me to do was to get citizen's clothes. I could do this and see my girl again at the same time. So I rode straight to the house where she lived with her mother, a widow, and a family of younger children.

I unlocked the household and left the key with the old maid who told me I had found upstairs and which she had told me belonged to a brother of her mother's who lived with them, but who was now in General Jackson's army. Both mother and daughter were rebels and wouldn't have given me the clothes had I not told them a cock and bull story about Confederates being after me. As soon as I was rigged out as a Virginia farmer, leaving my horse in their barn and my uniform in the garret of the house, I marched away on foot in a south-westerly direction toward the region I was to look into.

I had no sooner reached it than I saw indications of an important move on the part of the Confederates. The location was swarming with troops. My object was to return at once and report the fact to the general, but there were several things about me to lead them to suspect me. I couldn't talk like a southerner, didn't look or act like a southerner and told contradictory stories about my antecedents. Seeing that they were uncertain about me, I told them that what I most wished for was to fight for Dixie. So they called me, and I thought I was all right. I was so fearful of being accused of desertion on my return that I kept the general's order concealed under the thin leather strip inside and over the sole of my boot, but as soon as I was recognized I hid it under a stone, marking the spot carefully.

I found myself marching with the very force I had come to spy upon against the very general who had sent me. There was a series of battles, with much slaughter on both sides. I watched for a favorable opportunity to reach my own comrades, but none occurred. The truth is my captain was watching me. At last the whole incident, to which I had been surrounded and captured.

I realized that I was in a precarious situation. All depended upon my communicating with the general who had sent me on my mission. What was

my horror to learn that he had been killed in one of the recent battles. All now depended on my not being recognized, but this hope failed me, for an enlisted man who knew me was one of our guards. He saw me and informed my captain. The captain came to see me, took me away from the Confederates and preferred charges against me for desertion and fighting against the United States.

The battles were ended for the time being, and a court martial to try me was speedily convened. There could be no greater offense in an army than the double one of desertion and being captured with arms in one's hands on the other side. I told my story, and, as I expected, it was not believed. My captain's testimony against me was very damaging. I spoke of the general's written order, which I had hidden within the enemy's lines, but it was regarded as a clumsy device. I was convicted and sentenced to be shot. I petitioned for a stay of execution of the sentence till I could have opportunity to secure the hidden order, but there had been a great deal of desertion, and I and several others were to be made summary examples for the army.

Whenever I hear people talking about "justice" and the difficulty of punishing crime on account of too much sentimentalism it makes me shudder. I was to be shot for serving my country only too well. And now at the end of half a century I look back with reverence to two people (one of whom was instrumental in saving me and the other saved me as representatives of that class who would govern by kindness and mercy rather than on principle. These two were my mother and President Lincoln, himself a martyr struck down by one who madly looked upon him as a tyrant.

Upon inquiry I learned that President Lincoln alone possessed the pardoning power, but that the generals who wished to maintain discipline in the army were doing all they could to prevent his exercising this prerogative in the cases of deserters. So I did not think it worth while to make an application. I wrote my mother of my situation, assuring her of my innocence, but telling her that I had little hope that I would escape a disgraceful death.

The next old lady was advised by friends of President Lincoln's kind heart, and she left her quiet home to go to Washington to try to force her way, as she was told she would have to do, through officials and doorkeepers, with the hope that she might secure justice—real justice—from the head of the nation.

When she reached the capital she knew not what to do, so she followed a simple method that suggested itself to her. She wrote the president that she had come to Washington to ask him to see justice done to her soldier son, that his life might be spared for his country and for her. In a solemn way she wrote the story, embodying the main points that I have given and asking that my execution might be deferred till I could secure the hidden order. When she had finished her letter, not doubting in her innocence that she would be accorded an interview with the president, she mailed it.

Within forty-eight hours a note came from one of the president's private secretaries stating that Mr. Lincoln would see her the next day at 12 noon. Alternating between hope and despair, she went to the White House at the appointed hour. When she was ushered into the president's private room he was sitting at a desk, while his two little boys were climbing all over him. My mother said afterward that they reminded her of the Lilliputians climbing over Gulliver. Mr. Lincoln rose—he was so tall that she thought he would never cease rising—and, taking her by the hand, led her to a seat.

"I have called for the papers in the case of your son," he said, "and had them examined and a report made to me. I have issued an order for a stay of execution until such time as a search can be made of the location where he hid his order. Meanwhile he is to be returned to duty."

My mother looked upon the result as still dependent upon finding evidence that would prove me innocent. But she was soon informed that it was equivalent to dropping the case against me. I was far more delighted with it than I would have been with a pardon. The moment I heard it I made a vow that I would go through fire and smoke to secure that order and would send it to the wisest of human judges, who had given me my life and an opportunity to prove my wisdom.

On being returned to duty I applied to my captain for permission to go on a hunt for my evidence. He told me to put my request in writing and he would forward it. I did so, and my petition came back with the coveted permission indorsed on it. Discussing myself, I again risked my life by going among Confederates and made straight for the stone under which I had hidden my paper. I found it, though dampened and blurred, still legible. Then I made my way safely back to camp.

From having been considered a deserter I was suddenly elevated to the position of a very daring fellow. I sent my order to President Lincoln and received a reply in his own handwriting. "What became of the southern girl? Oh, she's my old woman!"

Mixed. A sergeant was once drilling a squad of recruits. They were incredibly ignorant. One of them could not tell his right hand from his left. The sergeant proceeded to teach them and at last attained some degree of success.

Sergeant—Now, yer blessed idiot, hold yer hands in front of yer and twist them round one over the other. Stop! Now, which is your left hand and which is your right?

Recruit (looking at his hands for a moment)—I'm blowed if I know. I've gone and mixed 'em!

Papa—There, there! You needn't kiss me any more. Tell me what you want. Out with it!

Daughter—I don't want anything. I want to give you something.

Papa—You do? What?

Daughter—A son-in-law. Jack asked me to speak to you about it.

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Being the same premises which Smith E. Johnson, Sheriff, Charles P. Walker, Builder, New Jersey Distilling Company, owned, conveyed unto John S. Minor and Edward T. Minor, trading as J. S. Minor and Son, by deed bearing date the twenty-ninth day of June, A. D. nineteen hundred and eight, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Atlantic County at New Jersey, New Jersey, in book No. — of deeds, page —.

The property will be sold subject to the following taxes: For the year 1908, \$82.17 For the year 1909, \$114.00 For the year 1908, \$75.00 For the year 1909, \$75.00

ENOCHE L. JOHNSON, Sheriff. Dated February 26, 1910. County clerk & County Solicitor. P. S. Fee, \$25.00.

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Free Atlantic City Lectures. Monday evening, February 22, subject: Rev. J. H. Light that Failed. Monday evening, March 7, subject: Rome, the Mistress of the Middle Ages and the Capital of Modern Italy. Monday evening, March 14, subject: Venice, the City of Golden Dreams. Monday evening, March 21, subject: Florence, the Heart of the Renaissance. The first six lectures are by Prof. Powys and the latter by Prof. Origes. Another series will be announced later.

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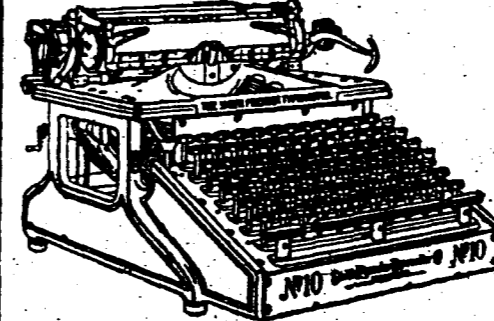
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