## HELPING HELPLESS GIRLS

Women in League in New York to Ald Their Sex.

## ILLUSTRATIONS ARE HERE GIVEN

Girls' Service weague is Dedicated to

..... By Frederick J. Haskin. New York City, March 3 .- There still exists today a popular superstition that women are traitors to their own sex, that they fight a petty, guerilla warfare among themselves, and that when a woman is down and out it is invariably a man who comes nobly and disinterestedly to her res-

the diff. for Time of cule. This may be true in some places, especially in the masculine mind, but it isn't so in New York. Here 'Women for Women" is a popular slogan in the business and industrial worlds, and the city is filled with feminine clubs and societies whose sole object is the assistance of promotion of their

One of the most interesting of those is an organization of working girls, known as the Girls Service league, which is dedicated to the aid and protection of girls who work. Every girl on its membership list is constantly on the lookout for girls of distress or unhappiness among her friends and acquaintances. When Laura, the landlady's daughter, suddenly falls into deep depression, or when Katie comes to the factory with eyes red from weeping, the G. S. L. member does not remain an innocent bystander. Usually she puts a tactful arm around Laura or Katie, and says: "Say, kid, if there's anything wrong, come on up to the club and talk it over with out secretary." .

The league has two clubhouses in different sections of the city, each possessing a free dormitory of some twelve or fifteen beds, and an employment agency. Girls who are stranded in New York are welcome to the club's hospitality at any time of the day or night. Girls rescued from various dangers and idelinquencies by social workers of the New Fork Probation and Protective association are also taken in at the clubhouses. Those who need medical care are sent to a hospital or clinic; those who are out of work are found jobs through the club employment agencies; and others, whose conditions demand it, are sent to a convalescent home in the country. The 'league's clubrooms are large

and cheerful with bookcases full of good books; a piano and Victrola, and many games, including parcheesi and checkers. The girls are privileged to entertain Their young men Wirlends here on several nights a week, while every Saturday night a club dance is given. Lectures on health and thrift and working conditions also take place every so often to which parents as well as the girls are often invited.

The objects of the league, as set forth in its constitution, are as follows: To protect girls from moral omote moral education To encourage right thinking and clean conversation. To improve conditions of work for girls. To secure wholesome recreation for girls. To stimulate faith in the possibilities of life.

Every member is pledged to befriend lonely girls in the city and those who are living apart from their families, and to report girls in need of help; or bad conditions in places where they live or work, or find their recreation. She, is also required to study the laws relating to health, labor, recreation and protection, and to report violations of these laws. Girls are also encouraged to make suggestions for improving these laws or for securing better enforcement of them.

Some Examples. And to all these things the growing membership list of the league subscribes most carnestly, as a few recent instances will indicate.

There is the case of Alverta, who even now, is being supported by the club. Alverta is one of a family of ten children who were very much resented by their step-father. The little Long Island cabin where the family lived was most inadequate also, so that on the day that Alverta became sixteen she left and came to New York. Here she secured a job in a factory and a tiny room in a miserable boarding house. Although she lived but scantily, her wages could not be made to stretch over the entire week. Always, there was one night she had to go without dinner.

On one of these impoverished evenings as she was coming home from work, she met another roomer in the house, a Spaniard. The man took the lean pocketbook out of her hand, and orened it.

"Only three pennies," he said. "This must be the night you do not dineunless you go to dinner with me."

Alverta went. So much Alverta confided to the club director herself. The rest of her story was filled in by Camilla, a young Spanish girl, who came to the club one evening and requested help for Alverta. It seemed that after a few months the Spaniard had suing the trail. When this data is as tired of taking Alverta to dinner and had transferred his attentions to Cam- tabulated and analyzed and the reilla, who also lived in the rooming sults published within a year or so. house. The man confided the whole afair to the girf and asked her to help him get rid of Alverta by pretending speed and the investigations are beto be very jealous. He also added ing pushed with as little delay as posthat he was afraid trouble might sible. come because of Alverta's extreme

ly she decided that it would. A half on the wrong side of the road." hom later she arrived at the chib

in great indignation. "I have seen the girl," she told the ed in the scenery."

director, "and she is very young, and therefore so very stupid. The man, too, is very stupid. He thinks that I, Camilla, would help him desert this child, who is to have a baby."

A Dramatic Rescue. Yet another member of the league saw her chance to rush to the rescue of her sex when she came across a young girl in the midst of a heated argument with a man in a corner of a subway station. Without the slight, est compunction, she listened to the Aid and Protection of Those Who conversation and heard enough to Work-A Most Worthy Organiza- convince her that the girl was in serious danger. So, approaching the couple boldly, she asked the girl if she could speak to her a minute.

"Listen," she said, in some embarrassment, as she had nover rescued anybody before, 'I wouldn't go with 5.im, if I was you. You can't trust these New York guys. If you ain't got any place to go, you can come to our club. It's all right. You can look it up in the telephone book."

PUING BACHE

to its master.

CHAPTER THREE

since. Br-r-r! I'm freezing."

down at the gold plece.

contempt for cowards.

Bob Moran took out the little draw

er and gave it a shaking as he looked

"Don't get rattled," said the re-

doubtable Mr. Bloggs, who had a great

It was just after the Shepherd of

the Birds had heard of a poor widow

who was the mother of two small

"I Am Cold, Top," Said the Shepherd.

children and who had fallen sick of

the influenza with no fuel in her

"I am cold, too!" said the Shepherd,

"Why, of course you are," the coin

answered. "That's the reason I'm

cold. A coin is never any warmer

than the heart of its owner. Why

don't you take me out of here and

Things that would not say a word

Indeed it was the tin soldier, who

stood on his little shelf looking out

of the window, who first reminded

Bob of the loneliness and discomfort

of the coin. As a rule whenever the

conscience of the boy was touched

It was late in February and every

one was complaining of the cold. Even

the oldest inhabitants of Bingville

could not recall so severe a winter.

Many families were short of fuel. The

homes of the working folk were in-

speciently heated. Money in the bank

had given them a sense of security.

They could not believe that its magic

power would fall to bring them what

they needed. So they had been care-

less of their allowance of wood and

coal. There were days when they

had none and could get none at the

y' d. Some men with hundreds of

dollars in the bank went out into the

country at night and stole rails of!

the farmers' fences. The homes of

these unfortunate people were rav-

aged by ir fluenza and many died. .

Prices at the stores mounted higher,

Most of the gardens had been lying

idle. The farmers had found it hard

to get help. Some of the latter, in-

deed, had decided that they could

make more by teaming at Millerton

than by tolling in the fields, and with

less effort. They left the boys and

the women to do what they could with

the crops. Naturally the latter were

small. So the local sources of supply

had little to offer and the demand up-

on the stores stendily increased. Cer-

tain of the merchants had been, in a

way, spoiled by prosperity. They were

rather indifferent to complaints and

demands. Many of the storekeepers,

irritated, doubtless, by overwork, had

lost their former politeness. There

were days when supplies failed to ar-

rive. The railroad service had been

bad enough in times of peace. Now,

Those who had plenty of money

found it difficult to get a sufficient

quantity of good food, Bingville be-

ing rather cut off from other centers

of life by distance and a poor railroad.

Some drove sixty miles to Hazelmend

to do marketing for themselves and

Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Blag.

it was worse than ever.

Mr. Bloggs had something to say.

to other boys often spoke to the Shep-

"Let him go," said Mr. Bloggs.

give me a chance to move around?"

house.

"But how will I get rid of him?" asked the girl nervously.

"Oh, just leave that to me," said the G. S. L. member. "Say," she exclaimed, walking up to the waiting man, " beat it. This girl's a friend of mine, and I'll tell her father if you don't beat it-quick."

At the club, the rescued damsel, whose name was Grace, told the director that she was eighteen years old; that she had met the man for the first time that evenipg; that he had taken her to a chop sucy restaurant, and then had asked her to go to a dance hall with him. But when they reached the door of the so-called dance hall, Grace had sense enough to perceive that it was a hotel. So she had turned and fled to the subway station, where the man had followed and argued with her.

Grace, it seemed, was a Philadelphia girl, who had become rebellious of parental discipline and had packed her suitcase and left home a few days before, after her family had retired for the night. She arrived in New York at 3.45 in the morning, and, calling a taxicab, asked the driver to take her to a hotel. At a moving picture theater the following day she met another girl named Anna, who took her to a dancing studio. Here Grace had danced with several strange men, and had been instructed by Anna in the art of picking up men who would take her to the theater. Grace had tried it for the first time the night she was found by the G. S. L. member. When Grace's father came for her, after she had been at the club several days, the director was surprised to learn that she was not eighteen years old, as she had claimed, but only fourteen.

Thus, from the foregoing, it may be seen that women are not an indifferent to the welfare of their sex as is commonly supposed. As gallantry declines among men, it apparently rises among women. For the ideals of these girls are the ideals of 'the medieval knight-to succor weakness, and especially the damsel in distress.

## ORIGIN OF HAWAIIANS.

Question Is One Which Still Baffles All Scientists.

Whence came the ancient Hawaiians and others of the Polynesian race, is a query which baffled the members of the Pacific scientific congress when it was in session here last August and which is answered in part by Louis R. Sullivan, of the American museum of natural history, New York, who has been conducting investigations here since the close of the congress relates a Honolulu dispatch.

Bodily, facial and cranial characteristics of the Polynesian, according to Mr. Sullivan's tables, show that he is eleven parts Mongoloid, five parts European, five parts Mongoloid-European, and two parts Mongoloid-Melanesian. The seemingly unavoidable conclusion is that the Hawaiian and his Polynesian brothers originally came from

The ancient Hawaiians were a race of regal proportions the most commanding physically, Mr. Sullivan believes the world has ever seen

There never has been any doubt that the Hawaiian, Samoan, Tahitian, Tongan and Maori are closely akin. Their legends, speech, customs and build all testify to the relationship, but hitherto their origin has been lost in the mists of the ages. In order to reach a solution of this

riddle, and before he felt he had established the mongoloid-European-Melanesian theory, Mr. Sullivan measured the heads and bodies and noted the characteristics of 2,000 natives of the Hawaiian Islands. This relationship makes the Hawaiian a cousin of the Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatic races, including the Malays, as well as a connection of the American Indian and Eskimo. He also draws some of his blood from the continent of Europe and a very little from the original stock of the Australian abori-

Through the agency of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, which houses one of the most complete, if not the most complete ethological collections in existence the interesting search is continuing. Hawaii and Samoa already have been surveyed and farther south scientific expeditions are purcomplete as it can be made, it will be

Meanwhile, the Polynesian is dying fast; his race is passing out at high

A Fable.-First Smashed-up Auto-Camilla said nothing. but inward- list: "Sorry, old man, I'm afraid I was 'Second Ditto: "No, no, it was all

kowever, in their luxurious apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York, knew little of these conditions until Mr. Bing came up late in March for a talk with the mill superintendmy fault. I was entirely too interestent. Many of the sick and poor suf-

their neighbors.



Prodigal Village

to the ground and announced: "It do that an' may God help us! It's hard times, Father. In spite o' all the money, it's hard times. It looks like there wasn't enough to go 'round-the ships be takin' so many things to the old

"How is my beloved Shepherd?" the good Father asked.

cold, he's been layin' abed for a week on' Judge Crooker has been away on the circuit."

"Too bad!" said the priest. "Tve been so busy with the sick and the dying and the dead I have hardly had time to think of you."

own back to her kitchen. He found the Shepherd in a sweater

sitting up in bed and knitting socks. "How is my dear boy?" the good Fa-

want to do something to help and my legs are useless."

side and just then he assumed a most valiant and determined look as he added: "Forward! march!" Father O'Neil did what he could to

help in that moment of peril by say-

"Cheer up, boy. I'm going out to Dan Mullin's this afternoon and I'll make him bring you, a big load of wood. I'll have you at your work tomorrow. The spring will be coming soon and your flock will be back in the garden."

It was not easy, to bring a smile to, the face of the little Shepherd those days. A number of his friends had died and others were sick and he was helpless. Moreover, his mother had told him of the disappearance of Pauline and that her parents feared she was in great trouble, This had worried him, and the more because his mother had declared that the girl was probably worse than dead. He could not quite understand it and his happy spirit was clouded. The good Father cheered him with merry jests. Near the end of their talk the boy said: "There's one thing in this room that makes me unhappy. It's that gold piece in the drawer. It does nothing but lie there and shiver and talk to me. Seems as if it complained of the cold. It says that it wants to move around and get warm. Every time I hear of some poor person that needs food or fuel, it calls out to me there in the little drawer and says, 'How cold I am! How cold I am!' My mother wishes me to keep it for some time of trouble that may come to us, but I can't. It makes me unhappy. Please take it away and let it do what it can

"Well done, boys!" Mr. Bloggs seemed to say with a look of joy as if he now perceived that the enemy was in full retreat.

"There's no worse company, these days, than a hoarded coin," said the priest. "I won't let it plague you any

Father O'Nell took the coin from the drawer. It fell from his fingers with a merry laugh as it bounded on



"How Is My Dear Boy?" the Father Asked.

fered extreme privation; Father O'Nell and the Reverend Otis, Singleton of the Congregational church went among the people, ministering to the sick, of whom there were many, and giving counsel to men and women who were unaccustomed to prosperity and ill-qualified wisely to enjoy it. One day, Father O'Neil saw the Wid-

"This looks a little like the old country," he remarked.

She stopped and swung her fagots country."

"Mother o' God! The house is that

Against her protest he picked up the fagots and carried them on his

"Very sad," said the Shepherd. "I

"Courage!" Mr. Bloggs seemed to

shout from his shelf at the window-

to keep the poor people warm."

the floor and whirled toward the door-



way like one overloyed and eager to "God bless you, my boy! May it buy for you the dearest wish of your "Ha! ha!" laughed the little tin soldler, for he knew the dearest wish of the boy far better than the priest

Mr. Singleton called soon after Father O'Neil had gone away. "The top of the morning to you!" he shouted, as he came into Bob's

"It's all right top and bottom," Bob

heart.'

knew It.

answered cheerfully. "Is there anything I can do for you?" the minister went on. "I'm a regular Santa Claus this morning. T've got a thousand dollars that Mr. Bing sent me. It's for any one that needs help."

"We'll be all right as soon as our load of wood comes. It will be here tomorrow morning," said the Shep-

"I'll come and cut and split it with you," the minister proposed. "The eloquence of the ax is better than that of the tongue these days. Meanwhile I'm going to bring you a little jag in my wheelbarrow. How about heefsteak and bacon and eggs and all that?"

"I guess we've got enough to eat, thank you." This was not quite true, for Bob, thinking of the sick, whose people could not go to market, was inclined to hide his own hunger.
"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Bloggs, for

he knew very well that the boy was hiding his hunger. "Do you call that a lie?" the Shep-

herd asked as soon as the minister had gone. "A little one! But in my opinion it

don't count," said Mr. Bloggs. "You were thinking of those who need food more than you and that turns it square around. I call it a golden lie-I do." The minister had scarcely turned

the corner of the street, when he met Hiram Blenkinsop, who was shivering along without an overcoat, the dog Christmas at his heels. Mr. Singleton stopped him.

"Why, man! Haven't you an overcoat?" he asked. "No, sir! It's hangin' on a peg in a pawnshop over in Hazelmead. It ain't

ueither!" "Well, sir, you come with me," said the minister. "It's about dinner time, anyway, and I gress you need lining

doin' the peg any good nor me

as well as covering." The drunkard looked into the face of the minister.

"Say it ag'in," he muttered. "I wouldn't wonder if a little food would make you feel better," Mr. Singleton added,

"A little, did you say?" Blenkinsop asked. "Make it a lot-as much as you

can accommodate." "And do you mean that ye want me to go an' eat in yer house?" "Yes, at my table-why not?"

"It wouldn't be respectable. I don't want to be too particular, but a tramp must draw the line somewhere." "I'll be on my best behavior. Come

on," said the minister. The two men hastened up the street followed by the dejected little yellow

dog, Christmas. Mrs. Singleton and her daughter were out with a committee of the children's helpers and the minister was dining alone that day and, as usual, at one o'clock, that being the heur for dinner in the village of Bingville.

"Tell me about yourself," said the minister as they sat down at the ta-

"Myself-did you say?" Hiram Blenkinsop asked as one of his feet crept under his chair to conceal its disreputable appearance, while his dog had partly hidden himself under a serving table where he seemed to be shivering with apprehension as he peered out, with raised backles, at the stag's head | dark corner growling. over the mantel. "Yes."

"I ain't got any Self, sir; it's all gone," said Blenkinsop, as he took a swallow of water. "A man without any Self is a curi-

ous creature," the minister remarked. "I'm as empty as a woodpecker's hole in the winter time. The bird has flown. I belong to this 'ere dog. + He's a poor dog. I'm all he's got. If he had to pay a license on me I'd have to be killed. He's kind to me. He's the only friend I've got."

Hiram Blenkinsop riveted his attention upon an old warming-pan that hung by the fireplace. He hardly looked at the face of the minister.

"How did you come to lose your Self?" the latter asked. "Married a bad woman and took to

drink. A man's Self can stand cold an' hunger an' shipwreck an' loss o' friends an' money an' any quantity o' bad luck, take it as it comes, but a quiet, restful, beautiful place, bad woman breaks the works in him an' stops his clock dead. Leastways, it done that to me!" "She is like an arrow in his liver,"

the minister quoted. "Mr. Blenkinsop, where do you stay nights." "I've a shake-down in the little loft

over the ol' blacksmith shop on Water street. There are cracks in the gable, an' the snow an' the wind blows good."

fortable house?"

down ye nin't hungry. Then, too, 1 be my brother, come with me." likes to dilly-dally in bed."

"What may that mean?" the min-Ister asked. "I likes to lay an' think an' build air castles."

"What kind of castles?"

clothes, and a shiny silk tile on my big enough to choke a dog, an' I'll be the church. goin' back to the town where I was "When you are tempted, there are brought up an' I'll hire a team an' three words which may be useful to goin' back to the town where I was take my ol' mother out for a ride. you. They are these, 'God help me,' ? An' when we pass by, people will be the minister told him. "They are sayin': "That's Hiram Blenkinsop! quickly said and I have often found Don't you remember him? Born on them a source of strength in time of the top floor o' the ol' sash mill on trouble. I am going to find work for the island. He's a multi-millionaire an' a great man. He gives a thousand to the poor every day. Sure, he

does!"" "Blenkinsop, I'd like to help you to recover your lost Self and be a useful, respected citizen of this town, said Mr. Singleton. "You can do it if you will and I can tell you how."

Tears began to stream down the cheeks of the unfortunate man, who now covered his eyes with a big, rough

If you will make an honest effort, I'll stand by you. I'll be your friend through thick and thin," the minister added. "There's something good in



"I Know You," He Whispered. "Please Come In."

you or you wouldn't be having a dream like that to oth good ten Dioc with

"Nobedy has ever talked to me this way," poor Blenkinsop sobbed. "Nobody but you has ever treated me as if I was human."

"I know-I know. It's a hard old world, but at last you've found a man who is willing to be a brother to you if you really want one "and it , and he The poor man rose from the table and

went to the minister's side and held out his hand. "I do want a brother, sir, an' Pil'do'

anything at all," he said in a broken voice. "Then come with me," the minister commanded. "First, I'm going to im-

prove the outside of you." When they were ready to leave the house. Blenkinsop, and, his bath and the former was shaved and

in clean and respectable garments from top to toes "You look like a new man," said Mr. Singleton.

"Seems like, I felt more like a proper human bein'," Blenkinsop an-

stag's head again and slunk into a dark corner growling.

"A bath is a good sort of baptism," the minister remarked, "Here's an overcoat that I haven't worn for a year. It's fairly warm, too. Now if your Old Self should happen to come in sight of you, maybe he'd move back and less than half mile to Philadelphia. in sight of you, maybe he'd move back into his home. I remember once that we had a canary bird that got away. We hung his cage in one of the trees out in the yard with some food in it. By and by, we found him singing on the perch in his little home. Now, if we put some good food in the cage, maybe your bird will come back. Our work has only just begun."

They went out of the door and crossed the street and entered the big stone Congregational church and sat down together in a pew. A soft light came through the great jeweled windows above the altar, and in the clearstory, and over the organ loft. They were the gift of Mr. Bing. It was a

"I used to stand in the pulpit there and look down upon a crowd of handsomely dressed people," said Mr. Singleton in a low voice. "There is something wrong about this,' I thought. There's, too much respectability here. There are no fiannel shirts and gingham dresses in the place. I can not see half a dozen poor people. I wish there was some ragged clothing down in, an' the place is dark an' smells there in the pews. There isn't an outo' coal gas an' horses' feet, but Christ- and-out sinner in the crowd. Have we mas an' I snug up together an' manage set up a little private god of our own to live through the winter. In hot that cares only for the rich and reweather we sleep under a tree in the spectable? I asked myself, 'This is the ol' graveyard an' study astronomy. place for Hiram Blenkinsop and old Sometimes I wish I was there for Bill Lange and poor Lizzie Quesnelle, if they only knew it. Those are the "Wouldn't you like a bed in a com- kind of people that Jesus cared most about." They're beginning to come to "No. I couldn't take the dog there us now and we are glad of it. I want an' I'd have to git up like other folks." | to see you here every Sunday after "Would you think that a hardship?" this. I want you to think of this place "Well, ye see, sir, if ye're layin' as your home. . If you really wish to

Blenkinsop trembled with strange excitement as he went with Mr. Singleton down the broad aisle, the dog Christmas following meekly. Man and minister knelt before the altar. Christmas sat down by his master's side, in

"Well, sir. I'm thinkin' often o' a a prayerful attitude, as if he, too, were time when I'll have a grand suit o' seeking help and forgiveness, coclothes, and a shiny silk tile on my "I feel better inside and outside." head, an' a roll o' bills in my pocket, said Blenkinsop as they were leaving

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you and there's a room over my garage with a stove in it which will make a very snug little home for you

and Christmas." in mode and 142 % That evening, as, the dog and his master were sitting comfortably by the stove in their new home, there came a rap at the door. In a moment, Judge Crooker entered the room.

"Mr. Blenkinson," said the judgetas

he held out his hand, "I have heard

of your new plans and I want you to know that I am very glad. Every one will be glad." When the judge had gone. Blenkinsop put his mund on the dog's head and asked with a little laugh: "Did

ye hear what he said, Christmas? He called me Mister. Never done that be fore, no sir !" . Mr. Blenkinsop sat with his head upon his hand listening to the wind that whistled mournfully in the chim-

ney. Suddenly he shouted: "Come The door opened and there on the

threshold stood his Old Self.

It was not at all the kind of a Self. one would have expected to see. If was, indeed, a very youthful and handsome Self-the figure of a clear-eyed, gentle-faced boy of about sixteen with cycly, dark hair above his brows.

Mr. Blenkinsop covered his face and grouned. Then he held out his hands with an imploring gesture. "I know you," he whispered.
"Please come in."

"Not yet," the young man answered; and his voice was like the wind in the chimney. "But I have come to tell you that I, too, am glad."

Then he vanished. Mr. Blenkinsop arose from his chair and rubbed his cycs.

"Christmas, ol' boy, Fxa been asleep," he muttered. "I guess if a time we turned in!" (To be Continued). - Michigan's highway department

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SOME OF MY OFFERINGS: proper human bein'," Blenkinsop answered.

Christmas was scampering up and down the hall as if he felt like a new dog. Suddenly he discovered the stag's head again and slunk into a stag's head again and slunk into a stag's head again and slunk into a stag's head again.

room residence, besides hall; 4-room tenant house; barns; 3 wells of good water, and nice orchard. About 8 acres in pasture and woods and balance open land. Act quick if you want it. Property of C. J. Thomasson.

90 Acres at Brattonaville—Property of Estate of Mrs. Agnes Harris. Will give a real bargain here. give a real bargain here. 144 Acres—Five miles from Filbert on Ridge Road, bounded by lands of

33 Acres-Adjoining the above tract 33 Acres—Adjoining the above tract.
About 3 or 4 acres of woods and balance open land. Will sell this tract
separately or in connection with above
tract. Property of J. A. Barry.

195 Acres—Four miles from York, on
Turkey creek road, adjoining lands of
Gettys, Queen and Watson; 2-horse,
form open and balance in whoods are farm open and balance in woods and pasture. One and one half miles to Philadelphia and Miller schools. The

price is right. See me quick. Property, of Mrs. Molly Jones. of Mrs. Molly Jones.

Five Room Residence—On Charfottestreet, in the town of York on large;
iot. I will sell you this property for,
less than you can build the house. Better act at once.

Better act at once.

McLain Property—On Charlotte St., in the town of York. This property lies between Neely Cannon and Lockmore mills, and is a valuable piece of property. Will sell it either as a whole or in lots. Here is an opportunity to make some money.

89 acres—9 miles from York, 5 miles rom Smyrna and 5 miles from Kings reck. Smyrna R. F. D. passes place. One house farm open and balance in voods—something like 100,000 feet saw imber. 12 acres fine bottoms, 3 room.

imber. 12 acres fine bottoms, 3 room-esidence. Property of P. B. Bigger. 210 acres—3 1-2 miles from York on Pinckney road. 8 room residence, well of good water, 2 large barns, three 4 com tenant houses and one 3: room rchard. About 150 acres open land, alance in oak and pine timber. Propity of M. A. McParland.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS REAL ESTATE

W. M. Burns, John Hartness and others; 7-room residence, 5-stall barn and other outbuildings; two 4-room tening houses, barns, etc.; 2 wells and 1 good spring; 3 horse farm open and balance in timber (oak, pine, &c.) and rasture. About 2 miles to Dixle School and Beersheba church. Property of Mrs. S. J. Barry.