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THE CAMPBELLTON GRAPHIC, CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916.

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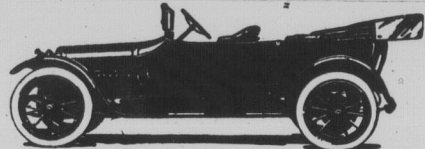
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AT SHERIFF'S SALE

By Catherine Channer.

Five years after John Morton left Princeton he had become a successful civil lawyer with some very big names on his list of clients. With professional success had come also social recognition and establishment in exclusive bachelor quarters. All this had kept him so occupied that scant time had been left to keep up friendly intercourse with the Princeton people; and since the death of his only Princeton relative, John Daniels, the lawyer with whom he had first read law, he had not been back to visit the little county seat town.

Seated in his book-lined office one summer morning, John Morton was going over his personal accounts, and certain items of his living expenses rather staggered him. He got to thinking of the vastly smaller sums he had spent for similar items five years before.

"It's a pretty stiff pace I'm going," he mused, "but the real point is where will I land if I keep up the pace? Is it worth the price?"

Just then the postman came in and deposited some mail on John's desk. There were some letters of professional import, a club notice of a banquet for a distinguished visitor to the city, a legal publication or two, and the little home paper from Princeton, with its four pages tightly folded and enclosed in a manilla wrapper.

Many a copy of The Weekly Argus had gone into the waste basket unopened, but on this particular morning it was the paper that claimed precedence over all the other mail. John tore off the wrapper, spread the small sheets before him on the table, and smiled at the familiar names and the accounts of trivial movements of various leading citizens.

Over in the right-hand column of the third page was a row of legal notices, and a glance over these brought an in-drawn whistle of surprise from John. He smoothed out the paper impatiently with one hand, while the other hand went to his head and rubbed up his well-brushed hair.

The cause of his agitation was this notice: "Pursuant to the order of the County Court, I the undersigned, Sheriff of Cornwall county, will, on Monday, June 12, at the north door of the courthouse, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash certain property of Barbara Anderson, consisting of the following: there followed a detailed description of what John readily recognized as the old Anderson homestead, which stood on the outskirts of Princeton, and which he recalled as the scene of many a lively tennis game with Barbara. With his elbows on the desk and his head in his hands, John stared at the notice, but what he really saw was a thousand incidents of summers gone by.

He also thought of the friendly correspondence he had kept up with Barbara when he first came to the city, and he winced as he realized that it was largely due to his negligence that the correspondence had entirely died out. Other causes were that he had been busy with his profession and Barbara had been tied down by the in-

firm of her mother. Following the shock of her father's death in a railroad accident,

He shook his head ruefully, for he knew that this relinquishment of her old home must be the climax of a long series of smaller sacrifices. He reproached himself that he had not written to Barbara after her mother's death, but weakly defended himself on the ground that he had not heard of it until a month after her occurrence, when he felt that to write to her might reopen a wound which had begun to heal.

He still sat staring at the little country newspaper fifteen minutes later when his stenographer returned from the law library, where he had sent her on an errand. In the little ante-room to his office she began clicking out a bill of particulars, and John resumed the opening of his morning's mail. The last letter he opened contained a draft for five thousand dollars, his fee for the successful handling of a case involving titles to valuable residence property. He looked long at the check, then suddenly pocketed it and began to stifle about among the papers on his desk. He called the stenographer in and let loose such an avalanche of rapid dictation that she had to bend over her note book with flying fingers and start over to catch all he said. At 10 o'clock Monday morning enough of her whirlwind notes still remained to be transcribed to keep her busy all day, but there was no danger of her work being augmented, for John Morton was a hundred miles away and was at that moment alighting from his dusty roadster in front of the old Anderson homestead.

He removed his linen duster, slipped it at his dusty shoes, and went striding up the walk to the front porch just as Barbara looked out of the window for the expected drayman who was to convey her trunk to the station. As her eyes were misty with tears, she failed to observe that the approaching man was other than the stalwart son of the drayman. When she opened the door to admit him she was speechless with surprise, but when John took both her hands between his and looked with friendly inquiry into her eyes mere speech would have been an inadequate form of express anyhow.

With a directness and determination which had in five years' time put him on a professional plane with men ten years his senior John had in five minutes' time told Barbara that success had brought him nothing that took the place of their comradeship of five years before, and he begged her to recognize it and to let him be a frequent visitor at the old home, as before.

"You'd always be welcome, John," she said cordially, but sadly, "but the old home is being sold this minute at the courthouse door. If it brings enough to pay the mortgage and to keep me in New York some more, I'll be in luck. You see, I couldn't leave mother to earn anything, and to give her the comfort she needed the home was heavily mortgaged. Perhaps you didn't know of her death."

John was ready to begin an explanation when the telephone rang.

"It's the sheriff, I'm sure," said Barbara nervously. "He is to call me up to say when and where to come to sign

NEW MACHINE GUN IS A MARVEL OF ITS KIND

Centrifugal Force Furnishes Power for Bullets—There is no Powder and no Smoke—It Would be Difficult for an Enemy to Withstand a Rain of Missiles From this Weapon.

Ever since the struggle between nations began the human mind has been busy trying to perfect such instruments of destruction that an army equipped with them would find it comparatively easy to conquer the foe. The engines of war in use today mark a wonderful advancement in military equipment. The weapons of the present might have been considered utter impossibilities a hundred years ago. However, our present instruments of destruction do not mark the last word in their line. New ideas are constantly being advanced, and new weapons are being perfected, and in view of this it might be prophesied that some day war will be impossible on account of the deadly tools that have come to the front.

In this connection it might be stated that a new type of machine gun has recently been invented and it is built on entirely new and radical lines from the machine guns in use to-day. This new gun is noiseless, smokeless and powderless and has a destructive force that might be considered greater than a body of thirty thousand men. We know of few inventions of modern times which have such great possibilities as has this weapon.

Centrifugal force is the power behind the bullets in this case. No explosive powder is necessary nor is there any need for shells. Hence there is no noise, no smoke, no flash or report and there is no recoil. The gun never gets heated and it cannot explode. It only takes two men to operate it. The weapon has a muzzle velocity of from 800 to 1,500 feet per second. To give the readers some idea of the gun's destructibility and economy to the nation that might adopt it, may be stated that this machine gun will discharge approximately a quarter of a million bullets per hour. The expense of discharging this number of bullets would be less than twenty dollars. Compare this with the expense of firing a similar number of projectiles of the ordinary or regulation calibre, where powder and shells are required. Salvos firing a quarter of a million bullets would cost about \$5,000. This centrifugal machine gun can be built in sizes that shoot bullets ranging from three-eighths to one-half inch in diameter. The circular casing containing the rotating arms can be of any size up to three feet in diameter. The casing has a thickness of about one inch.

Mr. William A. Mills, of 171 Madison avenue, this city, is introducing this gun and he told a reporter for this publication, the other day, that a perfect working model has demonstrated the efficiency of the invention. Steps are being taken to interest the several Governments in the gun, and Mr. Mills hopes that Uncle Sam will soon into possession of this deadly weapon which should prove very effective in times of war.

What the possibilities of a gun of this kind will mean for any nation that might come to own it can hardly be realized at a glance. The gun can be mounted on an automobile truck made to run from fifty to sixty miles per hour. The power which runs the automobile runs the mechanism of the gun that causes the propulsion of the bullets. These are poured into a hopper on top of the gun and are fed as fast into firing chambers as the demand is required. There is no heat nor recoil regardless of the speed with which the bullets are fired.

The barrel of the gun has an easy lateral movement and can swing from one side to the other like a hose playing a stream of water on a fire. One of these weapons could face an army of, say, thirty regiments of soldiers or thirty thousand men and could mow down that entire body of soldiers as easily as a scythe cuts a swath in the grass. There would hardly be an earthly possibility for an army to face successfully the fire from a gun of this kind which pours a veritable hail of bullets into the attacking force who would either have to sacrifice their lives or beat a retreat.

The gun has an effective range up to one and a half-mile and hence it ought to prove very valuable in trench warfare. Since the velocity of the bullets can be regulated, their speed can be so diminished that the missiles would only injure and not kill the enemy.

the deed, but I can't walk. Won't you answer him?"

John held a brief conversation over the telephone, ending with an assurance that they would come right down. Barbara rose bravely, and advanced toward the door. With her hand on the door knob, she turned to John.

"Who bought it—St. Rose's Parish or the Masonic lodge?"

"Neither," he answered.

"But there couldn't have been any other buyers! Were there no bids at all?" Both hope and fear were in her surprised inquiry.

"Yes, Bab, there was a buyer," John spoke quietly, and he took Barbara's hand from the door knob and held it in his own. "The man who bought was acting for another man. The price paid was five thousand, but that other

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"How does the breakfast suit you, John?" inquired the young bride anxiously.

"It's just right, dearest," said her husband. "It may be plebeian, but I'm awfully fond of calves' liver for breakfast."

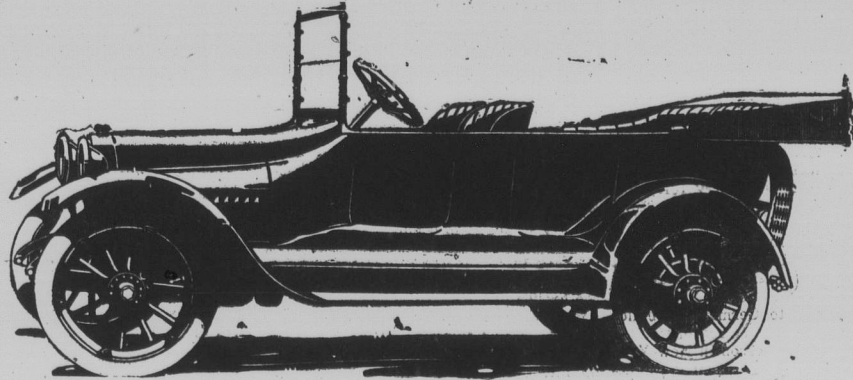
"So am I, dear," said the wife. "Oh, John, don't you think it would pay us to keep a calf? Then we could have liver every morning for breakfast."

John wants something with the home that is worth more than any number of thousands. The man who bought it was acting for me, and what I want above all else is you."

After a few blissful moments had passed in silence, John asked: "If we were married before we sign the deed we could make it a joint ownership. What do you say?"

What she said was not audible, but John rightly understood it as an affirmative answer.

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