

New Bern Weekly Journal

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The GLOW of the RUBIES

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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bricky, jocular air.
Her voice lifted in alarm. "Nay, nay, Clarence—not for me!" she urged hastily.

"But it's only—"
"No flimsy adulterations in mine—not on your life." She followed me across the room. "Just give me the straight, pure goods—anything, just so it's whiskey."

And before I could say a word—if, indeed, I could have said a word—she had selected a decanter of Scotch, and with a flourish tilted upward in her tender mouth, was absorbingly pouring a shining stream of the amber fluid.

To see the slow curving of that delicately molded wrist, the challenging flash of the saucy eyes of blue, by Jove, it made me just forget all about what she was doing till the full run over the brim. And then, before I could intercept her, she had lightly gestured her glass to mine, and in a flash the stuff was gone.

One! A full whiskey glass; and I recalled with a shiver of horror that it was very high proof liquor—something I seldom touched myself, but kept on hand for certain of my friends.

"I say, you know!" I gasped in consternation. "I'm awfully afraid that will—er—will—" I gulped wordlessly. The coral lips curved scornfully.

"Get me jingled!" She looked as she might have if I had insulted her. "Maybe so in those girly-girly days, you were trying to josh me about, but not since these two years I've been at college." She shook her lovely, bright head, and followed a long enjoyable pull at the cigar, projected five perfect rings at a frescoed cherub in the ceiling.

She leaned forward eagerly.
"Look here, I do wish you would let me call you 'Dicky.'"

"Oh, I say—will you?" exploded from my mouth.

"Will it?" Her look made my blood leap. "You just watch me—Dicky! Oh, say, this is great; maybe it won't take a fall out of old Jack—always bragging that you allow only two or three to call you that."

"I hope you will always call me Dicky," I said—and said it very softly. By Jove, I could hardly keep from taking her hand!

"You bet I think it's awfully good of you, Lightnut—I mean, Dicky." Then her face grew penance. "Say, do you know, I need a friend like you—just now, I mean—oh, worst kind."

"Do you?" I said eagerly, and hitched nearer. She proceeded:
"Haven't you had things sometimes you wanted to talk about to some body—well, things you couldn't just tell to your brother or sisters—oh, nor even your room-mate? You understand?"

I wasn't sure that I did, for she was blushing furiously, and in her eyes was an appeal.

By Jove, some jolly love affair, I guessed suddenly. My heart just sank like a lump of what's-its-name, but my whole soul went out in sympathy for her. I made up my mind, then and there, to put myself aside.

"Devilish glad—mean delighted to have you tell me anything," I murmured rather weakly. "But—er—I should think your mother—"

"The matter—tell her!" Her hand lifted. "She'd give the life out of me! Besides, she's in Europe." She paced to the window and back.

I protested indignantly: "I don't see how any mother—"
"Aw, forget it!" she broke in, and I winced again at slang from those sweet lips. "No, sir; I'm going to unload the whole thing on you, or nobody."

And, by Jove, the next thing I knew she had perched on the broad arm of the Morris chair in which I sat, her arm resting lightly above my shoulders.

"Here's what I want to know about," I heard her sigh. "When you're engaged to one person and meet another you like better, how are you going to—well, chuck it with the first, you know—and still do the square thing? There, that's what hit me, Dicky; and I'm up against it for fair!" Her hand gently patted my shoulder. "I'm telling you, old chap, because I know you'll understand—because I like you better than any man I ever saw—that's right!"

I was just afraid to move! Afraid she'd stop; afraid she'd go on. And all the while I was feeling happier than I ever had in all my life—happier than I ever knew people could be, you know. I never thought her bold—dash it, no—knew it was just her adorable, delicious, Arcadian simplicity, by Jove! That explained it, just as it explained to me all her other unconventionalities.

"So now it's up to you," she said, "and I want to know what's the answer!"

The answer!
And how could I give her any answer? No, by Jove, I knew jolly well I couldn't take advantage of such circumstances—of her brilliant confession; knew devilish well it wouldn't do, you know. Might reproach me in years to come; and then—and then, there was Billings!

So I just contented myself with looking up smilingly, but it was hard—

awfully, awfully hard, that is—and I just felt like a jolly cad—or fool. Couldn't tell what.

CHAPTER VII.
Confidences.
This beautiful creature had proposed to me!

By Jove, that's what it amounted to practically; and now, as she said, it was up to me. Yet I couldn't say a word!

"Well, what must I do about the other one?" she insisted.
The question reminded me of the entanglement to which her frank simplicity had confessed. And she expected me, of all others, to tell her what to do! Looked up into the radiant, crimsoned face as she bent forward slightly, her lips parted, her eyes eager—expectant. She was hanging upon my reply.

I coughed slightly. "That question is hardly fair, you know," I said meaningly. "You see, it hits me rather personally."

"Oh!" she said.
I nodded and tried to find her hand as I looked down.

"So that's where the shoes pinch—oh!" And she whistled thoughtfully. "And just then my upward reaching hand found her. And yet, no, it couldn't be her hand, either; it felt like the crash cover of the cushion—rough and fibrous. And yet, by Jove, it was a hand, for it gave mine a grip that almost broke my fingers and then dropped them. By the time I looked up, I saw only her little palm resting upward on her knees.

It was funny; but I had other things to think about than puzzles.

She sighed. "Well, I'm the one that can feel for you, Dicky. Here the sigh lifted and her laugh pealed like a chime of silver bells. "I guess Brother Jack doesn't know as much about your affairs as he thinks, does he—oh? Why, he told me you were more afraid of a girl than of a mad dog."

And a slapping grip fell on my shoulder that made me tingle from head to foot. And yet I wished she wouldn't do that; if she did it again, I should just lose my head—I knew I should.

But here she rose, stretched her arms, and dropped into the wicker arm-chair. She hitched it nearer to me.

"You see, it's like this," she began, assuming a confidential air. "You know my sister's up at school at Cambridge, too."

"At Radcliffe college—yes," I nodded.

"Why, yes. Well, it's her room-mate!"

"Eh? I don't believe I—" I paused perplexedly.

"That's right—her room-mate, I tell you! And in a day or two she's coming home with Sis for a visit. I want you to come up for a week end—won't you—and look her over—I mean, see her and tell me what you think of her. You'll go crazy about her—oh, I know you will!"

I entered a protest. "Oh, I say now, you know, there's only one girl I ever saw I would care to look at twice."

She smiled adoringly. "Oh, don't I know all about how you feel? But I just want you to see this girl—she's the prettiest and sweetest that's been around Boston for many a day; and on Sunday morning she could give the flag to all the avenue. Why, Dicky, she's from China!"

"China!" I must have looked the scorn I felt. "Oh, come now, you don't think a Chinese girl is—"

"Not Chinese, Dicky." In her eagerness, she moved so near, the silk of her pajamas brushed my hand. "She's English. Her dad's the British Governor General of Hong Kong—Colonel Francis Kirkland, you know—best-looking old chap with white mutton chops—I saw his picture."

Hong Kong! I wondered if she knew Mastermann, the chap who had sent me the red pajamas. Why, dash it, of course she would; for this fellow Mastermann was out there on government business, and he and the governor must be thrown together a good deal.

Her musical laugh broke in on my speculations. "But the funniest thing is, Dicky, her name's the same as mine."

Her name! By Jove, and until this moment, I had not thought—
"Oh, I say," I exclaimed eagerly, "what is your name, anyway?"

The lustrous eyes gazed wide. "Why, you mean to say you don't know? Thought you knew I was named after the governor. And she's named after her—Frances, from Francis, you know—just the difference in a letter. See?"

"Frances!" I murmured lingeringly. "So your name's Frances?"
"Yes, and here is Frances—odd, isn't it?"
I assented, but I wished she would drop the other girl—I wasn't interested there, except just because she was.
Her bosom lifted with a sigh. "Don't you think Frances is a peach of a name?"
"It's heavenly!" I whispered. "Add I'm glad to hear about your friend—"

AVERY AWARDED THREE THOUSAND

Dollars, Sarg Baker Bryan For Damages In the Sum of \$25,000 for Killing His Son Last Christmas Night.

In the case of F. P. Avery vs. Baker Bryan, in which Mr. Avery was suing Bryan for \$25,000 damages for shooting and killing his son in this city last Christmas night, the jury yesterday awarded the plaintiff damages in the sum of \$3,000.

The circumstances in this case were rather unusual. The killing of young William Avery on last Christmas night by Baker Bryan and the subsequent trial and acquittal of the man who did the killing, is doubtless familiar to every citizen of Craven county, being as it was one of the grossest miscarriages of justice ever perpetrated in the State. Mr Avery was urged by his friends to sue Bryan and steps were at once taken toward this end. The sheriff attached considerable property belonging to Bryan and this is now in his hands and will doubtless be disposed of and the proceeds of the sale turned over to Mr. Avery at an early date.

Lawn Mowers "Philadelphia," synonym of quality. Price from \$3.75 to \$20.00. Basnight Hdw. Co., 67 S. Front St.

Children Cannot Use French Mails

Paris, May 7.—Following the example of the New York police, the Toulongrandmerie may order to refuse children to make use of the Post restant's similar instructions have come into force at Lyons and Marseille, and it is expected that the city of Paris will follow suit shortly.

This deterrent influence probably will serve to keep the South cooling its heels on the White House steps indefinitely unless some bold and unflinching leader goes to the front on his own courage. Why not O. C. Underwood?

General Booth Is Sing His Sight

London, May 7.—It is feared that General William Booth, the octogenarian founder and still active head of the Salvation Army, whose life is one of most extraordinary human documents of modern times, will have to abandon his farworn tour from coast to coast of the United States. There is grave danger that the man who first brought the light of Christianity to the slums of London will himself lose the light of his earthly eyes.

Fucks Stoves and Ranges that bake better bread with least fuel. J. S. Basnight Hdw. Co.

Fisheries Bureau to Experiment With Terrapin at Beaufort

Washington, May 7.—The Bureau of Fisheries, confident that the diamond back terrapin can be cultivated in the United States for commercial purposes and placed within the means of every body, will seek an appropriation from Congress for the employment of terrapin culturist. Some study of the subject already has been made in the South and George M. Bowers, Commissioner of Fisheries, said if Congress authorizes a culturist experimental work will be pursued at the Beaufort, N. C. laboratory.

Ashley Horne Stricken With Paralysis

Greentoro, N. C., May 7.—Colonel Ashley Horne, of Clayton, was stricken with paralysis shortly before the arrival of the Mason Confederate Reunion Special train here at 8:15 Sunday night and immediately upon the arrival of the train, he was removed to a room at the Eufine Hotel, his condition being such that it was considered wise to later remove him to St. Leon hospital.

Col. Horne was conscious when the train arrived here and when carried into the hotel by his comrades of '61, expressed regret at his failure to make the full trip with them. Just before the train pulled in one of the grizzled old warriors who stood over Col. Horne asked, "How are you feeling, Colonel?"

"Too good for you boys to let me worry you," was the quick response.

At midnight it was stated that he had shown a considerable improvement and the symptoms were such as to warrant the belief that a recovery was possible in the event of no unforeseen setbacks.

Col. Horne is one of the best known men in the State, being a farmer and capitalist and a prominent gubernatorial candidate at the Cassie to convention which nominated Governor Ketchum four years ago.

UNDERWOOD AND THE NORTH

South Too Timid In Promoting Its Presidential Claims Away From Home.

The Washington Post of the 6th says editorially:
Why should the director of the Underwood campaign hesitate longer to test the Southern candidate's popularity in the North? While his signal success in Georgia and Florida removes all doubt as to his acceptability in his own section, and while the results in those States must greatly impress his party elsewhere as being a weighty argument in support of his claim to general recognition, yet if his friends wait until the convention meets before trying for Northern delegates, it is to be apprehended that it may be found less easy to capture them than if proper effort had been made to have them instructed at first hands. Even if only successful in polling a substantial minority in the North, that much would give him an added prestige that might count mightily at a turning point in the contest.

It has all along been observed that the S. U. members of presidential size exhibit the greatest reluctance to inaugurate a Northern campaign though doubtless alive to the fact that such a move is essential to success. Whether this timorous attitude is attributable to personal disinclination, or is promoted by an indefinable popular cast of thought opposed to the idea of driving Northern support would be hard to say. But that the Southern temperament is not promotive of movements designed systematically and energetically to aid in the nagging of delegates throughout the length and breadth of the land is not to be gainsaid. The effect, if not the exact cause, wears no mask.

This deterrent influence probably will serve to keep the South cooling its heels on the White House steps indefinitely unless some bold and unflinching leader goes to the front on his own courage. Why not O. C. Underwood?

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Sole by druggists, mail \$1.00 and \$1.00. Williams' M'fg. Co., Props., Cleveland, O.

PROGRAM MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES.

The following program has been arranged for the Confederate Memorial Exercises to be held at the Masonic Theatre on Friday May 10th:

Hymn—"Rock of Ages."
Prayer—Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Carter.
Chorus by Choir.
Introduction of Speaker—By Marshall.
Address—By Wm. Dunn, Jr., Esq.
Quartette—"Nearer My God to Thee."
Presentation of Crosses of Honor.
Solo and Chorus—Tenting To-night.

ORDER OF MARCH TO CEMETERY.

Marshal— James F. Clarke.
Asst. Marshalls, Sam'l R. Street
" " W. N. Pugh.
" " David Brinson.
" " Chas. F. Hargett.

New Bern Camp Confederate Veterans Sons of Veterans.
Naval Reserves.
Coast Artillery.
Speaker and Chaplain.
Ladies of Memorial Association.
Choir.

Daughters of Confederacy.
Children of Confederacy,
School Children.
Citizens.

PROGRAM AT CEMETERY.

Choir—Guard around the tomb.
Singing and placing of flowers on mounds by Children of Confederacy.
Benediction by Chaplain.
Taps.
Music at Graves—"Thy will be Done."
Decoration of Graves.

Local Institution Purchases Bonds.

The New Bern Banking & Trust Company were the successful bidders for \$30,000 worth of Wayne county drainage bonds and which were sold a few days ago. There were two bidders in the field; the New Bern Banking & Trust Company and a Chicago firm. The bid of the local institution was slightly above the premium and the bonds were sold to them. The ability and progressiveness of the officers and directors of this institution places it in the front ranks of banking houses and gives the public the utmost confidence in their strength.

20 per cent Reduction on mens and boys clothing. J. J. Baxter.

THE FAIR SECRETARY TALKS

Has Just Returned From a Visit to Several Northern Fairs and is Very Enthusiastic Over Local Fair.

Mr. J. Leon Williams, secretary of the Craven County Fair Association Company, has recently returned from a visit to several Fair Associations in northern cities and also in this State where he went to investigate the conditions and secure blue prints and photographs of the grounds and buildings. While away he visited Great Brocton Fair at Brockton, Mass., the Tri-State Fair at Trenton, N. J., the Allentown Fair at Allentown, Pa., the Virginia State Fair at Richmond, Va., the Leekenburg Fair at Charlotte and the State Fair at Raleigh.

At each of these places Secretary Williams conferred with the secretaries and secured detailed information in regards to the plans upon which they were conducted. In each case these fairs are making money, and there is not the least reason why the Craven County Fair cannot do the same thing.

At the next meeting of the Executive Committee Secretary Williams will lay his plans, blue prints and photographs of the buildings and grounds visited by him and let them decide upon which they will construct. Just as soon as the location is decided upon work will be started on the exhibit buildings, grand stand, half mile race track, stock sheds and stables. At present there is every indication that Craven county's Fair will open next fall.

Water Coolers from \$1.50 to \$4.50 at Basnight Hdw. Co., Phone 99.

Improvement in Ashley Horne's Condition.

Greensboro, N. C., May 8.—Colonel Ashley Horne showed a marked improvement in condition and members of the family who have arrived from Clayton expressed the hope that his improvement within a few days, would be sufficient to allow his removal to his Clayton home. Mrs. Horne arrived early yesterday morning coming from Clayton to Raleigh by automobile. She stated that Col. Horne had been in poor health for several months, and that the family was apprehensive and discussed the wisdom of allowing him to undertake the Macon trip. Dr. Charles Robeson gave out the statement that "Col. Horne is greatly improved, and certainly out of immediate danger."

Paint and "Paint"

Paint itself costs \$2.10 per gallon but remember that—Lined Oil costs only \$1.00 per gallon, and that "Paint" ready for use consists of 4 parts Paint and 3 parts Oil. Consequently it is plain that you should buy Paint and Oil separately—mix them yourself—and save 45 cents per gallon. Therefore buy L. & M. Paint (prepared in semi paste form) mix three quarts of Oil to each 1 gallon L. & M. and make 1 1/2 galls. of Paint ready for use at \$1.65 a gall.

Call on Gaskill Hardware & Mill Supply Co., New Bern, N. C.

All Soldiers Must Swim.

Washington, May 8.—Partly as a result of lessons gained from the Titanic disaster, all branches of the military service have decided to go in more strongly for swimming.

Instructions are being issued by the War Department for regular swimming lessons to be given to all recruits. Swimming has been required of all enlisted men of the navy and Marine Corps, but hereafter the regulations of drills and exercises will provide for regular swimming by every officer and man at sea.

While soldiers have no duty at sea, it has been decided as advisable that they be taught to swim in case of accident while traveling on ship or for military purposes in getting across streams in field action.

Politics may be all right as a game—but not as a business.

World Wireless Hash.

Washington, May 8.—Wireless operators on ocean-going steamships throughout the world will be compelled to stop all commercial business and listen at stated intervals, perhaps every 30 or 60 minutes, calls of distress from other craft, if the recommendations of the American delegates to the International Radio Communication Congress, in London in June, are favorably acted upon. These delegates are now meeting in Washington to map out recommendations. The delegates are also said to favor the plan advanced in Congress to compel the big liners to carry two wireless operators.

VETERANS KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK

Reunion Special Jumps Trestle and "Taps" Are Sounded For Three Old Soldiers.

New Orleans, May 7.—Four trainmen and three passengers were killed and a number of passengers were hurt when the first section of a special train carrying Confederate Veterans from Texas to the reunion at Macon, Ga., was wrecked yesterday morning on the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad near Hattiesburg, Miss. The engine and five coaches were derailed and turned over.

The dead passengers are supposed to be Confederate Veterans.

Engineer W. A. Woods and his negro fireman were killed. Two other employees of the railroad who were riding on the engine were killed.

The train was running thirty miles an hour when the engine left the track, carrying with it a day coach, chair car and three tourist sleepers. Two of the sleepers went through a trestle.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Hampton Roads Greatest Coal Port.

Newport News, Va., May 7th.—President George W. Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has announced that the road will begin as soon as plans are ready to erect a million-dollar coal pier located among the other piers at Newport News.

The new pier will be 1,200 feet long and 88 feet high. It will have a capacity of 3,000 tons of coal an hour.

Instead of the inclined track up which the cars are now pushed, there will be an elevator to raise each car to the proper level.

When this pier is completed Hampton Roads, where the great Virginia pier is already located, and where the Norfolk and Western will soon build another mammoth structure, will be the greatest coal port in the world.

Sale of Land For Taxes.

Saturday, June 1st 1912, I will offer for sale at the post office in Bridgeton, the following town lots to satisfy the amount of taxes due on them to the town of Bridgeton.

W A Adams, 3 lots 38c with cost 88
M H Allen, 10 lots 66c " 11 16
S W Brooks 2 1/2 acres \$1 61 " 2 31
F J Hartley, 1 lot, 1 75 " 2 25

T. W. MOORE,
Tax Collector.

WHITEOAK RIVER ITEMS.

Jones County, May 9th.—With us the weather is fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Gooding, of Loco, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fannie Collins Sunday.

Miss Aurora Collins returned home Sunday; she has been spending a few days visiting relatives and friends at Lees Chapel.

Mr. E. B. Conway, Miss Etta Smith, Miss Maggie Carr and Mr. Fab Parsons, all of Loco, were visitors at the home of Mrs. Mosey Collins last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Willie Jones and Miss Cassie Eubank, of Little Hill, passed through Monday returning home. They had been visiting at Richlands.

Mr. Johnnie Rouse, of Lees Chapel, was a visitor here Sunday.

Mr. Curtis Howard and Stephen Howard were in this section Sunday.

Mr. J. R. Parsons, of Lees Chapel, was a welcome visitor in our midst last Sunday.

Mr. Furney Collins has got his new house completed and moved in Tuesday.

Messrs Frank and Cleveland Parsons were here Sunday.

OUR BENEFICENT GOVERNMENT

Will Coin Fractional Currency To Help Cut Living Costs For Which Its Trust Robbed Citizens Are Expected To Be Thankful.

Washington, May 8.—The House passed the Bulky bill, providing for the coinage of one-half cent pieces and three-cent pieces. The bill provides that they shall be coined of 75 per cent copper and 25 per cent of nickel.

All new one-cent pieces are to be made a trifle smaller than the present penny. Hereafter they are to be made from the same specifications proposed for the half-pennies and three-cent pieces. At present the one-cent pieces contain 90 per cent of copper and 10 per cent of nickel. The change in the proportions of copper and nickel will cause the reduction in size.

The one half cent piece provided for in the House bill has aroused curiosity regarding its use.

A few instances cited by its adherents are:

Some kinds of meats are listed at 12 1/2 cents a pound, but if one takes one pound one pays 13 cents.

In other lines—dry goods (by the yard), groceries (by the pound) or green groceries (by the measure)—the price often is 12 1/2 cents or "two for a quarter."

If one does not wish two for a quarter, having no need for the two, whether they be pounds, pints or other measurements, the customer pays the additional half cent. With the half cent piece the purchaser would be able to meet the exact price asked.

10 per cent Reduction on ladies, mens and childrens Oxford. J. J. Baxter.

The Reaper Hovers Over Kinston.

Kinston, May 8.—An epidemic of violent dysentery during the past 48 hours in this city and vicinity has startled the community.

Frank Yause, a well known farmer, who lived several miles from Kinston, was found drowned late in the evening in South West Creek, and the body found several hours later by a searching party.

Incensed at his wife because she would not sign a deed to property which he wanted to sell, Frank Evans, a negro, cut his wife's throat and the side of her face, splitting an ear with a pocket knife. The timely arrival of a physician kept the woman from bleeding to death, and she may recover.

Ed. Eason, a white man, was found dead in a road near LaGrange, his neck broken, and a team which he had been driving standing near. Mystery surrounds the death, and foul play is hinted at.

Arthur Hill, a negro boy of Lincoln City, a suburb of Kinston, and another boy were poisoned by Paris green. Hill died, but an antidote saved the life of his companion. They had been warned of the poison, but considered the admonition as only an attempt to frighten them.

Ice Cream Freezers that freeze cream faster and make mixture better "ALASKA" at Basnight Hdw. Co.

HAVELOCK NOTES.

April 30.—Rev. C. O. Durant filled his appointment here Sunday.

Miss Bertie Cannon is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. W. Reams at Morehead City this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Russell and children and Mrs. A. S. Lamm from Shoams Creek attended church here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bryan and sister, from New Bern visited relatives at Havelock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gillikin and son Courtland, and Mr. Joe Roberson from Lupton, N. C., visited friends at Cherry Point last week.

Messrs Watson and Barnes and Misses Sallie Russell and Isorah Garner went to New Bern Saturday on the "T.M." shopping. They had a very rough but pleasant trip.

Mrs. Isaac Mitchell and children were visitors at Havelock Sunday.

The many friends of Mrs. T. L. Hill will be pained to learn of her death. She died at her home at Havelock last Monday evening at 4:30 o'clock. She was sick one week with pneumonia and acute indigestion. Her remains were laid to rest in the Havelock cemetery. She leaves a husband, five children, Mother, three sisters and one brother to mourn their loss, besides a host of friends. She was loved by all who knew her.

"ROSE HILL."

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