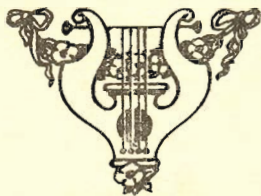


The Bulletin
OF THE
Oxford Second
Presbyterian Church
OXFORD, NEW JERSEY



Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.
Pastor

*Be careful for nothing; but in everything
by prayer and supplication with
thanksgiving let your
requests be made
known to God*

*And the peace of God, which passeth all
understanding, shall keep your
hearts and minds through
Christ Jesus
Philippians IV, 6, 7*

WASHINGTON STEAM LAUNDRY

L. C. OPDYKE, Prop.
ROUGH DRY FLAT WORK FINISHED WORK
Phone 218 WASHINGTON, N. J.

FIDELITY-PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

MRS. SUSAN E. ORAM, Agent
OXFORD NEW JERSEY

HARRY MILLER

Dealer in
ANTHRACITE COAL, SAND, GRAVEL, CRUSHED ROCK
OXFORD NEW JERSEY

JAMES RADEL

GROCERIES GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Phone 16-R-5 OXFORD, N. J.

STATED MEETINGS OF THE CHURCH
SUNDAY SERVICES

Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.
Church Worship, 10:30 a. m.
Young People's Meeting, 7 p. m.
The Trustees meet on the first Tuesday of the month.
The Ladies Aid Society meets on the first Wednesday of the month, at 2:30 p. m.
The Lord's Supper is observed at Easter, and on the second Sundays of July, October and January.
The Annual Business Meeting comes in last week of March.

CHURCH OFFICERS

Elders—Abram Pittenger, Elisha B. Foss, Edward T. Green, Lewis Bergenback.
Trustees—Harry Miller, James Radel, George Dock-er, Jr., Charles Renner, Fred K. Sarson, Lewis E. Green, Edward Sharps, Charles Dux, Benjamin Green.
Treasurer—Lewis E. Green.

S. RAYMOND RUSH

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING
Phone 18-R-2 OXFORD, N. J.

EAGLE PRINTING CO.

Follayttar Building
PRINTERS and STATIONERS
BELVIDERE NEW JERSEY

MORGAN BROTHERS

LUMBER - COAL - HARDWARE - ETC.
Telephone 112
GREAT MEADOWS NEW JERSEY

ZAPP'S GARAGE

BENJAMIN ZAPP, Proprietor
EXPERT REPAIRING
OXFORD NEW JERSEY

Morning Worship

Doxology
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Psalm 96 sel.35
Hymn 45
Creed and Gloria
Scripture Lesson
Prayer
Anthem
Offering
Hymn 62
Sermon
Hymn 328
Benediction

Text

Now unto the King eternal, immortal,
invisible, the only wise God, be honor
and glory for ever and ever, Amen.

I Timothy 1:17

"Be merciful, O God, unto all who need thy
mercy, and let the Angel of thy Presence
save the afflicted: Be thou the Strength
of the weary, the Comfort of the sorrowful
the Friend of the desolate, the Light of the
wandering, the Hope of the dying, the Savior
of the lost, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

The Topic for the Young People's
meeting tonight will be The Prodigal Son
Roy Peterson will be the leader.

The party that was announced for last
Friday night was postponed until this
coming Friday night. It will be held in
the Chapel. It is to be given by the
losers in the recent contest for new
members.

The funeral of Mrs Jesse Seiple
was held at the home of Mrs Laura Seiple
last Thursday afternoon, with burial in
the Summerfield cemetery. Her passing
which occurred last Sabbath morning in
Boston, was sudden and came as a shock
not only to the family but to all who
knew her. She was but thirty years of age
beautiful in person and with a lovable
disposition, she attracted and kept the
friendship of all who knew her. Her
home life was made happy by a devoted
husband and a lovely daughter. Verily
God's ways are past finding out! Our
sympathy and prayers go out to the
bereaved family.

Those present from a distance
were Mrs. Ann Fuhrer, mother of the
deceased, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tosh
her uncle and aunt, -all from Pittsburg.

A Jerseyman's Adventure During
the American Revolution
(Continued from last issue)

I planned to go over the hill to the Pahatcong valley and then on to the Musconetcong River that night, and while I had no idea that I should be molested anywhere near the furnace, thought it would be better to take the ore road and through the woods. However, I had no sooner got well started up the hill when a man armed with a fowling-piece jumped from behind a tree, and aiming at me pulled the trigger. Fortunately the gun missed fire and as my own rifle would be too slow, I picked up a two-pound shot out of the cart and threw it with such skill that it struck him square in the forehead and he went down in a heap. I didn't know whether I had killed or only stunned him, but when I jumped off the cart, I recognized him as one of my own neighbors who pretended to be a great patriot, but of whose honesty I had long been suspicious.

I felt that death was too good for such a renegade, but I hated to dispatch him in cold blood. I remembered that just before he had attacked me, I had passed one of the old mine holes which had not been worked for some years and was nearly full of water.

So I took out a couple of six pound balls and tied them securely under the traitor's shirt, and picked him up. As I did so, he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize me; but for all that I carried him over to the mine hole and dropped him in. I could hear the splash as the body struck the water; but after that all was quiet and I felt sure that I should have no further trouble with him. So I gave thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness.

I made some doubts as to whether I should go on or return to the furnace, as I feared this fellow might have some companions; but as no one appeared, I decided to continue, and keeping my rifle over my arm drove along. At daylight I had reached the Musconetcong and followed up the stream nearly to Hackettstown when I arrived at my friend's farm house where I intended to rest awhile, cover my load as I have mentioned and go on later.

His wife gave me a good breakfast, and after a dram of apple whiskey, distilled on the farm and very rank so that I feared I should choke, I told him of my night's adventure. He was not surprised for he

said that a number of Tories from down Princetown way as well as British spies, had been seen in the neighborhood, spreading about that Washington had no chance of success and that the farmers had better take the side of the King.

He advised me to keep away from Hackettstown and to travel only at night. So I stayed at his house till sunset, sleeping most of the time. Before leaving we covered the load well with straw and bags, and my friend's wife gave me some good corn cake to eat by the way. I also asked for a jug of apple whiskey, which I put on top of the bags in plain sight.

After what my friend had told me, I decided not to take the valley road, but instead to go over the mountain though it was very steep and the road bad. But in spite of this I got along very well until I came to the bridge over the brook which comes down the mountain. Even in the dark I could see that it was partly broken down and would never carry my heavy load. I thought of turning back to the valley, but was afraid of capture, so I looked about as best I could and stumbled on a fallen tree lying by the roadside. Taking the ax which was always strapped on the cart, I cut the log into two pieces which I managed to drag to the bridge and work under it; so that with some stones that I pried into place, I got it into such a shape that I dared risk driving the cart over it. I went to the far side of the brook and called to my horse to come over. The old bridge dropped several inches and I could hear that one wheel and axle of the cart were badly strained; but it did get across.

I drove along slowly and had nearly fallen into a doze when I was startled by a most unearthly yell which made me fairly shake with terror. Long ago, when up in the Iroquois Country, I had heard the Indians' war whoop, and while I well knew that none of these savages were in this part of the country, the sound reminded me of their dreadful cry; my horse too was scared and shied to the side of the road nearly upsetting the cart. I sat still, wondering what would happen next, when the yell sounded again, this time nearer by. But now being wide awake I recognized it and was put to much shame that I had been so frightened; for it was just the screech of a big owl which was flying about among the trees.

So after this it began to be light, and instead of being well toward Chester as I expected, I was just coming out of the woods at the bottom of the mountain and would soon be among the farms in the Long Valley.

(see last page)

While thinking over what I should do two ugly looking fellows came tumbling out of the woods, where I suppose they had been sleeping all night. One of them grabbed my horse's bit and the other came along side of the cart. I was in too close quarters to use my rifle, but I think I could have settled them both with the axe, had I not wanted to avoid a fight if possible. They asked my what was in the cart, to which I replied, "straw and oats for the Tavern keeper at Chester." "What's in that jug?" said one. "Come and see," says I.

I pulled out the stopper, tilted up the jug and gave each of them a long pull which they took with great ease and satisfaction.

I pretended not to know the country and asked them many questions about the way to Chester and Mendham, and meanwhile gave them another swig out of the jug. After a little one of them made as though he would feel under the straw to find what may be there, when I gave word to the horse which started with a jerk, throwing both of the louts to the ground. I saw them trying to help each other up, but by that time the apple-jack had begun to work, and the last I saw of them they were sprawling on the road.

I now was afraid to keep on the main road so took one to the left which would take me through the woods nearly to Chester.

Besides that I had heard that Bill Whitman whom I used to know, was cutting logs some where in that country, and I thought that I might find him and learn whether I should be likely to have any more trouble in reaching Morristown. The going was very bad and I was continually afraid that my cart which had been badly strained the night before would give out. But I kept moving along slowly and after a while came to a clearing and saw a man with an ox team, hauling logs toward the road. I waited till he came near me, and sure enough it was Whitman. I hadn't seen him for a good while and wasn't quite sure how he stood about the war. So when he asked me naturally what I had and where I was going, I said "Provender for the army." "Which army?" he asked. "Washington's," I said. At that he said, "Now Castner you know that I believe in independence and all that, but my opinion is that Washington hasn't a chance of success and the sooner we make up our minds to save our skins by going to the nearest British officer and making allegiance to the King, the better it will be for us and our families."

(To be continued)

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Horseshoer Frank Koehn, Prop. Wheelwright
OXFORD NEW JERSEY

DR. ROBERT ZULAUF

DENTIST
Phone 118
16 BROAD STREET WASHINGTON, N. J.

BEAUTY PARLOR

NELLIE R. DALRYMPLE
Open Evenings except Wednesday and Saturday
27 BELVIDERE AVENUE WASHINGTON, N. J.

CHAS. B. HALL, Jr.

FIRE & AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE — SURETY BONDS
Phone 179-M or 487
Office at Motor Vehicle License Bureau, Oxford, N. J.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Superintendent—E. B. Foss.
Assistant Superintendent—Mrs. Edward T. Green
Treasurer—Miss Ida Smith.
Secretary—Merrell Foss.

LADIES AID SOCIETY

President—Mrs. Charles Renner.
Vice-President—Mrs. Susan E. Oram.
Treasurer—Mrs. Benjamin Green.
Secretary—Mrs. Clark Wilkinson.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

President—Mrs. Charles Dux.
Vice-President—Chris Seiple.
Treasurer—Alice Seiple.
Secretary—Helen Snyder.

CHOIR

Leader—Mrs. Edward T. Green.
Organist—Mrs. Benjamin Zapp.

The Biggest Little Store in Washington

R. M. HOLLEY

STATIONER
Greeting Cards for All Occasions
WASHINGTON NEW JERSEY

WASHINGTON'S ORIGINAL CUT-RATE STORE

Proprietary Medicines - Toilet Goods - Gifts
Candies - Cigars - Sundries
22 East Washington Avenue WASHINGTON, N. J.

J. J. ODESTED

CHOICE GROCERIES
OXFORD NEW JERSEY

E. H. DEVOE

W. A. CATTELLE COAL & LUMBER CO.

COAL LUMBER BUILDING MATERIALS

Phone 51

WASHINGTON, N. J.

FORD FURNITURE STORES

Established 1891

BELVIDERE

WASHINGTON

DR. WILLIAM E. AUER

DENTIST

WASHINGTON

NEW JERSEY

WARREN COUNTY HARDWARE
COMPANY, Inc.

Easy Washers "Everything in Hardware" Philgas Stoves

Tel. 348

WASHINGTON, N. J.

Washington's Best
CUT-RATE DRUG STORE

is the

WARREN COUNTY DRUG STORE

A Real Drug Store

WASHINGTON

NEW JERSEY

FICHTEL'S

MRS. JENNIE FICHTEL, Prop.

FIRE AND AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

CIGARS, TOBACCO, ICE CREAM, STATIONERY

Phone—Oxford 28-3

OXFORD, N. J.

SHARP'S FUNERAL HOME

E. W. SHARPS

OXFORD

Phone 7-R-4

NEW JERSEY

EDWARD T. GREEN

QUALITY GROCERIES

REASONABLE

OXFORD

NEW JERSEY

CHAS. B. HALL ESTATE

PLUMBING

HEATING

and

TINNING

Phone 179-M or 487

53 East Washington Ave.

WASHINGTON, N. J.