

Mrs. Peabody's Conscience

By DOROTHY E. LEONARD

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE front gate fell to with a clang and Martha Moore turned her head and looked out of the window. "Sakes alive, ma! If there ain't Mis' Peabody coming up the walk, and it's most five o'clock."

Mrs. Moore peered out furtively behind the curtain, then walked heavily into the entry and opened the door. "Well, Louise Peabody, if this ain't an unexpected pleasure!" cried Mrs. Moore, in her deep voice, as her visitor tolled up the steps. "Dear me! You are all of a tremble. Nothing hasn't happened, has it?" the smiling fanny from her face, as she took the hard, thin hand extended to her.

"Oh, no! I guess I hurried so," panted the little woman. "The air's so bracing to-day, I felt as if I couldn't go slow. It's the ozone in it, so Fanny says," she added, as she followed her hostess into the sitting room.

Martha turned around and nodded cordially, but did not rise. "I guess you'll excuse me under the circumstances," laughed she, "my lap's pretty full."

Mrs. Peabody laid aside her wraps and sank into the nearest chair, her heart beating like a trip hammer. The table was covered with a profusion of dainty materials and half-finished garments; and from where she sat, she could see that the work over which the girl was bending was of an elaborate description. She was sure now that the report she had heard that morning was true, and that Martha was going to be married to Harry Summers.

As she thought of it, and of Harry's attentions to her own daughter Fanny, during the past year, her brain seemed to whirl. At last she was conscious that Mrs. Moore was addressing her.

"You didn't hear me, Mis' Peabody. Don't you want to see all we've got done?"

"Here take this seat by the window," said Martha, rising, "you can't see well over there."

By a great effort she mastered her feelings, and, sitting down by the window, silently examined the articles shown to her.

"Why this is real lace, Marthy," she said at last, in genuine surprise.

"Yes, there's to be a whole set trimmed with that pattern," put in the mother, proudly, "but yet I do think crochet is prettier and washes better, too. Marthy does do crochet wonderful!"

"So does Fanny!" said Mrs. Peabody flushing suddenly.

"Dear Fan!" said Martha, "tell her to come over Saturday and see my things. Wait, ma! don't show her the veil till I light the lamp. The light's all gone."

The veil would have seemed pretty to far more critical eyes than Mrs. Peabody's, but to the poor woman, overwhelmed with the petty cares of a poverty stricken life, it was a vision of beauty. It was impossible to imagine it on Martha's head, and Fanny's delicate beauty rose persistently before her eyes until Mrs. Moore broke the silence.

"Mr. Moore and I ain't never goin' to tell what we paid for that veil. Even Martha don't know."

"It used to be considered awful bad luck to show the wedding clothes," answered her guest, struggling in vain to suppress the jealousy which surged in her heart.

"Oh, we've got beyond such nonsense now," laughed Martha, as she began gathering up her treasures. Her plain, coarse face was flushed and triumphant. Mrs. Peabody could not endure to look at her. "I just know how she tried to get him from Fanny!" the poor woman thought to herself, "she who has everything in the world she wants, too."

At last it began to dawn on Mrs. Moore that her visitor was very silent and possibly bored.

"Are Mr. Peabody and the boys well?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And Fanny? We hear she's goin' to have the school next year, too?"

"Oh, that's fine for her," said Martha carelessly.

Mrs. Peabody's heart beat fast, her brain was on fire. "I guess Fanny'll be havin' something else to do then beside teaching!" she said suggestively.

"Why, Louise, you don't say!" ejaculated Mrs. Moore.

"Do you mean she's keeping company?" asked Martha, peering shrewdly into the poor woman's face.

"Yes!" and for the first time in her life Mrs. Peabody had told a lie.

"I don't believe it!" cried the girl rudely.

"Marthy!" said her mother, reprovingly.

"Well, it's awful queer nobody's heard anything about it!"

Mrs. Peabody returned no answer. She fingered the veil absently for a few minutes, then rose and walked slowly to the door. "Well, good-night, I guess I'd better be goin'," said she, and stepped out bareheaded into the darkness. Martha ran after her and laid a restraining hand on her arm. "You'll catch your death of cold, Mis' Peabody! Don't mind what I said. Come back and get your things on, and pa'll drive you home."

Poor Louise Peabody leaned back in the wagon beside Mr. Moore in silent despair. Above the certainty that Harry had deserted her own dear daughter, above her belief in Martha's perfidy, loomed the lie in all its hideousness. Mr. Moore's jokes in regard to the approaching nuptials, and his information that Harry Summers had bought out his uncle's grocery business and would settle down near them, fell upon unheeding ears. She roused at last to the consciousness that he was helping her out of the wagon, and, after a hasty good-night, with burning cheeks and a heart like lead Mrs. Peabody entered her home.

As the weeks passed by it was surprising to see how well Fanny bore up under Martha's engagement. In spite of the extra work of the spring term she was blooming, and fairly cheerful. She never mentioned Harry, nor did he come to the house; but as the days lengthened she would often go off alone for a ramble in the pine woods for an hour or two after school, coming back laden with violets, ferns and specimens of wild flowers, which she said were for her class in botany.

School closed on the 10th of June and the 11th was the day set for Martha's wedding. Mrs. Peabody had not intended to go, but Fanny insisted upon it. "It will look so queer if neither of us go, ma," she urged, "and as school only closed yesterday I don't feel like it. One of the boys can drive you over, and you must wear my muslin with the lavender stripes. It fits you all right, and you'll look fine in it." So the poor mother allowed herself to be persuaded and donned the dainty muslin, but a cold east wind having arisen, she threw her old black silk mantilla over her shoulders for the drive.

As Mrs. Peabody entered the house her last visit there came vividly before her mind; and, forgetting to lay aside her wrap, she hurried nervously into the parlor. The folding doors were thrown wide open, and both rooms were profusely decorated with June roses and branches of the fragrant syringa. A number of the guests had already arrived, and a cheerful buzz of conversation greeted her ears as she sank timidly upon the sofa beside the minister's wife.

The clock struck four and all eyes were turned expectantly toward the hall door—but there was no sign of the bride party. Mrs. Peabody could hardly keep the tears back as she thought of Fanny; but she clinched her hands under the old mantilla and nerved herself to bear the worst. The clock ticked on loudly, but no one spoke. At last a sudden ring at the door startled them. Steps came heavily down the hall, and the door was opened.

"It's a boy with a note!" exclaimed a young girl who sat near the door.

The guests could endure the suspense no longer, but began to converse excitedly in loud whispers. Suddenly a swish of silken skirts was heard on the stairs, and a tall, white-veiled figure entered the room. All of the women trembled, and one screamed. Martha Moore threw back her veil and looked proudly around the room. Her large, plain face was almost as white as her bridal gown, but she held her head up and eyed her guests defiantly.

"Will you please to walk out and have some refreshments?" said she. "There ain't going to be any wedding this afternoon, but I guess you'll find the cake just as good."

As she turned to lead the way to the dining room her eye fell upon Mrs. Peabody. Instantly her whole manner changed. Her tall figure grew rigid, her eyes dilated, and stretching out one hand toward her she screamed, "Oh, you wicked, deceitful woman! How dare you to come here this afternoon? You've known this all along!"

Mrs. Peabody trembled, and clung to the friendly hand of the minister's wife. Her breath came in quick, frightened gasps. The minister stepped forward and laid his hand on Martha's arm.

"Miss Martha," he said, kindly but firmly, "you forget yourself!"

She shook him off impatiently. The tears were now streaming down her cheeks, but she did not heed them. "Here Fanny Peabody's been a plotting all along to run off with my young man the day of my wedding, just to shame me because I tried to get him away from her—just as if I hadn't a right! And then to send me a note and tell me they are leaving for Boston on the 3:45 train! I'll show 'em I don't care!" Her voice rose to a scream.

"Oh, Marthy! Marthy! Don't go on so!" sobbed her mother, pushing her way through the crowd to her daughter's side—but Martha heeded her not.

"And then for that deceitful old woman to dare to come here this afternoon!" she cried, almost pathetically, "when she's been in the plot all along, and had the cheek to tell me Fanny was keeping company!"

Mrs. Peabody started forward from her seat. "Oh, it wa'n't a lie! It wa'n't a lie!" she cried. "I told 'em, when I come out here 'most three months ago, that Fanny was keeping company, because I was so jealous that Marthy'd got Harry away from her. But I didn't know 't was true. I thought it was a lie, and it seemed as if it would 'most kill me!" her face was red, not through her tears.

Martha turned coldly from her; and controlling herself by a great effort again invited her guests to come out and partake of the wedding cake. She led the way, and the guests followed her one by one until Mrs. Peabody and the minister were left alone.

"I think you and I are not needed here," said Mrs. Peabody, "you had better let me drive home." And taking her hand he led her from the room, and helped her alight, but happy and relieved, carriage.

ST. PETER AND THE GATE.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate. With a solemn mien and air sedate, When up to the top of the golden stair A man and a woman ascending there, Applied for admission. They came and stood

Before St. Peter, so great and good, In hope the City of Peace to win, And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin, With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin. The man was short and thick and stout, His stomach was built so it rounded out, His face was pleasant, and all the while He wore a kindly and genial smile. The choirs in the distance the echoes woke, And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"Oh, thou who guardest the gate," said she, "We two come hither, beseeching thee To let us enter the heavenly land, And play our harps with the Angel band."

Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt There's nothing from heaven to bar me out.

I've been to meeting three times a week, And almost always I'd rise and speak. "I've told the sinners about the day, When they'd repent of their evil way, I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all 'Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal Fall."

I've shown them what they'd have to do If they'd pass in the chosen few. I've marked their path of duty clear—Laid out the plan for their whole career, I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long. For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.

So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see The gate of heaven is open for me. But my old man, I regret to say, Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.

He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got. And I don't know whether he'll pass or not. He never would pray with earnest vim Or go to revival, or join in a hymn. So I have to leave him in sorrow there While I, with the chosen united in prayer.

He ate what the pantry chanced to afford, While I, in my purity sang to the Lord. And if cucumbers were all he got It's a chance if he merited me or not. But oh! St. Peter, I love him so, To the pleasure of Heaven please let him go.

I've done enough—a saint I've been, 'Won't that atone? Can't you let him in? By grim gospel I know 'tis so That the unrepentant must fry below, But isn't there some way you can see That he may enter who's dear to me? It's a narrow gospel which I pray, But the chosen expect to find some way Of coaxing or fooling or bribing you, So that their relations can amble through.

And, say, St. Peter, it seems to me That gate isn't kept as it ought to be; You ought to stand right by the opening there And never sit down in that easy chair. And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed.

They're cut too wide, and outward to; They'd look better narrow, cut straight across. Well, we must be going our crowns to win.

So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in, St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff, But, spite of his office, he had to laugh. Then said, with a fery gleam in his eye:

"Who's tending this gate, you or I? And then he arose in his stature tall, And pressed a button upon the wall. And said to the imp who answered the bell:

"Escort this female around to hell!" The man stood still as a piece of stone— Stood sadly, gloomy there alone. A life-long, settled idea he had That his wife was good and he was bad.

He thought that if the woman went down below That he would certainly have to go— That if she went to the region dim There wasn't the ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent, To follow wherever the woman went, St. Peter standing on duty there, Observed that the top of his head was bare.

He called the gentleman back and said, "Friend how long have you been wed?" "Thirty years" (with a weary sigh)— And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent, with head bent down He raised his hat and scratched his crown. Then, seeming a different thought to take,

Slowly, half to himself he spake: "Thirty years with that woman there? No wonder the man hasn't got any hair!

Swearing is wicked. Smoking's no good. He smoked and swore—I should think he would! Thirty years with that tongue so sharp! Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp! A jeweled harp with a golden string! Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!

Gabriel gave him a seat alone— One with the cushion—up near the throne! Call up some angels to play their best, Let him enjoy the music, and rest. See that the finest ambrosia he feeds, He's had about all the hell he needs. It isn't just hardly the thing to do, To roast him on earth and the future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe and a pair of wings, And he said as he entered the Realm of Day,

"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway." And so the Scriptures had come to pass, The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

SCHMELZ & CO.'S

Sluice Pipe.

IMPROVE YOUR ROADS with STEEL and WOOD SLUICING

The Steel pipe is made of cold rolled, heavy sheet steel, fluted so as to leave it smooth inside. The pipe is covered with a preparation that makes it rust proof. The wood pipe is made of staves matched and grooved, bound with heavy iron bands, treated chemically against rust and coated with a preparation that will stand climate and will practically exclude moisture. The entire length is of even diameter. Obstructions will not lodge in it. Manufactured in all sizes up to SIXTY INCHES.

Write for catalogue and prices, or a postal card will bring to you a representative with samples of our goods.

What are Sluice Pipes Used For? They are used on roads and highways to carry water under the road bed and streams and ditches to keep the road bed dry and prevent washouts in heavy rains and showers.

Schmelz & Co., Coudersport, Pa.

PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure TRADE-MARKS write to
GASNOW & CO.
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Madam French's Pills

A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe. Sure. Speedy. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples free. UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.
Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson.

Easy and Quick! Soap-Making with BANNER LYE

To make the very best soap, simply dissolve a can of Banner Lye in cold water, melt 5 1/2 lbs. of grease, pour the Lye water in the grease. Stir and put aside to set.

Full Directions on Every Package
Banner Lye is pulverized. The can may be opened and closed at will, permitting the use of a small quantity at a time. It is just the article needed in every household. It will clean paint, floors, marble and tile work, soften water, disinfect sinks, closets and waste pipes. Write for booklet "Uses of Banner Lye"—free.
The Penn Chemical Works, Philadelphia

PILES RUDY'S PILE Suppository

A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository
Dr. Matt. Thompson, Surg. Grad. School, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say for my patients for whom I have used your Pile Suppositories, that they give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarkburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 25 years, I have found no remedy so equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.
Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson.

EVERY WOMAN Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine. DR. PEAL'S PENNYROYL PILLS,

Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoints. \$1.00 per box. Sold by R. C. Dodson, druggist.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.
Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutes and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, in a package of 25 pills. I have found no remedy so equal yours. Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. "Relief for Ladies," in letter, return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by All Druggists.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. 2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA. Mention this name.

Who is Your Clothier?

If it's R. SEGER & CO., you are getting the right kind of merchandise. There is no small or grand deception practiced in their store. Sustained success demonstrates that there is "growth in truth" in the retailing of

NEW AND UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING AT POPULAR PRICES.

R. SEGER & CO.

Good Cedar Shingles

WILL KEEP OUT THE RAIN. WE HAVE THEM IN ALL GRADES.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.

Our Summer Goods

Have Arrived.

I am now ready to please the public, having moved my Tailor Shop over the Express office, in order to cut down expenses. I can now make clothes much cheaper than they can be made any where in this section. I employ only first-class workmen and invite the public to call and inspect my stock.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

J. L. FOBERT.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY General Merchandise.

STORE ON THE "RIALTO."

Summer Dress Goods

Our line of Summer Dress Goods is selling remarkably fast, considering the cold weather we have had and we have a good assortment left that are selling rapidly. Do not wait until the best pieces are picked out before looking them over.

White Goods	Trimmings
Our stock is complete of White Goods, such as Persian Lawns, India Linens, Nain Sooks, Dimities, etc. Prices from 12c to 50c.	Everything in Trimmings, such as Val-Laces, Allover Laces, Swiss Embroideries, etc., from 15c to \$1.00 per yard.

Ladies' Wrappers

We have just the Wrapper for hot weather, with low neck and short sleeves, made from calico to best quality percale, in all styles and colors; prices from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

We have about one thousand patterns in stock, about one fourth the patterns they cut, and if we do not have the pattern you want, we can get it for you in three or four days. We send orders every day; 10c and 15c. None higher.

Ladies' Fancy Hose Demorest SEWING MACHINES

A complete line of Ladies Fancy Hose. Do not forget to look at them while in our store; prices 25c to 50c per pair.

We are agents for the famous Demorest Sewing Machines; once used, always used. Prices from \$19.50 to \$30.

C. B. HOWARD & CO.