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CHAPTER II.

Weymouth did not leave his place by the fire, but stood there innocently drying his muddy clothes. The fire had caught a fagot and was cracking and snapping bravely; suddenly it shot up a strange gleam at the side which nobody appeared to notice, though it shone full in the face of the landlady and showed her to be more serene and less excited, and presently she became unexpectedly talkative.

do feel proper disgraced to be found so shiftless by you gentlemen." she apologized to Weymouth, whose face was in a shadow. "Custom is so poor that there was no counting on anybody from week's end to week's We're giving up our lease to go to America and said that on Monday we'd harbor strangers no more, and since then I've had five companies of traveling folk lighting down, all crying for the best, and being thankful for the worst before they got away.

"You'll wait an hour for your suppers at best," she added; "I'd no eggs by me, but I've sent up the road a bit; I cooked the last I had for the folks that was just before ye. An' I ain't got but the one room to show ye; the chimney fell as belongs to the t'other house. He'd ought to get t' bed," nodding at the poor crookednecked figure on the settee. "I make bold to say I want my kitchen to myself. There's a fire in thur-there's somebody in there a'ready, but she's stone deaf and crippled; an old Welsh body as was left wi' me by her son an' darter. They'll be getting a boat across arly, and I promised to mind her while they stepped along the dike to see



Innocently Drying Out His Muddy

friends they've got above. She's fast asleep, ye'll hear her snore from here, poor thing, and will neither trouble nor be troubled. I've drawed her curtains tight an' I've stocked the fire. You an' him can take a bit of rest" (persuasively)-'an' I'll do what I can for ye here.'

The landlady's tone was peremptory as well as persuasive; she kept casting uneasy glances at Rogers, who seemed to be falling together in a heap in the settee corner. Weymouth hesitated, but when the woman crossed the room and opened the door, he got his companion to his feet and managed to shuffle and drag him to the inner room and put him on the nearest bed. Rogers sleep again, while his face grew very red as if the drink and hot fire had put him in a fever, Here there was a most depressing chill and dreariness. Wevmouth hastened back to the kitchen for his cloak and wallet, declaring himself to need the better fire without and guest.

"'Tis newly lighted within, it burnt out and 'twas just made up new; 'twill soon be too much for you an' I'll hear complaints the other way!" the landlady answered him, good-humoredly. "You're not in a Lunnon inn, whatever you may think. Leave me your cloak an' I'll dry an' clean it. My own folks is coming in to their supper. Mind that poor soul ye brought, an' I'll do my best

At this moment there were loud voices in the yard and Weymouth stepped quickly toward the door full of a traveler's curiosity. "Stop!" said the woman in an insolent tone that made him confront her with wrath and amazement.

"'Tis but some teamsters, sir," she said, her eyes falling before his un-spoken reproach of her manners, and going back to the wheedling tone she had taken earlier. "You're too heated, sir," she explained humbly, "an' 'tis

Figures Tell.

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wet without and blowing again. You'd best stay under cover while you may, The inner room to which Weymouth

returned was long and narrow with but one narrow window at each end That toward the courtyard was shuttered and fastened on the outside and some of the glass was broken, while there were cobwebs and dust that had long been gathering. The other win dow was high above the steep slope of the cliff and looked down at the dyke and the meadows and far over the gloomy waters beyond.

The moon was rising behind the heavy mist and, though daylight was now completely gone, there was strange dim light in its place so that Weymouth could presently see where he was, and he scanned the shadowy country with a growing belief in his heart that he was a prisoner and that he might be glad to escape from this not reassuring house of entertainment. Once or twice it had seemed from some look or gesture that they had been expected. Rogers and the landlady had ready than at first. The two men were undoubtedly betrayed the fact that they were not strangers to each other. If he by the fire. had been a free man bound on one of his own journeys, nothing that had hap-pened would have made him uneasy, all round, you pretty picture!" he combut as the guardian of other men's gold he was more and more on this time they laughed even louder, as the alert. Clearly the best thing well they might. now was to stay quiet for a brief time for his horse's sake, and then to plead haste and push on. He would risk himself in a bit of fighting, even without his pistols, which had been left in least he would possess his soul in her as she passed. patience, then find his way to another inn less solitary and alarming. With a fresh horse and the night before him he could find Bristol himself. He clenched his fist and shook it at the man on the bed; their coming so far out of the way might perhaps be an accident, but Weymouth doubted more than ever the honesty of a man whom he had distrusted at first sight, and the drugged liquor was the surest proof of mischief. He found himself in a tight

As he looked down from the window into the misty night the great dismal plain of the Severn stretched away into the shadows of the distance. A fishing smack or small packet boat had crept up toward the headland and cast anchor under its lee. There was a lantern in the rigging and another dim light being brought upon the hill toward the inn. The wind was still blowing as if it had gone down with the sun, and risen less wild than be-

Weymouth left the window, uneasy enough in his mind; he could not see held the bottle high in his hand and his way to escape in that direction; it staggered past her to the bedroom door. was evidently too high for a safe drop muttering angrily, and shut himself in own plan was best and nobody could slid, and pounded the door with his fist with decency oppose it; he would call finely. He could hear the men laughfor his horse presently and ride away. ing by the fire, and went back to his Yet, if it were known, as he suspected, elbow chair. The wallet of money that he was carrying a treasure, it banged against the arm of it as he sat would still take courage to start out down. alone on a tired horse.

He sat down by the fire and looked about him. There was little furniture hand on the leather bag. in the place except the two old beds, one with its closed curtains of thick to Bristol," but the presence of the two stuff and the other, a poorly-posted men in the kitchen was significant makeshift of comfort on which Rogers enought of their being no hope of a lay. The old Welsh woman breathed peaceable departure on horseback. The loud now and then, but Rogers slept as certainly of a careful plot against him if 'he was dead. "Curse him," mut- was impossible to be denied; it was in tered Weymouth. "He should have the very air; he was one against many, known his roads or let an honest man

There was a loud voice in the kitchen the landlady could be heard now and traveler, or had been given news of then railing fretfully at some one, who that treasure he carried was a puzzle. was not slow to answer back. His In that moment a cold chill of horror waked only enough to protest in a thoughts, like those of a fired man, weak, strange way, and then fell off to went back to the past and he seemed. to himself curiously indifferent to the had suddenly repulsed him with so little perplexities of the present. He had reason or excuse, been the means of just left the woman he loved, disappointed by her coldness. She was Rogers-no, it was impossible-impossiyounger than he, they had not known ble! She might be, she was, the victim each other long, but after a separation of misfortunes, but in her honest eyes of some months he had joined her with and heart there was no possibility of ready to insist upon the rights of a the hope of marriage only to find that such a fault. He whistled a gay shrill she had changed, that she put him off tune as he sat by the fire alone; it was and spoke doubtfully of the future, a tune they had both known well the the thought of her lonely figure as year before when they had seen each change in her own feelings, but that she other first in Southampton. Please feared to bring shame upon him, and Heaven there were more happy days to the thought of her lonely flugure as they parted returned to him like a vision. again; this was two days before; and the journey to Bristol must be quickly over so that he might go back to plead with her. It was wrong to have parted angrily as he had done-if ever life was in a snarl it was now, but there were ways to conquer. He started to his feet and went quickly toward kitchen only to discover that the door had been fastened on the outside.

He coolly let the latch fall and re turned to his chair; beside it was the heavy pouch of notes and gold and he slung it over his shoulders and fastened the belt with steady fingers. The sudden wave of eagerness a brave man feels in the presence of danger and that brief space while the troubles of his own heart came uppermost both passed quickly; there was a single mo-ment when Weymouth remembered that he was a tired and defenseless man at the mercy of his foes. Then his fears most nobly passed; he must not only escape to plead with Elizabeth Brent, but he was bound in honor to carry his wallet to Bristol to Captain Fenderson

of the ship Mary and Bell. He had a feeling that he was watched What about the old Welsh woman? It was by no means uncommon for travelers to be crowded together in country inns, but the landlady had been almost too eager to forestall suspicion. And now glancing across the room he saw curtains move. The landlady had told him to call her if the poor old crea-

ture spoke. Weymouth left his chair again, lifted the latch of the kitchen door, and knocked boldly when it would not open. 'Let me out!" he called, grumbling and growling. "Let me out! I want more brandy!" With sudden instinct he took on the behavior of a drunken man. "Let her think I am drugged if she pleases," he said to himself, and knocked again, scolding finely and asking for the brandy by turns. He could hear the voice of another wo

now, as if in protest, but presently the door opened and the landlady appeared. "You've had brandy enough now." she told him, roughly. "I locked the door because the latch is old and it flies open and keeps both fires a-smoking Cease your noise; I'll call you for your supper." There were two rough looking men by the fireside and a woman stood behind the settee whose eyes met his as if they struck a flash of light. At the first sight of her face he stopped, for an instant he lost power of speech; then he went on with his drunken play and staggered toward the middle of the room.

The men laughed, the landlady scolded, and the slender figure behind the settee was half hidden in its shadow. Elizabeth Brent, the woman he loved and whom he had left so heavy hearted, for whose sake he was hurrying to Bristol and hurrying back, th woman he thought of by night and day, here before his astonished eyes.



Two Rough-Looking by the Fireside

How in the world could she have also fallen into what looked like a den of thieves? How could be manage to get word with her?

His head dropped on his breast as Rogers, might have done, he was growing faint for want of food, and the old woman's supper seemed no nearer watching him and chuckling together

"Get me the brandy!" he called again manded the mistress of the house; and

"I'll get it, aunt," said the younge woman unexpectedly, "which bottle then?" She came out into the firelight, not once looking at Weymouth, but her out his pistols, which had been left in the saddle. For another half hour at shining. He could almost have touched

"Tis there in the cupboard at the right hand, the small bottle, if he must have it; my hands are fast in the dought," grumbled the old woman. 'Half a glass'll be enough in all conscience," she added, in a lower tone and Weymouth, as if with much effort and unsteadiness, got to his feet and followed to the cupboard, protesting as he went. At that woment a dog began to yelp and whine before the fire; a coal had snapped up on his poor back and burnt its way to the sign. The cup-board was at the far end of the room; there was half a minute of confusion and loud laughter while the two were standing side by side at the cupboard

I'm not drunk. I must get away from this," waispered Weymouth, but she stopped his eager whisper. "The net, the net!" she cried, with strange insistence

"Don't drink! the net and the farther window!

"Don't waste it. You'll kill him if you give him more," said the old woman close behind them, but Weymouth Then he laughed: his There was a strong bolt inside which he

"You're what they're seeking," said under his breath as he put his Heaven we'll keep together till we get and a stranger in this strange and dismal harborage of thieves. Whether they looked for the ordinary purse of a stole over Weymouth's great frame had the woman he loved much, who this danger and disaster? Had she and come for Lizzie Brent and himself. He began to whistle the song again in She had refused to see him broken snatches and the men laughed louder than before in the next room. [To Be Continued.]



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Trains leave Beranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 8.15, 11.30 a.m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.05, 5.00, 7.25 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.09, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.09, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 10.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.10 a. m., 12.45 (express) a.m., 12.45 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m. For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m. For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m. For Reading, Lebsson and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m. For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m. Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a.m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p.m. Sunday, 4.30 a.m., Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.10 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.10 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.10 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.10 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m., 1.10 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.

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Bath accommodation, 3 a.m.
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Nov. 18, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 am., and 1.39 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 3.50, 6.07, 8.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V. R. R., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. P., R. at 7.46 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 6.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 150 p.m.

D. L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 6.08, 11 29 a.m., 1.30, 1.50 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg, and all Intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.38, 4.00, 11.28 p.m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.20 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 6.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.8, 9.55 a.m., 1.20, p.m.
Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffaic, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and stil points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.18, 11.28 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., and Pittston Junction, 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.20, 8.50 p.m., via E. & W. V. R. R., 3.41 p.m.
For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D., & W. R. R., 8.55 a.m., 1.20, and 6.07 p.m.
Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & R., Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffaic, and Suspension Bridge.

Bridge, Bollain H. Wilbur, Gen. Supt. CHAS, S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila., P. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.



at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m., and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate into at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 12.0, 2.28, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.25 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 4.00, 4.56, 5.746, 9.11 and 11.35 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farsylew at 9.34 a.m., 12.30, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediaty points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.74, 2.14, 2.35, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Eric railroad at 6.36 a.m. and 224 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m. All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a. mand 3.51 p.m. Trains teave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m. and 3.41 p.m.



SCRANTON DIVISION In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

North Bound. South Bound 205 203 201 Forset City Carbondale White Bridge Mayfield Jermyn Archibald Winton

ASHITENE BEOOD POISON