

The Dead Don's Cup; OR 'LADY PHIPPS' THANKSGIVING. A TALE OF PROVINCIAL DAYS. BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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SYNOPSIS.

William Phipps, a young sailor, comes off a cruise. He is adopted by the "Widow Reston," so called for her efforts to rescue the Spaniards.

PART II.

After the young sailor had left the port of Boston, he began to call on the widow again in a friendly way, and to sit upon the doorstep and wait his friend.

"Well," he said, "William has gone off to seek his fortune, and find for you that Cup of Thanksgiving. He may turn out something yet. I hope he may."

Suddenly Calaf started, and then listened, holding his pipe in his hand. "I thought that I heard something," he said.

"I thought that I heard something," he said. "I have been hearing mysterious voices of late in the air, far away sounds. There! I heard it again."

A chuckling sound rose mysteriously on the still air, and died away as before.

William Phipps, or Phipps, went to the Spanish Main, and he began to hear a very wonderful story there. The sailors loitering in the ports used

to tell the legend of a certain Spanish treasure ship that had gone down in a storm, and they had themselves finding it and becoming rich. The legend soiled upon the fancy of the young sailor, and entered his dreams.

It was only a vague fancy at first, but in the short twilight of one burning day, a cool island of palms appeared, and as it faded away, a sailor, or, who stood watching it, said to him: "There is a sunken reef off this coast somewhere; we are steering away from it, and I have been told that it was on that reef that the Spanish treasure ship went down. They say that that ship had millions of gold on board. I wonder if anybody will ever find her?"

William started. "Why might not he find her?"

The shadow of night fell on the Bahama islands. The sea and the heavens seemed to mingle. The stars shone in the water; the heavens were there. A stranger on the planet could not have told which was the sea and which was the sky.

The sails were limp. There was an awesome silence around. The ship seemed moving through some region of space. William looked at himself on the deck and dreamed.

He seemed to see who had been the good angel of his life, again; he saw the gabled house in the bowery lane, and saw faces looking out of the same window over Boston town.

He dreamed that he himself was the captain of a ship. He saw himself in England, in the presence of the king. He is master of an expedition now, in his sea dream. He finds the sunken treasure ship. He is made rich by it, and he returns to Boston, and the gabled house in the cool green lane by the sea.

He returned to Boston with his dream. He looked at his tongue of his homeward way, engaged in a fight and brought back the bruises. But he met with a warm welcome at the home of Widow Reston.

"He seems to have made rather a scattering voyage," said critical Calaf to the widow one day, when the young sailor told her of his adventures. "You may bring to me some news, but no Thanksgiving cup, nor nothing for that matter—nothing but bruises. Did you see the scow when he first came home?"

"Yes," he confessed all. He is sorry.

"Sorry, is it? I should think that he would have been to have got all buried up like that. I would have been sorry myself, had I been his antagonist."

William smiled in port for a time, and then prepared for a long voyage. But before he went away he obtained a promise from the widow that if she ever returned to sea he should be to himself.

The ship owners saw that he had honor, and that they could trust him. For he was sometimes impetuous, it was from a sense of some injustice, he was advanced in the service, and he learned how to command a ship.

He returned, and married the widow, and went forth to roam the harvest of the sea for her, carrying with him his dreams.

William Phipps, the sailor, heard more and more in regard to the sunken treasure ship, and he went to England and applied to the king for ships and men to go in search of this mine of gold in the sea.

Gold was then the royal want, and King James' heart was made right glad to hear of the bold adventures of the sailor. The king put at his command ships and men, and young William Phipps, now Commander Phipps, went to the white reef in the blue Bahama sea, and searched there, but in vain. He was compelled to return to England as empty-headed as when he went out.

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as clear as the sky. Out of it flying fish leaped, and through it dolphins swam in pairs, and over it galleons drifted like cloud shadows.

Captain William looked down. Was it over these placid waters that the stern had made wreckage many years ago? Was it here that the exultant Spanish sailors had felt the shock that turned joy into terror, and sent the ship reeling down, with the shells of Indian casualties, or of mortal tempest, or of Arabian sorcery?

The old Indian pointed to a sunken riddled wall in the clear sea. The hearts of the sailors thrilled as they stood there under the fiery, moon-day sky.

Down went the divers—down! Up came one presently with the other. "Search!" cried Capt. William, with a gasp, "what is that?"

"A wreck!" cried Capt. William, with a gasp, "what is that?"

"Down!"

Another diver came up bringing a bag. It looked like a salt bag. In its contents lay a human bone.

An officer took an axe and covered the bar. The salt flew, the bone dropped; the sailors threw up their hands with a cry of "Down!"

Capt. William roared. His visions were now taking solid form; they had become a reality. "Down!" he commanded.

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MARKETS AND STOCKS

Wall Street Review.

New York, Nov. 17.—Taken altogether the movements at the Stock Exchange today were less important than on any previous day since the election. Operators were busy in their efforts to make a market and business was of a hard to month character throughout the session.

Buffalo Live Stock.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Cattle—Elong and shade lower; good steers, \$12.50; coarse steers, \$10.00. Hogs—Dull, unchanged.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 17.—Cattle—Elong and shade lower; good steers, \$12.50; coarse steers, \$10.00. Hogs—Dull, unchanged.

Oil Market.

Oil City, Nov. 17.—No quotations on option of oil today. Credit balances, 120.

The Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

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DUPONT'S GUNNING, BLASTING AND SPORTING POWDER

HENRY BELIN, Jr. General Agent for the Wyoming District

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Get one like it from your grocer and

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REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY Made in Well Man of Me.

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MARY A. SHEPHERD, M. D., No. 222 Adams street. DR. A. TRAPOLD, SPECIALIST IN Diseases of Women, corner Wyoming and Spruce streets, Scranton. DR. COMEYER-OFFICE NO. 37 N. Washington ave. DR. W. E. ALLEN, 52 NORTH WASHINGTON AVENUE.

Lawyers.

FRANK E. ROYLE, ATTORNEY AND CONSULTANT-IN-LAW, 111 W. Washington ave. EDWARD W. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 211 Wyoming avenue. JEFFREY & RUDDY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Commonwealth building. WARREN & KNAPP, ATTORNEYS AND CONSULTANTS AT LAW, Republican building, Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa. JESSUP & JESSUP, ATTORNEYS AND CONSULTANTS AT LAW, Commonwealth building, Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa. W. H. JESSUP, JR.

Architects.

EDWARD H. DAVIS, ARCHITECT, Rooms 24 and 26, Commonwealth building, Scranton. E. L. WALTER, ARCHITECT, OFFICE near 603 Washington avenue. LEWIS HANCOCK JR., ARCHITECT, 433 Spruce st., cor. Wash. ave., Scranton. BROWN & MORRIS, ARCHITECTS, Price building, 123 Washington avenue, Scranton.

Dentists.

DR. F. L. MCGRAW, 305 SPRUCE street. DR. H. F. REYNOLDS, OPP. P. O. DR. E. Y. HARRISON, 115 S. MAIN AVE. DR. C. C. LAUBACH, 115 W. WYOMING AVE. R. M. STRATTON, OFFICE COAL EXCHANGE.

Detectives.

BARRING & M'SWENEY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, INTERSTATE SECRET SERVICE AGENCY.

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SCHOOL OF THE LACKAWANNA, Scranton, Pa., prepares boys and girls for college or business; thoroughly trains young men. Catalogue free.

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Miscellaneous.

BAITER'S ORCHESTRA—MUSIC FOR balls, parties, receptions, weddings and concert work furnished. For terms address R. J. Baiter, conductor, 117 Wyoming avenue, over Hulbert's music store.

Wire Screens.

JOS. RIETTEL, REAR 511 LACKAWANNA AVENUE, Scranton, Pa., manufacturer of Wire Screens.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect June 14, 1896. Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows 7.30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West. 10.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort. TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON. For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45 a. m., 12.45, 2.35, 4.15 (Black Diamond Express) and 11.25 p. m. For Pittsburg and Wilkes-Barre via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 8.30, 10.20 a. m., 12.45, 2.35, 4.15 and 11.25 p. m.

Del., Lack. and Western.

Effect Monday, October 18, 1896. Trains Leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 2.55, 4.15, 5.40 and 8.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.25 p. m. Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the West, 5.15, 6.40 and 10.20 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.25 p. m.

Central Railroad of New Jersey.

(Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.) Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON NOV. 18, 1896. Trains leave Scranton for Pittsburg, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.30, 9.15, 11.20 a. m., 12.45, 2.35, 4.15, 5.40 and 11.25 p. m. Sundays 9.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.15, 7.10 p. m.

Eric and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erie, also for Hawley and local points at 7.05 a. m., and arrive from the above points at 10.25 a. m., 3.15 and 9.37 p. m.

NEW YORK AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect October 14, 1896. North Bound. South Bound.

BLANK BOOKS

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