The Home Reading Circle

THE COWARD OF SALEM.

By Charles B. Lewis.

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PART I.

Up the wide street dividing the old town of Salem in halves—a street lined with trees which cast their shade when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth—walked a young man of twenty-five. It was evening of a summer day, and children were at play in the streets and their parents sat on their doorsteps, enjoying the breeze coming in from the sea.

"That's Tom Holly—that's the coward!" whispered the children to each other, as they shrunk away from the pedestrian, whose bronzed face and peculiar gait proved him a sailor.

"Tom Holly, the coward!" added men and women, as they looked up and then turned their heads away.

The young man saw, if he did not hear, and his teeth were hard set, and his breath came faster, and he reached the crest of the hill and opened the gate in front of a weather-beaten house. On the porch sat a girl of twenty— sat there alone, with folded hands and anxious face and eyes fastened on the gate. She heard the step afar off, and recognized it. Her heart beat quicker, as the sailor opened the gate, but she did not move. He advanced to her feet, and stood there and looked down upon her, love lighting up his face, and yet a look of sternness mingled with it, but she looked him fair in the eyes and had no welcome for him.

"Well, Mollie, and so you believe the story?" he finally asked.

"How can I help it?" she queried, in reply.

"And you regard me as a coward?"

"The whole crew declare that you showed the white feather in the face of danger, and it was even worse than that. Not a man will speak in your favor. Even the children flaunt your name. I can't love a coward, Tom; I'd sooner hang myself than marry a man who was scorned."

"I told you how it was," he quietly said.

"So you did; but the others say different. There's fifty against you."

"Yes, they are all against me; but they do not know—they cannot understand. I was in hopes you'd believe me—stand by me. Well, let it be as it is. Good-by, Mollie."

"Goodby, Tom," she replied, as she looked away across the flowerbeds.

He stood for a moment, hoping she would say something more—show signs of relenting—ask him to tell his side of the story again—but she was silent. His slow step, and without a look behind him, he walked down the path and out of the gate, and down the street toward the harbor. As he went, looking straight ahead of him, his face growing white under the bronze, the children drew out of his path and sneered and mocked and whispered:

"Yes, that's Tom Holly, and he's a coward! Coward! Coward!"

Seven days previously the whaling ship True Blue had returned to Salem after a three year's cruise. She had made a lucky voyage, brought back all her men in good health, and all had received a hearty welcome—all but Tom Holly. Scarcely had the ship been moored when gossip was busy with his name. He had gone out as second mate of the True Blue, and up to the last four months of the voyage his record was one to be proud of. His boat's crew had fastened to more whales than any other, and now and then the captain had cautioned him about being too rash. One day all the boats were lowered for a solitary whale. He was a big one and a fighter. He smashed two boats, and Tom Holly picked up the crews and took them to the ship. The whale headed for the ship and Tom Holly cut in and harpooned him and sheared him off. For the next half hour the whale dragged two boats after him. Then he turned, and with his great lower jaw swinging from side to side and his flukes lashing the water to foam, he rushed upon the captain's boat. The sweep of his jaw caught her and sent her high in air and flung her crew into the sea, and it was then they called Tom Holly a coward. His crew wanted to dash in to the rescue of the men, but he ordered his boat off. They said he was pale-faced and trembling and confused in his orders, and that the whale had but to lift his flukes to bring about a tragedy. It made no difference that he finally put the boat alongside the monster and drove the lance into his life, and that every man from the shattered boat was saved. He had lost his nerve at a critical moment. He had shown cowardice in not dashing in. Neither the whale ships out of Salem, nor the residents of the town, had any use for a coward.

Mollie Williams, daughter of Captain Williams, of the "Golden Horn," had promised to marry Tom Holly when the True Blue had returned from this voyage. She heard the gossip, made a dozen different men repeat the story, and then she had told the sailor that all was over between them. Salem girl must marry a Salem sailor, and who could remember when a Salem sailor had been called a coward? There was just one person in all that town who took Tom Holly's part, and singularly enough that was Mollie's own father. He had always been proud of him as a son-in-law. He got the story from others, and he got it from Tom, and he finally made up his mind that Tom was right. He might have been excited and confused under the circumstances, but when he left the men of the shattered boat to shift for themselves he exhibited good judgment. They could support themselves in the water for a time, and had he dashed in and had his own boat shattered, with the ship five miles away, there must have been a loss of life. It was the thing to do—to draw the whale off and then attack him. Captain Williams reasoned it out with Mollie, or tried to, but he was alone in his opinion. A hundred men had said that Tom Holly showed the white feather; the women and children of Salem said that he was a coward. Of what use for one single person to speak in his favor? And so the mate left Salem, and the talk began to die out, and the Golden Horn was chartered for a voyage to the West Indies. The captain's daughter was to go, and a fortnight later, when the bark was ready to cast off her fastenings and proceed to sea, she bade farewell to Salem, and grieved in her heart that she might never see Tom Holly again. At first she was certain that the men had told the truth. Then she wondered if they were not mistaken. Then she hoped that they were, and had finally almost forgiven Tom, and earnestly wished that she had been more lenient and merciful. After the one conversation with her, Captain Williams had no more to say in the subject, but he had a surprise in store for her and the crew of the "Golden Horn," and for those who stood on the wharf and saw the bark sail away. A quarter of an hour before she cast off Tom Holly came aboard to act as chief mate.

"Why, father, what does this mean?" asked Mollie, as she caught sight of her whilom lover.

"It means that he is to go with me as my mate," replied the father, "and that means, again, that I do not believe the stories told against him."

"But how—how can I meet him?"

"You must settle that for yourself."

Until he caught sight of her aboard Tom Holly did not know that Mollie Williams was to accompany her father. It made the position embarrasing for both. He being chief officer, they must sit at the same table, and be within touch of each other, every hour of the day. She wanted to believe in him—to forgive and be gorgiven, but her pride stood in the way. He solved the problem as to how they should meet each other. He bowed to her in a distant way, and went about his duties and, when they were brought together at table he was polite, but formal. She was compelled to take her cue from this, and treat him in the same fashion and thus it came about that a stranger would never have suspected that they had loved and been betrothed.

All went well with the "Golden Horn," as she ran to the south. There were people at Salem who had ridiculed her owners for shipping a strong crew, and fitting her out with an armament strong enough for a privateer, but two or three ships trading to the Indies had mysteriously dissappeared, and there were reports that strange crafts were dodging about among the Islands. One night, when the boat was nearing Mono Passage, on her way into the Caribbean sea, she was overtaken by a thunderstorm which resulted in a strange accident. A bolt of lightning struck and splintered a yard, and one of the flying splinters struck the captain across the nose and blinded him. No one could tell whether his eyesight was permanently injured or not, but he had to give command of the ship to the mate, and keep to his cabin and grope in the darkness. Then he congratulated himself that he had given a berth to Tom Holly. The mate was not only a thorough seaman, but a careful navigator, and the "Golden Horn" was perfectly safe in his hands. She crept through the passage under a dying breeze, and was hardly clear of Cat island when it fell a flat calm. This was at ten o'clock in the morning, and the only sail in sight was a brig lying about six miles away. Even to the naked eye this craft, with her black hull and great spread of sail had a suspicious look. When the mate went aloft to have a better look with the glass he made out that the stranger had mounted guns and had too large a crew for an honest trader. The appearance of the brig was freely commented upon by the crew, most of whom doubted her honesty, but Tom Holly alone was worried and anxious. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, however, before he made up his mind to inform Capt. Williams of the fears. He would not have done so then, but the calm still continued, and the brig had lowered two boats full of armed men, which were pulling for the bark.

"A pirate, you think, eh?" replied the captain. "Well, I shouldn't wonder. What will you do, Tom?"

"Beat him off, sir!" was the quiet reply. "I'll soon have the men at the guns and ready for those boats. Have you any orders to give?"

"None. I am blind and helpless and I leave it all to you. You know what will happen if we are captured. We'd better go down fighting than to have our throats cut. And, Tom, if worst comes to worst, and there is no hope, I want you to—to—"

He lifted his hand to his bandaged eyes and groaned and rocked to and fro. The mate glanced at Mollie over her father's bowed head, and she turned pale as her eyes met his for an instant. She wanted to question him—to give him an encouraging word—to say that she had faith in his courage, but the words would not come. She had once taunted him with cowardice—believed with all Salem that he was an object of contempt. He bowed to her and went on deck, and the next moment his deep-throated voice was heard calling upon the men to cast loose the guns and make ready for a fight.

"Yes, it's a pirate craft," mused the captain, as he listened to the sounds on deck. "She has a long low, black hull, and is brig rigged. That's the 'Vengeance,' and her commander is a bloodthirsty devil. She carries eighty men to our twenty-eight, and ten guns to our six. She's been chased by men-of-war for two years past, but has dodged them all. So she is to attack us by boat! Mollie, run on deck and tell me how things are."

"The boats are yet two miles away," said the girl, when she returned after an absence of five minutes, "and the sea is as calm as a mill-pond."

"And Tom Holly and the crew?"

"The men are at the guns and waiting, and Tom—the mate—is walking about among the men, and telling them to be cool and to aim carefully."

"That's right—that's right. I am blind and you must see for me. Take a seat at the head of the companionway, and I will sit below you. You must watch the battle and tell me how it goes. Are you up there?"

"Yes, father."

"Where are the boats?"

"Pulling straight for us."

"And our men?"

"Waiting."

"And my mate—the coward of Salem?"

PART II.

It was a long, heavy pull for the stranger's boats, each one of which held fifteen armed men; but, foot by foot they diminished the distance between the brig and the bark, and at length they were only a mile away. The crew of the "Golden Horn" had been ready for them for half an hour. When the men signed on for the voyage they had been told that it might come to fighting, to save the ship and their own lives, and there was no grumbling or hanging back when the order came to cast loose the guns. Indeed, every man had good Yankee blood under his skin, and, though that blood does not run hot, it courses through the veins of fighting men.

At the distance of a mile the boats halted for a few minutes, to arrange the plan of attack, and, with the glass to his eye, the mate of the "Golden Horn" could tell the color of every man's eyes. There could be no doubt of the avocation and intention of those men. They were a long-haired, black-faced, scoundrelly lot, each man armed to the teeth, and it would be idle to hope for mercy if they once got aboard. When Holly was through with his survey he said to his waiting crew:

"There come the boats again, and when they have covered half the distance we will open fire. Be cool and take careful aim. As we shall have to fight the brig as soon as the wind comes, I want to sink both these boats and thus weaken her."

Almost every man of the crew was a Salem man, and had heard the story of Tom Holly's cowardice. When the boats first left the pirate's side they wondered what he would do. When he ordered them to cast loose the guns, they wondered if the story were not a slander. When he addressed them in cool, even tones, with never a sign of trepidation or excitement about him, they tossed up their caps and gave him a cheer. Captain Williams heard the cheering from his seat in the companion-way and asked what caused it.

"The mate has been speaking to the men, father," replied Mollie.

"Aye; that's the right thing to do—give them heart to smell powder. Are the guns all ready?"

"Yes."

"And the boats?"

"They are coming on, but have separated. There—don't you hear the pirates cheering?"

"Aye, I hear it. It isn't honest cheering, but more like the snarls of wild beasts. How far away are they now?"

"About half a mile."

"And what's Tom doing?"

"He's sighting the forward gun. Now he's going to fire. Now he pulls the lanyard."

The boom of the gun was followed by a second, and a third, and a fourth, and above the roar were heard the cheers of the men on deck.

"What is it, Mollie?" asked Captain Williams.

"The ball from Tom's—the ball from the mate's gun struck one of the boats fair in the bow and shattered her. The other boat is taking the men aboard. Don't you hear the yell of the pirates?"

"Aye,— them! They took us for an unarmed trader, and counted on an easy victory. Is the single boat coming on?"

"Yes, she is—no! no! A cannon ball has smashed all her oars on the port side, and there is great confusion aboard. Now they are pulling her around. Now she is making off. Why father, she is throwing some of her men overboard!"

"That's the way of a pirate, girl. When a man's killed or badly wounded, overboard he goes to make more room. Our men are cheering again."

"Yes, they are throwing up their caps and dancing in exultation. The boats have been beaten off, and we are saved."

"Saved for the time, yes. Let the breeze come, and we shall have the brig down on us in no time, and then will come the test. Do you see Tom?"

"He's coming."

The mate entered the cabin to report what was already known to the captain, and to be heartily congratulated for the manner in which he had conducted the affair. When asked his opinion of what would follow, he said:

"We sunk one boat, and killed and wounded eight or ten of the rascals, but they won't stop at this defeat. If the calm lasts they may tow the brig down on us, or they may wait for a breeze, and then overhaul and lay us aboard. They are cut-throats to a man, and far outnumber us. I must make ready against any move, and, God helping, we will beat them off."

"Aye, God helping!" said the captain. "I leave all to you, Tom—I know you will do all a brave man can.

The mate turned and went on deck, without a glance at Mollie, though he must have felt her eyes on him. It was in her heart to take him by the hand in her father's presence, and denounce the story as a vile slander, and to humble herself for having listened to it and acted upon it, but he gave her no show. Her father may have guessed what was in her mind, but he said never a word. The pirate boat had a slow and laborious pull back to the brig, and she had only reached the larger craft, when another boat was lowered, and the two began towing the brig down in the direction of the "Golden Horn." They pulled her for a couple of miles and then tired out, and from noon 'till four p. m. not a breath of air stirred aloft, and the sea was like a mirror. Then a light breeze sprang up from the north, and, without loss of time, the bark spread her sails and continued her true course. She was a fast craft, and the mate decided to run away from the pirate, if he could. That was prudence instead of cowardice, and was so hailed by the crew and the captain. Down in the south, he might find a man-of-war, or other help, to beat the brig off or destroy her. At any rate, if the breeze lasted, he would make a running fight of it, gving her gun for gun, and doing his best to prevent being boarded. It needed scarcely half an hour to satisfy him that the brig was the fastest sailor. She crept up on the bark, foot by foot, until only a mile away, and then a cannon ball came skipping over the water as a signal for her victim to heave to. The bark held her way, paying no attention to the menace, except to soar aloft the stars and stripes, and cheer the flag, as it blew out to the breeze. Mollie had been sent on deck to report, and she returned to say:

"Our flag is up, father, and the men are cheering it. We can't run away from the brig, and Tom is going to fight her."

"That's the talk! Does she carry a big crew?"

"Her decks are crowded with men. "Can't you hear them yelling? There goes another gun!"

"Aye, that's a ball from Long Tom, as I know by the boom. She carries the heaviest metal and the most men, but Tom will fight her to the bitter end. Is the breeze getting up?"

"Yes, father, and our men are making all sail. Now you feel the bark heeling over to it. Can she board us, if the breeze holds like this?"

"I hope they won't try it, but they are reckless devils, and will dare anything. My God! to think I should be blind and helpless in such an emergency! Look for me, girl—let me know what is going on. What are our men doing?"

"Standing to their guns. Here comes a broadside from the pirate. Oh! father, father, but did you feel that crash—do you know that a man has been killed!"

"Softly, girl—don't get excited," he chided. "That ball struck the bulwarks amidships, and has done no great damage. A man or two killed signifies nothing. Heavens, but I'd give ten years of my life to be able to see for an hour. Is the brig creeping up?"

"Yes, she is nearer. There's another broadside, but none of the balls touched us. I can see the men at her guns—I can see them making more sail—they are cheering again!"

"Yes, I hear them. They are making more sail, in order to lay us aboard. How is the weather, girl?"

"It's clear, father. No—there is the look of a squall in the west. The brig is nearer—nearer! What ails Tom—why don't he fight her?"

"He's waiting, and that's right. That's the way I'd fight her. Let her come close in, and then dose her. Have any of the men flunked?"

"Never a one, and Tom, father—Tom is walking about and talking to them and bidding them wait a little longer. God have mercy, but what a crash! And there's another man killed—and there's one horribly wounded—and the brig is right up on our quarter, and going to lay us aboard!"

"Hush girl! Oh, if I could only see! I hear the devils yelling—I smell the smoke of their powder—I hear—"

What he would have said was drowned in the roar of the broadside delivered from the "Golden Horn," when the brig was only a hundred feet away. Tom Holly had waited for the proper moment, with half his guns loaded with cannister and bags of bullets. The brig was raked from stem to stem by the fire, and, as a great cry went up from her decks, the squall came down, dark as night, and with the fury of a mad beast. At the first puff the pirate craft was dismasted and left a helpless wreck, while the bark was thrown on her beam ends and, but for the blowing away of most of her canvas, would have turned turtle and gone to the bottom. She righted at last and went rushing away, but within half an hour the last of the squall had passed and new sails were being bent. Just at sunset the bark swept down upon the hulk which lay heaving and tossing on the sea. Her coming was greeted with yells of defiance from the two score of pirates who yet held her decks, and fire was opened from three or four guns. Then the "Coward of Salem" did a thing which has been recorded to his credit in the histories of several nations. Seated on the steps of the companion-way, with his daughter above him, Captain Williams asked:

"Are we bearing down on the pirates, Mollie?"

"Yes, father. They are firing at us, but their shots are wild. Hear them scream and curse!"

"Yes, at the guns, and Tom is going to sweep her decks again. We are running down to the windward of her. Now the men are sighting the guns. Now the pirates are shaking their fists and cursing us. Now—"

The guns of the "Golden Horn" belched forth their fire at point-blank range, and when she had passed the brig the number of pirates had been reduced one-half.

"Is Tom putting the bark about?" asked the captain.

"Yes, we are wearing ship, and the guns are being loaded with solid shot," replied the girl.

"That's right—that's good! Tom means to sink her and sweep the last pirate off the sea."

Round came the bark on her heel, and as she passed the brig at a cable's length she fired a broadside of solid shot which seemed to lift the hulk out of water.

"What's that wailing, Mollie?" asked the blind captain.

"It's from the pirates, father. The hulk is shattered and sinking, and there are but few men left alive. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"What is it—quick!"

"She's rolling, father—she's rolling and swashing about—she's going down by the stern—she's gone—she's gone!"

"And Tom has whipped her in a fair fight, and destroyed a gang of devils! Girl, are you there?"

"Y-yes, father."

"Lead me to my chair. Now ask Tom Holly to come down."

A minute later the mate stood before him, a look of triumph in his eyes and exultation in his heart.

"Tom—your hand. Now yours, Mollie. Now, let the past be past, and may God bless and keep you both!"

And six weeks later, when the "Golden Horn" returned to port, men, women and children gathered to cheer her and her captain and crew, and to cheer again and again, and to push and jostle each other for the privilege of being the first to touch the hand of "The Coward of Salem."

WISE WOMEN.

Those Who Heed the First Symptoms of Nervous Derangement.

Special from Mrs. Pinkham.

A dull, aching pain at the lower part of the back and a sensation of little rills of heat, or chills running down the spine, are symptoms of general womb derangement.

If these symptoms are not accompanied by leucorrhœa, they are precursors of that weakness. It is worse than folly to neglect these symptoms. Any woman of common sense will take steps to cure herself.

She will realize that her generative system is in need of help, and that a good restorative medicine is a positive necessity. It must be a medicine with specific virtues. As a friend, a woman friend, let me advise the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If your case has progressed so that a troublesome discharge is already established, do not delay, take the Vegetable Compound at once, so as to tone up your whole nervous system; you can get it at any reliable drug store. You ought also to use a local application, or else the corrosive discharge will set up an inflammation and hardening of the parts. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is put up in packets at 25 cents each. To relieve this painful condition this Sanative Wash is worth its weight in gold.

MRS. GEORGE W. SHEPARD, Watervliet, N. Y., says: "I am glad to state that I am cured from the worst form of female weakness. I was troubled very much with leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains and backache. Before using Mrs. Pinkham's Remedies it seemed that I had no strength at all. I was in pain all over. I began to feel better after taking the first dose of Vegetable Compound. I have used five bottles, and I feel like a new woman. I know if other suffering women would only try it, it would help them."

BARN-STORMING ECHOES.

Lines That Will Thrill the Patron of the Ten Cent Matinee.

Dan Hart, in Wilkes-Barre Leader.

If Manager Burgunder should print the following lines, post them in the dressing rooms of his theatres and fine every manager who permits one of them to be used in his play not one man would escape. Somehow one of these lines creep into every play:

Unhand me villian!
Not another word!
I am lost.
Back again to the old homestead.
Tomorrow all the world will know that D'Aray O'Brien is a bankrupt.
You have pronounced your own doom.
Fly, ere it is too late.
Curses on ye all!
Is it thus we meet after all these years?
No resource is left me but death.
Mandeville Snooks, you are in my power.
Man! man! have you no pity? Would you know my story? Listen, Reginald! Great heavens, he is gone.
Aha! You tremble!
This then is the end of all.
Would that I were dead!
Hector Riley, you see before you a desperate man.
And this is the man I called my friend.
If you have no pity for me, at least consider her.
Can he suspect?
Villain, you have betrayed me!
Have you no mercy?
She must, she shall be mine.
So, so, all my schemes prosper.
The priceless heritage of an untarnished reputation.
You cast me off, so be it.
Traitor!
For years have I waited for this hour.
Wretch! Would you strike a woman?
Have ye the rint? Thin out ye go.
What brings Gerald Cavanaugh to Glengarith Castle tonight?
Not unless you walk over my dead body
One of us will never leave this room alive.
My lord! the carriage awaits.
I shall not leave for Paris tonight.
Refuse to marry me proud Rebecca, and your lover Isaac McDermott dies at sight.
Does mother ever mention my—my name?
You have played your cards well Harry Lattimer, but mark me, when the end comes we will see who holds the winning hand.
What does the good book say Uncle Tom? And to think that I believed and trusted that man.
You are my long lost brother.
Coward!
While she lives I am not safe.
No man ever loved as do I Anistatia.
Marry me or I'll foreclose the mortgage on your father's farm.
I am a soldier, sir
I owe my life to you.
Farewell! Farewell forever,
Every dog has its day, Jack Denison, and my day will come.
Caught like a rat in a trap.
My heart is breaking.
Leave my house and never darken its threshold again.
He has just committed suicide in the hallway and will trouble you no more.
Is this all some horrid dream?
I swear to heaven that I am innocent.
Though all the world desert you I am your friend.
This is some base plot to ruin me.
Meet me at the old mill at 9
I will follow him to the ends of the earth.
When I meet him I will kill him.
Silence you dog.
Not another word or it will be your last.
Is that an insinuation?
My God! that is more than I can bear.
While waiting for the murderer to overtake me I will sing a song.
How dare you sir.
Benjamin Franklin Dilley, you forget where you are.
Foiled again!
He is innocent. I did it.
And you did that through love of me, Harold come to my arms forever.
You dare not fire. The American flag is tatooed upon my breast.
You are no longer a child of mine.
You are under arrest.
Tell Percy that my last thoughts were of him.
Though the Heavens fall I will marry Lancelot McCormack.
We were playmates, sir.
No matter what she has done, she is still my child.
At last!
I was happy until fate threw him across my path.
I will meet him single handed and alone
I have sworn to do it, and I will keep my oath.
I would rather die than become your wife.
I will never be taken alive.
It is a lie!
Don't you know me father? Your own little Nell?
You forget who I am.
Where have I seen that face before?
Should we ever meet again remember I am as always your friend.
It is past eight and her is not here. Can be be that she——no. Heaven forgive me for suspecting her for she is true.
The picture you gave me I always wear in a locket over my heart
Look to Heaven for pity now Bill Harvey, for I will show you none.
Stand back all of you, for his life belongs to me.
Go! Go! before I forget myself and treat you as you deserve.
I am unharmed!
Laugh on, Butler Wheaton, but before sun sets behind the western hills I will laugh at your misery.
May heaven deal with you, Phil Raife, as you have dealt with me.
I refuse to be an accomplice to this deed.
You can deceive me no longer, Joe Atkin; I know you now for the villian that you are.
I refuse to be bribed and will tell all.
You can kill me if you like, but I will not disclose the hiding place of my dear, dear Earnest Jackson.
Help! help! Must I perish here alone?
I understand and will obey.
I shall never believe him faithless.
Down on your knees and apologize to her
Simon Slade, you have killed your own father.
Speak to me Horace! Speak to me! My God, he is dead.
Hunted like a criminal, all because I would not do that man's bidding.
He lies! I saw him do it.
What is this strange feeling that comes over me tonight!
It is wild on the coast tonight. Heaven pity the poor lads at sea tonight.
You are crying, Lucy, and for him!

A Financial Creed.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, who had been reading from a newspaper, "what kind of money do you like best?"

And Meandering Mike, as he rolled over far enough to break off a daisy that tickled his ear, murmured:

"Any kind."—Washington Star.

Her Hold on Office.

From the Chicago Record.

"You did not let Mrs. Hubbubs resign the presidency?"

"Of courre not; she is the best dressed woman in the club."

A GENTLE HINT.

She wore a locket round her neck,
A locket of shining gold;
The shape of a heart, and large enough
A picture petite to hold.

I opened the locket to ascertain
Who was her particular pet;
But instead of a miniature photograph
Was a sign which read "To Let."

—Spare Moments.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured in 3 Days.

Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had Inflammatory Rheumatism in every muscle and joint, her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians but received no benefit until she tried MYSTIC CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by Carl Lorenz, druggist, 413 Lackawanna avenue, Scranton. **

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Always FIRST
Gail Borden Eagle Brand
CONDENSED MILK
For 35 years the leading brand. It is the Best and the most economical.
A PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS

HOME GROWN ASPARAGUS
Fresh Every Morning.
DELAWARE STRAWBERRIES
Arriving Now.
Cauliflower, Green and Wax Beans, Egg Plant, Tomatoes, Etc.
W. H. PIERCE. PENN AVE. MARKET

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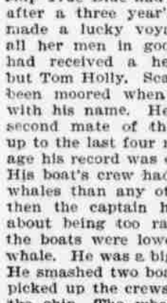

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