

THE MARTINSVILLE FEUD.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE BANGS, IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.

It was early spring in Martinsville. The hillsides and the meadows were green, but the trees had not shown more than the merest suggestion of their coming leaves.

Thus the Martinsville feud grew. The Hollisters could not bear it that any of them was under an obligation to a Brewster. The Brewsters could not endure it that a Hollister a Brewster had done a kindness. Truly, they hated one another bitterly.

The sun beat down remorselessly upon the dried and trodden field of the great inclosure. The stream of dirty water that ran through the grounds seemed more sluggish, more unwholesome, even, than was usual with it.

They were a sorry-looking lot. The new comers were not reasonably strong, and many of them were decently clad; but some of them had been imprisoned longer, that they suffered, in anticipation all that most whatever they could do to escape, or were disposed to break any of the rigid rules adopted for their government.

Henry Hollister did not share the general lassitude and apathy. He walked about the inclosure, looking with horror and wonder at the men he saw about him. He could not understand how men could be so beaten, whatever their sufferings. He had been captured only a few days before. He was stalwart and hopeful; the heat was not overpowering to him.

Wily, will you? When will you begin? You'll better waste no time. If you wait you lose your nerve, and then you'll never try."

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too careful for that. We carried the dirt away in our pockets, in old tin cans we could hold over our heads, and we had blouses then," he interrupted his story to say, grimly, "Well, at last we got it done--got the long hole on the other side. At last the night we had been waiting for came all right. The dozen of us who were in the plan crawled one after another into the tunnel. Luckily for me, we had settled it that we would keep a good distance apart. You see, there wasn't much air in there. We drew lots, and it was my turn to be the next to the last. We made our way slowly, inch by inch, like big worms, or like moles, creeping along there under the ground. I tell you, it was ticklish business. We weren't sure that there would not be some of the men who were in the plan had all ready; then they turned their muskets on 'em; then they turned their dogs loose. In time the man behind me and I made our way back. We were nearly scared to death. We thought they would shoot us more at this end of the tunnel than they would at the other. Well, we haven't made any breaks for liberty since."

"Did you never find the man who told?" Hollister said.

"No. Likely he went out in the next batch of exchanges."

"And you haven't tried since?" Hollister went on. "You ought to have tried. You'd better waste no time. If you wait you lose your nerve, and then you'll never try."

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I remember. Must tell you about that night, Bingo. Never mind, any other wine will do. We'll have a bite to eat by and by (Mrs. Witherby's heart sinks). Fond of Welsh rarebits as ever, Dimpleton?

"Dimpleton--I am always ready for a Welsh rarebit."

Mrs. Witherby--I am afraid there isn't any cheese, dear.

Witherby--What! No cheese. Well, well.

Mrs. Witherby (rapidly rising to the emergency)--But if you'll leave this to me, I'll--

Mrs. Bingo (who is sympathetic, having suffered herself from the same cause)--Yes, indeed, you can trust Mrs. Witherby. We all know her of old.

Witherby--Here I invited the best friends I have got in the world around to celebrate an important occasion, and you feed them as if they were going to catch a train.

Of Course It Was Safe.

"Yes," said the inventor, "my fire escape is absolutely safe and the greatest thing in the life preserving line that was ever placed on the market. Why, a child can operate it, and decent in it is as soft and easy as in a cushioned elevator. We are going to give it a trial this afternoon with a dummy figure just to show how perfect it is."

"With a dummy figure?"

"Certainly. Don't you think it would be more convincing if you descended in it yourself?"

"Not to me, sir; not to me," returned the inventor, promptly, "and besides I have a wife and children dependent upon me for support."--Chicago Post.

THE SWEET SOUBRETTE.

She snatched a wicked smile at me. She was not young, and her hair was as if it had been entranced.

Her exits and her entrances I watched with eager gaze. That I had lost my head, I fear I showed in many ways.

She seemed to be a merry elf. Still in the flush of youth--Oh, how I yearned to kick myself when I was told that truth.

For Mademoiselle de Loftykick. When off the stage, was just plain Mrs. Thompson and her lord was whiskered and robust.

And, worst of all, I grieve to say, she was not young, and her hair was as if it had been entranced.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. HARTY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

And Also, It Would Appear, Somewhat Like a Man.

Mr. Witherby (rubbing his hands)--Well, my dear, do you know that this is our wedding anniversary?"

Mrs. Witherby--Of course I do. I thought you had forgotten all about it.

Mr. Witherby--Forget! Me forget! Not much. Do you think all the sentiment has gone out of me? I guess not (kisses her cheek).

Mrs. Witherby--Celebration! I'm afraid it's too late.

Mr. Witherby--Gracious, what are you saying? Do! Anything, everything. Whoop'er up. Have a good time. Dimpleton and his wife are coming, too.

Mrs. Witherby--When?

Mr. Witherby--Tonight. Almost any time. Likely to be here any minute.

Mrs. Witherby--Do! Anything, everything. Whoop'er up. Have a good time. Dimpleton and his wife are coming, too.

Mrs. Witherby--What I said. You don't suppose I would let a day like this go by without notice, do you? I'm not that kind of a fellow. Such an important event. On the contrary, I have been thinking of it all day. What do you think of a little celebration?"

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COTTOLINE advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits for health and digestion.

Advertisement for Santal Midy medicine, describing its effectiveness for various ailments.

Advertisement for Grand Imperial Sec Champagne, featuring an illustration of a champagne bottle and text describing its quality.

Large directory of businesses including hardware stores, banks, and other services in Scranton.

Continuation of the business directory, listing various merchants and their addresses.