

ADrift

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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Peggy sat on the ancient, melancholy ruins of Brophy's wharf at play. She had found some pretty shells on the shore, and she was arranging them in fanciful patterns on the pavement. It was quite amusing, but she suddenly remembered, with a start, that she was the wife of Senator Mallister.

This thought always gave her a thrill such as one feels at intervals after a great hazard. The senator was to her the most formidable of created things. She loved him as the savage loves his god during a thunderstorm. It was incredible to her that she had dared to marry him. Indeed she could say in the sight of heaven that she was not responsible. Her aunt had done it and had led to Europe immediately afterward, as if afraid of the consequences.

In truth, Peggy was a mere child, a very modest child, much tormented by embarrassment and self-deprecation, full of an old-fashioned reverence for great personages, of whom the senator, partly because of his lofty stature and imposing countenance, seemed to her the chief. The wedding was in January, and July had come, but Peggy had not recovered from her fright.

The senator had bought a cottage in Castine, and they were spending the summer there. "Some one said 'Peggy' close behind her, and she started to look at the little shells jumped on the green boat. She turned and beheld Arthur Waring sitting in a canvas canoe which he had run up alongside the old pier.

"Arthur," she cried, "you frightened me half to death!" "You have more than half killed me," he said, "so the balance is still in your favor. Peggy, why—why—"

He finished the sentence with a green that rocked the canoe. "I didn't know you were in town," said Peggy sweetly. "You must come up to the house. Senator Mallister will be very glad to see you. He is in Bar Harbor just now conferring with the secretary of state."

"We must go back to the city," she said. "Not for words," he replied. "Why should you be afraid? No one will ever know. We can have an hour or two upon the water, and then I can set you ashore so quietly."

"We must go back to the city," she exclaimed. "I'm not going again," she sobbed, and then suddenly she clasped the senator's hand in both of hers and kissed it.

"This is all my fault," said Waring, while the parrot dropped over the rail. Waring made an attempt to seize it and nearly upset the canoe. "We are lost!" he said, with the calmness of despair. "They'll know I'm disabled because I can't paddle after the parrot."

"The senator?" moaned Peggy. "The senator? A bell came over the water—a single stroke. "They're slowing down," said Waring. "That is the end of us."

Again the bell sounded—one stroke and then two. As neatly as possible the senator paddled the canoe. Waring stood up and took hold of the vessel's rail just as the stern face of Senator Mallister appeared over it.

"This is all my fault," Waring began before any one else could say a word. "It isn't safe to go out without a spare paddle," said the senator. "Peggy you much frightened, poor little Peggy!"

Peggy uttered a faint sound that might have been "Yes," and then she burst into tears. Waring assisted her to rise, and she seized the senator's rail quite easily.

The senator soothed her tenderly, as if she had been a frightened child. "This will teach you a lesson," he said. "When you go out with Mr. Waring again, you'll see that he has a spare paddle."

Peggy looked up at him with eyes that were round with wonder. "I'm not going again," she sobbed, and then suddenly she clasped the senator's hand in both of hers and kissed it.

"Come aboard, Peggy," said he. "I'll paddle down along the shore." "I'd like to go," said Peggy, "but—" "Waring rose and took her by the hand, steadying the canoe meanwhile.

"Is there?" said Peggy, and without thinking she put aside her parasol to see. The steamer was then not more than a cable's length away. Peggy saw the man with the fieldglass quite plainly. He had lowered it, and his face was clear in the light, and he was the senator on his way back from Bar Harbor. Peggy uttered a faint, gasping cry, and fell against the cushioned board.

Books of travel usually contain a vast amount of matter that is unimportant and a good deal of that is untrue, besides not a little that is uninteresting, and the old travelers who wrote about their voyages to New York furnished few exceptions to the rule.

Tantalizing, therefore, is the diary of an observer who visited these shores in 1679; who had a reportorial instinct for the important, the true and the interesting; whose journeys covered the entire territory now known as the Greater New York; who wrote fully and graphically of all he saw, and whose observations have all come down to us, with the exception of some thirty pages describing New York city at the time of his visit. Exactly that which would now be most valuable is lost; but from what remains, we can learn a good deal about the New York of those days.

Jasper Dankers is the writer whose impressions of New York that have been lost to the world, and in what has been preserved in his writings, the chief thing that forces its attention upon the reader is the magnitude of the peach crop in these parts during the year of his visit. He was a religious enthusiast, the leader of the Labadists, and he flourished briefly on three continents toward the close of the seventeenth century, and his voyage companion was a minister of the same sect.

But there is little of this in his diary about a great deal of what they ate and drank, and on occasions when they went to the little church in the fort where the custom house is now the fact is mentioned with some apologies, one service being attended "in order to be ready for other reasons" and others because "my companion is endeavoring to learn the language."

On the very day of their arrival in New York, Sept. 23, 1679, we begin to read of the eating and drinking, especially the peaches. "The first took us to the house of one of my friends, who welcomed him and offered us some of the fruit of the country, very fine peaches and full grown apples, which filled our hearts with thankfulness to God. This fruit was exceedingly fair and good and pleasant to the taste, much better than that in Holland or elsewhere, though I believe our long fasting and craving for food made it so agreeable. After we had eaten of it we were refreshed. As we walked along we saw in different gardens trees full of apples of various kinds and so laden with peaches and other fruit that one might doubt whether there were leaves or fruit on them. I have never seen in Europe in the best seasons such an overflowing abundance. When we finished our tour and had given our guides several letters to deliver, we returned to his father-in-law's. He regaled us with a very good dinner, which refreshed us much. We had so many peaches set before us that we were timid about eating them, though we experienced no ill effects from them."

"I heard him call you 'Dunkle,'" announced the small brother. "Well, what of it?" demanded his sister defiantly. "Oh, nothing," answered the small brother. "I was only thinking maybe it's because of the way you walk, but it isn't very nice of him."—Chicago Post.

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A GREAT PEACH CROP

THAT WHICH GREW AROUND NEW YORK IN THE YEAR 1679.

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ENGAGED.

Marriage is very largely an accident. In few cases do men or women set up a standard of manly or womanly excellence and choose by it. In most cases people become engaged as the result of proximity rather than because of any deep preference. And so it often happens that the wife appears upon the obligations of matrimony just as thoughtlessly as she entered on the marriage relation, because no one has warned her of the dangers she faces.

Thousands of women become involved for lack of knowledge of themselves. It is to this large body of women that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes as a priceless boon, because it cures normally.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"After my first child was born, I was asked about the health of my baby. My health was very poor for a long time, and I could hardly move without great suffering. My husband got me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and in four days I felt relieved, and now, after using the medicine three months, I seem to be entirely well. I can see why there are so many suffering women when there is such a good medicine as this. I know your medicine is the best in the world."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the favorite family laxative. One "Pellet" a laxative, two "Pellets" a cathartic dose.

Onion Sauce. As a change from the tomato sauce usually served with breaded lamb chops try an onion sauce made in this way: Slice two or, if very small, three onions and cook them in water for a few moments and drain. Put them in to just enough boiling water to cover, add a little salt and cook until tender.

Coat together two tablespoons each of flour and butter and when perfectly smooth add one-half pint of stock, three or four tablespoons of cream and a saltspoonful of salt and sugar and a dash of cayenne. When the onion is tender, press it through a colander and add the water in which it had been cooked.—New York Post.

The Work of Envy. The leading lady was in tears, and the morning paper lay crumpled at her feet. "What is the matter?" the manager asked, by accident, even by selfish and silly haste—never, above all, by indulging in the brutal pleasure of a sneer, crush what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow creature.

Nasal CATARRH. In all its stages there should be drainage. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. Rests starch and dries away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug stores or by mail, Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 52 Warren Street, New York.

Dr. King's New Discovery. Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Than By All Other Throat and Lung Remedies Combined.

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all other Lung Affections. NO CURE, NO PAY. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for Whiskers. Wash your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black. It is the best.

CATCHING A THIEF.

Thirty dollars was stolen at the Officers' club in Tientsin, China, and the members of the club resolved, if possible, to catch the thief.

A German captain volunteered to manage the affair, and the first thing he did was to summon all the native servants of the club. He then said to them: "Some money has been stolen here, and I am looking for the thief. I shall find him in an hour, not before, since I need that much time in order to get instructions from a celebrated magician in Germany."

An hour later all the servants were again summoned, but this time by a dark room, in the middle of which stood the table on which the money stolen had been laid.

"Each of you, now," said the officer, "must go up to that table and press on it first your right and then your left hand, and when that is done you must raise your two hands over your head and step into the next room."

The servants did so, and as the last one stepped into the adjoining room the officer followed him, and after looking for a few moments at the many uplifted hands he pointed to one man and said: "You are the thief!" The Chinaman to whom he pointed nearly fell to the ground with fright and admitted his guilt and promised to make restitution.

The simple was the method adopted by the officer for discovering the culprit. While the native servants supposed that his spirit was in Germany in communion with the celebrated magician he was carefully smearing the surface of the table in the dark room with fat and oil, which he then blacked off by means of soot. The innocent servants naturally pressed their hands on the table, according to his instructions, but the culprit, though superstitious, did not do so.

As a result, while the uplifted hands of all the others were coal black, his were of a natural color, and thus his guilt was clearly proved.—Detroit Free Press.

His Hope. "I hope," said the serious man, "that you haven't been betting on the races." "I hope so, too," said the young man with the red necktie and the restless eye. "I hope I will wake up tomorrow and find out that the whole thing was a wild dream. But there's no use hoping."—Exchange.

Don't Sneer. Never bring a human being, however silly, ignorant and weak—above all, any little child—to shame and confusion of face. Never, by petulance, by suspicion, by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste—never, above all, by indulging in the brutal pleasure of a sneer, crush what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow creature.

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D. L. & W. RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE. Corrected to May 1, 1921.

NEW YORK	A. M.	P. M.
Baltimore	2:00	10:00
Philadelphia	2:30	10:30
Harrisburg	3:00	11:00
Scranton	3:30	11:30
Buffalo	4:00	12:00
Pittsburgh	4:30	12:30
Washington	5:00	1:00
Richmond	5:30	1:30
York	6:00	2:00
Gettysburg	6:30	2:30
Carlisle	7:00	3:00
Shippensburg	7:30	3:30
York	8:00	4:00
Carlisle	8:30	4:30
Shippensburg	9:00	5:00
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