

# Capt. Jack Brown, Lover

"What! Jack Brown in love? Why I'd as soon think of a porpoise coming aboard and asking the latitude and longitude."

The speaker was Captain Jerry Bowles of the trading schooner Patsy Bollivar. Three or four of Captain Jerry's cronies were seated with him in his snug cabin. A square bottle, a pitcher of water and a half dozen thick glasses on the table showed Captain Jerry's hospitality.

"Well, it's true, all the same," declared Captain Billy Masterson of the Ida Basset. "He's not only in love, but he's hooked hard and fast, and if he's not spliced in the Spring it'll not be his fault."

"Who is she, and how did it all happen?" came in chorus.

"It's a funny yarn," declared Captain Billy as he filled his glass, "and I don't mind if I tell you. You all know Captain Jack has always been that bashful if a girl looked at him sideways he was just as likely to jump overboard as not if there was no other way to get out of the way. If there was one man in the country who it would have been safe to say never would have hitched up it was that same Jack Brown."

"I got the story from his mate, Young Jimmy Dodd. You will remember the heavy gale last September, which smashed things down the coast? Well, Jack was southbound with a cargo of lumber for Cuba and he caught it flush just below Hatteras. The Sally Parker is as staunch a little craft as was ever turned out at Bath, and this, with Jack's seamanship, and there's no better, enabled him to pull through with little more damage than the loss of his deck load and some tearing up of his standing rigging, which was soon fixed up after the gale had blown itself out."

"Others were not so fortunate. It was about 100 miles south of Diamond Shoals that the Sally Parker raised a small schooner with both sticks taken clean out of her, all her boats stove and her decks a tangle of wreckage. Jimmy says he never saw a craft afloat in worse shape."

"There was a pretty heavy sea running, such as you all know follows after a gale in these seas when the Sally Parker bore down on the derrick and saw a number of people on the deck, it was not hard to guess that it was going to be man's work to get them off."

"For some reason, it must have been Fate, the devil or Providence, it all depends on how you look at it. Jack decided to go aboard himself instead of sending Jimmy. The whole boat was gotten out, and with a couple of square heads at the oars and Jack at the tiller she started for the wreck. It was a hard job for even so handy a man as Jack to lay the boat alongside the battered hulk, but he did it and scrambled through the wreckage on to the deck."

"It was a yacht with a party of rich New Yorkers on board. The captain of her and the mate as well had been washed overboard and about half her crew had been smashed up, and two or three of them killed when her sticks went. Hatchways and companionways had been smashed and she had sprung a leak in half a dozen places. You can guess those passengers were glad enough to see the Sally Parker, and the way they fell on Jack was worth seeing, so Jimmy says."

"It took two or three trips of the boat to get them all aboard the Parker, but at last it was done and none too soon, for before the Parker had fairly squared away on her course the yacht went down."

"Now here's where the real story begins. "In the rescued party was old John Goldson, who, they say, has more money than would fill the hold of the Patsy Bollivar; his wife and daughter, another young girl, his ward, and two young fellows, nephews of the old codger."

"It was the other girl that did the damage to Jack. Jimmy says she was a quiet little trick, pretty as a picture, but not nearly as good looking, to his mind, as the daughter. But then I think Jimmy was sort of struck with this one."

"Howbeit, Jimmy says it was comical to see Captain Jack on the run down to Havana. For the first day or two, every time he looked at the girl he would turn red and when he found her looking at him he looked as though he would make a dash for the rail and go overboard any minute, and yet he could see her pretty much all the time she was on deck."

"After a while though he seemed to get used to it and actually was able to speak to the girl without setting his hat on fire. Before they got to Havana he was showing her how he worked his ship and talking away as though he had been used to having women passengers ever since he went to sea. Jimmy says the last two days or three days before they made Havana he was really in command. Jack had no time to spare from the girl, and she seemed to like it."

"You know Captain Jack is a pretty good looking young chap and much of a man. I guess he could give some college professors points in learning along some lines, too, for he never goes to sea without a regular library of books, and he reads them, too. So when he did break loose it is pretty certain he would be interesting to a young girl, particularly to one who had been used to only such monkey-dicks as Jimmy says the nephews were."

"My experience are that women are quick to see the difference between a real man and make believe, and Jack Brown certainly is a man every inch of his six feet two."

When they got to Havana and the rescued party had gone ashore with a cordial invitation for Jack to come and see them before they left by the next liner for New York, things were dull aboard the Sally Parker.

"The very next evening Jack rigged himself out in his best shore clothes and shaped his course for the hotel."

"When he came aboard along about six bells that night, Jimmy declares he looked as though a black squall had struck him. The two of them were more than usually chummy, and next morning Jack called Jimmy into the cabin and proceeded to jettison some of the cargo that was on his mind."

"I'm a dashed fool, Jimmy," he opened up.

"Where's it broken out now, Captain Jack?" asked Jimmy.

"It's about Miss Andrews—that was the girl's name—I love her better than I love the Sally Parker and I didn't think that was possible, and there's no show for me," he said. "I have just got to talk to someone about it or I will do something desperate."

"How do you know there's no show for you? Did she tell you so?" asked Jimmy.

"No," came the gloomy answer. "It's that young Goldson—one of the nephews—why he tells me she is one of the greatest heiresses in New York and is worth millions. What show has a poor devil of a coasting sailor with a girl like that?"

"Well, Captain Jack, if that girl didn't think a lot of you she gave a mighty good imitation of it," declared Jimmy, "and if she was made of gold and sprinkled with diamonds I'd not give her up if I loved her, unless she told me herself she would have none of me. Why, Captain Jack, you are a man and a good one. You have no millions, but you are a free born American, you own as sweet a schooner as can be found on the coast, you owe no man and fear no man, you saved her life and if you give her up without asking for her, you are a bigger fool than you say you are."

"Jimmy," he asked eagerly, "do you really think I've a chance?"

"Try it and see. That's the only way to find out," was the answer.

"By the piper I will!" declared Captain Jack, brightening up.

"That evening he again set sail for the hotel, only to come back about an hour later as gloomy as an owl."

"She's gone," he growled to Jimmy, "the whole party went over to Matanzas this morning and will take the steamer there in the morning."

"He tossed over a scented note to his mate. "She left me that," he said.

"Jimmy opened it and read: "My Dear Captain Brown: "I am so sorry we are obliged to leave so suddenly. Mr. Goldson has received a cablegram which necessitates his immediate departure. If you do not call and see me when you reach New York I will be very deeply grieved. Remember, dear Captain Brown, I will be watching for you. Your friend."

"'BESSIE ANDREWS.' "Man alive!" said Jimmy. "What more do you want? Haven't you another chance to see her? And I'll bet a dollar to a nickel that she will think a lot more of you for the absence."

"Again Captain Jack brightened up. I rather guess that the Sally Parker had a lively time of it up the coast that voyage. Jimmy Dodd declares he has seen skippers carry on before, but never did he see a schooner shoved ahead as the Sally Parker was from Havana to New York."

"Blow high, blow low, every inch of canvas she could stagger under was kept on her, and when, to save the sticks on one or two occasions, it was necessary to strip her down a bit, Captain Jack would look as black as the skies, and actually swore, though, as you know, this is not his habit."

"Well, all voyages must end in time, and that of the Sally Parker was no exception. "Captain Jack could hardly wait to drop anchor off the Statue of Liberty before he had his shore clothes on, and smiling back at a parting word of encouragement from Jimmy was speeding toward the Battery boat landing."

"He did not come aboard that night, but early the next morning he did, and before he had got within half of the Sally Parker, Jimmy, who had picked him up with the glasses, knew he had good news."

"Why," says Jimmy, "he had a grin on his face you could a-tied behind his ears."

"Why, old man," he says. "I am the happiest man in the world. She has agreed to marry me. I went right up to old Goldson's house, where he lives, and as bold as a lion, though to tell the truth while I was waiting at the door I felt a mighty sight more like making a break and getting away."

"I braced up, though, when the brass bound funkey came to the door and asked me into what they call the reception room, though it is twice as big as this whole cabin, and beats the cabin of an ocean liner for furnishings, while he went to see if Miss Andrews would see me. He soon came back and said she would."

"It seemed to me that I waited a week at least, though my watch said it was less than 15 minutes. I was thinking of making a break when she came in. I swear, Jimmy, there was never a woman in the world like her. Sweet and pretty and dainty, dressed in some fluffy white stuff when she came into the room, if she wasn't an angel she was first cousin to one."

"She came right up to me with a smile on and her hand held out."

stood there like a big, red-faced fool, with hardly sense enough to take her hand and mutter an answer to her inquiries about me and the Sally Parker, and yes, even you."

"At last we were seated and she was talking away just as though we had met only yesterday, while I was as dumb as a fish and could not think of a word to say. My feet felt as big as anchors and I couldn't get my hands out of the way."

"I couldn't think of but one thing, and that was that I loved this woman with my very soul and that I must tell her so. I don't know how long I sat there. I don't care. I don't even know what we were talking about. I only know she has the sweetest voice in the world."

"At last I made up my mind to speak. It was like jumping into a stream of ice cold water, but I shut my eyes and plunged in. Nothing short of a tornado would have stopped me."

"'Miss Bessie,' I began, and my voice was so hoarse I didn't recognize it. 'I am only a sailor man with little beyond my head, my hands and my heart to offer a woman, but I love you with a man's love. Since I saw you there has not been a conscious moment when your image has not been in my heart and before my eyes. I came here to-night to tell you this and to ask you to be my wife. I know it is asking much to plead with a delicately nurtured woman like you, used to all that is pleasant and good in life to share the lot of a rough sailor like I am. My overwhelming love is my only excuse. If you do not love me, I can only bow my head to the stroke and live out my life the best I may, but I thank God nothing can take from me the blessed privilege of having loved you and nothing short of death can stop my loving you.'

"I stopped and waited. I didn't dare to look at her. As the moments passed they seemed to be hours. I felt my heart grow cold."

"Then a soft little hand was laid on my head and I looked up. She was standing beside me, her eyes smiling through tears and her lips quivering like those of a child about to cry. I gazed up at her with awe."

"Do you love me like that, Captain Jack?" she said.

"I sprang to my feet and in a moment she was in my arms."

"Love you like that!" I cried. "Why my precious darling, if I were to try from now till doomsday I couldn't begin to tell you a tithe of how I love you. By the grace of God, and your sweet permission, from now till death my life will make you realize how I love you."

"What did her guardian say about it?" asked Jimmy.

"D—; that is, what do I care what her guardian says? It's what she says that counts and praise God she's said it. All the guardians this side of Tophet can't keep us apart, if they want to."

"I hear old Goldson raised an awful racket when Jack went to him next day. Vowed by all that was sacred that Jack should never have the girl, and threatened all sorts of things. Now you all know that while Jack Brown may be timid when dealing with women, there's blamed little timidity about him when men are concerned."

"I don't know how it was all brought about, but I do know the little woman stood by like a man and the whole thing is fixed up."

"Jack gives up the sea after his next voyage and goes into some sort of shore business, and they are to be married in the spring."

"They wanted him to take some of the girl's money to start him off, but he wouldn't hear of it. Said he had made a living for himself so far, and guessed he could keep on doing it for himself and his wife. So I guess the wife's money will just pile up for the children."

As Captain Billy stopped all hands filled up their glasses and drank a deep health to Captain Jack and his bride-to-be."

"I swear," said Captain Jerry. "I'll try to make it so I can be here for the wedding."

"So say we all of us," chorused the other captains.—Julia M. Monro.

Buying Old Mahogany.

The purchase of old mahogany is a chance. All old mahogany is not beautiful, and all old mahogany so-called is not old. A visit first to some of the wholesale furniture houses on the East Side of New York and then to the antique shops on Fourth and Fifth avenues is a startling revelation of methods and and of the rapid aging of mahogany. However, if one gets a beautiful model, in good condition and made of beautifully grained wood, it is wise to remain indifferent to history and antecedents, says Harper's Bazar. We may allow ourselves to believe the stories or not, as we please. They can do no harm, and may add interest to one's possessions.

Couldn't Stand the Test.

"Porter." Thus the passenger for London hailed a railway servant at a small station.

"Yes sir?" The man instinctively held out his hand.

"Do you think this parcel well enough tied to trust going in the van?"

"Well, I'll see," answered the porter, dropping the parcel with a bang. "She'll get that here, an' she'll get that at the junction"—giving it another drop—"and she'll get that at Perth!" hanging it so lustily that the contents scattered over the pavement. "Well, sir, if she be goin' further than Perth, she'll see do what-aver!"

# Short Sermons For a Sunday Half-Hour

## SINS OF OMISSION.

By Rev. Adam Reoch.

Text: Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.—James iv., 17.

In the presence of such a text all sins separate themselves into two classes, like the sheep and the goats in the judgment, and sins of omission take the left hand, for they are the worse. Few people realize the gravity of these sins. "See," said the young man who came running to Christ, "all these commandments have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?" He never dreamed there were sins of omission.

It is not impossible to keep the Ten Commandments, at least in the letter. Thousands there are who do not worship false gods, who do not swear, or break the Sabbath; who honor their parents and hold sacred the family relations; who would scorn to steal or lie, and if possessed of good health are not tempted to covet. But having done this, have they fulfilled all righteousness?

When Jesus had a great truth to utter He made a parable and at the same time poured it full of vital truth, so that the truth would keep the parable alive and the parable embody the truth for ages; just as the soul vitalizes the body and the body contains the soul. We have some of these parables as fresh and pertinent as if uttered for the hour. If we balance the emphasis of all the parables of Jesus the overwhelming weight rests on this very point—the seriousness and danger of sins of omission. Every one knows well the poor fellow with the one talent—his sin was a sin of omission. He neglected to improve his talent. Five expectant virgins were shut out from the wedding. What was their mistake? They took no oil with them. It was a sin of omission. In that scene of the judgment those who were condemned were turned away because they failed to help their unfortunate fellows. This also was a sin of omission.

While sins of commission have slain their thousands, sins of omission have slain their tens of thousands. The study of misfortunes and evils always reveals the sin of omission as the underlying cause. If events could be reversed as easily as moving pictures may be we would in every case discover the place where an ounce of prevention would have outweighed a ton of cure.

We can measure the results of sins of commission and we often are greatly impressed. But the sins of omission will not plead their case until we all stand before the Judge. There is no premonitory intimation, and the disclosures will be astounding. There seems no discoverable reason why the attainments of present civilization should not have been reached a thousand years sooner. We say "It takes time" to do things. In nine cases out of ten it is simply an excuse for our unwillingness to act promptly at the call of duty and according to the light we have.

There is nothing the matter with this world except that it "knows to do good" but hesitates, deliberates, arrives too late by some circuitous route. We must teach our youth to harness knowledge and doing, and the marvels of the present will be eclipsed by greater. We must swing the whole fabric of modern life from the negative basis in action, ethics and religion—the "thou shalt not" regime of the past—to the positive basis of life suggested in our text:—"To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Certainly no man or institution can achieve greatness or endure for any length of time who knoweth to do good and doeth it not.

We Must not Claim All Our Rights. To give up some precious thing which is legitimately yours, to shut your eye upon visions of glory or safety or luxury which you might make your own without a shade of blame, that is so truly one of the marks of nobleness that no man is accounted by the best standards truly noble who is not doing that in some degree. The man who is taking all that he has a right to take in life is always belittled with a suspicion and a shade of baseness.

There is a paradox in it, no doubt, one of those moral paradoxes which make the world of moral study always fascinating. Man has no right to take his full rights in the world; he is not wholly noble unless he "keeps the higher law which declares that all is not his to take which is his legitimately to own."—Phillips Brooks.

Time for Faith. Remember it is the very time for faith to work when sight ceases. The greater the difficulty, the clearer for faith. As long as there is a certain natural prospect, faith does not get on even as easily as when natural prospects fail.—Geo. Muller.

Great Purposes. There is no action in a life that is not meant to be done for a great purpose, and embodied thereby; in every purpose, so great, but that slight acts may help it.—Miss M.

# End of the Feud

On her veranda sat the mistress of the cottage in satisfied silence. The servant problem, which at one time had threatened to eclipse an otherwise charming Florida Winter, seemed to be solving itself.

To be sure, Mandy was young and crude, though learning fast and willing to please. This morning the breakfast toast had been browned to a turn, the coffee clear and the eggs boiled to a proper consistency. So good was everything, in fact, that Mrs. Lane forgot for the moment that the fourteen-year-old girl had so strong an aversion to shoes and stockings that she occasionally ushered in guests without wearing these toilet accessories.

Now, as Mrs. Lane watched the girl leap over the fence and dart toward the post office, she could not but admire the grace and beauty of the unconventional little creature. She thought of the wonderful change the past two months had made in her, how tractable and quick to learn she was, how inherently refined, poetical in thought and soft in speech.

A half-formed plan to take her to the North in the Spring, give her an education and make a companion of her crystallized in Mrs. Lane's mind. She determined to go to see the girl's mother that afternoon and talk it over with her.

Then came doubt and dismay. Returning slowly, Mandy walked with a lank youth who bent toward her. Bits of village gossip recurred to Mrs. Lane's mind. But no, Mandy was too much of a child to think of beauty!

However, if she had any such tender sentiments, they would stand in the way of her going North. So as the girl came in at the side gate Mrs. Lane called to her.

"I saw you walking down the street with Bud Johnson, Mandy," began Mrs. Lane, kindly, when the girl approached. "Is it true that you and he are sweethearts, as they say?"

The girl's eyes flashed and her slight figure became tense as she answered: "Him? No, ma'am; I jes' let him walk a piece-a-way with me to tell him not to be handin' 'round' no moah! No Johnson ken come sweetheartin' 'round' me none! Doan you all know they is the othah side of the feud?"

Mrs. Lane's heart jumped. She had read Southern stories full of feuds and now she had come in contact with one.

"You-all sure know 'bout that?" queried Mandy again. "They ain't no moah men left on our side, so they ain't no moah shootin'; but they's been time's when they's been blood-aptenty between we-all and that Johnson tribe, an' none ken come 'round' me—no, ma'am! They killed my daddy an' my gran'addy, an' daddy killed two 'fore they popped him, an' they's been shootin' 'apenty afore that!"

"They ain't no men left on our side, now; so I reckon the feud's broke. But the feelin's there—yes, ma'am. I'd be a poor thing to marry a Johnson."

"Well, you should not marry for some years, at least, Mandy," hastily interposed Mrs. Lane. "You are not old enough to think of such things yet."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mandy, in her gentle voice, as she went into the house.

That night the girl had permission to go to a cousin's in the woods to a cabin dance, with the stipulation that she would return at noon the next day.

When the next night came and no Mandy appeared and the next morning found her still absent, Mrs. Lane was filled with forebodings of what might have happened to the girl. So she rode out to Mandy's mother's house near the bayou.

She had never seen Mandy's family and looked about curiously as she neared the house. Children of all sizes were rioting in the hot sunlight with chickens, dogs, and a litter of young pigs. A faded, tired woman who might have been sixty came to the gate.

"I reckon I'm her," said the woman. "Then have you seen or heard anything from her? She should have been back from her cousin's at noon yesterday, but she hasn't been heard from and I am so worried."

"I reckon you-all needn't worry 'bout Mandy," responded her mother, listlessly. "She won't come back to you all this year, anyway. They say as how her an' Bud Johnson it out las' night an' was married, she explained, impersonally."

"Mandy married? It can't be. She's hardly more than a baby!"

"I reckon she's married. Bud Johnson's daddy drove up here this noon an' says how the preacher down in Curlew neighborhood says he married them."

"But can't we do something? That poor child!"

The woman looked at her visitor for the first time with a gleam of interest. "No, they's gone to the east coast to the 'tomato pickin' an' won't be back till July."

"Well, I'm glad 'bout it. I wish 'twas a 'barnet of 'er own' land, that is not worth much, the man being 'barnet' and the woman keepin' lodgin' houses for those who come from the cities for the change of climate. The men are, possibly, too busy to attend to civic affairs, et cetera, they elected a lady mayor, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D. She is a woman in every sense of the word, and would not wear no hoops, but that may or may not be, but she's a good one."

# ROLL of HONOR

Attention is called to the STATE

## Wayne County SAVINGS BANK

The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States. In this list the WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

Stands 38th in the United States.

Stands 10th in Pennsylvania.

Stands FIRST in Wayne County.

Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00

Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00

Honesdale, Pa., May 29 1908.

NEW YORK ONTARIO WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

Time Table in Effect June 20th, 1909.

## SCRANTON DIVISION

Station	Scranton	Scranton	Scranton
Scranton	8:15 A.M.	8:15 A.M.	8:15 A.M.
Scranton	8:30 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:30 A.M.
Scranton	8:45 A.M.	8:45 A.M.	8:45 A.M.
Scranton	9:00 A.M.	9:00 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
Scranton	9:15 A.M.	9:15 A.M.	9:15 A.M.
Scranton	9:30 A.M.	9:30 A.M.	9:30 A.M.
Scranton	9:45 A.M.	9:45 A.M.	9:45 A.M.
Scranton	10:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
Scranton	10:15 A.M.	10:15 A.M.	10:15 A.M.
Scranton	10:30 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:30 A.M.
Scranton	10:45 A.M.	10:45 A.M.	10:45 A.M.
Scranton	11:00 A.M.	11:00 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
Scranton	11:15 A.M.	11:15 A.M.	11:15 A.M.
Scranton	11:30 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	11:30 A.M.
Scranton	11:45 A.M.	11:45 A.M.	11:45 A.M.
Scranton	12:00 P.M.	12:00 P.M.	12:00 P.M.
Scranton	12:15 P.M.	12:15 P.M.	12:15 P.M.
Scranton	12:30 P.M.	12:30 P.M.	12:30 P.M.
Scranton	12:45 P.M.	12:45 P.M.	12:45 P.M.
Scranton	1:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
Scranton	1:15 P.M.	1:15 P.M.	1:15 P.M.
Scranton	1:30 P.M.	1:30 P.M.	1:30 P.M.
Scranton	1:45 P.M.	1:45 P.M.	1:45 P.M.
Scranton	2:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
Scranton	2:15 P.M.	2:15 P.M.	2:15 P.M.
Scranton	2:30 P.M.	2:30 P.M.	2:30 P.M.
Scranton	2:45 P.M.	2:45 P.M.	2:45 P.M.
Scranton	3:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
Scranton	3:15 P.M.	3:15 P.M.	3:15 P.M.
Scranton	3:30 P.M.	3:30 P.M.	3:30 P.M.
Scranton	3:45 P.M.	3:45 P.M.	3:45 P.M.
Scranton	4:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
Scranton	4:15 P.M.	4:15 P.M.	4:15 P.M.
Scranton	4:30 P.M.	4:30 P.M.	4:30 P.M.
Scranton	4:45 P.M.	4:45 P.M.	4:45 P.M.
Scranton	5:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.
Scranton	5:15 P.M.	5:15 P.M.	5:15 P.M.
Scranton	5:30 P.M.	5:30 P.M.	5:30 P.M.
Scranton	5:45 P.M.	5:45 P.M.	5:45 P.M.
Scranton	6:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.
Scranton	6:15 P.M.	6:15 P.M.	6:15 P.M.
Scranton	6:30 P.M.	6:30 P.M.	6:30 P.M.
Scranton	6:45 P.M.	6:45 P.M.	6:45 P.M.
Scranton	7:00 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
Scranton	7:15 P.M.	7:15 P.M	