

PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play
... By ...
JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER XVIII.

WASHED with rain, the stars, "forgetmenots of the angels," blinked limpidly from the sky of violet blue. The moonlight flooded the country, percolated in soft, refulgent cascades through the spruces and hemlocks and traced with its witchery weird arabesques in the glades.

On the road that ribboned through the forest and up from the lake walked Emma Brooks and her sister Beth, the latter grumbling.

"You are the queerest girl," she complained. "No one but you would think of coming out in such weather—not a soul. My shoes are so heavy with mud I can hardly lift my feet."

"Oh, I just had to! I love it," replied Emma. "I simply could not stay indoors. I know now what a bird must feel like when it is caged. You must humor me, little sister. I have been born again—awakened to a new life. My soul, snatched from the swirls of sordidness, of sorrow, of baseless, that seared it, must expand or burst. My life for so long was depressed in the fog, like that we came up through today to emerge at last into the brightness of the mountain tops. It is hard to realize that I have left all this behind and am free in the light."

"You certainly have had a hard time of it with that beast," admitted Beth, stopping to take breath.

"Listen!" went on Emma. "Don't you love that chorus of the frogs and the grasshoppers? I think there is something weirdly exquisite in these noises of the night that we do not hear in the city, that I have not heard for ages and ages. Oh, I wish the woods here were full of the old world nightingales that the poets say 'feed the heart of the night with fire, satiate the hungry dark with melody,' don't you? And don't you love this incense of the soaked earth and its verdure? It lifts me to the clouds there that drift like silver snow past the moon."

She laughed aloud in her light heartedness, and the joyous peal went echoing through the wood.

"Lor', Emma, how you talk!" said Beth, marveling at her sister's exaltation, which she did not understand. They trudged on and upward in silence through the mud, past cheerful lights that glowed through windows of bungalows and cottages among the trees, until they came to a miniature dwelling ensconced in a bower of laurels.

At the door stood Mrs. Harris. She was displeased.

"For goodness' sake! Where have you been?" she exclaimed as the girls entered. "I began to think you had fallen into the lake or off a rock or that some other dreadful thing had happened to you and was scared to death."

"Emma," said Beth, dropping into a chair, "is impossible. She insisted on walking right to the lake, though the

roads were awful and ankle deep in mud so sticky that I thought I'd have to leave my rubbers in it. Don't forget, too, that's all uphill coming back."

"Oh, I never enjoyed a walk so in my life!" declared Emma. "It was magnificent! I couldn't have slept, I couldn't have stayed in bed, if I hadn't taken it."

But Mrs. Harris refused to be mollified.

"And I won't be able to sleep because you've made me so nervous," she complained.

Emma went to her, put her arm about her and kissed her.

"Don't be cross, mother," she pleaded. "You know this is my first sniff of real country for a century, and I

have never been in the Catskills before and therefore never so near heaven. I am a little girl again, as full of childish joy as I used to be when father took us on those trips which now seem like a dream, they were so long ago."

"If your father hadn't been so 'easy' we'd be owning a handsome cottage at one of the fashionable places in the Adirondacks instead of hiring a mean little bungalow here," lamented Mrs. Harris. "No fashionable people ever come here, and one has to be so particular. But what is one to do? One can't remain in New York in the dog days!"

"For me, I'm sick and tired of the mountains," announced Beth. "I'd like to go to Newport, where we'd stand a chance of meeting somebody and where anyhow we'd be able to see real society people."

"Both society!" said Emma happily.

Both her mother and Beth looked shocked.

"Emma, how can you say such a thing?" reproved Mrs. Harris, enveloping herself in an air of loftiness. "I hope you have not allowed yourself to be influenced by the anarchistic vapors of your—of that unspeakable person whose name is not to be mentioned."

"I've read somewhere that fine society is only a self protection against the vulgarities of the street and the tavern," chirped Beth primly.

"That all depends on how you define 'fine society,'" Beth, said Emma.

"I mean the society of wealth, the Four Hundred, of course. I pray every night that I may marry a duke or a count."

"Beth has such elevated ideas!" commented her mother admiringly.

"Such petitions," observed Emma, becoming grave, "never reach the mercy seat. It is said that at midnight every New Year's eve, when the bells of the churches ring out the dying year, there issue from the bellies streams of vapory spirits with distracted, terrified faces, their hands clasped to their ears. They are the prayers that never rose any higher, prayers of worshippers in the churches who repeated them mechanically, as they are accustomed to do every Sunday, without realization of the significance of the words they utter; prayers muttered by those whose thoughts were on other things; prayers of the hypocrite; prayers of the humbug; supplications to the most high for the preposterous and the impossible; prayers of those who do not practice what they preach; prayers of those who do those things which they ought not to do and leave undone those things which they ought to do and think their weekly glib confession of it and their obolus in the collection plate absolve them. With the jangling and clanging of the bells they are borne by the winds over mountain and sea and are lost forever in the eternal void between the worlds. All such prayers wherever uttered must share this fate."

By this time Mrs. Harris was agape, too astonished to utter a word.

"Gracious, Emma!" gasped Beth. "You talk like a book. I don't know what's come over you."

"It is my new birth. I told you it was as though I had been born again. I hope you will marry a duke or a count if you want to, Beth. As a rule, I believe they are real men, every whit as worthy as good men who don't bear this distinction of title. Still, the field is necessarily restricted, and you mustn't forget that there are other noble men as distinguished from noblemen—men of sterling value, who ring true under every test."

"Like—like Jimsy," ventured Beth with a dubious air, casting about and on the spur of the moment thinking of none other she knew who would fit the description.

"Like Jimsy," assented Emma emphatically.

"But he's so ungrammatical, so—er—shy on education, besides which he hasn't any money," objected Mrs. Harris.

"None to speak of," seconded Beth, pursing her lips deprecatingly.

"Aside from that, though," conceded Mrs. Harris, "I must say Jimsy's a real good man and most obliging. He can't help his upbringing."

"How about Captain Williams?" questioned Emma. "How would you class him?"

"My dear," answered her mother, "you wouldn't put him in the same class with Jimsy—I mean socially. He's so rich! I wouldn't be surprised if he were several times a millionaire. Remember, he has two automobiles. And the handsome way he treated you! Why, he crossed out the \$10,000 that abomination stole as though it were a matter of 16 cents."

"A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world, mother, according to Mohammed."

"That is how it may have appeared to that foreign prophet in the year 1," retorted Mrs. Harris with a tone of finality, "but in this age of horse sense in the United States a million dollars in the bank is the real standard of wealth. With money you can do everything. If you have plenty of it you can do plenty of good; and everybody else will sit on the fence and clap, but if you haven't any you are no good to yourself, can do no good to others, and everybody else will get down from the fence to kick you."

Left to his own devices, Brooks took a survey of the position in which he found himself, and his conclusion was not without gratification to him. The clean "bill of health" she had been the means of obtaining for him from Captain Williams had in fact left at his free disposal as his own property several hundred dollars from his stealings and from his last "plunge" on the horses, which had been a winning one. Thus

there was the furniture. The piano was supposed to be Emma's, and he felt sure she would send for it, but he had no intention of surrendering it. Not one stick, not one penny, would she ever get out of him after the way in which she had treated him. The very day after her departure he sold the instrument to the piano house from which it had been purchased.

Within three days he had removed from the hotel where they had lived in state for such a brief period and transferred such furniture as he required to one room in a bachelor apartment house. The rest he disposed of for cash. He was a bachelor again to all intents and purposes, and he resolved to enjoy his liberty to the full. He had had enough of married life, with its cares and the discipline of restraint it imposed. Once more he was "one of the boys." To make his position unmistakable and discourage any disposition on his wife's part to return to him he forwarded, care of her mother, her portrait, that had been conspicuous on the parlor mantel, after taking it from the gilded frame in which it had stood. On the back of it he wrote a verse of an old song:

My wife she ran away from me
Some two or three weeks ago,
And now she wants to come back again,
But I tell her it's no go.

"Once bit twice shy," is my reply,
And if it was to rain
Cats and dogs and muskels and frogs
I'd never have her back again.

There was no word of explanation beyond this insulting doggerel, and he was careful not to give his address. He chuckled as he put it in the letter box. At times he was a little uneasy lest she should seek to discover his whereabouts for the purpose of making a claim for support, but as the weeks wore on and nothing was heard from her he became reassured.

He had had little difficulty in procuring work, thanks to Captain Williams' note accepting his resignation, and soon was established as assistant to the receiving teller in a bank with a salary of \$25 a week. With this and the money already in his possession he deemed himself rich, and his fitful optimism obtained the ascendancy once more in its usual extravagant form. But his escape from arrest had been a lesson that had sunk in deeply. He vowed never again under any circumstances to "borrow" from the funds he handled in the course of his duties. He eschewed horse racing also, knowing that if the bank officials became aware that he was gambling he would lose his place that very instant.

After awhile his fellow employees noticed that Brooks, the spry, genial brook, who had won the good will of everybody, as he had in the general office of the Latin-American Steamship company, manifested a tendency toward moroseness; that his face at times assumed an expression of melancholy. Despite his love of self, he was of those natures which do not thrive in solitude.

He never had cared much for the companionship of men. His inclination always had been toward that of the opposite sex. Accustomed also as he had been for so long to the consolations of home life, to the thoughtful, affectionate ministrations and bright presence of Emma, he was bound sooner or later to miss her.

"There's nothing in this living alone." The avowal came one night after he had spent an evening at the theater with two sociable fellow clerks and he gazed around his silent, cheerless bedroom. Although he had not at any time loved Emma with that ineffable passion which is the golden ladder upon which the soul mounts to heaven, yet she had filled a larger place in his heart than he had ever had any complete idea of prior to her absence. His sentiment, fostered by his selfishness, revived with violence under his introspection. He yearned for Emma's smile of greeting and the kiss that accompanied it at his homecoming, for the numberless sweet attentions she had lavished upon him.

How pretty she was, how gentle! How sweetly she had put up with his ill humor! She was different from any of the girls and women he had ever been acquainted with. He was sorry he had sent the photograph, not alone because he felt that he had made gratuitously a false move, but because he wished he had kept it for himself. There was not one personal object remaining that had belonged to her. The little ornaments she had liked, her clothes, the trinkets she had left behind, he had disposed of in his haste to get rid of everything that could recall her or to which she might lay claim.

He wondered if she, too, was sorry for their separation. She must be. How could she live under the eternal nagging and fault finding of her mother and the lordling proclivities of Beth and not long to return to the independence of her own home?

She had loved him. His memory evoked the distant vision of her frail, lithe form clinging to him as she gazed up into his eyes, her own aglow with the glory of her adoration and its delirious intensity. He felt the blissful pulsations of her heart throbbing against him, its paean of passion; he heard, too, in fancy the red lips murmur her soul's ecstasy in words of flame and beauty, felt the thrill that shivered through him as his fingers threaded caressingly the shimmering cloud of her tresses. That was long ago in their early possession of each other, when she had awakened to knowledge of herself and had worshipped him as a god, fountainhead of joy and light for her on earth.

This transcendent passion had not found in him the responsiveness it craved and which alone could nourish it. Emma had been an enigma to him often, a riddle that had bored him at times. His blunted senses, sharpened by desire of her, perceived that stupidly, ignorantly, he had dissipated a treasure beyond price.

But, remembering what he had been to her and that she was still his wife, he believed that a reconciliation could be brought about. Sentiment and desire took counsel with selfishness; selfishness weighed the pros and cons in the end sentiment and desire, being the stronger, adjusted objections to their own point of view. But even then it was some time before he could summon up courage enough to take any steps in the matter.

Summer had given place to winter and returned again since Emma had left him. In all that time he had not heard from or of her. He had made no attempt to see Jimsy Smith or any of his former friends and associates.

Now he bent his thoughts upon how best to effect the rapprochement. Should he write Emma, expressing his contrition and begging her forgiveness? His pride stiffened at this proposition. Should he write and request an interview with her? If he could see her he believed he would have little trouble in persuading her. But, counseled by her hateful mother, who always had despised him, she might refuse to see him. Perhaps the best way would be to approach her through some one else. The only person he knew of who by any possibility could act as an intermediary was Jimsy Smith, the general utility man.

Requisitioning Jimsy's services did not appeal to him. He had long been jealous of his prosperity and of the fact that he had once been a suitor for Emma's hand, although jealousy on account of the latter circumstance was rather the outcome of envy of his success in business. Nevertheless Jimsy was indispensable, and the more Brooks realized this the higher became the degree of favor to which he restored him. It had been bad policy not to keep in touch with Jimsy, a serious mistake. Smith, however, was such an "easy," obliging, warm hearted fellow that there would be no difficulty in squaring things with him and getting him to act as go-between.

He resolved to call on Jimsy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

On the Sunday School Lesson by Rev. Dr. Linscott for the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

Jan. 9, 1910.
(Copyright, 1910, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.)

The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.—Matt. III:13-17; IV:1-11.

Golden Text.—In that he hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted. Heb. II:18.

Verses 13-14.—Why did Jesus want to be baptized?

What reason is there for the opinion that John's refusal to baptize Jesus was a reasonable position to take?

Verses 15-17.—Is baptism essential to salvation and if not, what is its purpose?

Repentance seems to have been a necessary step to John's baptism, did Jesus need to repent?

Verses 16-17.—What evidence is there that any person but Jesus saw the opening heavens, the Holy Spirit, or heard the voice from heaven?

If a few of those present, who were spiritual, saw and heard these things, is there any evidence to show that the multitude did also?

Verses 1-3.—Why did the Spirit lead Jesus into the wilderness?

What reasons are there to believe that temptation was, or was not, essential for the spiritual development of Jesus?

Is temptation necessary, or a part of God's educational process for all of us? Give your reasons.

How much virtue would there be in doing right, if there were neither temptation nor opportunity to do wrong? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Verses 2-4.—Why did Jesus fast and what is the general effect of fasting upon spiritual life?

If Christians follow the example of Jesus in the matter of fasting, what results would probably follow?

Give a reasoned opinion as to whether Jesus would probably feel the pangs of hunger during the ecstasy of the fast?

What are the limits of the rule that reaction generally follows exaltation, and state whether Jesus was likely passing through this reaction when he was "an hungered"?

Verses 3-5.—To what part of the nature of Jesus did the Devil make his first appeal?

Give your reasons for your opinion as to whether physical temptations are as numerous, or dangerous as spiritual temptations?

Verses 4-6.—What would have been the moral quality of the act if Jesus had made bread out of stones?

In what sense do good men live by the word of God?

Verses 5-6.—Did Jesus go bodily into the city, and if not, what did take place?

What are the reasons to believe that the mental temptation, would be as powerful as if it had been physical?

Verses 6-7.—What does this second temptation appeal to?

Are there any exceptions to the rule that a man of God will never go contrary to God's established laws?

What is it to tempt God?

Verses 8-11.—What method did the Devil adopt to give Jesus the most extensive view of his kingdom?

What are "the kingdoms of the world" which the Devil controls? How could the Devil have given Jesus what he promised?

Do Angels always minister to those who successfully oppose the Devil? Lesson for Sunday, Jan. 16th, 1910.—The Beginning of the Galilean Ministry. Matt. IV:12-25.

TRIAL LIST.—Wayne Common Pleas Jan. Term, 1910. Beginning Jan. 7. 1 Ames vs. LaBarr. 2 Speltz vs. Honesdale Dime Bank vs. Brutsche. 3 Dunn vs. Dunn. 4 Mitten vs. Honkele. 5 Rumble vs. Pennsylvania Coal Co. 6 Miller & Sons vs. Wayne Storage Water Power Co. 7 Hirt vs. Metzler. 8 Trustees Adm'r. vs. Arnold et al. M. J. HANLAN, Clerk. Honesdale, Dec. 23, 1909. 10274

APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is given that appraisement of \$300 to the widows of the following named decedents have been filed in the Orphans' Court of Wayne County and will be presented for approval on Monday, January 17, 1909—viz: Matthew McKenna, Buckingham, Personal. A. W. Brown, Starrucca, Personal. Fred Kennedy, Mt. Pleasant, Personal. Henry D. Cole, Clinton, Personal. W. H. Buchanan, Scott, Personal. J. A. Rutledge, Damascus, Personal. M. J. HANLAN, Clerk. Honesdale, Dec. 30, 1909.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Honesdale Consolidated Light, Heat and Power Co. of Honesdale, Pa., for the election of directors and transaction of such other business as may properly come before a stockholders' meeting will be held at the office of said company, Honesdale, Pa., on Monday, January 17, 1910, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock p. m. M. B. ALLEN, Secretary.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Judge of the several Courts of the County of Wayne has issued his precept for holding a Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery in and for said County, at the Court House, to begin on

MONDAY JANUARY 10, 1910, and to continue one week; And directing that a Grand Jury for the Courts of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer be summoned to meet on Monday, Jan. 10, 1910, at 2 p. m.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Corner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be there and there in their proper persons, at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said 10th of Jan., 1910, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognition or otherwise to prosecute the prisoners who are or shall be in the Jail of Wayne County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 23d day of Dec., 1909, and in the 133d year of the Independence of the United States: M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Honesdale, Dec. 22, 1909. 10274

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said County for confirmation on the third Monday in Honesdale, on the third Monday of Jan., next—viz:

First and final account of Joshua A. Brown and H. M. Spence, administrators of the estate of Eliza C. Peters, Honesdale.

First and final account of George Ansley, testamentary guardian of Homer Ansley.

First and final account of G. C. Tarbox, administrator of the estate of Lida Tarbox, Scott township.

First and final account of Edwin P. Kilroe, administrator of the estate of John C. Kilroe, Dyberry township.

First and partial account of Henry Wilson, administrator C. T. A. of the estate of Albert Whitmore, Honesdale.

First and final account of Phoebe J. Wheeler, administratrix of the estate of Almone E. Wheeler, Lake township.

Second and partial account of E. A. Penniman, executor of the last will and testament of Francis B. Penniman, Honesdale.

First and final account of Walter M. Fowler and Chas. Sanker, administrators of the estate of Frederick Werner, Texas township.

E. W. GAMMELL, Register. Register's Office, Honesdale Dec. 22, 1909. 10274

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

HONESDALE, WAYNE CO., PA., at the close of business, Nov. 6, 1909.

RESOURCES	
Reserve fund	\$100,000 00
Cash, specie and notes	82,340 58
Legal securities	4,000 00
Due from approved realtors	18,341 64
Due from banks and Trust Co's	212,192 14
Nickels, coins and fractional currency	143 61
Checks and cash items	2,689 50
Due from banks and Trust Co's on reserve agents	15,063 03
Bills discounted not due	\$34,115 52
Bills discounted, time	44,835 00
Loans secured by bonds	104,825 75
Loans on call with collateral	4,500 00
Loans on call upon two or more names	68,730 75
Loans secured by bonds and mortgage	21,300 00
Investment securities owned exclusively of reserve funds, viz:	577,353 02
Stocks, Bonds, etc.	1,845,872 21
Mortgages and judgments of record	227,379 77
Office Building and Land	2,043,251 38
Other Real Estate	6,000 00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,000 00
Overdrafts	217 00
Miscellaneous Assets	400 00
	\$2,880,349 93

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus Fund	310,000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	84,143 35
Deposits subject to check	\$10,312 81
Time certificates of deposit	3,238 78
Saving Fund Deposits	2,100,025 16
Loans on call outside	273,292,255 84
Due to Commonweath	25,000 00
Due to banks and Trust Cos. not reserve agents	11,801 54
Dividends unpaid	60 00
	\$2,880,349 93

State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, ss: I, H. Scott Salmon, Cashier of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) H. S. SALMON, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of Nov. 1909.

(Signed) ROBERT A. SMITH, N. P. [Notarial Seal]

Correct—Attest: W. B. HOLMES, P. F. KIMBLE, H. J. CONGER, Directors.

ACCOUNT E. W. BURNS, GUARDIAN OF HARLEY E. FLEMING, a feeble minded person, late of Cherry Ridge Township, Wayne Co., Pa., deceased. Notice is hereby given that the first and final account of the guardian above named has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne County, and will be presented for confirmation and approval on Monday, Jan. 17, 1910, and will be confirmed absolutely on June 21, 1910, unless exceptions thereto are previously filed. M. J. HANLAN, Prothonotary. Jan. 3, 1910. 103

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, ESTATE OF JOHN H. KRANTZ, Late of Honesdale, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

W. H. KRANTZ, PHILIP KRANTZ, JOHN E. KRANTZ, Administrators. Honesdale, Pa., Dec. 8, 1909. 978

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, ESTATE OF CHARLOTTE S. HAND, Late of Honesdale, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested for settlement.

W. H. KRANTZ, HENRY S. HAND, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1909. Executors. Or W. H. Stone, Honesdale, Pa. 10066

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK ELECTION.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wayne County Savings Bank for the election of directors, will be held at the banking office on

TUESDAY, JAN. 11, 1910, between the hours of three and four o'clock p. m.

H. S. SALMON, Cashier. Honesdale, Pa., Dec. 18, 1909.

ELECTION NOTICE.—Meeting of the stockholders of the Honesdale National Bank will be held at the banking house of the said bank in the Borough of Honesdale, Wayne County, Pa., on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1910, between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing directors and transacting any other business that may be brought before the stockholders.

EDWIN F. TORREY, Cashier. 4ee1190 Honesdale, Dec. 15, 1909.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne County, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on

FRIDAY, JAN. 21, 1910, 2 P. M. All of defendant's right, title and interest in the following described property, viz:

All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to those certain parcels of land lying in the township of Cherry Ridge, county of Wayne, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

FIRST—Beginning in the southern line of lot of land formerly owned by Peter Meginnis, now Lawrence Weidner, being the north-western corner of lot No. 40 in the allotment of the Tilghman Cherry Ridge tract near the eastern water course of the Honesdale and Cherry Ridge Turnpike Road; thence by said Weidner's land and land formerly of Thomas Callaway, now Valentine Weidner, being also north line of said lot No. 40 east one hundred and sixty rods to a corner in the public road known as the east Cherry Ridge or Sandcock road; thence along said public road south one hundred and sixty rods to a corner in the north line of land late of Geo. Sandcock deed; thence by said Sandcock land, being the south line of said lot No. 40 west one hundred and sixty rods to a stone, formerly a beech corner; thence by lands conveyed by executors of John Torrey, dec'd, to Mary Murray et al., north twelve and eighth-tenths rods to a stone's corner; thence by same land north eighty-seven degrees west eighty-seven rods to a corner in the middle of the Honesdale and Cherry Ridge road; thence along the center of said road northerly, one hundred eighty-five and three-tenths rods to place of beginning, containing 185 acres and 80 perches.

SECOND—Beginning at the southwest corner of land late of John Callaway; thence by land late of John Torrey and one Howe west one hundred and eight rods; thence north five degrees west sixteen and six-tenths rods to a corner of land of J. Greenfield; thence by last mentioned land east fifty-four and four-tenths rods to middle of the Honesdale and Cherry Ridge Turnpike Road; thence north on said road two degrees east one and three-fourths rods to a corner; thence by J. Greenfield east fifty-four and five-tenths rods to a stone corner in the western line of said Callaway; thence by said line south eighteen and one-fourth rods to place of beginning, containing 11 acres and 126 perches. Excepting minerals, oils and coals as mentioned in deed from executor of Elizabeth Smith to David Robbins, dated January 3, 1908, recorded in D. B. 98, page 87.</