PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

... By ... JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER XIX.

ESTINY is a strange thing. Under many a quiet exterior smolder fires of volcanic passion that never are fanned into activity because the essential puff of cause has never stirred them. Jimsy Smith had had conceptions of comfort and life on a large scale that he had never attempted to carry out for the reason that the one thing upon which they were based, the one incentive, was lacking-a wife. Given wealth and a woman responsive in the same degree to the profound devotion and large ideas of which he was capable, Smith might have developed into a magnificent nabob, a great statesman or a great "captain of industry." certainly into a great and wise philanthropist. Given such a woman as an inspiration, he might with his strength of mind and self control have won from nothing to a position that would have enabled him to live in some accord with the aspirations that once had illumined his day dreaming.

As it was, he had banished day dreaming from his plan of existence. He had fixed a rigid line of demarcation between right and wrong for the governance of his own conduct that he never permitted himself to overstep, but the failings of others he was prone to condone and ever was ready to stretch forth a hand and help a weakling to set himself straight.

Jimsy occupied two furnished rooms in a small, quiet boarding house. He had lived in the place ever since his arrival in New York, and the only



"Hello, Jimsy!"

change he had made was to take a private sitting room in addition to his It was here that Brooks found him der cross examination."

when late one evening he called there. Jimsy, eight in mouth, was working at some plans and figures in the light of a reading lamp when Brooks opened the door. He looked up from the table with no evidence of surprise as his visitor entered.

"Hello, Jimsy!" "Hello!"

Smith might have expected him and regarded his presence as an ordinary thing for all the tone of his response to the salutation indicated.

"How have you been all this time?" "About as usual. How have you been getting on? Take a chair, won't you?"

He did not see the hand that Brooks rolling up the plans that had been stretched before him.

Brooks sat down in the only other armchair, on the same side of the table. On entering he had been very nervous. His customary aplomb revived as he found that Smith was apparently the same old Jimsy,

just drop in on you and see how things

"Thanks. Have a cigar."

Sman pushed the box toward him, and he helped himself to one and lit it. "I feel like I owe an apology for keeping out of the way so long. 1 suppose you wondered what had become of me."

"I have often wondered."

"Well, you see, I was sort of cut up after the way Emma left me. It was enough to make me feel sore. There was no excuse for it. Then I've been awfully busy. I got a job in a bank as assistant receiving teller at a real living salary. A fellow isn't ground down there, and there's a chance to get on. They treat you like a gentleman, not like a lascar cabin boy. I ought to have quit the Latin-American line long age. I suppose old Williams is still siave driving."

company."

"Well, he'll got what's coming to from somebody one of these days." ede ne comment.

ony, Jimsy, you don't give one the impression that the world disagrees with you. You look immense.'

"There's never much the matter

with me, Brooks." "'Brooks!" Why 'Brooks?' What's

the matter with 'Joe?' You needn't be so darned ceremonious. You haven't got a grudge against me because I stayed away so long, have you?"

"No grudge whatever." "Oh, well, let it go. How's the old woman?"

"You mean Mrs. Harris?" "Who else would I mean except my saintly mother-in-law?"

"She was well at last reports." There was another pause in the conversation, and Brooks stared hard at

the ceiling. "I guess you're a fixture here. You wouldn't be happy in any other lodgings," he went on, looking at Jimsy, who was eying him with his usual calm expression that was neither cold nor kind, yet partook, if anything, of kindness. "You ought to see the cute little quarters I have. They're in a bachelor apartment house. want you to come around one of these

evenings. You'll come, won't you?" "Maybe, one of these odd evenings. We've got to provide accommodations for more boats, and I'm a busy man, so you mustn't bank on me for a while."

"All right. If that ain't a refusal any evening you can dispose of will sult me. Just let me know you're coming; that's all."

For the hundredth time his eyes wandered to portraits of himself and his wife in a silver stand on the table. They had presented photographs and stand to Smith soon after their mar-

"You've still got that, I see," he said, indicating it with a ned of the head. "Of course."

"How is she, by the bye?"

At last he had brought the conversation round to where he wanted it. "Emma? Oh, she was all right when

I last heard about her." "Heard about her? She's living with her mother, isn't she?"

"Certainly. I haven't seen them for some time. All the family's out of

town." Brooks could not conceal his disap-

pointment. "Where are they staying? Is it far

from the city?"

"Quite some distance." "Well, where is it? At the seaside? In the country?" he demanded, exasperated. "Why don't you come out with a straight answer instead of dodging? What do you think I am? What do you think I came here for?" "You said you came to see how I

was getting along." Brooks could have kicked himself for having been betrayed into losing his temper. It was a bad break for a man having a favor to ask.

"Of course I came for that, Jimsy," he said, the anger gone from his voice. "But it's only natural I should ask for news of my family. You don't seem to think I have any rights or feelings. I am still Emma's husband, and it ain't because we've had a tiff that we're to be at cat and dog for the rest of our lives, I suppose."

"I haven't forgotten that you're Emma's husband, Joe, but the matter of your 'rights' is open to a difference of curious about your family, and I've answered every question you've put to me except the last. I'm under promise not to disclose their whereabouts to anybody. That's why.'

"Yes, you've answered my questions, but you've confined yourself to 'Yes' bedroom when his means admitted of it. and 'No' as if you were a witness un-

He passed his hand over his eyes and sighed.

"It ain't like you, Jimsy," he continued. "It ain't like you a bit. I thought you at least wouldn't turn against me. He's a good man who never does anything wrong."

"That's right, I guess there are more men who do wrong and aren't found out than there are men who do wrong and are discovered, and I ain't In the business of heaving rocks at any family isn't represented sometimes by man-certainly not at you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I've been living on the level ever since. You can believe me, Jimsy-ask the bank if my accounts ain't in orderand I'm going to keep straight too. extended for the reason that he was What more can I do, except say I'm sorry? What more does anybody want me to do?"

"Nothing, I should think."

"You believe me, Jimsy?" "Joe, I believe you're speaking the truth, and I hope with all my heart and soul you'll keep right on the way you're going. And, now you know how "Oh, fine," he replied. "Thought I'd I feel about it, come right out and tell me what brought you here."

"I will, then. I want to know about Emma. It's a year now since shesince we separated, and I won't stand it any longer. I want her to come back to me. I simply can't do with-

He looked at Smith expectantly, but the phlegmatic Jimsy made no remark. "You see them often. Do they ever speak about me?"

"They have never mentioned you in my presence since the night Emma left

"I never believed Emma would sulk so long. I'll bet she's as sick and tired of this business as I am. If she ain't had enough of the old woman and that stuckup little chit of a Beth by this time I'm no good as a guesser. I know Emma. They must have balted aer to

death." "Maybe, but if they have she basn't told me about it, and she doesn't earry

"Jimsy, I m

served an injunction on me ages before you came here, and I'm not going to put myself in contempt of

Brooks jumped up and nervously knocked the ash from his class on to a

"You've known Emma and me for over six years, Jimsy," he said. "And you know all about us and how happy we were together-how I tried to make her happy, risked everything for her. You were always a good friend to both of us. That's why I'm herethat's why I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. Will you?"

"Joe, I'll do anything within the

bounds of reason." "I knew you wouldn't refuse. I want you to see Emma alone-not with her mother and Beth around; they'd queer everything. I want you to ask her to let bygones be bygones and come back to me. We'll begin all over again, and this time we'll begin right. Tell her I'm well fixed. I'm ahead of the game. I've got money by-earned and saved it-and a good place. There'll be no more hard pulling like there was in the old time. Tell her I'm more sorry than I can express for our little misunderstanding - sorry and miserable. Tell her I love her more than ever and that if she will see me she will understand."

Smith nodded assent. "And, Jimsy, put in a good word for me-plead for me-do it as if it was for yourself. Emma will listen to you when she won't to any one else. You know she thinks a whole lot of you.

Will you do this for me?" "Yes, I'll do it, Joe."

'Soon?" "Let's see; this is Tuesday. I'll see her Sunday-go on purpose."

Brooks went to him and seized his hand with both his own. "Jimsy, you are the best ever?" exclaimed fervently. "I knew I could count on you. I'll never forget this

turn you're doing me-never! Emma will appreciate It too. Good night and God bless you." He wrung Smith's hand again.

At the door he turned with this recommendation: "Don't forget, Jimsy. Plead with her

as if it was for yourself." Smith sat staring straight before him for an hour.

CHAPTER XX.

TP in the Catsaills the sun had the whole sky to itself. Everything presaged a hot day. Early though the hour was -the clock had not yet struck 6-Emma was out on the plazza, dressed for walking. She wore a cool, clinging transient as a beacon flash, that was costume of pale straw colored tussah so short that it descended little below the tops of her high buttoned light tan shoes. A soft felt hat, such as men travelers roll up and carry in their pockets, was secured to her fair bair by a hatpin, and its limp border hung down and shaded her eyes. These, of a blue that rivaled the heavens, were sparkling with admiration of the scene. and her cheeks glowed with health. She made a lovely picture as she stood gazing out into the valley. Jimsy Smith, who had stopped on the road above on his way from the hotel, construction, and I'm entitled to my where he had put up the night before own opinion. I do consider it perfect- and of whose presence there at that ly natural, however, that you should moment she was quite unconscious, his. Together they had beheld the mirthought he had never seen any picture Jimsy's judgment was biased. He had always considered Emma pretty and found something to admire in her even when, with grimy hands and in soiled cotton dress, she was engaged in the unpoetical occupation of polishng the kitchen stove,

Beth, her hair twisted into little wave knots with queer plus and attired in a pink wrapper, joined her. "Why don't you get your things on and come with us?" urged Emma.

'Jimsy will be here at 6 o'clock." "Me? North mountain? No, thank you! I had enough walking yesterday. I'm going to church; mother's coming too. We didn't go last Sunday, and the whole park will be gossiping if the some one or other. They'll think we're all pagans. Besides, I'm going to wear the new gown Jimsy brought up for me from the dressmaker's. Wasn't it lucky he was coming? It wouldn't have been here till Tuesday or Wednesday. That man's always on hand just when he's wanted. Won't those Parsons girls stare!"

Jimsy walked down through the

laurel bower. "Beth," he said by way of salutation, "that's the most common sense mountain climbing outfit I ever saw."

"It's very rude to make remarks about people's clothing when they're not dressed to receive," she retorted. "You're not privileged to express any opinion. It's too enrly. But it's quite impossible to stay abed with Emma carrying on as if it was the middle of the day. She's been humming all over the house since 5 o'clock, and all that because she's going for a

climb. "Why, she hasn't slept a wink thinking of her new dress," laughed Emma. "Well, Beth, by the time you've got your halo out of curl and settle down in your pew," observed Smith, "we shall be several bundred feet nearer the other cherubs, listening to the sol-

emn anthems of the whispering pines. Yes, I said 'the solemn anthems of the whispering pines."

"Jimey, if I didn't know different I'd suspect you of being a post. The next thing we know you'll be wearing your hair long and pouring out your soul in Sapphie strophes, like like Emms,

"You can't find out from me. I'd ain't quite sure that I know just what tell you willingly enough, but she strophes are, but if Elima thinks they are all right I'll stand for e.n.

"Oh, come on, Jinsay; don't listen to her nonsense," laughed Liming. They started out briskly, Emma

showing the way. "Do you know, it's a real treat to go walking with you," she said. "I know you love it. I've heard you say so, Beth can't bear long walks, and, as for mother, she rarely goes farther than her plazza rocking chair. But I've dragged Beth about and learned every path through the woods to the summits and plateaus. This is the second summer I've been here, you know."

Deserting the beaten path, they as cended through forests of trees of evcry description, but as they proceeded along the path, in places ankle deep in wet moss, and pushed through underbrush that kept Smith busy breaking a way for his dainty but hardy and seemingly tireless companion they came into the fir region, amid hoary giants that shot sheer to such a height that they seemed to form pillars for the canopy of the heavens. Emma regarded the great trees with awe, but Smith laughed. He told her they were as saplings compared with the mighty trees of the west. He tried to describe these and became filled with the fever of immensity. The long unfeit influence of the borderless prairies, the mammoth mountain chains far flung through the prodigious spaces of the sunset lands that diminished their proportions, was upon him. His soul strained to burst its tethers and soar upward into the infinite, where it could expand unrestrained. Burning words, never used, unimagined before in his unlettered mind, adequate to depict this liberated spirituality, surged tumultuously to his lipsto die there.

For the source of their inspiration, of this tremendous flight into the divine azure from his regulated role of the commonplace and coldly practical, was the woman at his side, the one being in the world who was dear to him and ever had been, whom he held in little less reverence than he did his Maker.

He broke off his description of the forest giants and vast freedoms of the west with a conclusion in his ordinary street surface language.

"But there-it's no use me trying to do any lecture platform stunts. I wasn't born with the gift of the gab. Emma, them things have got to be seen to be appreciated. There's no other way. You understand."

Yes, Emma understood. She had listened to his brief, unsuspected eloquence and had read his soul in the light of the celestial flicker that had emanated from it; had seen the glory of it in his face-a glory gone from it, leaving only his habitual noncommittal smile, as he turned to her and said, "You understand."

They continued the climb in silence, Emma's bosom rising and falling rapidly upon the rush and swirl of the torrent that raged beneath it, almost sweeping her self control before it. Jimsy indeed loved her! Why had this chance revelation of what her intuttion had divined long before torn

open the floodgates of her own emotions? Because it had set vibrating every chord of her being, and every chord of that being, as she had come to understand also, was attuned to age of heaven

At the upper edge of the forest labyrinth they emerged on to a rocky plateau studded with dwarfed firs and balsam pines, but covered thickly with aromatic ferns and blueberry bushes. Jimsy bared his head to the cool

breeze that swept the clearing and watched Emma, who, with a little cry of delight, had stooped among the blueberry bushes and was gathering a handful of their ripe fruit. She was glad of the pretext to hide the upheaval in her heart that she felt must

show in her eyes. This upheaval, sudden and almost overpoweringly violent though it was, was not of the morning's forming. She had known the calm, sympathetic westerner-as he had reminded Cap tain Williams-ever since she was a girl in short frocks. She had soon come to look upon him as a big brother, with whom she shared her girlish troubles and in whom she confided freely, naturally, as a matter of course. When she had become a woman and he had sought her for his bride she had not been able, with all her liking for him, to bring herself to consider him in the light of a lover.

After the scales formed there by the blandishments and personal pulchritude of Brooks had fallen from her eyes and she saw that she had bowed down to an empty, painted fetich of plaster instead of to God in the flesh she had resigned herself to the lot destiny had brought her and sought to make the best of it like the pure woman she was. Household drudgery and the stern verities of her existence had vanquished and put to flight all her illusions. Love was a delusion. It was not what she had conceived it to be. It existed in perfect, ideal form only in the imaginings of the poets and litterateurs. Had any one suggested to her that Jimsy Smith was the depository of it, that his heart was the altar on which the sacred fire burned unquenchable, that under the crust of his unemotional manner was a quiescent volcano of passion that could be roused to stupendous cruption, she would have laughed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DOLLAR SPENT AT HOME is a Dollar That May Come Back

TRIAL LIST.—Wayne Common Pleas Jan. Term, 1910. Beginning Jan. 7.

Ames vs. LaBarr, Spelivozel assigned to Honesdale Dime nk vs. Brutche.

ank vs. Brutche.
3 Dunn vs. Dunn.
4 Mittan vs. Hunkele.
5 Ramble vs. Pennsylvania Coal Co.
6 Riefler & Sons vs. Wayne Storage Watr Power Co.
7 Hirt vs. Meszler.
8 Truesdall Admr. vs. Arnold et al.

Honesdale, Dec. 23, 1910, 163w4

A PPRAISEMENTS.—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, 1999—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

A. Rutledge, Damascus, Per-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.

TOURT 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

MONDAY JANUARY 17, 1910. and to continue one week:

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. 19, 1919, at 2 p. m.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afterneon of said 19th of Jan. 1919, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offloes appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognizance 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. just.
Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this
22d day of Irec., 1999, and in the 133d year
of the Independence of the United States

Sheriff's Office
Honesdale, Dec. 22, 1909. 102w4

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, at the Court House 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.

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 town-

ship. and partial account of Honesdale.

tate of Almone E. Wheeler, township. Second and partial account of E.

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. Register's Office. | Register. Register. | Honesdale Dec 22, 1909. | 1021

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OFTHE

WAYNE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK HONESDALE, WAYNE CO., PA.

at the close of business, Nov. 6, 1909.

Checks and cash Items.
Due from Banks and Trust Co's, not reserve agents.
Bills discounted not due, \$334.115 52 ills discounted, time loans with collateral cans on call with col-lateral 44,035 00 104.625 75 Loans on call upon one

Loans on call upon two or

Loans on call upon two or more names. 68,728 Loans secured by bond and mortgage. 21,300 Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz: Stocks, Bonds, etc., 1815,872 21 Mortgages and Judgments of record. 227,379 vi. Office Building and Lot. Other Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures. Overdrafts Miscolianeous Assets. 227,379 77—2,043,251 98 27,000 00 6,000 00 Miscellaneous Assets.

LIABILITIES and taxes paid.

Deposits subject to check \$160,912 81
Time certificates of deposit.

3,238 78 84,143 35 Dosit 3.28 78 Saving Fund Deposit. 2.190.823 16 Cashier's check outst'g 271 29-2.355.246 84 Due to Commonwealth 25,000 00 Due to banks and Trust Cos. not repividends unpaid.....

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 bellef.
(Signed) H. S. SALMON, Cashier, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of Nov. 1998.

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

W B. HOLKES, F. P. KIRBLE, H. J. COPAGE

A CCOUNT E. W. BURNS,

GUARDIAN OF

GUARDIAN OF
Harley E. Ficming, a feeble minded person,
late of Cherry Ridge Township, Wayne Co.,
Pa., deceased.
Notice is bereby given that the first and
final account of the guardian above named
has been filled in the court of Common Pleas
of Wayne county, and will be presented for
confirmation nist, June 17, 1910, and will be
confirmed absolutely on June, 22, 1910, unless
exceptions thereto are previously filed,
MILLAN Deciderate.

Jan. 3, 1916. M. J. HANLAN, Prothonotary.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION,

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION,
ESTATE OF
JOHN KRANTZ.
Late of Honesdale, Fa.
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.

WM. H. KRANTZ,
PHILIP KRANTZ,
JOHN E. KRANTZ,
JOHN E. KRANTZ,
Honesdale, Pa. Dec. 8, 1989.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, ESTATE OF CHARLOTTE S. HAND, late of Honesdale, All persons indebted to said estate are noti-CHARLOTTE S. HAND, late of Honesdale, All persons indebted to said estate are noti-fied to make immediate payment to the un-dersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement. CHARLES S. HAND, HENRY S. HAND, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1999. Executors.

Or W. H. Stone, Honesdale, Pa. 100w6

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 an other business that may be brought before the stockholders.

EDWIN F. TORREY, 4eoi100 Cashier 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 First and final account of G. C. 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 Weldner, being the north-western Henry Wilson, administrator C. T. corner of lot No. 40 in the allotment A. of the estate of Albert Whitmore, of the Tilghman Cherry Ridge tract near the eastern water course of the First and final account of Phoebe Honesdale and Cherry Ridge Turn-J. Wheeler, administratrix of the es- pike Road; thence by said Weldner's land and land formerly of Thomas Callaway, now Valentine Weldner, being also north line of said 10t No. A. Penniman, executor of the last 40 east one hundred and sixty rods to a corner in the public road known as the east Cherry Ridge or Sandercock road; thence along said public road south one hundred and sixty rods to a corner in the north line of land late of Geo. Sandercock deed; thence by said Sandercock land, being the south line of said lot No. 40 west one hundred and sixty rods to a stones, 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, contain-

ing 185 acres and 80 perches. SECOND-Beginning at the south west 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 sixtenths 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 fiftyfour and five-tenths rods to a stones 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. Upon said premises are a frame dwelling and barn, and about thirty

acres of said land is improved. Seized and taken in execution as the property of David Robbins at the suit of W. H. Smith, Executor of Elizabeth A. Smith, assigned to C. J. Smith, trustee. No. 164, October Term, 1907. Judgment, \$3300.

TAKE NOTICE.—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

Kimble, Att'y for Assignee Sheriff's Office, Honordale, M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff