

RICK DENHOLME

Few people could guess why George Oakworth, master of the national school at Craigside, extended the patronage of his friendship to Dick Denholme, drunkard and law-breaker. He was a handsome, pale, intellectual youth of twenty-five years, with a taste for botanizing and geological speculation; while Dick, fifteen years his senior, was a man of no taste whatever, unless the taste for ale be counted—a being whose rough and dissolute aspect spoke with such unblushing frankness of his flagrant knavishness that a little dissimulation might have passed, in him, for a kind of negative virtue.

Yet the relationship which subsisted between them was that of the most intimate comrades. They lived in the same cottage; they spent their Saturdays in long excursions; and it was understood that those who wished to quarrel with the young teacher might also hope to indulge themselves in the hostility of Dick. The opinion was boldly hazarded by some that, if the truth could be told, George Oakworth was no better than he ought to be, because a man is known by the company he keeps. There were others who pointed out that the schoolmaster, out of motives of personal timidity, had merely possessed himself of a stout defender. Not only were both these views mistaken ones, but when the friendship was struck up it was Dick who took the initiative.

Abandoning a hopeful career and the meretricious insincerities of a big city, George Oakworth had sought oblivion and honest dealing in a village community. The first week of his duties at the national school was disturbed by an incident, which, trivial in itself, sufficed to shape for a while his course of life. He had begun with a gentle hand, hoping to interest the boys rather than to govern them; and although some at times had fallen happily asleep, and others, on the back benches, had exhibited a mortifying preference for the furtive game called "noughts and crosses," he had persevered with heroic good temper. But one restless morning the sharp crack of an explosive paper pellet sounded on the wall behind him, and the school burst out laughing. His face flushed, and his practised eye traveled at once to the delinquent, an overgrown and lubberly youth named Puggy Cullingworth, who was accustomed to slaver on his copy-book, and whose father had sent him to school at an age when it was no longer possible to teach him anything.

Puggy sat at the end of a bench, advancing upon him slowly the teacher administered a box on the ear which smote, as the lightning smites, before it was seen, and which set a big bell booming in his head. The school felt that the incident had only commenced and was thrilled with a gleeful expectancy. Puggy had long been admired for his amazing effrontery and unamiable dullness. He could fight any three small boys of the normal school age, and it was well known that old Scaife, who kept the school when he first came to it, did not dare to frown at him. Consequently when the effeminate north was put out of doors and drifted homeward, while a blessed state of receptivity came upon the smaller fry, and his dismal utterances died away grudgingly into the far distance. Nevertheless, when the school assembled the next day, the master noted a certain restlessness among his pupils, the symptom of suppressed anxiety. He got more stupid answers than usual; and on several occasions, at the sound of passing footsteps in the road, all eyes were turned towards the door. In vain he rattled on the desk with his ruler; he only made the little wretches nervous.

At last curiosity got the better of him. "Does any one know," he asked, "why Cullingworth is not at school this morning?" "All hands went up." "Well?" he said, pointing to the youngest volunteer, a dumpy red-headed child with honest big blue eyes.

"Please, teacher, that innocent lipsed; 'cause his father's comin' to slug ye for what ye'd did yest'erd."

"Very well," said the master. "States away now, and get out your history cards." But in spite of his sang froid the feverish apprehensiveness increased; and at last, when a trampling of feet made itself heard on the playground gravel, with the sound of loud voices, the children mounted the forms to look out of the windows.

"Silence!" cried the master, in a sharp metallic voice. "Keep your places!" The door was opened, and as if

pushed into the room by the pressure of those behind him, several people made a trailing step or two forward from the threshold, and paused sheepishly. All but the foremost took off their caps, and he was scowling royally.

"Well, gentlemen," said the schoolmaster, prompt to speak first, "to what may I attribute this intrusion?" Ephraim Cullingworth—who he had recognized by his unmistakable likeness to the absent scapegrace—strode out and answered: "None o' the damned impudence!" he shouted. "Will a talk t' standin' or ligin'?" Mr. Oakworth's behavior was admirable. "One moment, gentlemen, please," he said—his eyes had flashed and then turned grave—"I am placed here in charge of your children, and whatever they may hear elsewhere, I cannot have had language in the school-room. We will discuss this affair outside."

A murmur of approval passed through the crowd. Walking quickly past his antagonist, he stood with the key in his hand while that individual, sulky and irresolute as if he suspected a trick, hesitated before following the rest into



THE RESULT OF THE FIGHT WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

the playground. Then, putting the key in his pocket, he handed his coat to the nearest bystander—who happened to be Dick Denholme—and said briefly, for every one's hearing: "I suppose you know what fair play is in Craigside?" "Come to see it g'en," Dick answered with a grin. The ring was formed, and the stripping offered his hand to his burly adversary. "Keep that for my lad," he said, "an' frame tha [get ready!]" The result of the fight was a complete surprise. Less than five minutes sufficed, amid a scene of unbridled enthusiasm, to demonstrate the master's supremacy. His challenger lay groaning, unable to respond to the call of "Time," and he resumed his coat, breathing hard, but without a scratch. A shrill shout went up within the school house, whose windows were thronged with wide-eyed faces pressed against the glass.

Dick Denholme spoke up like the funny man in a melodrama. "Now, then!" he cried, above the din of voices, "ther's some on ye' calkin' o' what ye'd do. Are ye bahn to get agate? He's here, is t' lad, an' just t' fettle [in 'form]. He will n' keep ye' waitin'—What, ye're back'ard t' comin' forrard? Well, then, he'll feight w' his coat on. Six to one bar one—it's a fair wagger!"

But the victorious dominion out short this flattering stream of banter. "Excuse me," he said stiffly; "I think we have wasted too much time already. Be good enough to clear the playground as soon as your man can get with you." And he went in without further parley, leaving them to struggle away with as much dignity as they could muster.

If he had cared to think of it, George Oakworth might have found in this recounter the means of becoming popular; but as it was, he only made the acquaintance of Dick. That uncomely outlaw was so seized with admiration of his wit as a boxer, that he regularly waylaid him on the road home, and kept him in conversation with queer stories of village life. The sequel the readers know. It should be added, however, that old Mrs. Denholme, who soon afterwards became the teacher's landlady, made him so comfortable, and so plainly looked on him as her "erend-weel's good angel, that he found himself very much at home; and further, that Dick had fewer occasions for over-indulgence in malt liquor than of late, and began to respect himself accordingly.

In one particular only did Dick find the schoolmaster an un congenial friend. He could never bring him to talk sympathetically of affairs of the heart. Yet he made to him a most intimate confession, which, until then, had never passed his lips. "Ye willn' hardly believe it," he said—they were walking one afternoon among the heather of the parish common—"but there's a lass t' Craigside parish 'at' ou'd wed me to-morn if Aw could but keep teetotal. Aye, there is. Aw'm a gauness [stupid] fool, mate, that's what Aw am. Shoo's t' grandest lass f' four parishes, an' Aw do believe shoo's fancies me! But—well, tha knows. Aw g'it droughen w' all my mates but these."

George Oakworth, prone on his back, with his hat tilted over his eyes, listened to this touching avowal in absolute silence. Most people would have divined that, in a man so youthful, this kind of taciturnity indicated a recent disappointment; but Dick, in his innocence, admired it despairingly as a mark of superiority. "Tha thinks Aw'm soft, mebbe," he said, raising himself on his elbow from a similar position of repose. "But tha's niver seen her. Eh, lad! shoo's lika a fine mornin' t' t' springtime. It makes a man's blood dance just to look at her!"

But the teacher's cynicism was not long to be left undisturbed. On a summer evening of the very next week, as he struck into a wotted field-path on his way homeward, he came face to face with a romantic adventure.

Walking with his gaze bent upon the ground, he became conscious of a female figure standing right in his path, and mechanically raised his eyes. For an instant he faltered in his stride; the girl's glance was upon him as if she would speak, and in the whole course of his life he had not beheld so superb a creature.

Her clear beauty of complexion, and the lusty health and strength which confessed itself in every generous line of her queenly figure, were the features which first amazed him. She was clad in a homely print gown, which might have fitted her when it was new, but which she had so outgrown that it seems were bursting on the rounded arms, and it was only held across the ample bosom by a few precarious buttons. Her smooth and lustrous brown hair was auburn where it was touched by the sunlight, and set on the back of her graceful head she wore a huge straw sun-hat, in an advanced stage of dilapidation.

"You mustn't go this way," she said, and advanced her hands as if she would push him back; for he had been about to pass her when she found her tongue. The teacher smiled, and raised his hat with a courteous courtesy. "Why not?" said she, his eyes upon such fresh and salient loveliness. What ripe, sweet lips she had! and how tender was the blue of her lustrous eyes!" "Eh, you mustn't," Mr. Oakworth. They've planned to fettle you yonder. I heard 'em planning it yesternight, when they were drunk, and they're drunk to-day. They'll do it, for sure." And then she became conscious of his too eager gaze and of her own astonishing loveliness, and blushed to the roots of her hair, and looked the picture of modest distress.

"I think I dare face them with you to stand by me," said the carefree rogue. "Are you going that way?" "Me! Nay, I'm going home again, as quick 's my legs'll carry me!" And with a Partisan glance, that seemed to rest upon him a thought longer than it might have done, she tripped away along the path by which she had come. Without the presence of mind to cry "Good-bye!" or "Thank you!" George Oakworth stood very stupidly looking after her, and then—turned back to follow. Once she glanced over her shoulder, perhaps to see if he had heeded her warning; but, whether she suspected his manoeuvre or was merely satisfied, she looked behind no more. Her pace quickened presently into a run, so rapid that, himself walking, he could not keep her in sight; and coming soon afterwards to a place where the road divided, he had to abandon the pursuit.

It was within a month of this adventure that Mrs. Denholme's lodger, in explanation of a sudden change in his habits, volunteered the remark that he thought it bad for his health to sit up reading so late as he had been used to do, because it deprived him of the morning air. Nature, he declared, never looked so beautiful as when the dew was still on the grass and the smell of the cool earth was in the air. And the simple soul, who almost loved him, told him that he looked a vast deal better for early rising already—"parter" was the word she employed. All she wished was that he could persuade "that idle lad" to get up earlier too. Deary me! He lay abed sometimes till nine o'clock, when the best of the day was gone.

Stealing silently down stairs one balmy morning at four o'clock, or thereabouts, Mr. Oakworth discovered the cause of Dick's apparent slothfulness—a couple of hares which he had not noticed overnight lay on the slope; and Dick was out in the yard in his stockings feet, laboriously scraping a coat of fresh soil from his botanized boots. Palpably, he had not yet been in bed. As their eyes met the poet started, but Mr. Oakworth, merely shaking his head, turned and went indoors again. On several occasions he had seen her thin hands lying open on the table.

Coming home one Friday evening, glad that his labors of the past week were over, the innocent lover found his landlady shedding quiet tears as she went about her work. In some strange way he was irritated; but when he had eaten the meal that she spread for him, and had sat a while smoking in the twilight, his heart smote him, for he realized on a sudden that she must then have been sitting for some time in silence and semi-darkness in the little scullery behind the living-room. He arose and looked. There she was indeed, her thin hands lying open on her lap, her jaw fallen, and her dim eyes gazing out of the tiny window upon the last grey streaks of daylight in the western sky. He was shaken by a gruesome apprehension on perceiving her so. She made no sign, and it struck him that she would look like that if she were dead.

"Mother!" he said, in a voice that sounded strange to himself. It was a name he had called her by sometimes, half in jest and half in affection, and now it came involuntarily to his lips. She turned her head, and rose hastily to put away the tea-things. "No, not that," he smiled, holding out his hand. "There's no hurry. But what's the matter to-night, mother?" She tottered back into the kitchen, and fumbled with the lock of a drawer, from a corner of which she took out something. "Reyk me down t' lamp, wilt-a!" she said, "an' Aw'll let tha see."

He took it down from the high mantelshelf; and when she had lighted it, she laid before him on the bleached harden cloth a framed pencil-sketch, yellow with age behind the glass that had been put over it to keep the flies off. It was the portrait of a chubby boy, with his hair combed smoothly down to his eyebrows, and a comical look of speechlessness written on his face. "Aw wor thinkin' o' times goan," she said, "an' they moistered me a bit. Ye'd hardly fancy 'at he wor fiver like that, w'd ye? Aw fancied, when ye com' to see, 'at 'at he gud git staidler like; an' he did mend; but latterly—Aw cannot tell what to think on 't. He used to drink just w' his mates like, as it leeted [happened] they com' together. But there's sum-

mat strange; he's not been out o' liquor for three wiks, an' 'this nooin'—they browt him home, an' he—he didn't know me."

The teacher was alarmed, and profoundly touched. Three weeks drunk, and not to know it! "We must have a doctor for him," he said—and unwittingly added the last straw to the burden of the mother's grief, for in Craigside a doctor is not often called in except in grave cases. A period of delirium followed. George Oakworth undertook the duties of nurse, and sat with his friend for three nights and two days. He found him pitifully changed—unshaven and dirty, yellow-skinned and haggard. He saw him cower, and boggle, and fight desperately, beset by phantoms horrors, and still more monstrous, he saw the abject palsy of mind and body which succeeded to the frenzy. It was his part to oppose an unyielding resistance to the tricks and entreaties by which the miserable sufferer, with

hidden by an envious knoll. And thereupon the owner of those eyes turned aside down the darkness given, and made his way unseen to a dense thicket of holly, where, in the dim depth of it, there was a natural alcove, softly carpeted with dry leaves. And here he waited again, his head in a whirl. A rustle among the branches, and his wood-nymph came peeping. But as he stepped eagerly forward she beat a quick retreat, and stood laughing at him from behind a hazel-bush and shaking her lovely head. He, the rascal, approaching her with a look of tame supplication, made a sudden dash and caught her round the waist to snatch a kiss; but, adroitly, with a moist palm laid upon his mouth, she baulked the proffered embrace; and still laughed upon him over her rosy arm. The tantalizing situation! Her face so near his own that he could perceive the most marvelous now and gleaming beauties in it, her glorious blue eyes looked right into his, and dancing with frank enjoyment of his baffled ardor.

"Oh, Maggie!" he said, with a quick piercing pang, "you promised"—and let her go. "Now then!" quoth Maggie, "you've spilled all my mushrooms!" He began to pick them up, but she would not let him do so much as that for her, and hastened to do it herself, manœuvring all the time against another surprise. "Well?" she asked, when he had finished, and she stood facing him with one hand on her hip. "Is that all? Where's your gathering?" He had to confess that he had forgotten to look for any. Maggie tossed her head. "Oh, Mr. Oakworth!" she said, mimicking his doleful manner exactly, "you promised!" "This rustic goddess, with her liberal manners and her virtue ever on the quiver, put him quite out of countenance. His glance rested upon her with an expression she had not hitherto seen in him—an expression grave and piercing before which her eyes fell and the beat of her heart quickened. How pure and womanly she seemed to him to be, in that moment!

She understood, and did not meet his glance. This open love was of a new complexion. They walked side by side down the glen into the pasture, neither speaking a word. Once or twice her keen, familiar ear detected a crackling in the bedroom door; but roused so imperfectly that he did not at once connect the sound with any cause. But it was broad morning, and starting up in fear of being late at school, he saw that Dick was gone. He bounded downstairs. As he entered the kitchen, Dick was hurriedly closing a drawer where both of them knew that the table knives were kept. George Oakworth strode to him. "You fool!" he said. The poor devil turned to him meekly and moved toward the staircase again. "It'll bide [keep]!" he muttered. "Nonsense, man!" cried the young fellow, sick with dismay. "I shall want you for best man one of these days."

Dick had the piteous gaze of a wounded animal. His eyes wandered. "He doesn't know," he gasped. "Cheer up, old man," urged his nurse and preserver. "What is it I don't know? Tell me." "Say nowt, mate," answered Dick feebly, steadying himself by the wall and avoiding his questioner's eyes, "but it's my lass 'at ye're courtin'."

Mrs. Denholme, coming down stairs an hour later to begin the labors of the little household, found George Oakworth lying on the big sofa, his hands under his head and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. If her sight had been good, she would perhaps have been struck by his excessive pallor; but he bade her good morning pleasantly, almost tenderly, and filled her with joy by announcing confidently that her son was himself again. "I don't think," he said, "he'll drink like that any more."

While she busied herself lighting a fire, he went up to speak to the convalescent Dick, who was sitting on the bedstead, looked up shamefacedly as he entered the room. "Good-bye, old chap," said the teacher, holding out his hand. Dick started to his feet. "Ye—ye cannot do that!" he cried. But the hand was still extended, and the teacher was even smiling. "Aw willn't he ven!" he burst out, hysterically. "Ye're a better man nor me."

So George Oakworth laid hold of the coarse fist that was clenched on his comrade's knee, and grasped it warmly with both hands. "It's you that don't know," he said. "Good-bye, and—God bless you!" A man feels like a coward at such times, and the schoolmaster got out of the house without saying a farewell to Dick's mother. He could write for his boxes when he should need his books again. Again? Would he ever have the courage to begin life a third time? Was it worth while?

He must leave some message for Maggie, to make Dick's happiness sure if he could. What a fool he had been! The first time, that was comprehensible; he had been green, eager, and careless, and the woman had been—well, none of these. But a second time! His cheeks burned and his ears tingled. A country wench had now the laugh upon him; a wench that carried the perfume of hay and of cows about her. How it pierced through him to think of it, and of her smile, so loyal and artless, and full of the promise of sweet things, that he could never look at her more than a moment or so. He found a pencil and a piece of paper, and still shaking, he wrote some formal words of parting: "DEAR MISS CULLINGWORTH—I am going away, for I have no right to see you again. I was never worthy to be your friend; but I assure you I did not know till this morning about Dick. Make him happy. He loves you more than he does his life. Good-bye. There have been no pleasanter times in all my life than those walks and talks with you. Good-bye. For you there are happier times in store; but I hope you will sometimes spare a kind thought of remembrance for one who is for ever—YOUR DEVOTED ADMIRER."

He folded the note, and fixed it with his scarf-pin upon the trunk of an old

tree, by the mouth of their holly-grove. It pleased him a little to think of the scarf-pin as a keepsake. It had been his mother's gift to him, and there was no woman else so worthy to keep it as this rustic maiden for whom his heart was bleeding. He must have been mad to think of her for one instant as false, as like—

He had barely time to hide, warned by the familiar click of a gate, before she came in sight of the spot where he had been standing. He crouched among the bushes, trembling at the thought of being found there; and oh! the dolorous pang that pierced him when a little cry of joy announced that she had seen the note.

In the moments of dizzy throbbing confusion and heart-sickness that followed he was vaguely conscious of hearing a moan and something like a fall; but when he came to himself, starting and beginning to listen intently, he wondered whether it was possible that he could have made those sounds. But, if not—if it was Maggie, and she was lying there! Heavens! did she love him, then? and so much, so strangely? He came out from his hiding-place, and stood, with white face and listless hands, distracted with indecision. He could not leave her so; but to go to her was never to leave her again.

A heavy hand clapped him on the shoulder and shook him much as an electric discharge shakes one. "Dick!" "Of all men in the world the least welcome. His eyes restless with a hidden intent, and his manner betraying a frightful affection of gaiety. "Aye, Dick!" he said, with a short laugh that sounded cynical and fierce. "Dost think Aw didn't know wheer ye do yo'r sweetheartin'?"

The schoolmaster made a gesture of desperation. "For God's sake," he burst out, "don't let's quarrel here. Go and see to that poor girl. I dare not." Dick laughed again as the younger man began to speak; but at the allusion to Maggie, though he could not have understood it, his face grew suddenly grave, and his lips moved queerly. "Nay," he replied, speaking quickly and between gasps, "That's what Aw've comed for. Ye know nowt what ye're doin'. If it be agan her will—an' the goin' away, mate for Craigside—Dan' it, we're mates, lad—we've been like mates, choose how!"

The schoolmaster looked at him, comprehending nothing at all. "Sitha, Aw willn't hev it! Dost hear? Aw tell the Aw cannot thoil'!" He was shouting, and his face was like that of a furious man. There was a rustle in the thicket of holly, and Maggie, a vision of loveliness among the dark leaves, stood gazou upon the two men, very pale and wild-eyed. A moment later, with a tremulous cry of mingled fright and joy, she had thrown herself upon the schoolmaster's breast and was whispering eagerly: "You won't go now! Oh, say you won't go! I should die, I think!"

He clasped her passionately, with a great sob and the blindness of sudden tears. "Tha sees!" blurted Dick, unheeded; "shoo're noan o' my lass! Dunnot stand there like a stuck sheep! Dang tha, tha makes me wild!" And he plunged headlong down the side of the gorge. Dick's matchmaking was discontinued for a while by the unappeasable likeliness of Ephraim Cullingworth, Maggie's turbulent and rascally father. But she came of age a few months later, and one bright morning in the winter they were married quite happily without his consent. The merry-makings at George Oakworth's new home near the schoolhouse were presided over by Dick in his predestined and voluntary capacity of best man. At their height they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the malcontent, who came noisily in without knocking, and waved aside the outraged chairman, who had started up with a choleric look of ferocity.

"It's all right," he said, with a bearing unbecomingly serious which was meant to pass for good humor. "Course it is. Bud tha's gotten a raw ranch for thy wife, George Oakworth. Heen't t' now? By—shoo's t' bonniest f' ten darishes! Well, gie t' hand. Aw wodn't ha' let her goa, but, dang it! tha's ta'en her—an' tha knows how to keep her, Aw judge."

Saying which, he made a show of "sparing," and burst out laughing at himself, and at the joyfulness of their welcome.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity and the cold and lefty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than take away his heart. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love everybody and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love—to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love, love to God, love to man.

In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him. If he is abusive, quit his company; and if he stands your take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you the wisest way is let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with. Lies unheeded will die, fires unfanned will die out, and quarrels neglected become as dull as the now all but extinct volcano.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly it is unquestionably a quarrel.

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My store is full of bargains all the time. Drop in and C.

J. C. BERNER'S MARKET.

Flour, Bonny, No. 1, \$1.85 per bag. Chop and feed, \$1.15 per bag. Ham, 14c per pound. Lard, 12c per pound. Shoulders, 11c per pound. Codfish, 8c per pound. Mackerel, 10c per pound. Haddock, 5c per pound. Bologna, 8c per pound. 3 pounds mixed cakes, 25c. 3 pounds coffee cakes, 25c. 3 pounds ginger cakes, 25c. 4 pounds soda cakes, 25c. Sodas by barrel, 45c per pound. 2 pounds sugar vanilla cakes, 25c. 5 pounds rice, 25c. 4 pounds rice, 25c. 5 pounds barley, 25c. 6 pounds out flake, 25c. 5 pounds currants, 25c. 5 pounds Valencia raisins, 25c. 3 pounds blue calf raisins, 25c. 3 large bags salt, 25c. 6 bars Octagon soap, 25c. 4 pounds Marseilles soap, 25c. 4 pounds olive soap, 25c. Rockwood chocolate, 30c per pound. 5 pounds tea, including A. No. 1, \$1.00. 5 pounds English breakfast tea, A. No. 1, \$1.00. Blankets, white, 70c, 90c, \$1.00, \$1.20, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$9.00. Comforts or quilts, 50c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25 to D. W. \$5.00. All kinds of woolen dress goods, 20c yard; double width, up to \$1.75.

Come in and see our dry goods notions—woolen, cotton and funny articles.

Men's working gloves and Sunday gloves, underwear, etc.

Shoes, boots, slippers, gum boots, rubber shoes, felt boots, split boots, grain boots and booties.

Carpets and oil cloths, rugs, mats, Brussels carpet, ingrain, rag, hemp, etc., I carry the largest line in this town.

FURNITURE! Well, I can't say any more than that I have \$5,000 worth upstairs. Parlor suits, bed room suits and beddings.

Ladies' and children's coats, all at half price, \$10.00 coat for \$5.00; \$8.00 coat for \$4.00, etc.

My store is full of bargains all the time. Drop in and C.

J. C. BERNER.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. MAY 14, 1893.

LEAVE FREELAND. 6:05, 8:40, 10:41 a. m., 12:25, 1:22, 2:27, 3:45, 4:55, 6:08, 7:12, 8:47 p. m. for Drifton, Jedd, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton. 6:05 a. m., 12:25, 3:45, 6:58 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York. 9:25 a. m. for Bethlehem, Easton and Phila. 7:25, 10:56 a. m., 12:16, 4:34 p. m. (via Highland ranch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and H. Junction (via Highland ranch). SUNDAY TRAINS. 11:40 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. for Drifton, Jedd, Lumber Yard and Hazleton. 3:45 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenando, New York and Philadelphia. ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 5:50, 7:07, 7:26, 9:18, 10:56 a. m., 12:16, 1:15, 2:13, 4:34, 6:08 and 8:37 p. m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jedd and Drifton. 7:26, 9:18, 10:56 a. m., 12:16, 4:34, 6:58 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenando (via New Boston Branch). 1:15, 5:58 and 8:37 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk. 9:18 and 10:56 a. m., 1:15, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and Drifton. 9:18, 10:41 a. m., 12:16, 4:34 p. m. (via Highland ranch) from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and H. Junction (via Highland ranch). SUNDAY TRAINS. 11:31 a. m. and 3:31 p. m., from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jedd and Drifton. 11:31 a. m. from Delano, Mahanoy, Philadelphia and Easton. 1:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region. For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

R. H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. Eastern Div. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A. South Bethlehem, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLER RAILROAD.

Time table in effect September 4, 1893. Trains leave Drifton for Jedd, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazle and Hazleton Junction at 9:00, 10:10 a. m., 12:10, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Drifton at 9:00 a. m., 12:10 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 10 a. m., 12:10, 4:00 p. m., daily