

Lost Brooch

Every Thanksgiving day brought the tettibones together under the old home off. It was the great day of the year or them, and nothing could bring keen-c disappointment to young or old than be prevented from celebrating it uneer the old time honored custom, which hery had been brought up to regard unite as much in the light of duty as a leasure.

Aunt Cindy, busy over the concoction of the "punkin" pies for which she was famous throughout all Lilbury "and the region roundabout." was thinking of dead and gone Thanksgivings. As she beat a bowl of eggs into golden froth her thoughts went back to that Thanksgiving day ten years ago when a shadow fell upon her life—a shadow that had never lifted. True, but few eyes saw it nowadays, but it was in her heart yet, and all the sunshine of her quiet, peaceful life could not dispel it.

"I wonder what has become at his was int Cindy, busy over the concoction

and quiet, peaceful life could not disil it.
"I wonder what has become of him?"
ie said to herself as she sifted sugar
ystals into the foaming mass. "Perps he's dead. Who knows? Ten
ars is a long time, and a great many
ings may happen in them."
If a tear or two fell into the bowl, I
not think the pies were any the
orse for them. Perhaps they gave
ma better flavor.

"He" was Robert Grant, and Delivered.

do not think the pies were any the worse for them. Perhaps they gave them a better flavor.

"He" was Robert Grant, and Robert Grant had been her lover long ago. Everybody had said "it was going to be a match" between them, and in this case "everybody" had good reasons for thinking so, for, though no formal engagement had ever existed between them, there had been a tacit understanding of the heart which it is never necessary to put into words to make one's meaning and intention plain. But on that Thanksgiving day ten years ago there had arisen some misunderstanding which had parted them. Just what it was about Lucinda could not tell now as she thought about it. "We were both so foolish, so unreasonable," she had often told herself. "To think of letting two lives be parted by something so insignificant that neither fully understood what it was!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Martha Pettibone, Lucinda's sister-in-law, as she dropped into a comfortable rocking chair in one corner of the kitchen. "I'm glad we've got about done with our work, ain't you, Lucinda? I'm allus real glad to have 'em come here, but one gets so nigh beat out with cookin an fussin that I'm allus glad that it don't happen more'n once a year.

"Why, Cindy," suddenly, "where is



"Martin's folks is here," said Martha, putting her head out of the kitchen. "Tell 'em I'll be in as soon as I've tended to the turkey."

Lucinda went into the sitting room to receive the guests. The air was full of kindly greetings and good wishes as she shook hands with the newcomers. They seemed to have brought the very spirit of Thanksgiving with them.

"Where's Martha?" asked Sister Sarah almost as soon as handshaking was over. "I want to see her about somethin the worst way. In the kitchen? Well, then, I'll go right in. You stay here an see to the children, Cindy, while I'm gone."

"For the lan's sake!" cried Martha as Sarah appeared in the kitchen door. "How do you do, an how's all the folks?"

"Quite well, thanky," responded Sarah with was a see by the see that the seed of the

folks?"
"Quite well, thanky," responded Sarah, with proper politeness, which was Instantly put aside as soon as the door was closed behind her and the two were alone. "Martha Pettibone, I've got some news for you. You can't guess who came to our house las' night?"
"Elder Hogaboom," ventured Martha

gots some news for you. You can't guess who came to our house las' night?"

"Elder Hogaboom," ventured Martha.

"Elder Hogaboom, indeed!" exclaimed Sarah. "I knew you'd get way off! You'd never think of the right person. Twas Robert Grant!"

"For goodness sake!" cried Martha.

"Air you reely in earnest, Sary? It don't seem as if it could be so. Cludy an I was a-talkin about him yesterday an wonderin what had become of him."

"Yes, 'tis so," answered Sarah, "an he's there now. We tried to coax him to come over with us, but he said he didn't know's 'twould be agreeable, but he'd like to the worst way. I jest know he was thinkin of Cindy all the time. Now, I want to know if you have any idea she'd care if he should come. I thought I'd ask you 'fore I said anything to her. Martha, he told John not to put the team out till he knows, an, if it would be agreeable, he's goin right back after Robert."

"I reckon she'd be glad to have him come," said Martha. "Oh, Sary, mebbe it'll all turn out right yet. Who knows? He—he aln't married, is he?"

"No, he ain't, an 4 don't have him," answered Sarah. "He blames himself for what happened. He jest the same as told me so. Call her in an ask her if she's willin he should come."

"Cindy, come in here a minit, won't you?" called Martha, in a flutter of delightful excitement. "Dear me, Sary, I feel's if somethin was goin to happen! Wouldn't it be jest splendid if they should make up?"

"What's wanted?" asked Lucinda. "Cindy," said Martha as solemnly as if about to inform her of somebody's death, "somebody's come back."

Lucinda started, and her cheeks grew yale. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came.

"He's over to Martin's, and Sary wants to know if you'd find any fault with havin him come over to eat 'Thanksgivin dinner with us. It don't 'Thanksgivin dinner with us. It don't

Lucinda started, and her checks grew pale. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came.

"He's over to Martin's, and Sary wants to know if you'd find any fault with havin him come over to eat Thanksgivin dinner with us. It don't seem jest right to let him spend such a day there alone, does it?"

"Why shouldn't he come?" said Lucinda. But it hardly seemed to either of the women as if she spoke to them. Indeed it hardly seemed to her, as she stood there face to face with the fact that after many years her old lover had come back, as if she was not alone with that one thought.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Sarah. "I'll run right out an tell Martin."

Lucinda ran up to her chamber to think it all over alone. As she shut the door she heard the sound of belis, and, looking out, she saw Martin driving swiftly up the hill road on his friendly errand. How the bells rang!

He had come back! He was coming there! She would see him again, would hear his voice and feel his hand clasping hers as in the old days when they met each other after these long years of separation! As in the old days? Perhaps not. There might have been changes of which she knew nothing. But they could at least meet as friends. Suddenly a sense of all the sorrow these vanished years had held seemed to force itself upon her as she had never comprehended it before, and she laid her head down on the window sill and cried. By and by she aroused herself.

"This will not do," she said as she looked at herself in the class. She al-

Junior sang out that "Uncle Mart is comin back, an there is a man with him."

A careful search was made, but the brooch was not to be found.

Thanksgiving day dawned clear and beautiful, as all Thanksgiving day mornings ought, to be in keeping with the thoughts which come, or ought to come, at such a time.

"Now, Cindy, you run right up an git ready to receive the company," said Martha after breakfast. "I'll see to all that needs doin down stairs."

So Lucinda went up to her room and "got ready." The dark wine colored cashimere dress she donned was very becoming to her fair complexion, with soft frills of lace at throat and wrists. "I don't seem to grow old very fast in looks," she thought as she stood before the glass to give the last feminine touches to her toilet. "Thirty-five, Lucinda Pettibone! Do you realize that that means half an ordinary lifetime?" Then she sighed, for a thought came into her mind of what life might have been if— Ah, these "ifs!"

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Then she sighed, for a thought came into her mind of what life might have been if— Lear bells! Hooray!" Then here was a stampede of new boots lown the hall.

terday. I'd give anything if I could find it."

Just at this juncture the pumpkin

ples were brought in.
"These are Cindy's ples," said Martha. "When I've said that, I know
you'll want a pleee."
"Or two pleees, more likely," answered Martin. "Let me see, you used to
like Cindy's ples, Robert. I s'pose you
hain't forgot how they tasted?"
"I don't believe I have," answered
Robert as he took a "pleee" and fell to
enjoying it.
All at once he put his nankin to his

enjoying it.
All at once he put his napkin to his
mouth, and John junior, who was enduring the tortures a boy always experiences when he has to wait, whispered
to his Cousin Tilly that he guessed that
feller'd bit his tongue or something.
"How bright and pleasant it looksoutside!" Robert Grant said to Lucinda
after dinner. "Don't you want to take
a walk?"



THE PAST.

good," she answered and went up stairs after her bonnet and shawl. Her heart was all in a flutter again. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she said to herself. "Thirty-five years old and acting like a gir!"

For some time neither of the two spoke as they went up the hillside road side by side. Both were too busy with thoughts of the past.

Suddenly Robert paused and faced her.

"Lucinda," he said, and his voice was not very steady, "perhaps we can never be to each other what I think both of us hoped years ago, but we can, I trust, be friends. I want to tell you that I have been sorry for what I said to you that day ever since the words were spoken. But I was too stubborn to say so then. Can you, will you, forgive me at this late day?"

"I was as much to blame as you were," she answered. "I would have told you so long ago if you had given me the opportunity to do so. Let us forget it all and be friends and in our friendship make up for the loss if we can."

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"But can we be nothing more to each other?" he cried, his eyes full of eagerness, his face bright with hope. "I love you yet, Lucinda! I have loved you all these years. If you can overlook the past, if you will only let me try to make you as happy in the days to come as we might have been in the days gone by!"

"Are you sure you want me?" she asked, her face quite pale. "I am no longer young, remember. Do not make the worst of all mistakes—mistaking pity for love."

"I shall make no such mistake as that," he said. "Don't be afraid of that, Lucinda," a sudden smile breaking across his face. "You are not the woman to make an offer and then refuse to live up to it."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, looking at him wonderingly. "Don't you remember that you said when we were eating dinner that you would give anything to find your lost brooch? Now, that means, I take it, that whatever the person who finds it and restores it to you asks for you are bound to give him. I have found it. Here it is, Lucinda. What I ask as a reward is—yourself. You will keep your word and give me what I ask, I hope. Will you, dear, or won't you? "Your logic is not to be contended against," she answered, with a little laugh that somehow had a quiver in it. "I suppose you want me, Robert. If you need me and insist on having me, why, take me."

"He put his arms about her and kissed her.

"May nothing come between us

THE HARCUR TRIAL

of Our Brilliant Attorneys.

The acquittal of Thomas Harcur, who was tried last week at Pottsville for the murder of Ralph Mills at Oneida during the strike, has made a record for our townsman, D. J. McCarthy, Est, in Schuylkill county. With few exceptions, his masterly defense of the accused is commented upon by all the newspapers of that section. In its report of the Mahanow City American

the trial the Mananoy City American says:

"The case was stubbornly contested by Coxe Bros. & Co., who had engaged what was supposed to be the best legal talent in the county. But a new man whose mind is stored with legal lore, whose brain is active and brilliant, whose tongue is persuasively eloquent or writhingly sarcastic to a degree, had come to the front like a rocket and scattered to the winds the imaginary prowess of more than one Schuylkill county attorney.

"His name is Daniel J. McCarthy, Esq., of Freeland, formerly a miner residing in Mahanoy City. To McCarthy's ingenuity and eloquence is due principally the verdict rendered in favor of Harcur.

"In his speech to the jury McCarthy scored corporation lawyers, and their methods, paying particular attention to John F. Whalen, whom he roasted in a most frightful manner. His address was, in part, as follows. He said:

"Thomas Harcur, the defendant, may stand up and face the people proudly. He has a character to be proud of, and the commonwealth, with all the criminal machinery of Pennsylvania, with all the millions of corporations at its back, dare not assail it. We resort to no tricks in defending this man. The witnesses of his character were placed on the stand first and every chance was given to refute the evidence, but it could not be done."

"He said the defendant is 37 years old, and across the sea, 4,000 miles away, an old grandfather awaits anxiously to know whether a loved grandson shall be deemed guilty of capital crime. His parents are dead, and fifteen years ago Tom Harcur, one of the great mass oppressed by the aristocracy and monarchial institutions, imbued with the love of liberty found in every man, and seeking the rights of man, came to America. The fact that Harcur belongs to a labor union was referred to and the speaker said Chief Justice Paxson has said workmen have that right, along with the privilege of working or not working for whom they please.

"He said no disturbance occurred at Onelda from the beginning of the strike, September

longs to Coxe Bros. & Co. Continuing, Attorney McCarthy said:

"And who is Elliott A. Oberrender, the prosecutor? There is not a drop of Ralph Mills' blood in his veins. Who is he? He is a representative of Coxe Bros. Why didn't the county officials prosecute? Why does the district attorney sit silent on his chair? Why have they got the Demosthenes, the Socrates and all the Tees here to push this case? prosecute? Why does the district attorney sit silent on his chair? Why have they got the Demosthenes, the Socrates and all the Tees here to push this case? The ablest lawyers at the bar? And what are the corporations after? Why, the life of this poor Hungarian? Did you ever see such greed after blood? There's danger ahead! Look out, there's danger ahead!

DAN DOWNS WHALEN

editorial column the America

In its editorial column the American has the following:
"Dan McCarthy, the new luminary in the legal firmament, made John Whalen, the egotistical Pottsville lawyer, drop a peg or two in his own estimation during the trial of Harcur, on trial at Pottsville for a murder committed at Oneida. McCarthy scored Whalen unmercifully, making the latter understand that he was a frail thing when up against a brainier and more forceful character. McCarthy gave evidence that he will make the future bring fortune and fame to him."

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LEAVE FIREELAND.

12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk,
Allentown, Bethiehem, Easton, Phila7 40 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven,
Wilkes-Barre, Pittson and Scranton.

18 a m for Sandy Run, Whate Haven,
Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethiehem,
Sandon Chunk, Allentown, Bethiehem,
Sandon Chunk, Allentown, Bethiehem,
Sandon, Philadelphia and New York.

3 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoub, Ak. Carmel, Shamokin and
Li 14 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven,
Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points
UN cest, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Al.

2 West, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Al.

andoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin,
ARRIVB AT FREELAND,
7 40 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashiand, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and
Hazieton.
Hazieton, Hazieton, Germandelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weathhem, Hazieton, Mahanoy City, Shenandeah, Mt. Carmei and Shamokin.
9 30 a m from Scranton, Wikes-Barre and

12 14 p. m. room and the control of the control of