Christmas Will Soon be Here.

To buy or not to buy is a question easily settled when you call at our store and examine our Holiday Goods. At times, we admit, it is a puzzler to know what to buy for Christmas, but we are willing to help you. Something to wear is always acceptable, and being acquainted with the wants of fathers, brothers and sons, we can naturally aid you in the choice of a present.

Clothing for Men, Young Men and the Little Fellows.

Overcoats, Dress and Business Suits Fancy Vests Smoking Jackets, Horse Coats and Bath Robes. These are not to be classed with the ordinary ready-made, yet the price is just as low.

Keys and Lockwood Neckwear.

50 cents and $1.00; cheaper ones 25c. Mufflers, 50c to $3.00 Dress Suits Protectors, $1.00 to $2.50.

Other Offerings.

Manhattan shirts, known as the best, and the best known, $1.50. and $2.00.
Prince y Monarch and other good brands, 50c and $1.00.
The newest in Fancy Hosiery; aside from the plain colors, silk, lisle merino wool and cotton. Underwear, $1.00 to $8.00. Dress Suit Cases $2.00 to $6.00. Handkerchiefs, cotton, linen and silk.
Our large and varied assortment will be shown you with pleasure, and we believe you will not find it a hard task to make the selection here.

SCHAUL & ROOSA,
260 Main St. Hornellsville

TERSE GREENWOOD NEWS.

Two friends buried within one week—Carring potatoes—Goes to South Africa.

Milder

Winter has let up for a new bold.

Potatoes moving again.

Emmet Seeley and wife of Ohio are visiting relatives in town. On Saturday they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace.

W. O. Slocum and wife and T. E. Mallory were in Hornellsville Thursday.

Mrs. Fred Paine of Andover is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Reynolds.

Arthur Marlatt of Troupsburg is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Densil Freeland.

Wesley White has been helping his brother Fred in the blacksmith shop during the illness of Burt Whiteman.

Hiram Paul of Woodhull was a caller in Greenwood Wednesday.

Frank Barber and John Kernan of Jasper were in this city Wednesday.

B. S. Allen of Canisteo called in Greenwood Wednesday.

John Gallagher of Hornellsville made a business trip to this place last week.

M. E. Slade of Little Genesee was in this city Wednesday.

Arthur Hathaway of Hornellsville was in town Thursday.

Leon Beagle of Whitesville called at this place Saturday.

Dudley and Luie Ersley were at Bath Friday and returned Saturday, called there by the serious illness of their nephew, Ersley Van Vleet.

Mrs John Guyon is somewhat better of her severe sickness. She displays wonderful courage in keeping about.

H. Bassett of Whitesville was a caller in Greenwood Monday.

P. G. Fox of Addison was a caller in Greenwood Wednesday.

C. Fenton of Elkland visited Greenwood Thursday.

Wm. Harkenrider of Rexville was on our streets Monday.

George Smith and George Brundage went to Shingle House Monday, where they recently purchased lots.

Mrs. E. E. Cole and son, Robert E., arrived at Greenwood Saturday afternoon. Richard is himself again

Mrs Fay Stephens is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ella Wescott, at Andover.

Mrs. L. A. Shelley is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Egan, at Canisteo.

Andrew Chapman is moving in his house on Christian street, recently vacated by Allie Pease.

George Phillips is bell boy in the Page House in Hornellsville.

Mrs. George Dennis and daughter Ora were in this village Saturday.

Miss Anna Carter of Howard visited her parents Thursday and Friday of last week.

Charles Barnard of Hornellsville, formerly of West Jasper, was buried at the West Jasper cemetery on Thursday of last week, aged 21 years. Deceased was an intimate friend of Ayers Gurnsey, and sent for him during his illness. Both were buried within one week.

Reuben Covert was in Troupsburg, West Union and Independence Monday.

Hartlette York and Leroy Farnham went to Shingle House Monday.

George Lewis, wife and daughter of West Union and Frank Nye, wife and children were guests of S. O. Brown Sunday.

Glenn Freeland is sick.

A H. Deck and A. B. Kinney of Jasper were in town Monday.

B. S. Kennedy of Minneapolis, Minn., was in this city Monday.

George Young of Michigan was entertained by S. O. Brown Thursday.

Charles Carter of Hornellsville was a caller in Greenwood Saturday.

D. J. McCaragher and Deo Stewart of Hornellsville visited Greenwood Monday. Dan is always welcome in Greenwood.

Geo. W. Wescott, Poormaster of Andover, was the guest of his grandaughter, Mrs. Fay Stephens, Monday.

Burt Whiteman went Monday to Jasper, called there by the death of Ayers Gurnsey.

Norman Reynolds returned Saturday evening from a week's visit at Troupsburg.

John Scherrette and wife of Webster, N. Y., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Parshall.

Mett Williamson was loading potatoes Monday of this week. It is difficult to procure cars.

Luie Earsley is down with a lame back.

John Young has moved into his new office on Railroad avenue.

Gordon Pease and wife of West Greenwood and Randall Pease and wife of Andover were visiting relatives in town Saturday.

Miss Beula Howard of Hornellsville was the guest of her sister, Miss Mabelle Howard, over Sunday.

Miss Rhoda Young is working at the Johnson House.

Misses Mary Woodward and Genevieve Davis were entertained by Mrs. Dr. A. P. Vaughn at Rexville Saturday and Sunday.

John Taggart and wife of Young Hickory were callers in Greenwood Thursday.

Richard Day of Wileyville was the guest of Jesse Webster Saturday.

Frank McGraw of Mills, Pa., made his old neighbors a visit Friday.

Arthur Ruger was in Hornellsville Monday.

Ross Penn's of Jasper expects to go to South Africa in charge of horses for the British government the coming season.

There was a representative of a new mutual benefit and insurance society in town last week, and quite a number joined the order.

The days will soon be growing longer and colder.

TO CURE A COLDIN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablet All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

Time to Buy

Christ nas presents is here. We know you're going to buy some We've got lots of goods that's suitable and want you to help us unload them. We will give you more and better goods for your money than any other store in this country. Sounds like "blowing," but it's the kind of blowing we all want to hear, and it's just what you want to know, the place where the dollar goes the farthest. We've new Cloaks, Suits, Furs and Waists made especially for the Holiday business. All of these goods are up to the standard of excellence which characterizes all goods sold by us. Our great buying facilities chables us to sell the best kinds of garments cheaper than most stores sell inferior goods. Special importations of Kid Gloves and Handkerchiefs. Umbrellas with the choicest of handles. Fine Sterling Silver novelties. Fancy work of every kind. Pillow tops by the hundreds. Battenburg and Mexican drawn work which are all hand made, and are priced so low that you'll be astonished. We sell goods that other stores don't keep. Come in and see them and get acquainted. We want to know you.

ERLICH BROS.,
Hornellsville, N.Y.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlains Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. One application gives relief. For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and by N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

Death of an Estimable Young Man.

Ayers Gurnsey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Gurnsey, died at the home of his parents in West Jasper on Saturday, Dec. 7th. Deceased was taken sick the Saturday before, complaining of pain in his back which seemed to finally locate in his shoulder and arm, developing in blood poisoning. Mr. Gurnsey was a young man who was universally respected by all who knew him, and his sudden death was a shock to the entire community. He leaves a father, mother and sister and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his untimely death. The funeral services were held at the residence Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

A Card of Thanks.

W. W. Johnson, the husband of Elizabeth Johnson, deceased, and Vern Johnson, her son, desire to express their thanks to the neighbors and friends who assisted them during the illness of Mrs. Johnson.

Says He Was Tortured.

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Tex., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and by N. E. Coston, Greenwood. 25c.

Detained by Sickness.

Rev. and Mrs. Adams of this place are detained at Manlius by the serious illness of Mrs. Adams at that place. There were no services at the M. E. church Sunday, on account of the absence of Mr. Adams. It is reported that Mrs. Adams is suffering with pneumonia. Her speedy recovery is earnestly hoped for.

Among the tens of thousands who have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for colds and la grippe during the past few years, to our knowledge, not a single case has resulted in pneumonia. Thos. Whitfield & Co, 240 Wabash avenue, Chicago, one of the most prominent retail druggists in that city, in speaking of this says: "We recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe in many cases, as it not only gives prompt and complete recovery, but also contravenes any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia." For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and by N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

PARTIAL TO THE JAPANESE.

CHINESE LABOR THE GREAT EVIL

Committees and Delegates Divided on Question of Admitting Other Mongolians—Ticket Scalping Debate Was Lively and Those In Favor of It Won.

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 11.—The exclusion of Chinamen, Japanese and other Asiatics from American territory, ticket scalping, legislation and advisability of adopting a universal label for union made goods, were the principal questions that claimed the attention of the delegates at yesterday's two sessions of the American Federation of Labor. The resolution advocating the exclusion of the Chinese were adopted by the convention with considerable hurrah, but in the matter of excluding natives of Japan and other Asiatic lands a snag was struck and this part of the anti-Mongolian agitation was killed so far as the present convention is concerned. The special committee having charge of the exclusion matter was unanimous in favor of favorably reporting the Chinese section of the resolution but was divided in regard to the Japanese. The Pacific coast delegates led the discussion on Chinese exclusion, but were divided when it came to excluding other Orientals.

The burden of the remarks of those opposed to the Japanese resolution was that Chinese immigration was the greater evil of the two and that to insist upon some restrictive law to prevent a Japanese invasion may endanger the passage by congress of the Chinese act.

The ticket-scalping debate was quite a lively affair. The delegates representing the railway telegraphers opened the fight against the resolution, making the point that such action was beyond the jurisdiction of the Federation. The "Typos" were helped along in their arguments for the adoption of the resolution by several socialistic members of the convention. When the viva voce vote was taken those in favor of permitting ticket-scalping won by an overwhelming majority.

The agitation for a universal label, which has been carried on for a long time, was again defeated. Those who favored the idea fought valiantly but the delegates had made up their minds on the question and crushed the proposition when it came to a vote.

The convention disposed of much routine business during the course of the day. The important question of trade autonomy will be sent to a special committee which will be announced later.

SAUNDERS WEEKLY NEWS.

A whole lot of interesting personals from our Correspondent.

(Too late for last week.)

John Williamson of Greenwood is working for Joshua Saunders.

Ralph Sweet of Brookfield and Miss Williamson visited the latter's parents at Greenwood Sunday.

L. J. Failing's sons and daughters all came home for Thanksgiving.

Grant Brownell and family of Whitesville were guests of D. D. Smith over Sunday.

Rev. Bunnell of South Canisteo held quarterly meeting here Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Mazie Hall is home from her visit in Elmira.

Joshua Saunders was in Canisteo on business Monday.

Charles Sluyter is home from his work at Shingle House.

Miss Nellie Cornell of Troupsburg was home over Sunday.

TWIN TROUBLES.

They are Often Together These Days. They Work Havoc all Over the Country and in New York.

Weak, nervous, the digestion out of order—that is what ails a host of people. It comes about in this way: First from over-work or other causes, the nerves are burdened beyond endurance, nerve waste is not replaced, nerve force is weakened, then the stomach loses its nerve controlling power and indigestion follows with failing strength. When first Dr. A W. Chase's Nerve Pills came to New York, people could hardly be convinced that this great medicine would remove these troubles. Now it is an accepted fact because of their cure of very stubborn cases no other medicine would influence. H W. Ogden, of Second street, South Geneseo, N. Y., says: "We have used in our home as a remedy for nervousness, debility and general inability to get good sleep at nights, Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills and with the best of success. We procured a box some time ago and think so well of them we are glad to recommend them to others as a good nerve tonic and a stomach tonic of good value as we."

Dr. A W Chase's Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. a box by dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., are on every package.

For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Druggists, Andover.

Xmas Slippers.

We are told that our display of Men's, Women's, Boys and Girls' Slippers exceeds many of the large city stores. It is a fact however that this year we have a MAMMOTH stock of Christmas Slippers, and this large purchase means

BARGAINS.

NOTE CHRISTMAS CUT PRICES.

Men's Embroidered slips	50c
" Alligator slips	50c
" Alligator black or tan	85c
" Vici Kid " "	$1.00
" " " Hamlets	$1.25
" " " Romeos	$1.50
Ladies' Fur Trimmed Felt Slips	50c
" Black or Red Fur Trimmed Juliette	85c
" Lil Tip Felt Juliette	$1.00
Children's Felt Slippers	25 and 50c

SHARP'S SHOE STORE,
Sign Big Shoe. Largest in Western N. Y.
143 Main St.
HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

YOUNG HICKORY BUDGET.

Wood bee—Sold his tobacco—A mistake Corrected.

The wood bee for Mrs. Lyon on Thursday last was well attended, cutting some fifteen or twenty cords of wood.

Alvin Potter has gone to Greenwood to work for E. G. Hall in the harness shop.

Mormon Elders are again in our village, stopping at T. J. Aubel's.

T. J. Aubel has sold his tobacco for ten and four cents per pound.

R. J. Colegrove and M. Keegan pressed their hay the past week.

J. O. Potter sold his hay to F. P. Failing of Rexville, and expects to deliver the same soon.

J. D. Hardy is cutting wood for Osmer Hall with his wood machine.

A. A. Johnson and wife of West Bingham, Pa., was visiting at F. H. Day's and J. O. Potter's Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

We wish to correct a local in last week's issue, stating that Miss Bessie Potter was visiting at E. G. Hall's, as it was Miss Addie Hall instead of Miss Bessie Potter.

E. G. Hall and wife made a flying trip to this place on Wednesday evening last.

A NEW AND LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Dolls, Games, Books and Fancy Chinaware

Children's furs, per set	80 cents, $1
Boas	$1, $2.25, $4
Collarette	$5, 5.39
Ladies' golf gloves	35 and 45 cents
Chatelaine bags	49 cents
Infants' sacques	39 and 45 cents
Outing flannels, per yard	5, 7, 8, 9, 10 cents
Curtain mulls	10, 12, 15 cents
Scrim	5, 8 cents
Curtain calicoes	7 and 15 cents
Dresser covers	89 cents, $1
Stand covers	75 cents
Doilies, lace	13, 15, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50 cts
Doilies, linen, stamped	5, 10, 15, 25 cts
Doilies' stamped	1, 3, 5, 7, 9 cents
Cords, per yard	7 cents

Allen's DEPARTMENT STORES ESTB 1890.
18 Canisteo St., Hornellsville, N. Y.
OPEN EVENINGS.

E W Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Correspondence from various towns will be found on other pages.

WILLIAM McKINLEY,
HIS LIFE AND WORK,
BY
GEN. CHARLES H. GROSVENOR,

President's life-long Friend, Comrade in war and Colleague in Congress. Was near his side with other great men when his eyes were closed in death. Followed the bier to the National Capitol and to Canton. The General requires a share of the proceeds of his book to be devoted to a McKinley Monument Fund. Thus every subscriber becomes a contributor to this fund. Millions of copies will be sold. Everybody will buy it. Orders for the asking. Nobody will refuse. Elegant Photogravure Portrait of President McKinley's last picture taken at the White House. You can easily and quickly clear $1,000 taking orders. Order outfit quick. Chance to prove success; secure early contract and become Manager. Send 12 2-cent stamps for elegant prospectus. Taking 10 to 50 orders daily. 50,000 copies will be sold in this vicinity.

Address,
THE CONTINENTAL ASSEMBLY,
Corcoran Building, Opp. U. S. Treasury, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS WANTED

Students, Teachers, Clergymen, and Bright, Intelligent Men and Women of Affairs, in Every Town and City.

CHAUTAUQUA wants a bright, intelligent man or woman in every town to act as its agent this fall and winter in dispensing Chautauqua literature, organizing literary clubs, and encouraging the Chautauqua Correspondence Home Reading and study. All one's time, or only spare time, may be devoted to the work, and Chautauqua willpay liberally for this service. Prizes will also be offered for successful work. Address for full information, Chautauqua Office, Bureau of Extension (Dept. Z.) Cleveland, Ohio.

When you remember that Chautauqua is now twenty-seven years old, that it has grown into every State of the Union, that it has enrolled more than a quarter of a million members, that it is leading in successful operation a great variety of courses of home reading that it conducts the largest and most complete summer school in the world, and that eighty Chautauqua Summer Assemblies were held this year in thirty different States, attracting over half a million people—you get some idea of its strength, its scope and its influence.

Chautauqua Assembly,
Bureau of Extension,
DEPT. Z.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ERIE RAILROAD

Tickets to all points West.

Solid trains between
NEW YORK and CHICAGO.
Pullman Cars to New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati

WEST

No. 5, daily. Solid Vestibule train Olean, Salamanca, Jamestown, Cleveland, Cincinnati Chicago. Meals in dining car. Stops at Wellsville at 12 46 a. m.
9 05 a. m. No. 3, daily, stopping at all principal points to Salamanca. Pullman cars to Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago, connecting for Bradford.
12 03 p. m. No. 29, daily accommodation for Dunkirk, connecting at Carrollton for Bradford.
6 23 p. m. No. 1, daily accomodation for Salamanca.

EAST.

9 25 a. m. No 6, daily accommodation for Hornellsville.
No. 8, daily solid Vestibule train, for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, New York and Boston, connection for Philadelphia and Washington, also connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions. Stops at Wellsville at 10 11 a. m.
1 26 p. m. No. 14, daily for Hornellsville, Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghamton and New York.
4 44 p. m. No 18, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville, connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions.
7 18 p. m. No. 12, daily for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, Boston and New York, through Pullman sleepers.
No. 16, daily. New York special stopping at Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, arrive at New York 9 00 a. m. Pullman Vestibule sleepers. Stops at Wellsville 9 59 p. m.
Further information may be obtained from Erie agents or from
H. D. KNOX, Gen. Ag't P. D., 369 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.
D. W. COOKE, Gen. Pass'r Agt., New York City.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.
Central N. Y. & Western Division,
TIME TABLE.
Takes effect Nov. 4, 1901.

NORTH

Angelica Accommodation, leaves Hornellsville at 8.50 a. m., arriving at Angelica at 12.10 p. m.
Angelica Express, leaves Hornellsville at 6.30 p. m., arriving at Canaseraga at 6.45, Angelica, at 7.55.
New York Express via Wayland, leaves Hornellsville at 6.00 p. m., arriving at Wayland at 7.15 p. m.
Buffalo and Wayland Accommodation, leaves Hornellsville at 1.00 p. m., arriving at Wayland at 2.20.
New York and Buffalo Express via Wayland, leaves Hornellsville at 9.35 a. m., arriving at Wayland at 10.30.

SOUTH

New York Express, leaves Wayland at 7.00 a. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 7.55.
New York and Buffalo Express, leaves Wayland at 11.00 a. m. arriving at Hornellsville at 11.90 a. m.
Bath and Wayland Accommodation, leaves Wayland at 3.30 p. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 4.50.
Accommodation, leaves Angelica at 8.00 p. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 8.15.
Express, leaves Angelica at 9 a. m., arriving at Canaseraga at 8.40, Hornellsville at 9.35.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
CHAS. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Lord Kitchener "regrets to report" that he will not eat his Christmas dinner in London.

Women love a clear, healthy complexion. Pure blood makes it. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood.

The names of the gentlemen who have told President Roosevelt what President McKinley promised them would make a large sized volume.

"Neglected colds make fat graveyards." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup helps men and women to a happy, vigorous old age.

Our esteemed contemporary, The Congressional Record, has resumed publication after a suspension of several months.

Eczema, scald head, hives, itchiness of the skin of any sort instantly relieved, permanently cured. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

One of the curious and admirable things about Santos-Dumont's dirigible balloon is that no one is trying to sell stock in it.

A cold, cough or la grippe can be "nipped in the bud" with a dose or two of Foley's Honey Tar. Beware of substitutes. L. A. Burrows.

The commanders of the Iowa and the Machias seemed to have got along very well without the aid or a board of strategy.

Bodily pain loses its terror if you've a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house. Instant relief in cases of burns, cuts, sprains, accidents of any sort.

A Kentuckian has demonstrated his ability to give lessons in closing gambling houses to the reformers. He closed one in Lexington by winning from it a roll of $8,000.

To Stop a Cold.

After exposure or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails to stop a cold if taken in time. L. A. Burrows.

Many New York people have declared in favor of a "sensible Sunday law" for the metropolis. The principal difficulty seems to be the ascertainment of what constitutes a sensible Sunday law.

C. W. Lynch, Winchester, Ind., writes: "I owe the life of my boy to Foley's Honey and Tar. He had membranous croup, and the first dose gave him relief. We continued its use and it soon brought him out of danger." L. A. Burrows.

A new play by the author of "Zaza" is to be put on the American stage—provided the police don't interfere.

Like Davy Crockett's coon, the sultan came down when he discovered that the French fleet was loaded.

J. W. Hryan of Lowder, Ill., writes: "My little boy was very low with pneumonia. Unknown to the doctor we gave him Foley's Honey and Tar. The result was magical and puzzled the doctor, as it immediately stopped the racking cough and he quickly recovered." L. A. Burrows.

When a Boer general transmits a report, he seldom takes time to attach any regrets.

Satisfied People

are the best advertisers for Foley's Honey and Tar and all who use it agree that it is a splendid remedy for coughs colds or sore lungs. L. A. Burrows.

It seems to be quite generally conceded that Mr. Lawson of Boston has better luck with horses than yachts.

A Woman's Awful Peril.

"There is only one chance to save your life and that is thru an operation" were the startling words heard by Mrs. I. B. Hunt of Lime Ridge, Wis., from her doctor after he had vainly tried to cure her of a frightful case of stomach trouble and yellow jaundice. Gall stones had formed and she constantly grew worse. Then she began to use Electric Bitters which wholly cured her. It's a wonderful stomach, liver and kidney remedy. Cures dyspepsia, loss of appetite. Try it. Only 50 cts. Guaranteed. For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

Copyright, 1900, by Sir Walter Besant

CHAPTER I.

THE HEIRESS AND THE POET.

THE happiest day of my life up to that time, because I should be the basest and the most ungrateful of men were I not to confess that I have since enjoyed many days far excelling in happiness that day, was the 20th day of June in the year grace 1747.

For on that day, being my nineteenth birthday, I was promoted, though so young, to be mate or chief officer on board my ship, the Lady of Lynn, Captain Jaggard, then engaged in the Lisbon trade.

I will tell you presently how I was so fortunate as to be apprenticed to so fine a craft as the Lady of Lynn. Just now it is enough to set down that she was the finest vessel in the little fleet of ships belonging to my young mistress, Molly Miller, ward of Captain Crowle. There were eight ships, all her own—the Lady of Lynn, the ship which I [illegible] my [illegible] English, Jolly [illegible] my [illegible] the Lovely [illegible] the Beauty of Lynn, [illegible] Glory of Lynn and the Honor of Lynn—all of which you may take if you like as named after their owner. Molly owned them all.

I have to tell you in this place why one day in especial must ever be remembered by me as the most surprising and the happiest that I had ever known.

I was standing on the quarter deck on duty when the boy came up the companion, saying that the captain wanted to speak to me. So I followed, little thinking of what he had to say, expecting no more than some question about log or cargo, such as the skipper is always putting to his officers.

In the captain's cabin, however, I found sitting at the table not only Captain Jaggard himself, but my old friend patron, Captain Crowle. His jolly face was full of satisfaction and good humor, so that it gave one pleasure only to look at him. But he sat upright and assumed the air of dignity which spoke of the quarter deck. A man who has walked that part of the ship in command doth never lose the look of authority.

"John Pentecrosse," he began, "I have sent for you in order to inform you that on the recommendation of Captain Jaggard here"—Captain Jaggard gravely inclined his head in acquiescence—"and with the consent of Miss Molly Miller, sole proprietor of this good ship, the Lady of Lynn, I have promoted you to the rank of chief officer."

"Sir!" I cried, overwhelmed, for indeed I had no reason to expect this promotion for another two or three years. "What can I say?"

"We don't want you to say anything, Jack, my lad." The captain came down from the quarter deck and became my old friend again. "Give me your hand. You're young, but there's never a better sailor afloat, is there, Captain Jaggard?"

"None, Captain Crowle; none for his years."

"For his years naturally. He's salt through and through, isn't he, Captain Jaggard?"

"And through, Captain Crowle." My skipper was a man of grave aspect and few words.

"Well, then, let us drink the lad's health." And upon that the cabin boy, who needed no further order, dived into the locker, produced a bottle, opened it and placed three glasses.

"No better Lisbon," said Captain Jaggard, pouring it out. "Goes even down the table of the king. God bless him!"

"Now, gentlemen"—Captain Crowle pushed a glass to me—"first a glass to Miss Molly, my little maid, Jack. Have been her playfellow, and you're now her servant."

"I could ask nothing better, sir."

"I know—a good and zealous servant Drink it off, a full glass, running over, to Molly Miller."

We obeyed, nothing loath.

"And now, Captain Jaggard, here's the health of your new mate, long to serve under you, your right hand, your eyes open when you are off the deck, your sailing master, the keeper of your log. Jack Pentecrosse, I drink to your good luck."

That was the event which made this day the happiest in my life. Another event of which I thought little at the time was more important still in the after consequences. This was the humiliation of Samuel Semple.

In the evening as soon as I could get ashore I repaired, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to my young mistress. She was sitting in the summer house with some needlework. Beside her sat her good old black woman, Nigra.

"Jack!" She dropped her work and jumped up to meet me. "I thought you would come this evening. Oh, are you pleased?"

"You knew I should come, Molly. Why, have I not to thank you for my promotion?"

She gave me her hand with her sweet frankness and her smiling face.

"I would make you captain, Jack, but my guardian will not hear of it. All in good time, though. I am only waiting. I am proud of you, Jack, because everybody speaks so well of you. I met your father this morning and gave him the good news to rejoice his good old heart. He was too proud to confess his joy. But we know him, don't we, Jack? Well, I confess I shall not be happy till you are Captain Pentecrosse, with a share in every cargo."

"Nay, Molly, the ship is yours, and I am but your servant, though a proud and joyful servant."

We sat and talked, while Nigra sat with her work, dozing, as her mistress, whom she adored from the time as a dog keeps watch upon his master.

At this time my mistress was 16, a time when many girls are already married. But she was still a child, or a young girl at heart, being one of those who, like a fine Orleans plum, ripen slowly and are all the better for the time they take. In person, if I may speak of what should be sacred, she was finely made, somewhat taller than the average, her hair of that fair color which is the chief glory of the English maiden. If a Lisbon girl could show that fair hair, with those blue eyes and that soft cheek touched with ruddy hue and the velvet bloom of the September peach, she would draw after her the whole town, with the king and his court and even the grand inquisitor and his accursed crew of torturers.

She was of a truly affectionate disposition, her mind being as lovely as her face. In manners she was easy and compliant, in discourse sometimes grave and sometimes merry. As for her great possessions, she was so simple in her tastes and habits, being in all respects like the daughter of a plain merchantman's skipper, that she understood little or nothing of what these possessions meant or what they might bestow upon her.

No one, however, must believe that there was any thought or discourse concerning love between us. I had been her companion and playfellow. I knew her very mind and could tell at any time of what she was thinking. Sometimes her thoughts were of high and serious things. Mostly they were of things simple, such as the prospects of the last brew or the success of the latest cordial. Of suitors she had none, although she was now, as I said, 16 years of age. There were no suitors. I very well know why, because, perhaps for friendly reasons, Captain Crowle had told me something of his ambition for his ward. She was too rich and too good for the young men of Lynn. What would any of them do with such an heiress? She was too rich and too good even for the gentlefolk of the county, a hearty, rough, good natured people who hunted and shot and feasted and drank. What would they do with an heiress of wealth beyond their highest hopes had they any knowledge of her wealth? But I believe that they had none. No one knew how rich she was except the captain. The girl was intended by her guardian for some great man. He knew not as yet how he should find this great man, but he knew that there were very few, even of the noble lords in the house of peers, whose fortune or whose income would compare with that of his ward—his little maid. And I knew this ambition, knew also that I was trusted not to betray confidence nor to disturb the girl's mind by any talk of love. Now, the mind of a young maid plously disposed is like the surface of a calm sea, which looks up to the sky and reflects the blue of heaven, undisturbed till Dan Cupid comes along and agitates the calm with the reflection of some shepherd swain and ripples the surface with new thoughts which are allowed by heaven, but belong not to any of its many mansions.

Therefore we talked of everything except love.

The sun went down as we sat talking. The sun went down, and the soft twilight of June, the month which most I love because there is no darkness and a man on watch can discern ahead breakers and ships as well as the vast circle of the rolling sea. And then Nigra gathered her work together and arose.

"Come to supper, honey," she said.

"Come, Massa Jack," and she led the way.

Supper over, the captain, instead of turning round his chair to the fireplace, filling his pipe and calling for another glass of October, as we expected, pushed back his chair and rose with dignity.

"Jennifer," he addressed Molly's mother, "the persuader."

Jennifer was her Christian name. She got up and drew from the corner by the cupboard a stout crab tree cudgel, twisted and gnarled like the old tree from which it came. "Be not revengeful, John," she said.

"No, no. I am a justice of the peace. I am captain on my own quarter deck. Punishment I shall bestow, not revenge."

"Well, John, but he is young, and you are old."

Captain Crowle laughed. "Young, is he? And I am old, am I? We shall see."

Some one was going to be tried, judged, found guilty, sentenced and to receive his sentence at once. The thing was not unusual in the house of a justice of the peace.

"Come with me, Jack. It shall not be said that I inflicted this punishment without a witness. All the world shall know about it, if so be the culprit desires. Come with me. Jennifer, keep within, and if you hear groans praise the Lord for the correction of a sinner."

Greatly marvelling, I followed the captain as he marched out of the parlor. Arrived at the garden, he looked around. "So," he said, "the has not yet come. Perhaps it is light enough for you to read some of his performances, Jack?" With that he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a paper. "Read that, Jack. I say, read it."

I obeyed. The twilight gave sufficient light for reading the manuscript. Besides, the writing was large and in bold characters. "Why," I said, "I know this writing. It is Sam Semple's."

"Very good. Go on, therefore"—

At the very first words I understood what had already happened and guessed pretty well what was going to happen.

"Molly divine! Thy heavenly charms prevail. As when the sun doth rise stars fade and pale."

"No need for much more of the rubbish, Jack. Read the last of it. I read it all, and it made me sick."

"So, matchless maid, thy silence grants consent. As when the dusk rise stars fade and pale."

When evening roses scatter fragrance faint And the sad Philomel renews his plaint."

"Did ever man hear such stuff, Jack? Go on."

"Within this bow'r, afar from sight of men, Tomorrow, Wednesday, at the hour of ten, That bow'r, a shrine of love and temple fair I will await thee—Samuel Semple—there."

"What do you think of that, Jack? Samuel Semple, the ragged, skulking, snivelling, impudent son of a thieving rascal! A very fine lover for my little maid! Ha, will he? Will he?" The captain grasped his cudgel with resolution.

"Sir!" I said, with submission. "What did Molly say to this precious epistle?"

"Molly? Dost think that I would let the little maid see such ranting stuff? Not so. The black woman brought the precious letters to me. Read the rest, Jack. Read. Wait, Jack. Thou shalt see. Hush! I hear his step. Let us get into the summer house and lie snug to see what happens."

We stepped into the summer house, now pretty dark, and waited expectant.

Like the captain, I was filled with amazement that Samuel, whom I knew well, who was my schoolfellow, should presume to lift his eyes so high. Alas! There is no bound or limit, I am assured, to the presumption of such as this stringer of foolish rhymes. Yet I felt some compunction for him because he would most assuredly receive a basting such as would cure him effectually of the passion called love, so far as this object was concerned.

Presently we heard footsteps crunching the gravel. "Snug, my lad. Lie snug," whispered the captain. We heard the steps making their way along the path between the gooseberry and currant bushes. Then they came out upon the grass lawn before the summer house. "The grass is as big as a quarter deck, Jack," said the captain. "It will serve for the beating of the measty clerk. I've knocked down many a mutinous dog in the quarter deck."

The poet came to the summer house and stood outside, irresolute. He could see the two occupants. He hemmed twice aloud. There was no reply. "Matchless Molly!" he whispered. "Divine maid! I am here at thy feet. Nymph of the azure sea, I am here."

"Can devil you are!" cried the captain, stepping out. "Why, here is a precious villain for you! Jack, cut him off in the rear if he tries to get away. So—so, my young quill driver, you would poach on the preserves of your betters, would you? Would you? Would you?" At each repetition he banged the wooden post of the summer house with his cudgel.

The poet made no reply, but he looked to right and to left and behind him for a way of escape, but found none. [illegible] ready to dart [illegible] wherefore his shoulders became rounded and his head hung down and his knees trembled. Samuel Semple was caught in a trap. Some young fellow would have made a fight of it. Not Samuel. All he thought about was submission and [illegible] might provoke pity.

"Three times, jackanapes, hast thou presumed to send stuff to my ward. Here they are." He took from one flap first one pocket two more. "Here they are—one, two, three all addressed to the matchless Molly. Why, then, impudent villain, what dare! promised thee to call her matchless Molly? Matchless to such as you? Take that, scrub, and that!" They were laid on with a will. The poet groaned, but made no reply, again looking vainly to right and left for some way of escape.

The lasting which followed was really worthy of the days when Captain Crowle with his own hand quelled a mutiny and drove the whole crew under hatches.

It was a poor, shrinking, trembling figure full of bruises and aches and pains that presently arose and dusted away. I should have felt sorry for him had he taken punishment like a man. Why, I would harrow any of my crew who would cry and grovel and snivel when tied up for his three dozen. It made one sick and ashamed to see him and to hear him, with his "Mercy, captain! Oh, enough, good captain! Oh, captain, I confess! I deserve it all. Never again, captain. Oh, forgiveness, forgiveness!" and so on. I say it made me sick and ashamed. When all was over, I followed him to the garden gate. "Oh, Jack," he groaned, "you stood by and saw it all! I am a dead man. He shall be hanged for it. You are the witness. I am nothing but a bag of broken bones, ribs and collar bones and skull. I am a poor, unfortunate, murdered man. I am done to death with a cudgel."

"Go home," I said. "You a man? You cry like a whipped cur. Murdered? Not you. Cudgeled you are, and well you deserved it. Go home and get brown paper and vinegar and tell all the town how you have been cudgeled for writing verses to a matchless maid. They will laugh, Sam Semple. They will laugh."

The captain went back to the parlor somewhat flushed with the exercise.

"Justice," he said, "has been done without the cart and the cat. My pipe, Jennifer, and the home brewed. Molly, my dear, your very good health."

A day or two afterward we heard that Sam Semple had gone to London to make his fortune. He was carried thither by the wagon that once a week makes the journey to London, returning the following week. But when Sam Semple came back it was in a chaise, with much splendor, as in due course you shall hear. You shall also hear of the singular gratitude with which he repaid the captain for that wholesome correction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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