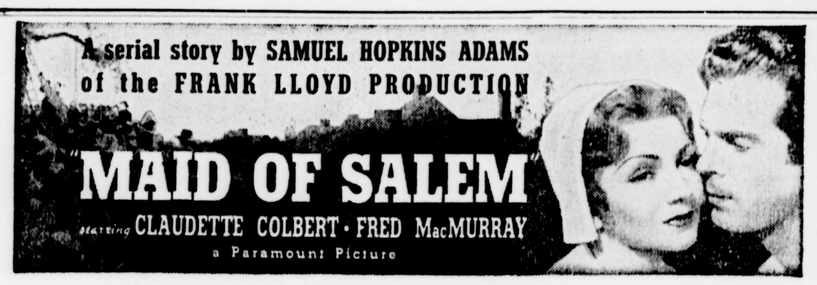


SYNOPSIS

Barbara Clarke, belle of the Puritan village of Salem, is being criticised constantly for her jollity and carefree manners by Elder Morse, young church official who loves her. Barbara remains heart free, however, until a Negro slave with supposed fortune-telling powers, tells her that she will soon meet a dark and handsome young man with whom she will fall in love.

CHAPTER II

MIRTHFUL and expectant, Barbara fixed her gaze upon the closed door. Jeremiah came up at a run. She set finger to her lips.

"You have guests?" she whispered.

"No."

"That chair." Her hand followed its motion.

"The wind. My cabin is a sieve for weather."

The vivid face crinkled into laughter as an undeniable sneeze sounded from back of the door. "I've heard of a nose for the wind," she chuckled.

The fisherman changed his tune. "A poor bagman whose craft was beaten in upon the beach. I gave him refuge."

She advanced on tiptoe, barking in a cleverly assumed baritone: "Come out, bagman, and show your wares."

The door was jerked open. With a little cry Barbara leapt back, swift as a doe, from the naked point at her breast. She was staring into fierce-set eyes that widened with wonder and a warmth that quickened her breath. The rapier spun upward, was deftly caught and presented in reverse.

"Grace and mercy, maiden," pleaded the bearer. "I yield me."

She touched the hilt with light fingers, and the blade shot home in its scabbard. "Fine feathers for a poor bagman," she smiled, marking his tattered garments of the costliest fabrics, his tall boots and the plumed hat on a peg.

"No bagman, but a gentleman of Virginia, at your beauty's service."

"Oh, Jeremiah! What deceit! And you a Son of the Prophet."

"I, too, claim Harvard College as my alma mater," said the stranger. He chuckled. "There was some difference of doctrinal opinion, such as exiled my uncle—" He indicated Jeremiah—" from his professorship, setting me in temporary disfavor. As one might say, a Stepson of the Prophet."

"And that's why you're in hiding?"

"If that were all!"

"Have a care, Roger," warned his kinsman.

Roger Coverman said recklessly: "If this maid be not staunch, if I may not trust that face, those eyes, then let me be taken and hanged. Surely Nature is not so false to her fairest presentments that there should be aught but kindness from such beauty."

"Say you so?" grunted the other. "Ask the lovelorn youth of Salem whether she be all kindness for them."

"Ah! Then I enter the lists against many."

"Not for the first time," said his uncle. He addressed the intruder "Three hundred against two regiments. Those stains are blood and not all his own."

"A small matter of taxes" put in the young soldier lightly. "The Governor of the Province thought them some of use, gentlemen and freeholders, thought otherwise. Out swords, and at it. So you see me, a sought rebel and traitor to the crown."

"I have heard of worse being pardoned" said Barbara.

"Pardons are for those who ask them. I have never loved the beggar's part—as yet," said he with a significant look at the girl.

"How did you escape?"

"There were six of us that rode and fought together, all of us Sons of the Prophet. A friendly skipper gave us passage to Boston, after the defeat. And so back to Alma Mater."

"Where he must needs make issue against the Rev. Mather, no less. A son of contention and an heir of trouble, this lad," said Jeremiah, setting an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"I might still have maintained my thesis against the witch-hunters," said Roger. "But my home province named me ringleader and set a price on this unworthy head." He leaned forward to Barbara. "I am worth a thousand pounds to you, Beauty."

The girl tossed her head. "Because you are traitor to the crown, shall I be traitor to a friend?" She thrust an arm through Jeremiah's.

"Did I not venture she was staunch?" cried the young soldier triumphantly. He caught her hand to his lips.

With deepening color, she still spoke banteringly. "Do you still value yourself at a round thousand pounds, damaged goods that you are? Even though I wished to claim the forfeit, I do not know your name, nor, I doubt, should I remember your face."

He bowed to the floor. "The heart knows where it can put its trust. And when shall I have opportunity of recalling my face to you?"

"When I fetch more candles," she answered as a call from the cliff summoned their host outside.

"Our need of them is sore. Often I read the night through. Do you fear the dark?"

"Not I."

He leaned eagerly to her. "There is a safe thicket back of the church. Will you meet me there half an hour before curfew? I may not be here long," he pleaded.

Her hand went to her breast. "No," she breathed. "I—I dare not."

"Nevertheless I shall be waiting—and hoping. My uncle will vouch for my honor." There was a new gravity in his tone that moved her more than his easy grace. "God go with you, Barbara Clarke."

Unwonted restlessness possessed Barbara that evening as she sat to the herb-stringing with old Tituba. Finally she opened the door.

"Whah you goin'?" asked the slave anxiously. "Into de night?"

"Yes. Timmy is too long at the Dominie's."

"Goody Higgins is wiff him."

"I know. But I'm smothering for air." She slipped into the darkness.

At the rear of the church she stopped. "Still," ordered a quiet voice. "Pretend to be picking ground-herbs. Someone is spying."

From the further side of the thicket Goody Higgins's toothless mumble reached the girl's ears. "Where's your wits, boy? There's no man here."

"I saw him," piped Timothy. "A stranger. All black."

"Save us! Be you sure?"

Before the child could reply a formidable figure manifested itself from the shadows. It's monstrous head was black and from its front protruded one shining horn. Screaming, the old woman and the boy fled.

"This is no place for us," laughed Roger and, throwing an arm about the girl, he hustled her to the safer shelter of the cliff.

"What a thing to do!" she scolded. "How am I to soothe my little Tim? He'll think he has seen the devil, himself."

"Better he should tell your gossips of the devil than of the stranger in the settlement." With a deft sweep he gathered the black cloak, thrusting the point of his sword through one of the lacelets. "Have you ever seen a better counterfeit of Old Horny?"

She frowned. "I think my wits were wandering when I came here."

"Are you sorry?" he asked shortly.

"Nnnnn—o. But you mustn't ask me to meet you again. It's so unsafe for you." Forcing a lighter tone, she added: "And I even forgot to bring you your dips."

By noon all Salem had heard, with horror, that an unidentified woman had trysted with Satan in the very shadow of the church.

(To Be Continued)

He leaned eagerly to her. "There is a safe thicket back of the church. Will you meet me there half an hour before curfew? I may not be here long," he pleaded.

QUESTION BOX

By ED WYNN . . . The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

Is it true that everything that goes up must come down?

Sincerely,
D. POSITOR.

Answer: Everything that goes up does come down excepting a bank.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I have a very dear friend, a Scotchman, who has just gone back to Scotland. I happen to know that he would never spend his own money to go back, yet he has gone. How do you think he got back?

Yours truly,
TOM KATT.

Answer: Your friend most likely heard some one sing "The Blue bells of Scotland" and it carried him back.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I know a lady who never got married and she is now 42 years old. I asked her why she hadn't married and she said: "Why should I get married as long as I have a parrot and a monkey?" What did she mean by that?

Sincerely,
ROME E. OHE.

Answer: Probably her parrot swears and her monkey chews tobacco and the figures therefore she doesn't need a husband.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

My husband was saying that he knows a man who uses "smokeless" tobacco. I've known of horseless carriages, wireless telegraphy, seedless oranges, but what in the world is "smokeless tobacco"?

Yours truly,
IMA YAPP.

Answer: Chewing tobacco.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

My father says he washes his eyes out every night before going to bed. If this is true how does he get them back in again?

Sincerely,
I. LIDD.

Answer: He probably wears glasses.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

An Englishman quite boastfully told me that the English took the flag away from us at Bunker Hill and says it is now in a British museum. Is it true the English have the flag?

Sincerely,
MIN ITMAN.

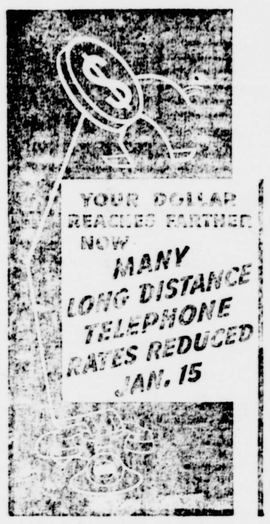
Answer: Yes, but we have the hill.

PRESCRIPTIONS
PAXTON'S CUT RATE
PATENT MEDICINES

Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)



NOTICE

The Board of License Commissioners for Cecil County hereby gives Notice that Application has been made to it by

Hilda Laird

for an ON SALE GENERALLY BEER AND WINE LICENSE, CLASS "D," for the place of business located at

Cozy Inn
On Road From North East to Charlestown

which license if granted will permit the applicant to sell upon the premises aforesaid BEER AND WINE for consumption on the premises or elsewhere.

The Board hereby gives further Notice that said application will be heard by it on

February 16, 1937

at 9:00 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in the Town of Elkton, at which time and place any person may be heard on either side of the question.

MAUDIN LUM, Chairman
DANIEL H. GARRETT
LAWSON C. TOSH
Board of License Commisioners
for Cecil County

TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH
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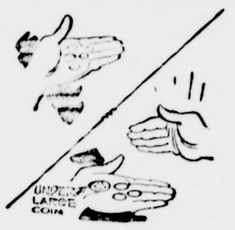


THE VANISHING COIN

MAKING a coin vanish would seem to be a feat of difficult legerdemain. It can be accomplished, however, in a very simple manner, without resort to long practice or the need of expert skill.

The magician begins by showing a few coins on the palm of his left hand. He picks up a small one—say a dime—with his right hand, letting the larger coins lie openly on his left.

The right fingers perform a rubbing motion. The small coin melts completely from view. The magician, not caring to lose more money, puts the remaining coins in his pocket.

The magician does not pick up the small coin from the left hand. He only pretends to do so. Actually, he slides a larger coin over the small one. People, seeing the little coin gone, think the right hand has it, but the small coin went into the pocket with the others. The rubbing motion with the right fingers was only an illusion.

WNU Service.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

WHAT IS THE DIAMOND?

"JOHN had a diamond of great price, and in order to learn how to appreciate what he had, he studied chemistry, and excited, breathless, he analyzed the diamond.

"But, oh, horrors! That perfect jewel, in appearance like some star's tear, he found with wrath and with profound rancour to be nothing but a little piece of lampblack!"

And so there are other things in life which it is better not to analyze too closely.

There is success. The perennial mirage, the end of the rainbow, the pot of gold, the attainment of an ambition, the realization of a dream—success. Sometimes better not to look too closely as to how we got there—the cost of it—or the meaning of it. Now that you have it, what is it without the glamour of the unattainable? Better not to ask. Like the diamond, let it alone.

There is fame. Perhaps it came unasked, without sacrifice, without the terrible cost of a success won through the death of other things. Perhaps sheer genius, unthinking, brought it. What then, once this shining star has left the heaven, and come to us? Does it no longer shine, now that it is ours? Oh, yes, if we do not make the mistake of the man with the diamond and look too closely. That might show a will-o'-the-wisp that is here today and gone tomorrow, a mob cry that is empty of the lasting and substantial because it is empty of love.

There are many things in life that sparkle like the diamond of great price—and that hold their sparkle only while we do not look too deep. "Lucky"—did you say, "those who do not have the habit of looking too deep, so they may continue to enjoy?" I should say rather that those are lucky who do look deep, for they save the heavy price that is so often paid for what is but superficial sparkle!

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Nicodemus National Bank
Hagerstown, Md.
John Bayler, Attorney

ORDER NISI

IN RE:—
James O. Turner, An Incompetent
In the Circuit Court for Cecil County.
In Equity, No. 5021

ORDERED, This 27th day of January 1937 that the report of Henry L. Constable, Auditor, mentioned in these proceedings, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of February next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Cecil County once in each of two successive weeks before the 5th day of February next.

WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
1-28-2tp WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk

T. M. Harrington and H. C. Constable Solicitors

Order Nisi

Thomas M. Harrington, Assignee &c.,
vs.
Joseph Graboski and Bertha Graboski, His Wife

In the Circuit Court for Cecil County.
In Equity, No. 5140

ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Cecil County, in Equity, this 28th day of December, 1936, that the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Thomas M. Harrington, Assignee, of Mortgage, in the above cause described, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2nd day of March, 1937, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Cecil County, in the State of Maryland, once in each week for One Month before the 29th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sale [illegible]

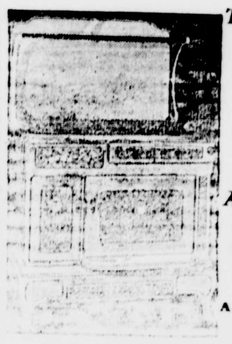
WALTER E. BUCK, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

The Board of County Commissioners of Cecil County will sit as a Board of Review and Control for the purpose of adjusting PERSONAL PROPERTY ASSESSMENTS ONLY, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 24, 25 and 26, 1937, from the hour of 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

By order of
Board of County Commissioners,
Mauldin Lum, President.



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with
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Uses Coal, Oil or Wood in Fire Box
A Flue-Wells Product—Makers of Fine Stoves for 53 Years
GOODLEY & SHOBE
Phone 60 E. Main St. Middletown, Del.

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ALL OTHER PRICES REDUCED ACCORDINGLY

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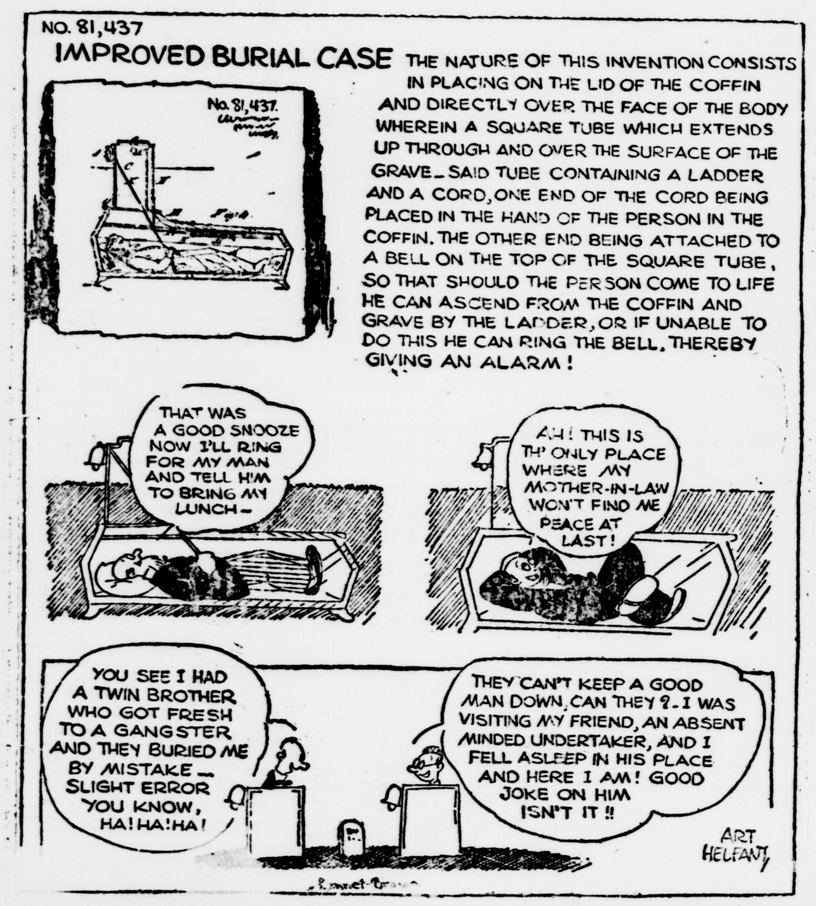
Cecil County Star
Elkton Maryland