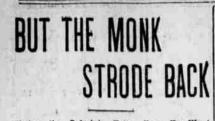
# THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1894.



Cheiro the Palmist Tells How He Went Ghost Hunting.

#### **MYSTERY OF A HAUNTED** HOUSE

The Ghost Was There Sura Enough and Thoroughly Frightened tha Psychical Researchers - Uncanny Manifestations by Day and Night Explained in a Very Materialistic Manner at the Close of the Chapter. Thrilling Experience That Will Interest Tribune Readers.

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THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W. C. } MY DEAR FRIEND-Meet me tonight, Black-heath station, II o'clock sharp. Briog your re-volver-may want it. Don't disappoint. In haste, MAX MARKHAM.

This strange epistle arrived by special messenger one evening just as I was proparing to join some friends at a theater party at the Garrick. In one way it was disappointing, in another pleasant. Markham was always on the trail of the interesting, and as the drama of life is more fascinating than the stage of art the promises of an exciting evening were fairly good.

The few words in his letter meant to me another of the many ghost hunts that we had been so often engaged in together. The command," Bring your revolver," was not in the least startling or surprising. It was in keeping with the man's character. That was all. He always hunted ghosts with a revolver. It was as necessary to him as holy water would be to a priest. However, obeying instructions, I slipped my British bulldog and some cartridges into my pocket and started for the train.

My friend Markham was one of the most active members of the Society For Psychical Research. He devoted his entire time to examining the tricks of pretended mediums, ghosts or noises of any kind in any part of the country, and yet at heart he was a spiritualist. He firmly believed in the communion between the living and the spirits of the dead. He was a self elected censor, and in his censorship, although he excited the enmity of the spiritualists, he was in reality their friend by his expose of fraud and the relentless way in which he pulled up weeds of imposture by the roots. "There is no subject that lays itself so open to deception," he used to say. "Because we have proved fraud in many cases, that does not prove it in all. It is my duty to destroy the weeds, lest they, getting too strong, destroy the flowers of truth."

Max considered me a sensitive-a clairvoyant-although only once did I show him any evidence in that direction, and that was when he went without me to



door, made the entire place as bright as old monk was seen no later than , .... by a man who lives here and whose word I have every reason to believe. I have arranged with him that we call at his house on our way, all three of us to spend the night in the old mansion, and then-nous verrons." To tell the truth, I did not quite fancy the idea. Fortunately for nic, I only half

believed the story, and so, stepping out briskly, we soon reached the pretty little bruse belonging to Max's friend. This man, Dr. Appleton, was the first to revive my fears. "Markham," he said solemnly, "I'm half sorry I promised. This is too serious a business for us to meddle with. saw that thing again today in broad daylight, and I never in all my life saw such a devilish looking face." "Oh, bosh, mani' said Max. 'It's too late now to turn back. We have barely 15 minutes to reach the house. A brisk walk will pull up your courage. Come on." Making ne remark about fools venturing where angels fear to tread, the doctor put on his coat, and in a few moments we were again under way. A 10 minutes' walk brought us in sight

of the old abbey. Cold and gaunt the ruins looked in the moonlight, like a skeleton of the past. At its back a wood of pines swayed in the night wind like an

army of ghosts waiting for a leader, and a little farther on, surrounded by the shadow of the trees, stood a desolate looking house, with empty windows and broken panes, the very picture of all that was haunted and uncanny. Making our way under the shadow of the trees, we reached the back of the house and with a little difficulty forced a window open and were soon inside. By the light of the moon shining through the blindless windows we made our way to what appeared to be the dining room, and then, closing the shutters and lighting a solitary candle, we sat down on a couple of empty boxes to await results. We had not long to wait. Exactly as a neighboring clock struck 12 we heard a sound that made our very hearts stand still. We sprang from our seats and stood looking at one another in consternation and dismay. It seemed as If on the very stroke of 12 the house had received some blow that shook it to its foundations. Every door seemed to open and creak and bang one after another as the wind moaned and swept on its way from room to room. Instinctively we turned our eyes to the door of the chamber we occupied. It was open. There was something standing there. The moon flashed out from behind a cloud. It was

the monk. I could hear my heart beat like a drum I was almost sinking with fright when suddenly, with a hollow, grating laugh, the figure disappeared. In a second we had picked up our things, opened the win-dow, jumped to the lawn and were running as east as legs would carry us in the direction of Appleton's house. Markham was the first to recover his composure. 'What darned fools we are," he said, "but upon my word I never got such a fright in my life." That sentiment was heartily in dorsed by Appleton and myself, and we both so strongly opposed the idea of further investigation that Markham gave in, and the doctor put us up in his place for the night. With the daylight, however, our courage

returned, and after a good breakfast we took a walk around the old house before returning to the city and vowed that the three of us would make another attempt that night to penetrate the mystery. Davlight is a wonderful thing for dispelling ghosts and ghostly fears, and we could hardly believe that we were the same men who the night before ran as fast as legs could carry from that very room that the following morning we so contentedly examined. It was exactly as we had left it. There were the two boxes on which we sat, there the grease of the candle, and there the open window through which we had fled. The doctor was inclined to regard the matter in a very grave light. Up to that moment he had not given much thought to the domain of ghostland. He therefore considered the apparition a direct rebuke for such negligence. Markham simply believed that his eyes had deceived him, but how we three saw the same thing and heard that awful laugh he could not explain. We visited all the rooms, saw the nursery where the monk had been seen bending over the child, and lastly turned our attention to the basement. The cellars were large and freely admitted light, excent one which faced toward the abbey When we entered the latter and got accus tomed to the darkness, a grewsome sight met our eyes, which startled us nearly as much as did the apparition of the previous night. Hanging from a beam in the celling was the rope and noose by which the unfortunate butler had hung himself. There it had remained, white with mold, ewinging softly in the draft, a grim trophy

day. Twelve o'clock came. We could hear the neighboring church clock chime the hour, but nothing happened. The stillness of death reigned in the old place. Mark-ham was intensely disappoinded, the doctor seemed relieved, while Mitchell evidently considered us a party of fools and himself the greatest fool for coming. "Wby, Mr. Markham," he said, "we never had a 'sell' like this before. We haven't had even as much as some table rapping. The ghost hasn't given us a fair run for our money." After some discus sion we agreed to again reconnoiter the cellar, and without lighting our candles we groped our way from passage to pas sage, but found, to our surprise, the cellar door closed. Mitchell, looking through the keyhole, announced in an awestruck whisper that something peculiar seemed to be swinging in the center. The doctor shiv-ered. He remembered that the only thing that could be in the center was that ghastly trophy of death. Markham was the next to peep through. We could see a tremor pass through his body, and, white as a sheet, he turned away. Neither the doctor nor myself cared to take his place; so, drawing back, we made way for Mitch ell, who was preparing to burst the door open. Just as he was about to spring,



VFLUNG OURSELVES AGAINST THE DOOR ! however, it suddenly swung back, and the sight that met our eyes almost paralyzed our senses

Swinging in the noose of death hung the figure of the monk. His face, ghastly and horrible, seemed to grin at us in agony, a white and awful contrast to the darkness of the vault. Spellbound, we they found a small dugout, and that the seemed rooted to the spot, but we suddenone rapidly approaching. There were that had not been spoiled by the water, steps coming behind us. The sound of slip- and they soon had a fire. Water soaked shod sandals came nearer and nearer. We driftwood was all the fuel they could get, turned. My heart failed me; my knees and it made a poor fire. shook as if with ague. Coming steadily toward us in the moonlight was another figure of the monk. In a few seconds he would touch us; but, swift as lightning, we almost threw ourselves into an empty room on our right, and shaking with fear

we four strong men flung ourselves against the door to keep it closed while that awful thing weu's past. The shuffling sandals came nearer and nearer. They passed our door. We could

hear them enter the cellar where the rope hung, and then once more the stillness of death occupied the place. For a few moments we did not dare to speak. Then Mitchell softly opened the door, and peep-ing out informed us that there was nothing in sight, and that even the swinging body of the monk had disappeared. Without a word he led the way. We followed, one by one, and in a few minutes we were outside the house and on our way to Appleton's. There was very little said about the matter. We had all mentally determined at least to let our ghost alone for the future; consequently no further resolu-tions were passed the next morning, and barely mentioning the subject we returned to town to the different walks of life to which we belonged. . . . . One day, three months later, picking up the morning paper, I read: STARTLING DISCOVERY AT BLACK-HEATH.



ing Crew in Bering Sea.

CANNIBALISM OR STARVATION

The Awful A' arnative That Confronted the Crew of the James Allen - Ten Men on a Barron Island-Talas of Horror Told by the Survivors-Shipwrecked and Helpless in the Land of Eternal Ice-An Incident of the Arctic Regions That May, Even Now, Be Duplicated by the Walter Wellman Explorers.

### For the taturday Tribune,

Fourteen surviving members of the whaler James Allen, which was ship-wrecked in Bering sea a few months ago, recently arrived in San Francisco and related tales of hardships and suffering such as seldom fall to the lot of men, even of those who brave the dangers of the deep and the rigors of the frozen north.

The ship foundered in the night and the crew, numbering 49 men, took to the five boats. The boats became separated in the darkness, and in the morning two had disappeared. One of these was picked up by the stenmer Dora about a month later, and the seven men who manned it were all alive. The other has never been heard from. The remaining boats, with Captain Huntley and 25 men, landed on a bar ren rock, one of the Aleutian islands. On the morning of the third day a start was made for Unalaska in the boats. Four days later, after eight of the 26 men had perished from cold and privation, a landing was made at Unmak Island, and all hands suffered terribly through the night from cold and hunger. When daylight came, it was found that

Harry Taylor, another of the unfortunates, had ended his misery, and a couple of the men second a hole in the beach and buried the body. While digging the grave a few mussels were found, and soon all hands were hunting for the shellfish. A short distance back from the shore starving and shivering men soon occupied. ly became conscious of a new terror, and One of the sailors found some matches

A little lake in the center of the Island she wears a black skirt. When she provided plenty of fresh water, but the marches, she wears a red shirt made like



memory does not fail him, something like this, "Where docs one write best" In con-nection with this subject it may not be amiss to mention the case of a minister in New York city. He was for many years a newspaper writer. That is, he carned the money to prepare himself for the ministry

by newspaper work. He says that it would be utterly impossible for him to write a sermon, or even to sketch one, in a newspaper office. But he also says that he cannot write a news paragraph in his study. So while he can do his work on sermons in his study, he finds it advisable, when he wishes to write a "news story," to drift back to his old paper and take a desk in a room full of busy writers. So, after all, training and association of ideas count for a great deal more

A FAIR MASCOT.

than some people are willing to admit .-

Charming Marle Mahoney Marches With the Veteran Firemen of San Francisco.

Retall

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MARIE MAHONEY,

New York Tribune.

Marie Mahoney is the mascot of the California Veteran Firemen's association. She is the only girl mascot of the kind in the United States. She was born in San Francisco 12 years ago and is the plump est, jolliest little girl that ever was, says The Examiner, just as if she wasn't an officer in the "vets." Marie is the daughter of State Senator Mahoney of San Fran-

a Ride.

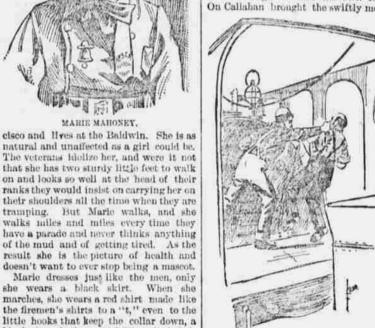
on an Illinois Central switch engine he

cago, at 4 o'clock in the morning. The engine was old No. 1 and is used for switching cars in Jackson park. It stood south of the Terminal station, with steam up, but without the lamps lighted. The day crew had gone home, and the engine fire, and at 4 o'clock went to the near by to fill his oil can. He had a com

panion, Charley Erleson, with him, and the two were carrying on a lively conversation Michael Callahan, who came down the track just as the two men were leaving the engine, was struck with a desire to take a ride. He did not know where, nor

care, but he had seen engines used a good deal and knew how to handle the lever. So he climbed in the cab stealthily and opened the throttle. Old No. 1 gave a sudden lurch and was off on the switch for the main track, hardly a quarter of a mile away. While Glassford was busy with the oil can in the shanty Ericson saw the engine move off. He called to the "hos tler," who rushed out in pursuit. But the locomotive distanced Glessford at the start and kept gaining rapidly. The man thought of the derailing switch, and, frightened at the aspect of either wrecking

the main tracks, ran like the wind in pursuit. and for a moment considered giving it the open tracks. Then he foresaw the greater the wild engineer take his own cours On Callahan brought the swiftly moving



met. And it is so nearly killing that she has to have a tiny fatigue cap fastened to ENOCKED CALLAHAN OUT OF THE CAB. her belt behind, just like the men. Her helmet is inscribed with all the monograms. and letterings that make the other caps so interesting and mysterious. She carries besides, just like the three other officers; a silver trumpet and salutes with that, while the rest of the veterans salute with

their hats. When the San Francisco fire department Then the wheels cut deep into the sand, and the engine stopped. Immediately Callahan reversed the lever and then took a trip east last year, Marie went with She saw the World's fair and all them. its wonders. When the veterans went to Washington, the president gave them a pulled it again. He was determined to go farther. special reception and kissed the mascot, who gravely plnned a medal to his breast. great chum of Maria's fa

black tie and the most killing little hel

**Third National** AN IMPROMPTU EXCURSION. How Callahan Stole a Locomotive and Took It was a mad ride Michael Callahan had

stole near the Terminal station, in Chi was in the care of a "hostler," James Glessford, Glessford was keeping up the shanty

SURPLUS, This bank offers to depositors every facility warranted by their balances, busi-uess and responsibility. Special attention given to business ac-counts. Interest paid on time deposits WILLIAM CONNELL, President, GEO. H. CATLIN, Vice-President, WILLIAM H. PECK, Cashiet,

William Connell, George H. Catlin, Alfred Hand, James Archbald, Henry Bella, jr., William T. Supith Luther Kollen the engine there or passing it out upon

Bank of Scranton.

ORGANIZED 1872.

DIRECTORS.

THE

TRADERS

National Bank of Scranton

GRGANIZED 1893.

SAMUEL HINES, President. W. W. WATSON, Vice President. A. B. WILLIAMS, Cashier,

DIRECTORS.

PROMPT, ENERGETIC,

\$200,000

\$250,000

William Kelley, who sits up in the switch tower at Seventy-first street, heard the "crazy" engine rumbling down the track consequences of collision beyond and let



locomotive. In another instant the deralling switch was reached, and the locomotive, still on its wheels, was cutting and bumping over the ties of the Seventy-first street crossing. The window glass of the cabin was smashed, the headlight was cracked, and flying oil bespattered the mad engineer and the roof of the cabin.

out to look for him. Officer W. J. Sim-

Callahan said he only wanted a little ride

and had no particular destination when he

was not altogether responsible.

started. He says he had been drinking and

William Kelley is congratulating him-

self that in his surprise he did not close

given the enstemary two toots," he said,

'the switch would have been closed with-

branch and headed northward for the city.

At Brookdale, only a two minutes' run

have been almost inevitable. It was a for-

The Handwriting of the Lord.

of the Lord" has recently appeared upon

the growing corn in a field on the farm of

T. B. Turpin, tear Somerset, in Pulaski county, Ky. The ignorant and supersti-tions believe that it is the forewarning

of some great event that is to affect all

Christendom, and numerous prophets are

abroad in the land. The se called "Lord's

handwriting" appears upon the broad

green blades of the corn and consists of

rude outlines of an anchor, the letter N

are fearfully wrought up over the "sign.

ing of another great deluge. The theory

is well worked out by the declaration that

months or years, as variously construed,

ning to pervade the dusky community.

The Gentle Art of Osculation.

Kissing is not a orime that it should be

What has been called the "handwriting

tunate deliverance "

loaf.

afternoon.

U. E. CROFUT ..... Proprietor. THIS HOUSE is strictly temperance, is new and well furnished and OPENSD TO THE PUBLIC THE YEAR ROUND; is located midway botween Montrose and Iscran-ton, on Montrose and Lackawanna Railroad, six miles from D. L. & W. R. R. at Alford Station, and five miles from Montrose; ca-pacity, eighty-five; three minutes' walk f rom R. R. station. R. R. station.

HEART LAKE, Susquehanna Co.

HOUSE

Before Switchman Kelley reached the GOOD BOATS, FISHING TACKLE, &e, FREE TO GUESIS.

## "AH, IN GOOD TIME!" HE SAID.

Manchester to examine into the case of a girl three months in a trance. Without knowing he was returning I telegraphed: 'Don't take express whight. Wait.' And as it happened the express that night was wrecked and nearly all its passengers injured. At all events, there seemed some bond of sympathy between us, and thus it came to pass that two very opposite natures became fast friends.

As the train rushed into the station I saw my friend, with a small black bag in his hand, pacing the platform from end to end. "Ah, in good time," he said as I jumped out. "We have a good two mile" tramp before us, so don't ask any questions now. I'll explain on the way. We must reach our point of survey before 12 strikes."

"This sounds quite ghostly, Max," I said. "What's the case?"

"Well," he answered, "it's the funniest thing I've met lately. What it will turn out is another thing, but up to now the evidence lies in favor of the good old fashloned ghost that walks at 12. The story is to the effect that the house we are about to visit has as fine a record of blood as any ancient castle. It is quite modern, built in 1847 by the grandfather of its present owner. It occupies a lonely site with in a stone's throw of the ruins of an old abbey, and it is from this very abbey that all the trouble comes. It is reported to be haunted by the ghost of an old monk, and its career of crime is laid on the shaved head of this early and long departed Christian. The part I cannot reconcile is why an old monk who died a few hundred years ago should turn up now to trouble well behaved people at the end of the nineteenth century.

"Since it was built murder has lowed murder, suicide followed suicide, out yet there was no talk about any ghost theory until within the last 12 months, and since then the old monk seems to have made himself master of the situation. The present owner a year ago while traveling in America one morning received the startling news that his father had hung himself in the cellar, so he hurried home with a newly made bride to take sion. His wife, a young and fearless American from some out of the way place in Texas, a woman who never heard of ghosts, was the first to see the apparition. Going into the nursery one night to look after her child, she found the nurse sleep and the form of an old monk lean ing over the cradle. She screamed, faint-ed, and when people came to her assistance monk had disappeared, and the mark of a cross was found on the child's forehead. From that moment the monk vis-ited them regularly. Even in the daylight might be seen walking down the corridors and the stairways, and a strange noise commenced every night at 12 o'clock that seemed to shake the house to its foundations. The servants of course threw up their places and left, and the only one that remained, an old butler, a few days afterard was found hung in exactly the same place as the owner's father. Under these people clearing out. Since then, though to has remained empty, the noises are heard by every one who approaches the house at midnight, and the form of the



a growsome past. Without a word we turned away from the horrible relic, and having agreed to come down that night and make one more attempt to interview the ghost Markham and myself returned

to town. Night came. Again I met my friend at " ackheath station. He had a man wit him--a detective from Scotland Yan named Mitchell, who had often accompanied us on such expeditions. So, without delay, starting off at a brisk pace, we crossed the lonely common and reached the doctor's house. Appleton was at first a little annoyed at the presence of a detective. He declared that Markham's skepticism would provoke the apparition to do us mischief, and it was only after consider-sole discussion that we provailed upon him to accompany m him to accompany us.

The presence of a representative of the low had, however, the effect of stimulating our conrage to a great extent; so, chatting and laughing as if it were a fox hunt and not that of a ghost, we broke in upon the silence of the abbey. Sitting on a dismantled tombstone, we looked toward the house, debating upon our plan of attack. Mitchell was for dividing the party, two to go to the cellar, where the rope hung, and two to keep watch in the dining room. Alasi the courage of the invaders was not equal to such a trial, and it was eventual-ly decided that we should all keep to-gether, but establish our guard in the large entrance hall inscadiof in the din-ing room. ing room.

Once more we hurgiarlously entered by a back wissow and were soon crouched together on the near in a dark corner of the old fashioned hall. We were so brave that we would not even have a light, but that was not necessary, as the moonlight, God" says to Ell, "Wherefore kick shining through a large window over the my sacrifice and at mine offering?"

A SUPPOSED HAUNTED HOUSE THE RESORT OF COINERS.

coiners. The terrible noise had been produced every night by their letting fall in the basement a tremendous iron weight and before the captain made a second atupon the foundation stone of the house. The body of the monk that we had seen hanging by the neck in the cellar was nothing more than a well made dumay, with its clothes steeped in phosphorus.

And such was the end of the Blackheath mystery. CHEIRO THE PALMIST.

John Stephenson's Early Straggios. I was burnt out the first year, and lost

everything I had. I felt the loss keenly then, but as I look back I can see how good a thing it was for me. It developed my character, made me more able to meet reverses, and induced me to redouble my energies. As gold is tried by fire, so is the mind of man by trials. Don't give up, boys, at the first setback. Keep a good heart and try

again. Well, I borrowed \$500 of my uncle, and started in business again. I built up a good business, and had patrons all over the country. Then came seven years of hard luck. Between 1838 and 1543 everything went down, down, down. Money was scarce, very scarce. One couldn't trust anybody. Failures were frequent. There was no money to be made. I executed several or ders for cars which were never paid for. Some were returned, some were not de livered, but they were all made, and the expense of their manufacture came out of my pocket. I filled the orders from one firm.

and at the same time was suing them for the value of cars previously delivered. Real estate decreased in value. The lots on which my present shops were built were worth \$3,500, but they fell to \$300. Notwithstanding this severe and contin

ned strain, mentally and financially, I should have weathered the storm, but that the mortgage of the lots on which my Harlem shops were built was foreclosed. Eighty thousand dollars' worth of assets went for \$16,000. This broke me completely, for I was \$50,000 in debt.

However, I did not lose courage. I had the confidence of all my patrons, and their good will besides. Once more I started in business, this time on the spot where I still am, and in seven years I made a clean sweep of all my debts. Business became brisk, and success attended my efforts. No more setbacks confronted me. -- John Stephenson in Ladies' Home Journal.

Must Share the Same Grave. "A young lady wishes to marry. She is very beautiful, has a rosy countenance framed in dark hair, eyebrows in the form of the crescent moon and a small but graclous mouth. She is also very rich-rich enough to spund the day by the side of her beloved admiring flowers and to pass the night in singing to the stars of heaven. The man on whom her choice shall fall must be young, handsome and educated. He must also be willing to share the same grave." Thus advertises a girl in a Japanese newspaper.

Eli Was the Original Licker.

In the first book of Samuel, second chapter and twenty-ninth verse, "a man of God" says to Ell, "Wherefore kick ye at

CAPTAIN HUNTLEY. men or 1d not remain indefinitely on the barrer sland and live on fish alone. Aft er a 1 it of a few days Captain Huntley decid I to make another start for Unalas

ka for relief. He picked out three of the strongest men and made a start. Adverse winds drove him back after he had been away a day. The cold was becoming intense, and

along with hunger and cold and wet Ab, this is interesting, I thought, and weather the men were suffering from I was not disappointed. It turned out to frost bitten fingers and feet. The sharp be an account of a raid by the police on rocks had worn out their shoes, and a trip the house we visited. Our ghosts were down to the beach from the hut would nothing more than a desperate gang of start scores of sores bleeding in the men's swollen feet.

Daily their sufferings grew in intensity, tempt to leave the island two more men -Joseph Pena and Joseph Barreto-had been laid away under a pile of cold rocks. Again Captain Huntley and his small crew were forced to return. 'A third trial

proved unsuccessful, but on the fourth attempt, after being on the island for 25 days, he and his erew of three men got away with a fair wind, and the 10 others

watched the small sail lowering on the horizon with mingled hopes and fears. The second day after the captain left the food gave out, and to increase the tranbles of the men one of the hooks became caught in the rocks, and in attempting to extricate it the line broke, and it was lost. Early the next morning the other hook was lost in the same way, and starvation stared the men in the face.

The next uight Austin Gideon, a sailor, died, but the men were too weak to bury the body. It was dragged a few feet away from the hut, and there it remained That was on a Monday night From then until the next Thursday the 10 unfortunate sailors battled with starvation until all hope of leaving the Island alive deserted them. One after another they crawled into the hut to die, and lay there for hours. William Andrews, one of the men, tells how they lived: "One of the men near the door moved, and presently he went out 1 was too weak to pay any more attention to him, and I dozed off, praying for death How long I was that way I do not know, but for a long time I fancied I could smell boiling meat. It was perhaps half an hour before I could bring my senses to realize it, and when I did I rose up, and there in the center of the hut was a smoldering fire, with the kettle over it. Inside was a plece of meat, covered with slowly bubbling water. In an instant I had grabbed it from the pot and was soon devouring a shred of it that I had torn from the half cooked piece. Others grabbed the meat from my hands, and soon we were all

eagerly devouring the morsel. None of us asked where it came from. None of us cared. After the meal life came back to us, and we dared not for awhile think of where our meat came from, though we all knew.

"I got up and walked down to the little gully in which Gideon's body had been rolled. Both legs were missing. I crawled back into the hut and slopt again. Pres ently I got up and gathered more driftwood while the renewed strength lasted. The next day more of Gideon's body was missing, and again we all had a meal. Horrible and all that it was, the food was refreshing, and we all began again to look for resoue. \* \* Nine days the cap-tain had been away, and all hope had been given up of ever seeing him again. Once more a visit was made to the grav of the dead Portuguese, and another part of the body of our late shipmate was boiling in the pot when the captain's voic was heard outside. It was a joyful sound

and with him were several of the crew of the Bear, with provisions for us." Two Kinds of Writing.

Under literary topics recently was dis-cussed the subject of association in write ing. The pavagraph began, if the writer's

ther in their old Buffalo school days. AN ADEPT WITH THE SWORD.

Helen Englehart Claims to Be the Cham pion Female Fencer.

In Paris dwells Madeline de Morna, who proudly proclaims herself the premier professional woman fencer of France. There are many female fencers in that country, and Mme, de Morna has met and over-come them all. Now she is looking for new fields to conquer and has issued her challenge to meet any female fencer is America with folls and broadswords for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world. The gautiet thus thrown down has been taken up by Helen Englehart, and the issue of the contest is awaited with interest. Helen Englebart was born in Switzerland of German parents. She la young and a brunetic, as active as a pan ther and as cumulng at fence as a serpent who moves hither and thither as it prepares to strike. Miss Englehart can represent the United States in a contest with



her adoption. She has traveled all over it giving exhibitions of her skill, and as its representative she has engaged in more than one fencing match. In Miss Englehart Mme, de Morna will

have to meet a woman of determined spirit. One night at Louisville she was fenc ing with another woman in a theater Miss Englehart's supporters in the wings were so load in their encouragement that they angered her adversary. Springing across the stage, she made a lunge at one of them with her broadsword. But Mis Englehart was as quick and parried her blade. Turning on her, the contest that had been one of skill was renewed in fury The house was thrown into the intensest excitement, the curtain was rung down and the combatants were with difficulty separated.

### Beware of Counterfeit Bibles.

The New York agents of a special British edition of the Bible gravely caution possible purchasers to beware of imita tions, from which it may be concluded that somebody has been wicked enough to counterfeit that particular edition of the Bible by way of a business venture.

#### Onium Fiends In New York.

It is estimated that New York has no less than 10,000 opium smokers. Like many other vague estimates, however, this one is apt to be very wide of the mark

#### Chinese Justice.

schoolmaster for not having taught him

spot where the locomotive was imprisoned ford arrived. He climbed Altitude about 2.00) fest, equaling in this respect the Adirondack and Catakill Moun-ains. Fine groves, plenty of shade and beautiful Altitude into the cab and dealt the man at the lever a savage blow with his fist. Callahan was knocked off the engine and immediately started away on a run. He succeeded in eluding the railroadors in the dark and went home. Glessford picked up the fugitive's hat near the engine and sent police

scenery, making a Summer Resort unex-celled in beauty and cheapness. Dancing pavilion, swings, croquet grounds, de. Cold Spring Water and plenty of Milk Eates, \$7 to \$10 per week. \$1.50 per day. day. Excursion tickets sold at all stations on D. L. & W. lines.

. & W. lines. Porter meets all trains. monds arrested him on the street in the

DENTER SHOR CO., Indp. Capital, 81,000,000. BEST 51.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD. "A dellar social is a dollar corned." h This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid But-

tan Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note for \$1.50.

the derailing switch. "Had the engine arxitery out question. Then the mad engineer would have dashed the locomofive out upon the main tracks of the South Chicago ahead, the engine would have crossed the express tracks of the Michigan Central and Illinois Contral expresses and the Belt Line. There were trains due each way Cata-logue FREE about that time, and a collision would 143 FEDERAL ST., DEXTER SHOE GO., 143 FEDERAL ST., Special terras to Distant. MASS.

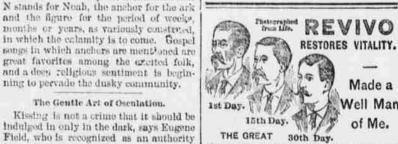
MT. PLEASANT COAL AT RETAIL

Coal of the best quality for domestic use, and f all sizes, delivered in any part of the city orders left at my office.

and the figure 5. They are distinctly traced and are visible on both sides of the NO, 118, WYOMING AVENUE,

Bear room, first floor, Third National Bank, or sent by mail or telephone to the mine, will receive prompt attention. Special contracts will be made for the sale and delivery of Buckwheat Coal. The colored people of Pulaski county as they call it. The anchors, the letter N and the figure 8 are construed by some of the most superstitious to mean the com-

WM. T. SMITH.



Field, who is recognized as an authority in such matters. Cows, cowbells, street FRENCH REMEDY cars and car gongs have nothing to do with the case; neither have electric lights produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Toung men will regain their lost manhood, and old nor gas illuminations. One does not kiss acea will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervous with his eyes or ears-let him shut his eyes RNVIVO. Is quickly and surely restores Nerrous-ness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Powor, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unlist one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonio and blood builder, bring-ing back the pink glow to pale checks and re-storing the fire of youth. It wards of Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in rest pocket. By mail, 81.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a posi-tive written gmarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free, Address ROYAL MEDICHE CO BE Blacks of MICOG 11. if there be too much light and stop his cars if there be too much noise. The kiss is the principal thing, and from its pursuit and comprehension no true man will suffer ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 53 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

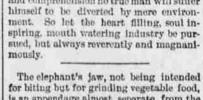
> For sale by Matthews Bros., Druggists, Scranton, Pa.

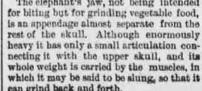


Cor. Linden St. and Adams Ave. COURT HOUSE SQUARE

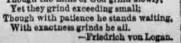
All kinds of Laundry work guaranteed the best.

mously.





A Familiar Quotation. Though the mills of God grind slowly.



In Chins a man who killed his father was executed and along with him his