TALES OF THE PINERIES

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

A LYNCHING IN MOSINEE

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The Dimblebats were defeated, the Ripupagins were victorious, and Mosinee, like countless other towns that night, was in an uproar of jubilation such as had not been seen since the celebration of the great Dimblebat victory of 188-, after successive defeats for a quarter of a century.

Every saloon yawned like a crater and uttered noises like the mouth of hell. Laughter was loud, and now and then the shrill convulsive whoop of a drunken lumberman rose above the clamor, the trample, the clatter of passing teams and the braying of tin horns.

All the county was in Mosinee. The Ripupagins had assembled for the parade, and the Dimblebats were there to look on and jeer. It was the day after the presidential election. New York had been carried, and that settled it. The parade was hurried forward at once, and preparations for speeches and bonfires went forward simultaneously. Very little business was doing. All trade, all talk was of the election and its results.

Dan Clark, the sheriff and a Dimblebat, was not depressed. As he sat at supper with his wife, in the county jail, that night, he said, prophetically: "Just you wait, Annie. They're goin' to pass a high tariff bill, and then you'll hear sumthin' drop. The people won't stand it."

Mrs. Clark was a small woman with a round firm face and piercing blue eyes, with little outward indication of the courage she was known to possess.

"Are you goin' out again to-night?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm a little afraid of trouble. The town is full of hands from the mills and camps, and the saloons are all open. Why? Want to go down and see the parade?"

"No; but somethin' is going on in there." She nodded her head toward the prison part of the house.

"So? What makes you think so?"

"Well, they've been pretty lively in there—singin' a good deal, and I've caught Jack and Shorty talkin' to each other suspiciously."

"Confound 'em! What do they take on to-night for? Well, I won't be gone long. I'll look in, before going down."

As they ate their supper, the far-off clanging of the prisoners' voices could be heard as they sang in their cells. It was a wild sound, but Mrs. Clark was used to it, and paid attention to it only as one might study the moan of the

"YOU'RE THE MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR."

wind as a sign of the weather. She was almost as renowned as Dan; for once, alone, she had quelled a murderous row, and at the point of a revolver had driven six escaping convicts back into their cells. Like many county jails in the west, the building was divided into dwelling and prison by a heavy wall cutting the building through the middle. A heavy door opened from the hall of the dwelling into a main corridor running at right angles to the wall of the house. This main corridor was in turn separated from the corridor before the cells by a heavy iron grating. There were two stories of cells, and during the day the prisoners had the run of the entire prison proper.

The change from Mrs. Clark's pleasant dining-room, to this prison, was as sudden as it was gruesome. A dim light at noonday, a sepulchral light at night, a cold clammy place at all hours; badly ventilated, having that indefinable, sickening odor which becomes an intolerable horror to the sensitive prisoner; and, worst of all, nothing for the convicts to do. Their quarters were clean, in a way, food abundant enough, but no employment. Modern civilization is slow in finding its way into a county jail and almshouse. In such an atmosphere guilty men (not to mention possible innocent cases), grow sullen, morbid, bitter, even insane, and go back into the open sunlight educated to crimes. If such prisons were once excusable, they are so no longer.

As Clark rose to go into the jail he could hear the song beginning again. He listened a little, critically.

"They're all right. A little excited, that's all. They hear the noise outside, and it stirs 'em up."

He appeared to be speaking of a den of leopards.

As he opened the door, the song burst through, hollow, reverberating, thrillingly wild:

"Light in the darkness, sailor,
Day is at hand!"

These were the words, but the singers managed to give them the ferocity and abandon of a robber's glee in a resounding cove. Each man stood at the door of his cell, his face to the little grated window; thus each cell was a voice, and the iron walls vibrated like a violin.

As the door opened, some one gave a piercing whistle and instantly all fell silent.

"Hello, boys, what's the row?"

"Our evening hymn, Dan," said a voice from the open tier of cells.

"Well, don't say yr prayers in that same key. Want the latest?"

"Yes, yes. Let's have it," shouted a half-dozen voices.

"The Rips are in it. New York goes—"

Some of the fellows cheered, others doubted. "Is it settled?"

"Well, yes. New York Herald concedes the victory."

"Well, that settles it."

"What's goin' on in town to-night?" asked one voice eagerly, wistfully.

"Parade," said Dan. "Now no more questions and don't make any more noise than is necessary."

"They're all right," he reported to his wife. "But I'll come back early. Keep your ear to the tube, and if you hear anything suspicious, send Julia down to Jim's."

* * * * * * *

When he got out into the street he found everybody else there, and the procession was nearly formed. Torches were flying here and there, the bandmaster was bagling the "fall in," and the main street roared with voices, in song, in whoop, and in jest.

The electric lights sputtered, dying almost out at times, to the derisive groans of the crowd. They had but lately been put up, and every evidence of failure was hailed with joy by some, and with dismay by others.

Just behind the band Capt. Frank Willey, the master of ceremonies, had dismounted, and was arranging the boys' brigade, which was to lead. Willey was a cashier in the bank, and one of the finest men of the town, an almost universal favorite. Handsome, in his slouch hat, gold-braided coat, and his graceful dark red sash, he was a great figure in the eyes of the boys, who held their flaring torches aloft with the gesture of veterans.

The crowd around the band was so thick it forced the passersby into the gutter, and the captain was saying, as the band struck up:

"Spread out, gentlemen. Don't crowd people onto the boys. All ready!"

A figure reeled off the sidewalk, toward the captain, with a revolver in his hand.

"Damn you, you're the man I've been looking for," he said, as he fired.

The captain stiffened in his tracks, wavered a moment and fell.

"Take *that*!" snarled the murderer again, as he fired a last shot and flung the revolver at the captain's face—then turned and walked away.

The unexpected finds men powerless to stir, and the fifty men who saw it stood appalled, unable to cry out or move till the man had passed on into the crowds farther up the street.

Then a wild cry arose.

"Murder!"

"Man killed!"

"Stop 'im—don't let him escape!"

The hoarse cry of murder reached Sheriff Clark, who was some distance down the street, talking with the city marshal.

"Trouble, Joe, come on!" cried Dan. They rushed toward the sound of the cries. There was a struggling mass of men just ahead of the band. Curses, wild cries and commands came from the group. Another smaller, silent swarm was concentrated around something on the ground across the street. Clark and the marshal rushed into the struggling mass.

Some one yelled: "The sheriff! Stand off!" and the crowd gave way before Dan's furious strokes as he fought his way toward the center.

"Kill him! Smash 'im!" yelled voices hoarse with passion.

"Give 'im to me!" shouted Dan.

As he laid hands on the wild-eyed, pallid, struggling wretch, foam was on his lips, his teeth were clenched, his face was bloody, his neck bare. He had been knocked down and trampled upon by the mob. He clung to Dan instinctively, but remained perfectly silent.

"Get out o' the way!" yelled the marshal. "We'll take care o' him. What's the matter?"

"He's shot Willey."

A wild clamor of voices burst out together: "I saw him!" "Kill the hellion —! Lynch 'im!"

"Clear the track!" commanded Dan. "I'll take care of him. Marshal, you look after Willey. Clear the way, there!"

He rushed the panting assassin through the crowd—or rather along with the crowd—toward the jail, which was only a short distance away. The prisoner made no resistance, and said nothing. He appeared dazed. As the sheriff got a little in advance, the crowd thinned, and he hurried his prisoner faster. The curious, furious throng was divided; part remained to see what became of the murdered man, the more careless and more youthful ran along beside Dan as they had often followed a circus. Everybody thought the case exaggerated, for few had heard the shot in the tumult.

They followed, however, up to the very door, and there were several voices crying: "Lynch the cowardly son of a dog!"

"Keep your hands off," said Dan, in a significant tone, as he waited for the door to open. "The law 'll look out for this feller. Don't worry."

"The law—yes. Some damn tricky lawyer 'll git him off with ten years, just like the—" The speaker's words were lost in the mutter of assent which rose.

When the door swung close behind them, Dan turned and looked at his prisoner.

"What is it, Dan?" asked Annie. The prisoners now were perfectly silent, hoping to hear about the arrest.

"O, a little row," Dan said, carelessly. "Come in here, young feller."

The man was dressed like a lumberman, in a gay "Mackinaw" jacket, with trousers of the same material, and red stockings of felt which came nearly to his knees. He was a lithe and powerful man, with a sullen face, now that the look of mortal fear was passing from it. He was dazed and breathless, and made no resistance as Dan thrust him into a lower cell.

"What's up, Dan?" asked the convict.

"Some drunks fighting," Dan replied, in a tone that silenced further inquiry, though they knew a drunk would not be brought to the county jail. He tried all the doors of the cells to see that they were secure, then joined his wife.

"I'm going down the street again. They need me. There's five thousand men out there, half of 'em full of whisky, and Joe can't handle 'em alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHILD'S FAITH.

It Is the Sweetest Thing on Earth in Its Simplicity.

The sweetest thing on earth is the faith of a little child. Who of us has not been comforted and made better and had our own faith brightened up through this innocent trust? Did you ever study closely the absolute faith a child has in God and the power of the unseen? A little child is taught his prayers and told of God at an age when he cannot understand clearly, but he has faith in those who teach him, and through that a faith in a supreme being. This faith implanted in the little heart is greater than can ever come to the mature heart, and ofttimes its strength and peculiarities are never realized by those who have taught it.

A little child whom I knew was playing by himself. His mother was sitting on the piazza of her country house. He had been running around the yard, picking flowers and gathering apples as they would fall from a tree. He assisted the apples to fall by occasionally throwing a stick or a stone at the tree. She finally heard him say:

"Do away, Dod; do away! Don't bodder me now."

And then he threw another stick. That one failed to bring down an apple. As he raised his hand and took aim again he said:

"Do away, I say! Tant 'oo wait a minute?"

His mother called him to her and said:

"Baby, to whom were you talking?"

"Dod," he replied in the most matter of fact tone.

"God," said the shocked mother. "Why, my child, where was he?"

"He was whispering to me."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Baby! baby! don't frow stones; 'oo will hit the poor little birdies.'"

And the mother had nothing to say. Faith and conscience were taking care of the little soul, and teaching their lessons better than it was possible for her to do.

Another time this same little child was flying a kite. He had indifferent success. There were storm clouds in the sky and the wind was fitful. He finally came running into the house for a piece of paper and a pencil. He said:

"I want to send a letter up to Dod."

"What are you going to say?" asked his mother.

"I am doing to tell Dod dat some naughty black angels won't let my tite do up."

"How will you get the note up to God, then?"

"Oh, Dod will send a dood angel down for it if he knows how bad I feel."

He scratched something on the paper, which to him was symbolic of his wishes, and his mother tied it to the kite and helped him to get it started on its mission. The wind had changed or grown stronger, and the kite sped up to the end of its linen thread. The little fellow was not at all surprised. His mother asked him if he thought God had received the letter. He said, "'Es, I fink I saw a dear little white angel sitting on a cloud who toot it to Dod."

The mother was worried as to what she would say to him when the Japanese invention come down still adorned with the white paper. His faith and ideas were so beautiful to her that she dreaded to dispel them in any way. She was saved an explanation. When the kite reached terra firma again the note was gone. She was surprised, but the faith of the child was so great that he never looked for it and never mentioned it again.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Wit on the Stump.

It must have been rather disconcerting to the declamatory speaker who, despising all technicalities, tried to storm his hearers by sheer force of eloquence, but who on uttering the words, "In the book of nature it is written," was interrupted by a quiet looking gentleman with a mild request that he would "name the page." Sometimes, however, the interrupter receives a "retort courteous" he hardly bargained for, and a capital story illustrative of this is told of Lord Palmerston. His lordship, who was an inveterate joker, possessed a readiness of repartee and a quaint sense of humor that often stood him in good stead. Once when canvassing Hampshire in conjunction with Sir George Staunton he held a meeting at a hotel which was but dimly lighted at each end by two small windows.

During the noble lord's speech he was frequently interrupted by cries of "no, no," proceeding from a little fat man in one of the windows, who was butler to an old admiral in the neighborhood. There were loud calls to bring him forward, but Lord Palmerston promptly said: "Pray don't interfere with the gentleman. Let him remain in the window. Providence has denied him any intellectual light—it would be hard indeed to deprive him of the light of heaven!"—London Standard.

The Instrument of Death.

The iron maiden was a terror inspiring torture instrument made of strong wood coated with iron; it opens with two doors to allow the prisoner to be placed inside. The entire interior is fitted with long, sharp, iron spikes, so that when the doors are pressed to these sharp prongs force their way into various portions of the victim's body. Two enter his eyes, others pierce his chest, and in fact impale him alive in such a manner that he dies in the most agonizing torture. Persons were condemned to death by the embraces of the iron maiden for plots against the governing powers, parricide, religious unbelief and murder with attempt against puberty.

The date of this rare specimen is the Fifteenth century. It is believed that the iron maiden is purely and peculiarly a relic of old Nuremberg, as at that date we do not read of it anywhere else, while the annals of that town contain many allusions to its terrors.

Using the Ears While Learning a Language.

The more carefully any teacher or thoughtful student will consider his own experience the more he will be convinced of what the facts of brain disease demonstrate that a good method of learning any language, whether the aim be to speak or only to read, must make the thorough training of the auditory and motor speech centers a fundamental object. This training can be perfectly attained only by living where the language to be learned is spoken, but although the difficulties at home are great, if the essential requisite is only kept in view a great deal can be accomplished. This we owe to the clear insight and faithful work of the inventors of the natural method.—H. T. Pershing, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

Anticipating Backward.

"My brothers and sisters," said an Arkansas circus rider at the conclusion of his exhibition, "let us lead such godly lives that when death comes we may stand out on the platform of eternity and gaze with fond anticipation on the things that are past."—New York Times.

Why Did They Laugh?

Bob—Have you sold your humorous article to any newspaper yet?

Sam—I've shown it to several editors, but none of them has bought it.

"Perhaps they don't think it funny enough."

"Oh, yes, they do, for they all laughed."—Texas Siftings.

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For Atlantic City, 8.20 a.m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a.m., 12.50 (express with Buffet parlor car) 3.30 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a.m., 12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.50 p.m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.50, 5.00 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.50 p.m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a.m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p.m. Sunday, 4.30 a.m.

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MAY 13, 1894.

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Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 6.07, 8.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m. via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points, via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.15, 11.38 p.m., via D., & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m., via E. & W. V. R. R., 3.41 p.m.

For Elmira and the west via Sulamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30, and 6.07 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Ag't, South Bethlehem, Pa.

"The Best" DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Del., Lack. and Western.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p.m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.15 a.m. and 1.24 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p.m. and 6.10 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p.m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

Ithaca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a.m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p.m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

North Bound.				South Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 N Y Day Express	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday)	202 Local Pass	204 Ontario Day Ex	206 Local Pass
....	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 25	..	N Y Franklin St	....	7 40	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd St	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junc.	6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 09	....	Hancock	6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 56	....	Starlight	6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park	6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	....	Como	6 32	2 41	....
7 38	12 25	....	Poyntelle	6 40	2 50	....
7 33	12 18	....	Belmont	6 45	2 58	....
7 22	12 03	....	Pleasant Mt.	6 55	3 06	....
7 19	f11 50	....	Uniondale	f6 58	3 09	....
7 08	11 40	A M	Forest City	7 10	3 19	P M
6 51	11 34	9 15	Carbondale	7 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	..	f9 06	Mayfield	f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn	7 34	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archbald	7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton	7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville	7 48	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant	7 52	4 04	6 04
6 21	11 05	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 03	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 35	Providence	8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f10 57	8 33	Park Place	8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 30	Scranton	8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive	A M	P M	P M

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.
T. Flycroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 a.m. and 324 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35, 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

An additional train leaves Scranton for Lake Ariel at 5.10 p. m. and arrives at Scranton from the Lake at 7.45 p.m

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a. m. and 3.41 p.m.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
FRIDAY, NOV. 2.

THE GERMAN SINGING COMEDIAN,
Charles T. Ellis
In a Grand Scenic Revival of the German Comedy-Drama
CASPER, THE YODLER
Plenty of Good, Solid Fun.
A Good Company.
Hear Ellis' Own Sweet Songs

Sale of seats opens Wednesday, Oct. 31.

THE FROTHINGHAM.
Return by Universal Desire.
TWO GRAND FESTIVAL CONCERTS,
Saturday Afternoon | NOV. 3 | Saturday Night

INNES and his FAMOUS NEW YORK BAND
Best in the World.
60 of the