### In the Wonderland Of North America.

### Twenty-third Letter of Northwestern Travel Puget Sound and Its Adjacent Timber Land.

the Pacific coast to me is the matchless inland sea, Puget Sound, and the stupendous forest which surrounds its shores. This archipelago extends from Olympia in the south to British Columbla in the north, one immense harbor running into the very heart of the state, the basin covering an area of 100 by 150 miles in extent, with innumerble bays, inlets and canals, their com bined areas having a shore line within the state of about 1,600 miles and a surface of about 2,000 square miles, washed by the ebb and flow of the tides, which rise and fall here twice a day from twelve to twenty feet. Puget Sound includes the straight of Juan de Fuca, the gateway to the Pacific ocean, which is ninety-five miles long and about eleven miles wide, and in many places of almost unfathomable The shores are usually so bold that a ship's bow can strike shore before the keel touches the bottom.

Nature has indeed been lavish to this favored region. Here are nearly 6,000,-000 acres of the finest fir, cedar, spruce, hemlock and other varieties of timber growing upon soils of the greatest depth and richness in the known world. I repeat, there is nothing on this earth like Puget Sound. On either side of this beautiful sheet of water are persnow-capped mountainsserrated ridge of the unexplored Olympic range on the peninsula to the westward, on the opposite side, eastward, the Cascades, stretching north and south like two great guardians of the Sound basin, its waters ebbing and flowing between them, each lifting their snow-capped peaks to the clouds and presenting views ever changing, ever pleasing, sublime and unexcelled.

### Its Wonderful Resources.

Just think of these islands, bays and inlets being lined with the native glants of these evergreen forests, whose timbered spires are lost in the snowcrowned peaks above and surrounding them. The average traveler has but a faint idea of the wonderful resources of this great inland sea. As a harbor, when compared with San Francisco, New York or any found on the Atlantic coast, it is far more commodious In mid-channel it has an average depth of 100 fathom. This extraordinary depth of water is maintained in all channels and branches, enabling the largest vessels of any nation to ride safely and anchor most anywhere along its shores. The combined fleets of all the nations of the world, I might say, can cast anchor here, and not one of them be in sight of the other. The depth of water over Sandy Hook entrance into New York harbor at low water is only twenty-one feet in the South channel and twenty-two feet in the Gedney channel. Unlike that of New York, or the Columbia river, the entrance to Puget Sound is without a bar, the strait is a magnificent gateway from the Pacific ocean to the Sound, 100 fathoms deep, where no pilot is required and no danger to shipping is found. Admiral Wilkeson says: On the Atlantic slope, where it was my misfortune to be born, and where fifty-seven years I have been cheated by circumstances out of a sight of ne real America, there are n brush. They may do for brooms; pieces for ships are got out of them and splinters for houses, but the Atlantic slope, soil and climate could not in ages produce a continuplank .which would reach from stem to stern of a thousand ton clipper ship. Puget Sound, anywhere and everywhere, will give you for the cutting (if you are equal to such a crime with an axe) trees that will lie straight on the ground and cover 250 feet of length, and measure 25 feet around above two men's height from the ground, (they are cut from stagings) and that will yield 150 lineal feet of clear solid wood below the branches They are monarchs, to whom all worshipful men inevitably lift their hats." It is easy to share the enthusiasm of the writer, who says: "Puget Sound scenery is the grandest scenery on earth. One has here in combination the sublimity of Switzerland, the pic-turesqueness of the Rhine, the rugged beauty of Norway, the breezy variety Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or the Hebrides of the North sen, the soft rich-toned skies of Italy, pastoral landscape of England, with velvet meadows and magnificent groves massed with floral bloom and the blending tints and bold color of the New England Indian summer. tures with which nothing within the vision of another city can be placed in comparison are the Olympic range of mountains in front of Seattle, and the sublime snow peaks of the Rainler, Baker, Adams and St. Helen's, with their glaciers and robes of eternal

The American Mediterranean. Puget Sound is called the "American Mediterranean." A ride over its placid waters in and out, around rocky headlands, among woody mountains, along its beautiful beaches and velvety meadows, all beneath the shadows of tower-ing snow-clad peaks is a delight worth days of travel and much expense to experience. It is no exaggeration to say that justice can never be done in describing its scenic glories—particularly the "Great White Throne," that Christians have dubbed Mount Rainier, but more melodious is its Indian name, ma," to me. So much has al-been said in this and former letters of this "King of Peaks" that it would seem that the subject might be ewhat overdone, but I am sure our readers will bear another reference to

this "royal gem."

The view of this mighty monarch as seen from the steamer in crossing the Sound from different points impresse you more forcibly with its sublime grandeur, than from any position on land. Rising grandly and alone, as from the level of the Sound, to a perpendicular height of nearly three miles to be exact, 14,444 feet. From its towering summit, where the steam of a diumbering volcano hovers over the crown, forming what is called "Liberty Cap," down for nearly two miles (or 10,000 feet) it is covered with a complete robe of perpetual snow, even down to the line of the green foothills. Think of it! This scenery is an every day affair with the citizens of Tacoma and e, who may look from his door or window upon an expanse of water, its surface covered with steam and sailing vessels that traverse the waters of the globe and at the same moment feagt his eyes upon the regions of eter-dal show. It is a favored moment in

By far the most interesting feature of , great sights in "this my own, my na

Prior to the purchase of Alaska, in 1867, Washington was the extreme northwest territory of the United States, although now comparatively a new state, it has already achieved inence throughout the world that many of the older states envy. The chief industry of Washington is lumbering. Statistics show this to be the greatest lumber section on earth. The Puget Sound Lumberman Journal says: immense forest belt comprises 123,089,142 acres of timber land, the most remarkable timber body in existence The government estimates the standing timber in Western Washington alone at 303,355,294,000 feet on 11,971,792 acres. while Eastern Washington has 11,616,-720 acres, with 106,978,041,000 feet, a total of 410,333,335,000 feet of standing timber, 25,339 feet on an average to an acre valued at \$269,561,329. No estimate has ever been made of the standing timber of British Columbia, but as the timber area is larger than Washington and Oregon, the amount must be still larger. Add to this the forests of Alaska, those of Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada and the red wood forests of California, and it can readily be seen that the most valuable heritage a bounteous Providence has bestowed upon the Pacific coast, consists of her timber wealth." When compared with Washington

the nine Southern timber states are not to be mentioned. The census reports give them only 280,000,000,000 feet. Neither are the White Pine states of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, which contain, according to the same stumpage. Oh, what timber! These forests are so vast that although the saw mills have been ripping from 4,000,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 feet of lumber out of them every year for the last fifteen or more years, the space made by these inroads seems no more than garden patches, and there is left a thousand years' supply, even at the enormous rate the timber is now being felled. No one who has not seen a primeval forest, where trees of gigantic size have grown and fallen undisturbed for ages, can form any idea of the colection of timber, or the impenetrable character of such a region. This locality, so inexhaustibly rich in lumber and coal, is called the Pennsylvania of the Pacific coast.

Some Big Western Trees.

The trees on Puget Sound are noted not only for size, but strength. They are mainly fir-spruce and cedar—the latter produces the best shingles in the world that will outlast pine two to one under any and all circumstances. The bulk of the fir is red Douglass, though yellow, noble and white fir is found on higher ground and in the mountains. The proportion of fir is about five-eights of the forest growth of Western Washington and grows on low lands often to the height of 300 feet. It is quite equal to the white pine of Michigan and Pennsylvania for ease of working, yet stronger in grain than oak and exeedingly rich in grain and finish.

The Puget Sound Lumberman says: "In order to grasp the magnitude of these figures, let the reader, in his mind's eye, imagine a solid train, 15,000 154,000 miles, or six times around the earth, and then enough cars left to make a train stretching from Puget Sound across the continent to the middle of the Atlantic. Or, taking twenty-five cars for a train, it would take 1,085,600 trains to transport the standing timber of Washington alone. Out of the staning timber in Washington, 41,300,000 cotlages could be erected. Say every cottage occupied a frontage of twentyfive feet, the cottages would make a street 97,500 miles, both sides or which would be a solid row of cottages."

Hon. S. Garfielde, of Washington, "The size of the fir tree and the number growing upon given areas, in good lumber districts are almost incredible to residents upon the Atlantic slope. Here trees often measure 320 feet in length, and more than threefourths of which are free from limbs. Fifty, sixty and sometimes eighty of these great timber trees grow on an acre of ground. One "berth" of timber, so called, covering about 3,000 acres, was carefully examined, and found to contain on an average eighty such trees to the acre 'hroughout this berth. Our oggers work no berth of timber prolucing less than 30,000 feet to the acre from 60,000 to 120,000 feet being the ommon yield,, and over hundreds of square miles of area does this unequaled timber exist."

On the British Boundary.

Through the courfesy of the general passenger agent of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern railroad, a branch of the Northern Pacific, we took a ride up the coast to Sumas, at the British Columbian boundary line, a distance of 125 miles. The route is not much more than an iron trail cut through the forest, but it gives one a just apprecia-tion of the extensive area of tree land on the coast line. What we see in our wanderings through these dense and almost unbroken forests may be if interest to our readers, especially those who are acquainted with and interest-ed in timber. The railroad, instead of a logging road that we expected to find, was first-class in all respects, and as we whirled through small clearings and many little parks, and around lovely lakes and the dense forests of these giant trees, standing in their grandeur to the height often of 300 feet, waiting for the harvester; also through miles of stumps and fallen monsters going to decay, which the ruthless lumberman had left behind, our appreciation of these wonders of the forest can be better imagined than described; and to see them fall under blows of steel or under the ravages of fire, is to experience pang of sorrow.

After a fifty-mile run, Mount Baker looms up to the height of 10,850 feet and s kept in view more or less during the balance of the trip. Not so prodigious a piece of mountain chiseling, not so overpowering to the senses as old Tacoma, yet there is a charm to Baker that is all its own; it seems to get closer to us, as if on the same planet withourselves than does the King of

Peaks-Tacoma. Mammoth Giants of the Forest. Think of what was said to us: "Fre quently a single tree is fallen here which is worth alongside of the vessel ready for shipment, as much money as would pay for two hundred acres of the governmnt land on which it grew." governmit land on which it grew." A cube was cut from one of the these fir trees that measured eight feet and nine inches each way." From that stump yonder, six saw logs were taken, each thirty feet long;" this tree was five feet in diameter at the base and the first

limb was one hundred and seventy feet (176 feet,) from the ground." "Here is a saw log forty inches in diameter

and one hundred feet long." "The average saw-logs range, though, from two to ten feet through." "A tree was cut the other day from which seven logs were taken, without a knot, their combined length being (179) one hun-dred and seventy-nine feet." "This tree scaled 48,000 feet." "A hollow ce-dar tree near this lake (Sumas) is

twenty-three feet in the clear on the ground and fifteen feet in diameter. ten feet above the ground." "In one of the Seattle lumber yards, there were recently several sawed sticks two by two feet and one hundred feet long."

We also saw and photographed a spruce tree growing over a cedar log. six feet in diameter and 200 feet high; also a cedar stump, 60 feet in circumfer ence 10 feet above the ground; a photograph of this we have also, Ocosta, the southern extremity of the Sound, an enormous cedar was felled that was 467 feet high and 70 feet in circumference at the base. I confess it is painful to see thes mighty monarchs of the forest so ruthlessly laid low, and we share the feelings of the Scientific American of July, 1895, where it says: "It is a pity that all such great glants of the forest, whose age is counted by centuries, cannot be preserved from

destruction. Nor is this all-for in company with Colonel Charles W. Saunders, of Seattle-a recent visitor in Honesdalewe visited the famous Port Blakeley lumber mills, located twelve miles across the Sound from Seattle, and witnesesd there what would astound an ordinary Eastern lumberman, in the maner of handling lumber for shipment. This is one of the largest lumber mills in the world, none exceeding it in capacity, which is over (600,000 feet) six hundred thousand feet of lumber, and (200,000) two hundred thousand lath per day. It gives employment directly to four hundred and fifty men and indirectly to hundreds of others. The The saw-mill proper is report, less than 75,000,000,000 feet of mammoth two-story building 450 by 100 feet in size, filled with the latest improved machinery. This plant

> plant in operation. Statistics fail to convey an adequate account of the magnitude of the work carried on. We see carload after carload of finished lumber, fresh from the saws, dumped from the elevated railway tracks upon a chute inclined towards the waiting ships, into whose gaping portholes these timbers are rolled by an array of longshoremen, bound for foreign ports. These sticks, many of them were 100 feet long 18 by 18 out a particle of sap, a rent or check, perfectly sound and straight. Often these timbers are 150 feet long and 2 to 3 feet square. This plant is run night Lizzie Howell. and day, being illuminated by 450 incandescent electric lamps. This company is adding 52,000 square feet of new wharfing and 1,400 feet of elevated double track railway. Much more can be said of this monster mill, its big logs, its immense saws, furnaces, boilers, etc., would time and space permit, which is only one of a dozen large mills the tourist can see. What would these old eastern sawyers think of a mill that turns out material enough in one day to build forty houses, or enough in one capable of turning out enough shingles in a year to shingle 6,700 houses as the

### Stimson mill does? Shipments of Spars.

They claim the red and yellow fir is bridges, tresties, etc., owing to its
strength floribility light and the connell and Mrs. S. H. Stevens. in greater lemand for ship timber. strength, flexibility, lightness, tenacity and evenness of fibre, nail-holding qualities and freedom from knots and defects than any in the world. The Louise Davenport, Jessie Peck, Candace defects than any in the world. The whole world is drawing its supply of ship masts and spars from here. It is here the Great Eastern came for her Scranton, Mrs. C. R. Parke. masts, and later the Puritan, Defender, Valkyrie, Thistle, Mayflower, Volunteer, and Vigilatt. On Windsor castle is a flagstaff brought from Puget Sound. W. W. Scranton house, corner of Mon-Many cargoes of spars for use in the French navy have been sent from here. The standard size for that market is 120 feet in length and four feet in diameter, one-third of the distance up from the foot all this after being hewn into octagonal shape. Vast quantities of lumber and shingles are sent to foreign lands-thirty different countriesfrom Australia in the far South to England in the North. The monster ship Olive Bank took last summer a cargo of lumber from Hastings' mills for South Africa of large and heavy timbers com prising over two million feet, to be exact, 2,323,624 feet, and had she taken smaller timbers she could have carried a half million more. This is the largest vessel ever loaded with lumber from Puget Sound. An official report says: There are 250

saw mills in the state, with a combined capacity of over 10,000,000 feet per day There are 234 shingle mills on Puret Sound that produced 12,000,000 shingles per day; think of it, a yearly output of 3.000,000,000 cedar shingles. The capital invested in lumbering and woodworking plants is over \$30,000,000; the num

ber of men employed, 12,000, and the wages paid yearly, \$7,000,000. J. E. Richmond.

### THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

omething of the Dances and Dancers Presented Next Month in the Prothingham Theater.

Preparations and rehearsals for the Fete Champetre to be given next month in the Frothingham theater for the benefit of the Home for the Friendless are progressing with an earnestness and smoothness which argues well that the promises of the managers will be fulfilled, in that the affair will eclipse even last year's Kirmess.

The list of dances, tableaux, chaper ones and dancers is as follows; where the names of dancers do not appear, the list is not complete, but may be expected to be made public within a few

days. J. Anderson, Mrs. C. H. Welles and Mrs. W. T. Smith; dancers, Misses Frederika Derman, Helen Stevens, Grace and Anna Rose, Ruth Dale, Margaret Torrey and Adda Bone, and Messrs. Dunn, Burson Bevan, Arthur Thompson, Jennings, Harry Pierce and Dr. Peel.

Grand tableaux of Napoleon and court.
Tyrolean (Swiss) dance—Chaperones,
Mrs. F. W. Gunster and Mrs. Emanuel Zitzelman; dancers, Misses Lizzle Hiltz, Emma Koch, Josephine Rohrwasser, La-vina Schnell, Lina Sissenberger, Mamie Fenner, Minnie Woelkers, Louise Schlot-terbach, Jennie Noth, Aseline, Rosa Rohrwasser and Lydia Pichel, and Messrs. Edward Eissle, William Weichel, Charles Genter, Emil Schimpff, Peter Zurfluh, John Scheuer, Leo Schimpff, John Shott, George DeWilde, Worth, Nelson Teets and Louis Lange.

The Court Minuet.
Court minuet—Chaperones, Mrs. H. M.
Boles, Mrs. E. N. Willard, Mrs. N. Y.
Leet and Mrs. T. H. Watkins.
The Saltorella—Chaperones, Mrs. E. L.

Fuller and Mrs. F. H. Jermyn; dancers, Misses Alice Matthews, Florence Voorhees. Grace Spencer, Louise Seybolt, Mary Bissell, Annie Buck, Lillian Gearhart, Caroline Boardman, Mary Foster, Torrey area covered by this plant exceeds ten and Phillips, and Messrs, W. W. Wharton, acres and fourteen ships can be loaded at once. The saw-mill proper is a Wolfe, Nettleton, Robert Snyder, George Dimmick, Harry Kirkpatrick, Wallace Ruth, Sharps, Percy Mott. Tambouring dance—Chaperones, Mrs. L.

Marcks and Mrs. J. R. Cohen. erected in 1888 and cost \$300,000. It is a Gondoller dance Chaperones, Mrs. Hen-ry Belin, Jr., and Mrs. James Archbald most interesting sight to witness the dancers, Misses Archbald, Augusta Archbald, Allis Dale, Flora Matthews, Frances Winton, Clara Simpson, Lulu Welles, Skinner, Jessie Coursen, Frances Hunt, Susan Jermyn, Alice Belin, and Messrs. Frank, Theodore and Lawrence Fuller, Hunt, E. E. Chase, Merrill, James Blair, jr., John Brooks, J. H. S. Lynde, Bliss, pasell Dimmick, B. E. Watson,

Folly dance-Chaperones, Mrs. H. M. Streeter and Mrs. C. R. Shryer. Military dance-Chaperones, Mrs. J. A. Fritz, Mrs. Schuyler Gernon and Mrs. L. S.

Will Be Seen in Hornpipe Dance.

Hornpipe dance-Mrs. W. W. Scranton,
Mrs. C. S. Weston and Miss Anna
Matthews; dancers, Katle Steele, May Blanchard, Mary and Elizabeth Dickson, Ruth Archbald, Gertrude Coursen, Anna McAnulty, Laura Brown Helen Helen Jones, Eleanor Moffat, Eloise Phelps, Hugh Archbald, Walter Stevens, Douglass, Moffat, Harry Jones, Paul Welles, Walter Coursen, Frank McGowan, Max Jessup, Harry Williams, Harold Nor-ton, Lawrence Watres, Randolph Froth-ingham.

Flowers and Bees-Chaperones, Mrs. F. year for 8,200 cottages, more than M. Spencer and Mrs. George M. Hallstead; enough to build a city, which this Blakely plant does? Or a shingle mill Cora. Noves. Myrtle Williams. Trysting. Morris, Jennie Donegan, Helen Simpson, Annie Archer, Edna Caryl, Vivian Bur-nett, Mody Moir, Mary Hallstead, Joseph Brown, Wilford Moir, William Vernoy, Taylor Foster, Bert Mercereau, Orin Christian, Rodney Thelss, Joseph Alexan-Franklin Vernoy, Glenwood Pierce, John Burnett, Reyburn Watres

Skirt dance-Chaperone, Mrs. Willard Matthews; dancers, Freda Kann, Kittle Watson, Mabel Fritz, Annie Henwood,

Carnival dance-Chaperones, Mrs. R. M.

Rehearsals for the fete champetre will be held, beginning Monday, in the Scranton Bicycle club house instead of in the roe avenue and Linden street. rooms of the latter have been found too small to properly drill the larger classes. A souvenir programme of the fete is being prepared, the profit of which will go to the Home. Business men are urged to give it to their patronage,

The Temple. From the Detroit Tribune. The queen of Sheba was deeply im-"Great head," she exclaimed, in admira-

'Ah, yes," rejoined the wise monarch temple of Solomon is not unjustly With which he touched his brow signi-

Grapes for Coughs and for Singers. Auntie Rachel, a Holland nurse, has discovered a novel and effective way of using grapes in combination with Ele-campane Root and Horehound for the purpose of curing coughs, colds and sore throat. It is called Aunt Rachel's Efecampane and Horehound Cordial and it is said that physicians are recommending it freely in the East ers and lecturers carry a bottle with

TIMOTHY HEALY, BRILLIANT IRISH PARLIAMENTARIAN.



[By the Courtesy of H. H. Kohlesat]

### Glimpses of Welsh Mining Life.

Will Acha Wew's

Written for The Tribune.

Of course, it was a foolbardy thing to do, but times were hard. Four hundred men had been temporarily discharged from the Victoria pit, pending more orders for coal. Managers Edwards & Thomas, of the Caegarw and Gochel Gwmpo Pits, had taken in as many of the men as they could, especially those who were known as good workmen, for whom shrewd managers are always on

To make room for these men some of the stalls were worked on the doubleshift plan; and in this way Will Acha Wew, whose name in Welsh was descriptive of his chief personal mark, a wabbling gait, secured the night shift in the stall of Dal Seithws 'i Got (David Who Shot His Coat in mistake for a burgiar), off Cardi Mawr's "heading."

Will was not allowed a partner, as Dai objected to the breaking of the alignment of the stalls which would result from overdoing the double-shift plan, for, as miners know, the stalls are worked very much like a piece of painting-no single part is to be developed very far in advance of all the other parts

The fool-hardiness of Will's action on that Sunday night appears from the fact that the people of Cwmcoed were as strict Sabbatarians as South Wales mining villagers could be. Every apparent breach of the fourth commandment, committed under the cognizance of the colliery managers, who were themselves respected office bearers in the churches of the village, was covered

by the saying clause of necessity. The night shift colliers respected the public sentiment, and abstained from work on Sunday nights, though many of them held no decided opinion on the matter. To increase the output of coal, when the market was already glutted, could not by any means be construed as necessary.

But Will was hard up. He had been idle for some weeks, and had at home eight mouths to feed. There was no difficulty, he thought, in applying the rule of necessity to his case, and that Sunday night he went down the pit with the repairers.

Around the little Punch-and-Judy structure at the bottom of the pit, where the fireman sat in state to lock the lamps and issue orders, jokes, and cautions, and where smokers puffed complacently before separating for regions where pipes were more strictly prohibited than in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the men linggered longer than usual that night talking in a quiet Sabbath manner as the day of rest drew to a peaceful

Though warned by the fireman that no human being would be within half-a-mile of him that night, Will wabbled alone to his distant stall. But he felt uneasy all the way. He would now and then stop and listen, thinking that the echoes of his footsteps proceeded from feet other than his own. The glimmerings of rotten timber in the darkness ahead of him were strikingly suggestive of Jacks-with-a-lantern and

After finding some empty trams in the heading, he reached the stall, and began a hard night's work. After pounding away at the stubborn, two-feet-nine seam with indifferent success for some hours, he sat down to rest and to munch some crusts from his food-box. He began to feel dreadfully lonesome. was growing unusually sensitive to the creaking of timber, the crunching of the side-walls, and the falling of stones in distant stalls. The far-away reports ! of the coal fell on his ears as if a Roman legion had brought its famous rams to bear on the other side. He felt strangely indisposed to start work again. The coul had stubbornly resisted his attacks. There was a spell of "cussedness," as he would say, resting on everything. He began to look into himself for the cause of his failure. His mind, against his will, reverted to the Sunday question, a sense of the supernatural and of duty neglected came upon him, for Will was religious in a

From the point where the stall parted from the heading, sixty yards away from Will, came the sound of a horse's feet. Probably a systaror passing by with his horse, thought Will, though he thought it strange after the warn. ing the fireman had given him, that he would have no neighbors that night His first intention was to hail the passer-by, but he noticed the sound coming nearer. Soon the braddish door would open and disclose the visitor's light. But Will missed the sound and the slight concussion of the air which would accompany the closing of the door. Neither could be see any light. but the sound came nearer and more distinct, clatter-clatter, thump-athump, until at length he descried the form of a man, a very strange-looking man, the like of whom he had never

seen. Will blinked and stared. "Surely," he thought, "I must be off the ralls tonight. The sound of horse's feet, door unopened, no light, and a strange man standing before me, waiting for me to talk."

But before Will would utter any of his thoughts, the stranger spoke to him. "I've come to see you. "Yes?" answered Will, with blinking eyes and mouth a-gape.

"You are alone." "Yes." "May I help you?"

"Thank you very much, sir, indeed; but you are a stranger here, are you not? "No, I know every place here."

"Well, let us sit down for a while." Both sat down on their heels for a time, the stranger doing most of the talking. Just as Will was revolving in his mind a few leading questions to put to the stranger, the latter said: "Now, then, let me have a pull at your coal. We'll push this full tram out and fetch an empty one, and you

may cart the coal into it." When they had exchanged the trams the stranger made for the "face" of the

"What shall we do about light?" asked Will. "Never mind me. Keep your lamp with you. I can manage all right."

More mystified than ever, Will began to cart into the tram some coal he had piled together before the coming of the stranger. Soon he heard the pleasant falling and rolling of coal, and muttered to himself with a smile that the stranger could work as well as talk. In a very short time the space between Will and the stranger was piled up with coal, completely hiding the latter. Will heard the incessant rolling of coal, but not a sound of a tool could be heard He was truly a "sadder" man after more than at the building of Solomon's his experience with his ghostly part-

the bread and raiment of his wife and children, and he felt it crimmal to look on idly like a dolt. After he had piled a ton of coal on the train, he resolved before doing anything further to take a peep at his mate, who was on such good terms with

the stubborn team. Veteran as he was

without asking any questions. It was

in coal-breaking his mate had evidently a thing or two to teach him. At first there was no possible ingress to the stranger in sight, but after some scraping Will made an air-hole along the top, and thrust himself head foremost in quest of his mate. To his great horror, he soon placed his hands on an unshod pair of hoofs. He stood stock-still.

"Hello! are you there?" remarked his mate pleasantly.

"Yes, I have filled the train, and I wanted to take a squint at you working. How do you do it?"

'Oh, just like this," and his hoofed mate thrust his hands into the solid "face" and drew forth a solid block of coal, almost square, like the pieces preserved in museums. "That's all," said he, "And now !

think we had better cart all this coal and clear the stall for Dai Seithews 'I Got-the rodney! I know Dal well. He tried to shoot me one night, and shot his coat instead.'

Both squeezed themselves back over the pile of coal. The full train was pushed out of the stall and an empty one was brought in. The operation was repeated several times before the stall was clear.

In pushing the last tram, the stranger's hand, or whatever it was, came into contact with Will's, and made a gash on the back of his hand. Another thing puzzled Will. The stranger not only avoided every tool, but was particularly careful in placing his hands on the coal while pushing a full tram, and suffered Will to push back the empty iron ones. Though the "turn" was scarcely half

over, the stranger suggested to strike work, asked Will not to tell anyone who had helped him,, and said he would help him again the following night.

Will reached his home with the early dawn, with a crazed look; but he held his peace, and had no difficulty in explaining to his wife the cause of his early return. During the day Will did a deal of thinking about his ministering angel.

There was now little doubt in his mind that the subject of many a tale he had heard, when a boy at the foot of Plinlimmon, had materialized before his sight, and had rendered him material service. Had he not heard how prospectors for lead-ore were attracted to certain spots on the hillsides by loud knockings heard under the ture, and how, after a little digging, they struck veritable bonanzas? Had he not heard how two brothers were guided by a dream to the ruins of Gwrnerth castle in quest of hidden treasures? After rolling aside a pile of stones one of the brothers struck an iron chest with his pick, when the other brother shouted, Tom!" whereupon they set to higgling and quarreling over the price, and were on the point of fighting, when they heard a noise underneath, and caught a glimpse of the chest disappearing into the ruins. They worked for hours in sullen silence, but could find no trace

of the chest. Then they fought each other black and blue in right earnest, But why should he, Will Acha Wew of all his fellow-workmen, he selected for the special favor of this beneficent could it be-horrible thought!his Sabbath-breaking? No he could not entertain it. A good week's earnings in a single night was not the kind

of favors usually bestowed on the wicked. Had he better seek the spiritual advice of Rev. James Hughes, minister

of Calvary Baptist chapel? No, he was n Mr. Hughes' black book. He disapproved of his method of forcing people to become members of his church by the scruff of their necks, and Mr. Hughes knew it. Besides, he had failed to pay his yearly subscription towards clearing the chapel debt. Mr. Hughes, also, was hard on people who believed in ghosts. No, he would keep tryst with his hoofed friend. He went to work again that night.

and his hoofed friend clattered up to him. Night after night they met and worked together.
The men of the day shift could not

understand how Will had so many full trains to his account every morning There was no way apparent by which he might put his chalk-marks on other people's trains, even if he was thought capable of such exceptional sneakish-ness. Dai Seithws'i Got's stall had stolen a march on the neighbors, and Dal swore loud and long in English that his coal was dead-locked. At the end of a fortnight, Will ex

tracted a promise from his partner to meet him at the top of the pit on payday. His friend kept to his promis and met Will as he came from the office clad in a decent sult of clothes, with his hands in his trowser's pockets, a felt hat pressed over his ears, and his feet enclosed in shoes of a strange

They walked together to the village and entered the Black Lion to divid their earnings over a quart of beer. Will threw the money on the table and pro-ceeded to divide it into two piles. An equal division was made, but a sixpence stood over which Will could not break. He tossed it to his friend's pile "What is that you are doing?" claimed his partner.

"I can't divide it. You take it. Yo "Not a penny will I take over n share. Change it at the bar." "Nonsense, you must take it."

"And I say I won't take it." "By G- you must." His partner rose, trembling through his whole body. "Good-bye Will. You should not hay

mentioned that name here." Then with an unearthly shrick and noise like a clap of thunder, he disappeared through the open window. The inmates of the Black Lion rushed into the room and found Will staring at the piles of money. He got up a

offering a word of explanation to the The following week work resumed at the Victoria Pit, and Will secured his old stall.

dazed-man, pocketed the money, paid

for the beer, and went home without

temple. Shovels, mandrels, crow-bars, ner, and possibly he became a "wiser"

man, for whenever he met a reckless youngster, he had a strange advice to

"Never offer the devil more than his

A New Use for the Horse. In regard to auto-mobile carriages, electric railroads and electric bicycles Professor Bell says: "These develop-ments have led me to think of what is Ghostly Partner,

wedges, hammers were to this workman either unknown or obsolete inventions; in any case, unnecessary.

In spite of his bewilderment, however, Will kept his eye on the main chance of things, and carted the coal without asking any questions. It was

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