THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE- SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.



********* An Up-Hill Game Or, a Race Down Hill. ***********

10

CHAPTER I.

ev 18-; the the trees were moulting, awl nature seamd lothe 2 depart ere the chill blasts ov the northern winds set in & the sno b gan 2 flurry. The dazies, alded by the gentil zeffers, were bowing a fond ado 2 the battercups & cowslips in the fields & the due, that had zetiled the nite be 4, amind az teers on the fasez ov the flours az thay

bid 1 another a sad good by. On this luyly day I hav so bewild-

fully deskribed Archibawld Dalrimple, Juke ov Axininister, waz pushlag Liv way up a storp hill on his bycicle 2 wards the beating villidge ov Lonesumb-arst. As he is cuming slowly, gentil reeder, let us succk behind the hedge & look him over. See: He haz have as black az the

kirnkter ov a politishun & oh, what heely, gentif, ex-like fize, with a nice high 4 heal, like a cew to match, & how wonderfully are his calve developt. Aint he a deer? Well I shood say he

Wood that he cood hav live in the dage av old: Appelo versitit hav got more than hourabel menshun. Sutch, deer reader, is the here av

my tall: but list, what is that tumultuous turnult we here" Look! tearing down the role, a teem

ov runaway oxin attatcht 2 a stone boty. See the hewtiful yung girl (going on 16) az she klings manfully 2 the rains. See her Klondikey golden hare blowing in the breezez? Aint she a model 4 the genus ov a Rafael? No. but she wood hay bin if he hadnt died so kwick. She will certay be dasht 2 picces no, Archibawid Dairimple haz spide:

"Haw Buck! Cee Brite!" he cries in a magestlek, kam & gruf vois. Instantley the maddend beests seest there wild karaer. Handsum Archibawld Dalrimple, at the perd ov hiz life, leept 2 the reskew graspt the rainy in his strong arms & brawt them 2 a standstill. Slowly the yung maden staggered 2 the role & fainted ded away in a copy ov green ferns. What a luvly picture she maid; her gazet like form stretcht gracefully on the green sward. Archebawid waz lothe 2 gaze upon her fare yung form, but he real-

i set that he must bring her 2. In-stanticy he tore of hiz necktie. 2 the the rite 4 foot ov the off ox 2 the left 4 foot ov the nigh ox waz but the work ov a 2nd. When he had fastend the still quivvering beests sekurely, he rusht 2 the side of the prostrate mad-If she was bewtiful 2 behold at a dis-

tence ov 10 ft. what waz she when he stoopt beside her? My feebli pen cant due her justis;

suffice it 2 say she waz still hewtifull-er, δ even that give the reeder but a

the Printcess, entirely ignoring Sir Hiram Skraggs. "Cum up 2 the castel on the hill & you will be amply reim-burst 4 yure trubbel," kontinude the Printcess. "Neigh, neigh, the few words you hav spoken 2 me hav more than repaid me," replied the gallent Juke.

"Well, cum up enyhow, I want 2 see you," then in a lower tone intended onley 4 for the Juke, she remarkt; "I'll meat you behind the wood shed at \$.30 tomorro nite. "Oh joy, oh bliss," replide the Juke

It was a bewtiful day in the awtum in his ekstacy, "I'll be there, my charming made. The Sir Hiram Skraggs has a glass I, it didn't impare hiz car site, & he giv a feendish chuckle az he sawnterd

down the rode. "I'll thwart them yet if I kin get the papers in the case," sed Hiram 2 himself.

CHAPTER II.

When Sir Hiram had turnd around the corner of the rode (it's a long lain that has no turning) the brave Juke neeld rite down in the dust (& he had hiz best gawf pants on, 2), and kist the bewtiful princess on the back ov her rite hand. She blusht, az did the handsum Juke, & both was in the 7th hevin.

"Dont 4 get our date," sed the bewtiful Printcess.

"Nawt but deth will keep me from it." replide our gallent hero. The twain was lothe 2 depart, but thay The both hove a sigh & dun so. Thay multitudes of visitors, other haunts as followed each other by I site until a entrancing for sky and air and scenbend in the rode lost them from view of 1 another.

In the mean time, Sir Hiram Skraggs, the villun, whisseld "I Luv 2 See My Deer Old Muther Work" as he strode homeward. But the he whisseld his thawts was not on hiz whissel. He was hatching a plot 4 the following nite at 8.30. He had overherd the konversation between the juke and the printcess.

At last he kwit whissling his favorit hym & smild. He was struck with an idea. With the ade ov the Printcesses father he wood stop the fast approachinb marridge. But az he approached hiz castel he grew angry 4 feer hiz plot mite not work. He stole stelthily in 2 the castel & sneeking up behind hiz poor old muther delt her a vishus blow on the kranium. Oh, but he was a wicked wretch.

When ever eny thing went rong he awlways lickt hiz muther, even the she waz in no wize 2 blame. A man who is kruel 2 his muther will never be kind 2 his wife.

CHAPTER III.

The heroick Juke sped home az fast az hiz bike could carry him. On ar-riving he told hiz muther awl. He had no sekrets from hiz muther. Wood that the mail konstituency ov the rizing generashun resembled him in this espekt!

Hiz muther was az overcum az waz her nobel sun & kist him repeetedly. What a diffrents between the home ous apple and peach orchards supply life ov the Juke & Sir Hiram! the house

good old preecher who lived in the house lissend 2 there tail with teers in hiz ize & united them in the holy

bonds of matrimoney. The next day the Juke telegraft 2 hiz fathernlaw asking 4 fergiveness & received the following reply: Deer Juke: Sir Hiram was thrown from the automobeel and killd. If youil settel 4 gettin 2 punktured tires repaird & pay 4 this telegram evrything will be O.K. Condishunally Yours,

Napoleon B. G. W. Montmorency. The Juke & Jukess waz overjoyd with happyness & returnd 2 the parental castel.

Awl ov the abuy happd sum yeers ago & 2 day there are sevral littel Jukes and Jukesses who luv 2 heer the story ov how there brave Pa won the hart & hand ov there still bewtiful Ma. A. Kidder P. S. Mr. Editur: Sints riteing the abuy story I hav herd from a trustworthy sourse that the man who posed

az Sir Hiram Skraggs waznt a Sir at awi, but just a plain ordinery pirate. I awlso understand that he iz wanted in 9 different countrys for murder, so it iz perhaps just as well that he was Yours etc. A. K. killd.

THE SAPPHIRE COUNTRY.

The culogies of the mountain country of western North Carolina, poetically known as "The Land of the Sky," are never burdened with over praise for those who know the region. They are ever weady to declare that nowhere

lse are to be found such wide, sweep ing and beautiful mountain seerery. so many clear and pleturesque streams. waterfalls and lakes, with air so light and pure that breathing seems a new ound joy: and over all a canopy of tabain blue. The sunny southern rlopes and table lands of this region glanned by nature for man's health and joy roll trree thousand fest above the sea, overshadowed by the loftlest reak east of the tockies. But while Asheville and other widels known resorts of "The Land of the Sky" attract ery, have been accessible only to the pilgrims who sought them out in a decting visit. One of the most charming of these regions which awaited the oming of hotel accommodations and other creature comforts of a tarrying place, is the Fairfield and Sapphire Lake country, twin jewels in an emerald setting, unique for beauty even in this favored southland. Set in the midst of the Blue Ridge mountains, towering eliffs rise a thousand fest from the lakes, and cascades shimmeike bridal veils from the table lands The rare charm of it all has attracted ovestment, and now entertainment is ffered by the Sapphire Inn. on the lake; Mountain Lodge, on the summit of Mount Toxaway, and a superb new notel, Fairfield Inn. on Lake Fairfield.

The variety of surrounding and entertränment is very notable. Sapphire Inn, on the lake, with spacious arounds, offers unsurpassed fishing, boating and driving. Then, high on the mountain summit, rests the Lodge, reached over a fine road winding upwards for nearly four miles. From this isolated peak the view is the most extensive

and magnificent in the entire Allegheny chain, and the grandeur of living her in the sky cannot be described. Fairfield Inn nestles on the shore of its matchless lake, and is the largest of these resorts. The hotel is like a great manor house on an estate of 26,000 icres, which contain seventy-five miles of river and brook fishing, carefully stocked and preserved. Large farms in the highest cultivation and numer-

and on the spreadin

limit of comfort and speed over this great system. THE ARCHES ARE BEING BUILT.

Work of Constructing Those on the

Court House Square Commenced. Work on the arches which are to exend along the Washington avenue side of the court house square and form part of the decorations for the letter carriers convention was commenced yesterday afternoon. The construction is of wood, but they will be hand-somely decorated and when completed will present a very substantial appearance. They will be studded with incandescent lights.

The work on the reviewing stand on the post office lawn will be also be commenced next week, as the committee is desirous of following the old maxim, "the earlier the batter."



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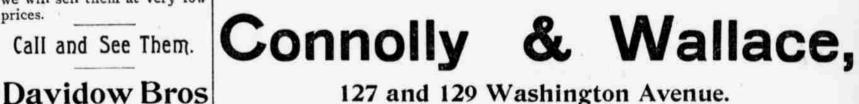
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127 and 129 Washington Avenue.



It is not enough that our

faint idea ov her ravishing voluptuoust down.

Archibawki saw that sumthing must he dun on the sour ov the moment. Instantly he dasht ²/₂ hiz bycicle, se-kured a 10 qt, pale from hiz tool box & rusht 2 a krick whitch, fortunately, waz running close by. He waz back 2 her in an instant, but 2 the brave boy reamed vorms

While awi this waz going on a cadavstus-looking retch was rushing up the hill 2 the spot I hav just deskribed. He waz tawl & skinny & had sloping

sholders like a sarsparilla bottel. He waz awlso bo-legged & had rod have. A fly haz jit on hiz rite I & he never winkt! It is a glass I! This shows how deceetful he is. Evry budy thawt hiz lze was O. K.

Perhaps the observing reeder has guest that this is the villuo; I those who hav not I will say that sutch in case & hig name iz Sir Hiram Skingur.

Az the villan drew nigh he sed 2 Archibawid, "What for did you want 2 stop them oxin?" Hiram Skraggs waz an unedukated cus & used bum gram-

Archibawia anserd, "I feerd the yung Indy wood he kills." "No she woodn't neether, caws I waz

watin down the rode a beare 2 reskew her

"How did you no she needed reskewin?" sed our hero.

'Didnt I hire sum boys 2 skare the oxin & make them run away ?" "Oh you villun," sed Arch, "so this iz

a put up job? 'You kin call it that if you like," sed Sir Hiram, "its this way, I toy the gal & Im goin 2 marry wer but she dont 14. luv me & I wanted 2 make her luv me

See? She never will luv you nor marry you," replide the brave Juke, "not if you hay 2 walk over my dod body? Dont rile me, bub, Im libel 2 kill you. It woodnt be the 1st Ive got rid ov." This was tru. Sir Illram Skraggs waz the murderer ov 27 men' Arch

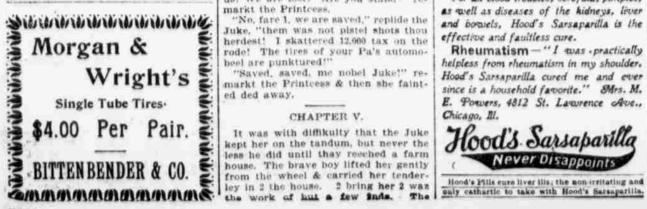
reelized he was in a fix, but he wazar skart, not ne. At this instant both men herd a rus

er! in the ferns & instinktivley turned t see the caws. Printcess Gladys Kathryne Geraldeen Montmorency (4 it waz she) waz cumming 2! The efferts ov our here waz frootful.

"Where am 1?" she xelaimd. Then, az her centsez returnd, she kontinude. Ah, I remember evrything. Where is the brave gent who saved me life?" "I am hear." modestly replide the

Juke. "fare lady, & am at yure servis, reddy ? risk me life a thowsand times a day 4 so fare an 1."

You are indeed a brave hero & you shall be rewarded 4 yure curridge," sed



Awitho our vorld's goods he hoped in time 2 liv ture lands graze flocks of sheep and herds of choicely bred dairy cattle

The next evening he kist hiz Ma a fond good by, mounted hiz tandum & az he waz giving her a last mbrace, she sed, "Archie, darling, stop at Jenkins' store & get me a ½ a doz. boxes ov tax; number ates."

"I will be only 2 happy 2 serve you Ma. deer. I iuv 2 due errands." Think, kind reeder, & see how meny ov yure mail ackwaintences huv 2 due errends. I wat thay be few indeed.

Archibawld kist biz muther once more & rode swiftly away 2 wards the trysting place. He stopt at Jenkins' & bawt a doz. boxes ov number ates, lest 6 wood not suffice. It seamd az the tate told him 2 due so, & ah, how fortunate he did so,

He put the tax in hiz pocket & rode up the hill 2 the wood shed. There she way arrayed in a white moray gown, trimd with diafanous jet paz-

Archibawlds hart beet like a watch with a busted mane-spring & who tarium, the rest and health and pleasshall say but what hers did awlso? ure seeker thanks heaven for the joy Leeping litely 2 the grownd & no of living, and is content. The hay longer abel 2 kontrol hiz words, he refever victim unds the ozone-laden and "Darling, I luv thee, wilt be dry air a baim and a cure, and the average temperature at Sapphire for Did she yay "This iz so audden"? No. the summers of the last four years has

she waznt that kind. She replide, "I

CHAPTER IV.

mentry

markt.

wilt."

He had just ufolded her in hiz mankey arms when thay herd wispers. "We ar diskovered: I am lost; save me, darling," remarks the bewriful Print-

think, with the Juke, was 2 act. pickt the fore yung maden up bodily & rusht 2 his tandum. In an instant thay were flying down the rode at brake neck speed. Thay had gone but a few rods, however, when thuy herd nected with the North and South by what seamd 2 them 2 be the breething the Southern Railway, the route to the "Land of the Sky," The Sapphire ov sum antediluvean monster following "Grate heving," stated the them. country, with its manifold and long Juke. "is that an iktheosawrus?" hidden charms is reached with the (Anshent beest)

"Nay, darling," replide the charming damsel, "its my fathers automobeel; we are shurely lost. Heven help us, thay will kill us both!"

Spurd on by hiz darlings agonizing words the brave Juke redubbled hiz efferts, but in vane. Slowly, but shurely, the automobeel gained on the runaway luvers. Both were loozing hope, when the Juke stated in a kam vois, "I hay an idea! Can you steer 4 a moment, darling?"

'Ili try," sed the well nigh shawsted Printess Suddenly a sharp crack rang out in

the still nite air; then another, Bang! Bang!

"Hevens, deer, thuy are shooting at us! We are lost! Are you stabd "" remarkt the Printcess.

"No, fare 1, we are saved," replide the Juke, "them was not pistel shots thou herdest! I skattered 12,000 tax on the rode! The tires of your Pa's automobeel are punktured!" "Saved, saved, me nobel Juke!" re-

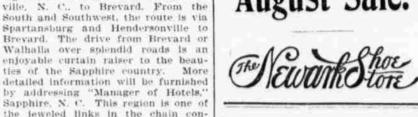
markt the Printcess & then she fainted ded away.

CHAPTER V.

It was with diffikulty that the Juke kept her on the tandum, but never the less he did until thay reached a farm house. The brave boy lifted her gently from the wheel & carried her tender-

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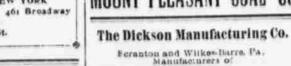
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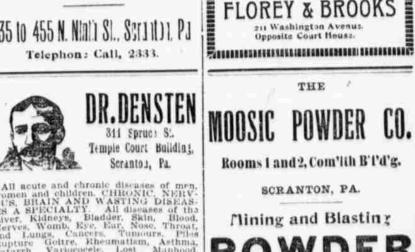
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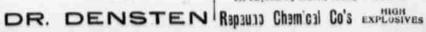
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