First Year.

Second Year.

Third Year

Fourth Year

Classical.

Latin (Grammar and Reader).

Ancient History and Ancient

Latin (Nepos and Caesar).

Latin (Sallust and Cicero).

Greek (Anabasis and Greek

English (Readings).

Geometry (Plane).

Greek (Grammar).

Latin Composition

Composition).

English (Readings).

Grammar or Physics.

Latin (Virgil and Reviews).

Greek (fliad and Reviews).

English Readings).

Reviews (Algebra, Arithmetic

Latin Composition and Latin

Algebra (completed).

Geography.

Commercial.

Penmanship and Spelling.

Business Forms and Corre-

Stenography and Typewriting.

Stenography and Typewriting.

English (Grammar),

Business Arithmetic.

History (General).

English (Rhetoric).

English (Literature).

Commercial Law.

Bookkeeping.

spondence.

Bookkeeping.

WHITNEY'S WEEKLY BUDGET OF NEWS

PROHIBITION AND PERSIST-ENCY TO BE ADMIRED.

Death of Dr. Miles-Another Family Reunion-Proverb of the Wise Hen-Concernig the Montrose Railroad-Heavy Freight Traffic of the Erie Road-A Few Remarks on the Quiet-Complaint of Carpenters.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Susquehanna, Sept. 3 .- After all, commend us to the Prohibitionists of the county for patience, principle and persistency. Year in and year out they meet, nominate a ticket and "resolost," without ever epecting to elect anybody. They do not terrorize the other parties, they seldom squabble among themselves and they spend little money. Eloquence is not always expansive, and they use that generously. When election day comes they first walk up to the polls and vote a ticket all unscratched.

Having voted for "principle" they go home contented. Not expecting to elect anybody, the election returns do not interest hem very much, and they withdraw to their "inner conclousness" until the next election. Wise ople and good citizens are the Prohibitionists. May their tribe increase!

THE NEWS GRIST. In Starrucca, on Friday, Dr. C. A Miles, a talented physician, was found dead in a closet. He had taken too much of some drug probably to quiet his nerves. He teaves a widow, He was married about a year ago.

The annual reunion of the Persin family took place on Tuesday, at the residence of N. A. Persin, in this place, and was largely attended. After a brief illness of typhoid fever, Henry Dohn died on Monday night at his home in Oakland.

IN SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY. Montrose Catholics are to have a parochial residence. The proceeds of the recent picnic will reach \$1,000. The new pastor, Rev. Arthur Broderick, is able, progressive and up-to-date. The Susquehanna association of Uni versalists will be held at Hopbottom, on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept.

Drilling for coal and other minerals will soon commence at Burnwood, A stock company has been organized by residents of Burnwood, Herrick, Uniondale and Mud Pond. The indications

are said to be excellent. You can best estimate the Republican disaffection in Susquehanna counsome people vote one way and talk another way. All the same, the candldate who doesn't hustle next fall is carrying around the worst sort of head. The Horse and Colt Breeders' association, of Susquehanna county, will have its thirteenth annual meeting at Freeman Manger's grove, midway between South Gibson and Cameron Cor-

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is a wise hen who knows her own A Susquehanna wagon maker, who

has been dumb for years, on Monday picked up a hub and spoke, "I can't help but rejoice at downfail," said the parched grass to

Wandering through a cemetery near Toronto, my attention was attracted to the following curious inscription on plain tombstone: "Here lies the body of Eaton township's peerless and profound mathematician moldering in like surfaces; appearing and disappear-the grave but his soul is marching in a most seductive manner, and

A Broome county justice of the peace has the following unique newspaper

"If a man is in love, That's his business: If a girl is in love,

That's her business; If they contemplate matrimony,

That's my business.

S. Bigeloa, justice of the peace," WANT A REPORT. Montrose shareholders of the Lack-

awanna and Montrese railroad, a short branch of the Lackawanna, extending from Montrose to Alford, complain that in the ten years the road has been built, they have never seen a report of its financial condition. Some people are hard to please. Montrose has a railroad and that's much better than report. If they had forty reports but no railroad, what a howl would go up from the county seat!

IN A FEW LINES. The Eric will run excursion trains

to Susquehanna during the State fair. Webster C. Weiss, grand regent of the Royal Arcanum of the state, will

visit Susquehanna council,* No. 140, on Tuesday evening next. The Northeastern band will furnish music at the Harford fair.

Scott Lacey, of Susquehanna, caught a black bass in the river at Lanesboro on Friday, weighing 54 pounds. It measured 2214 inches in length.

The Lanesboro Fire company will hold a picnic in Riverside park. Lanesboro, on Labor day.

Tim Hurley, of Susquehanna, will fight Al. Weinig, of Buffalo, before the Olympic Athletic club, in Buffale, Sept. "Dick" Moore, of St. Paul, is training Hurley in Susquehanna.

HERE AND THERE.

About eighty family reunions will be held in Susquehanna county this season. The Eric shop men were on Sat-

urday paid about \$50,000 for services in July. It is reported that Richard Brush, of Oakland, the Democratic candidate for sheriff, will make an energetic effort

to secure an election. He needs to The editors of the Journal and the Transcript are having a little personal newspaper controversy over politics The military has not been called out

The Eric is enjoying a heavy freight traffic for this season of the year. The Eric shop force is gradually being increased. It is now the largest in years.

Eighty-car trains are now being run con branch.

ON THE QUIET.

It's a poor man who can't tell when to the head of the stairs on a dark night. This clawing around for still another step is all nonsense. Susquehanna young man is so

fond of his best girl that he has rubbed the skin from his nose kissing shadow on the wall. Editors and bootblacks both polish the understanding of their patrons.

A Montrose poet calls a frog Dutch nightingale.

Great Bond verdict on the death of "The child was suffocuted. but there was no evidence to show that suffocation was before or after death. Near Vandling, the other day, lighting killed a mine mule. The mule kicked at the Ughtning, but it was too quick for him

AND STILL THEY COME. The Glover family will hold their eventh annual reunion at the home Thomas Glover, in Thomson, Sept

The nineteenth annual reunion of Company B. Seventeenth Pennsylvania veteran cavalry, will be held in G. A.

R. kall in Thomson Sept. 6.
The Stone and Slocum families will hold their fourth annual reunion at the residence of Wilard Easterbrook, in Gibson, on Wednesday, Sept. 13.

SHORT SNAPS. Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who is summering at Columbia Grove, has returned from a business trip to Washington.

Attorney and Mrs. John D. Miller eft today for a viesit in California. The public wedding, to be held at the Susquehanna State fair, will be held Sept. 6. The local justice of the peace, who will tie the knot, will also kiss the bride. It will be worth going

miles to see. Local carpenters complain that the unty commissioners bring workmen from other sections of the county to do work in this place. It doesn't seem to be just the correct thing.
Whitney.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

New Wool Fabrics-Camel's Hair Plaids-Black and Colored Crepons. Caniche Cloths-Short Jackets and Long Cloaks-Millinery.

No marked change appears in Fall and Winter materials for tailor-made suits-Venetian cloths, broadcloths, invisible hecks or gray homospuns being shown again, and in addition, a very fine heavy stuff called "drap de Paris" and another termed "Baritz" include leading fabrics. Plain cloths having minute colored dots or fancy hair-line stripes will also be used for tailor suits, as the result is less used for tailor suits, as the result is less severe. For dressy tailor suits, plain cloth robe patterns are brought out, beautifully ornamented with sprays of black moire or taffeta silk applique, in varied designs. For example, a very large spray is on the front breadth, then again, two large pieces are on either side of the overskirt, or the ornamentation may be on a tablier overskirt, under all circumstances however, a spray is used

n the corsage front and sleeves. Rough camel's hair plaids in subdued clors will be in good demand for skirts and to some extent for costumes comthe principal color of the plaid. Striped camel's hair goods evince the increasing ty after the votes have been counted, favor shown to stripes, nevertheless ound colored tuftings of hairs nearly an nch long, on plain grounds prove that the dot rivals the strine.

FOR BLACK AND COLORED CRE-

PONS no substitute can be found, particularly in respect to the former, and in fact any crepon will hold good during the sca-son. "Two-tone" colored crepons present an illimitable field of beauty and variety, oftentimes black modifying a olor, or harmonious tints are charming contrasted. No description of these fabrics, or of the French silk and woo novelties now shown by Lord & Taylor can be adequate, as for example floral stripes are varied in a thousand ways and in almost as many shades of fash-tonable colors. A special feature this wavy stripes wavy stripes or applique trimmings, which are finished by myriads of tiny loops or points imparting a lace-like ef-fect, instead of a hard outline.

CANICHE CLOTHS

are a genuine novelty, showing narrow colored ribbon run through dark, mosswoven ribbon stripes (which are stylish em commonniace however, when cor trasted with the Caniche effects. Decided changes in making are not anticipated especially in respect to tailor-made dresses, as the tight skirt with "habitback" and flare around the edge, posses es great attractions for those who de sire to be conspicuous, and jackets will ertainly be very short. Sieeves are de-idedly smaller, and in some of the few ilustrations from the other side, a single opplique figure trims the upper part

FOR OUTDOOR WEAR short, natty jackets about twenty-on inches long, will be the stylish garment the lower part cut in scallops or straight around with a small box plait at the back. In direct opposition, come long Empire cloaks with belts almost under the arms, an ungraceful style, but one which will doubtless hove its devotees. A goodly proportion of capes are a neces sity, for stout, or middle-aged persons, and always afford superior comfort, as hey are readily thrown off or drawn up. heavy figured wool cloth capes ome for carriage wraps or stormy weather, their sombre hue relieved by gay silk linings.

THE SEWING MACHINE IS AN IM

PORTANT ELEMENT new millinery, as stitched taffeta silk satin strips are used not only for trimmings, but form entire hats, except immediately around the crown. Thes strips are about an inch and a half wide and are interfaced (basket-weave style) silk crown, with satin strips lining the brim. Tucked taffeta brims are also entirely new, and many hats are stitched throughout, stitched felt forms the brim. Wide satin ribbon, the latter however is not out of

SO MUCH PLUMAGE IS EMPLOYED that a stylish hat is apt to look very heavy, as long rolls of breast feathers around the brim, with wings and velvet pows in addition are anything but grace Large birds among velvet loops are in high esteem, and of course ostricl feathers can never be out of style. But terfly effects in velvet or net, take a foremost position, and chiffon or tulle in many folds counteract to some extent other heavy trimmings. Large velvet popples are peculiarly elegant, and two in contrast placed at the left side of a hat, give it the stamp of fashion.

PERSIAN COLORINGS

lend an additional charm, and an ivory satin antique handkerchief with a deep Persian border, gracefully twisted into a soft crown with two or three endstanding upright, is coveted by all feminines. A contrasting velve, brim laid in graceful folds, gives the necessary contrust, with such accessories as an gant buckle, etc. As a substitute for the handkerchief, comes gayly-colored satin antique, sold by the yard and this will be also largely used in dressmaking. Fur hat brims are another elegance Rusisan sable if possible, if not Hudson Bay suble or chinchills. Medium-sized shapes will be most prominent, and or with a rolling brim tilting a little off the face at the left side, bids fair to lead. FANNIE FIELD.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD. SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wins low's Soothing Syven." and take no other. world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wins low's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

REFUGE SOUGHT IN FLIGHT TO AMERICA

PATHETIC ROMANCE OF A RUS-SIAN PRINCESS.

Tired of Her Husband's Cruelties She Persuaded Her Physicians to Put Her in a Trance and Represent Her as Dead-After Her Body Had Been Placed in the Imperial Vault She Was Resuscitated and Later Escaped to America.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Does a daughter-in-law of Peter the Great rest beneath the soil of Alabama? Of all places Alabama, nearly two hundred years ago, would seem to have been the most unlikely as a residence for a Russian imperial princess Yet that there she came, lived and died seems so well established that the improbable becomes the probable. Here are the details of her most strange and mantic story.

It was in the early years of the eigh-eenth century. Peter the Great was Czar of Russia, and had established his new capital, St. Petersburg, amid the frozen marshes of the Neva. There he laid out streets and parks, had made his people come and build their iouses, had himself erected great buildings and palaces, and had collected the nobility about him in a brilliant court. In constant attendance at the cerenonies and festivities of this fantastic, semi-barbarous court was a Frenchnan, the Chevalier D'Aubont, young, handsome, of noble birth and a memper of the French embassy. There were pretty women at that court, and the Chevaller was by no

neans unmindful of them. Above all these beauties, however, there was one who shone resplendent, matchless and supreme in unrivated loveliness. She was the perfect type of what a great princess should be, tall, stately and fair. And she was a great princess, for she was the Czaritza, the oung wife of the Czarewitz. Alexia Petrowitz. During his stay at St. Petersburg D'Aubont often saw her, spoke with her, and even danced with her at court balls, all the while admiring her at such distance as was proper to their respective stations. When or where lived the man who, in the Chevaller's place, could forget her features or ever mistake another for her? When, after two years' sojourn, he went away to France, he carried forever fixed in his memory the image of the beautiful Russian so far above him, an image that neither years nor change of cir-

cumstnaces could ever din.,

BANISHED. After leaving Russia the Chevaller's stay in France was but brief. Some escapade brought down upon him the wrath of the powers that were. It was not bad enough to earn him a cell in the Bastile, or any deprivation of rank, but, as a polite form of punishment, he was sent in command of a body of troops in the French possessions on the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico, an effective banishment under the disguise of duty. After a long voyage D'Aubont landed with his soldiers at Mobile, and took charge of the post. Out in that wilderness, cut out from civilization, living the rough life of a pioneer, he perhaps often thought of the gala days in St. Petersburg and of the lovely imperial princess there; but, ith half the world between them, his wildest dreams could have suggested

no thought of seeing her again. While the fates were thus dealing with the chevaller they were no less busy with the Czaritza. There came a look of sorrow in her eyes as time went on, for her life became most unhappy. Her husband treated her brutally. He was little less than a sayage, with a superficial veneer of civilization, and he had a touch of insanity which caused his ancestor, Czar Ivan. to murder his own son. History relates that, crushed beneath the daily burden of indignities, too heavy to be borne, the princess pined away and died; that, after a grand funeral, she was laid away with the imperial vaults, where she is supposed to rest today. But legend, that flighty sister of history, who sometimes speaks truths when the other bables, has it that the death of the czaritza was a pretense, in order that she might escape from so much misery and sorrow; that the court physician, an accomplice, administered to her a potion which put her in a deep trance resembling death; while in this condition the funeral services were held over her, and she was laid away; that in the night, after the obsequies, this physician and certain others penetrated into the vaults, revived her, and assisted her in a flight to the frontier, beyond which she disappeared, an

atom lost in the universe of humanity. MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

About this time John Law, an expatriated Scotchman, was playing ducks and drakes with French finances, and was also engineering real estate schemes after a fashion that would put the shame the puny operations of our modern boomers. dealt in states and empires instead of acre tracts and city lots. He had obtained large grants of land in the Mississippi valley and was energetically engaged in inducing people to go as colonists and settle there. In the spring of 1721 a ship, with some two hundred emigrants on board, France for Mobile, from whence they were to journey overland to their new country. These emigrants were almost wholly of the lower classes, peasants who had lost their holdings, paupers, convicts who were given free dom to become colonists and those with broken fortunes or damaged characters seeking to begin a new life in the wilderness. On board this ship were two women, one of whom at once attracted attention by reason of her beauty and evident superiority over her surroundings; the other seemed to be a servant or an attendant. It was queer that anyone of that motley crowd should have a servant; but in the case of that queenly woman it seemed appropriate During all the long voyage she held herself aloof from the rest, and carried herself with such calm dignity that every one treated her with unfailing respect and deference. Late in the summer the emigrant

ship dropped anchor in Mobile bay. The newcomers had to be landed in small boats, as the water close in shore was too shallow for the large vessel. The whole population of Mobile gathered to witness the disembarking, for the coming of a ship from the old world was then a most rare and memorable event. were all the garrison soldiers who had the luck to be off duty; the officers, D'Aubont among them, ready to direct the emigrants to quarters until means could be provided for sending them on their journey to the interior; there were the priests, the townspec-

ple: dark-haired, smoke-begrimed tar refiners and turpentine distillers from the pincy woods; canoe men, who had paddled down with skins and furs; 'courier de bois;" Indians, resplendent in many-colored beads and red-tipped feathers, who gazed silent, but wondering, on his advent or more pale-faces.

FACE TO FACE. From the first boats the strange lady and her attendant landed. As they walked up the slight incline from the water the taller of the two, the mys-terious beauty, at once riveted D'Aubont's attention. As she came nearer so that the Chevalier could see her features plainly, his brain reeled with amazement. There before him stood the Czaritza, whom he had known in St. Petersburg. There could be no mis-take. Some of the freshness of her beauty was indeed lost, but its indescribable majesty and charm remained, As in a dream, dazed and haif-tilled with something like a superstitious fear he hurried to her,

"In the name of God," said he, "how omes your Highness here?" The woman stopped still, and looked at him. Her face grew pale as a frightened look of recognition came into her

eyes. "It seems," she said, in a voice like an echo of despair, "that even here there is to be no refuge. Chevalier, I am a most unhappy woman, in your power, fleeing from cruelty and perse-cution, that no place in Europe could protect me were I recognized."

HER WONDERFUL STORY. crowd began to gather around curious and inquisitive. D'Aubont at once led her away, and escorted her to the best quarters the town could afford. There, sitting by her side, a most sympathetic and wonderful listener, he heard her strange story. When she had finished he assured her that though Europe might afford no haven of safety from the agent of the czar, who was so merciless in hunting down all who offended him, here in Mobile he would pledge his life for her security. He told her it would never do for her to go to the interior with the emigrants. She would be subjected to hardships which she could scarcely hope to survive, and there was constant dange from hostile Indians. He persuaded her to stay in Mobile. A house and garden were provided for her, and there she entered upon her new life. She taught the little children of the post: she helped the poor, nursed the sick, and soon all the people looked upon her

as an angel sent from heaven. The Chevalier was in correspondence with friends in France, and one day there came news that the czarewitz Alexis was dead. The beautiful princess was a widow. The rest of the story is a fit ending to all proper She had learned D'Aubont and D'Aubont loved her; so they were married. In after years the Chevalier was sent to command the newly-erected Fort Toulouse, on the Coosa river. There his wife came also, and he built for her a house of such comparative magnificence as to excite vonder through all the country. As late as 1850 the brick chimneys of this mansion were still standing. There they lived many peaceful, happy years, and there they died and were buried.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS. Donations That Are Acknowledged

by the Management. The Home for the Friendless acknowledges with deep gratitude many gifts for the past two months. Among these is a quantity of fruit and vegetables from kinds friend in South Ca naan who have heard of the needs of the home and have been quick to respond to the appeal made through Scranton lady summering at Lake Quinsigamond. It is requested that any one having articles to send may elephone to the home and Mr. Wiliam Rosser will call for the provisions at any market or house. following is a list from South Canaan: A. Spangenberg, one barrel vegetables; D. W. De Forrest, one barrel vegetables; B. F. Swingle, two barrels of apples, two bags of potatoes. one bag of corn; Eugene Swingle, one basket tomatoes, two bags potatoes; H. H. Shaffer, two pumpkins, one bag potatoes; one bag rutabagas; Mrs. E. B. Wells, one bag apples, one squash Webb Swingle, one bag apples; W. N. Curtis, one-half bag potatoes; Paul Swingle, one bag potatoes and beets: John Lerch, one basket tomatoes,

Other donations are: Mrs. Emory Young Mrs. W. C. Van Blarcom, Mrs. Cora Merrifield, Mrs. J. E. Chandler, Miss Pomeroy, reading matter; Miss Maggie Zeidler, Huntington's bakery. Mrs. W. A. Beemer, Rohrwasser, Waldner, quantity bread, etc; H. Kehrie, boiled ham; Nellie and Frank Bennett. \$1 worth sugar; Mrs. Ellen Bennett, soap, vegetables; Mrs. M. Roderick. soap; Matthews Brothers, medicine; Mrs. J. Alton Davis, Mrs. G. L. Weaver, Mrs. George Sanderson, clothing, fruit, milk daily; Mrs. J. K. Whielton, Great Bend, cash \$1; Mrs. J. A. Robertson two and one-half gallors ice

cream; Mrs. E. H. Ripple, cake, confectionery, jellies; Mrs. Ellen Shauger, J. D. Williams and Brother, fireworks Barber & Townsend, nursery supplies Mrs. Daniel Langstaff, one-half crate raspberries; Millar & Peck, crockery, glassware; Mrs. Amos Detty, fruit William Bright, fruit, sugar; Mrs. William Blume, sugar, fruit, cash \$2: Mrs. George Sanderson, Mrs. John Genter, Mrs. H. G. Swartz, Misses Marion Lacey, Myrtle Hess, flowers; Mrs. Wesley Pinnell, butter: Junior Sewing class, South Side Y. W. C. A. quantity new clothing; Mrs. H. H Crane, Mrs. Charles Schlager, quantity fruit; Mrs. J. P. Dickson, 12 dozen eggs: Mrs. W. H. Perkins, basket vegetables; J. James Taylor, directory for 1899; William Chappell, A. M. Stover, Morel Brothers, A Friend, F. P. Detweiler, Eleanor and Katherine Clemons, A Friend, H. W. Taylor, load wood: Mrs. M. Rollins, cash \$1; Gere's Dairy, milk daily; Lackawanna Dairy, milk en Sundays; Mrs. W. D. Kennedy, over-shoes; Mrs. R. J. Foster, Mrs. C. P. Matthews, quantity apples; W. H. Pierce, C. D. Wegman, Chand-ler & Short, large quantity vegetables; Ambrose Mulley, quantity clothing and soap; Huntington, five gallons ice eream, cakes, etc.; Mrs. John Brown. Dunmore, jam; Mrs. Maurice Carter, plums; W. W. Watson, Mrs. J. A. Price, Mrs. Henry Belin, Mrs. J. W. Garney, barrel of flour each; C. P. Matthews, two barrels flour; Miss Beth Savage, sack flour; Mrs. J. E. Parrish, 100 pound flour: Mrs. C. D. Neuffer, \$10 worth groceries; Mrs. Norton Wagner, milk; Mrs. Anne Von Storch, eggs: Miss Ada on Storch, sugar; Mrs. G. D. Taylor raisins, cocoanut; Mrs. Lamb, canned fruit; Mrs. A. M. Multer, \$1.00; Mrs. Cora J. Slocum, clothing; Mrs. T. E. Jones, fruit; W. J. Roberts, agt., barrel cabbage; Mrs. H. G. Schoonmaker, vegetables; Mrs. A. E. Shafer, \$1.00; Mrs. Calkin, Waverly, vegetables; Mrs. Sidney Williams, fruit; G. R. Clark & Company, lawn seed; H. C. Sanderson, Mellin's food; William C. Davis, ap-

W. . W. Scranton, barrel apples; Mears & Hagen, 5 yards canton flannel and ad: Mrs. R. T. Gere, tomatoes; John Sherer, peaches; Misses ann Shoemaker, May Nubeck, Mrs. W. B. Bunnell, Mrs. Amos Detty, Misses Althouse and Williams, Mrs. Peter Morel, Mrs. Emory Young, flowers. Desserts were furnished by Mrs. harles Schlager, Mrs. C. H. Wells, J. r. Porter, ... D. Williams & Brother. Mrs. E. S. Moffat, Mrs. E. G. Coursen, Mrs. W. H. Pierce. Ice daily, Consumers' Ice company. Doctors in attendance, Doctors Heilner, Corser, Berlinghoff and Treverton.

plies, Mrs. M. Rollins, pears; A Friend,

omatoes; Mrs. McKay, vegetables:

GOLF AT COUNTRY CLUB. Some Very Interesting Contests on

Saturday. An intersting game of golf was played on Saturday afternoon on the inks of the Country club. It was a four ball sweepstake, the winner to take all. There were fourteen contestants, indicating a revival of interest in the game. John H. Brooks won easily, running up a score of 7 with no

other players were as follows: Name W. Walker Anderson T. R. Brooks H. Torrey ... B. Hunt D. P. Wells

Frank M. Vandling and D. B. Atheron entered the contest, but scored only in one round, Vandling, 69, and Atherton, 70. This afternoon a Labor day sweepstake handicap will be played on the same links.

FATAL MINE ACCIDENT.

Frank McClosky Killed and John Chisua Injured by an Explosion. Frank McClosky, a miner at the Rough and Ready mine at North Scranton, was killed Friday while at work and his laborer, John Chisna, was severely injured by an explosion of They had charged a hole. lighted a fuse, and retired to a place

of safety. It occurred the miner in the adjoining chamber ...d the same, but the fuse he used was shorter than the one of his neighbors and discharged first. McClosky and his partner thought was their charge that went off and returned to the scene of their work, just in time to meet the terrific explosion, which killed McClosky instantly. Chis-

na will recover. Both men resided on Boulevard ave nue in North Scranton. McClosky has a wife and four children residing in

Finest wines and cigars at Lane's, 820 Spruce street.

Astronomy. 2-3 Geology. 1-3

HOW SHE CAME HOME.

Reviews or German.

Chemistry.

Botany.

English (Classics).

English.

English (Grammar).

Drawing (Free-Hand).

Algebra (completed).

History (General).

English (Rhetoric).

Geometry (Plane).

English (Literature).

keeping or German.

Physics.

Drawing (Persp. and Model).

Physical and Commercial Geog-

Solid Geometry and Trigonom-

Mechanical Drawing, or Book

2-3

1-3

Scranton High School Course.

Latin-Scientific.

Latin (Grammar and Reader),

Latin (Nepos and Caesar).

Latin Composition and Gram

Physical and Commercial Geog-

Latin (Sallust and Cicero).

Latin (Virgil and Reviews).

English (Classics).

English (Literature).

German

Physics.

German

Chemistry.

Botany. .

Algebra (completed).

History (General).

Geometry (Plane).

Kennedy King, in The Speaker.

It was gloaming when Janet Goudie rept to the white gate leading to her father's farm. On the ridge between her and the west she saw the two long shafts of a tilted roller standing up dark, gaunt. The sight made her suddenly afraid. She thought of her fath-Was it he who had been working h the roller-who had left it there an your since? She paused with a beating heart.

After a little she opened the gate and slipped quietly through, holding it carefully in her hand as she turned to fasten it. She remembered how it always swung to the post with a clap. and, though she was far from the house, she shrank from making a noise. Then she turned up the hilly road.

When she came out upon the bare uplands they were flooded with uncanny light. It dazzled Janet so that she could scarcely see the house lying straight before her. Her whole body felt how visible to the farm folk it must be, coming on illumined in the yellow glare. She cowered so closely to the stunted hedge that the straggling and went far away, and she seemed to brambles tugged at her. A burst of terrible splendor came athwart the world, an awful dying gloom. Far and wide flamed the red and silent moors like altars lighted for the end of time. Janet crept on, feeling mean and little in the great desolation.

At last she stood within the long shadow that was cast toward her by the house. So'dark and silent were the buildings that her heart stopped beating with a sudden dread. But presently a familiar sound fell on her ear, and she breathed with relief on looking round. Over in the little croft the ducks were waddling home, late as usual, and clattering away to themselves. When the drake stood up and flapped his wings the white round of his breast shone vividly.

The farm road led to the square close at the back of the dwelling house—the front was to the sunset. Janet stole to the corner of the barn and peered down through the shadows to the kitchen door. She was shaking with fear. Her father had threatened that if ever she came back he would hound the dog at her. She hoped it would not be a new Bauldy, she knew, would not bite her. The tall white wooden pump glimmered like a ghost in the gloom. She remembered every feature of the place as if it were yesterday she went away. Yet she felt she was looking at it athwart an eternity. The double feeling of familiarity and strangeness made her conscious of her physical abasement; everything at home was the same-it was she who was different,

different. A stall-tied cow lowed loudly in the empty byre, and the mournful sound was echoed by the gaunt buildings. handicap. The scores made by the Janet shivered and drew her poor shawl about her shoulders. At last she ventured out, creeping down the close on her tip-toes, trembingly. When she reached the step of the back door, she turned and listened for a sound within.

The house was silent as death. Twice she raised her hand to knock and twice she let it fall in cowardice Then self-pity came over her with a burst in the throat, and her lips whispered in dull repetition: "Oh, pity o' me; it's a pity o' me; My God. ay; it's a geyan pity o' me!" knocked faintly. There was no responce. As she craned to listen she heard the old-fashioned kitchen clock tick with a dreary loudness.

She knocked again. The scrunt of a hair being pushed backward on the stone floor made the blood prick her veins suddenly. A silence followed, and then the shuffle of allppered feet. oming slowly. Would it be her father? And would be curse her? Her tongue was dry in her mouth. A bolt clanked to the wail; the door

creaked on its hinges; and somebody peered out at her, hand over eyebrows. "It's you!" said her mother at last

The woman stared at her daughter for a while, and then turned away without a word, leaving the door oper behind her. Janet followed to the kitchen with a timorous foot that was ready to start backward. But her father was not in the kitchen.

There was a strange stillness. The rich light came streaming through the bare window and fell full upon the dresser. The dishes shone against it. There, on its old book, Janet's mug was still hanging, her same on it in bright gut lettering. With a sudden stab of memory she thought of the night her father had brought it home to her from the winter fair at Carbie, coming in from the wonderful darkness, with snowflakes on his coat, to his little girl by the great

fire-how blithe had been his dark eye, how cheery and red the middle of his cheek. She could still feel his finger rough and cold beneath her chin, and te benediction of his eyes looking down at her. But now-ah, Christ! Mrs. Goudle had put away in the

window-sill her great Bible, and her heavy white-rimmed spectacles a-top of it. Janet was still standing. "Sit down," said her mother careless-

Janet sat down on the edge of a chair close to the door. Rab, the cat she had reared, was sitting near her in a blank band of sunshine lying athwart the flags, his legs propped in front of him like two furry little pillars, his gray-golden slits of eyes fixed on the window. Janet, feeing the constraint of the silence, put out her hand; and, not daring to speak aloud, said, "Rab!" in a choking whisper. Rab turned and looked at her carelessly through his half-shut eyes; then he rose and walked, with lazy stretchings of the hind legs, away over to the hearth. There he sat down and stared up at a blue wisp of flame blinking in the grate. The monotonous tick of the clock was the only sound in the wide kitchen.

Mrs. Goudle stood with her hand on the back of a chair. At first her eyes gazed before her with the wide look of a proud anger; and her mouth was hard. The glow fell upon her withered face and revealed its dark and stern nobility. Presently her eyes narrowed be musing. Then a strange smile, that was not pleasant to look at, appeared about the corners of her mouth. But she did not speak

The light became more unearthly "I declare," said Mrs. Goudle, suddenly, with a false shrillness of voice that made Janet wince; "I declare, it's like the day o' judgment, this." The smile never left her lip.

Again was appalling silence. clock seemed to be ticking more and more loudly. As Janet listened to its slow metallic beat her heart sank lower in her breast. Where father be? He was so seldom out of the kitchen at the gleaming. She turned her head to see what o'clock it was. The old yellow dial was shining with ecrie vividness.

All this time her mother had given no sign either of pity or resentment. But: "Well!" she said at last-always with that ironic edge on her voice; "well! we had better gang butt the hoose,d'ye no' think?"

Jangt rose passively, without speaking. Now that her ordeal had come she was too feeble to be sharply afraid; she fett herself borne onward like a creature in the clutch of fate. She was going to meet her father. A bare lobby with white-washed walls ran from the front door between the kitchen and the parlor. A shaft of yellow light struck in through an oblong slit of glass above the door, falling straight upon a row of pegs. On one of these was the farmer's everyday hat, a square hard felt, green-gilt at the sides with age. The level rays revealed a thick coating of dust on it.

The mother opened the room door, which fell to the right, and then stopped, speaking over her shoulder: We've made changes here," she said shrilly, as if showing alterations to a stranger. She pointed to a bed, the curtained head of which was close to the door on the left. Janet had begun to tremble.

She followed her mother into the room. At first she could see nothing ecause of the invading glory. "There's your fether!" said Mrs. Goudie.

Janet turned her eyes from the light, and there lay her father in his shroud beneath the full glow of sunset

The clock ticked loudly in the kitchen, A fringe of sandy whisker stuck out from the tight jaw-bandage. vere vivid hairs in it, redly gleaming. Janet's knees were water below her.

"Fether!" she panted, with open nouth and unstrung lips. "Fether!"and then, with a shrill scream anguish: "Oh, God! my fether! my

fether! my fether."
"A-hey." said her mother, "that's what ye brocht your fether till!" On an April morning three and twenty years ago this woman had felt a thousand pulses leap and throb within her when feeble little cry told that from her body a living soul had come into the world-oh, mystic wonder!-a new-born soul, and from her body, and the child of the man she loved! But that child had broken the heart of the man she loved-and she was merciless.

Suddenly a blatant low from the great empty byre echoed through the silence hollowly. And again there was silence.

The sombre radiance deepened in the room. The brass knobs at the head of the bed gleamed mournfully. "Speak to me, fether," Janet; "speak to me, fether; speak to

But he lay with closed eyes in the lonely light, and it seemed to Janet that his shut lips smiled -smiled with the quiet irony of the dead, who know the secrets of all things, and will tell us nothing.