

WHITNEY'S WEEKLY BUDGET OF NEWS

PROHIBITION AND PERSISTENCY TO BE ADMIRER.

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

THE NEWS GRIST.

In Starbuca, 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 leaves a widow. He was married about a year ago.

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.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is a wise hen who knows her own set. A Susquehanna wagon maker, who has been doing for years on Monday picked up a hub and spoke.

A Montrose poet calls a frog "a Dutch nightingale." "Great" was the opinion on the death of a child: "The child was suffocated, but there was no evidence to show that suffocation was before or after death."

AND STILL THEY COME.

The Glover family will hold their seventh annual reunion at the home of Thomas Glover, in Thomon, Sept. 5.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

New Wool Fabrics—Camel's Hair Plaids—Black and Colored Crepons. Canic Cloth—Short Jackets and Long Cloaks—Millinery.

No marked change appears in Fall and Winter materials for tailor-made suits—Venetian cloths, broadcloths, invisible checks or gray homspuns being shown again, and in addition, a very fine heavy stuff called "Laritz" and another termed "Hartz" include leading fabrics.

FOR BLACK AND COLORED CREPONS.

No substitute can be found, particularly in respect to the former, and in fact any crepon will hold good during the season.

CANIC CLOTHS.

Are a genuine novelty, showing narrow stripes and checks through dark, moss-like surfaces; appearing and disappearing in a most seductive manner, and woven ribbon stripes (which are stylishly contrasted) in the crepon effect.

FOR OUTDOOR WEAR.

Short, natty jackets about twenty-one inches long, will be the stylish garment during the coming season.

PORTANT ELEMENT.

In new millinery, as stitched taffeta silk or satin strips are used not only for trimmings, but form entire hats, except the lower crown cut in the crown.

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 trimmings, are anything but graceful.

MR. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TAKING THIS PERFECTLY PURE SYRUP.

REFUGE SOUGHT IN FLIGHT TO AMERICA.

FATHER'S ROMANCE OF A RUSSIAN 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 refuge for a Russian Imperial princess.

FACE TO FACE. From the East boats the strange lady and her attendant landed. As they walked up the slight incline from the water the taller of the two, the Russian beauty, at once rivaled D'Aubont's beauty.

BANISHED.

After leaving Russia the Chevalier's stay in France was but brief. Some escapee brought down upon him the wrath of the powers that were.

HER WONDERFUL STORY.

A 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.

MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

About this time John Law, an ex-patriated Scotchman, was playing ducks and drakes, roving the seas, and was also engineering real estate schemes after a fashion that would put the shame of the puny operations of our modern boomers.

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 kind friends in South Jersey.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

Name Score. H's p. Net. Douglase Walker 76 6 81 C. W. Moffat 87 6 81 James Blair, Jr. 91 6 85

Scranton High School Course.

Table with 4 columns: Classical, Latin-Scientific, English, Commercial. Lists subjects for First, Second, Third, and Fourth years in each category.

HOW SHE CAME HOME.

Kennedy King, in The Speaker.

It was gloaming when Janet Goudie crept 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.

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.

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.

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.

She breathed with relief on looking round. Over in the distance, the ducks were waddling home, late as usual, and clattering away to themselves.

GOLF AT COUNTRY CLUB.

Some Very Interesting Contests on Saturday.

An interesting game of golf was played on Saturday afternoon on the links of the Country Club. It was a four ball sweepstake, the winner to take all.

FATAL MINE ACCIDENT.

Frank McClosky Killed and John Chisum 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 Chisum, was severely injured by an explosion.

FRANK McClosky Killed and John Chisum Injured by an Explosion.

Both men resided on Boulevard avenue in North Scranton. McClosky has a wife and four children residing in England.

HOW SHE CAME HOME.

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 the benediction of his eyes looking down at her.

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 floor.

She reached for the cat and stroked it gently, as if her hands were the wings of a dove.

Her hand fell on a book, and she turned to look at it. The monotone tick of the clock was the only sound in the wide kitchen.

She looked up at her father. Her face was hard before her with the wide look of gazed.

Janet rose passively, without speaking. Now that her ordeal had come she was too feeble to be sharply afraid; she felt herself borne onward like a creature in the clutch of fate.

She followed her mother into the room. At first she could see nothing because of the invading light.

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