

WHITNEY'S WEEKLY BUDGET OF NEWS

A BATTLE BETWEEN RATTLE-SNAKE AND CRANE.

Doings of the People's Party—Success of a Susquehanna Man Who Advertised for a Wife—New Rector at Episcopal Church—Views of the Other Side of Life—Some Home Happenings.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Susquehanna, Pa., Sept. 12.—A few days since, a Laneshore steamer witnessed a singular encounter near Laneshore, between a rattlesnake and a crane.

The crane with wings half distended would wait for the snake to coil and strike, and then elude the stroke with wonderful dexterity.

ETCHINGS FROM THE COUNTY.

The Bridgewater Baptist Sunday School assembly will meet in Jackson on Tuesday.

The Bridgewater Baptist Association will meet in Jackson on Wednesday and Thursday.

At the state convention of the Peoples Party, held in Philadelphia, on Thursday, I. F. Lane, esp. of Montrose, was nominated for judge of the supreme court.

Great Bend Catholics will hold a fair about October 15.

A small Hallstead steamer a few days since ran from Hallstead to the Laneshore dam and return.

According to the Carbondale Leader, Thomas Kilroy, of Great Bend, is "the Republican leader" in Susquehanna county.

The semi-annual Christian-Endeavor convention will be held in Hallstead, in October.

Lieutenant Governor J. P. S. Gobin will deliver the address at the Fair. Music will be furnished by the Northeastern band of Susquehanna.

WHOLLY UNPREMEDITATED.

A Susquehanna young man advertised through a Chicago newspaper for a wife.

A Great Bend woman, being told of her husband's sudden death, said: "Well, I do declare! It ain't a week since we lost our best one, and now he has come, too, poor man!"

If old Ananias was alive, he would have made a star witness in the Dreyfus case.

Susquehanna has a Boot and a Shew, but no fool.

If you want a bow-legged son to console your old age, and have a good knave for plowing on a side hill, let him rub his feet together when a baby.

When a man makes up his mind that the world owes him a living, he has arrived at a point where the world can spare his services.

Over that a man will be lathered and shaved in half an hour in a barber shop, wherein all who pass through the street may see him, while if he goes into a saloon to see a man a minute he looks to see whether there is a hidden with screens and shades.

PURGE BATTLE WITH RATS.

Farmer Johnson, of Shoshanna, while entering his corn barn on Thursday, was attacked by a horde of rats.

He seized a whip and a terrible battle ensued, lasting an hour. Johnson was the victor, but he was badly bitten. He killed seventy-nine rats.

MINOR MENTIONETTES.

The fall meeting of the Presbytery of Lackawanna will be held in the Presbyterian church in Susquehanna Sept. 18, 19, 20 and 21. It is expected that fifty clergymen will be present.

The new rector of the Episcopal church, Rev. E. D. Root, recently of Ohio, on Sunday assumed the duties of his position and created a very favorable impression.

In the great political war between the Transcript and the Journal, a truce appears to have been declared. How good and how pleasant it is for both to dwell together in unity!

The Susquehanna band will furnish music at the Walton, N. Y., fair, on Wednesday and Thursday next.

THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE. "Travel 'til new scenes and faces Has its benefits to give, For man sees so many places Where he couldn't be hired to live."

Start your boys in the right track—Christian Herald. Easier said than done. It requires considerable switching sometimes.

"Now tell me candidly, are you guilty?" asked a Montrose lawyer in the county jail. "Why, do you think I'd be darned fool enough to hire a lawyer if I was innocent?" was the prompt reply.

Giving slippers to a clergyman has

gone out of fashion. The disobedient children continue to get them just the same, however.

Two Susquehanna men are in trouble over the ownership of a ladder, and are taking steps for a lawsuit. The result of this will be that one lawyer will get the sides and the other lawyer will get the rails, leaving the holes to the litigants.

OTHER COUNTY CURRENCY. Rev. John Davis, pastor of the Hallstead Baptist church, has resigned, to re-enter the evangelistic field.

The Montrose fire department will hold its annual parade on Thursday next.

A district Sunday school institute will be held in Auburn Sept. 21-22.

The sixth annual reunion of Company D, Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be held in Montrose, Sept. 29.

The Montrose fair will be held Sept. 19-20.

SOME HOME HAPPENINGS. The Erie has expended, during the year \$675,913.90 for additions and betterment of the property.

The Erie has in use 1,004 locomotives, 365 passenger coaches not including Pullman and a freight equipage of 45,186 cars.

Business is brisk in all departments of the Erie shops in Susquehanna.

The Baptist congregation will, three weeks hence, take action in the matter of the resignation of the pastor, Rev. E. B. Allen.

Howe's moving picture entertainment was held this evening in Hogan Opera house, under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church.

IN A FEW LINES.

Mrs. Adah E. Reisinger, formerly of Susquehanna, died at her home in Royal on Sunday. The funeral will occur Tuesday afternoon.

Friendly Hand lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of Great Bend, will pay their Susquehanna brethren a fraternal visitation on Wednesday evening.

The Sunday newspaper train on the Erie was taken off on Sunday last.

Susquehanna young people will take a straw ride to Great Bend this evening.

A district Sunday school institute will be held at South Gibson, Sept. 16, 17 and 18.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed for at the Scranton post office, Lackawanna county, Pa., Sept. 12th, 1899. Persons calling for these letters will please say advertised, and give date of list, Ezra H. Rippe, P. M.

Mrs. C. S. Alexander, P. W. Anderson, 2.

George R. Barron, Mrs. Jacob Beane, Miss Collie Butterman, Mrs. E. O. Bennett.

Estelle Cunningham, S. Cayman & Son, James Cooper, Nat. Claffin, Mrs. S. Carr, J. Coburn, Mrs. M. A. Connell, Miss Minnie Dobson, Henry David, Mrs. Lizzie Deane, Mr. Everett, M. H. Eyer, Mrs. T. C. Evans, Mrs. G. H. Edwards.

Mrs. Mary E. Fiske, Miss Myrtle Flowers, Miss Hannah Flock, Miss Minnie Flynn.

O. M. Gaines, Mrs. Gill Cary, Mrs. Cooper, George Gills, Mrs. Annie Gallaher, William M. Green.

Arnold Huber, Charles Howard, Harry Hyndman, Mrs. B. Harris, Mrs. Thomas Lewis, Herman Lawrence, Mrs. B. Hope.

Thomas Jenkins, W. T. Jones, Mrs. Jane Jones, Johnson & Bissell, Miss V. Joyce.

William Kinder, Mrs. Lizzie Klein, J. Lundquist, C. D. Logan, Ab. Lewis, Thomas Lewis, Herman Lawrence, "Special."

Able Mosher, Mrs. Michael Moran, Miss F. Miller, John H. Malone, Miss Jane McGlone, Will J. McConnell.

Abraham Nallan, Johannes Nible, Mrs. Susie Pringer, H. T. Peters, E. K. Robertson, E. R. Radin, Mrs. Mary Ross, Miss Rosa David Richard, Wm. Rhodes, Miss Violet Ray.

Charles Slacht, Mrs. Jennie Simons, Simon E. Spangenberg, W. M. J. Smith, A. C. Saxton, Miss Mamie Sheldon, Miss M. Shepard.

Charles F. Taylor, Mrs. Nellie Thompson, Mrs. Tippley, Wm. D. Urmall.

Mrs. Mary A. Van Lavelle, John White, John Wells, G. H. Walter.

ELMHURST.

Mrs. J. W. Knebler and little daughter, Kathryn, are spending a few weeks with relatives at Elmhurst, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peck, of Scranton, are visiting friends here.

Mrs. F. J. Powell and Mrs. C. E. Lanning and daughter, Stella, of Scranton, were the guests of Mrs. Byron Buckingham on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Miss Jessie Hardenbergh returned yesterday after a few days' visit with friends at Rendham.

WOMEN DO SUFFER! Even so-called healthy women suffer! But they are not healthy!

MUST WOMEN SUFFER?

remedy for woman's ills. MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenport, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me."

JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 748, writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine."



PREVIOUS RACES FOR AMERICA'S CUP

HOW THE COVETED TROPHY WAS FIRST WON.

Has Been Held on This Side for Nearly Half a Century and Sir Thomas Lipton Will Tave to Work Hard to Take It Back with Him.

Harry P. Taber, in Buffalo News.

Next to a beautiful woman, a racing ship—none of your steam affairs, but a good, clean cutter—is the most beautiful thing in the world. Ships are very human things, and they come under the same laws as men. There are people who wonder why it is that there is so great interest in the coming international races for the America's cup. The explanation lies less in the mere sport, than in the fascination which everything that has to do with the ocean exercises over most people, and yet the races, from the point of view of any one who loves sport for sport's sake, are the most attractive features of the year.

John R. Spears, who knows the personality of ships, and has written about them in a most fascinating manner, has this to say in the current number of the Cosmopolitan:

"Of all the stories of the shoal-water seas, there is none like that of the America's cup, the trophy which goes with the yachting supremacy of the world—the perpetual challenge cup of the keenest, most beautiful, manliest sport ever followed or dreamed of."

CUP FIRST OFFERED.

The story of how the cup first came to America—how the old clipper ships had held records for fast sailing, and how the sailors of the United States would have backed their craft for any amount—all this is romantic, and it is impossible to tell the story here with anything of the picturesque value it deserves. Briefly, it was in 1851 that the America, built for racing purposes, was sent over to England to compete for the cup offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron. On Aug. 22 of that year she beat everything the British seamen put forth to meet her, and brought home the cup, which ever since has been lovingly called by her name.

At the time of her great race, the cup was so desirable that none of her opponents was in sight when she finished, and for 48 years—at various times the English have tried in vain to take the unhandsome piece of silver back, but never once have they come near the goal.

After the America's victory the cup remained undisturbed for many years. It was in 1869 that the subject of international racing was again discussed and in August, 1870, Mr. J. Ashbury called his English cutter, "Cambria" against a crack lot of American boats, and came in tenth.

RACES SINCE 1871.

The following year Mr. Ashbury again called his Livonia against Franklin Osmond's "Cambria." The year before her good had won with his Magie, and the races of 1870 proved again the superiority of American yachting. In 1871 Livonia was again beaten by W. P. Douglas' Sappho. The following summary of the races and their succeeding 1871 is compiled from official sources:

The race on Oct. 18 was 50 miles to windward of Sandy Hook Lightship and return. On Oct. 16 the course used was the regular New York Yacht Club course. During the race on Oct. 19 Columbia was disabled, which accounted for the substitution of Sappho in the races called Oct. 18 and 22.

The cup was not again challenged for until 1875, the race taking place the following summer. Major C. Gifford, one of the most popular yachtsmen who has sailed from Great Britain in an effort to recover the cup, was the challenger. He brought the yacht Countess of Inverclyde with him to sail against Madeline, owned by I. S. Dickerson.

The first race took place Aug. 11, 1876, over the regular New York Yacht Club course. The American boat won by 10m. 55s. On the following day, in a race 30 miles to windward of Sandy Hook Lightship and return, Madeline won easily by 27m. 14s.

THIS YEAR'S RACE.

This year the cup will be contested for by Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Shamrock, and though the name of the defender of the cup will not be officially announced till the week before the race, there can be no doubt that Columbia will be chosen. She is owned by a syndicate headed by J. Pierpont Morgan, with C. Oliver Iselin as managing owner. Her recent trial races against Defender have been so marked that there is little question as to her choice.

Defender is a remarkable craft. She has shown great speed, not only in the races when she beat Valkyrie III, but since. Her builder, the blind ship-builder Derfloss, of Bristol, has constructed some of the greatest ships that ever went down to the sea. Her

defeated Atlanta, owned by Alexander Currier, 23m. 21s., over the New York Yacht club course.

On the following day Mischief again won, defeating Atlanta 28m. 54s. over a course 15 miles to leeward, from No. 5 off Sandy Hook and return.

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designer, Nathaniel Herreshoff, has provided his ability more than once, and when it is said that the hopes of an entire nation rest on the doings of Columbia, there is little of exaggeration, for there are things in life besides the grind of the every day—say one of them in the race for the cup which the America brought to these shores 48 years ago.

SHE MADE HIM PAY.

St. Paul's.

"A lady, sir, to see you sir." I frowned at the boy. It is so silly to come bustling in, hardly giving me time to cram my novel into the waste-paper basket. William had his virtues, but they are not those of a solicitor's clerk. "Is it by appointment?" I demanded, in a raised voice. The boy stared at me idiotically. He might never have heard the word. "Yes," I said, sternly, "is the lady's name down in my list?" "Wh-what list, sir?" "Stupid idiot! I shall have to get rid of him. Show the lady in." I cried, almost angrily; "I can spare five minutes."

He showed her in, fawningly; dragged a chair to the fire, and was about to lay down a low folio for a foot-stool when I waved him out peremptorily. His excitement was humiliating.

My client was a demure little lady in a veil, sufficiently pretty to warrant a hope that there was either breach of promise or divorce in the air. The gold knob on her silk umbrella seemed to guarantee a decent bill of costs.

"Mr. Bagwaly?" she asked, timidly. I bowed and crossed a leg. My patient leather shoe would, of course, show her that she was dealing with a lawyer who was none the less a man of the world. She stared at the fire. "Oh, hardly," I said.

"Nothing matrimonial, I hope?" said I, encouragingly. "I am not married."

I felt vaguely glad, without knowing why. "Not—er—not a breach of—er—"

I think she sighed. "Not even that. Oh, it is very commonplace—and horrid. All business is horrid, don't you think?"

"Well," I cried, cheerily, "we must extricate you as well as we can. Tell me all about it."

"It is so good of you. I have really come for a friend. He is in great trouble. Some one owes him, oh! such a lot of money, and he can't get it."

"Why doesn't he put the beggar in court? Nothing simpler. It's done every day. Does he want me to take out a summons?"

"He thought perhaps if you wrote a letter like lawyers write—"

"I see." I reached for a sheet of paper. "Something like this: 'Dear Sir: I am instructed to inform you that unless the amount owing by you to Mr. So-and-so, account whereof is herewith inclosed, be paid by such a date, further proceedings will be immediately taken—and so forth.'"

"She had put up her veil to look at me. "How cruelly direct you men are with one another!" she cried, with something like a shudder.

"We don't waste time over phrases," I admitted. "Now, what does this fellow owe—"

"Thirty-six pounds fourteen shillings."

"For value received?" "Yes, for dresses."

"Dresses?" "Yes, coats and vests, and—and things."

"Oh, a tailor's bill. Well, unless he is dead to all sense of shame he won't fail to be county courted. Do you by any chance recollect any of the—er—the items?"

She flushed unwearyingly and noted at a hole in my observation. "I would rather not," I said gently.

"I'll try," she addressed the coal-scuttle. "There were three complete suits at seven guineas, five vests at twelve shillings, two frock coats at three guineas, two extra pairs of—er—things at one guinea, and some odds and ends."

"A well-dressed beggar, 'pon my soul!"

"He dresses very nicely," assented the girl, shyly.

"And now for the creditor's name, please?"

She murmured something to the fire-irons.

"I didn't quite catch—"

"She repeated it to the coal scuttle. I had done my pen, feeling as nearly faint as a solicitor can. A painful silence ensued. The fire crackled and chuckled with heartless levity.

"A very fair—all-round tailor," said I, when I had mastered my voice. But just then I heard from her that his silk lining don't need wash."

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

It is Also Stronger Than Fiction.

There is an old time story which serves to illustrate the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. A young sailor has come back from his first voyage, and is telling his fond and admiring mother the wonders he has seen during his long absence.

"Why," says Jack, "when we were heaving up our anchor in the Red Sea, we brought up one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels on the anchor fluke." "I can believe you," Jack said his mother, "for we all know that Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea and his chariots and horsemen were 'whirled in the tide' as the hymn says. But didn't you see anything really wonderful?"

"Well, mother, after being well nigh wrecked in a tornado we sailed up a river of pure rum to a mountain of solid sugar, and took aboard a cargo from the China Seas."

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