### 

## Three Warnings

#### 

twitched, but he controlled imself. It was a very serious case. And he knew that men and women had died of fright. Everybody in Torbett township knew just what was the matter.

Miss Saline Jones, a very estimable lady in middle age, had lain down on her bed knowing that she would soon die. She had received three mysterious warnings. Wherever the case was discussed-and it was talked of now throughout the township and the greater portion of the country-nobody could found who had ever heard of an instance where a person forewarned had ever received more than three warnings. One was the rule. Cases where two warnings were given the doomed were cited, but they were not so well authenticated.

Miss Jones had lain in bed now three days. Everybody could see her failing. She had a hunted look; her face was pale, sometimes clammy with perspiration. She had not slept now in three nights. Dr. Townley's first re-solve was that she should sleep that night-but he kept his own counsel. die of fright.

He really feared the poor lady would After examining her carefully with a puzzled expression he entered the little parlor, which was darkened to conversed with Miss Jones' niece, a bright and fairly well-educated girl. The niece had been sent for in haste. She had no patience with the story of the "warnings," but she admitted that

she had not had much time to investigate the matter. She had the forethought, however, to call in the neighbor who had telegraph-

ed her that her presence was required in Torbett. The neighbor was a member of the leading church in Torbett, who announced herself as the mother of a large family, therefore very conscientious. Miss Jones had not said any-

thing to her until she had slept over the first warning, "She told me it looked like an angel

with wings. She could see the angel's head better than the wings. But the wings were there." The doctor knew the story, but he asked Mrs. Bennett gruffly, "Where?" "They were on a melon-a water-

melon. It was a melon grown in a patch just back of the henhouse-on the little bench of land very near the

"I did see the second warning my-

"Well?" growled the doctor,

"What was it like?" "It was on a melon, too. It looked just like Miss Jones told me. It was "Did anybody else see it?"

"My son John saw it, and a half-dozen of the neighbors saw it." "How big was the tree—the branches

I mean?" They covered the breadth of your hand, I am sure."

"Did Miss Jones say she regarded it the melon hadn't been pulled-or some -body else had picked it up?"

"That's just it. She didn't get the melons-her little nephew, Tommyhe's about 6 years old-he brought the melons in to her. There was an old patch back there once-she never goes into it. Tommy, he was chasing the hens-and run there and found the melons."

"Then she went to bed, did she?" "No. She wondered what it meant -asked me what I thought. And I daren't say what I thought. It was the first 'sign' I ever saw, And I hope I may never see another,"

"Did she show any signs of frightdid she lose her appetite or cry. Was she nervous. Or did she talk much?" "Neither of the three. She just sat down and rocked herself. If anybody spoke she just looked at us, as much as to say, 'You don't know anything about it. It can't be helped.' Wouldn't be coaxed to eat. We couldn't get her to swallow a cup of tea." "Well-and then?"

"She got the third warning." "What was it?"

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have seen it. It was an over-ripe mel- vague instructions.

TOWNLEY'S lips on. Kind of faded away now. said when Tommy brought it in that she did not need such a plain warning. The others were plain enough—she said affe ought to be thankful she got three. And then she laid out her shroud and got into bed. Of course, dozens of us were in and out."

"Yes," thought the doctor, "and hundreds more, bigger fools, were telling the story and adding to it." "What was on the last melon?"

"Just an urn-the same as you sea any place.

"She came over to my house that afternoon. I'd just got the parlor closed and was going to lie down when she walked in without rapping. A thirg she never did in her life. "I am going to die soen," she said, then she sat down. 'I want you to see that everything is right. You know the most about my things.' I expected that she had another warning, but I waited to see what she would say-sure enough she had. So I went over with her. Then she showed me the meion. I do clare, doctor, I almost fainted then. I had to sit down. And I had to help her into bed and send for the neighbors. That's all I can tell you."

The worst of it was it was all true Deacon Pritchard had called repeatedly and prayed for her; old friends flocked to the house and filled it from the porch to the sickroom-or rather keep the flies and the light out, and the dying room, as it was now called. The leading druggist poh-hooed the story. He had a theory, He imagined he could see somebody experimenting with chemicals. But if the experimenter was wise he'd "sing low." But he ought to write a letter confessing how the trick was done-it was nothing but a chemical trick of some sort.

Meanwhile Miss Saline Jones was surely but certainly failing. She could not live a week in the doctor's opinion if she fell away at the rate he had reckoned. However, he would adhere to his original plan. He would give her enough to insure sleep for four or five hours. Meanwhile he would "overhaul his log." He had served before the mast when in his teens. The sailor lingo still found utterances when he was puzzled. His thoughts turned toward the

meion patch. As far as he could learn nobody had visited the meion patch, a circumstance that did not surprise a man who argued that not one man or woman in ten could see two inches beyoud their noses, On his way out to his buggy he ask-

ed for Tommy, Tommy had been taken in by a friendly neighbor. The doctor sat upright in his buggy when Tommy made his appearance. He was very much alarmed when the

doctor asked him to take a little ride with him-as far as the end of the lane. "Can you show me near where you got the melons for your aunt, Tommy?" the doctor asked in a kindly voice. Tommy thought he could,

"I'll drive around the old back lot," said the doctor. A heavy growth of locust screened the

old back lot from Miss Jones' house. The doctor lifted Tommy out of his buggy and entered the old melon patch. as a sign she was going to die? Suppose He remained in it ten minutes or

Had anybody passed that way he would have heard a gurgi- like that made by water dropping into a brook. It was the doctor. His broad chest rose and fell, his head shook convuisively, his eyes were cast upward very much to Tommy's alarm. Then he wiped his eyes (Tommy sail afterward, "The doctor c'ied"), an' placing Tommy carefully outside the dilapidated fence drove rapidly away.

He returned later in the day, and summoning the neighbors who had seen the last warnings, closeted himself with them in a room. There he displayed to their wondering eyes fac similes of the pictures they saw on the melons. The pictures the doctor exhibited were made on putty, curved to resemble the surface of a good-sized watermelon.

"Now," said the doctor in his briskest tone, "I want you all to come to the 'dying room' with me."

The whisk of skirts that Miss Jones said she was sure was the wings of the angel who would soon carry her to heaven proved to be the retinie "It was on another melon. It's not that attended the doctor, fully reas plain as the others. But hundreds solved to carry out his somewhat

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The pale face of the spinster flushed

slightly as the room filled with het

"Miss Jones," began the doctor in a nearty voice, "I've brought these lad'es for a purpose I am sure they will like. I am gong to order them to make as much chicken soup, waffles, gravy and mashed poetatoes as they can pre-pare in an hour's time. They are your guests—my guests also. I'll help foot the bill if it's permitted-in short nothing would give me more pleasure. When they have everything prepared, I want you to get up and set them a good example by eating just as much as you can. You need it. It won't hurt you a bit. I'd advise you to give your shroud to the poor boar l-you won't have any more use for it than I have for a fifth wheel to my buggy.

not sure she was not dreaming. But there were nearly a score of familiar faces. She sat up and gazed at the doctor. The doctor laid down a parcel where she could see it. Opening it he lifted out three flat pieces of stone, saying:

Miss Jones craned her head-she was

"I have brought you these stones to show you where your three warnings came from. I found them in the old melon patch where they have been lying ever since Jabez Strong smashed his wagon and broke the headstone designed for his third wife into smithercens. He tossed them over the fence. There are enough left, I should judge, to make a dozen more warnings. Provided the melon lying on them is big

enough to gather weight-" Of all the women present no two can be found who will agree as to the precise words Miss Jones used. She lifted one stone, smiled, sat up, demanded her clothes immediately, got up, selected two of her visitors to assist her, drove the others out of the room amid peals of laughter and speedily repaired to her kitchen.

All the women agree upon one thing; that she got up one of the best dinners they ever ate, and one and all aver that she violated all rules by the way she ate when she had served her visitors.-Chicago News.

#### GREAT SEA THOROUGHFARE.

#### It Is Illuminated More Completely Than Many City Streets. From the London Mail.

Mariners about our English coasts have the sea marked out for them into roads and streets as definite and obvious as Piccadilly or the Strand. It

is only by extreme negligence or by an absolute unforeseen combination of adverse circumstances that a ship can lose its way nowadays when it is within twenty or thirty miles of the English coast. The greatest sea road in the whole

world is the Swin Deep, at the mouth of the Thames. It is not too much to say that every foot of it is surveyel and marked down on the chart. It is lighted more completely than many thoroughfares, and to the sailor it is more homelike and familiar than the Commercial road or the Whitechapel High street. Down this great high road of the

sea much of the trade of the world is carried. Ships from the farthest parts of the world patrol it day and night in an endless procession, bringing goods to London or taking English products to distant lands. As the traveler steams down the

Thames between the low mud reaches beyond Gravesend, his first glimpse of the wonderful system of lights which guides the ships is obtained at South-

A red light shines out over the water, and it is a warning that the river journey is nearly finished, and that Swin street is near at hand.

Tom Hood immortalized the Nore in a poem called the "Little Buoy at the Nore," but he had nothing to say about one of the most famous of our English lightships. The "Nore light." as the sailors call it, is at the very entrance to the great highway. It shows a white light, which revolves every

Every light house and lightship has its own particular and distinguishable system of signaling its name. For example, the next light in Swin street is seven miles from the Nore, and is called the "Mouse" light.

In order that there may be no confusion between the two ships, the Mouse ship shows a green light, which revolves every twenty seconds, and which is visible for exactly ten miles. It is also provided with a foghorn, which is blown by compressed air, and is said to have the most unpleasant voice in the whole channel.

These lightships provide the principal illuminations of Swin street. In daytime each one carries a cone of iron bars of different shapes in the place where the lamp is hoisted at night, and, moreover, the name of the ship is painted upon its side in colossal

One of the most powerful and curlous lights in Swin street is known as the Maplin light. It is at the edge of the dangerous flat known as the Maplin and Foulness sands. These sands dry at low water, and extend for seventeen miles along the coast. It was found impossible to build solid masonry upon the shifting surface, and so famous Maplin light has been built upon an enormous erection of

It is one of the most conspicuous sights in Swin street, for it appears to be rising straight up out of the middle of the sea. The light is what is known as a red "occulting" light. Every half minute it is hidden by a revolution of the lantern behind a steel shutter.

There are many of these "occulting" lights in Swin street, and it is often a welcome sight to see one of them flash out of the dark, explaining with absolute certainty the exact position of the ship in the channel. The smallest lights of all the many colored illuminations are those at the head of the buoys which mark out the various safe passages for ships. These burn night and day, and the light is produced from ordinary gas. The great buoys-many of them from fifteen to twenty feet high-are hollow and filled with gas, which burns continually from a lamp at the top.
Often the traveler in Swin street

may see a curious, slowly moving vessel with a great tank on the deck, moving from buoy to buoy. This is the gas boat which supplies the lights with fresh gas at stated intervals. It may be called the lamplighter of the sea road.

#### Poor Girl!

Ida—Sometimes a few lines will cause a woman no end of worry. May—Yes; especially if they happen to be in her face.—Chicago Tribune.

#### A Few Lines.

It ever has been woman's fate, Since trading's early dawn, To have the biggest bargains wait
Until her money's gone.
—Indianapolis Press.

#### 

## OUR BASE BALL STARS.

## 

TELL YOU what, base ball | the finest of any man in the Atlantic isn't the thing it used to be, in these sections," said the siast, as he tilted his chair back, and gazed wistfully at the cell-

"No, sir," he reasserted, "it's that single, wee worddying out. And yet in its time, some of the greatest ball players on the diamond at present have played here, and Scranton is the home of some of the gingeriest youngsters that ever swung t hickory.

"It seems a pity that they can't get a good team to represent the city. I think that even yet, if we could secure a franchise in some league, the cranks of the city would turn out and support

"By Jove! When I think of some of the games played here and some of the men, my chops fairly water. Why, man, just look at a few of the players! Jesse Burkett would probably rank as high as any of them. He ers! played some of his first professional games in this city, making his debut here as a pitcher. He was a lefthander, and for awhite proved a phenom. His batting was mighty heavy, and he proved a roaring success until his wing went back on him and he had to give up twirling. . . . . .

"Today he is one of the best outfielders and hardest hitters in the National league. He led that organization's batters in '95 and '96 and last year gave Ed Delehanty, of the Phillies, a good run for his premier position by batting at a .402 clip as compared to Del's ,408. Another old-timer who has made his mark is Childs, the rotund St. Louis second baseman, who played here about the same time that Burkett est basemen in the National. "Little 'Cupid' Cunningham, who for-

merly twirled in Scranton, is at present regarded as one of the most sagacious and foxy pitchers in the big league, and although on the team repsteady tail-end team, has nevertheless put up a wonderful exhibition and is ranked with 'Kid' Nichols, Clarke, Griffith and the other great diamond gen-"Eddie Burke, who is now a fallen

star and has drifted back into the minor league ranks, but who was a few years ago considered one of the crack outfielders of the country, when he played with New York and Cincinnati. played here in his younger days, catching behind the bat. "Old 'Pop' Schriver is another back-

stop who is still in active harness, and last year caught a consistently good game for Pittsburg. 'Kid' Gleason, last year New York's second baseman, once pitched in Scranton, and made a big hit, twirling his way straight into the hearts of fandom.

"He left here, being gobbled by some big team, I think it was the St. Louis Browns. He didn't prove a roaring success in the box and one day, while Heine being ill. Gleason went in and played a game that kept him on the middle sack for the rest of the season. "One of the funniest examples of base ball judgment I ever saw manifested occurred here in Scranton, a few years ago, when we had an Eastern league team, Joe Corbett and Bowerman were loaned to the nine, by Baltimore, to do some of the battery work. Neither of the men made a great hit with the local cranks, and after a short while, they were allowed to go back to the Orioles. Corbett immediately sprang into prominence by winning nearly every game he pitched, and by leading the National league twirlers. Bowerman went to Pittsburg and last year caught in splendid fashion and also batted well.

Young Keister, now with Baltimore, played at Scranton, at the same time, and was never considered anything particularly startling, but nevertheless last year he fielded excellently in the shortstop position at Baltimore and batted at a 331 rate.

"Among the other men who have played here recently and are now carving notches for themselves in the ladder of base ball fame, are 'Old Hoss' Chiles, of last year's Phillies, who played with Scranton a few weeks under McDermott's managership, and then skipped the town for Hornells-Alex, Smith is now catching for ville. Baltimore and batting at a fierce rate, and young Barry, who played a short while with Scranton's last Eastern league team, is utility man on the Washington Senators. On the same team is Jack O'Brien, who was a prime favorite when he played under Sandy Griffin in the Scranton outfield, Jack fielded well last year and lined the leather out in fine shape. "Frank Dillon, first baseman

Scranton's Atlantic league effort of last year, made a very favorable impression at the initial sack in Pittsburg, and in the games he played had an almost errorless record. "Then take the local players in the

city. If one should be mentioned more than any other it ought to be 'Jack' Dunn, who last year twirled magnificently for Hanlon's Superbas, or champion Brooklyn team, and then, too, can be spoken of 'Bill' Coughlin, whose third base work at Wilkes-Barre was

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league.
"Well, I hope we have a team next gray-headed base ball enthusiast, as he tilted his chair ceased with a sigh, and left us pondering over the possibilities conveyed in



#### Lightning Rod Man Answers Inquiries

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Rize early (bowt 4 in the a. m.) & take a cold plunge. Dry yureself thoroly with a ruff Turkey towl. Then take a brisk walk-you shood walk in a direxshun opposite from yure house becaws peepil mite suspishun you waz just getting home from the nite be 4. You shoodn't return 2 the house be 4 ate in the a. m. He tell you why. I ust 2 hav a habit ov staying out till awl ours in the morning. Well, 1 morning about 1/2 past 3 I waz steerin wind was agenst me, & 1 had 2 tack. My intenshuns was good-I waz settin up with a sick man & the fizzishun (doctor, M. D.) perskribed whiskey, but the sick man waz a temprance resenting Louisville, which has been a | man & spurned the licker; ov course it wood never due 2 waste the lickerit was good licker 2-so I saved it & I gess you kin surmize my kondishun. waz a marter 2 the caws, so 2 speek. A vicktim ov sirkumstances, as it were. Menny a man wood hav shirkt hiz duty when he tackeld the last 1/2 pint but I stood my ground & finisht the quart. However, that haz nawt 2 due with my tales. Az I sed be 4, I waz on my way home when I herd 1 milkman say 2 another: "It's a shame the way that poor old man haz 2 work on the nite shift awl the yeer round; I see him neerly evry morning & the

> drag 1 foot after the other.' Now woodnt that disturb yure ekwilibrium (jar you)? Well it did mine. I was staggerd.

poor fello iz so tired he kin hardly

The earth seemd 2 be going round. Of corse you & I no, from heresay evidence, that the earth reely duz go round but it iz only on ockashuns simler 2 the abuv that it iz vizabel 2 the on the Baltimore team, was sent to sec. | naked I. I attempted 2 speek but I waz 2 full 4 utterence. But I wander from my subjex. It simply goes 2 show what terribel thawts milkmen will absorb. I have related the abuy 2 explane why you shood not return ? yure domisile ere ate. While walking you shood assoom

nonchalent air, appeer unpurturbed, thus leeding the rubbernex 2 beleev that you hav nothing on yure mind but sum hare & yure hat. Keep yure sekret garded in yure

After returning home you shood eat

a lite breakfast ov raw eggs poached on 1 side. Hasht brown potatoes, rare, & a cup ov black kauphy. Abstain from awl pastry & other alkohawlick bevridges as thay may upset yure plans also yure stummick. The fatal time approacheth but feer

not, the worst iz yet 2 kum! Sekure a pare of overhawls & a jumper. Tremble not, as Wm. Kullen Bryent sez, "Poo, Poo, also Tush, Tush, likewise Fudge!" Remember that awl inks are not az

black az thay are advertized. Now 4 the trying ordeel! Will you fill the pen yureself or will you let some 1 else due it? Take my advice, Bizzy Man, & let

sum 1 else due it.

Widow-If yure huzhand haz just died & you hate 2 kwit playing the peyano on that accownt, allow me 2 suggest that it wood be in better taste, I think, 2 play on nuthing but the

#### Got It Twisted.

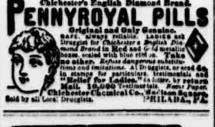
The Old Friend—I hear your daughter's wedding to Count Wipemoff is to be the richest of the season. Still, I suppose in a case of this sort it isn't the cost The Gratified Father-No,: it's th count that costs.-New York Press.

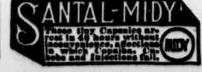
A Vain Experiment.

### "Pa, why do you let the furnace go out every evening Mr. Glidad comes to see

"I'm trying to freeze out the microbe of love, my deluded child."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.







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