

A Romance of the Culp.

The winner of the following story, which has been awarded the second prize in the city's short story contest, pretends to conceal her identity behind the pen-name "Lion of Glenburnie," but has been kind enough to inform us of the following biographical data, which may assist our readers in solving the mystery of her identity: She was born at Elk Hill of all-right Revolutionary war Eastern; spent her early life in the Wyoming valley; began writing at the age of 16; was a member of the Times and the wing of Hon. William H. Miner; made her debut in Harper's Magazine at 17; and has since written many articles for it and for other leading magazines. She is now, she informs us, living as Holmes describes so many, "on the literary reputation she might have made." Her statement we are not compelled to believe. Presumably and town adjustment are her hobbies; and she has given up writing for the time being to devote her attention to her family. It remains to be said upon authority that some things of the story which follows are real; the names, mainly, are fictitious.

ELLEN LYNN'S home fronted squarely on the culm dump, and she stood at the window looking out upon it. To her the vast pile was but an ugly, ever encroaching thing looming up against a gray sky. Her thought never invested the monument of the great toll which had delved it out of the earth. It stood only as the dark frontage to her dull world. In these days she was filled with the unrest of this American life which forbids content in our estate. At least—it felt her lot among those other girls who lived in streets so far removed from this grime of the coal mine.

Her brother Hugh, up there busy with car and mule on the summit of the dump, looked to her out square and grimed like the stoutest of the cheery son of labor that he was. She saw him waving his cap to someone below, and looking along the road perceived it to be Griff, coming out of the mine. He came tramping down the way with the heavy step of fatigue. The black of the mine seemed to have dyed him through and through. Passing the window he touched his cap, with its greasy lamp, to Ellen, and the motion appeared strange and pathetic, coming from one so removed in appearance from all the graces. He looked at her, and Griff's eyes had been beautiful—they were. They might have been full of love and longing—they were! But the only thing to be seen in that face was the glare of white eyeballs through a mask of blackness. Ellen had read of no lover like this; he had no eyes, and she had seen the knights or courtly modern youth who peeped her fancy. She smiled kindly but not warmly upon Griff, and he passed on.

Directly after, two grimy hands came about her waist and faced her from the window towards the kitchen. Hugh had come home to supper.

"Now, Miss Biddy Lynn, Griff has gone by, and I've put on the griddle all ready for the flapjacks, so turn 'em up lively, for I am clean famished."

This speech was every word of it distasteful to the sister of the man who had been watching for Griff. Second, that hated name, Bridget Ellen, she had resolutely banished the first title, and by it none addressed her without peril. Third, the backache cakes, she had cleaned the house from her morning smoke, and now must she be smothered by the start-up again to poison their evening?

"Griff? Who cares for him?" retorted she. "And if you think calling me Biddy the best way to get waited on you're mistaken. First, in those flapjacks, not one will I bake tonight, not one. The table is set, and there's plenty else for supper."

"Mighty fine, Miss," responded Hugh, hungry, and now huffy. "A girl is a fool that don't jump at Griff Howard, not his equal in the town. Bridget, wheats I will have, if I must bake 'em myself."

"Do it then," snapped Ellen, and she whisked upstairs out of sight. Hugh brought forth the batter jug and by the advice of his father added "a whaleraten in hot water."

"Hospitably bidding his parent sit at the table, Hugh poured on cakes of heroic size, and, under a growing cloud of smoke, moved from stove to table like a benevolent goblin. As this gradual meal drew to an end Griff appeared and looked through the haze upon his neighbors.

"Are you smoking anybody out?" he asked, laughing.

"Not you, Griff, any way; come ye in old man."

"Aye, Griff, ye're welcome as the morning and always was," responded Father Lynn, as he moved to his corner for pipe and evening paper. Here he spent his leisure seeking solace in the sheet of books since his faithful wife had died.

Hugh sat down beside his welcome visitor and eyed his handsome face, now clean from the coal dust, and his manly proportions with deep favor. His spirits rose with the certainty that he would now get light on the arithmetic whose problems now hung over him in view of tomorrow's night school.

But Griff's eye sought out the corner of the room and Hugh responded to the look.

"You won't fight B. Ellen Lynn anywhere in this smoke, she's getting too genteel to bear the sound of her own name, or to bear the smell of the cooking."

Hugh was aware that Ellen must be chafe close by the stovepipe and he made his remarks distinct for her benefit.

"You've been teasing your sister, Hugh, I believe," replied Griff. "It must be cold up there. Now go and make it up and coax her to come down."

stole his arm about her waist and drew her to him with intent to put on the ring. As Ellen saw those eyes of no particular color, and the waxed moustache approaching her face, a blind, nervous, but heavenly true instinct prompted her to draw back. At this moment the ring slipped from the young man's finger and disappeared among the fern and wintergreen at their feet. With deep vexation he stooped to find it, and by the time this was accomplished the voices of a group of sunset gazers were heard who were approaching the rock. The spell was broken, there was no further time for tender entreaties or the putting on of a ring, however much or little its wearing might intend. Mr. Edgell, however, refused to retain it, but opening the little bag at Ellen's side he dropped it therein, telling her to keep it until the next time they met. There was now no time to be lost if Ellen would be at home for her evening duties, and the wheels were turned toward down the swift and dangerous descent.

The next few days went by with Ellen in a whirl of indecision. Again and again she took out the brilliant ring in the safety of her room, and dreamed over it. Did the wearing of it mean in reality wifehood in a large place among the roses of life? If so why had she been so long in coming towards which all her young dreams and hopes had tended? She had never pledged herself to Griff, so why hesitate? She could not quite bring herself, after all, to appear to Mr. Edgell with the ring on her hand, yet she carried it about her neck, and thought that some near day upon that enchanted height, after all due and distinct asking her in marriage she should have him put it on.

Up there she seemed always tending now, but her next visit after the offering of the ring was with her brother Hugh. It was a public holiday, and Hugh had looked forward to meeting various others of their young friends up at Lake Scranton for a happy day. Early summer clouds tempered the hot sun as they tugged up the hills, but by the time they reached the lake those warm gathering for a brisk shower. Running for the nearest shelter they found it already occupied, and slacking pace, heard a young lady remark: "This is a mine holiday, and I expect the place will be overrun by the rabble to get out of the rain—there are two of them coming now." The speaker was the sister of J. Charles Edgell, who with the elegant Miss Maud Pryor completed the group.

After a quick half glance at the newcomers, Mr. Edgell turned his back and began a rapid conversation with Miss Pryor. It was the evening of the moment on his part, and whether he would have recovered himself and tried to make amends can never be known, for he was left no room for repentance. Ellen's perception of the slight was as instant as the act itself. As she watched her brother she was out in the blinding rain, snatching up her wheel. Then she halted, and taking the ring from her pocket pressed it into Hugh's hand, and bade him take it to "that man."

The next day, Hugh, waiting no further instruction, sped to the shelter where they had left J. Charles Edgell and the young ladies, and throwing back the lid of the ring box, walked up to the startled group, saying to Mr. Edgell:

"The one you offered to give this time, she's given it back, she having no use for it."

Pushing it into the breast pocket of the speechless youth, Hugh strode out to join his sister in her return to the kitchen and the culm.

And so the dream vanished, while the long hot summer came and dragged heavily along.

Hugh, sharing the mortification that enveloped his sister, confided in no one, least of all to Griff, who had never been near the house since Ellen's desertion of him on the hill.

As summer ended and evenings grew long Father Lynn began to miss his daughter.

"The lad never comes near us now," he complained one night to Hugh.

"Oh, Ellen has 'em killed him," replied Hugh, bitterly. "Ever since that time when he was on with the duke and good-bye to the laboring classes. There never was a man who thought so of a woman as he did of our Ellen. Over and over I used to hear him hummin' 'low in the mine that old ballad."

"Oh, Ellen, fair beyond compare, I'll make a garden of thy hair; I will bind my heart for ever maid."

"He's glum as the grave now. I wonder if girls ever know what cruel fools they can be?"

And Ellen from up the stairs heard it all.

The days went on and brought the first winter snow, with its pall so strangely white over the deep black about the mine. Into its dangers went down fathers and husbands and sons, followed always by anxiety, for such a life has gone out below there in the dark.

On-day a sudden movement from the top of the culm caught Ellen's eye. A man dashed madly down the side of the heap. The one thought in that neighborhood of any sudden stir is that something has happened in the mine. Something had happened now, Ellen knew it as she joined the pale, wild women dashing from their homes toward that black opening in the hill. Out of it shaking men were coming with a staggering man. Gasping with fear for her father and Hugh, Ellen seized one of the black figures and questioned him. There had been a fall from the roof he told her. Those nearest the mouth of the mine were running out, but some lay pinned beyond it. Who were these crushed and pinned ones? The awful question choked every throat. The man went on with his painful recital.

"Tim Langdon and me was working together. We heard the crackin' and knew what it meant. I gave a big jump and got away, but poor Tim couldn't get quick and there he lies under it all."

A woman had come up behind the speaker with a tiny baby in her arms. It was Margaret Langdon, Tim's wife, casting the child to a neighbor, with one terrible gesture she tore the gown at the neck with a mad instinct to relieve her suffocating grief and then fell forward with face and mother's bosom prone on the winter snow. Ellen, flying onward into the mine,

by Heaven's mercy met Hugh stumbling forward and helping her father on. But the boy's sorrow broke from his trembling lips at sight of his sister.

"Oh! Ellen, Griff, poor Griff, he's in there. He might have got away easy, but he wouldn't leave father; he just put his arm 'round him and dragged him with him. The other boys got out fast enough alone, he is that stiff and lame. I was on this side when the roof fell, and I saw Griff come in on my father, just as he gave him a great shove and tumbled him on all right to me, the rock fell, and oh, Ellen! quick, come out! Maybe he was only stunned and not covered up, but nobody can go near there now, for the roof is just jaggin' and crackin', and old Donald says there'll be another fall any minute."

Hugh helped his father out and to the house, while the Ellen close at hand. But she had kept straight on into that fearful hole under the hill, speeding unnoted through the dim, deserted place.

At the moment when Hugh described this crowning act of Griff's nobleness, heavy the words will save my faithful lover or 'I'll die on thy dead heart, Douglas' was her soul's cry.

At the last outpost of safety, she found their neighbor, old Donald, lamp in hand, making for the mouth of the mine.

"Come away, lass, quick! This is no place for any livin' creature," cried the astonished old man.

"You can see the light at the mine's mouth now, Donald, go you out, but I must have the lamp," and snatching it from him, Ellen ran on. Her feet were stumbling in the snow, but she kept on, till the awful wall of fallen rock barred her way. Here she paused and searched the ground with her lamp. And there, covered with heavy fragments, lay Griff, stunned and motionless. She rolled the cruel stones away and, kneeling, lifted the fallen hero in her warm arms, thawed the chill from his face by her young kisses till he woke to life under that longed-for, blessed touch, and opened dim eyes that rested on her with vague bliss.

"Try, try to rise up, dear Griff," he heard her whisper, "and let us leave this awful danger."

Slowly and with a dreadful effort he struggled to his feet. Clinging each to each, that they might live or die together, they began the slow journey towards the light. And the jarring echoes of death rested and let them come forth to new life on the earth.

"O, Ellen, fair beyond compare," said happy Griff, and took her in his arms.

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THE TREASURY AT BUFFALO

DEPARTMENT'S PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBIT A FINE ONE.

Forty-five Foot Light-house, a Reproduction of Famous Atlantic Beacon, Reared Under Dome of Government Building, Fully Equipped—Surfmen to Show on Lake How Seamen Are Rescued. Fine Display of Mints—Presses to Be in Operation.

From the Washington Post.

During the past few days final shipments have been made from Washington of materials for the United States treasury exhibit at the Buffalo Pan-American exposition. Most of the exhibit is now on the grounds, other shipments having been made from Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and from life-saving stations along the coast.

The display will be in charge of Mr. Walter H. Hills, superintendent of the treasury, and will be the most complete and comprehensive the department has ever made. Seven thousand square feet of floor space has been reserved in the government building for the treasury exhibit, but even with this, Mr. Hills will be more or less crowded for room. About every division of the treasury, except the revenue cutter service, will be represented. Among the most attractive showings will be those of the lighthouse and life-saving services. In the center of the government building, under the big dome, will be erected a lighthouse forty-five feet in height, fully equipped with lights and signaling apparatus. It will be an exact reproduction of one of the best known lighthouses on the Atlantic coast.

The life-saving service exhibit will be outside the building, on the shore of an artificial lake. There will be a crew of eleven surfmen, in charge of a lieutenant, and two surf boats, one twenty-six feet in length and the other thirty-four. In the center of the lake will be erected a mast, to represent a disabled ship, and from this daily rescue will be made. Lines will be thrown to the mast from the shore, and the breeches buoy and other apparatus will be operated. Among the curiosities shown will be the first life car ever used in the service.

MINT PRESS TO TURN OUT SOUVENIRS.

The mint will be represented by a coin press of the very latest pattern, with a capacity of eighty coins a minute. This press will be kept in operation, turning out souvenir medals at the exposition. The bureau of printing and engraving will show a plate which will show the making of a printing press. This will also be operated, turning out handsome exposition souvenirs. The marine hospital service will show models of quarantine stations, the coast and geodetic survey will exhibit a miniature tide gauge, and other bureaus will have exhibits pertaining to their particular work. The redemption division probably has the greatest curiosity to show. It is an old fashioned one year bill, a quarter of a century was used in the treasury for cutting in two bills that had been turned in for redemption. The knife is a huge affair operated by hand, and was displaced only a little more than a year ago by electrical machinery. After the money turned in for redemption was counted by clerks, it was cut in two lengthwise, and the halves counted again. It was for this work the knife was used, and during recent years, when an average of nearly a million dollars a day was turned in for redemption, the knife did not have a shiner. Treasury officials estimate that the blade of the knife has passed through bills representing a face value of between \$5,000,000,000 and \$6,000,000,000.

OLDEST GOVERNMENT RECORD.

Another curiosity will be the first ledger and journal kept by the treasurer of the colonial government, the early entries in which antedate the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It is undoubtedly the oldest government record in existence. The display of coins will be very complete, embracing every coin issued by the United States, and some of the finest made by other governments of the world, ancient and modern. There will also be shown a large number of government bonds and securities, including some of the bonds of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Hills will spend a large share of his time in Buffalo after the exposition opens, and will have as assist-

Special Diseases of Men

IS MY SPECIALTY.



I Do Not Scatter My Faculties Center Them on My Specialty

If you are suffering from any disease or condition peculiar to men, or if you have been disappointed in not getting a permanent cure, I want you to come and have a social chat with me. I will explain to you MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT, which I have originated and developed after my whole life's experience in treating special diseases of men. I have no pills, specifics, free samples, trial treatments or electro-medical combinations or swifter devices which do not and cannot cure diseases peculiar to men. My education, my experience, my conscience, my reputation condemn all such quackery. If you will pay me a visit I will give you FREE OF CHARGE a thorough personal examination and an honest opinion of your case. If you are favorable I will tell you so, and advise you so that you will not be humbugged by unscrupulous practitioners who claim to cure all. If after examining you, I find you curable, I will insure you of a permanent cure, inasmuch as I will give you a written guarantee to refund you every cent you have paid me in case I fail to effect a cure. I make no charge for medicines, as they are always included in the account fee, and you know to the cent, before you start, what your whole treatment is going to cost, and I will make no false promises as to the time for the sake of getting you as a patient, as I promise only what I can do, and do as I promise.

UNNATURAL DISCHARGES stopped in 5 to 10 days.

EMMISSIONS and Drains stopped in 5 to 10 days.

ULCERS. I care not of how long standing, I will dry them up at once.

STRICTURE cured without cutting or dilating.

HYDROCELE or any swellings or enlargements reduced at once.

IMPOTENCY by my system of treatment is curable irrespective of the time standing or your age.

BLADDER and KIDNEY derangements by my system of treatment show signs of improvement from the very beginning.

RHEUMATISM, being caused by impure condition of blood, is cured permanently by me.

SPECIFIC BLOOD POISONING, permanently cured without the use of Iodide of Potash or Mercury.

WRITE, if you cannot call. All correspondence strictly confidential and all replies sent in plain envelopes. Inclose 2-cent stamp to insure reply.

OFFICE HOURS, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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Permanently Located at Rooms 208-209-210 Pauli Building, 426-428 Spruce St., SCRANTON, PA. TAKE ELEVATOR.

of Mount Vision, lectured in the Methodist church last Thursday evening. His subject was "Conflict of Christianity with the Oriental World." The lecturer revealed a great amount of research, and was very earnestly delivered.

John Clark will soon move his family into U. Barringer's home.

Mrs. Haxall, the fashionable milliner of Lake Como, left town on Thursday.

Prof. A. P. Thomas, of Carbondale, was a caller among friends here on Wednesday.

HAWLEY.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Hawley, April 20.—About the most unique and pleasant entertainment given this winter was the country dance given by the L. C. M. B. A. at the Maennerchor hall on Wednesday evening. The prizes were awarded to James Haggerty and Miss Sarah Devers, the former receiving an apple pie, and the latter a pumpkin pie. About \$100 was cleared.

Carpenters are at work erecting a building on the lot of Thomas Nellin, on Main street, where the fire burned the former store.

Mrs. Alfred Decker is in Washington, D. C.

Charles Ammerman and daughter, Alice, of Honesdale, have spent this week with relatives here.

Misses Isabel L. Atkinson and Lucy Pellet accompanied Miss Margaret Lambert to New York on Saturday, from where Miss Lambert, in company with Misses Annie Axley and Brown, will sail for her home in England.

Prof. G. F. THEEL, 627 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Daily German Specialist. See American Questionnaire in more than 1000 papers. Diseases (from nose to tip of toes) treated. Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc. (see columns). Under special dispensation every medical and electrical brand. Reasonable charges.

Several persons have fished for trout, but with no success.

Rev. W. L. Sinsberty, former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, now

\$500 REWARD

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Liverita, the Up-To-Date Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. 25c boxes contain 100 Pills, 10c boxes contain 40 Pills, 5c boxes contain 15 Pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail. Stamps taken. Nervita Medical Co., Corner Clinton and Jackson Streets, Chicago, Ill.

Sold by McGarrah & Thomas, Druggists, 209 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa.