

Jocktan.

[The winner of the third prize in The Tribune's short story contest is Mrs. K. S. Cross, of Factoryville, Pa., of whom a friend writes: "While the greater part of her life has been spent in the west she is by birth a Pennsylvania and at this time a loyal daughter of the great state of the Union. She is a member of the Mary Washington Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and a consistent reader of the most successful newspaper in the state—The Scranton Tribune."]

AS A MATTER of course everybody called him Jock. That is to say, nearly everybody. A maiden aunt who made them yearly visits not only called him Jock, but added a slight accent to the last syllable, and Jock hated her accordingly.

Then there was his mother, who felt that, as the name had been given him in baptism, it was clearly her duty to call him by it, but there were times, however, when a certain look in Jock's eyes made her pause ere the full name was pronounced. Oh, how Jock loathed the name!

He would think of Mary Williams, and wonder if she could ever love a man burdened thus, for he had secretly loved Mary for some time. Lately, however, she had treated him so coolly that he was completely discouraged, and blamed his name more than ever, as perhaps being the cause thereof.

The mining town of Ashton, in which they lived, has many counterparts in the historic Wyoming Valley. Nine-tenths of the male population earn their living by toiling in the mines.

They returned from the lake, where a picnic had been in progress, and were lingering along the path, in order to prolong their enjoyment to the uttermost.

When the men who were fortunate enough to escape reached the mouth of the shaft the news of the disaster spread rapidly. Telegraphic and cable lines carried it to the world over. Thousands flocked to the spot. Evan Evans, who was the last man out of the mine, and whose dinner pail had been cut from his back by a piece of falling rock, said, in answer to anxious inquiries that he heard a sudden crash, saw the men running and was so frightened at his own narrow escape from death that he remembered nothing more until safely out of the mine.

Two or three of the men descended again, only to find that escape from that side was impossible. Then, as nearly as they could, they determined the position of the entombed men, and began the seemingly impossible task of digging them from the outside. Gangs of men were hastily organized, and by the aid of the end of three days they were all safely out of the mine.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels.

would watch the men working, and, then going home, only to return again and again and wonder that she could not die.

Two days passed; three. The suspense was awful. An unnatural stillness was everywhere unbroken save by the sound of the blasting. At the end of the fifth day one of the workers remarked that there was no use of working any longer; if the men had not died from hunger they had been eaten by the rats. Quicker than thought he was seized from behind, thrown out of the mine and amid the hisses of the crowd snaked away. Another day passed; still another. Even the most hopeful were disheartened, but they toiled steadily on.

During all of this time the men in the mine had hoped that they would at last feel the relief of every breath; they only waited for death to relieve their sufferings. It seemed months to them since their imprisoning.

None had watched, so they knew not what time had really passed. All the pangs of hunger had been theirs; they had even cut the bark from the new mine props and eaten it. Hours and hours passed with nothing but the choking sulphur water and then they killed the mine.

Jock sat with his face buried in his hands. That he could not live long he knew, for the air which had been fairly good had now become stifling. A sound, as if from a distant blast, caused him to raise his head—he even imagined he heard a voice calling. Should he awaken the others, who were sleeping near him? No, he must be mistaken. It could not be. A louder sound, unmistakable this time. He shouted: "We're saved, boys!"

Every man jumped at his feet, and heard the sounds with hearts bounding again with hope. A faint call reached their ears. In answer they shouted together, "This way, men!" Again the voice, "We're coming!" And come they did. A last blast, a last fall of rocks and dirt, and the mine was ended.

THE MISSING KING.
The Story of a Magic Lantern Seance and a Young Man in Love.

Thomas Schureman, who lives on Holly avenue, in West Indianapolis, a few weeks ago made a bad loan, and, in lieu of the money, he was overwhelmed with the borrower's gratitude and a magic lantern. The gratitude, thought Schureman, was without practical value, but the magic lantern might be pressed into service.

He arose with a determination to forget the entire matter; he even tried to persuade himself that he had imagined it all. However, a depression he could not shake off clung to him.

On Tuesday evening next the concert of the Studio club that was to have taken place at the home of Mrs. Bennett, Green Ridge, J. T. Watkins, was sung by Sumner Sailer, accompanied by the composer.

At the last meeting of the Newman club Miss Kathryn Morgan sang several beautiful songs in a charming manner. She is a pupil of Mr. J. T. Watkins.

On Sunday evening, May 5, the First Presbyterian church choir, under Mr. Watkins' direction will give an evening of Stainer's music.

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