

Dan Dermot in the Tower Hill Cave.

BY TOM ALDRICH.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

NOT so many years ago, when I was a school boy, it was the custom of myself and a few schoolmates, whenever we got the opportunity, to enter an old cave on Tower Hill and pass many hours in boyish wanderment beneath the rocky old hillside.

The Tower Hill cave, as it was called, was an opening which had been made many years before we boys knew of its existence, to get at what was understood to be a rich vein of anthracite. It was a gradual slope down to where it came to an abrupt ending, save for a narrow hole or airway which led to some of the more prosperous workings of the company.

An old, bent and rusted narrow track, which was almost hidden by heaps of shelly rock that had fallen from the rugged roof, stretched its irregular course down to the foot of the dark slope, where an old mine car stood about 30 feet from the ending.

It was in the old mine car that we boys used to sit, in the glare of a couple of leaky old mine lamps, enjoying our guilty freedom from the school room.

We assembled one day in our usual rendezvous and were busily engaged in a boyish conversation, when a miner who had come through the narrow airway from the newer workings approached us.

"Hello, lads," he said, "you're at some of your tricks again, eh? what's the matter with you today?"

Profound silence reigned among us at this query, and the water noisily trickling from the cracked roof seemed to tell him what he already surmised.

"Playing hooky, my boys," said the miner, taking a seat among us, "is a bad thing for you youngsters, and I think if you knew personally as much about this old mine car as I do you wouldn't spend so much of your valuable time sitting here under that shaky old roof."

"There isn't a ghost in here, is there?" inquired one of my companions.

"No," said Dan Dermot, for the miner was indeed none other than he, the father of one of our playmates, who, thanks to a slight illness, was not among us when his father discovered us in the old mine car.

"Lads," began Dan Dermot, after a slight pause, looking into our expectant faces with his large honest blue eyes, "when you who are now only in your teens shall have reached my age, which is but 40 years, you will better understand why this old car had so much to do with Dan Dermot and why this old cave is not a fit place for you boys to enter."

"Mr. Dermot," I said, my boyish curiosity talking possession of me at his suggestive remarks, "won't you tell us all about it? I know that something awful must have happened here at one time."

"Yes, lads, something awful did happen here once, and ever since I feel like a murderer."

These words from honest Dan Dermot, whom we always highly respected, incredible as they seemed, started a chilly sensation creeping up our youthful spines and the old cave seemed to grow hideous in the darkness around us.

"When this opening was first started," said Dan, "I was employed at the mouth, where a stationary engine raised and lowered the cars by means of a cable rope connected to a revolving drum. It was my duty to unhook the cable from the loaded cars, as they reached the top of the slope at the mouth of the cave; it was also my duty to unhook the cable to the empty cars before they were run over the head on the incline.

"We had been working here only two months when the coal company decided to abandon this way for getting the coal out, and started the tunnel below. Their reason for giving this

place up was on account of the shelly rock in the roof, which fell in fragments on the incline, and this made it necessary for some one to ride on the front of the empty cars as they slowly descended into the mine at the end of the cable.

"Bert Kearney was the young man whose duty it was to ride on the descending cars, and it was also a part of his duty to hook the cable onto the loaded cars, and give the signal for hoisting.

"The engineer was Tim Murphy, God be good to him, and he had a fine looking daughter Nellie, who was reckoned to be about the handsomest girl in the place.

"Nell and I had been friends since we were children and when she reached the beauty of womanhood I naturally fell in love with her and felt that she had a warm affection for me.

"A surprise party had been planned by the young people of the neighborhood in honor of Nell on her eighteenth birthday. I, of course, was there, so was Bert Kearney. I had always noticed that Bert was quite taken up with Nell, and that she was noticeably friendly towards him.

"The night of the party I did not see Nellie to have our usual little chat because of her busy occupation as the hostess. About 11 o'clock my impulse for a personal interview wore on me so much that I went in search of Nell.

"I had searched the kitchen and sitting room, and had just opened the hall door to pass into the parlor when what did I see but Bert Kearney blessing the blushing cheek of my sweet-heart under the glow of the hall lamp.

"I was nonplussed, a murderous demon seemed to take me into his sinful grasp. Without a moment's hesitation I rushed past them, snatched my hat from the hall rack and left her home for the nearest saloon, where I washed down gulps of anger and sinful glenings with burning whiskey.

"The next day was the last we worked at this place. In the morning we received our wages and before evening my brain was on fire and I was insane with the cursed drink. Every time that Bert came up out of the pit I felt like springing at his throat in my jealous rage. I seemed to think it would be vengeance sweet to feel his life slowly ebbing out in the grasp of my grimy fingers.

"During the afternoon we had hoisted all the rocks and were ordered to leave an empty car at the foot of the slope that could be had in case they would need one for further use.

"Kearney mounted the bumpers and I picked up the cable hood. An insane idea struck my muddled brain: I reached to the car, swung the cable aside and lured the car over the head of the plain with a mighty force, hoping in my murderous fury that the uncontrolled car would strike the wall of anthracite here at the foot of the slope and dash the life out of the man whom I regarded as my hated rival.

"I then hastened home and that night gave to me the horrors of a thousand hells.

"The next morning I was stumbling along the street under the weight of a guilty conscience, trying to cool my fevered brain in the open air, when Bert Kearney grasped me by the hand and said:

"Congratulations you, Dan; my cousin Nellie Murphy said she loved you the other night so I gave her a kiss for lack on her giving me the information."

"You're alive!" I exclaimed; "how about the car?" "Oh," he answered, "that was a bad mistake on your part, but a lot of shelly fragments fell from the roof onto the track, checked the speed of the car and it stopped about thirty feet from the foot; I came out without a scratch."

"I then told him my murderous intention and begged his forgiveness, which was freely granted, for Bert

Kearney had a generous, honest heart."

"How about Nellie?" one of the lads then asked.

"Lord bless you, my boys," Dan replied, "she's little Fred's mother up here on the hill at my house, who gives you boys warm ginger cakes when you come playing ball with my little fellow in our back yard."

As we boys trotted up the old slope beside Dan Dermot, each one made a firm resolve to never touch whiskey, and never again to play truant in the cave of Tower Hill.

WHERE FORESTS PAY.

The People of a Swedish Community Show Wisdom in Free Culture and Use.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Orsa, in Sweden, seems to be the nearest thing to Utopia that can be found on earth at the present time. The inhabitants of Orsa have become a generation sold \$4,000,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting, provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years.

The money from the sale of trees has made it possible for the people of Orsa to get along without taxing themselves. Railways, telephones and schools are absolutely free. There are no monthly gas bills, and no semi-annual water rents to pay, and whenever the Orsatis think they need them they build city halls and court houses and such things without reaching into their pockets. Their trees do the business.

Of course, it must be remembered that the people of Orsa have no collector's office to keep supplied with such funds as the collector and his friends may desire to make use of, and they are no elaborate spoils system for their mayors or their bosses to manipulate for the purpose of wiping out private political debts; but still, on the face of the returns there seems to be an indication that tree planting is a good thing.

MINISTER WU.

How the Chicago University Young Women Astonished Him.

The Chicago Tribune tells the following story of the visit of the Chinese minister to the University of Chicago:

It was in his call upon the young women of Beecher hall that Minister Wu most thoroughly enjoyed himself.

"What is your name?" he asked of the head of the hall as he crossed the threshold. "Miss Wallace? You are not married? How many girls have you here? Why do you keep them in one building together? Why do you shut out those young men (as Professor Laughlin closed the door on the men students). Is this a convent? Do the girls learn? What do they study? Do they make good wives? Hold out your hand."

The interrogatory eloquence was cut short by the dormitory yell, which suddenly burst from half a hundred feminine throats:

"E-double-see-ber, B-double-see-ber, B-double-see-ber, Beecher!" The cheer ended in a shrill titter, and was followed by nine "Rahs" for "Mr. Wu."

"Oh!" exclaimed the minister, taken aback. "The girls—do they yell? Do they play football, too?"

IN RESPONSIBLE PLACES.

The Woman at Head of Army Nurse Corps—A French Woman Hospital Surgeon.

Mrs. Edith Hopkins Kinney, of New York city, has been appointed by Secretary Taft as head of the army nurse corps under the army and navy organization act. Mrs. Kinney graduated in 1892 from the training school for nurses connected with the Massa-

chusetts general hospital. She has been superintendent of the nurses in the Long Island hospital at Boston, and has been connected with hospitals in St. Paul, San Francisco and New Mexico.

Mlle. Mathe Franellon, who took her doctor's degree in Paris some time ago, has just passed the difficult examination for intern in the hospitals. This entails upon her the duty of performing gratuitously the functions of house surgeon in the Paris hospital, to which she may be appointed. Mlle. Franellon is the first French woman to pass that examination, and is ranked fifty-second on the list, among 600 competitors.

Weekly Letter on Municipal Affairs.

XLIX.—Modern Sanitation Reduces Death Rate in Cities.

FIFTY YEARS ago the health department figured slightly in the conduct of municipal affairs, but today it is recognized as one of the most important of the municipal functions. To save the saving, his man life through the vigilance of its staff and the use of up-to-date methods in promoting the cleanliness of a city, the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases and the thorough inspection of all foods, milk, etc. The usefulness of such a department depends upon the thoroughness with which its affairs are conducted.

Side observation, based on the experience of municipalities in this country, shows that the principal cities of the United States but many of the smaller ones, has demonstrated that the larger the city the better are affairs of this department conducted, while the smaller the city the reverse is true.

It is interesting to notice the methods of some well organized health departments. For example, in Rochester, N. Y., Dr. George S. Gale, who is a head of that department, has had in operation for the past three years a number of milk stations where nothing but the purest milk is obtained. In fact, the stations commenced this work in a limited way three years ago, gradually increasing it until last summer he had five such stations in operation in different parts of the city. He says that they have in the most thickly populated districts, where they would be most accessible to the poorer classes. Each station was placed in charge of a woman, and the mother was instructed to inspect the mothers who obtained their supply of milk from the municipal station, as to the care of the infant, including its feeding, and to report any illness of the child to the municipal dairy within a few miles of the city which was conducted in the most sanitary manner. All vessels and receptacles into which the milk was placed at any stage of the process of getting it to the station of the city was carefully sterilized and the most painstaking precautions were taken to maintain a sanitary condition about the premises, and about the milk cans, and the women were instructed to wash their hands after each cow was milked before proceeding to the next step in the work.

The result of this was most satisfactory. The death rate among infants under the age of five years, which had been 200 per cent in the three years, that nearly one hundred lives were saved by this unique method of looking out for the little ones of the city. In fact, the result of this work in the coming year embrace a larger supply of milk, which means an increase in the dairy and a larger number of stations. Thus far this is the only success on record in this country where a city has conducted a dairy, but the good results obtained in the city of Rochester are likely to lead to the establishment of similar dairies and stations in other cities.

Health Commissioner Wende, of Buffalo, also put in practice unique methods whereby he has reduced the death rate among children of five years of age and under. One of the most novel ideas at which he secured through the passage of an ordinance by the city council prohibiting the use of the long-tailed nursing bottle. This was done on the strength of discoveries made by the health department, which showed that the long-tailed bottle could not be thoroughly cleaned and that it afforded a fine opportunity for the propagation of disease germs which multiplied the cases of infantile diseases. The prohibition was a marked decrease in the deaths of infants in the summer months.

Another excellent method employed by Dr. Wende is his "child-tale milk register." This is a method whereby he keeps a perfect tab on the milk dealers in the city. He is constantly informed as to the route of every milk peddler as well as his source of supply. He visits the farms from which the milk is sold to Buffalo people. Moreover, by means of this register he is able to locate the source of disease which is often spread by the milk peddler. The other day one of the city physicians reported about half a dozen cases of scarlet fever in his section of the city. Within forty-eight hours the source of the outbreak, a special inspector was set upon the track of the disease, trying to locate its source. The sanitary conditions of the residences where the cases were found were thoroughly examined, and when there was nothing found in local conditions which would account for the sudden appearance of the disease, the milk register was referred to and the cases were found to have occurred on one man's milk route. Within less than twenty-four hours of the receipt of the report the inspectors of the health department were at the source of supply twenty-four miles distant from Buffalo, at a particular dealer, where they found one case of scarlet fever in the house of the man who ran the dairy farm, and two convalescent milkers with red, inflamed throats, besides many other unsanitary conditions about the house and barn. This source of supply was cut off until conditions were made perfectly sanitary, the proper quarantine was maintained within the city and the spread of the disease was stopped without an increase of but three cases.

One of the most fatal and most persistent causes of infantile mortality is tuberculosis, those who have been studying the tenement house conditions in the large cities of America and across the Atlantic have found it most prevalent in the most thickly populated portions of the city. The density of population about the tenement house is a more or less constant ratio to the prevalence of this disease, the mortality increasing with an increasing density, and, as has frequently been pointed out, in no city in the world is the density of population as great as in some of the New York tenement districts, and in no great city is the density of population so great as in the borough of Manhattan.

Not until quite recently has this disease been recognized by medical and public health authorities as contagious. In most large cities the sentiment is gaining ground which favors certain semi-quarantine measures in the caring for all cases of tuberculosis, particularly of a pulmonary character. That such methods should be put in operation at an early date will be realized by a glance at the following table, which shows the mortality from pulmonary tuberculosis only; other forms of tuberculosis are not included. These figures are taken from the latest health returns of the world:

Encouraging Birds to Fight.

The knives in place, the cocks mounted on the heavy platform and placed at each other, or allowed to peck once or twice at some outsider, to make them mad. Some trainers, from mysterious motives, spit on their heads. Meantime a square has been drawn on the ground and quartered. The birds are put on at corners, diagonally opposite, and let go. They fly at each other, and not infrequently one drops at firsts knock. The battle seldom lasts over one to two minutes. The proof of a bird's being unable to go on is his inability to stand. If both fall they are held up face to face, and if each continues to show signs of combativeness it is called a draw. The rooster who "turns tail and runs away" is at the mercy of the crowd, who usually claim their prerogative and hold him with sticks. There is invariably a dispute at the end of a fight, but the judge gives his opinion, and the combatants subside.

A singular feature of los gallos is the frequent interjections of what is called a gallo-gallina, meaning a rooster-hen. It is a rooster with the comb and plumage of a hen; and it has an un-falling advantage over its opponent, mistakes his opponent until too late to defend himself.

It is not infrequent to see women of the pueblo at a cock fight, standing by the mouth with the rest. It is a curious sight. The orchestra plays merrily, the people eat, smoke, gossip and make their bets in the interim, while fight follows fight in rapid succession. Around the tomcat seats are more hoosers, that at intervals, crowing defiantly as they wait their turn.

Many men make cock fighting a business. When the fiesta is over in one town the birds are tucked away in their little basket-like receptacles and shipped on to the next. The poor, poor, with but one bird, frequently smuggle him through in the third-class car, tucked away beneath his blanket. The birds get tame from constant handling and he still as mice.

Among the men who follow the roosters are some who have lost fortunes at the sport, but who refuse to abandon it. The gringo attending los gallos for the first time is impressed by the sight of so many dead roosters, and in his eminently practical spirit inquires of his neighbor: "¿Mata el que do with them all?" The answer is quick

COCK FIGHTS IN MEXICO

SPORT HOLDS HIGH FAVOR IN THAT COUNTRY.

Interesting Routine in Training and Handling the Birds—Fortunes Won and Lost on Battles.

In Mexico cock fights are commonly termed los gallos, just as bull fights are called los toros; and at all the popular fiestas they are only second in favor to the latter. A good game cock costs as much as a horse, but this is not saying much, as a fair saddle pony is frequently sold for \$15, or even less; while a game cock may bring \$50, and occasionally \$100. The usual price paid, however, is from \$12 to \$25, according to weight, breed and past record of the strain as fighters. The best cocks come from the United States, and hundreds are shipped into Mexico during the year, being in constant demand during the fiestas, which are always in progress in one part or another. There is also many cocks bred here, the best being largely Japanese. The cocks are cared for by trainers, who feed, clean and exercise them as regularly as a jockey does a running horse. Their house is in reality a stable, each cock having his own stall, with his name above it, as El Garraon (The Sparrow), Chato (Snub Nose), Tesorero (Treasurer), Moreno (Brown), Tirante (Tyran), Gato (Cat) and so on. A champion is called "El Mauser." In these little stables the cocker, once he is asleep, being fastened by a cord to a ring in the floor. Every morning they are taken out for a run, one at a time, and each has half an hour in the dirt box, to roll and dust himself.

When not fighting they are fed once a day, after sundown, when they have all the wet corn they can eat, in individual pans, set in the stalls. They are then watered, and the inner rooster being satisfied, each cuddles down in stall and goes to sleep. Their spurs have been cut for their own comfort in sleeping, and to prevent their hurting themselves.

Quier Diet for Roosters.

In training the combs a curious custom prevails. The piece cut off is sliced into bits with a jack-knife, and fed to its former owner, who, with the blood dripping from its newly shorn crest, devours it with avidity, frequently clucking a cordial invitation to the hens to come and join him. "This is surely 'game.' Every well-arranged stable has a medicine chest, with remedies for scab, diphtheria and the various bird diseases, and the cocks are carefully attended when sick.

On the eve of a fight the warriors are fed on tortillas soaked in milk, and raw meat with sherry. Very little water is given, the prevailing belief being that they bleed less if wounded. The cocks are seldom fought before they are two years old. Many never live to fight a second time, yet they enter the arena jauntily, with heads up, plumes waving and crowing lustily. There is something in the look of the general department of the fighting cock, and he seldom knows when he is "licked." Some cocks go through five and six battles, their wounds being clean cut and easily healed on this account.

Lost places are usually held in a small place, surrounded by seats, like a miniature bull ring. An orchestra dispenses lively music, while a peon stands in the ring and shouts at the top of his lungs, announcing the next event, and urging the spectators to throw their bets. In any amount from 25 cents to \$100, or even more. Heavy players stake as high as \$1,000 on a single fight. While the bets are making the birds are weighed, being suspended from the scales by means of lit-surdresses. Each trainer has a small box filled with knives, and from this he now selects one, slender, sharp as a razor, and curved like a tiny macabre. The length ranges from three to four inches, according to the weight of the bird. The trainer tries the knife on his palm, coolly lifting the skin with his point, and finding one to his liking, fastens it to the bird's right foot, which has first been wrapped with a piece of soft leather at the ankle. Knives, rejected for one reason or another, adorn the trainer's bus, tucked back of the belt, and grabbing them during a hot contest, he grabs his hat excitedly and cuts himself.

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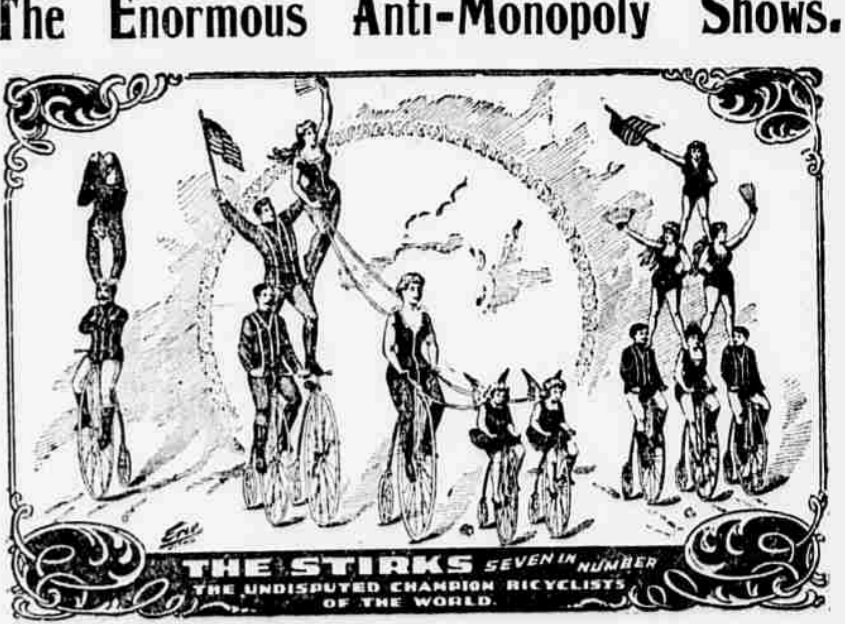
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