BETWEEN FALLS.

BY JUNIUS JUNIOR.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

[Prefatory Word—This story is based upon incidents just as they occurred. There is nothing fanciful or figurative. I have done nothing more than recount the facts as I remember them to-day.—The Author.]

SEVERAL YEARS ago—or, to be exact, in October, 1886—the Red Bridge tunnel of the Drake & Henderson company began "working." For a month previous to that time there were indications that a "squeeze" was imminent, particularly along the heading roads which tapped the vein near the base of the mountain. The mine was one of the oldest of the company's extensive works, and embraced an area at least two miles long and more than a mile wide. The "cropping" had been reached in several instances, but there was still a goodly amount of coal to be mined. Those few general observations, by way of introducing the mine, will lead the reader to understand that it was partially worked out, and that a general "squeeze," involving a major portion of its gangways and chambers, was a dreadful condition to meet, and one which would probably mean death to hundreds of men and boys if they were kept too long in the mine. Practical miners shook their heads knowingly and ominously when they came out every evening. The threatening condition of the mine was the subject of many a conversation wherever the men met, and its grave possibilities were discussed with an air of confidence and even mystery.

During this time the company's officials were not idle. To secure the mine they double-shifted every dangerous heading, and put up hundreds of props along the road and near the pillars, hoping thus to avert the impending catastrophe. Every trip of cars that went into the mine had a load or two of props. The lumber pile near the tunnel's "mouth" was the busiest place about the colliery. The best and heaviest of the timber was selected, and men, with strong arms and hopeful hearts, loaded it into the cars for immediate use in the mine. Those men knew what the closing of the colliery meant to them, and they shared with the officials a care and an anxiety to prevent the disaster.

Mitchell, the mine boss, reported the danger to his superior when he found that the "squeeze" was almost general. He was fearful of the gravest consequences, and he did not wish to bear the whole responsibility himself. His superior was Brown, the division superintendent. When Brown received the report he at once 'phoned Mitchell to take the men out of the mine, if, in his judgment, the conditions warranted it. Mitchell was slow to do that. He hoped to be able to secure the mine without going to that extreme. Again, such action would reflect on his capacity to run a colliery, and he determined to put it off as long as it was reasonably safe to do so. It was while he was thus hoping to stay the threatened disaster that our opening lines begin, and which give our readers a brief glimpse of a colliery in that dangerous condition known in mine parlance as "working."

A few nights after Mitchell had received his final orders, the men working on the shift farthest in the mine were driven out. As they retired they gave the alarm to all the others working at the time. Fortunately, indeed, they all got out in safety, and then reported to Mitchell that in all probability the fall was so extensive that the mine was almost entirely closed, especially so where the work of mining proper was then going on.

Both Brown and Mitchell regretted to hear that. Brown particularly, for he thought Mitchell's report somewhat exaggerated, due in a great measure, to Mitchell's desire to bring Brown to the front and make him share the burden and responsibility of the great loss in property, and perhaps human life. When Brown received Mitchell's second report, he 'phoned that he desired Mitchell to meet him next morning, on the arrival of a certain train, to discuss the situation and learn what he could of the disaster.

The next morning these men met, and, by some hapless circumstance, I was present. Had I known that Brown designed going into the mine, I certainly would have been elsewhere when that meeting was going on. They had talked over the situation only a few minutes when Brown suggested making an examination, "if possible, and learn the extent of the fall and the chances of putting the place in working order again."

I was invited to go, and not wishing to display any fear of the consequences I consented. Had I consulted my better judgment, or even my feelings, I would have retired gracefully, saying that I preferred a safe head and body outside to any fleeting glory that might come from risking life and limb in the sombre recesses of the mine, where God's sun never reaches to break the monotony of eternal night.

Brown was a Scotchman by descent and an American by birth. He was born and reared within gunshot of a colliery. He knew the mines from Alpha to Omega. He was a Spartan in courage. If he ever felt fear he never showed it. A score or more of times he rushed into the very jaws of death to rescue some poor toiler or to make an examination here or there when the treacherous roof gave signs of sure, and, possibly, sudden collapse. He took his life in his hands a few years before, in the No. 3 shaft of the same company in Barbondale. A miner, while fleeing from a falling chamber, was caught by a piece of rock and held fast to the bottom. He was injured, but not killed. The roof was still "working," and the men there were afraid that in trying to save him all might perish. Brown, fortunately, came along at that dreadful moment, and ran headlong into the danger, and returned in a few minutes with the injured man on his back. At another time he saved Mitchell, when the Van Dyke shaft, of the Drake & Henderson people, was destroyed by fire. Mitchell was one of four men at the foot when the fire occurred, and from which place there was no escape. It was presumed, of course, that all were suffocated. Immediately after the fire a rope was dropped down the shaft, and when it was pulled up two men were found clinging to the end of it, the rope at that point having been made into a noose and swung around their bodies. Mitchell was the last to come up, and when near the top he cried that he could no longer keep hold. Brown was at once suspended down the shaft, by the trouser's legs, and, catching the exhausted Mitchell by the hair of the head, saved him from a horrible death by being dashed to the bottom, several hundred feet below. Those are only a few instances when Brown courted death with that sang froid which one displays in the most trivial occurrences of every-day life. I knew all that, and I regretted that I was with him on that memorable morning. Mitchell, too, was courageous in a high degree, and if he lacked Brown's spirit and dash and careless abandon, he was an element on which to rely in a contingency of this kind.

It was a delightful day when we entered the mine. The soft October sun was only well above the distant eastern hills, but its mellow, tender warmth kindled a feeling to remain in the gladsome air, where the variegated hues of fern and foliage made beautiful the last blush of the dying year. That was immeasurably so when I contrasted the perfect day with the black, damp aspect within the tunnel's "mouth." As we lighted our cooper lamps all was as still as the tomb, save the rhythmic dropping of water, which fell here and there with painful regularity, and made one think of the clock of destiny marking off the seconds for Time in his tireless sweep across the centuries.

The way led up three lowering planes and our progress was slow and labored, especially on the last where the gradient approximates thirty degrees. There was no conversation, all us being seemingly preoccupied with the seriousness of our mission and the great danger it involved. As we ascended the last incline, Brown, who first, stopped near the head and placed a piece of plank lengthwise, suggested that we sit. This was the first time that we heard with certainity the cracking and faling roof, distant, possibly, nearly a mile. The sounds were distinct enough, but they seemed faint and far. "Boys," said Brown, "she is letting up. We shall continue in this heading as far as we can, and determine the damage and see what is possible in the way of sticking up additional props to further support this place."

But as we proceeded the unmistakable noises of falling masses increased. They came quick and sharp, and to my inexperienced ear foreboded trouble at any time. Brown, too, it occurred to me, was disheartened at those new evidences of the extent and progress of the fall. Still, we moved on without speaking. Brown was first Mitchel next and I had the honor of filling in behind. Indeed, I had no desire to crowd either of my companions for his place in the procession. I was an unwiling hero. I had no overpowering wish to write my name among the stars by a display of heroism such as the occasion might offer. The valiant Wolfe, on that starry autumn night of long ago, said that he would rather be the author of Gray's Elegy than be the hero of the battle of Quebec. The immortal Caesar will be remembered longer as Rome's peerless master of prose than as her greatest general.

We were now nearly two miles under ground. The crumbling, crushing roof could be heard more clearly as we proceeded. The noise increased most audibly as we turned a curve in the road and got on the inside of a door, used to facilitate ventilation.

"Hold on!" I yelled. "We are walking right into the fall—right into death. It is foolhardy to continue." But there was no response to my warning. Sharp particles of coal, not larger than the head of a pin, were now and then shot out of the pillars, so great was the pressure on those natural walls of the gangway, and striking us in the face left a smarting sensation. The road, too, was no longer clear. Large pieces of coal, the size of a nail keg, were strewn every few feet, forced, too, from the pillars because of the great weight under which they were straining. While we stopped a moment to refill our lamps from a bottle of oil carried in Mitchell's hip pocket, there was a thunderous crushing of the roof a short distance ahead, preceded by a rush of air which almost took us off our feet. All the lamps were blown out. Brown hastily scratched a match, and we soon had light again. In another moment we were moving onward to the fall, possibly onward to death. Mitchell, like myself, would willingly retire, but his pride was at stake, and he doggedly followed the road, which was now almost impassable, the coal from the "working" pillars falling in huge piles and making our progress difficult in the extreme. The small, sharp particles of coal were constantly shooting out, and we tried to screen our faces with both our hands, the lamps being hooked in our hats.

From the heading below us, but still well up on the mountain side, we could hear fall after fall, and the crashing roof suggested a thunder storm in the distance. Brown said, "Boys, I believe the whole mine is 'working.' There is evidently a continuous 'squeeze,' embracing the entire mountain side. I would, however, like to go as far as possible here, and see if the fall is broken off. If it has, there is still hope that the mine may be saved. I admit that our position is hazardous enough, but I am sure that we can retrace our steps with safety at any time. However, I shall go as far as I can; and I never asked any man to follow me when his judgment directed him the other way." With those few words of determination and caution he knocked up the wick in his lamp, by striking the latter against the toe of his boot, and went forward again. We followed him, but only a few hundred feet. Our judgment, or at least mine, began to direct me the other way. Indeed, it had been directing me that way all day. "Mitchell," I said, "I stop here. This is the most unnecessary, and, at the same time, most inglorious thing I ever did in my life. Danville is a school of philosophy compared with the fool theories put into practice here this morning. Every one of us is an imbecile, with an imbecile's fibre in every molecule of his make-up." He listened, but again followed Brown, who was now gaining fast on us, and as he turned a pillar got out of sight entirely. Mitchell did not go more than a hundred feet when he stopped and returned to where I was standing, protecting my bleeding face with both hands. When we met he said, "We better go; there is every danger here. In all my experience in mining I never felt that my life was worth so little."

"If Brown does not return soon," I suggested, "we shall get out at once." "If it is not already too late," he answered.

Brown was now several hundred feet from us. Mitchell and I stood together, shielding our faces with both hands, for the flying bits of sharp coal were not only disquieting, but positively annoying. I again said that we should be moving out, or, at least, to a place of safety, where we could await Brown's return.

With Mitchell it was a struggle for mastery between his pride and his judgment. While he was deliberating there was a tremendous, deafening rush of air through the gangway, throwing us forcibly off our feet and against a pile of coal in the road. Both lights were put out, and the hats blown off our heads. That was followed by crash after crash of roof, until the falling rock seemed to be almost upon us. It was some time before either of us was able to speak. Fear, or the surety of death, at least, makes cowards of us all. Some men may tell you otherwise, but if they tell the truth they will also tell you that of all the emotions of this thing we call life, that one which precedes grave danger, while there is still hope, is the most enchanting and overpowering, and the one which makes you its slave at once.

Mitchell spoke first, and said that in groping about he luckily put his hands on one of our lamps. He then tried to light a match, and to our dismay failed. The air was damp and heavy now, and for the first time chilly, the last fall having evidently drawn from the old workings; for we were in the bottom vein. Without any preliminaries we instintively began to crawl over the piles of coal that lay in the road. We suffered bitterly with the shooting particles from the pillars, for many times they cut our faces deeply and the blood oozed freely. We continued in this desperate and disheartening way to retreat until we presumed to have reached a place of safety, where we might await Brown, if he were still alive and able to get there.

Brown came in a half hour. He had neither light nor lamp. His face and hands were cut and bleeding, and he only escaped frim the last fall with his life. "It's all down," he said; "never had so close a call in my life. Let us get out."

In the total darkness our way out was tedious and difficult beyond description. We had one lamp, but we failed in lighting it. The damp air affected the matches and made it impossible to ignite them by friction. Still we hoped to follow the road by keep one foot on the rail and by sliding it along make what progress we could. That was practicable, of course, after we had passed the "working" pillars, and our passage was no longer retarded by fallen coal. We had moved in this manner possibly a quarter of a mile, when we were stopped by a great obstruction right across the road.

Brown was leading again, and he lost heart for the first time, when he said, "We are closed in." Another fall had occurred since we had passed there in the morning. It came, too, without any warning, at least without any reaching us.

The end was seemingly in sight now. Ahead of us, so far as we could learn by climbing the cave-in, even to the very roof, the fall was complete, and our way of escape wholly shut off. On the other end of the gangway, as explored by Brown, the fall was so extensive that it brought down chambers and heading.

The bravest of us trembled. Death was indisputably imminent, viewed from any side. True, we had no gaseous air to fear; for the seam we were in is above the level of the sea, and evolves no gas. No one saw us entering the mine, and the chances of getting help from the outside, because of our failure to return, was too remote to contemplate.

In maddening fear we pushed between props and along the pillar, looking for an entrance into the airway, which parallels the headway. But there was none. Our condition challenges description. The anguish of mind was quite sufficient to drive one crazy. We got together and talked the situation over, but there was no hope. Experience was baffled; sentient nature overcome. In mute dejection each one stood alone, utterly broken in spirit and secretly wishing the end.

And while we stood within the shadow, awaiting the menaced blow, what is life, after all, I mused. Work and worry, disappointed ambition, broken hopes, a place for things transitory and vain, sometimes the prelude to an ignominious end, and always to that long, last sleep, which comes to us all as sure as the "eternal succession of day and night."

But I noticed that as soon as we lost hope we also lost fear. Is that our cowardice translated into our courage? Is the transition in emotions the force which makes us cease to truckle and tremble and then fits us to meet death calm as the sunset hour meets the gloom of night?

It was Mitchell's voice that now spoke. "A few years ago," he said, "I made a stall for a mule off this heading, and afterwards drove a hole from it into the top vein for air. It is on the west side of the road, and if it is between the falls, and I think it is, we can get through it and into the old works and out in that way."

Brown was active at once, and found the hole in less than half an hour. We hailed it with a delight that can never be told. We scrambled up the "gob" and through the hole into the top vein. Once there, though in the dark, we believed it possible to reach the outside. We had not walked far when Brown picked up two pieces of slate and rubbed them together until they became warm. He then placed matches on one piece, drying them, and soon giving us light.

I cannot give you a level idea of the value of that light, nor can I impress you with the happiness and confidence it inspired, where all before was despair and conjecture. There is, sometimes, an eloquence in silence, which neither words nor art can strive for successfully.

Both Brown and Mitchell knew the course we had to follow. It required several hours to reach the "mouth." We were exhausted, but happy in the assurance that we were still alive after our fearful experience of that day.

The stroke of midnight was ringing when we reached outside. The sky, clear and bright, was tranquil as a savannah. The moon traced a luminous shaft athwart the tunnel's "mouth." A bit of azure cloud, tenuous as a shred, hung within the circle of silvery light. The river, just a few hundred feet away in the valley, sang its plaintive monotone, and gave me a melancholy feeling like unto that of some hours before, when I stood within the gloom of death and fancied the knell of eternity's call.

THEATRICAL.

ATTRACTIONS TODAY.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"Joshua Simpkins." Afternoon and night.

Thursday Night's Concert.

A most interesting concert will be the song recital given by the celebrated baritone, William Ludwig, of London, England, at the Lyceum theatre, Decoration day evening, May 30. Mr. Ludwig comes to us with the endorsement of some of the most renowned musicians of Europe as being a man of rare attainments and histrionic ability in the classic art. Mr. Ludwig is not only an actor and singer of Wagner's roles, but has made an enviable reputation on the concert stage with his artistic and sublime readings of the English ballet and Irish folk lore.

Mr. Ludwig will repeat at the Lyceum, Decoration evening, the programme, which was so enthusiastically received last Monday night at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York city, among the patrons and patronesses of which were the leading citizens and society ladies of that city, and Mr. Ludwig coming to our city upon this clergy, the press, Knights of Columbus auspicious occasion is indorsed by the bus and his numerous admirers throughout Northeastern Pennsylvania.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Most of the plays which have made a hit in New York the past winter will be continued as road attractions for the early part of next season, and the stars who have shone therein will not appear in new plays until after the holidays. Such favorites as "The Palace of the King," "Janice Meredith," "The Climbers," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Lover's Lane," "Mistress Nell," "On the Quiet," "Lost River," "Captain Jinks," "All on Account of Eliza," "David Harum" and "Under Two Flags," have all had prosperous runs in New York, and most of them will be new to the country at large, or at least the greater part of it.

Charles Frohman's production of "Diplomacy" at the Empire comes to an end there on Saturday evening, June 1. The piece has been remarkably successful and Mr. Frohman has been trying to cancel contracts with managers in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, but he could not do so. The refusal of the managers has spoiled the continuation of the play here and also a proposed London tour, which would have been made with the present cast. Miss Jessie Milward, Margaret Anglin, William Faversham and Charles Richman, the stars, would no doubt have enjoyed the salt sea air, but theatrical managers are theatrical managers and must have their way.

Big prices are being offered for new and original plays now-a-days, and the supply does not nearly equal the demand. Amelia Bingham is said to have offered $10,000 to a prominent author for a new piece suitable for her company. Wm. A. Brady is willing to invest to any extent in new pieces until he secures the right one for Grace George, who is to play three months at the Theatre Republic next season. He already has purchased tree, which are likely to be presented during this engagement.

One of the most amusing burlesques produced this season is seen in the New York Theatre. "The King's Carnival," as it is called, is from the pen of Sydney Rosenfeld, with music by A. Baldwin Sloane. The play is of the type that has made the Casino famous for years under the Leder management and was produced with the same lavishness and kaleidoscopic color scheme that characterized the burlesques at that playhouse. And not alone is it pretty, but it is amusing as entertaining as well. Mr. Rosenfeld took his characters from the more recent successful and popular plays, such as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "In the Palace of the King," "Under Two Flags," "The Climbers," and one or two others and decided at the outset to mix them up and mix them well, and mix them he did. It was like a horrible dream, yet withal pleasing and picturesque.

TOD SLOAN.

Twenty-eight Years Old and Earns $100,000 a Year.

Allen Sangree in Amslee's.

James Todhunter Sloan is taken, all in all, as the best jockey of the American turf today. Notwithstanding his egotism, turfmen agree that he has done most to revolutionize the art of riding. Born at Kokomo, Ill., in August, 1873, and raised by foster parents, he began to earn his living by inflating balloons for a professional aeronaut. This business he followed until his brother put him in a racing stable at Pueblo, Colorado. He worked as stable boy three years, showing such natural talent for riding that in 1889 he earned a mount on the New Orleans track. He finished third on a stubborn horse, which was regarded as a worthy effort, especially when the owner learned that Sloan had placated the brute by feeding him carrots before the race.

Sloan gave evidence then of a trait that has well served him in his calling, namely, kindness to dumb animals and a thorough appreciation of their nature. "When Sloan enters the paddock down here," a trainer at Sheepshead Bay told me, "and speaks aloud, horses that he has once ridden recognize his voice and turn to look in his direction."

"A good race horse," says this learned youth, "is the best judge of human character. He knows you better than you know him."

Sloan is five feet and three-quarters of an inch in height, has a chest measurement of thirty-six inches and wears a seven and three-quarters hat. He is fond of fine clothes and big, fat cigars, makes as much as one hundred thousand dollars a year and spends money freely. While riding for August Belmont at Saratoga one season he engaged a fifty-dollar suite of rooms at the Grand Union Hotel, and was comfortably situated there when Mr. Belmont himself arrived, accompanied by his wife.

"How much is this suite per day?" he asked the clerk, pointing to the diagram.

"Forty dollars, sir," was the reply.

"Oh, too much! too much!" exclaimed the multi-millionaire. "Give me something cheaper. How about that one?" pointing to the adjoining apartments.

"That's fifty dollars," said the clerk, "but it's occupied."

Looking over the register, Mr. Belmont saw that the occupants were "James Todhunter Sloan and valet."

"Well," he decided, "I guess I'll take that forty-dollar suite."

JONAS LONG'S SONS. | STORE NEWS FROM MUSLIN UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT. | WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.

Jonas Long's Sons' Great Sale of Muslin Underwear

Begins This Wednesday Morning, May 29, 1901. Weeks of careful preparation have been necessary to bring this Great Sale of Muslin Underwear up to its present completeness. Every garment will stand the most rigid examination. During this great sale you can count on buying the very best goods at from 10c to 50c less than you will pay at any other time. The window display will give you some idea of the good things that await you on second floor.

Notes About the Store.

The entire store system is at your servic every day. During this Great Muslin Underwear Sale extra salespeople will assist in making your shopping easy. All goods delivered free of charge

Muslin Gowns

For a Medium Grade Gown this is better than the best that you can get at any other time. It is made of a splendid quality of muslin, has tucked yoke; some are made in the Empire style. Sale price..... **49c**

Muslin Skirts

This is one of the newest ideas in Skirts. It is made of fine quality of muslin, has deep cambric ruffle, cluster tucks and is trimmed with torchon lace. Sale price, each.... **98c**

Muslin Drawers

This particular quality is made of a fine quality of muslin, it has a cluster or tucks and deep ruffle of embroidery. Sale price..... **49c**

Muslin Corset Covers

In two styles, the quality of the muslin is especially good; some are made in the French style, others are trimmed with deep embroidery, all sizes. Sale price..... **25c**

No description that we could give regarding the following values can equal the price quotation. We'll simply give the details and let the price do the talking :

Corset Covers—Made of a nice quality cambric, nicely finished flat-felled seams; come in high neck and square neck. Two only to each customer. Each..... **5c**

Muslin Chemise—Made of nice quality of muslin, trimmed with lace. Only two to a customer..... **19c**

Muslin Drawers—Nice quality muslin, cambric ruffle hem and stitched yoke. Each..... **25c**

Muslin Drawers—This drawer is made of a nice quality of muslin; has a deep hem, cluster tucks and yoke band. Two only to each customer. Each..... **14c**

Corded Chemise—Best quality of muslin, corded band; all sizes..... **25c**

Muslin Gowns—Made of nice quality of muslin; it has tucked yoke, cambric ruffle, good length and width. Two only to a customer..... **30c**

Skirts—The fabric is extra fine, the skirts have deep umbrella ruffle, it is trimmed with lace and lace insertion..... **98c**

Gowns—Fine quality of Muslin Gowns, made in French style. Some have got flul neck. trimmed with lace; others are trimmed with embroidery and insertion..... **98c**

The above price list is only a brief outline of many styles and qualities that will be offered during this sale. Some of the very finest lines of Muslin Underwear, ranging in price from $1.50 up, will be sold at a substantial reduction from regular prices.

Jonas Long's Sons

VERACIOUS WHITNEY

BUDGET OF NEWS FROM CLASSIC SUSQUEHANNA.

Reflections Apropos of Memorial Day—Fisherman Catches an Eel and the Eel Catches a Turtle. Belled Heron Seen and Heard Near Starrucca—Newsy Personal Gossip.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Susquehanna, May 29.—Memorial day will be fittingly observed throughout Susquehanna county, whose patriotic people never forget its patriot dead. It is fortunate, however, that there is a Grand Army post in nearly every town and township, to take charge of the sad and solemn services of the sacred day.

But there will come a day when the Grand Army of the Republic shall have crossed the boundary of the undiscovered country. Shall it be then that those whom we to-day remember so gratefully shall sleep in forgotten graves. The thought should give us pause. On us who may survive there will devolve the sacred duty to guard their memory still. Above them this day let us pledge ourselves to the solemn trust.

"Let the bells toll, and while warm music swells
As for one day the thought of all the past,
Of all those memories vast,
Come back and haunt us with its magic spell,
Bring flowers once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs and of roses white and red
The dwellings of our dead."

JUST SAID ASIDE.

For a picture of abject shame, study the face of a pug dog that is being led through the streets by a dude.

Some men are born strikers, others acquire a place among strikers, while others have strikes thrust upon them.

The woman who likes to hear herself talk should buy a phonograph.

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he rarely becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect as to throw mud at a circus poster.

A Hancock boy recently hanged himself because somebody found fault with him. That boy was never born to be an editor.

One thing of Noah must be said,
Nor will the truth be strained—
Without doubt he knew enough
To go in when it rained.

NEWS MATTERS CURRENT.

Richard Connor, a well known Susquehanna ball player, will probably join the Lestershire team.

There isn't the sign of a change in the local labor contention. There isn't the sign of a settlement in sight—and more's the pity of it!

About fifteen non-union strangers commenced work in the Erie boiler shop on Monday morning.

There are now about one hundred non-union men in the boiler shop.

Principal E. B. Curtis, of the Oakland High school, will deliver the Memorial day address at North Jackson.

Susquehanna's latest addition to its very large list of fraternal societies is Easter Lily lodge, No. 59, Ladies' Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Notwithstanding the damp season, quite a number of Susquehanna county farmers are sowing their wild oats.

A party of canoeists, en route from Cooperstown to Chesapeake Bay, passed down the Susquehanna on Monday.

MATTERS AND THINGS.

While a Susquehanna fisherman was angling near Lanesboro on Sunday, he pulled in a large eel. Clinging to the fish was a large turtle, and both were hauled into the boat. The turtle had commenced to swallow the eel, and rather than lose his prey, he had permitted himself to be hauled into the boat.

The famous "belled heron" was seen near Starrucca on Monday. A small bell is attached to the neck of this giant bird, and, as it moves through the air, a weird sound is produced. Superstitious people believe that the bird is a forerunner of war, pestilence and famine. It visits this section about once in three years. Its favorite haunts are Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. How the bell became attached to it is unknown.

As day press train No. 1 was passing over the great Starrucca viaduct at Lanesboro on Monday afternoon, a lady passenger popped her head out of the window of the coach and remarked to a fellow passenger: "The late Bayard Taylor wrote that this was the finest bit of scenery between the Hudson and the great lakes. It is exquisite—." Just then her false teeth fell out of her mouth and to the ground, really a hundred feet below, and she instantly lost all interest in magnificent scenery—and bills of fare. To her, it was a day for memory and for tears.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The Delaware and Hudson company is still improving its Ninevah branch.

The Erie and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western roads, are running freight trains a mile long.

People hereabouts who have gone to the Pan-American, advise their friends to go later on—next summer.

Rockafeller has, as yet, made no effort to scoop up the oil field at Franklin forks, this county. "Rocky" is laying low for spouters.

Harford has one of the most successful agricultural societies in the state, and it has never had a horse track.

Three Susquehanna county cornet bands have blown themselves out.

Hallstead is building a steamer to ply on the waters of the raging Susquehanna.

The majority of the Erie's excursion trains next summer will run to Buffalo.

The store that doesn't advertise, like Enoch Arden, "sees no sail from day to day."

Farmers find it up-hill and unromantic work to wear rubber boots and carry an umbrella when they plant potatoes. The farmer's lot is both hard and a muddy one. Whitney.

G. A. R. Suits

For Decoration Day.

Our line is new and complete.
The best goods in the market.
PURE INDIGO DYE. . . . .

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF

Motormen's and Conductors' Suits

We can give you a perfect fit and guarantee the quality

M. J. HORAN & SON

324 Lackawanna Avenne.