

"Archer Trevford, Jr., Editor."

BY ERNEST L. BOVARD.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

THE NOISY click-click and jar of rapidly revolving machinery, setting the whole building in sympathetic vibration, suddenly ceased. The last copy of the last issue of the Stanhope Press had been run off and the editors room had been filled with the noises coming up from the presses in the basement, was silent now save for the chatter of the carriers as they received their papers for distribution. Two boys were seated in the editor's room this Saturday morning, and as the number for the week was now off their hands, the rest of the day could be spent in inactivity.

"I have my suspicions of that fellow, Archer," one was saying, "and if I were you I'd keep my eyes pretty closely on him."

"Journalistic courtesy and all that thing may be all right, but when it comes to a man like Betts being the prime mover in the courteous business and to a paper like the Herald, I draw the line. When did you say you expected your father home?"

"Tonight, and I think I shall tell him of Betts' doings. Leary, our foreman, told me this morning that we very nearly missed our publication day, because Betts handed a whole font of breviter to the Herald people."

"He did, did he? Jimmy! The Herald people will be asking the press to suspend publication for a few days, now, that they may get a better foothold in town."

The Stanhope Press was owned and edited by Archer Trevford, sr., and was the oldest established weekly newspaper in Stanhope, Pa. The present proprietor had been in possession only a few months, having purchased it from its founder, and paying two-thirds cash for it. Editor Trevford was a man of literary culture and good business tact, and at once proceeded to make a live sheet out of the steady, easy-going Press. Richard Betts, the assistant-editor under the former management, had been retained, and it was of him that the two boys had just been talking.

He was young from his appearance, although very little was known of him since his first arrival in Stanhope. Attending strictly to his business, he had won the confidence of Mr. Trevford, who had now gone on an excursion of editors to New York, leaving Betts in charge of the publication for that week. Archer Trevford, jr., was the only son of the editor, while his cousin, Leary, was the son of the assistant editor. Dorn had barely ceased speaking when Betts stepped into the room. "Good afternoon, Archer. How to do Dorn? How's everything?" said Betts, and he turned on the back of his head, and dropping into a chair where he began to run his eye over some exchanges.

"All right, I guess," said Archer. "But say, Betts, that provision have you made for next week's paper?" "Why? What's that to you?" said Betts, pursing up his lips and commencing to whistle, while he appeared deeply absorbed in the paper before him. Archer's eyes turned red and it was with difficulty that he restrained himself. Stepping over to a position where he could see Betts' face, he answered firmly. "I think it my business to look after my father's interests during his absence."

"O come, now," exclaimed Betts springing up, "I don't propose to hold myself accountable to an under age son of my employer," and pushing his hat firmly down on the building foreman he firmly down on his head he left the office and the building.

pleased with the idea of starting a journalistic career and talked gaily of his plans. As the party neared their destination, Archer noticed the feverish look in his father's eyes and his fast and incessant talk. The home trip was made without incident, however, and Archer was glad when his mother met them at the door.

But the worst was to come, for that night Mr. Trevford became delirious and a hasty examination by the doctor who had been called, showed that brain fever would necessitate every precaution to be used to keep the sick man quiet. As Archer busied his brain during the remainder of the night about the welfare of the Press, he at last came to the conclusion that if Betts did not show up on Monday morning he would assume the editorship of the paper with the assistance of Beebe.

He was quite dubious about the task, but felt that he knew more of the business better than a stranger, and as he thought over the matter Sunday, his convictions became stronger that he could run the paper until his father would be again able to resume his duties. Accordingly on Monday morning Archer sat in the editor's chair and as the day passed pleased even himself at the success he met with in dispatching of the matter coming to his attention.

Friday he had written six small editorials, the column of personal mention, all the local happenings and the summary of the week's news while Beebe had written nearly a column of humorous paragraphs under the name of "Leary and Brosey," and his "Press Pointers" and an editorial written in a happy strain on the weather, filled another column.

As Archer had expected, Betts did not turn up, and on Saturday he learned that the editor of the Herald was now Richard Betts. The foreman of the Press made up the forms Friday night and found he had enough. So it was with surprise early Saturday morning that Archer found Leary the foreman, come into the office and say "Mr. Archer, we've got a column to fill up yet."

"Why, how's that Leary?" said Archer. "Didn't we cast up the forms last night and find we had enough?" "Yes, sir, I know we did," said Leary nervously. "But Mr. Wheaton has left orders since hearing of the serious illness of your father, to have his ad stopped. You know he always runs a column. Archer shut his mouth tightly. "Since your father's illness," he saw now. "Well, Leary, I'll try and see what I can do."

"Will it be all right if the forms are locked up by 10 o'clock?" "Why, yes, sir," said Leary. "Good! I'll begin right away. Send for the copy in ten minutes." When the foreman had gone away, Archer began vainly to think of some thing to write. The space was on the local page and it was imperative that the matter should be original. This was to be his test number of the paper or otherwise he might have told Leary to chip matter from one of the exchanges and give credit. But all such articles were usually printed on the "Leary" page. Already he had planned his first "leave off," but alas! He was only half through to this point when Leary again came into the office with the information that there was not another line of copy in the office. And still there was nearly a quarter of a column yet to fill. The tears sprang to Archer's eyes. It seemed as though all the annoyances to come for years had been centered on him at this one occasion. And he had fondly imagined that having considered the idea of a serial story, all that was necessary to fill the column was ideas, and now to think that by such a thing as insufficient copy, "Haven't you got anything else?" he asked seriously. "No, sir," was the reply. "You see losing so many ads, and filling the places with reading matter has made a big drain on the type-cases. The only thing we've got is a case of italics."

do you mean? May I ask what you have to do with the matter?" "Well, a good deal," said Mr. Bickford smiling. "I hold the note." "You hold the note?" exclaimed Archer. "Why I thought it was the Ludwig estate that father gave the note to."

"So it was until I secured it. The Ludwig have gone abroad." "Father knew nothing of this transfer, I am sure," said Archer, trying to appear cheerful. "He knew of course, the Press was not free from incumbrances, and whether he was aware of the exchange or not is none of my business. My object in calling on you is to know if the note can be met. In case the out-look is a poor one, I am prepared to make this proposition. I will take the Press off your hands; give you one-thousand dollars bonus, and call it square."

There was a silence in the room for a moment, then Archer began to speak, trying to be calm. "Mr. Bickford, you assume because I am little more than a boy, and am now running the Press, that we will soon have to suspend publication. I may be vain and not know my limitation, but as long as I can draw breath, the Press will never pass into your hands to be merged into the Herald. Neither will I suspend publication. Further your note will be paid. Good morning."

Mr. Bickford arose, wrathful and red in the face. "I have given you your choice, and you will be sorry you did not take it. With which he stalked out of the room. Archer came into the office during the talk, heard the gist of the conversation. "Now what shall we do?" were his first words.

"There is only one thing I can think of," said Archer slowly. "To advertise in the other papers that a prize of \$25 will be given the competitor who writes the best ending for our serial story. We will run it two more weeks and then allow the finishing chapter to be written by the competitors. Of course they will have to read the first installments to get the thread of the story, and this will necessitate their sending in for a subscription. 'Capital!' said Beebe. "Then we will publish the best of the different endings as they come in, and thus let our readers compare the different ways one subject may be treated. That will fill the space in the paper on Archer's face as he realized that he could now pay off the much dreaded mortgage. Sitting down he quickly wrote the check for the desired amount payable to Fently Bickford, and handed it to the assistant editor, who distributed that crooked work had been done somehow, and hinted at such. Archer determined to give the employees of the Press a half day's holiday, and accordingly himself spent the day in the city of home. Trevford was now able to move about and would be strong enough to take up his work again soon. He had spoken to Archer about the note he had given, only a week ago, but Archer had vaguely hinted that the matter was all right.

It was a happy day for Archer when he escorted his father up the steps and into the Press office where he showed him with boyish pride the many changes, and lastly the boxes showing the business being done. He did not forget either to speak of Beebe in glowing terms. After comprehending it all Mr. Trevford turned to his son and said "my dear boy, how shall I express the pride I have in you for what you have done for the Press?" "The way he did express it was to make Archer permanent editor with Beebe his able assistant."

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WYOMING COUNTY COURTS. Cases Disposed Of—Reports of Auditors, Viewers and Others. Special to the Scranton Tribune. Tunkhannock June 18.—Commonwealth vs. William Waterman; desertion. After hearing of argument and depositions, court discharges the defendant and orders that county pay officer's costs. Commonwealth vs. Sarah J. Scovell; assault and battery. Case continued to October term, on account of illness of defendant. In the matter of the application for a free bridge across the Susquehanna river at Meshoppen, the grand jury filed a report on Wednesday refusing to recommend a free bridge. It is said that the jury stood 6 to 16 in opposition to the proposal for a free bridge. Commonwealth vs. G. E. Glenn; charge, forgery. Defendant called and bail forfeited. Commonwealth vs. Charles Leroy; charge, adultery, etc. Grand jury ignores bill. Commonwealth vs. Roland McNab; desertion of wife and children. Cases continued and bail entered for defendant's appearance at October term. Commonwealth vs. Judson Lutes; larceny. Verdict of not guilty accepted by the court. Elizabeth vs. W. S. Wilcox; divorce. Case continued to October term. Commonwealth vs. Cornelius Manning; charge, attempt to commit highway robbery. Case tried and verdict of not guilty rendered by the jury. Commonwealth vs. John Allen; charge, aggravated assault and battery. Defendant pleads guilty to assault and battery, and is sentenced to

JONAS LONG'S SONS. DAILY STORE BULLETIN. THURSDAY, JUNE 20. JONAS LONG'S SONS' Store News for Thursday contains a list of seasonable goods that will be sold at tempting prices. Everything that makes for Summer comfort is here at tempting prices. The Midsummer Sale of Carpets and Rugs continues with unabated interest. While the following price list for Wash Goods will give you some idea of the prices, to know the actual worth of the goods offered you should see them for yourself.

Regular Dinner in Restaurant from 11 to 2 O'Clock---Twenty-Five Cents, TODAY'S BILL OF FARE: Vegetable Soup, Roast Beef (Au Jus.), Roast Lamb (Brown Gravy), New Baked Potatoes, String Beans, Red Beets, Lettuce, DESSERT: Lemon Pie, Rice Pudding, Custard Pie, Coconut Pie, Strawberry Shortcake, Tea, Coffee or Milk. Table Linens, Wash Goods, Boys' Clothing, Fancy Silks, Colored Dress Goods, Black Dress Goods, Skirts-All Under Priced, Night Gowns-Fine Qualities, Muslin Underwear.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

Summer Furnishings

We call special attention to our offerings of Floor Coverings and Draperies, specially adapted for the Summer Season.

Fibre Carpets Rugs, Straw Mattings, Cut Prices, Wall Paper, Wilton, Brussels, Axminster, Smyrna Rugs. We control two new fabrics which have been greatly admired, and which fill a long felt want. Our Calcutta Rug is made specially for out door rest and as a porch rug excels all other fabrics. Made in a choice line of colors—red, green, terra cotta, here in full line sizes. Perfect reproductions of these noted rugs in all their fabrics, splendor of color and unique designs. Well suited for Den or Library where oriental effects are desired. See our complete line in all sizes of Wilton, Brussels, Axminster, Smyrna Rugs. Tickings, Tapestries, materials for Pillows, Cord Fringes, etc. A stock complete in every particular.

Williams & McAnulty

Temporary Store 126 Washington Avenue INTERIOR DECORATORS 126 Washington Avenue Temporary Store. pay a fine of \$5, and undergo imprisonment in county jail for the period of ten months. On petition of Ruth Herman, minor child of Daniel Herman, deceased, Fred C. Ney was appointed guardian of said minor. Auditor's report in the matter of the distribution of fund derived from sheriff sale of real estate of Edward R. Blakeslee, filed and also exceptions to said report by attorneys for L. B. Webb and E. R. Blakeslee. In re bridge in Washington township, across White creek, report of viewers filed and confirmed nisi. In re road in Nicholson township, from old fair ground northward along east bank of Tunkhannock creek, report of viewers confirmed nisi. First partial account of J. A. Walter, executor of Neal Tanney, deceased, filed and confirmed nisi. Final account of James E. Frear, executor of Chloe A. Hunter, deceased, filed and confirmed nisi. Final account of Judson J. Place, administrator of the estate of Benjamin Place, deceased, filed and confirmed nisi. Report of viewers, in matter of private road for John Quinn, in Meshoppen township, filed and confirmed nisi. In re road in Lemon, leading from B. P. Carver farm to John Stark farm, report of viewers confirmed absolutely.