

"A Summer Holiday."

BY ABIGAIL GREENOUGH.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

A SOLITARY figure was standing outlined against the shadow of surrounding trees. His dress and appearance were that common to the seeker for summer recreation, and the wheel from which he had just dismounted was leaned against a neighboring tree.

Paul Benedict, the young man standing thus in musing attitude, was a member of a camping party at Lake Lenore, one of those beautiful Pennsylvania lakes so generously endowed with nature which has made the scene in which he gazed moodily, while he fanned his heated brow, might well enrapture one whose thoughts were in accord with nature's melodies.

But in spite of the environments, Paul Benedict's face was not that of one in harmony with his surroundings. The rather languid lips which he wore were a cheerful, kindly smile, very compressed into a hard, cynical expression; the knitted brow and vague unseeing look of the brown eyes indicated that the thoughts were turned within.

Nestled among the tall birch and maples, at a little distance from the shore, stood Gray Swan Cottage, and here Miss Annie Benson was entertaining a small party of friends, of which Paul Benedict was one.

It was with the anticipation of genuine pleasure that he had contemplated a week spent in her society, as the guest of her mutual friend, Annie Benson. Then, why this cynical curl of lip and frown upon the open brow?

Two boats were coming slowly toward the shore. In one sat a young man, the form of Mazie Dennie, and facing her, a young lady who was rowing the craft, in attempting to change positions, the boat had given a sudden lurch, which threw little Ruth and Midge Carter into the water.

A Child's Cry

Pierces the mother's heart like a sword. Often the mother who would do everything for the little ones, is utterly impotent to help and finds no help in physicians. That was the case with Mrs. Duncan, whose little one was almost blind with scrofula.

boat, Paul Benedict had leaped into the water, and frantically forcing his way to the spot whence they have sunk from sight. In an instant self is obliterated, every nerve is tense for the effort which lies before him.

As he nears the boat the curly head of Ruth is just rising from the dark water. With one hand grasping firmly the bodice of her frock, a few strokes of the free arm brings them to the side of the boat, and restores her to the frantic mother. But now her greater effort before him. Will he be able to save the drowning girl, who has a second time sunk out of sight?

Watching where the water last closed over her until the half unconscious form again approaches the surface, he grasps her at the back, attempting to support her thus until the boat, now drawing near, may give assistance.

But with the frenzy common to the drowning, she clutches him about the neck, and drags him down. Those watching from the boats feel that both are drowned, but the strong arm and dauntless courage of Paul Benedict are not to be defeated, and at last they again rise to the surface, this time so near the approaching boat that with the tardy assistance of Percy Holden she is lifted, unconscious, and placed in Mazie Dennie's arms.

On Friday morning, all having recovered from the effects of the incident just related, Gray Swan Cottage was a scene of activity at an early hour. A picnic dinner in a grove overlooking the water was a feature of the day. All hands were busy in packing the baskets of goodies and putting in readiness other accessories for the day's pleasure.

The morning was fair, and as the swift flying trolley sped onward, over hills, with glimpses of blue mountain chains beyond, and down the valleys, decked with fields of waving corn, joy and gladness seemed evident everywhere.

The breeze that swept through the open tourist car, causing hats to lose their balance, and tossing into distracting confusion the ringlets surrounding the fair young faces, seemed to have a refreshing effect upon the spirits which had taken possession of all minds save one. To Paul Benedict the life beneath the ground suggests too much of hardship and suffering for him to contemplate it even from a distance.

Arriving at the mines, the party are taken down in the little iron cage to a depth of several hundred feet. Although they find the atmosphere somewhat repulsive to nostrils accustomed to the sweet-scented air of verdant hills, and the gruesome darkness sending "creeps" along their spinal vertebrae, yet the spirit of the weakest does not falter.

As they penetrate a long low chamber, from which the miners are busily breaking out, they are attracted to the waiting cars, they engage in conversation one whose bent form and scarred face indicate long experience in this hidden realm of chance and labor.

The Hobo Freight Car.

How to Get a Maine Central Car Home from Waco, Texas. The car accountant is a typical instance of development in the railroad business. In the early days he did not exist. The superintendent was supposed to know in a general way what was being done with the company's cars.

was so near that they could hear the voices of the workmen who were tearing down the blockading rocks. It was only an allow one another a certain sum for the use of the cars. This results in scattering the cars of the different roads over every section of track in the country. It produces the extraordinary procession of many-colored travelers from distant lands that delight the eye of youngsters at a railroad crossing.

In theory, the cars are permitted to run through over foreign roads to their destination, on the condition that promptly after starting on the journey home. In practice, the freight agent is apt to use the cars that are most handy, regardless of their ownership.

It is by no means easy to bring the wanderer home. When the Maine Central's car accountant learns from his reports that his car is being unduly knocked about on foreign roads his first news is that it has spent weeks in the yards at Minneapolis. A tracer is at once forwarded to the transportation department of the railroad which has the car. By this time the car is on its way to Manitoba. A tracer follows it there, but with the similar result that the car has been dispatched for the South-west. A letter to the company operating the line out of Waco brings the news that the car is there, but is being held to await the disposition of the consignee, or that it is crippled and has been run into the shops for repairs, or that it has been loaded again, in which case the company promises to send it home immediately. Then the car is promptly switched off on to a branch line for some local consignee and is not heard of again except by the needy agent who captured it until it turns up in a tall-end collection at the station.

WOMEN IN KOREA.

Lower Class Must Work, Upper Class Must Be Entombed. Anna Northrup Benjamin in Amble's. We may say without hesitation that the lot of the Korean woman is not more pitiable, just as the position of her people is the most deplorable, in the Far East. Every degrading idea emanating from China is here carried to an extreme. The wife is not more than a chattel, seldom seen before the eyes of her husband, and a slave to his caprices, and he feared dead. In an instant she was carrying forward the frail girlish form; and in a moment more had reached the broadened mouth of the channel, but none too soon.

When he had reached her side and found by hasty examination that life had not gone out from Mazie Dennie's breast, then a momentous question presented itself. Should he shove her here upon the damp earth, and at the peril of his own life return to the rescue of the man who had pushed him aside and supplanted him in the thoughts of her whom he loved? Or should he carry her forward to the waiting friends and dispatch a rescuing party for the other? Former experience told him by that time the deadly work. The pale, still form before him appealed to him for care, and he knew that he must do something beyond recall; but in his inmost soul he felt the impulse of a duty to be performed, and though Satan was whispering in his ear, the Christ principle within him triumphed.

When the heavy iron is required to face a cannon's mouth, he retraced his steps, and in a few moments brought to the foot of the shaft his now unfortunate rival.

Fifteen minutes later Mazie Dennie, in the arms of the Korean woman, was placed in the arms of the waiting friends, but when a half hour later Percy Holden, revived by the fresh air from the shaft, was assisted up the slope, she was sitting up with pulses again active, and a carriage was waiting to convey them to the station.

Why had Paul Benedict left her thus abruptly, when she would have poured out to him the love and gratitude of her very soul? She had thoughtlessly trifled with his affections for the pleasure of the hour, but not until the passion of love had taken conscious possession of her own heart did she realize the pain her trifling may have cost.

Not many days elapse before a letter finds its way to Paul Benedict's desk, which occasions his return to Gray Swan.

Again he stands at twilight looking out over the beautiful expanse of water and watching the incoming boats. But how different to him now appears the scene than when thus viewed a week before.

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The Man Who Dreamed.

IT WAS A bright spring afternoon, and Wargrave was sitting before his easel on the lonely shore at Peneth, putting the finishing touches to a small picture. He was a man of about 35, his hair just tinged with gray, yet not old in appearance.

He laid down his brush, and pulling out his pipe, proceeded to fill it leisurely. Presently he was roused from his reflections by the sound of a light footstep, and looking around, saw a young girl approaching him.

"Not tea time yet, Joan?" he cried. She smilingly shook her head. She was a pretty girl of 21, with shabby gray eyes, and a complexion as clear as the Cornish air itself. Sitting down on the ledge of rock beside him, she gravely criticised the canvas.

"What say you, O child of the sea and winds?" he asked with a glance at the bright young face. She turned to him enthusiastically, a flush on her cheeks.

"I think it's splendid!" she cried. "The best you've done since you've been with us." "Only fair to medium, I fancy. I've never got beyond that, you know," he added thoughtfully.

"The girl glanced at him, and saw that he was gazing seaward in vacant fashion. Instinctively she knew the bend of his thoughts. "A failure couldn't have done this!" she said gently, her eyes on the picture.

He gave a slight start and laughed softly. "Thank you, little girl," he cried. "But even your kindly comment doesn't alter the one great undeniable fact."

"What was the life you mapped out?" she asked quietly. "A momentary gleam kindled in his eyes. "My dreams? Oh, the usual ones of the young man who does not know that the thing that has been given him is not genius, but only a tiny spark of life to be a big artist, painting wonderful pictures that would bring me lasting fame and position. I was to lead a dazzling life, see the world, mix with its masters, explore its treasures."

His voice came to a stop. The girl watched him with beating heart; he was staring into space, a far-away look in his eyes.

"I had another a little later," he went on in a low tone. "It was still to do all these things, but not for my own sake alone—to win a woman." He paused and noticed his pipe had gone out. Mechanically his fingers felt for another match.

"Yes, I loved that woman, Joan," he continued. "I assured her confidently that I would work like a slave to achieve success, that in a short time I would accomplish this, and be able to marry her."

"Fortunately for herself, she knew better, and foresaw my future with admirable clearness. She settled the point by marrying an extremely wealthy man." The girl raised her head. She was a trifle white, but he did not notice it.

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It was near 3 the same evening, and in the sitting room of the little house Joan was sitting alone, very white, very miserable. Presently the clock struck the hour, and as the last chime died away the door opened and a man entered the room quietly. He looked into his eyes as he saw the girl. He came straight to her.

"There was no Joan in the big world!" he said simply. "I only realized it this morning." She looked at him, startled, then as their eyes met in swift understanding, a swift cry ran through her.

"For the moment I was made enough to think I could realize them at the expense of my self-respect!" he cried bitterly. "Thank God, I awoke in time!"

"But the wonderful life you have always longed for," she murmured. "An empty shell without the one wonderful thing! Don't send me away, Joan," he whispered, pleadingly. "Let me succeed for just once!"

It has been reported that \$15,000 of the state appropriation to St. Mary's hospital will be used for the maintenance of the hospital. The remaining \$10,000 will be expended for necessary improvements on the institution.