# The Troubles

WAS awakened from my afternoon pap yesterday by the station agent's boy, who had come with a telegram from my friend Silas Larrabee, The telegram was dated at Dover, N. H., and requested me to

meet Mr. Larrabee at the station, with a horse and wagon, on arrival of the 4 o'clock train. "So here you be," sald Mr. Larrabee,

there for about two minutes till I fetch you run up again a siterwation like something that's up in the baggage It was a long two minutes, but even-

tually Mr. Larrabee reappeared, pushing a baggage truck, upon which was a squash about seven feet in circumfer-

"Hack up the old wagon," said Mr. Larrabee, "and we'll load her and go home. Say, ain't she a hummer?" Before we could get the squash aboard the wagon a crowd congregated bombarded Mr. Larrabee with

"Good Lord, Silas, what in the name of the Seven Sutherland Sisters do you call that?" demanded Barick Marston. "Don't you know a squash when you see it?" quoth Mr. Larrabee, with well-

felgned astonishment. 'Yes, but that ere ain't no squash,' persisted Mr. Marston.

"Wait till you eat a piece of pie made out of it, and see," said Mr. Larrabee, "Where'd you raise it?" somebody

"It was riz down in Rhode Island. they say," Mr. Larrabee answered; "but if it was I guess the folks had to stand over in one corner of the state to give it a chance to grow. That's poolty big squash to come out of Little

That was about all the information Mr. Larrabee would give the depot crowd. As we drove away he said: "They're the curousest people in the world, these ere Ogunquitters. I'll bet you they won't be one of 'em git a wink of sleep tonight worryin' about this 'ere squash. But let 'em worry. wasn't goin' to tell 'em the story before I told it to my own darter. You and me and she will talk the old squash over when we git down to my house,'

as we drove into his yard and came to a halt at the back door. "Jimmy Crimps!" gasped Miss Larrabee, as, opening the door, she spied

the monster in the wagon. "Thought I'd fetch you home a present, Annie," said Mr. Larrabee. "Do

you reckon she'll eat good?" "What on airth is it, Paw?" Miss

Larrabee demanded. 'Is it possible that a gal that's made

so many squash pies as you have has

got to be told that the delicate critter in this 'ere wagon is a squash?" As he said this Mr. Larrabee gave me a nudge with his cibow that nearly toppled me off the wagon. "Squash!" skeptically exclaimed Miss Larrabee, "That nin't no squash, is it

"Yes, it is squash, too," replied Mr. Larrabee. "Take it into the house, Annie, and put it where it's cool and I'll go and onharness the hoss." Here Mr. Larrabee tried to nudge me again, but I dodged him.

"Can't you lift it, Annie?" he went on. "Can't you lift a little squash like that? I guess I'll have to send you to one of them physercal culture schools as he stepped from the train and found and let 'em git your muscle up so's me waiting for him. "Well, jest set you won't have to holler for help when

> We unloaded the squash and drove into the barn. When we came back we found Miss Larrabee eyeing the great thing contemptuously-almost apprily. "What did you buy that for, Paw?"

"I didn't buy it." replied Mr. Larrabee, "Didn't cost me a red cent." "How did you git it then, Paw? Hope you didn't steal it out of some market

woman's basket. "Apple Larrelpee if you will set down and smooth your wrinkled forehead I the story of a squash-it's the story of States. a squash with variations, as they say

in the singin' schools. "Well, you see, after I'd got through my business up to Dover today I went to get up to the mayor's office to have a little talk with him. While I was there he says to me, 'Mr. Larrabee,' says 'look out of this 'ere door a min-

street I seen a big crowd standin' round store winder, 'Well,' says I 'what's it all about?"

"'Why, says the mayor, they's squash in that window. Anybody that buys a dollar's wuth of stuff in the store can guess how much the squash weighs and the one that comes nighest gits the squash and a suit of clothes wuth \$20 made to fit him. Better try it. Mr. Larrabee, You ought to be pootty good at guessin'.'

"'B'jocks,' says I, 'that ain't a bad So I waltzed over to the store and says to one of the clerks. I want to make a guess on that 'ere squash, Suppose I've got to buy a dollar's with of something. Better give it to me in summer stockin's." "Ship, aboy!" shouted Mr. Larrabee,

"'How'll you have 'em?' says the clerk. 'We've got 'em all prices-a dollar a pair, two pair for a dollar, four for a dollar, and so on up to eight for a dollar.'

"Is them that's eight for a dollar lastin'?" says I. 'If they be them's the kind I want.

the lastinest socks they is. What's kill the time?" your size, sir?'

about a rod and a half long I reckon they'll jest about fit me. "'Now,' says the clerk, after he had

wrapped up the socks, 'what's your guess on the squash?' " 'My guess,' says I, 'is a hund'ed and two pound, seven ounces and a quar-

"I come jest a quarter of an ounce under the real weight, but I come nigher than anybody else, and I got he squash and I'm goin' to have the clothes as soon's they git 'em built. If I'd been five minutes later I'd been too late for the show. How was that

for luck?" "Are you tellin' the truth, Paw?" anxiously inquired Miss Larrabee, to whom the story her father had told seemed like a fairy tale. There's the squash, ain't it?" re-

"Yes, there's the squash." "And here's eight pair of stockin's

plied Mr. Larrabee,

"Yes, there's the stockin's." "Well, the clothes will be along Satorday night. And the hull business cost your Paw Just one dollar, sayin'

I got wuth a dollar and ten cents?" brate," said Miss Larrabee after a that held me prisoner. But it was while.

tinsmith, has promised to make an self, enormous pan to hold the pie, and it is far as I know it will be the biggest o'clock the feller that sweeps the ob-

The matter of the pie being settled, Miss Larrabee wanted to know something about the clothes her father was clothes, have you?

"What sart of a coat be you goin' to siterwation. have?" she asked. "With talls or with-Miss Larrabee winked in a diabolical fashion as she asked this question. Evidently she was making pull me and the bench apart. He had fun of her father. Mr. Largabee smiled at her benign-

antly, but said nothing, "Paw used to wear long-tailed coats," said Miss Larrabee to me.

"And doesn't he wear them any Not even when he goes to more? church?" I asked. "No; he don't never wear 'em."

"Why not?" "Tell him, paw," said Miss Larrabee,

oaxingly. "Oh, well," assented Mr. Larrabee, 'fetch me that 'ere coat and I'll tell

"See that?" demanded Mr. Larrabee. holding before me a ceat the tails of which had been amoutated in a most bizarre manner.

"That's why I don't want no more long-tailed coats. I wore this 'ere coat over to Dover one day last summer when I was over there on business for the Johnson gals-I'm their guardeen,

"Well, after I'd got through talkin" with my lawyer, I says to him: Whittemore,' says I, 'they won't be no train for Ogunquit till seven o'clock, "Oh, yes, says he. "They're about What's the best thing for me to do to

"'Ever been on Garrison Hill?" says "'Well, says I, "if you've got some he. "If you ain't been there, you'd steady I come loose

better go there. Devilish fine view from the observatory up on top the hill. You can see the White Mountains one way and the ocean t'other way, and lots of things betwirt and be-

"So up I went. They wasn't nothin' the matter with the view. One of the poorttiest views I ever see, Bumbye, though, I got tired of lookin' round and sat down and took out the evenin' paper. I went to sleep readin' of it. "I dunno what time it was when I woke up. It looked to me as though

"Guess I'd better be movin' for home, says I to myself; but when I started to git up I found I couldn't move to save my life-seemed as if I'd got to be a part of the durned old ob-

"'Geenyeriny!' says I, after I'd felt around for a while, 'it's that confounded glue I had in my coat-tail pocket that's done it. Reckon the kiver must

have come off the can. "I tried every way I could think of to git free, but I was glued to that observatory bench so tight they wasn't nothin' of my treatin' the mayor to no airthly way of escapin.' If is seegars-him and me both had one and | hadn't been nothin' but the coat stuck that makes 10 cents more. Ain't what down, I'd been all right, and I rayther think I could have got away if it 'Seems though we ought to cele- hadn't been nothin' but my trowse's nuther one of them cases. My coat talls was glued to the back of the moth squash pie and invite in the bench and my trowse's to the seat, and

"It was a terrible long night, but will tell you the story. It ain't simply squash ple ever made in the United servatory come thumpin' up the stairs. 'Nice mornin',' says he.

"'Yes, says I. 'Don't suppose you've got a feakittle of hot water about your "He looked scat. So I explained the

"By the Lord, Harry, says he, that's the wust I ever see." "Then he went at me and tried to

to give it up. "'Go git some hot water,' says L "Off he went, and bumbye he come back with a teakittle chock full of about half of it where he thought ti would do the most good. In about

two seconds I begun to feel it; two der; among mortals they have their seconds more and I felt like I had favorites and enemies; fortune is conwalked in my sleep and sot down on a red hot buckwheat cake griddle. " 'What be you makin' faces about?" says the man, and up he come with thet habits that they visit the domicile not

rest of the water. We can't do it that way. 

"Take out your jack knife," says I. and cut of them conttails." "He done so.

"Take off my boots," says L "Off come the boots.

"Now see if you can lift me out of them trowse's. " 'Guess I'll have to cut off the tail of

your shirt,' says he. "Cut her off," says I, 'and then see what you can do."

"He cut her off and then slow and

"'Now, go borry a pair of trowse's for me,' save I. "He was gone more'n an hour this time. He apolergized when he come back; said folks didn't seem to want

to lend him no trowse's. "'Got some, though, after a while, says he, 'Borried 'em of the Widder Old man Tash used to wear

em before he died." "I clumb into old man Tash's rowse's, fished the stuff out of my own trowse's, guy the man half a dollar, and started for Ogunquit,"

"Did you wear this coat home?" naked "I did not." Mr. Larrabee replied. " carried that ere coat on my arm. I ain't never had it on since and I never will hev it on, nuther, nor no other oat that's got tails to it."

own trousers. I mean?" "They're up there in the observatory, jest where I left 'em. One of the sights of Dover, folks tells me. They call 'em the 'observatory trouse's."

"What became of the trousers-

TOADS IN FOLKLORE

They Have a Strong Place in the Belief of the Superstitious.

From the International Monthly. No animal could be more unlike swan than a toad, yet the latter also has a prominent place in folklore. Perhaps such honor is primarily due to neighbors to eat it. She decided to do the hull thing was arranged so's I the very ugliness of the creature, just it. Mr. Larrabee, who is an amateur couldn't seem to do nothin' to help my- as it has been affirmed that next to personal beauty a reverse aspect may Md.: find favor with the fair sex; the main to be baked in the old brick oven. So mornin' come at last. Along about 7 point being to impress the memory, At any rate, we find the toad distinguished in popular tradition, and that in its most permanent province in local worship and belief. The survivais so strange in itself and so well has 10 and New York 7 of these cities fitted to filustrate the primitive char- and towns. Most of the other states acter of fairy mythology, that it may be accorded particular attention.

According to the statements of Dr. G. Pitre, contained in his excellent account of Sicilian tradition, the faith of that island still recognizes supernatural being known as Donne di Fuora. Ladies from Abroad, also entitled Patronesses of the House, who have at tributes in common with the fairies of pootty nigh b'lin' water. He poured England. Like the latter, during the night time they enter houses, where they expect to find everything in orsidered to result from their kindness, sickness and poverty from their perse cution. It is a neculiar feature of their on any evening indifferently, but only "No," says I, 'I'd rather stay here on Thursday, making their entrances the rest of my natural life than git by the keyhole or by cracks of doors, much more slowly than the another dose out of that ere teaktille. If day surprises them before they leave the cottage, they change into toads, and in this state remain until the following eye, when they are once more at liberty to resume their proper shape of beautiful women. During the interval, the toad is sacred, because it is impossible to be sure that any particular one may not in reality be the Lady of the House. Legends abound in which are related

the revierd or punishment consequent upon the good or ill-treatment of a riday toad; on this day, therefore, the sually unpopular animal is safe from abuse and secure of attention, more than an acre.

especially if it chance to belong to a species possessing a particular ar-rangement of the cuticle reminiscent of a lady's head of hair. Any person who occupies himself with folklore becomes accustomed to remarkable survivals; yet it does excite astonishment to find so perfect an illustration of prehistoric thought in Central Europe of the Twentieth century.

### INCREASING CLEANLINESS.

Municipal Bath-houses Growing in Favor in This Country. from the Engineering News.

Within the past few years a number of municipalities in this country have established all-the-year-round municipal bath-houses, while others have added to the number of open bathing or swimming places, which, for some years past, have been maintained during the summer months. Information collected for our forthcoming "Municipal Year Book" shows that 36 cities and towns with 3,000 population and upwards, by the United States census of 1900, now have either all-the-year or summer public baths. These places are as follows: Boston, Brookline, Cambridge, Dedham, Holyoke, Newburyport, Quincy, Springfield, Water-Worcester, Mass.; Providence. R. I.: Hartford, Conn.; Albany, Buffalo, New York, Rochester, Syracuse, Troy. Utlea, N. Y.: Hoboken, Newark, N. J.: Homestead, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wilmington, Del.; Baltimore, Md.: Greenwood, S. C.; Newnan, Savannah, Ga.; Cleveland, O.; Muskegon, Mich.: Chicago, Ill.: Milwaukee,

Wis.; Des Moines, Ia.; Crookston, St. Paul, Minn.; San Jose, Cal. The 36 places in question are distributed over 16 states, but Massachusetts are represented by one municipality, only. Outside of the states of Massachusetts and New York most of the public baths are open only in the summer, and that is true of some of the places in Massachusetts. It is known that Newark, Chicago and St. Paul have all-the-year bath-houses.

In 1895, the legislature of New York passed an act which permits any municipalities of that state to establish all-the-year baths, and makes it compulsory for cities of 50,000 inhabitants

and over to do so. Municipal baths, often combined with public wash-houses or laundries are becoming more and more common in England, and the signs of the times are that they will rapidly gain popular favor in this country. The laundry feature will, naturally, gain ground Thus far it has not been introduced in the United States further than to make provision for washing the personal clothing of the bathers. Drying closets are also provided, so an unfortunate man with no change of clothing may be ensured of clean underclothes to put on after his bath.

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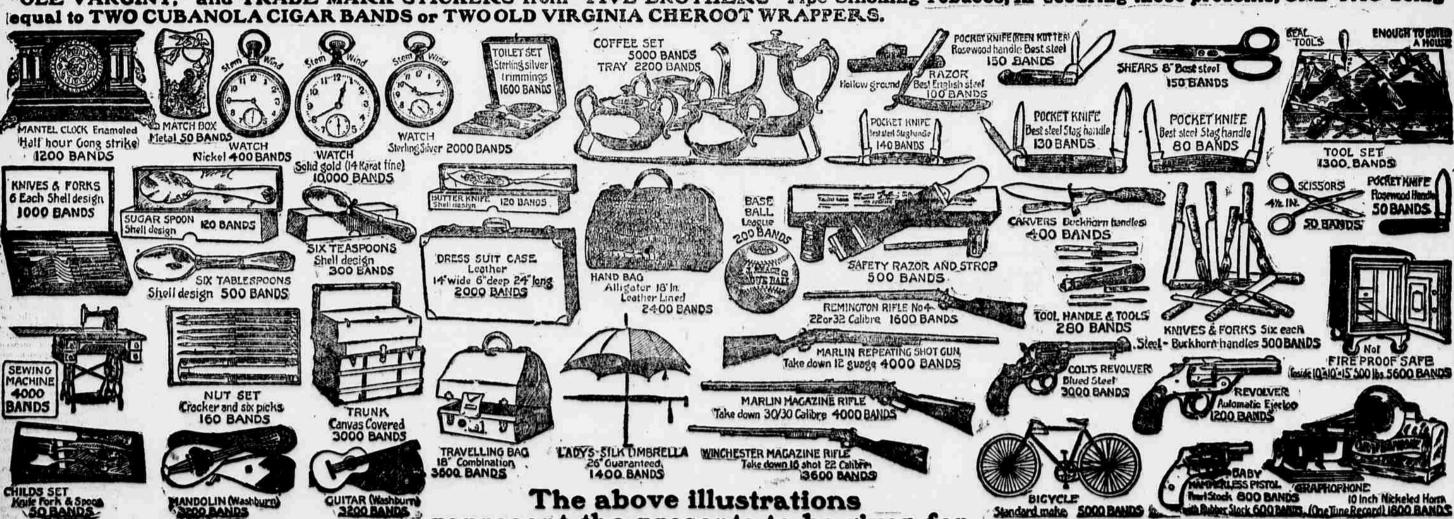
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