# LUCK OF LUM.

E ARL DAVESHAM was giving a dance and the great ballroom of his house was filled with a glittering crowd. At one end a man of so!" she exclaimed. "So ple about thirty-five was sitting with a young and pretty girl. His eye roamed over the brilliant scene, and a half

smile played about his mouth.
"Lucky, lucky girl!" he murmured. His companion looked up at him inquiringly. There was a slight spot of

Austin Drysdale indicated the huge room with a slight movement of his

"All yours!" he said softly. "To be had, not for the asking, but for just consenting to accept it. A title, immense wealth, as husband an amiable man of middle age and irreproachable

character. Wonderful!"
The flush deepened on the girl's face, and she turned her head away, "What nonsense you talk, Austin!"

she remarked.

He laughed. "Being your cousin, I'm privileged. Besides, I've always made a point of being frank with you. So let us discuss the Earl. Here," he rattled one, "we have a most useful member of the aristocracy-sober, industrious and given to thinking seriously. He has drifted on to middle age without having fallen in love-the despair of all titled mothers with marriageable daughters. At length he sees you, Miss Beryl Heathcote, a delightful young creature, and straightway determines to make up for lost time. And tonight it will be settled, my dear, I'm absolutely certain propose tonight-I'm never wrong in these matters-and tomorrow you will be referred to in every boudoir as the most designing young person in all London. In other words, you will have succeeded where they

The girl was looking at the edge of her fan thoughtfully.

"I don't think I have tried," she said. Drysdale laughed.

Then you are more lucky than you deserve to be. The Earl will be a model husband, and, continuing to be frank, is a marvelous prize in the matrimonial market. "Are you going to talk nonsense all

evening, Austin?" she remarked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It was mere cousinly exuberance of spirits at your good fortune." paused. "Do you know," he added, glancing at her quizzleally, "I rather thought you were a little interested in Lumsden last year."

"Did you?" she said, calmly. Her hands were fingering the tassle of her

"Yes," he continued. "But when he went off to the war, and you didn't seem to mind, we decided we were wrong." He paused for a moment, but the girl said nothing. "Anyway," he went on, "it's just as well we were since he's done for now, poor old

She looked up quickly.

"Done for?" she said. "Didn't you hear?" he cried. "He was sniped in the leg, and has has got a bad limp for the rest of his life. No more soldiering. Haven't you seen

"No, no!" she said in a low tone "How could I?"

'He came back two days ago, and Wardlaw insisted on dragging him here tonight.'

"Here?" she exclaimed. He nodded.

"I saw him a little time ago playing cards in the smoking room. You see he can't dance now. He's cut off from most things, and still a young man. It's pretty rough to see him hobbling about painfully with a big stick. Poor old Lum! His luck was bad."

The girl was staring straight ahead of her. She seemed to have hardly

heard his last words. Drysdale glanced at her, then gave a little laugh as he noticed a man making

his way toward them. "Ah, here comes the paragon of al the virtues and the possessor of £70,-600 a year- an interesting if somewhat

unusual combination-your partner for the next dance!" he said. "And, incidentally, for life also!" he added with a smile. He got up from his seat leisurely, as Earl Davesham came up to them. He

was a grave looking man of about forty, his hair just tinged with gray. "Our dance, is it not?" he asked, with a quiet smile. She rose and took his arm. The music A good many eyes were focused on th

had started, and they began to waltz. sedate looking man and his beautiful partner. They went around the room twice. The Earl made a few commonplace remarks, to which she replied somewhat listlessly. There was a faraway look in her eyes. "Shall we sit out the rest?" he asked

Something in his tone roused her

She glanced at him and saw that his eyes were fastened on her face. She felt a slight shiver run through her. He did not notice that she went a shade pale. "It's my favorite waltz," she said in

a low, quick tone. "Do you mind if we dance it through?" she added, forcing

"By all means!" he said, courteously. And away they went again.

"But our next dance?" he said gravely a moment later. "You will sit out with me? I have something to say to you-something of the greatest importance to me."

A feeling of helplessness crept over

"Very well, then," she said trembling-"Our next dance." Presently when the waltz was over, he had to leave her. Austin Drysdale sauntered across to her, and at her re-

### A Little Girl's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Majel, the three-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Blue, of Richland, Oregon, was ill with cholera in-fantum, so ill in fact that the local physician had given her up. Mr. and Mrs. Westley Saunders were at the house at the time when the doctor told them that their little daughter would not recover. Mr. Saunders told his wife knew Chamberlain's Colic. Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy would cure the child and he at once secured a bottle and with the consent of her parents gave the little sufferer a dose and when she awoke the next morning was out of danger. This happened almost three years ago. The child is living and well today, and Mr. and Mrs. wouldn't take advantage of your grati-Blue feel very grateful towards the tude. That's why I forbade Archie to is for sale by all druggists.

"I want to be quiet for a moment or so!" she exclaimed. "So please don't talk much, Austin. Mr. Drummond is my next partner."

He looked at her inquiringly. "Why didn't the paragon take you nto the conservatory?" he asked banteringly. She gave a little sigh.

"Oh, the conservatory is due with our next dance," she replied, and relapsed into silence.

A door a few yards away from them pened a few inches, and the sound of nen's voices broke upon their ears.

"I just came along from Cranston's dinner party, and we had quite a dramatic little scene!" cried one. "Young Rivington, who has been invalided home, was there and a lot of other chaps. He drank champagne rather heavily, and not being strong yet it went to his head and he got excited. Of course there was a lot of war talk and Shenton, the painter chap, made some asinine, sneering remark about our fellows' work-said that if ever s man did a brave action it was only because he hoped to get the V. C for it."

The voice pased for a moment, Drys dale glanced at Deryl and saw she was listening to every word. The voice went on:

"Then young Rivington sprang up

his face aflame, and told Shenton he was as good as a liar; said there were hundreds of cases where men did big things and kept it to themselves. Shenton laughed. Rivvy grew madder still and said he himself could give an instance. They were out at Modder River doing patrol work, and coming into contact with the enemy had to get under cover as best they could. It was a fast thing, and in the scramble back one of the subalterns fell and twisted his ankle. It wasn't noticed for some little time. Then a captain, finding it out, went back in the open and brought him away under a storn of bullets. He got badly hit himself, but managed to do the trick. Only Rivvy and the subaltern knew what

had happened, and the chap who did it bound them over to secrecy and made them promise to say nothing about it He only gave out that he had been hit by a stray shot."

The voice came to a stop. "The dramatic part was that Rivvy in his excitement let out the name Who do you think it was? Why, old Lum, who's somewhere about here tonight, and the subaltern was young Archie Heathcote."

"By Jove!" muttered Drysdale suddenly. He looked at Beryl and saw that she had gone pale, but there was sparkle in her eye.
"What do you think of that?" cried

the voice in the room. "Splendid!" murmured the girl out-

side, clasping her hands. From the ballroom they heard the sound of the music starting again. A young man came and looked down the corridor, then walked up to them. It was Cecil Drummond, her partner, a nervous youth who stood in considerable awe of her. She went off and danced with him. She hardly spoke and seemed deep in thought. Suddenly a soft smile lighted up her features. The wondering Drummond thought she looked radiantly beautiful, and at not look happy under such circum-

She asked him to take her to the onservatory, which he did. There was only one occupant—a man at the far end, who was hobbling across to a eyes as she saw him. She turned to young Drummond with a smile.

"Would you mind & I left you, Mr. Drummond? I want to speak to Captain Lumsden a moment. He is an old friend.'

Cecil Drummond gaped in astonishnent, then muttering a reply turned and vanished. Left alone, Beryl walked with a light step down the conservatory. Lumsden had just settled himself, with his stick beside his chair, when she came upon him. He looked up and saw a glorious vision in white He recognized her-the one woman he had ever loved. She was smiling and holding out her hand to him. "Don't rise," she said as he attempt-

d to move. They looked at one another for a moment without speaking. Then she dropped into a seat by his side.

"I'm so sorry," she said softly. She ingered the stick meditatively. it be forever?"

"Yes," he said between his teeth No more soldiering. All there's left for me is to hobble through life as best I can on a few hundreds a year private money and a wound The chances of war, you know," he said forcing a smile. "It's only what we bargain for-the game we play.'

She turned to him impulsively. There was a bright tear glistening on her eyelash.

"I heard tonight, by chance, how i save Archie's," she said in trembling be delivered until the next morning. "Why wouldn't you let him tones. peak?" she added gently.

He had gone rather white, "How did you hear?" he stammered

Archie promised faithfully." "It was not Archie," she said quickly. 'I'll tell you some other time how it happened. All I want to remember nov is that you saved Archie, and I shall be grateful to you all my life," she finished in a low tone.

He shifted his foot uneasily, but could find no words to speak. He felt his head was in a whirl.

"Do you remember that night before you left England?" she went on. "We misunderstood one another. You must have thought me cruel."

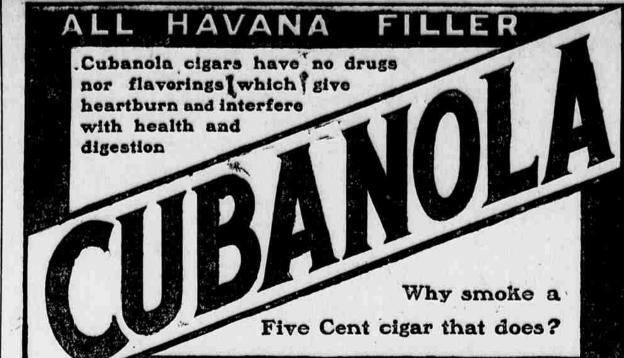
"No, not cruel," he murmured. "I didn't know then-" Her voice ame to a stop. He turned his head suddenly and

ooked into her eyes. He saw something n them that made the blood course hrough his veins. He understood. For a moment he

hesitated, then with an effort pulled himself together. "No, no, Beryl! You must not d it!" he cried hoarsely. "Think what it means-you, tied to a cripple; a long,

dull life; perhaps in a small country

town; very little money, very little fun!" he finished with a gulp. "Perhaps the fun that money brings is not the fun I want," she said softly "You, with your youth, your brilliant chances! No, dearest, I can't let you make such a sacrifice. Besides, speak. I would not have you marry me out of pity," he said unevenly.



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She laid a hand on his arm. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining with a light that could only mean one thing.

"Not pity; it's love," she whispered.

"I thought I understood women," soliloquized Austin Drysdale a few days later, "but I don't. Fancy a modern girl deliberately refusing a title and seventy thousand a year, and insisting upon giving up her life to a poor devil with a limp, who didn't expect it and who can do nothing but make her su-premely happy! Wonderful!" Then a smlie crept over his face. "After all, Lum's luck wasn't so bad—not so bad considering he deserved it."-New York Mail and Express.

### BEHIND THE TIMES.

New York City's Postal Facilities Are Really Much Poorer Than They Should Be.

W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald. The local mail service about New York city is very much behind the times. The people of London, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome Vienna and other European cities have a decided advantage of us in this respect. Over there the collections and deliveries are so frequent that a person can get an answer to a letter the same day that it is written. You can write from any place in London to any part of that city, and if your correspondent answers promptly the reply will be received within six hours. The same is closed carriage, was passing York true in all of the other cities I have named. Housewives order their marketing by post card. If they mail an high speed in an opposite direction. order to the butcher or the grocer before 9 o'clock in the morning the goods will be delivered before luncheon. This, cated the teams with some difficulty, once came to a conclusion—the Earl of course, is a great convenience and had proposed to her. What girl would economy, which we do not enjoy in only slightly hurt, proceeded. American cities, and during my present stay around New York I have been struck with the delay and inefficiency of the service here. A letter mailed in Washington any time before 9 o'clock in the evening reaches New York by chair. A light came into the girl's 7 o'clock the next morning, but it not delivered north of Twenty-third street before 11 o'clock, and in the residence district up-town, not until after noon. A letter mailed at Washington with a special delivery stamp upon it will reach its destination perhaps an hour

earlier. Oyster Bay is an hour and twenty minutes from New York, yet a letter posted there by the 4.14 train, with a special delivery stamp upon it, is not delivered at the New York Herald building earlier than 9.30. A passenger can make the trip from Oyster Bay to the New York Herald building in hour and a half, but it takes a letter five hours and a half by actual experience. Therefore the newspaper correspondents at Oyster Bay are compelled to hire a messenger and send him to New York with their dispatches because they dare not trust the mails. The same is true of letters from Manhattan Beach, which is only forty minutes from New York city and fifty min utes from the New York Herald building. A letter mailed at the Waldorf-Astoria in the afternoon will not reach Oyster Bay or Manhattan Beach until the next morning, although the former is only an hour and a half distant and the latter fifty minutes. The trains run frequently up till midnight; to Manhattan Beach they run every hour. A letter mailed in Atlantic City at 3 o'clock in the afternoon reaches New York about 6. If it has a special delivery stamp upon it it will be delivered somewhere about 10 o'clock at night. If happened-how you risked your life to it bears the ordinary stamp it will no

it bears the ordinary stamp it will not be delivered until the next morning.

This is my personal experience, and the local deliveries in New York city are even slower. If a letter addressed to any place in the city reaches its destination the same day it is mailed it is fortunate, but that does not occur frequently. Not long ago I mailed a letter

London, Aug. 10.—King Edward has signalized his coronation in a memorable manner by the munificent gift to the nation of the Osborne house, one of the favorite residences of the late Queen Victoria.

The gift is made in the following message to his people, addressed to Prime Minister Balfour. For reasons at the Waldorf hotel about 3 o'clock in the afternoon to a book store within five minutes' walk. It was not delivered until the early mail the next morning. It was taken up in the 4 o'clock collection, carried to the postoffice, three or four miles away, and then brought back the next morning. The postoffice authorities explain that they cannot deliver mails any more promptly, because they lack the facilities, but congress appropriates something over \$100,000,000 a year to provide facilities, and the money is all expended. Postmaster General Payne should send Postmaster Van Cott of New York to England, Germany or France, so that he can learn how to run a post-

MINES IN SEVENTH DISTRICT.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press. Shamokin, Aug. 10.—Edward Brennan, of this place, state inspector of the Seventh anthracite district, in an interview this evening said every one of the fifty collieries in this district would be in con-dition for operation when the strike end-ed. The few flooded upper levels can be operated and eventually all the levels. He estimates 75 per cent. of the men will be able to procure work at once when the collieries are reopened and the remainder within a month or two. He thinks the total damage to collieries caused by the strike will reach between \$60,000 and \$100,000.

### **CORONATION OF** KING EDWARD

[Concluded from Page 1.] talking to the Duke of Sparta that he

seemed not to notice the crowd. The Prince of Wales also seemed indifferent and stolid, but the Princess of Wales bowed and smiled constantly. It was not till the king's procession came that there was any show of enthusiasm. Lord Kitchener, Admiral Seymour and General Gaselece, as they rode together, of course came in for much attention, but they all seemed to look straight ahead and pay little attention to the people along the route. Lord Kitchener, in the resplendent full dress uniform of a general, also looked unfamiliar, and many persons did not

recognize him. The Indians were undoubtedly the most picturesque feature of the procession. The state coach of the king was drawn by the fat Hanoverian horses which figured in all of the late Queen Victoria's processions

The progress of the royal procession was marked by no special incident, with the exception of an accident to Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, one of the grooms in waiting. The march reached its climax on the arrival at the Abbey, where there was a scene of unparalleled enthusiasm, which did not cease until their majesties disappeared

in the annex. The accident to Lord Pelham Clinton created considerable excitement in the Mall. The groom in waiting, in a Steps when his conveyance collided with another royal carriage going at The horses fell, and there appeared to be serious trouble. The police extriand Lord Pelham Clinton, who was The procession follows:

Strelitz, Princess Alice of Albany, th Duke of Cambridge and Prince Frederick Second-Princess Andrew and George of Greece and Princesses Victoria and of Battenberg. Third-Princes Maurice, Leopold and

Alexander of Battenberg, Princess Victoria Eugenic of Battenberg and the Princess Beatrice. Fourth-The Duchess of Albany, the

Duchess of Argyl and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania. Fifth-Princess Louise and Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria Patricia and Princess Christia

f Schleswig-Holstein. Sixth-The Duke of Sparta, Princess Margaret of Connaught, the Duchess of Connaught and the Grand Duke of Hesse. Seventh-The Duchess of Sparta, the Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. Eighth, drawn by six black horses-The Crown Princess Charles of Denmark

Lady Alexandra Duff, Princess Victoria In the king's procession were: First carriage-A. V. Spencer and H. E. Spencer, pages of honor, and the Hon. Mary Dyke and the Hon. Sylvia Edwards maids of honor to the queen.
Second-Lord Knollys, the king's pri

vate secretary; Sir D. M. Probyn, keeper of the king's privy purse, and Sidney Robert Greville. Third-Lord Colville of Culross, lord chamberlain to the queen; Lord Chelmsford, Vice Admiral Culme-Seymour and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, lady of the bedchamber to her majesty.

Fourth-Viscount Churchill, a lord in vaiting; the Earl of Pembroke, lord steward of his majesty's household; the Countess of Lytton, lady of the edchamber to the queen, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, the mistress of

### King's Gift to the Nation.

apparent in the document itself, his majesty makes his intention public: Under the will of the king's much be

loved mother, the Osborne house estate is, as Mr. Balfour is aware, the private estate of the sovereign. Having to spend a considerable part of the year in the capital of this kingdom and in its neighborheod, at Windsor, and having also strong home ties in the county of Norfolk, which have existed now for nearly forty years, the king feels he will be unable to make adequate use of Os borne house as a royal residence and he accordingly has determined to offer the property in the Isle of Wight as a gift to the nation. As Osborne house is sacred to the memory of the late queen it is the king's wish that with the exception of those apartments which were in the personal occupation of her majesty, his peo-ple shall always have access to the house which must ever be associated with her beloved name. As regards the rest of the building the king hopes it may be devoted to national purposes and be converted into a convalescent home for offi cers of the navy and army whose health has been impaired in rendering service to their country. If, in order to give full legal effect to the king's wishes it is found that application to parliament be necessary the king trusts that Mr. Balfour will see that the necessary steps are

Coronation Services. St. Johns, N. F., Aug. 10.—Coronation services were held in all the churches here today.

## Semi-Annual Reduction Sale

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## THE MARKETS

Scranton Board of Trade Exchange Quotations-All Quotations Based on Par of 100.

STOCKS. Bld.Asked ackawanna Dairy Co., Pr... 60 Jounty Sav. Bank & Trust Co. 300 Pirst Nat. Bank (Carbondale). Chird Uational Bank ... 550 Third Uational Bank
Dime Dep. & Dis. Bank
Economy L., H. & P. Co.
First National Bank
Lack Trust & Safe Dep. Co
Clark & Snover Co. Pr.
Scranton Bavings Bank
Traders' National Bank
Scranton Bolt & Nut Co.
People's Bank
BONDS.

BONDS.

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Butter-Fresh creamery, 231/2c.; fresh Butter—Fresh Creamery, 2012c, airy, 2214c.
Cheese—Haill4c.
Eggs—Nearby, 22c.; western, 21c.
Marrow Beans—Per bushel, \$2.35a2.40.
Green Peas—Per tushel, \$2.25.
Ontons—Per bushel, 90c.a\$1.00.
New Potatoes—50a60c. per bushel.

Philadelphia Live Stock. Philadelphia, Aug. 10.—Live stock re-celpts for the week: Cattle, 1,781; shee 488; hogs, 2.158. Stockers, generally un hanged; steers, beat, \$7.62a7.75; choice 7.37a7.50; medium, \$5.50a6; bulls, \$3,50a5 cows, \$3.50a4.50; thin cows, \$4.45a4.75; ewes heavy fat, \$3.12a4.12; lambs, 654a65,c.; me dium, 5a5%c.; extra, 6%c. Hogs—Western 10%a10%c. Dressed stock—Steers, 10a12%c sheep, 7a34c.; cows, 74a8c. Veal calves %a10%c.; hogs, 11%c.

KING OSCAR A LIFE SAVER.

The Swedish King Rescues Victims of a Bridge Collapse. By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Stockholm, Sweden, Aug. 10.—While King Oscar was yachting Saturday near the Marstrand bridge, which was crowd-ed with women and children, the structure collapsed, throwing its occupants int

The king threw off his coat and assiste in the rescue of twenty-three persons who were taken aboard the yacht.

# Dress Goods

of 38-inch all wool Scotch Plaid Novelties and a lot of black and white check dress goods. It will soon be time to send the girls to school. The above goods are desirable in every way for a school dress,

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Double Fold Plain Dress Goods. Figured Novelties and Novelty Plaids, suitable for children's dresses. Today, a yard.......... 121/2C

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Extra additions to this sale daily. You will form a better opinion of the many bargains mentioned after you have looked them over.

### **Domestics**

Assorted colors in a fancy calico, a 6c kind, for	41/2C
Blue Calico, fast color, good pattern, a yard	432C
31-Inch Double-Fold Percale, dots, stripes and figures, 8c kind	01/2C
Hill Muslin one yard wide, bleached. Today, yard	7C
Ficking, parrow, blue and white stripe. Today, yard	61/2C
Shaker Flannel	33/4 C
Canton Flannel	41/2C
of Inch Table Linen: Today, a yard	23C
Sheets ready for use, good muslin. Today	14C
Pillow Cases, size 45x36, 2-inch hem. Today	131/2C
Cotton Twill Towelling, a yard	3C

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