

Coplin's Tunnels

ALOYSIUS COLL In the Commercial Advertiser

BOB MCINTYRE, boss driver in the Atlas mine, ought to have been happy, as he hurried along to work, with nature in her most glorious mood around him. And more so, since he loved a girl that he said off work to go to the county capital and have the marriage license made out. His darling Kate Maloney had prepared for the wedding. But McIntyre frowned as he walked along.

"Old fool!" he blurted, clipping the milkweed stalks with his long, limber whip. "Not good enough for her—huh! Took him a long time to decide about it. I suppose because I get out at 5 in the morning and wear pit clothes I'm not as tony as Artie Gilkins, assistant bookkeeper, who don't go to work till 7, and who wears a white collar all day long. But that's the way with daddies!"

Embittered and resentful McIntyre took his mules from the stable and went down the slope. At 11 o'clock the drivers were gathered at the main haulage landing, eating from their tin pails.

"Why, you're a nice pickle of a lover!" said "Spraggy" Jones from off G flat. "Now, I'd have such a grin on me that the rats'd be charmed in the heading if Kate'd given me the warm heart."

"Oh, you don't know about these domestic quarrels between man and wife," said Jack Connelly, soberly, whereas the others laughed—all except young August Bloom, the rosy-cheeked German that furnished most of the fun for the jolly Atlas whips.

"What do you know about it, Dutchy?" asked Jones, "that you don't agree with us?"

"Well, don't I heard at that house?—at Kate's house?"

Connelly clapped his hands. "Great Scott, Dutchy—and you've gone and cut McIntyre out?"

"I wish I did. But I didn't. My knife was too dull."

All laughed except McIntyre. Connelly, without standing up, dexterously began to wrap his long whip around Bloom's legs, while he cried mockingly: "Well, vas ist, Deutscher—vas ist?"

The terrible voice of Patrick Maloney. "I'll stop you, you—"

The old man stuck a bare leg out the window. With one quick jerk McIntyre hurled the ladder from the house. The old man drew in his leg, and the lovers fled.

As the pair went over the hill, into the little valley, they heard a great commotion behind them.

"He's routin' up the whole neighborhood to get after us," said McIntyre, burrowing along as fast as he could, at the same time keeping close watch over every step of the girl, lest she fall in the dark.

"Yes, that'd be pap," said she. "Tell the whole row his troubles. O, Bob, there they come!"

The noises behind were becoming louder and more distinct. High above the common din the fugitive could hear Patrick Maloney's storming voice, directing, scolding and raging at the same time.

"We'll dodge around these box cars on the siding," said McIntyre; "in the shadow they can't see us so well."

They were now close to the tipple of the Atlas plant and proceeded farther toward the face of the coke ovens where to expose themselves in the bright glare of the fires. As they passed around the cars, they saw a tall man racing up the coke yard, in full glare of the ovens. He had on a pair of dark trousers, and a night shirt.

"It's pap," said the girl, shivering. McIntyre gritted his teeth. Before him was the tipple, grimy and black. White steam was puffing out of the exhaust pipes of the double hoisting engines and the shieve wheels were turned gracefully in their journals high up over the coal bins. McIntyre knew from these signs that a night shift was at work.

"Come on," said he to the girl. "There's your father rushing into the engine house."

From the first they had decided he was to be a second Paderewski, and every musical composition he sent forth was as extravagant as that of Liszt, and extolled as if he had in truth borne that magic name.

Frank himself—handsome, gay and debonaire—cordially appreciated his easily gained laurels; and if it all slightly turned his youthful head, his conceit was so frank and so outspoken that to his women friends at least it was rather a naive attraction than a failing, while the men accepted it tolerantly as a pardonable attribute of his genius.

Somehow no one had ever entertained the idea of his marrying suddenly, more especially an unknown wife of his own choosing.

That was where the sting lay. Frank, the elegant, the fastidious and refined, with his artistic temperament and passion for the beautiful, to choose as wife such a hopeless woman as Mary Markham!

The loud and disparaging descriptions of the timorous young woman who had dared to rob society of its favorite made me quite anxious to meet the original. And I confess that when I did, shortly after the marriage, my first impression was that the accounts had been surprisingly unexaggerated.

She was almost painfully shy and retiring, and possible accounts for society encounters, causing her instantly and scornfully to be stigmatized as awkward, dull and empty of ideas.

Then she was quite plain, possessed a squat figure, which she dressed atrociously, and had not the slightest idea of how to make the most of the scant attractions she could boast of.

How she had ever attracted the young musician was a complete puzzle to everyone.

Frank himself, however, was obviously content with his prize.

I chanced to meet Mrs. Kingston on her way back from her first call on the new Mrs. Varley.

openly to him, and being a man with a tender spot for the young, and especially the lovers of his congregation, he tied the knot.

Outside the paragonage the two elopers paused in the night air to think it all over and to hold a unique reception under the stars. There was something very sweet in this victory of the night and the young couple were not in a hurry to get back home.

The sound of a horse's hoofs aroused them. Out of the darkness they saw the merging figure of the animal galloping up the road, and upon it the towering form of Patrick Maloney.

"Father!" gasped the girl.

"Yes, father, indeed huzzay! Nice time to be callin' on yer father. But I knew I'd catch up wid yez, clumsy as the old plug is. You shameless—"

"Enough, Pat!" said McIntyre, advancing to the horse's nose, and taking away the reins. When she was your daughter, but not now—when she's my wife."

"Phwat! Yez were married afore I stopped yez comin' to my house! Kate!"

"No, father, we were married only tonight."

"Yez added McIntyre. 'Go in and ask Father Conroy. Your plug was too slow.'"

"Th' saints bless us! Yez must a' had wings. Shure th' whole mob av us come over th' hill from th' Atlas shlope, where we last heard o' yez, like a pack o' wolves; an' I spies th' old nag on th' roadside, an' I nipped on."



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Life is a duel in the dark with disease. One false step, one mistake, and the attack comes swift and sudden. The mistake which commonly opens the way for an attack by disease is neglect of the symptoms of stomach trouble.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send at once ten stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound, address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Geniuses.

METAPHORICALLY speaking, the world stood still when the news went forth of the projected alliance between young Frank Varley and Mary Markham.

Frank was such a tremendous favorite with everybody who had welcomed him as her pet and darling ever since, a mere sunny faced stripling, he made his bow to society.

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Frank himself—handsome, gay and debonaire—cordially appreciated his easily gained laurels; and if it all slightly turned his youthful head, his conceit was so frank and so outspoken that to his women friends at least it was rather a naive attraction than a failing, while the men accepted it tolerantly as a pardonable attribute of his genius.

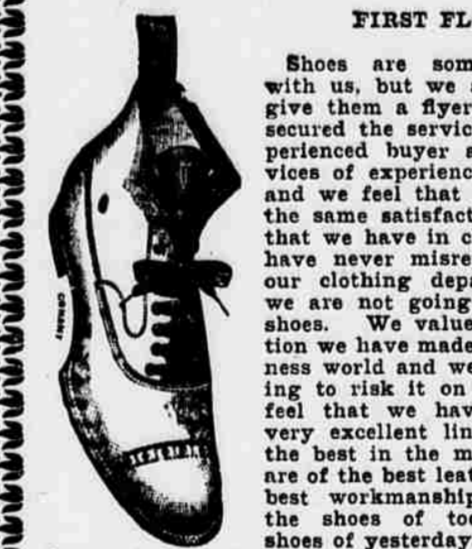
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Shoe Department



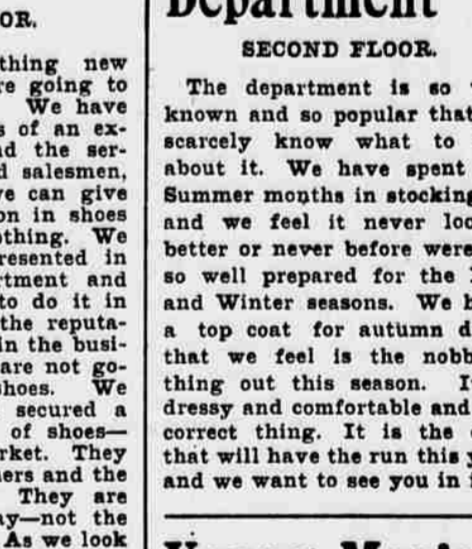
Shoes are something new with us, but we are going to give them a try. We have secured the services of an experienced buyer and the services of experienced salesmen, and we feel that we can give the same satisfaction in shoes that we have in clothing.

Children's Clothing Department



We want to take mothers into our confidence for a few minutes, just to tell them about this department. We can't say all we want about it. We have enlarged the department this season, and we are quite positive in the opinion that we have the best appointed and decidedly the largest stocked Children's Department in the city.

Men's Department



The department is so well known and so popular that we scarcely know what to say about it. We have spent the Summer months in stocking it, and we feel it never looked better or never before were we so well prepared for the Fall and Winter seasons.

Young Men's Department



The boy of last year is probably the youth of this. We have had him in mind. We have watched his career, and we fancy we have just what he wants—the tasty, the nobby, the genteel suit that makes the young gentleman. We want the youths to come and see what we have for them.

Men's Furnishings

In this department there is an infinite variety of the furnishings that are fashionable and sensible. We have the latest in Neckwear for men and boys, and the correct in headgear for boys, youths and men. Our Hat Department is in line with the rest of the store. We feel if we can't suit you in a hat no one can.

TRADING STAMPS With All Purchases

KRAMER BROS.

Complete Outfitters for Men and Boys, 325 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

"She laughed and confessed that her favorite amusement was to put her favorite verses to music of her own fancy. That was the beginning of the end. You can guess the rest."

TULIPS AND HYACINTHS.

Now is the Time to Plant if You Want Them.

the sustenance supplied by the rootless bulbs, and this sustenance is usually exhausted when the flowers are about half grown. While it is true that the flowers, etc., are formed within the bulb before they ripen off, yet it is absolutely essential for their maximum development that the bulbs become thoroughly rooted before the tops are allowed to start.

A NERVE DEFINED.

Quick Answers From Kindergarten Pupils. From the Brooklyn Eagle. A certain Brooklyn kindergarten contains during the school term many bright little folks, and their answers to questions are often very amusing. On a morning not long ago the head teacher was giving a talk on physiology and asked:

"Who can tell me what a nerve is?" "I know," said one little tot. "Well, what is it?" "It is what makes the tooth hurt when you have the toothache."