It was the second "dog watch," from 8 to 8 o'clock in the evening, and the crew of the bark Beatrice were gathered upon the main deck, indulging in that ever pleasing pastime of sailors, yarn

The vessel was homeward bound from Rio Janeiro after a very prosperous voy-

age.

Darkness was approaching as the chief officer rose to his feet and cast a searching look about the horizon. When his eyes roamed toward the west they rested for some moments on a small bank of leaden clouds which seemed to be

working up from the water.

"Ah, we'll have a change of wind before midnight, and, if I make no mistake, it will bring nasty weather with it."

fore midnight, and, if I make no mistake, it will bring nasty weather with it."

"We're nearing Cape Hatteras and must begin to look out for squalls. You might clew up and furl the light sails so that we will be prepared for whatever comes. If it looks too bad give me a call, I'm going below."

The second mate with his men sought their bunks to have a few hours' needed rest, while the chief officer, with his portion of the crew, took charge.

The seaman who came aft to relieve the wheel was a mere lad in years, but as skillful a mariner as any on board and a prime favorite with all, as could be seen by the kindly tone of the mate's voice as he addressed the youth.

"Watch her close, Harry, my son. If we have a shift of wind it'll come quick, and we don't want to get taken aback."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the respectful reply of the boy as he laid his hands on the spokes of the wheel.

Copper hued, feather shaped clouds now began to chase each other across the starry canopy of heaven.

As the gaze of the helmsman alternated between the compass, the sails and the horizon, he was alarmed to see away upon the starboard bow something that appeared like a heavy black shaft, reaching up from the water, in the shape of a tunnel, until it met another similar in formation which seemed to drop from the skies.

"There's a spout, sir," he said to the mate.

"Aye, aye. I've been looking at it. It's how went too. As they alwars work."

ate.
"Aye, aye. I've been looking at it. It's a heavy one too. As they always worl to wind ard, I'm afraid she'll come un

to wind'ard, I'm afraid she'll come un-comfortably near. Keep the vessel's head nor'west for awhile and I'll speak to the skipper. I'd rather he'd be on deck when those fellows are about." Obeying the order, Harry threw the wheel over, and the bark swung off until the dangerous column of water seemed to be a little forward or amid-ships

seemed to be a little forward or amidships.

Mr. Gorham, the officer, hurried to the companion way and called:

"Captain Bruce, there's a heavy water-spout making down upon us. Perhaps you'd like to take a look at her."

"Aye, aye," came a voice from the cabin, and the next instant the master was on deck.

He took one hasty glance at the danger impending, another at the compass, before he said quickly, "Let her go west," then shouted: "Check in the yards about four points to port. We must work out of its course. I will get my rifle; if it comes too near I will try to break it," and with that he hurried below.

below.

The wind, which up to this moment

The wind, which up to this moment had been reasonably strong, now died out to a "stark calm."

The sails were trimmed, but the headway of the vessel was slackening, for she had lost her propelling power.

The speed of the terrible volume of water power which was approaching them was not checked, and when the captain reappeared on deck with rifle in hand the heavy black clouds hung over the vessel like a pall, and the whirl of the angry, seething element was borne to the ears of the frightened and herrified seamen as they watched the outcoming of the merciless circling shaft!

Quickly the weapon of the commander was brought to his shoulder, and was instantly followed by a flash and re-

was brought to his shoulder, and was instantly followed by a flash and re-port. Then came the deluge. 'Tons upon tons of water, mingled with sand, fell upon the deck, which threatened to submerge the vessel and crowd her down into the frightful vortex which yawned close under the sterr Sails and spars hung a wreck from aloft, while skylights and bulwarks were crushed like eggshells in the grasp of a giant.

This latter calamity, however, proved to be a blessing, as it allowed the vast volume of water to flow freely off into the sea.

over the wheel and there lay more dead than alive.

But the captain! Where was he? His voice was silent.

The second mate, who with his watch had been below, rushed affrighted from the cabin through the after companion.

way.
"For God's sake, what has happened?"
he exclaimed. "Have we been in col-

But he received no answer, for there was no one to reply.

By the feeble light of the stars, which

now began to twinkle forth, the officer observed the boy where he had fallen, and casting a hasty glance at the pallid features of the lad was convinced that

A PERIL OF THE SEA. to launch her. We may have to leave

In a few moments the welc In a few moments the welcome response came back, "She is all right, sir."

"That's good. Hold her ready until I
must be pumps and see if we have sprung a leak." He hurried to his room and secured the sounding rod and line; as most of the water had now rolled off from the main deck he succeeded in reaching the nump.

from the main deck he succeeded in reaching the pump.

Quickly dropping the iron down the tube until it reached the keelson, he soon drew it up again.

"Six feet of water in the hold," he exclaimed. "She'll go down under us. Launch the boat"—and as he again hastened to the cabin, this time to procure what provisions might be handy, one of the men announced:

"The main hatch is stove in, and the cargo is all a-wash."

what provisions might be handy, one of the men announced:

"The main hatch is stove in, and the cargo is all a-wash."

This report had the effect of accelerating the officer's movements, and seizing what few eatables were at hand in the pantry he hastened to join his shipmates, who had succeeded in getting the boat affoat without damage.

Fearing to be in too close proximity to the bark when she should founder, they pulled rapidly away in the darkness, and as day broke they found themselves alone upon the ocean, but ere the sun was an hour high the black smoke of a steamer was descried upon the horizon, and before the great luminary had reached the zenith they were safe on board a large vessel which was bound to Baltimore.

The captain heard their story with feelings of sadness and extended to the shipwrecked mariners all the hospitality that lay in his power. When the steamer reached port the news of the loss of the Beatrice was flashed from city to city throughout the continent, and many were the hearts made sorrowful by the terrible tale.

But did the bark founder?

About an hour after the second mate had so hurriedly abandoned the supposed sinking craft, the boy, Harry, began to return to consciousness. Slowly he raised his head and looked around.

The night was clear now, but strange sounds fell upon his ear. It was the thrashing and chafing of the tattered sails and broken yards that still hung from aloft.

Tottering to his feet, the lad became aware that he was suffering most in-

from aloft.

Tottering to his feet, the lad became aware that he was suffering most intense pain about the body and limbs, but as he took a few steps he was overjoyed to find that no bones had been fractured and the pain was only from external bruises.

fractured and the pain was only from external bruises.

As the youth was endeavoring to recall the terrible scene through which had passed, he heard a feeble moan is suing from the port side of the afterhouse, and staggering to that portion of the vessel he was delighted to see the beloved form of his benefactor, the captain, who was vainly striving to drag himself along the deck toward the wheel.

wheel.

As the master looked up he murmured feebly:

As the master looked up he marked feebly:

"Ah, Harry, my boy! Has the good Lord spared us?"

"Yes, sir. But I do not know how many more are left."

"Go and see, boy, go and see. Some may be suffering and need assistance."

"But you yourself, sir; can I not de something for you, sir?"

"Never mind me. Look to your shipmates," was the brave reply, though the master with difficulty suppressed his groans.

master with difficulty suppressed his groans.

Obeying the order Harry searched the vessel, but returned with the mournful reply that they two were alone.

"Well, my lad, we must do the best we can," was the response of the captain.

When morning broke the practiced eye of the captain discovered the absence of the long boat.

"Go forward, Harry, and see if the craft has been stove in or launched clear."

clear."

The boy hastened to obey, and returned with the report that the lashings

turned with the report that the lashings had been cut.

"Thank heaven!" murmured Captain Bruce. "Some of our companions have escaped and have taken to the boat fearing that the bark would founder."

All through the day the captain and the lad strained their eyes in search of a sail, but none appeared to gladden their sight, and again night enshrouded them in gloom.

Upon the fourth morning Harry, who was early astir, startled the captain by calling:

"Come on deck, sir. There is a large towboat not more than five miles away."

towoodt not more than he mies away."
"Set the ensign union down. It will not do to let him pass us."

The boy had no need to display the signal of distress, for the sharp eyes of the captain of the tug had espied the bark long before the youth had seen the steamer.

As the rescuing craft rounded up un-

As the rescuing craft rounded up under the stern of the Beatrice, the windows in the pilot house went down, a head protruded and a voice called:
"How many of you are abourd?"
"Only two, sir!" replied Harry.
"Are you able to lend us a hand in getting a line out?"
"No, sir. We are too badly bruised," returned the boy.
"All right. I'll come alongside and send some men to you," and the towboat steamed up close beside the bark, while a portion of her crew sprang over the rail.

reatures of the lad was convinced that he was past all hope of recovery.

The second mate, then crawling along the starboard rail to the "break of the poop," looked down upon the main deck, and to his horror, saw several bodies washing back and forth among the wreckage, to be swept, one after another, out through the rifts in the bulwarks.

"Are you all dead?" he at length found voice to exclaim. "Am I left alone?"

But he was instantly gladdened by a reply from forward, "The starb'd watch is safe, sir!"

"Thank heaven!" Then louder the second officer called out, "Take a look at the long boat, and if it is not stove, gast the lashings adrift, and make rendy

Did as Ordered.

Mrs. Malaprop has a host of followers who never heard of her, or who if they should hear of her would see nothing out of the way in what she said. The following true story could perhaps be matched by other Mrs. Malaprops. A well known Rochester physician was hastily summoued to attend a sick child, whom he had already visited once.

already visited once.

The Physician (entering)—What is the matter with the child?

Mrs. M.—Oh, sir, I don't know.

The Physician—Well, what have you

fone for it?

Mrs. M.—I only gave it what you told
me—the condemned milk and impaired
food!

It is little wonder that the child had in
digestion.—Rochester Post-Express.



Said in Fun.

All chickens have been ordered to leave Asbury Park at once. Some of the hens have been laying on Sunday.—New York Hera¹... A contemporary lays down a number of

A contemporary lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes taking fire. One of them is "to keep as cool as possible."—TIL-Bits.

The weather bureau evidently thinks the thermometer is worthy of its higher.—Washington Star.

A visitor to Venice thus writes to his home friends in all honest symplicity: "Venice is a nice place, only I must say I think it's damp. It must have rained tremendously before our arrival, for at present we can only get about the streets in boats."—Tit-Bits.

The fact that women are now wearing suspenders would go to prove that they are anxious to take some responsibility upon their own shoulders.—Yonkers Statesman.

In a private letter to the editor of a magazine the editor of the Biliville Banner describes Chaucer as "the most talented

It is a wise railroad stock that knows its

It is a wise railroad stock that knows its own par.—Texas Siftings.
"See here, waiter, this pie hasn't any apples in it?" Micher—I know it, sah; it am made of evaporated apples.—Lampoen.
People who imagine the average messen ger boy can do nothing quick will be surprised to learn that one has been discovered fast asleep.—Yonkers Statesman.
In Texas it is unlucky to find a horse shoe, if a horse happens to be attached to it.—Texas Siftings.

Dion Boucieault's advice, "Never make love to a woman through an ink bottle."
A gentleman just arrived from Philadelphia reports that the people there are becoming much interested in a new song called "Ta-ra-ra-boom-der-a,"—Washington Star.

curied ton Star.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" simpered gay Miss Oldgirl to her youthful intended. "Why, my darling, I do," responded he in mild surprise.—Baltimore

ways evidence of his being a stable charac-ter.—Yonkers Gazette.

It is strange-how crowded the thorough-fare looks to the man that's chasing his straw hat down the street.—Binghamton

Whatever may be the case in ordinary matters, it is certainly true that figures do not lie when in a bathing suit.—Philadelphia Times.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.—Boston Transcript.

nothing that he says is confirmed.—Boston Transcript.

After the pickpocket has succeeded in getting his hand in he takes things easily.

—Binghamton Leader.

If good behavior would take anybody to heaven the devil would immediately start.

—Ram's Horn.

Mighty Wearing on a Man.

The lord of the manor slept, although the baby had the colic and was in nowise disposed to suffer in silence.

"Wah—cop—co—oo—wah!" wailed the infant.

infant.

Distracted at the child's distress, the mother rushed wildly to the cradle.

"Hushaby, hushaby," cooed she.

"Gr-r--siss-poo," snored the lord of the manor.

"Gr-r-siss-poo," snored the lord of the manor.

The woman made ten quick laps around the room, danced the suffering babe vigorously and performed a great variety of exhaustive antics popularly supposed to make young children forget their troubles. "Woop," yelled the little one. "Hush-a-bye baby on the tree"—"Gr-r-roo-siss-poo."
The lord of the manor slept.
One by one the sands of time flowed through the hourglass. Minutes grew into hours. Just as the rising sun was coloring the eastern horizon with a delicate glow, the baby fell asleep. With a smile of tender radiance the mother placed her darling in the cradle, and imprinting a soft kiss upon its brow turned to her own couch.

ouch.

The lord of the manor stirred and opened his eyes. "Can I help you, Maria?" he feebly asked.

"Can I help you, Maria?" he feebly with a yawn. The wife and mother sighed. "No, John," she wearily rejoined.

They slept.
"I shouldn't be surprised"—
It was the lord of the manor talking to a friend next day.
"If I looked mighty haggard. This being

up nights"—

He gaped prodigiously.

"with the baby is mighty wearing

on a man."

The lord of the manor looked decidedly dissatisfied with life.—Detroit Tribune.

The Game of Love.

No matter what the players say,
11's still the lover's sport,
11's still the lover's sport,
For even though they go to play
They still must go to court,
—New York Evening Sun.

A Recipe.

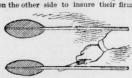
Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
A millionaire's fair daughter
Make a summer grand.
—New York Herald.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Minie Dart. To make this toy a pine stick two feet long and one-half inch thick, two brads, a piece of pasteboard or stiff card five inches long and two wide, an ash stick three feet long and a piece of stout string constitute all the material necessity.

string constitute an the material resary.

Whittle your pine stick perfectly straight and round, a little larger in diameter than a lead pencil. With a small saw cut in one end a slit about five inches deep. into this slit insert the piece of card, first cutting it the leaf shape shown in picture. Tack it on with two or three brads, clinching them on the other side to insure their firm-



ness. When this is done balance the dart on your knife blade to find the "center of gravity," and at the point where it balances cut a notch slanding in the direction of the point away from the card end.

The next thing is to construct the lash to throw the dart. A piece of ash or some springy wood is better for this purpose, but pine or spruce will do. Cut this about three feet long and the diameter of a whip handle, so you can hold it comfortably in the hand, yet thin and springy, tapering toward the end. To the small end of this stick fasten a piece of stout string about two feet long, and at the other end of the string tie a knot.

To shoot the dart hold it with the left hand near the tail or paper end, holding the whip in the right. Throw the string to we honce the dart and draw it through the notch until it catches on the knot. Then with a rapid upward motion switch the whip into the air, letting go the dart at the same time. The dart will leave the string and soar high into the air. The lighter the dart is made and the more springy the whip the higher the mine dart will fly. Be correct in your aim and you may learn to hit the mark as well as did the old time slingers.—Wide Awake.

What She Said.

A cute little Woodward avenue girl who is attending a private school came home one day during convention week at Chicago and was telling her father about how well she was doing.

"And, papa," she went on, taking long breaths at intervals, "the teacher today asked the whole school what was going on in Chicago and if anybody could answer to rise up, and not a one got up, papa, but me!"

"And did you answer the question?" inquired the fond father.

"Yes, sir, I did," she said, but with a shade less enthusiasm.

mqured the fond father.

"Yes, sir, I did," she said, but with a shade less enthusiasm.

"What did you say?"

"I said the World's fair, papa."

"Was that right?"

"No, sir," and her enthusiasm was all gone. "The teacher said it was the Democratic national convention."

"What did you say to that?"

"Well," and this time she brightened,
"I said I s'posed there was something that a little girl like me had to learn, or she wouldn't be sent to school. Then I sat down. Wasn't that right, papa?"

He admitted the correctness of her conclusion on the spot.—Detroit Free Press.

The Block Family A little block woman, a little block man, And little block children three, All lived on Block island in a little block

use ppy as happy could be. DA

They swam in the ocean, they played on the

land,
Though always unknown to fame,
And when they played dominoes 'twas their
delight
Always to block the game.

A little block schoolmaster taught them to

read,
But he never could teach them to spell;
What can you expect of such blockheads?"
said he,
Then, despairing, he jumped in the well.
—New York World.

Then, despairing, he Jumpe.

A Story of a Brave Little Boy.

Three small children, one a four-yearold boy named Witham, and the other
two girls of nine and eleven years respectively, were playing in a boat in the
dock at South Portland, when the boy
fell overboard and went to the bottom,
in about four feet of water. Two little
boys, aged twelve and thirteen years,
were playing near by when the accident
happened.

One of the boys, named McKenzie,
jumped in and bravely rescued the fouryear-old. Young McKenzie had no sooner
got the boy ashore than the other boy
blurted out, "Now, look at your clothes,"
"But you wouldn't let a boy drown,
would you?" replied little McKenzie.
"Why not? It was no relation of yours."

—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

No Wonder.

No Wonder.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgoon, Lowell, Mass.

Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and uso Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by foreing opinin, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurftul agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KINGIELOE, CONWAY, Ark.

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