AN ELECTRICAL SLIP.

Public opinion had been triumphantly vindicated. The insanity ples had broken down, and Albert Prior was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and might the Lord have mercy on his soul. Everybody agreed that it was a righteons verdict, but now that he was sentenced they added, "Poor fellow!"

Albert Prior was a young man who had had more of his own way than was good for him. His own family-father, mother, brother and sisters-bad given way to him so much that he appeared to think the world at large should do the same. The world differed with him. Unfortunately the first to oppose his violent will was a woman-a girl almost. She would have nothing to do with him and told him so. He stormed, of course, but did not look upon her opposition as serious. No girl in her senses could continue to refuse a young man of his prospects in life. But when he heard that she had become engaged to young Bowen, the telegraph operator, Prior's rage passed all bounds. He determined to frighten Bowen out of the place and called at the telegraph office for that laudable purpose, but Bowen was the night operator and was absent. The day man, with a smile, not knowing what he did, said Bowen would likely be found at the Parker place, where Miss Johnson lived with her aunt, her parents being dead.

Prior ground his teeth and departed, He found Miss Johnson at home, but alone. There was a stormy scene, ending with the tragedy. He fired four times at her, keeping the other two bullets for himself. But he was a coward and a cur at heart, and when it came to the point of putting the two bullets into himself he quailed and thought it best to escape. Then electricity did him its first disservice. It sent his description far and wide, capturing him 25 miles from his home. He was taken back to the county town where he lived and lodged in jail.

Public opinion, ever right and all powerful, now asserted itself. The outward and visible sign of its action was an ominous gathering of dark browed citizens outside the jail. There were determined mutterings among the crowd rather than outspoken anger, but the mob was the more dangerous on that account. One man in its midst thrust his closed hand toward the sky, and from off by tonight's mail registered. Answer that his hand dangled a rope. A cry like the growling of a pack of wolves went up as the mob saw the rope, and they claimored at the gates of the jail. "Lynch him! Jailer, give up the keys!" was the

cry.

The agitated sheriff knew his duty, but he hesitated to perform it.

But the keys were not given up. The clamor had ceased. A young man with pale face and red eyes stood on the top of the stone wall that surrounded the jail. He held up his hand, and there was instant silence. They all recognized him as Bowen, the night operator, to whom she had been engaged.

"Gentlemen," he cried, and his clear voice reached the outskirts of the crowd, "don't do it. Don't put an everlasting stain on the fair name of our town. No one has ever been lynched in this county, and none in this state so far as I know. Don't let us begin it. If I thought the miserable scoundrel inside would escape -if I thought his money would buy him off-I'd be the man to lead you to batter down those doors and hang him on the nearest tree, and you know it." There were cheers at this. "But he won't escape. His money can't buy him off. He will be hanged by the law. Don't think it's mercy I'm preaching; it's vengeance!" Bowen shook his clinched fist at the jail. "That wretch there has been in hell ever since he heard your shouts. He'll be in hell, for he's a dastard, until the time his trembling legs carry him to the scaffold. I want him to stay in this hell till he drops through into the other, if there is one. I want him to suffer some of the misery he has caused. Lynching is over in a moment. I want that murderer to die by the slow, merciless cruelty of the

Even the worst in the crowd shuddered as they heard these words and realized as they looked at Bowen's face, almost inhuman in its rage, that his thirst for revenge made their own seem almost innocent. The speech broke up the crowd. The man with the rope threw it over into the jail yard, shouting to the sheriff, "Take care of it, old man; you'll need it."

And so it came about, just as Bowen knew it would, that all the money and influence of the Prior family could not help the murderer, and he was sentenced to be hanged on Sept 1, at 6 a. m.

And thus public opinion was satisfied. But the moment the sentence was announced and the fate of the young man settled a curious change began to be noticed in public opinion. It seemed to have veered round. There was much sympathy for the family, of course, Then there came to be much sympathy for the criminal himself. People quoted the phrase about the worst use a man can be put to. Latlies sent flowers to the condemned man's cell. After all, hanging him, poor fellow, would not bring Miss Johnson back to life. However, few spoke of Miss Johnson; she was forgotten by all but one man, who ground his teeth when he realized the instabili-

ty of public opinion. Petitions were got up, headed by the local clergy. Women begged for signatures and got them. Every man and woman signed them-all except one, and even he was urged to sign by a tearful lady, who asked him to remember that vengeance was the Lord's.

"But the Lord has his instruments," said Bowen grimly, "and I swear to you, madam, that if you succeed in getting that murderer reprieved I will be the instrument of the Lord's venge-

"Oh, don't say that," pleaded the la-"Your signature would have such an effect. You were noble once and sayed him from lynching, be noble again

and save him from the gallows." "I shall certainly not sign. It is, if you will pardon me, an insult to ask me. If you reprieve him, you will make a murderer of me, for I will kill him when he comes out, if it is 20 years from now. You talk of lynching. It is such work as you are doing that makes lynching possible. The people seem all with you now, more shame to them, but the next murder that is committed will be followed by a lynching just be-

Mrs. Cora Cummings of No. 74 E. Yates St. Haada, N.Y., writes: "I took your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when I was run down and through the warm weather. It worked like a charm on my system and I am a good deal heavier in desh now.

It is the best medicine in the world for 'female troubles,' for I took almost all kinds of Patent Medicines, and doctors' prescriptions without benefit. There is hardly a day passes but that I recommend it to some of my lady friends."

Gaar-PIERCE Guar CURE cause you are successful today. The lady left Bowen with a sigh, depressed because of the depravity of hu-

write," answered Bowen without looking up from his instrument. right to be. 'Thanks. Grim business, isn't it?" The Prior family was a rich and in

"It is." fluential one. The person who is alive "I thought the governor would cave. has many to help; the one in the grave Didn't von?" has few to cry for justice. Petitions "I didn't know." calling for mercy poured in on the gov-"He's a shrewd old villain. He'd ernor from all parts of the state. The have lost next election if he'd reprieved good man, whose eye was entirely on this man. People don't want to see his own re-election, did not know what lynching introduced, and a weak kneed to do. If any one could have shown him governor is Judge Lynch's friend. Well,

mathematically that this action or the

other would gain of lose him exactly so

was a sufficient punishment for a young

Up to the 20th of September the gov-

ernor made no sign. When Bowen went

to his duties on the night of the 20th, he

"Has any reprieve arrived yet?" ask-

ed Bowen. The sheriff shook his head

sadly. He had never yet hanged a man

"No," said the sheriff, "and from

what I heard this afternoon none is like-

ly to arrive. The governor has made up

his mind at last that the law must take

After 9 o'clock messages almost ceas-

ed coming in, and Bowen sat reading

the evening paper. Suddenly there came

a call for the office, and the operator an-

swered. As the message came over the

wire Rowen wrote it down mechanical-

ly from the clicking instrument, not un-

derstanding its purpose, but when he

read it he jumped to his feet, with an

oath. He looked wildly around the

room, then realized, with a sigh of re-

lief, that he was alone, except for the

messenger boy who sat dozing in a cor-

ner, with his cap over his eyes. He

took up the paper again and read it with

Sheriff of Brenting County, Brentingville: Do not proceed further with execution of

you understand this message.

Jour Day, Governor.

Bowen walked up and down the room

with knitted brow. He was in no doubt

as to what he would do, but he wanted

to think over it. The telegraph instru-

ment called to him, and he turned to it,

giving the answering click. The mes-

sage was to himself from the operator

to forward the sheriff's telegram with-

out delay and report to the office at the

capital-a man's life depended on it,

the message concluded. Bowen answer-

Sheriff of Brenting County, Brentingville;

crime he should hesitate and pay enough

deference to the proprieties as to feel at

least a temporary regret, even if he goes

on with his crime afterward. Bowen's

thoughts were upon the dead girl, not

on the living man. He roused the doz-

"Here," he said, "take this to the

jail and find the sheriff. If he is not

there, go to his residence. If he is

asleep, wake him up. Tell him this

wants an answer. Give him a blank,

and when he has filled it up bring it to

me. Give the message to no one else,

The boy said "Yes, sir" and departed

into the night. He returned so quickly

that Bowen knew without asking that

he had found the sleepless sheriff at the

jail. The message to the governor, writ-

ten in a trembling hand by the sheriff,

I understand that the execution is to take

place. If you should change your mind, for God's sake telegraph as soon as possible. I

shall delay execution until last moment al-

Bowen did not send that message, but

another. He laughed and then checked

himself in alarm, for his laugh sounded

strange. "I wonder if I am quite sane,"

The night wore slowly on. A man

representing a press association came in

after 12 and sent a long dispatch.

Bowen telegraphed it, taking the chances

that the receiver would not communi-

cate with the sender of the reprieve at

the capital. He knew how mechanically

news of the greatest importance was

taken off the wire by men who have au-

tomatically been doing that for years.

Anyhow all the copper and zinc in the

world could not get a message into

Brentingville except through him until

the day operator came on, and then it

The newspaper man, lingering, asked

if there would be only one telegrapher

"I shall have a lot of stuff to send

over, and I want it rushed. Some of the

papers may get our specials. I would

have brought an operator with me, but

we thought there was going to be a re-

prieve, although the sheriff didn't seem

"The day operator will be here at 6,

will return as soon as I've had a cup

of coffee, and we'll handle all you can

CAST OUT,

the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses peculiar to women—by the prompt action of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic, and a strengthening nervine. It brings relief for sleeplessness, buckache and bearing-down sensations.

OR MONEY RETURNED.

would be too late.

on hand after the execution.

to think so," he added.

he said to himself. "I doubt it."

ing telegraph messenger.

be immediately sent.

"I'm glad of that," said Bowen.

let the young man go.

and did not wish to begin.

"Well, I'm not."

met the sheriff.

its course. "

dicted.

"Good night," said Bowen. many votes, his course would have been Daylight gradually dimmed the lamps clear, but his own advisers were uncerin the telegraph room, and Bowen starttain about the matter. A mistake in a ed and caught his breath as the church little thing like this might easily lose bell began to toll. him the election. Sometimes it was ru-It was 10 minutes after 6 when Bow

good night. See you in the morning.'

mored that the governor was going to en's partner, the day man, came in. commute the sentence to imprisonment "Well, they've hanged him," he said. for life. Then the rumor was contra-Bowen was fumbling among some papers on his table. He folded two of People claimed, apparently with justhem and put them in his inside pocket. tice, that surely imprisonment for life

"There will be a newspaper man here man, but every one knew in his own in a few moments with a good deal of heart that the commutation was only copy to telegraph. Rush it off as fast as the beginning of the fight, and that a fuyou can, and I'll be back to help before ture governor would have sufficient pressure brought to bear upon him to you are tired."

Then he spoke:

As Bowen walked toward the jail he met the scattered group of those who had been privileged to see the execution. They were discussing capital punishment, and some were yawning, complaining about the unearthly hour chosen for the function they had just beheld. Between the outside gate and the jail door Eowen met the sheriff, who was looking ghastly and sallow in the fresh morning light.

"I have come to give myself up." said Bowen before the official could greet him

"To give yourself up? What for?"

"For murder, I suppose." "This is no time for joking, young man," said the sheriff severely. "Do I look like a humorist? Read

First incredulity, then horror, overspread the haggard face of the sheriff as he read and reread the dispatch. He staggered back against the wall, putting up his arm to keep himself from

"Bowen," he gasped. "Do you-do you mean to-to tell me-that this message came for me last night?" "I do."

"And you-you suppressed it?" "I did and sent you a false one." "And I have hanged a reprieved

"You have hanged a murderer-yes." "My God! My God!" cried the sheriff. He turned his face on his arm against the wall and wept. His nerves were gone. He had been up all night and had never hanged a man before.

Bowen stood there until the spasm was over. The sheriff turned indignantly to him, trying to hide the feeling of shame he felt at giving away, in anger at the witness of it.

at the capital, and it told him he was 'And you come to me, you villain, because I said I would help you if you ever got into a tight place?" "D-n your tight place!" cried the

young man. "I come to you to give myed that the telegram to the sheriff would self up. I stand by what I do. I don't squeal. There will be no petitions got Taking another telegraph blank, he up for me. What are you going to do

"I don't know, Bowen; I don't know," Proceed with execution of Prior. No reprieve will be sent. Reply if you understand this message. John Day, Governor. faltered the official, on the point of breaking down. He did not wish to It is a pity it cannot be written that have to hang another man and a friend Bowen felt some compunction at what at that. "I'll have to see the governor. he was doing. We like to think that I'll leave by the first train. I don't supwhen a man deliberately commits a pose you'll try to escape?"

"I'll be here when you want me." So Bowen went back to help the day operator, and the sheriff left by the first train for the capital.

Now a strange thing happened. For the first time within human recollection, the newspapers were unanimous in commending the conduct of the head of the state, the organs of the governor's own party lavishly praising him, the opposition sheets grudgingly admitting that he had more backbone than they had given him credit for. Public opinton, like the cat of the simile, had

jumped, and that unmistakably. "In the name of all that's wonderful sheriff," said the bewildered governor, 'who signed all those petitions? If the papers wanted the man hanged, why in the fiend's name did they not say so before and save me all this worry? Now, how many know of this suppressed dispatch?"

"Well there's you and your subordinates here and"

"We'll say nothing about it." "And then there is me and Bowen in Brentingville. That's all."

"Well, Bowen will keep quiet for his

own sake, and you won't mention it?" "Certainly not."

"Then let's all keep quiet. The thing's safe if some of those newspaper

fellows don't get after it. It's not on record in the books, and I'll burn all the documents."

And thus it was. Public opinion was once more vindicated. The governor was triumphantly re-elected as a man with some stamina about him.—Robert with some stamina about him. -Robert

Recipe Never Falls. Husband (at railway station)-Good-

by. Now, are you sure you have everything? Wife-Y-e-s, I believe so. Mercy, I

forgot the molasses candy! Run and get some for baby, quick! "Won't he keep quiet without molasses candy?"

"Of course, but I want to make sure of having a seat to myself."-Good

An Athletic Reform.

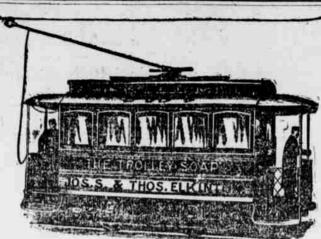
Winks-There is likely to be a change in college athletics next year. Exercises which kill will no longer be tolerated. Jinks-What will be substituted? Winks-Exercises which only half kill, of course. - New York Weekly.

Remedy For Corns.

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that linseed oil is a sure remedy for both hard and soft corns. If they are indurated and very painful, the relief it gives in a short time is most grateful. Bind on a piece of soft rag saturated with the linseed oil and continue to dampen it with the oil every night and morning until the corn can be removed easily and without pain.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs.Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over lifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gams, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the test remedy for diarrhosa. Sold by druggists in every jart of the world. He sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!



No. 227 Chestnut Street, Philad'a

PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT AND POTASSIUM

Makes Marvelous Cures in Blood Poison Rheumatism

and Scrofula P. P. purifies the blood, builds up the weak and debilitated, gives atrength to weakened nerves, expels diseases, giving the patient health and happiness where sickness, gloomy feelings and lassitude first prevailed. For primary, secondary and tertiary syphilis, for blood poisoning, mercurial toison, maisria, dyspepsia, and in all blood and sich diseases, like blotches, pimples, old chronic olcers, tetter, scaid head, boils, eryspelas, eccema- we may say, without fear of contradiction, that P. P. P. is the best blood purifier in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cores in all cases.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condi-tion, due to meastrui 'fregularities, are psculiarly benefited by the won-derful tonic and blood cleansing prop-erties of P. P. P. - Prickly Ash, Poke Boot and Potassium.

Springfield, Mo., Aug. 14th, 1863.

—I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was affected with heart disease, plenrisy and rheumatism for 35 years, was treated by the very best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, tried every known remedy without finding felief. I have only taken one bottle of your P. P. P., and can cheerfully say it has done me more good than anything I have over taken. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases.

MRS. M. M. YEARY.

Sprigfield, Green County, Mo.

N. A. HULBERT'S

- WYOMING AVE. SCHANTON

BTEINWAY & SON DECKER BROTHERS

WRANICH & BACK TULZZ & BAUER

Music Store,

PIANOS

ORCANS

MUSICAL MERCHANDISK, MUSIC, ETC. ETC.

SPRING

HEART LAKE, Susquehanna Co.

FREE TO GUESTS.

day.

Excursion tickets sold at all stations on D.

Porter meets all trains.

AND

IS AN IMPROVEMENT IN SOAP. FLOUR Pimples, Blotches

> and Old Sores Catarrh, Malaria and Kidney Troubles

Are entirely removed by P.P.P. -Prickly Ash. Poke Root and Potas-sium, the greatest blood purifier on

earth.

Areadeen, O., July 21, 1891.

Messes, Lippman Bros., Savanush,
Ga.: Dran Sies-1 bought a bottle of
your P.P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and
it has done me more goed than three
months' treatment at the Hot Springs.

Read three bottles C. O. D.

Bespectfully yours,
JAS. M. NEWYON,
Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

Capt. J. D. Johnston.

Capt. J. D. Johnston.

To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties
of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I
suffered for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on
my face. I tried every known remedy but in vain, midt P. P. P. was used,
and am now entirely cured.

(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON,
Savannah, Ga.

Nkin Cancer Cured.

Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin, Tex. Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin. Tex.

SEQUIN. TEX., January 14, 1803.

MESSES. LIPPMAN BROS., SAVANDAN,
GA.: Gentlemen-I have tried your P.
P. for a disease of the skin, usually
known as skin cancer. of thirty years'
standing, and found great relief: it
purifies the blood and removes all freitation from the sext of the disease
and prevents any sureading of the
sores. I have taken five or six bottles
and feel confident that spother coarse
will effect a cure. It has also relieved
me from indigestion and stomach
troubles. Yours truly.

CAPT. W. M. RUST,
Attorney at Law. 9999

Book on Blood Disenses Molled Free.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. LIPPMAN BROS. PROPRIETORS, Lippman's Block Savannah, Ga



Dr. E. Grewer

he Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians, are now permanently located at 311 SPRUCE ST., SCRANTON. The doctor is a graduate of the University of

Perusylvanis, formerly demonstrator of physi-ology and surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. A specialty of Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases. DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

The symptoms of which are dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and woman, ball rising in the throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily startfed when suddenly spoken to, and dult, distressed mind, which unfits them for performing the actual duties of life, making happiness impossible; distressing the action of the heart, causing flush of heat, depression of sparits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, melancholy, tire easy of company, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring lack of energy, nervousness, trembling. ing, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thought, depression, constitution, weakness of the limbs, etc. These so affected should consult us immediately and be restored to perfect health.

HOUSE LOST MANHOOD RESTORED. Weakness of Young Men Cured. E. CROFUT......Proprietor. If you have been given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined. He cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility. Scrofula, Old Sores, Catarrh Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eyo, Ear, Ness and Throat, Asthma, Deafness, Tumors, Cancers and Cripples of every description.

Consultations free and strictly sacred and confidential. Office hours daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sunday 9 to 2. GOOD BOATS, FISHING TACKLE, &c.,

Altitude about 2,000 feet, equalling in this respect the Adirondack and Catakill Mountains MT. PLEASANT tine groves, plenty of shale and beautiful rine groves, pienty of shate and leantiful seenery, making a Summer Resort unex-selled in beauty and cheapness. Dancing pavilion, swing, croquet ground, &c. Cold Spring Water and plenty of Mik Eates, \$7 to \$10 per week. \$1.50 per day.

Coal of the best quality for domestic use and of all sizes, delivered in any part of the cit; at lowest price. Orders left at my office,

NO. 118, WYOMING AVENUE. Rear room, first floor, Third National Bank, or sent by mail or telephone to the mine, will receive prompt attention. Special contracts will be made for the sale and delivery of Buckwheat Coal.

WM. T. SMITH.

Maloney Oil and Manufacturing Company

Have removed their office to their Warerooms,

NUMBERS 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151 MERIDIAN ST.

TELEPHONE NUMBER, 8682

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE DEALER'S
\$12 AND AGENT'S PROFITS.
\$12 AND AGENT'S PROFITS.
\$12 AND AGENT'S PROFITS.
\$13 AND AGENT'S PROFITS.
\$14 AND AGENT'S PROFITS.
\$15 AND AGENT'S P



From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.- Fhe first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co. in the great Washburn Flour Mills. Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use.

MEGARGEL & CONNELL

GOLD MEDAL

The above brands of flour can be had at any of the following merchants, who will accept THE TRIBUNE FLOUR COUPON of 25 on each one hundred pounds of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour,

of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour.

Seranton—F. P. Prica, Washington avenue I Gold Medal Brand. Dunmore—F. P. Prica Gold Medal Brand. Dunmore—F. P. Prica Gold Medal Brand. Dunmore—F. D. Manley, Superlative Brand. Byde Park—Carson & Davis, Washburn St. Gold Medal Brand, J. Seph A. Mears Main avenue, Superlative Brand. Green Hüge—A. L.Spencer, Gold Medal Brand. J. T. McHale, Superlative.

Frovidence—Fennar & Chappell N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand. Glyphant—James Jordan. Superlative Brand. Glyphant—James Jordan. Superlative. Jermyn—C. D. Winters & Co. Superlative. Jermyn—C. D. Winters & Co. Superlative. Archbald—Jones, Superlative. Gold Medal Brand. Carbondale—B. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand. Ronesdale—I N. Foster & Co. Gold Medal. Minocka—M. H. Lavelle

Taylor-Judge & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative.

Buryca-Lawrence Store Co., Gold Medal.

Moosic-John McCrindle, Gold Medal.

Pittaton M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal.

Littaton M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal.

Clark's Green-Frace & Parker, Superlative.

Clark's Green-Frace & Parker, Sold Medal.

Factoryville-Charles Gardner, Gold Medal.

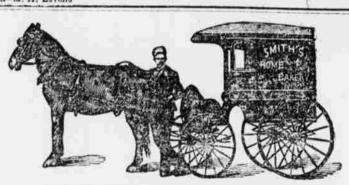
Tobylanna-Tabylanna & Lebigh Lumber

Co. Gold Medal Brand.

Gouldsboro-S & A Adams. Gold Medal.

Porest City-J L. Morgan & Co., Gold Medal.

Porest City-J L. Morgan & Co., Gold Medal.



LOUIS B. SMITH Dealer in Choice Confections and BREAD AND CAKES A SPECIALTY.

FINEST ICE CREAM PARLORS OPEN FROM 7 A.M. TO 11 P.M. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SUPPLYING FAMILIES WITH ICE CREAM.

1437 Capouse Avenue.

IRONandSTEEL

TOE CALK

TIRE

NORWAY IRON BLACK DIAMOND SILVER EXTRA SPECIAL SANDERSON'S ENGLISH JESSOP'S ENGLISH CAST STEEL

MACHINERY SPRING HORSE SHOES WILEY & RUSSELL AND WELLS BROS SCREW CUTTING MACHINERY.

SOFT STEEL ANVILS B. LLOWS EORSE NAILS

AXLES SPRINGS HUBS SPOKES RIMS STEEL SKEINS R. R. SPIKES

WAGON WHEELS

Bittenbender & Co., Scranton,

DID YOU KNOW?

That we will GIVE you beautiful new patterns of Sterling SILVER SPOONS and FORKS for an equal weight, ounce for ounce. of your silver dollars. All elegantly engraved free. A large variety of new patterns to select from at

Mercereau & Connell

307 LACKAWANNA AVENUE

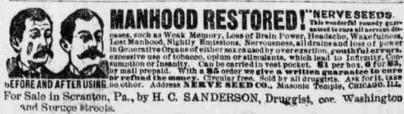
"No star was ever lost we once have seen, We always may be what we might have been,"

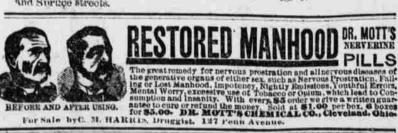
A HAPPY PATRON OF

THE RIGHARDS LUMBER CO.

Scranton, Pa.

22 and 23 Commonwealth Building. TRY US.









For sale by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, cor. Wyoming Avenue and Spyuce Street, Scranton, Pa.

OXFORD MFG. CO.

DEXTER SHOR CO., Inc'p. Capital, \$1,000,000.
BEST \$1.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD.
"A deliar saved is a deliar earned."
This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free any where in the U.S., on receipt of Cash. Money Order, or Postal Note for \$1.50.
Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for \$2.00. We make this boot ourselves, therefore we guaranted in the same of the control of the co DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.

> Lost Manhood and restor alrophy, etc., surely cured by INDAPO, the great Hindoo Remedy. With selfengearastes to care, Sold by MATTHEWS BROS., Droggists, Scranton, Pa.

A Handsome Complexion Is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess Potnoni's Complexion Powden