END OF OLD WAR SHIPS.

THE VESSELS OF THE CIVIL WAR FAST DISAPPEARING.

What Becomes of the Boats That Fight No More—New Cruisers Taking the Place of the Wooden Ones—Changes in Recent Years—Some Famous Hulks.

Of the nearly 700 steam vessels which were recorded upon the navy register in 1865, at the close of the civil war, there now remain only the Lancaster, Pensacola, Hartford, Richmond, Kearsarge, Iroquois, Wabash, Minnesota, Franklin, Yantic, Monocacy, Michigan, Palos and Pinta, besides the thirteen single turreted monitors. This entire fleet carries fewer guns than were carried by three of the original ships of the navy—the Constitution, the Constellation and the United States—in the war of 1812.

Four of the obsolete war ships, old timers that were familiar to the navy yard hospital nurses, and which had been condemned by the government, lost their opportunity of ever again having their wounds healed at the navy yard, and were sold to the highest bidder for old junk. And so one after another of the old cripples is disappearing, and in a few more years the new cruisers, commerce destroyers, batale ships, ironclads and torpedo boats will have displaced them all.

It is likely that whoever visits Cow bay, a picturesque arm of Long Island sound, will have his curiosity excited by a picture that will suggest to him a marine junk shop. It is a place where the business of breaking up old ships is carried on. It is the place where the last scene of the eventful histories of very many of the war vessels has been enacted, and where the old Brooklyn and the Quinnebaug will have their weary and rotten bones laid away to rest. That is, they will be torn or blown to pieces.

BIG PRICES FOR RULKS.

All that can be taken apart with the crowbar and the ax and saw will be taken out intact, and then dynamite will be brought into play to complete the ruin. The timbers and planks that can be got out whole will be sold to the farmers and contractors for building barns and bridges; and there is many a bridge along the drives on Long Island upon the timbers of which may still be seen the names of seamen and landsmen, cut in by those who fought and died in battle on the Guerriere, the Roanoke, the Shamrock, the Powhatan and others of the war vessels.

Aside from these few timbers, the iron, copper and other metals are the only real valuable things in the ship. The copper, of course, is most in demand, and always brings a good price.

Finally, when everything is taken out that is of any value, and when all the timber is taken out that will pay for the labor, whether for building or firewood, the rest of the hull is set on fire and burned. The sight of one of these burning vessels at night is really a brilliant one. The verdigris and other combustible matter in the timber give off rich lights of the most brilliant tints, and some of the superstitious sightseers have vowed that oftentimes the ghosts of dead mariners have been seen walking the sands and digging in them for their stolen kits.

It has often been a matter of wonder to those who know nothing about the value of old junk as to where the buyers of these old vessels make a profit? For instance, the old Quinnebaug was bought for about $16,000, and the buyer no doubt made a pretty fair profit upon his speculation.

AUTHOR OF A FAMOUS REMARK.

Upon some of these old hulks there is often saved out some particular part of the vessel that is looked upon as valuable for a relic. One of the greatest treasures of the odds and ends from these old ships is the steering wheel of the old Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," as she was called. The old sailing ship Cyane, which was one of the vessels she captured in 1815, and which did service for many years afterward in the Pacific, was sold a few years ago and broken up.

Few vessels of the old navy saw more active service during the civil war than the antiquated side wheel steamer Powhatan. Before then, in 1857, she formed part of the squadron which went to Japan under Commodore Perry. It was on this cruise that the famous expression, "Blood is thicker than water," originated. The expression has been credited to others since that date, and to an officer of the navy who died in this city recently. In fact Commodore Tattnall was the originator of it.

He was in command of the Powhatan during the troubles between the English and the Chinese on the Pi river, when he was obliged to remain neutral while the Chinese forts were shelling the French and English gunboats. One of the English gunboats was sunk by a shot from the fort, and turning to some of the officers alongside of him he said, "Blood is thicker than water," and ordered the boats lowered and sent them to rescue the drowning officers and crew of the British gunboat.

The Powhatan once chased the privateer Sumter from off the mouth of the Mississippi to Maranhao, Brazil, and missed capturing her by the giving out of the Powhatan's coal when she could not obtain a new supply. The Powhatan has disappeared, except a small portion of her hulk and a mass of old material which lies piled up on the shore at Cow bay.—New York Tribune.

Daniel Webster's Versatility.

When, in conversation with a graduate of the University of Cambridge—the rector of an English church in Worcester, whom we met in Paris—we made some allusion to Sir Thomas Browne's writings, he petrified us with the query:

"Sir Thomas Browne! Who is he?"

But marvelous as is this self exposure it is altogether eclipsed by an observation made by an English nobleman to our late minister to the court of St. James, Mr. Phelps.

"Is it not very remarkable," said the nobleman, "that Mr. Webster, who was a great American statesman and orator, should have compiled a leading dictionary of the English language, and also have been hanged for murder?"—Boston Traveler.

Asking for a Letter Every Day.

"There is a little old woman," said the man at the general delivery window of the postoffice, "who comes every day to ask if there is a letter for her. She never gets one. She comes up and looks through the window in a frightened way. Then she asks nervously

"'Is there a letter for me?'

"I know her name, you know, from hearing her pronounce it so often.

"'Nothing today,' I answer kindly, for I feel sorry for her. She walks off and stands in a meditative way. Coming back she says

"'You are quite sure there is nothing?'

"'Quite sure.'

"'It's Browne, you know, with an e—B-r-o-w-n-e.'

"'Yes, I know.'

"'And Mary Stevens Browne, with an e?'

"'Yes.'

"'I thought you might have forgotten it.'

"'Oh, no. I remember your name very well.'

"'Well, if you are sure there is nothing, I guess I will go. Good day.'

"The day I asked her where the expected letter was coming from, she looked at me with startled eyes.

"'I don't know,' she said simply. 'I'm sure I don't know, but you see if a letter should come for me from anywhere I should want to get it right away. I wouldn't like to find that there had been a letter here for me and that I did not receive it.'

"'Then you aren't really expecting a letter?'

"'Oh, yes I am. That's what the postoffice is for. I don't know who would write me a letter, but I suppose I shall get one some day.'

"She keeps on coming. Sometimes I feel like writing her a letter to see if it would please her, but I am afraid that she might be disappointed to find that it was only from the office."—New York Tribune.

Why the Pickpockets Have Left Paris.

One of the curious consequences of the infallibility of the anthropometric system of identification is the almost complete disappearance of international pickpockets from Paris. Eight years ago 100 of them were arrested there yearly; by 1887 the number had fallen to thirty-four, it did not exceed a dozen during the year 1890. Being satisfied that it has become impossible for them to hide their antecedents in case of arrest, and fearing also the increase of punishment inflicted on habitual criminals and on those who have disobeyed a decree of expulsion, they prefer now to remain, of their own accord, in foreign capitals.

"We have our choice," they say; "we are not bound to our native soil by ignorance of foreign languages. If we hesitate between two fields of labor—the one at Paris during the exposition, the other at London during a regatta, the difference of punishment in case of accident will suffice to turn us from your capital, pray excuse us!" These remarks, which were made in 1887 by the leader of a gang, have been repeated several times.

After a little incredulity on the part of some of the police authorities, the fact of the disappearance of pickpockets and the truth of the explanation that I give of it, have been confirmed officially, notably by M. Goron, the present chief of the service de la sureté at Paris.—M. Alphonse Bertillon in Forum.

The Booking Clerk in England.

"The booking clerk is late again," is a remark often heard when the first train in the morning is due out and no one appears to book it. The passengers begin to lose patience, but at the last minute the clerk is seen rushing to the office door, and in a few seconds the window is up, and the click of the stamping press is heard going at lightning speed. It is surprising how many people can be booked in a minute if they will but ask plainly for their ticket and tender the right fare. The clerk knows this, and gauges his time so nicely that a minute or two is all he allows himself to send his customers on their way, not rejoicing, but grumbling at his delay in turning up.

He has no time for morning ablutions, and generally looks very seedy, and gets the discredit at once of being a dissipated creature. Old women are apt to lecture him if he is a young man, but they get a Roland for their Oliver, for the juvenile booking clerk is not without impudence, and does not fear to indulge in it during the early hours of morning when no officials are about. After the first train has gone, and should there be a long interval before another is due, he will conclude his night's rest on the counter or table, and will condescend about 7 a. m. to perform his morning toilet.—Chambers' Journal.

Barnum's Way of Getting an "Ad."

One morning the newspapers announced that grave fears were entertained for the safety of an agent of Barnum's big show, who had gone to Africa to seek attractions for it in their native lairs. News had come, it was said, that he had last been heard from in a predicament from which escape was practically impossible. It was a very sad piece of business altogether.

Mr Barnum was at a hotel in this city at the time, and there a relative of the unfortunate agent found him entertaining a squad of reporters with a most interesting version of the African tragedy. The caller knew his man and waited patiently until the interviewers had departed. Then he anxiously asked for news.

"Oh, don't be worried," said the showman. "I've just got intelligence that he's safe and sound and will be back here in a few weeks."

"But he has a great many friends here," objected the visitor, "and this report of his death will cause them much sorrow."

Mr Barnum looked solemn for an instant, and then he chuckled. "Well," he exclaimed cheerfully, "just think of this. They'll be all the happier when he gets back here alive."—New York Times.

Money and Postal Orders.

The money orders issued by the postoffice had their origin in a private speculation by three postoffice officials, who began the system in 1792. At that time, however, no order could be issued for more than five guineas, and the charge for sending that amount was 4s. 6d. The system was taken over by the postoffice in 1838, and the five guineas for which 4s. 6d. was charged in 1792 can now be sent for fivepence.

Postal orders are but a decade old. Their issue was begun in 1881, and since then their popularity has increased year by year, so much so, indeed, that in business circles postal orders now frequently pass through many hands as a medium of exchange before being presented for conversion into cash at the postoffice counter.—Chambers' Journal.

Not Used to Elephants.

A few days ago a menagerie was to exhibit at Versailles, Ind. The cages were taken from the cars at Osgood, and they attracted the usual amount of attention during their overland passage to the exhibition grounds. At one country house a comely young woman was gazing with open mouthed astonishment and wonder at the "varmints." As the elephant, with his dangling trunk, shambled past her her amazement knew no bounds, and she frantically shouted to the keeper, "Say, mister, are you goin' to back 'im all the way to Varsailles?"—Chicago Times.

In No Hurry.

Mr. Testy (meaningly)—I don't want to interrupt your—er—conversation with my daughter, but the—er—last car goes by at 12.

Mr. Staylate (with composure)—Thanks, many thanks, but there's a big ball up town, and a conductor told me the cars would begin running again at 2.—New York Weekly.

How She Helped Him On.

Cholly (seeing his chance)—Edith—I embrace this opportunity of—of—of——

Edith (artlessly)—Only the opportunity, Cholly?—American Grocer.

THE BROWN BARRED GATE.

As I passed out the brown barred gate,
I saw a shadow steal by me;
His garment clung as heavy weight,
His head was hid, and but to be
Within his creeping footfall's way
Made unsought nervous horrors play
Upon my keen nerved mind. I say
I hated him, yet bade him stay
As I passed out the brown barred gate.

As I passed out the brown barred gate,
I held a sweet girl in my heart.
I said, "This stranger comes to part
My Love and me." Well! 'twas but Fate!
"Your name?" I shrieked, as madmen do;
Slowly he looked me through and through.
From off his face the mask he drew.
He said, "Your conscience, I am you."
As I passed out the brown barred gate.

As I passed out the brown barred gate,
Into a brotherhood I went
Where men give all. It was too late,
For woman's love my life was spent.
Yet still through prayers I daily see
A shape—that guards a gate—and He
Latches it, 'twixt the world and me,
And from him pinioned angels flee—
A prayer desk is that brown barred gate.
—Elizabeth Beall Ginty in Once a Week.

LIFE IN THE STARS.

Mr. Allen, a Texas Liar, Conclusively Proves They Are Inhabited.

"You may talk about your discoveries," said a bustling little old gentleman with a bald head and bushy gray whiskers in the Auditorium hotel, "but one which I made down on my ranch in Texas two weeks ago lays them all out, and will rank as the most important made in centuries.

"Allen is my name—John Allen, of San Antonio, Tex. I have lived there for the past ten years, and am proud of it. In my leisure hours I study astronomy. Great study, astronomy. Many a night have I spent lying on my back looking at the stars, and wondering if they, like our earth, were peopled by human beings such as we. Since first recorded time the question has been asked, and in all the books that I have read upon the subject nothing nearer the truth than speculation is to be found. Many claim that the stars are peopled, and seek to support their claims by cogent reasonings. Others, however, by arguments equally as powerful, take the negative side of the theory.

"I am proud to say, sir, that I have always believed the stars to be inhabited, and more than proud to say that I am able to prove it. Don't smile till you hear the story of my discovery, which, let me say, has never yet been told.

"You know that March was a notable month, astronomically speaking, because of the unusual number of meteors that pierced the sky. Had it been November or August it would have excited no comment, for in those months the earth usually passes through a meteoric belt. Meteors fell in many places, my ranch being one of them.

"The one that fell on my place was about two feet in diameter. The outside was crushed by fire, but microscopic examination of the interior showed it to be composed of lava and coral. Upon learning this I was about to lay the relic aside when curiosity prompted me to break it again. I did so, and lo! in it I found a petrified fish of the perch tribe, which proves that the planet where the meteor came from was inhabitable"——

"But not necessary that it was inhabited," broke in a bystander.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Allen. "One moment. When I had recovered from my astonishment I looked at the fish closely and found sticking in its mouth a fish hook."

With which observation Mr. Allen looked at the gentlemen who had interrupted him, and adding that when he next returned to Chicago he should bring his discovery with him to be exhibited at the World's fair, doffed his slouch hat and withdrew.—Chicago Post.

Taxidermy a Decaying Art.

"There isn't the money in taxidermy that there used to be," said a well known taxidermist. "I don't think there are more than two taxidermists in New York today who make a living without having some other iron in the fire. Fifteen years ago there was money in the business. We used to get ten dollars a piece for stuffing pet cats and dogs, and we could run off two and three a day. There isn't any call today for that sort of thing. Our principal sales now are stuffed doves for funeral purposes. We sell about 7,000 a year. In the lower part of the city they bring $1.25 or $1.50 a piece, and uptown three dollars a piece. A dove, you know, is really no larger than a robin, and these so called doves are in fact pigeons. Genuine doves would be worth ten dollars a pair.

"Most of these pigeons are bred by fanciers on the outskirts of Baltimore and marketed in New York. We were the first to introduce pigeons in New York to be used for funeral purposes. That was in 1875, and at the start he got $3.50 for each one. We used to turn out $500 a week. There are so many now in the business, however, that the price has been cut down one-half.

"Nearly every taxidermist does his own shooting. He usually takes a run out to Long Island in the season, and shoots snipe and any other game he comes across. Sometimes he can sell a case of stuffed birds to a private family at a good figure, but unless he has some big business house to work for he will have a hard time in making both ends meet."—New York Telegram.

Shoeing a Horse.

The following instructions to smiths who shoe cavalry horses have been issued from the department of war: "In preparing the horse's foot for the shoe do not touch with the knife the frog sole or bars. In removing the surplus growth of that part of the foot which is the seat of the shoe use the cutting pincers and rasp, and not the knife. The shoeing knife may be used if necessary in using the top clip. Opening the heels or making a cut in the angle of the wall at the heel must not be allowed. The rasp may be used upon the part of the foot when necessary. No cutting with the knife is permitted—the rasp alone is necessary. Flat footed horses should be treated as the necessity of each case may require.

"In forging the shoe to fit the foot be careful that the shoe is fitted to and follows the circumference of the foot clear round to the heels. The heels of the shoe should not be extended back straight and outside of the walls at the heels of the horse's foot, as is frequently done. Care must be used that the shoe is not fitted too small, the outside surface of the wall being then rasped down to make the foot short to suit the shoe, as often happens. The hot shoe must not be applied to the horse's foot under any circumstances. Make the upper of foot surface of the shoe perfectly flat, so as to give a level bearing. A shoe with a concave ground surface should be used."

The First English Bible.

The first complete Bible printed in English was issued in 1535 without any publisher's name. It was the work of Miles Coverdale, who incorporated, with revisions, Tyndale's books of the New Testament, of the Pentateuch and of Jonah, and for the rest translated from German and Latin versions. It was thus only partly original, and in that part just a translation of a translation. No perfect copy of this Bible is known to exist. A copy sold a few years ago in London for £120 had the title, the first few leaves and a map in facsimile.—Chambers' Journal.

Good Men Not Needed.

Stranger—I should think such an enterprising, public spirited citizen as Mr. Goodman would be nominated for some important office in this community.

Politician—He'd run well, but we don't need him.

"Don't need him?"

"No. We're always sure of a big majority, anyhow."—New York Weekly.

Many Roman matrons possessed earrings of a costly and gorgeous description, the settings being worth thousands of dollars. One of the most fashionable patterns affected by those of rank and wealth were modeled in the form of an asp, with a golden body shaded with gems of the first water.

How Ribbons Are Used.

Shoulder knots of ribbon are sometimes three erect loops attached to braces. Others, again, are a flat bow lying along each shoulder seam, and still others are of wide ribbon, with a loop drooping over the back and one over the front. Shoulder straps are set on yokes at the armhole, and end in a chou in front and back. Choux of satin thrust in lace ruffles on the corsage are very effective. Ribbon belts lie over the skirt belt in folds not very wide, and end in three or four projecting loops that meet in the back. Collar bands of ribbon have a front bow held by a single curving buckle or by two very small ones, a loop extending beyond each buckle. A bow at the back finishes ribbon collars stylishly. A bracelet of ribbon is tied about the elbow where the balloon puff ends. An effective trimming on the skirt is a curve of ribbon outlining a short apron and tied at intervals in showy lengthwise bows. An example of this is black velvet ribbon on a yellow taffeta skirt, and another is pink moire ribbon on a skirt of white organdie, says Harper's Bazar.

WANDERING BOTTLES ON THE SEA.

Experiments Which Have Proved a Deal About Ocean Currents.

Of all the wonders that those who go down to the sea in ships are brought in contact with, none is so unfathomable or incomprehensible as those mighty rivers that flow through the ocean and are known as streams where they are well defined, and as currents where they are not. The United States Hydrographic office has been making, in the last few years, a series of experiments calculated to test fully the theory of streams and currents in the North Atlantic. Lieutenant Nazro has among his treasures in the branch hydrographic office in this city a little bottle which once held a half pint of whisky. Subsequent to that it held a paper saying that it was dropped overboard from the steamship Cephalonia 400 miles east of Boston. It was brought into this port two years after it was dropped overboard by a schooner from Ambergris Key, a little island in the Bahama group.

The bottle, with its paper inside, had proved the theory of ocean currents. It had followed the Gulf Stream until it had been caught by that current which sweeps to the south along the coasts of eastern Europe and northern Africa, had been carried thence to the westward until it entered the Caribbean sea, then passed between the western end of Cuba and Cape Gracias a Dios, the eastern extremity of Yucatan, and, having made the circuit of the Gulf of Mexico, was washed ashore on the western end of Ambergris Key.

Other bottles which have been dropped overboard by outgoing steamers have, as a rule, been as satisfactory in the result of their drift as the bottle from the Cephalonia, but some of them have developed marked eccentricities in their voyages. Thus, one which was thrown overboard from the steamship Aller off Cape Race, the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland, seems to have made a "bee line" for the Azores, where it was picked up on the beach near Fayal. In its voyage it went directly across the Gulf Stream, and followed a current never before suspected.

A bottle dropped overboard by the steamship Sardinian about 300 miles southeast of Cape Farewell, the southern extremity of Greenland, was picked up on the shores of Norway, and one dropped overboard about 200 miles off the coast of Scotland was found in nearly the same place. Both of these bottles, journeying toward the Land of the Midnight Sun, had shown a strong current setting from the North Atlantic on the Norwegian shores.

The general result so far seems to be that a strong current sets from the east upon the shores of the British isles, and a strong one rushes into the Caribbean sea from the Atlantic. This is a fact long maintained by writers on physical geography, but never before demonstrated as it has been by the hydrographic office. But the experiments of the hydrographic office have also developed the fact that various other subsidiary currents, acting over a large space, exist which were not before suspected.—New York Tribune.

The Corean Army.

The colors used in the new Corean uniform are different from those of any of the armies of Christendom. The shirtlike waists are of purple cotton, faced with red; the hats are black, and there is a bright red band about them. The pantaloons are purple, and the feet are swathed in great white boots of padded cotton.

During my stay at the Corean capital the native general-in-chief invited me to attend a review of the troops. I rode in a chair borne by four big hatted Coreans to the drill grounds at the edge of the palace, and saw 400 soldiers go through all sorts of evolutions, most of which seemed to be those of the gymnasium rather than those set down in military tactics.

The general would give a command, and every soldier would lift his leg and hold it at right angles to his body until another word brought it to the ground again. There was the raising of the arm, the throwing out of the fists, and other exercises which many school children of the United States practice daily.

The soldiers of Corea act as the police of the capital. The city of Seoul contains about 300,000 people, most of whom live in one story thatched huts. A great wall runs around the city, climbing the mountains and crossing the valleys which surround it, and this wall has a number of gates.—Frank G. Carpenter in Youth's Companion.

The Waiters Did It.

The waiter was expecting his usual tip, and when the young man had gathered up all of the change except a dime, of course he reached for it. But the young man stopped him.

"You don't get those now," he said; "I've got a use for them."

Then he reached down in his pocket, pulled out a patent pocket dime savings bank and slipped the coin into it.

"Sorry for you, Charles," he continued, "if I had any nickels you'd get the usual tip."

"I s'pose so," replied the darky gloomily. "Those patent things is most drivin' me to ruin. A quarter's too much, and there ain't any mo' times, an' I don't git nothin' but nickels, and mighty few of them. But never mind, sah; I kin fix it, I reckon."

And the next day he changed a bill for the young man and gave him one dollar in nickels.

"Mos' afraid you'd run short, sah," he said; "ain't got a dime in the house. Don't keep 'em no mo'. Can't afford it, no how."

Any man who shows a pocket bank in that restaurant now can stay there weeks without seeing a dime. The waiters have got it all fixed.—New York Telegram.

Habit and Eating Houses.

When a man has created a habit of eating at a certain place he thinks of that particular place whenever he gets hungry. He may have begun by accident, have secured a good seat, a good waiter, or got acquainted with the proprietor, or got some favorite dish to his taste, or met agreeable people. Some insignificant thing struck him favorably. In a few days he goes there by habit. He gets angry and dissatisfied every now and then and tries another place, but he finds drawbacks everywhere and goes back again. Habit is stronger than the attractions of superior food and cookery—stronger than money considerations. If it were not for habit the good will of a hotel or a newspaper would be worthless, and scores of restaurants around town would be closed in a month.—New York Herald.

He Won the Bet.

At the Lincoln meeting an extremely boisterous bookmaker addressed Lord Randolph Churchill as follows: "Pleased to see you again, my lord; my name is Hopkins, but I bet you don't remember me."

"You've won your bet," replied his lordship, as he walked away in the opposite direction.—Table.

The Guardian of the Peace.

"Yes, he died a natural death. He just went from one sleep into another, till he fell into the last sleep."

"What was the deceased's occupation?"

"He was a policeman."—Epoch.

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BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 20 to 35 days by the Magic Remedy, under guaranty, backed by $500,000 cash. Positive proofs and 100-page book, illustrated, from life from people cured, free by mail. When Hot Springs and Mercury fail, Our Magic Remedy will positively cure. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The 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."

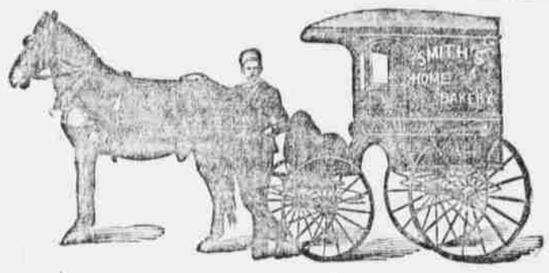
MEGARGEL & CONNELL

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

SUPERLATIVE AND 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.

Scranton—F. P. Price, Washington avenue; Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. P. Price, Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. D. Manley, Superlative Brand.
Hyde Park—Carson & Davis, Washburn St. Gold Medal Brand; Joseph A. Mears, Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Green Ridge—A. L. Spencer, Gold Medal Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative.
Providence—Penner & Chappell, N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand; C. J. Gillespie, W. Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Peckville—Shaffer & Kisler, Superlative.
Jermyn—C. D. Winters & Co., Superlative.
Archbald—Jones, Simpson & Co., Gold Medal.
Carbondale—R. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand.
Honesdale—I. N. Foster & Co., Gold Medal.
Minooka—M. H. Lavelle.
Taylor—Judge & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative.
Duryea—Lawrence Store Co., Gold Medal.
Moosic—John McCrindle, Gold Medal.
Pittston—M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal.
Clark's Green—Frace & Parker, Superlative.
Clark's Summit—F. M. Young, Gold Medal.
Dalton—S. E. Finn & Son, Gold Medal Brand.
Nicholson—J. E. Harding.
Waverly—M. W. Bliss & Son, Gold Medal.
Factoryville—Charles Gardner, Gold Medal.
Hopbottom—N. M. Finn & Son, Gold Medal.
Tobyhanna—Tobyhanna & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand.
Gouldsboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand.
Moscow—Gaige & Clements, Gold Medal.
Lake Ariel—James A. Bertree, Gold Medal.
Forest City—J. L. Morgan & Co., Gold Meda



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NORWAY IRON	TOE CALK	WAGON WHEELS
BLACK DIAMOND	TIRE	AXLES
SILVER	MACHINERY	SPRINGS
EXTRA SPECIAL	SPRING	HUBS
SANDERSON'S ENGLISH	SOFT STEEL	SPOKES
JESSOP'S ENGLISH	ANVILS	RIMS
CAST STEEL	BELLOWS	STEEL SKEINS
HORSE SHOES	HORSE NAILS	R. R. SPIKES

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We always may be what we might have been,"

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