THE BIG DANE.

For two weeks the Plunging Petrel, a big three masted schooner, had plowed its way through the placid waters of the Pacific with a sameness that was exasperating. Since leaving port nothing—not even a threatened storm or a lively gale—had broken the monotony.

The ship was bound for Rio, with a cargo of wheat, and I was her only passenger, seeking health in this manner according to my physician's urgent request. She was commanded by a sturdy old navigator, Captain Collins.

One day about noon, at the beginning of the third week, a sailor named Bates was placed in irons for striking a messmate with a marline spike and breaking his arm. The punishment was undoubtedly deserved, but there were angry mutterings and more than one sullen face among the crew in consequence, for Bates, whose only fault was an uncontrollable temper, was a general favorite. But when the unfortunate man was found dead the next morning things began to look black for the officers.

There was no sign of wound or struggle upon the body of the dead man, but the atmosphere of the forecastle where he had been confined was odorous with the fumes of chloroform.

At eight bells the following night, when the first mate went on deck to relieve his fellow officer, the latter had disappeared and could not be found. I happened to be leaning against the mizzenmast smoking when the alarm was given and could have sworn that I had been smelling chloroform for half an hour, although I did not call the fact to mind until the dreadful cry of "Man overboard!" was sounded and all hands piped on deck.

A boat containing the first mate and four men was lowered at once, the ship was brought about, and two hours were spent in fruitless search. In the meantime every accessible nook in the ship, which was tacking back and forth in the locality, was inspected with like results. At last the searching party was taken on board, and the ship resumed its course.

The captain now took turns at the watch with the mate, and everything ran smoothly till the following night, or rather the next morning—four bells of the first watch. Then when he turned out to relieve the mate that officer could not be found. The same efforts were made to find the missing man, and with the same result as on the previous night, and the captain was nearly frantic.

On the afternoon following the second disappearance the captain called me into his cabin, shut and locked the door and beckoned me to a chair at a small table.

"My two officers have been murdered, Mr. Vincent," he fairly gasped.

"Murdered?" I exclaimed. "I have suspected foul play from the first. Have you any evidence?"

"The best in the world. You have noticed the big Dane, Qvistgard?"

"That mild looking fellow with the red beard!"

"Yes."

"Why, certainly, but you don't suspect him, I hope."

"Of course not. On the contrary, there is a mutiny on foot, and he—but here is a note he slipped into my hand a moment ago. Read it for yourself. Unless you and I and this faithful fellow can outfight or outwit 15 hellhounds, we are doomed."

With a face that must have been as white as the one before me, and a hand that was anything but steady, I picked up a sheet of paper which the captain had thrown on the table and read the following:

"CAPTAIN—I have just discovered a horrible plot. All the crew, except myself, have mutinied. The mates were knocked on the head and thrown overboard. You will share the same fate when you come on deck to relieve the watch tonight unless you heed this warning. Meet me 10 minutes before the close of the second dog watch, just aft the main hatchway, and I will tell you everything. In the meantime do not speak to me or send for me, for we are closely watched. I am supposed to side with the crew. The least mistake would be fatal. Don't tell the passenger. He may be all right, but I doubt it. For God's sake, captain, don't go near the rail."

"Don't tell the passenger," I muttered as I looked at the captain, not only horror stricken at the contents of the note, but surprised and hurt at the uncomplimentary reference to myself. But the captain, who must have divined my thoughts, relieved my mind on this point by saying:

"That's all right, my dear Vincent. The fellow is only a trifle overcautious. Don't mind him. I would trust you with the ship, and my life, too, for that matter. You see, I have shown my confidence by allowing you to read the note. Now, I want your advice. Your assistance I shall count on without the asking when the time comes."

"Thank you, captain," I answered. "To start with, I should certainly not go on deck till it is time to meet the Dane if I were you."

My companion had now regained his composure to a certain extent and sat for a moment drumming the table with his fingers.

"Who has the watch now?" I continued presently.

"Hutton, the tall seaman with the red scar on the back of his hand," was the answer. "He is acting as first mate, and I had decided to give Jones, the little Welshman, the position of second tomorrow. Both are fairly good navigators, and, by all the gods, I can't understand it! I could have sworn that these two men were as true as the dead mates ever were until I got this warning from Qvistgard. But he is right, my boy; he is right. All this comes from that unfortunate Bates affair. I wonder who is the leader. If he could be shot or placed in irons, it might quell the others. Have you a pistol?"

"A small pocket affair," I answered.

"I have two large ones and a repeating rifle in my chest," continued the captain. "How would it do to batten down the hatchway of the forecastle when part of the dogs are below at supper and pump lead into the rest of them? I don't believe they are armed unless they have a few knives. We could then make for the nearest port."

"Better wait till you see the Dane," I replied. "He may be able to give you the name of the leader."

For an hour or more we continued to plan, but without being able to decide on anything definite. At last it was agreed that I should go on deck and see what could be learned there. In half an hour I returned with anything but favorable news. The men were talking guardedly in groups, and when I passed near them they quickly dispersed. The big Dane was leaning over the rail near the log, silent and apparently watching with absorbed attention the receding foam capped waves in the ship's wake.

Before sundown all our weapons had been oiled, examined and loaded, the captain and myself secreting the revolvers about our persons and leaving the rifle for the Dane.

The sky had clouded over late in the afternoon, and night, gloomy and foreboding, settled down on the schooner.

"The very elements seem to be in sympathy with this cursed business," said the captain when it began to grow so dark in the cabin that we could hardly make out each other's faces, "and I felt as if the jig was about up with me."

As soon as the last streak of day had disappeared the captain, revolver in hand, mounted the companion ladder and stole softly on deck. I followed him part way, but stopped, according to his directions, and stood with my head and shoulders above the companionway, ready in case of an emergency to lend any assistance that might lie in my power.

I never looked into a blacker night. The air was soft and warm, and fitful gusts of wind dashed a few cooling raindrops against my face as I held on to my revolver and tried to keep the receding form of the captain in view. But he disappeared almost instantly, and owing to the whistle of the wind in the rigging, the groaning of the masts and the creaking of the yard arms I could not hear his footsteps after he had gone half a dozen paces.

He carried no lantern, but several lights glimmered fore and aft, dancing and shifting unsteadily about like veritable will o'-the-wisps. None, however, was near the main hatchway, the place of meeting. Anxiously I waited 5, 10, 15 minutes, as nearly as I could reckon time, but neither sight nor sound brought intelligence of the captain. At last I could bear the suspense no longer, and I began to walk slowly toward the bow. When I thought I had reached the location of the hatchway and was on the point of coming to a halt, I struck my foot against something and fell, the planks of the deck seeming to open and engulf me.

While still descending through space I realized what had happened—the hatchway had been opened, and I had fallen into the hold. A second later I found myself lying between two bags of wheat more frightened than hurt, and with the fumes of chloroform almost suffocating me. Before trying to rise I discovered that I was not in total darkness, and that a dim light came from somewhere, but not from above, I was sure. Presently a muffled groan reached me from the direction of the stern, and on looking over my shoulder I saw the stooping form of a man outlined by the rays of a lantern in front of him, about 20 feet away.

I gained my feet with some difficulty and was about to step forward when the ship gave a lurch, and I was thrown lengthwise against the hull. Before I could stand up again the bent form assumed an upright posture, and I recognized the big Dane. Muttering incoherently, he picked up the lantern and started toward the place where I had first fallen, off to my left.

Whether it was fear, the shock cause by striking the hull or the effects of the chloroform that kept me from trying to get up I am not prepared to say, but I did not attempt to move hand or foot.

As the light drew near I discovered a rope dangling from the deck. When the Dane drew near this rope, he deposited his lantern beside him, rubbed his big hard hands together with a loud, rasping noise and laughed a low, fiendish sort of chuckle, which fairly chilled my blood. A moment later his merriment subsided, and taking hold of the rope with one hand he picked up the lantern with the other. I expected to see him run his arm through the handle of the lantern and go, hand over hand, through the hatchway, but he was in no hurry and began to talk in a harsh undertone.

"So far, so good, King Qvistgard," he said. "A million pounds of diamonds sewed up in silk sacks all my own. Oh, what a royal present for my ebony princess! Fifteen days more and I shall reign supreme. The two mates and the captain are now my loyal subjects, and tomorrow night the passenger will join them. Then come me hearties, Hutton and the little Welshman, and so on down the list. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Never until that awful moment had I heard the bloodcurdling laugh of a maniac, but I recognized it as quickly as if I had passed my days inside the walls of a madhouse. Before I knew it my strength, or courage, or both, suddenly returned, and I arose cautiously to my feet, discovering at the same time the revolver which had fallen from my hand when I stumbled on the deck. It was lying almost at the feet of the Dane. Advancing slowly, I stooped and was about to pick up the weapon, but before I could get hold of it the ship lurched again, I collided with the madman, and we went down together.

The revolver escaped me, the light in the lantern was extinguished, and there was a scream, a piercing cry of fright and anguish, such as only a terror stricken madman can utter. And then, with that awful shriek ringing in my ears and the strong fingers of the demented Dane clutching my throat, I became insensible.

When consciousness returned, I was lying in my berth. It was daylight, and Hutton was standing beside me. As soon as I was able to talk he told me that just after dark on the previous evening a horrible cry was heard coming from the direction of the main hatchway, and that when the little Welshman and several other sailors rushed to the spot the raving Dane was seen to climb up a rope from the hold. As soon as he gained the deck he ran screaming to the rail and threw himself into the sea. I was found, more dead than alive, and taken to my cabin. Soon after the captain and the two mates were discovered, gagged and bound, near the spot where I had first seen the Dane. The captain recovered from the effects of the chloroform which had been administered to him and was removed with the two officers, who were still alive, but too weak and exhausted to stand on their feet for many hours.

In two days all had recovered, and the Plunging Petrel was manned and officered as before, save for the absence of Bates and the big Dane. All went well to the end of the voyage.

The mutiny was only a myth in the mind of the madman.—H. Santford Smith in Romance.

Glimpses Here and There.

The naiad up to date who is not sworn to shirts wears a blouse and thinks she looks charming. The truth of her impression depends primarily on the size of her waist, and secondly on the adjustment of the blouse to its contour. It is an axiom that no garment requires such careful fitting as a blouse unless you wish to look like a badly set blancmange.

Much accordion plaited black grenadine is made up over colored silks for skirts and bodices, with sleeves of the colored silk or of some bright hued chine.

Cyclamen is one of the new colorings, and a crepon of this tone is made up with moire ribbon insertions, the sash folded round the bodice and fastened with a jet buckle, the ends falling on to the skirt.

Fashion has set us this year in "the key of blue," and having regard to the average feminine complexion the harmony is a happy experiment, save when the note of black, beloved beyond its merits, changes the harmony into discord. Blue and black both begin with B, but that should be their only point of contact.

No self respecting Parisienne would be seen in summer without her white veil. It is chic beyond question, but not becoming except to her who has no complexion to speak of. The air of mystery imparted to the wearer will incline the observer to indulge in all sorts of illusions and speculations. But a Nemesis may come with the lifting of the veil.

IN LOVE'S ATTIC.

The attic of young Cupid's house
I visited one day,
To see the tattered bits of love
That there were stored away.

For castoff odds and ends of hear.
About the place were strewn
Like baubles of some other days
That long ago had flown.

But yet the withered roses there—
Frail wreath's from love's own tomb—
Upon the dusty, mellow air
Still shed a faint perfume.

'MANDY JANE PENSTOCK.

A Tale of Love and Love Charms In the Pennsylvania Hemlock Belt.

One time when I was up in the Pennsylvania hemlock belt I was going from Overman's Hook to the Barley Run Cross Forks' when I heard some one whistle off to one side of the road. Looking in that direction I saw a man peering cautiously from behind a big hemlock tree. He motioned for me to stop, and I did.

"Ye hain't color blind, be ye?"

I wasn't.

"Then a woman in a red calliker dress an a green sunbonnet wouldn't be liable to look to you like one in a yaller dress an a blue sunbonnet, would she?"

She wouldn't.

"Tha hain't no raisin o' dust nowheres that looks as if it mowt be riz by a woman in a red calliker dress an a green sunbonnet comin this way pooty fast, is tha?"

The road was entirely free from anything of that sort.

"Ye hain't noways nigh sighted, be ye?"

Quite the contrary.

"Then if tha was a raisin o' dust setch as that not more'n 100 yards down the road, ye wouldn't be liable to take it for a haystack a miled away, would ye?"

Entirely out of the question.

"'Cause ye see I'm a leetle anxious," he said, "fer if ye'd a-seen a woman with a red calliker dress an a green sunbonnet comin or a raisin o' dust that looked as if it mowt be riz by a woman with a red calliker dress an a green sunbonnet that'd a-been 'Mandy Jane Penstock, an I'd a-had to to take to the woods."

"What's the matter with 'Mandy Jane?" I asked.

The man mopped his face with his sleeve and fanned himself with his hat and said:

"Did ye ever have a hankerin fer a gal that didn't seem to keer to hanker fer ye?"

I didn't know that I ever had.

"Jis' keep yer eye on the road, cap," said the man, "an if ye see any of them signs of 'Mandy Jane, jis' whistle, will ye?"

I said I would.

"Then I'll tell ye sumpin. If ever ye take a shine to a gal an she won't hanker, take a hoot owl's gizzard, dry it an grind it inter a powder. Then, unbeknownst to the gal, git some of it in her lemonade or sumpin 'fore she drinks it, an ye've jist as good as made four shillin for the squire, fer she can't never say 'No' ag'in when ye ast her if she'll be your'n. Tha hain't no red an green loomin up yit twixt you an the horizon, nor no shakin of dust that mowt have red an green inside of it, is tha?"

"Not yet."

"If ye'd ever know'd Sallie Magompers, over to the Hook, ye'd a-hankered, I'll bet ye! I took to hankerin for Sallie more'n a year ago, but tha didn't seem to be no use. Sallie's jest turnin 20, now, and mebbe she hain't a caution for pootiness! Pictur's hain't nowheres 'longside o' her. But somehow she jit shy o' me. So one day I says to myself: 'All right, my lady! If it's got to be left to hoot owls,' I says, 'hoot owls it'll be,' and I went a-gunnin for hoot owls. But hoot owls hain't so durn thick in these here woods, and I gunned and I gunned for pooty nigh a year 'fore I draw'd bead on one, an you bet I was more'n tickled when I tumbled him offen his roost!

"'Gals that kin hanker an won't hanker must be made to hanker!' I says, an I hung the hoot owl's gizzard up to dry.

"One o' these days, when I hear that 'Mandy Jane Penstock has passed over Jurdan, I'm goin back to the Hook an jest as like as not thump the life outen Sam Brazee. Sam an me worked on the same loggin job, an after I bagged the owl I says to him one day:

"'Sam,' I says, 'me an you won't bunk in together much longer,' I says.

"'How's that?' says Sam.

"'I'm gointer marry Sallie Magompers next week,' I says.

"'No!' says Sam. 'Sallie's give in, has she?'

"'Not yit,' I says, 'but she's gointer. I've powdered a hoot owl's gizzard,' I says. 'Jis' shoot yer eye down the road agin, cap. If tha's anything mussin of it up that mowt put ye in mind o' the inklin I've give ye o' 'Mandy Jane, gimme the wink, an I'll scoot.'

The road was still clear.

"Sam looked s'prised a little when I told him 'bout havin the owl's gizzard love powder, an pooty soon he says:

"'Well,' he says, 'I'm gointer take Sallie to the picnic to-morrow, an I s'pose that'll be the last time I kin gallavant her anywheres, 'cordin to that,' he says.

"'That's what it will, Sammy!' I says.

"'Mandy Jane Penstock mowt a-bin a stunner when she was a gal, fer all I know, but I don't jis' recommember when that was. She'll hef to think back a good ways if she recommembers it herself. But, leavin out bone an sinner an a pooty sharp nose, 'Mandy Jane don't cut much of a figger nowadays. She's consid'able sot in her ways, though, an when she has sumpin on her mind that she's gointer to do she's gointer do it, or things will rumble.

"Sam Brazee he took Sallie to the picnic, an I was there with my hoot owl's gizzard all ready. Sallie kittened consid'able to Sam, an it made me squirm to see her, I tell ye, but I says to myself, 'All right, my lady,' I says. 'But wait till the hoot owl sings to ye,' I says. Bimeby I says to Sam an Sallie:

"'Come over an I'll treat ye,' I says. 'Come git some lemonade,' I says.

"An they come along, an I bought the lemonade, an when Sallie wasn't lookin I tumbled the owl's gizzard love powder inter her glass.

"'Oh,' she says. 'Yonder's 'Mandy Jane Penstock,' she says. ''Mandy must have a treat, too,' she says.

"So she calls 'Mandy Jane over, an I orders a glass fer her. Now see what Sallie done. She hands the glass that had the owl's gizzard in it over to 'Mandy Jane an took t'other one herself, an 'fore I could stop her 'Mandy Jane had gulped it down, love powder an all! You're sure ye hain't color blind, cap?'

Soon as I see 'Mandy Jane gulp that lemonade an owl's gizzard I give one cold shake an started fer home to pack my trunk. This was only yisterday. When I came out ag'in, there was 'Mandy Jane."

"'Asa,' says she, 'arter all these years,' says she, 'an to think that you'm to be the one,' says she. 'I'll be ready tomorrow,' says she, 'an me an you'll go to the squire's. Tomorrow at half past 9!' says she.

"Say, cap, I tumbled back in the house an slammed the door an went up stairs an hid under the bed. Early this mornin I crawled out an snuck outen the house an jis' laid myself out an dug fer liberty. As I raised the hill I turned an looked back. There was 'Mandy Jane comin on my trail like the woods afire. She's comin yit. She's only stopped fer wind. Has she hove in sight yit?"

"Not yet."

"Then I'll take to the woods an mebbe won't see no t'backer fer a month, cap, unless you gimme that plug o' your'n. An when 'Mandy Jane ketches up with ye if ye'll only jis' tell her"——

But I hadn't time to wait to hear what I was to tell 'Mandy Jane and drove on toward Barley Run Cross Forks.—New York Sun.

Where Chemistry Fails.

Mrs. de Jones—My baby spilled about a quart of ink on a lot of old rags, and a drop or two got on my best dress. Have you anything that will take ink out?

Honest Druggist—I have many things that will remove ink from old rags, but I don't know of anything that will take ink out of a best dress.—New York Weekly.

About Bad Writing.

A Yale student recently handed in a paper to his professor and was surprised the next day to have it returned, with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor. "I can't quite make out what this is, if you please," said the student. "That, sir," said the professor, "why that says 'I cannot read your handwriting.' You write illegibly, sir."—Springfield Republican.

Practical Lessons.

Before pupils can graduate from a cooking class at the New York College for the Training of Teachers, it is required that they know not only things "out of a book," but that they go and do them. Besides, they are required to write papers and menus showing how they would expend a given income. Management on a small amount is given the greatest attention. This speaks well for the wife of the future.—New York World.

The degree of delicacy which has been attained in the application of the radiomicrometer for the measurement of radiant heat—viz., from a candle, a fire, the sun, the moon, the stars, or anything else which radiates heat through space—is marvelous. An appreciable effect is produced on the radio-micrometer by a candle placed two miles away, at which distance its light is almost comparable to that of a barely visible nebula.

The ancient Romans considered bissextile or "leap day" a critical period, reckoning it among the unlucky days of their calendar. A variety of this superstition still lingers on the European continent. According to a piece of Tuscan folk lore, when a child is born on leap day either it or its mother will die before the year has expired.

Of the raw silk, France herself produces only about one-eighth, the great mass being of Asiatic and Italian origin. Great efforts are being made to restore to French silk raising its former prosperity, but it is doubtful whether this can be obtained without sacrificing the silk industry.

To Open Sealed Envelopes.

To open a sealed envelope insert the tapering end of an ordinary penholder in one of the corners which usually fails to stick, and roll slowly toward the center. Then perform the same operation on the other side, and in almost every case the envelope can be opened easily without tearing.—Writer.

Gloves and Gloves.

Spartacus—Do you ever put on the gloves?

Adolphus—Oh, yes. Every time a girl will let me.—Munsey's Weekly.

CHILLINESS, when other people feel warm enough, is a sign of biliousness, or of malarial poisons—so is a furred or coated tongue, loss of appetite, headaches or giddiness, and a dull, drowsy, debilitated feeling. It's your liver that's at fault. You want to stimulate it and invigorate it with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. With every trouble of the kind, these tiny little things act like a miracle.

You can break up sudden attacks of Colds, Fevers, and Inflammations, with them. They'll give you a *permanent* cure for Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, and Dizziness. They're the smallest, the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly *natural* remedy.

You ought to be warned against the maltreatment of Catarrh in the Head, with poisonous, irritating nostrums. They can't cure it. They simply *remove* it—drive it to the throat and lungs. For a thorough and complete cure of Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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For nearly fifty years this wonderful remedy has proved itself the best, quickest, safest and surest antidote for pain in the world.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and their assumption the cause of the PAIN is driven away and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Ether Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, when the patient loses the power of feeling. This is the most destructive practice; it masks the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents, when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

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Dysentery, Diarrhea,
Cholera Morbus.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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CHILLS AND FEVER, FEVER AND AGUE CONQUERED.
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Not only cures the patient seized with this terrible form of sickness in newly-settled districts, where the malaria or Ague exists, but if people exposed to it will every morning, on getting out of bed, take twenty or thirty drops of the Ready Relief in water, and eat, say, a cracker, they will escape attacks. This must be done before going out.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all other derangements of the internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

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Dr. Radway's Pills are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say of "False and True," respecting diet.

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The GENUINE New Haven

"Mathushek" Pianos

ESTABLISHED 1866

New York Warerooms—No. 80 Fifth Avenue.

E. C. RICKER & CO.,

Sole dealers in this section.

OFFICE—121 Adams Ave., Telephone B'T'd'g

$2.75 Buys our $9 Natural Finish Baby Carriage complete with plated steel wheels, axle, springs, and our patent steam bent handle. Made of best spring steel. Regular $5 value. Sent on receipt of $2.75 if not satisfactory in 10 days return money expended in advance. Name in use. We are the oldest and best known concern of our kind, private and responsible. Reference Dun or Bradstreet. Mention this paper. Address OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ladies Who Value

A refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 10 to 60 days by the Magic Remedy, under guaranty, backed by $500 Joint Bond. 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."

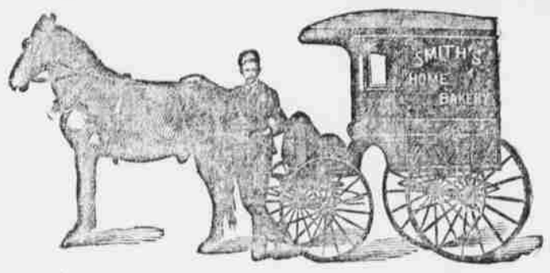
MEGARGEL & CONNELL

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—Posner & 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—B. 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 McGrindle, 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. Bortree, Gold Medal.
Forest City—J. L. Morgan & Co., Gold Meds



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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

WILEY & RUSSELL AND WELLS BROS. SCREW CUTTING MACHINERY.

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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

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

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MINING, BLASTING AND SPORTING

POWDER

Manufactured at the Wapwallopen Mills, Luzerne county Pa., and at Wilmington, Delaware.

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JOHN B. SMITH & SON, Plymouth, Pa.
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Agents for the Repauno Chemical Company's High Explosives.

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Coal of the best quality for domestic use and of all sizes, delivered in any part of the city at lowest price.

Orders left at my office

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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.

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COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

All kinds of Laundry work guaranteed the best.