

WAX FIGURE MAKING

THE SLOW CREATION OF HAIR, EYES, WRINKLES AND PORES.

Requires Considerable Intelligence and Skill to Color Oil Paste a Dummy Correctly or to Provide It with Clothes—An Interesting Process.

Nearly every one has at some time seen a collection of good wax works; perhaps at the Eden Musee in New York or at Musee Tussaud's in London or the Musee Grevin in Paris. To how many has it occurred that the making of these figures requires a very large amount of time, labor, and artistic skill? The process of making wax figures is much more complicated than one would at first sight imagine. Take, for instance, the group of Lincoln liberating the negroes.

Suppose such a group has been decided upon and the general arrangement elaborated, perhaps with the aid of some pencil sketches. Then the first step is to model the figures in clay, which is very necessary in order that the presence of the body may be felt under the clothes, which otherwise—as in poor wax works—would be flat and around the body in a most unnatural way. The first class museum keeps a regular sculptor, usually a very clever artist, who works on a salary and is kept busy enough in a large and well appointed studio. When he has finished his figure—Abraham Lincoln in this case—in clay, a plaster mold is made. Then it is ready to be reproduced in wax—that is, the head and hands, but not the body.

Right here we learn a curious fact. Very little of the "wax figure" is really made of wax. The exposed portions of the body, head and hands are, but those covered by clothes are not. The latter are made of carton pierre, which consists of strips of paper and linen pressed alternately into the plaster mold, the inner side of the latter being lined in this manner to a thickness of about a quarter of an inch. This layer is then pressed down by a thin coating of plaster, and when the carton thus formed is dry and ready to be taken out it is as hard as stone. If Indians, Africans or other savages are to appear in a group their lightly clad bodies are cast in plaster, painted over with the color of their dusky skin.

But to return to wax work proper. President Lincoln's body, we see, is being reproduced in carton as rapidly as the lively group Frenchman to whom the work is intrusted, and the paper and linen into the mold. The mold of the head meanwhile goes to the room of the wax worker or carver, as he is called, for the French produce the cleverest work in this line. Here it is filled with hot wax, and when the wax nearest the outside has cooled and hardened, clinging to the inner side of the mold, the rest, still warm, is poured off, so that the wax head is hollow when it is taken out of the mold.

It would be difficult at this stage to describe much resemblance to President Lincoln, for the head—hairless, eyes and colorless—looks exceedingly ghastly. It is now that the carver must show his skill, and put the appearance of life into this ghastly face. His tools are of the simplest—a spatula and some blunted needles set in small pieces of wood or matches—but with these he works wonders. Hair and beard, eyelashes and eyebrows are first put on, a most laborious task, for in a carefully and well made head each individual hair is pushed into the wax with the needle.

After this a hole is punched through each eye and a ball, set on the end of a curved rod so that it will pass into the head from below, is heated and pressed against the eye from the inside. This produces a hollow into which glass eyes are set. Finally the bearded spatula is used to trace wrinkles and crow's feet, produce plimples and the cracks in the skin, to form teeth and tongue if the mouth appears half open. The pores in the skin are produced by drawing lines on the wax across each other by means of a number of blunt needles set in a wooden handle. The shaven portions of the face are well indicated by dots of color pushed in with the needle, while for a bristly beard or receding growth short hairs are inserted. Lastly, lips are covered with colored wax, teeth, tongue and finger nails being indicated in the same way.

So we see that there is work enough in the mere making of a wax figure, and that the work increases in proportion as more care and artistic skill is employed. Furthermore, when a large group is to be modeled like that of Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella at the Eden Musee—the composition (that is the relative position of the various figures) has to be carefully considered. For this purpose pencil sketches are first made, and these are usually repeated in a clay sketch, that is, a small bas-relief in clay. This, though rough in execution, "shows the outline" of the group, nevertheless gives the artist a good idea of the arrangement and general effect of the group. Only then, after careful consideration, is the modeling of the figures begun.

When the figures are finished there is still enough to be done. The figures must be dressed, furnished and other accessories must be selected and placed with care, the background prepared, the matter of effective lighting carefully considered, and with all this the arrangement and color effect of the whole must be always kept in view.

The matter of clothes presents not a few difficulties, even in figures of modern people. Fashion changes rapidly, and to be correct Lincoln must be dressed in the particular style of loose coat and baggy trousers which was worn while he was president, nor would it do to put the Virginia militiamen who are guarding John Brown on his way to execution into the uniform of a United States regular of today. But such costumes are not always easy to get, and foreign nations, even of the present time, are usually made in Europe and imported. And even then errors will creep in. For that group of the Emperor William II of Germany, his wife the empress, and the little crown prince, the uniforms were made by the emperor's own tailor—the Hofschneider. And then there are all those parasols—belts, sashes, epaulettes, ornaments, decorations, medals and all sorts of trappings—which are also generally bought abroad, so as to make sure that they are correct.—New York Sun.

Hard to Understand. Little Boy—I should think that "thousand leg" bugs would starve or something. Little Girl—Why?

"They've got to hunt for things to eat, same as other bugs, haven't they?" "Of course."

"Well, I don't see how they can keep all those legs going an' think of anything else."—Good News.

A strange story comes from Wellsville, Mo., where a stroke of lightning about six years ago is said to have left on the ceiling of a church an image of a human face. Nobody dared to disturb it, and it remained until the recent removal of the church.

A soft rubber tube passed through the nose into the esophagus, or gullet, and attached to a funnel, forms a good method of forced feeding when that becomes necessary.

During the Eleventh century a fashion of embroidering the initials of the name and the family arms on the garments began in Italy and spread all over Europe.

It is not a waste to have your coats and trousers, gowns and jackets well made, for they will wear much longer.

FRIENDSHIPS MADE ON STEAMERS.

Just How Far the Acquaintance Made on Ocean Liners Goes.

Among the steerage passengers on a steamer which arrived here recently was a young man, apparently twenty-seven to thirty years old, who had plainly enough seen better days.

As he leaned over the side of the steamer, about the moment the gangplank was being pushed aboard, he peered intently along the line of openings in the shed, as if hoping yet fearing that somebody would recognize him.

There was just enough leisure after the tide of wealth, fame and fashion, which came first class, had made his exit from customs corral, for a reporter to bespeak an interview with the young man.

He proved reticent at first, but thawed out after an expressman had removed the valise, which seemed to constitute his sole worldly possessions and carried him.

"This is not the first time I have been in San Francisco," he said. "If you have been here longer than four years and have ever boarded a Panama steamer we have surely met."

"I am the victim of that illusion which is a disease, as homesickness is a disease. I have the homesickness mania, and am prescribed for it. But my disease is the result of what every traveler ought to know—a steamer friendship."

"Let me explain. Five years ago I came here by sea from New York city with about \$1,500 or \$2,000 in my pocket.

"Of course I made friends on board. "Before we reached the Havre, three days out, I had got into the good graces of two or three gentlemen, who kindly taught me to play poker and generously allowed me to pay for the drinks."

"Then I obtained the easiest kind of an introduction to a young lady, who professed great interest in the first glimpse of the Southern cross as we passed down through the Bahamas amid balmy breezes and tranquil nights following sunsets that I love to think of now."

"I met, too, a California semimillionaire, who professed the greatest interest in me, and who paid for wine about once in twenty times when it was passed around."

"A lady of doubtful age talked Neoplatonism and transcendental philosophy to me, and asked if I knew Boston."

"Really I felt quite a warm friendship springing up in my heart for all these people, and as usually happens, I believe, the friendship became tropical with the climate. On the way up on this side I submitted with the best grace to the whims and caprices of the young lady, who insisted on landing at every port, and of course I had to foot the bills."

"Everything was perfectly respectable. "When we reached this city I had a pocketful of addresses of my steamer friends."

"It is true that their acquaintance had cooled somewhat up to date, and that I had been compelled to plead poverty to save further demands."

"I suppose I had \$1,000 still on hand when I went around to pay respects to my steamer friends."

"Perhaps they did not know it or I might have been differently treated."

"The cold shoulder is a mild term. I got the cold, cruel shake. Mind you, I had not been a fool, a pure unadulterated fool, for I had traveled a bit before. But when I went over to Australia I consoled myself with the reflection that among all my steamer friends I left not one to regret."

"Since then I have traveled largely over southern seas, and it has always been the same."

MANY WILD BEASTS.

A HAMBURG FIRM THAT IS READY TO SUPPLY ANY ANIMAL.

A City to Which Merchants All Over the World Go for Wild Animal Supplies and Roving Seamen Bring Their Strange Captures—Hunting Expeditions.

The animal importers have their headquarters in that part of Hamburg known to tourists and others as "St. Pauli," an ill-reputed suburb of the old Hansa town where sailors of all countries meet. Here the big building is situated, and from the exterior one gets the view of a structure which looks more like a storeroom for cotton, oil and general merchandise than it does like anything else. It is a plain building, but within there is enough to occupy one's attention for months, that is if he be possessed of animal instincts. Within the four walls is a mammoth yard or garden, and this is divided into 600 or 700 smaller yards or pens, which are occupied by animals from all zones and countries, crowded together. The strong, ferocious gorilla from the primeval wood of Africa, the "cotton tails" from San Gabriel valley, California, as well as the bold, soaring condor from the highest mountain peaks of the Andes are represented by many specimens.

Ordinarily only purchasers known or introduced to the firm are allowed to inspect the garden, but a limited number of cards of admission are issued every month and presented to those who wish them. On entering one passes the office, where are employed forty clerks or more, of whom several are occupied in keeping account of the arrival and departure of animals, as these only stay there a few days before leaving for their final destination. In the garden there is an energetic corps of men, armed with sharp knives and pistols, are willing to dare most any danger. Many of the keepers have been there ten years or more, and are accordingly acquainted with all the peculiarities of their profession. They are not only laborers for their own safety, excellent marksmen, acquainted with the life of an explorer, they being sent as assistants in the searches for animals in all parts of the world. Not a few of these men have been sent to South America, where they have been sent to capture ostriches. There they were compelled to spend days and sometimes weeks in the interior of the vast places on earth, and on horseback chase the fleet monsters and throw the bolts at their necks.

Six, seven and eight expeditions are sent out every year, but these are not made up wholly of experienced men. They generally consist of a few of the old hands, a few apprentices, and a few of the most energetic sportsmen, under the direction of a staff officer. They start out maybe for the plains of America, jungles of Africa, Tasmania or Alaska, and when they arrive at their destination they employ as many natives as they think necessary and plan the work of capturing certain animals in that district. There is some difficulty in capturing the large animals, such as elephants, and shooting quail or squirrels, and if a naturalist wants to have fun and a thrilling experience he should send in his application to accompany the next expedition in search of gorillas or grizzly bears or some other animal known to be no respecter of persons or anything else.

Through the large menagerie of the house of Hagenbeck are long rows of cages, which vary from small wooden ones, built one above the other, for birds and other small animals, to high cages formed of heavy bars of iron, some of the bars of which are two inches thick, running at the top and bottom on small wheel or ball bearings. Every cage or pen is marked in Latin. The keeper said there was a great sight to behold some wild quadrupeds accustomed to unlimited freedom confined in cages or dens in which they could not stretch their legs, much more turn around. A few months seems to break many of their savage habits, but they are never too good to claw at a piece of human flesh when within reach of the cages, and the majority of the keepers there can establish marks of claws as well as those of teeth upon their hands and arms made by a ferocious tiger, perhaps a Tasmanian wolf or some other species of the cat family. The tamer animals are merely fenced in, as it were, in small yards, and here and there are groups of Japanese chamois, Chilean alpacas, antelope, deer, zebras and lions.

The firm has no little difficulty in getting Asiatic elephants since the government passed a bill for their protection. But there are their African brothers on hand all the time, and occasionally a visitor there may see a herd of a score or more of well-cared for elephants. The expeditions find it no easy matter of chasing these animals in the jungles, and it's only by sharp games and traps that elephants are captured. They can fight as no other animal can, and one blow of an elephant's trunk has laid many a sportsman low. The same hardships are experienced in getting crocodiles from the Amazon and upper Nile. The firm's expedition sent out for them knows no other word as "impossible," and when it returns to the garden it carries crocodiles some thirty feet long with it.

It cannot be said that all of the animals are secured by such expeditions; for instance, the drummedaries are simply ordered from Crine, while a large number of other animals fall into the concern's hands by chance. Everything in the line of rare and peculiarly formal creatures of the forest, field and seas is bought by the Hagenbecks, and people who devote time to trapping are aware of this fact. The German city is a good place for bargains, as nearly every deep sea vessel carries something that port which the firm is anxious to get and for which it is willing to pay good prices. Every sailor is armed with some fine specimen from the tropics or arctic regions, and from these rare and unlooked-for quadrupeds are sometimes secured.—Providence Journal.

Professor Holden's Views of Mars. Professor Edward S. Holden, the astronomer and director of the Lick observatory in California, is not very hopeful that the present investigations of the planet Mars, "When we come to an examination of the peculiarities of Mars' surface we find dissimilarity and not like similarity to details of the earth's," he says in The Forum. "Under these circumstances, and so long as such widely divergent views can be advanced by competent observers, it appears to me that the wise course is to reserve judgment and strive for more light."

Wasted Energy. Frances Willard claims that the amount of force exerted at a given moment to compress the wrists of women by artificial methods would, if aggregated, turn all the mills between Minneapolis and the Merrimack, while the condensed force of their tight shoes, if it could be applied, would run many trains.—Exchange.

What Carlyle Wrote of Tenyson. Tenyson, in his prime, was thus described by Thomas Carlyle to Ralph Waldo Emerson on Aug. 5, 1841: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty dark hair bright, laughing, blue eyes, with a noble, manly, most massive, yet most delicate; of a low brown complexion, almost Indian looking; clothes cyntrally loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may be between; speech and speculation free and plentiful, and his company over a pipe."—New York Tribune.

How a Pretty Fashion Started. In 1690 the Duchess de Fontanges had the misfortune to have her hair blown off at a hunting party and tied her hair with one of her ribbons. Her hairdresser with ribbons remained a fashion for seven years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Cook in the Time of Louis XVIII.

Louis XV had a genuine passion for horticulture. He did not content himself with perfecting a system of hothouses and of heating apparatus for all his chateaux, but he gave impulsion also to the growing of grain of all kinds, of vegetables, and especially of new varieties of trees, for which so many royal nurseries were established.

But he was most at ease before a cooking furnace, now overreaching his cuffs a fanatical, browned to a turn over a red hot fire, now preparing in accordance with established rules a beverage called coffee, just then coming into fashion, or concocting one of those pies which he sent, carefully wrapped up, to the king in return for a quart of venison received from that famous naturalist. At the same time as his father-in-law, Stanislas, Louis XV invented tables which came in without being touched by human hands to offer their contents to surfeited palates; but those of the king of France came up from under the floor, while those of the king of Poland descended from the ceiling.

One can almost imagine a monograph on monarchs who were gourmands, and we do recall Careme's witicism, "Is not the science which nourishes the equal of the one that kills?" a profound and sensible thought from a chef of whom Louis XVIII did not hesitate to take lessons. That king, who died satisfied with the gout for having indulged too freely in the pleasures of the table, merited one day the praises of the celebrated chef whose counsels he followed with docility.

A great lover of mussels, he gave Talleyrand the recipe for a sauce which was added greatly to the taste of that dish; and as Talleyrand communicated to the King the reflections of his head cook, the monarch replied, "Careme is right, but I very much fear it will be a long time before I shall be able to create a minister of the public cuisine."—Paris Intermediaire.

A Cure for Baldness. Is the human race in the near future to be entirely bald on the top of its head, where the hair ought to grow? is a question agitating tonsorial circles and the many victims thereof. Some people are born bald, some achieve baldness and others have it thrust upon them, and it is with the latter class that the distressing consequences of modern living have the most to do. As everybody is cognizant, the glory of man as well as woman is his hair, and baldness is a disgrace, but it is not always inherited, and then it is frightfully inconvenient. In a woman it supplies nature, but unlucky man has no such remedy that cannot be detected, and however indifferent to appearances he made, it is not in his disposition to meekly submit to the trouble it entails.

A wise parent afflicted by a loss of hair should take a lesson in hygiene developed from the lower classes in Europe and give his offspring the benefit. Whoever saw a bald workman or shopkeeper in France? Whoever found among the peasants of Europe shining patches? The reason for this natural thatching is a most simple one; these people live outdoors, unbonneted, and it is only when they become reckless and superstitious in their living that the hair falls. So much for civilization, not to say dissipation, is at the root of it. Let the hair fall, why not contentedly accept this difficulty by starting the little chaps aright, not merely in the paths of virtue, but by taking away their hats and caps and making them go bareheaded unless they are fully grown up in these days the wisdom of some of the Old World customs will strike home in America, and it need not be called angliomania either.—Boston Herald.

Physicians Centuries Ago. In some countries, where physicians did not thrive, sick people were placed on the roadside, that travelers who had suffered with like maladies might suggest remedies.

Such crude efforts were supplanted at Rome by which various drugs and medicines were sold. Then, as now, quacks abounded, and the government, for the protection of the people, ordered that all remedies should bear a label declaring the character of the medicine, the name of the inventor, the sickness for which it was prepared, with a list of its ingredients, and full directions as to the way in which it should be taken.

For disorders of the stomach a favorite prescription was to the effect that the sufferer should read aloud in a clear, distinct tone some book or speech and then take moderate exercise.

Physicians were divided, as now, into various classes of specialists—doctors for the eye, for the throat, etc. Even in those old days women practiced medicine, although they did not reach prominence in the profession.

Surgeons used various instruments, resembling in some measure those of today. They had ear probes, syringes, instruments like the ones now in use. In very early times dentists came into notice, and an ancient author refers to "gold fillings,"—Professor A. P. Montague in Youtis's Companion.

Where Nature Bothers Science. A method of treating mother of pearl shells consists in drawing upon them with a brush and varnish any design which is desired, after which they are placed in a bath of weak muriatic acid. The latter eats away the outer coat wherever it is not protected by the varnish; the result being a lovely cameo with raised figures in white on a pearly ground. Nature, however, beats art hollow at this sort of work.

In the cruetaceous epoch, hundreds of thousands of years ago, there lived certain cephalopods, since extinct, which science calls "ammonites." The pearl they produced was of wonderful beauty, and many fossil ammonites dug up today have been so opened upon by the process of decay as to form elaborate patterns on the shells in pearl and white.—English Mechanic.

Thackeray's Facial Appearance. In 1841 or 1850 Charlotte Bronte wrote of Thackeray: "To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and the cynic; the mouth indicates a childlike simplicity—perhaps even a degree of irresolution in consistency—weakness, in short, but a weakness not unamiable." And Mr. Motley, writing to his wife in 1858, said: "I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shining, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years; a roundish face with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles."

This broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself; he caricatured it in his drawings; he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son, "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!"—Harper's.

Experiments with Bearings. Experiments have been made in England to determine definitely the friction of lubricated bearings, and with the special apparatus employed in this inquiry, the result showed that with careful lubrication steel shafts running in gun metal bearings at from fifty to 300 revolutions per minute would seize with the following loads: Collar bearings, 100 pounds per square inch; footstep bearings, 200 pounds per square inch; cylindrical bearings, 600 pounds per square inch, while a pin working intermittently will stand about ten times the above pressure without seizing. In all the experiments the surface was taken as being the diameter by the length. It appears that in the friction of solids it is directly proportionate to the load, while with liquid friction—that is, with a perfect lubrication where a film of liquid intervenes between the metallic surfaces—the friction is independent of load.

Again, these experiments showed that in bearing with the load applied above, as in bearing with the load applied below, and a pressure gauge inserted showing as much as 600 pounds pressure per square inch in a bearing four inches in diameter by six inches long, a total pressure of upward of six tons being thus supported by liquid pressure of the lubricant.—Safety Valve.

DECIDING A BET.

Difficulties That an Editor is Occasionally Called Upon to Answer.

"We've got a little bet," said two excited callers, addressing an editor in the sanctum, "and we have come here to decide it. We want to know whether there was ever a regular United States ship of war that came up the Mississippi river."

"Cruiser, you remember," put in the other man. "Ocean vessel. Belonging to the regular United States navy. That's what we're betting on."

"Certainly. Straight United States naval vessel. Ship of war. That's the bet. I say there was."

"And I say there wasn't. Regular United States cruiser, now. That's the unit we want settled."

"They had raised their voices to a high pitch already, and the man in the chair referred them to the files, and said that if they would consult the papers printed about the middle of May, when the great Memphis bridge was dedicated, they would see that some kind of naval vessel had gone up the Mississippi river as far as Memphis anyhow."

"They pointed on the files with the eagerness of a boy digging fishworms. "I don't want like to be mistaken, after some search, the one who had spoken first, "I've seen in the paper of May 3, 'Memphis' Great Bridge.' That's the headline. Um—let's see. Here it is! I knew it! 'The Concord, gayly bedecked with stars and stripes, moved down the stream.' That's the name of the ship. The Concord! I remember it perfectly. Satisfied now? I'll trouble you for that five dollars."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the other, beginning now an investigation on his own account. "Let's look a little further. Ah! Here's a little more about it in the paper of May 10. 'The United States steamship Concord—' that doesn't say it was an ocean cruiser, does it?"—may visit Cairo and St. Louis." Let's see—was seventeen feet—do you call that a great war steamship? 'This will be the first naval vessel of the upper Mississippi since the war.' See? Nothing but an old tub. Do you suppose?"

"Going to get out of it that way, are you?" "Get out of what? Didn't we agree to abide by?"

"Do you mean to say I haven't proved that a United States war vessel came up the Mississippi? Hand over that!" "Hand it over yourself! Didn't I bet that no regular ocean cruiser?"

"Isn't a cruiser a war vessel?" "Yes, but a war vessel isn't necessarily a cruiser, is it?" "That's the best." "You bet that no regular United States ship of war ever came!"

"And it draws seventeen feet! Call that a regular United States ship of war? I tell you no great ocean cruiser could get over the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi. There's less than twenty-two feet of water."

"If I'd lost a bet I'd own it." "So would I. If I had bet that a government cruiser came up the river and it turned out to be an old mud scow I think I'd—"

"Well, I'll leave it to this man here." "So will I. Only I want him to understand that I bet it was!"

"And I want you to remember that!" "Gentlemen," said the man in the chair. "I think I understand fully the term of your wager. Will you abide by what I have to say?"

"We will." "Well, one of the rules of this office is never to answer a question in order to decide a bet."

And they left the room and went down the elevator still wrangling.—Chicago Tribune.



CAUTION: To Our Patrons

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take NO RISKS, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

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