The . . . . . .

MOONSHINER'S DREAM.

By MATT CRIM.

Author of the Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

(These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities).

"S'manthy, S'manthy, wake up. Eddy's mighty sick an' I want you to run down to the 'stil'ry an' tell Eph."

Samantha rubbed her sleepy eyes open, staring up at her sister-in-law quite vacantly for a moment.

"What'd you say, Lizzy?"

"Eddy's sick, an' I can't leave him. He has a high fever, an' is callin' for his pa. Run, S'manthy, quick as you can. Here's your clothes, an' wrap my shawl 'round you."

Samantha sat up on the side of the bed still half dazed, but reaching mechanically for her dress. She occupied a little shed room opening out of the main room of the cabin, and the cold wind crept up through the cracks in the bare board floor.

"I wants my pa, where's my pa?" fretted a child's voice.

"There, there, honey, he'll come in a minute," soothed his mother.

Samantha was about in an instant, the last vapor of sleep blown away by the breath of that childish treble. Her teeth chattered a little as she dressed, groping around with no other light to aid her than the one shining through the doorway from the fireplace in the outer room.

"Put on another light 'ood knot, Lizzy," she called.

"Why don't you come out here where it's warmer?" was Lizzy's reply, but she thrust the rich pine under the logs and stirred up a brilliant blaze. She was a tall, sallow-faced young woman, with stooping shoulders and melancholy eyes, a direct contrast to her sister-in-law, who was short and rosy and laughter-loving.

"Now don't you be pestered, Lizzy. Eddy ain't goin' to be bad sick, I know," said Samantha, hopefully, as she came out of her little room flinging a shawl over her head. "He's just a little crampy an' feverish. He al'ays is when he takes cold. Eph'll come right up, and then Eddy'll be all right. Won't you, honey?" glancing over her shoulder to the bed.

The little boy turned restlessly on his pillow, moaning softly.

"I tell you, S'manthy, he ain't tuk like he usually is," whispered Lizzy. "It 'pears to me we orter have a doctor right now. I know I'm al'ays scaved plum to death nearly when anything gets the matter with Eddy; but you'd be, too, if he was the only one you had." She turned away, wiping her eyes on her dress sleeve.

THE MOONSHINER'S HOME.

"I ain't blamin' you, Lizzy."

She went to the bed and bent over the sleeping child for an instant, listening to his breathing and laying a light finger on his pulse. The doctor lived five miles away down in the town, so it behooved the people of the mountains to know something about sickness and to exercise judgment. Samantha stepped out into the icy stillness of the night, with a feeling of anxiety tugging at her own heart. She debated whether it would not be wiser to saddle the mule and ride down to the distillery, as Eph could then go direct to the doctor; but she decided to let her brother see the child himself first.

"We air all plum fools 'bout Eddy, an' I reckon git skeered at mighty nigh nothin'. I'll let Eph judge for hisself." She stepped out briskly and fearlessly, gathering the shawl closely about her head and shoulders, for the night was bitter cold with a light powdering of snow upon the ground. Icicles snapped noisily under her feet, her breath made a frosty cloud about her face. The wind had risen, for high above that frozen silence of the earth the ragged clouds flew stormily. Now and then the moon shone down through a rent, illuminating mountain peak and ravine with its cold white light, but only momentarily.

The little cabin was perched away up on the side of Brandreth's peak in a sheltering cove, and Samantha's way led her across the clearing where the naked corn stalks of last year's crop yet stood in blackened rows, and half down a ravine half choked with laurel. Half way down the side of the declivity a well defined path had been beaten out, and to this the girl kept, treading carefully along its slippery surface for fear of falling. The trickling murmur of a little stream came up from the depths of the hollow, now and then a bird scared from its roost flew through the naked branches of the trees, or some small four-footed beast run across the pathway. Of these sights or sounds Samantha had no fear. It was not the first time she had been to the distillery after nightfall. But her ears were keen to distinguish sound, and the element of danger always lurking in the air for the moonshiner and all those connected with him had sharpened Samantha's wits beyond the ordinary. Still, she did not fear danger that night until she came to a turn in the path where it shelved down very rapidly toward the bottom of the ravine, and found herself, without warning, within a few feet of a group of men. They were standing as motionless and noiseless as the trees, and after drawing one sharp breath of surprise and tremor, she also came to a standstill, trying to shield herself behind a shrub of laurel. The moon was hidden by the clouds, and she couldn't tell whether they were friends or foes, but instinct warned her that they were the dreaded revenue officers. The distillery was not fifty yards away, hidden in the depths of that hollow, and she could easily picture the careless security of her brother and her lover, Al Bishop, for they were partners. Her lips felt parched. The cold seemed to strike suddenly to her heart. For an instant she felt blind and dizzy with the thought of their being entrapped and taken. She clutched at a bush, loosening a shower of icicles. They fell to the ground with a loud, clinking sound.

"I heard something," muttered a cautious voice.

"Hush, it was only the ice falling," said another.

And then to the girl's straining ears came the soft punch, punch of footsteps behind her. She turned her head and saw a man looming up almost directly over her. She dared not move or breathe scarcely for fear of discovery.

"Straight ahead," whispered the newcomer to his comrades.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I know it," impatiently.

The group broke into single file, moving down the pathway like black shadows. Samantha lost all sense of her own danger in the desperate desire to warn those below. She leaped to her feet, giving utterance to a wild and piercing cry. It splintered the silence of the night with a thousand echoes, and died away in weird whispers against the hillsides and in the hollows. There was a shout from the officers. Some plunged down the pathway, while others wheeled to find out if an ambush had been sprung upon them.

Samantha heard a bullet whiz by her ear, and the next moment she had dropped over the edge of the bluff. She crashed down through the underbrush, bumping and rolling over stones and shrubs, her clothes torn, her face and hands scratched. The thick folds of the shawl wound about her saved her somewhat, but not altogether. It seemed an age before she found a stopping place, and then she lay bruised and breathless, unable to move. But dreadful sounds still pierced her stunned senses, fierce cries, pistol shots and trampling feet. Some one ran through the laurel thicket on the opposite side of the stream, an officer in swift pursuit. But he wasted both his strength and his ammunition, for he returned empty handed. She could hear his hoarse breathing, and now and then a profane exclamation, as he picked his way through the underbrush.

Then gradually the fury of conflict and of destruction died out, and silence reigned again—the silence of midnight. Samantha had lost all account of time, for she couldn't tell whether she had fainted or had slept. When she came fully and clearly to herself again the stillness of death seemed to prevail around her. Only the little stream rippled on softly, musically, undisturbed by human conflicts. Samantha found herself lying across some laurel boughs directly over it, and through the tree tops towering above she saw a patch of sky. It widened while she gazed; the clouds grew silvery, and then the moon appeared, sending a clear beam right down into her eyes. Her sluggish thoughts were quickened; she remembered her errand with a groan. But when she tried to move, to sit up, her numbed limbs refused to obey her; she felt as though pinned to the earth.

"I-mus' be plum' freezed, or I'm paralyzed, one or t'other. Did they git Eph an' Al? What will Lizzy do?"

Before she knew it tears were filling her eyes, trickling over her face. "La! What am I cryin' like a baby for? If I've got to die, the Almighty 'll take keer of me. I done what I could to save 'em."

She tried to wipe away the tears, but her stiffened arm refused to be moved. It lay like a leaden weight across her chest. It was no use. She might as well give up. The drowsy numbness seemed to be creeping up even to her heart. Only her brain was still active, preternaturally active. All her life from childhood on crowded upon her thoughts. She and Al were to have been married in this spring. Poor Al how sorry he would feel. And Lizzy, and Eph and Eddy. She was again moved to tears, though scarcely conscious of them.

It seemed a long time that she lay thinking, thinking, then her thoughts became only dreams. She lay snug and warm in her own bed, with a stream of water flowing through the room, and a bird singing upon her rafter. What a shrill and piercing note. The voice of the running water was ten times sweeter, softer. Suddenly she was wide awake again, and listening intently.

The shrill bird-like whistle sounded very near. It thrilled her with reviving hope; she uttered a little cry of relief and joy. A man crashed through the underbrush at the opposite of the stream and leaped over very close to her.

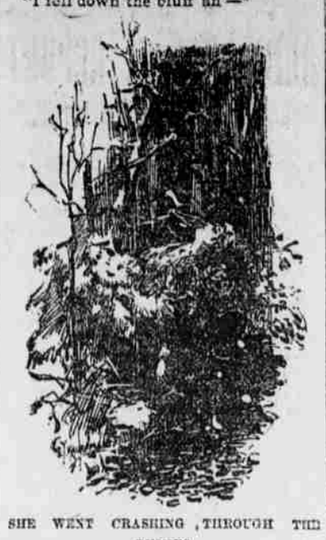
"S'manthy, oh, S'manthy!"

"I'm here, Al; I'm right close."

The moon came out again, revealing her hiding place. Al bent over her and gathered her into his arms.

"Honey, I 'lowed I'd never find you. I've been huntin' an' huntin'. What's the matter?"

"I fell down the bluff an'—"



SHE WENT CRASHING THROUGH THE BUSHES.

"You're freezin' to death."

"Yes; I s'pose so, an' I feel all broke to pieces."

"I knowed it was your voice the minute I heard you scream, an' we all knowed what it meant, too."

"Eph—where is Eph?"

"They tuk him, S'manthy."

She gasped with horror.

"Tuk Eph! Oh, oh!"

"I been up to the house an' found Lizzy mighty nigh distracted. She's takin' it hard, an' Eddy bein' sick, too. I had to come an' hunt for you, an' I think I'm just here in time!"

All the time he had been talking he was busy rubbing his face and hands, and now he lifted her first into a sitting position and then to her feet. But he had to carry her in his arms.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHEN FAMOUS MEN MARRIED.

Their Ages Ranged from Eighteen to Sixty-Seven—Many Happy Unions.

Raphael, Michael Angelo, Beethoven and many of the world's famous men remained bachelors, says an exchange. Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway when eighteen years old. Frederick the Great was twenty-one when he led Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick to the altar. William von Humboldt married Karoline von Dachdroeden when twenty-four, and Mozart and Walter Scott were twenty-five when they chose better halves. The musician married the charming Constanze Weber, who inspired him to write his most beautiful compositions, while the choice of the novelist was Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. Dante married when twenty-six the Florentine, Gemma Dopati. At the same age Johann Heinrich Voss led to the altar the sister of his friend, Ernestina Boie. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he married the rich widow Josephine Beauharnais, and Byron had attained the same age when he gave his name to the heiress Miss Elizabeth Millbank. The Swedish naturalist Linnæus (Linne) was twenty-seven when he married, Herder was twenty-nine and Robert Burns was thirty. Schiller had passed his thirty-first birthday when he wedded Charlotte von Leugenfold. Wieland was married when he was thirty-two. Milton began his unhappy union when he was thirty-five years old. Buerger led his beautiful and beloved "Molly" to the altar when he was more than thirty-six years old. Luther chose a wife when he was forty-two and Cuflon when he was fifty-five. Goethe gave his name to Christine Vulpius when three years less than three score. Klopstock, after mourning his Meta thirty-three years, took unto himself a second wife when sixty-seven. She was a widow bearing the name of Johanna von Windheim.

Mines of Wood.

A curious source of wealth is reported by the French consul at Mongtze, in upper Tonquin. It lies in wood mines. The wood originally was a pine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction, and in sandy soils which cover them to a depth of about eight yards. As the top branches are well preserved, it is thought the geological convulsion which buried them cannot be of great antiquity. The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins. Along the coast regions of some parts of New Jersey there are trunks of cypress trees, deeply buried in the sand, the recovery of which forms a valuable industry, the timber being used for making shingles.

Strength of a Brick Arch.

The strength of a brick arch having a span of 13 feet 1½ inches and a rise of 1 foot 11⅝ inches was recently tested at Beaue, France, with a view to determine the suitability of such a construction for a service reservoir now being built there. The bricks measured 11.8x5.1x1.2 inches, and were laid flat, with a joint of cement mortar 0.4-inch thick between them and an 8-10-inch layer of mortar outside. A section 3 feet wide was built on rock abutments and loaded with 820 pounds per square foot, which load was carried without any signs of failure for eighteen hours.

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2 Victor B Bicycles, Pneumatic Tire, second hand	70
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1 Lovel Diamond Bicycle, Solid Tire, second-hand	10
1 Ladies' Bicycle, Solid Tire, second-hand	25
2 Victor A Bicycles, Solid Tire, second-hand	15
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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.20 a.m., 12.50, 2.00, 3.30, 5.00, 7.25, 11.05 p.m. Sundays, 9.00 a.m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p.m.

For Atlantic City, 8.20 a.m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a.m., 12.50 (express with Buffet parlor car) 3.30 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a.m., 12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.50 p.m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.50, 5.00 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.50 p.m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a.m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p.m. Sunday, 4.30 a.m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a.m., 2.00 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday, 9.27 a.m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

PICTURESQUE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

MAY 13, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p.m. via D., & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., and 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 6.07, 8.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via L. & W. V., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m. via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.18, 11.38 p.m., via D., & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m., via L. & W. V. R. R., 2.41 p.m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30, and 6.07 p.m.

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"The Lackawanna"

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, May 20, all trains will arrive at new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.29, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Del., Lack. and Western.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.50 p.m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p.m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.15 a.m. and 1.24 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p.m. and 6.10 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.03 p.m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

Ithaca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a.m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p.m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.03 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 228 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.

In Effect Sept. 10th, 1894.

North Bound.				South Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 N Y Day Ex	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday)	202 Local Pass	204 Ontario Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 25	..	N Y Franklin St	....	7 40	....
....	7 19	....	West 42nd St	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	....
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junc.	6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 03	....	Hancock	6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 53	..	Starlight	6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park	6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	....	Como	6 32	2 41	....
7 38	12 35	....	Poyntelle	6 40	2 50	....
7 33	12 18	....	Belmont	6 45	2 58	....
7 22	12 03	....	Pleasant Mt.	6 55	3 06	....
7 19	f11 59	....	Uniondale	f6 58	3 09	....
7 08	11 49	A M	Forest City	7 10	3 19	P M
6 51	11 31	9 15	Carbondale	7 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	....	f9 06	Mayfield	f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn	7 31	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archbald	7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton	7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville	7 48	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant	7 52	4 01	6 04
6 21	11 05	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 03	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 36	Providence	8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f1057	8 33	Park Place	8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 33	Scranton	8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive	A M	P M	P M

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.

T. Flippen, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 a.m. and 3.24 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35, 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

An additional train leaves Scranton for Lake Ariel at 5.10 p. m. and arrives at Scranton from the Lake at 7.45 p.m

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a. m. and 3.41 p.m.

AMUSEMENTS.

ELECTION RETURNS TONIGHT —AT— THE FROTHINGHAM

DIRECT WIRES ON THE STAGE.

Special Associated Press dispatches will be read during the performance of

Shaun - Rhue

BY THE

Joseph Murphy Co.

COMPLETE RELIABLE RETURNS

LOCAL, STATE AND UNITED STATES

OPEN TO 2 A. M.

THE FROTHINGHAM. Two Nights, NOV. 5 AND 6.

Special Engagement of the Legitimate Irish Comedian, MR.

JOSEPH MURPHY

And a Carefully Selected Supporting Company.

MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 5, He will appear in the Greatest of all Irish Dramas, THE

KERRY GOW

Played by him with unparalleled success for Fourteen consecutive Seasons.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 6, He will appear in the companion drama to "Kerry Gow," entitled

Shaun - Rhue

Introducing Mr. Murphy's wonderfully Successful Song, "A HANDFUL OF EARTH."

Usual prices. Sale of seats opens Friday.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. TWO NIGHTS, NOV. 6 AND 7.

ENGAGEMENT OF

Mr. Edward Harrigan

And his New York Company, under the management of M. W. Hanley, presenting on Tuesday Evening Mr. Harrigan's brilliant comedy,

REILLY AND THE 400

which run 500 nights in New York. On Wednesday Evening

CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS

Original Cast and Scenes from Harrigan's Theater. PRICES—First Floor, $1.00 and 75c.; Balcony, 75c. and 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Sale of seats opens for both performances Saturday.

THE FROTHINGHAM Wednesday Evening, NOV. 7.

The Management respectfully announces ONE SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF

MRS. LANGTRY

And her Select London Company, direct from the HAYMARKET THEATER, LONDON, England, in her Grandest London Success.

A - WIFE'S - PERIL

PRICES—$1.50, $1.25, $1.00 and 75c

GALLERY, 50c.

Sale of seats begins Monday, 9 a. m., at the box office.

THE FROTHINGHAM. Thursday Evening, NOV. 8.

Coming Events cast their shadows before.

America's Representative Irish Comedian,

HERBERT CAWTHORN,

The Funniest Man on Earth, in Hoey's Masterpiece,

A CORK MAN

Supported by

LEOLA BELLE AND A CLEVER COMPANY.

New Songs, New Dances, New Music, and a Bevy of Beautiful Girls.

Sale of seats Tuesday. Regular Prices.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. THURSDAY, NOV. 8.

McFadden's Elopement

A Farce-Comedy of a lively and entertaining nature by

FRANK DUMONT

Introducing the inimitable and original Comedian,

JOHN - KERNELL

Plenty of Good Singing and Dancing. Novel Features. An evening of Good Solid Fun. Excellent Array of Farceurs.

Sale of seats opens Tuesday.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

BETTER THAN BEFORE.

THE STOWAWAY

Vivid, Realistic, Startling. The Yacht in Mid-Ocean. London by Moonlight. Champion Villa at Sunset.

BEST .·. COMPANY .·. TRAVELING

Royal and Romantic Return of the Renowned Reformed Burglars, "SPIKE" HENNESSEY and "KID" McCOY, who will "crack" a Real Safe with Surprising Swiftness.

DAVIS' THEATER

It being impossible, by reason of sickness, to properly present "THE COUNTERFEITERS,"

—THE—

HOLMES-FORRESTE CO.

WILL PRESENT THE BEAUTIFUL IRISH PLAY,

KATHLEEN

ON

Monday,