

THE SPECTRE OF THE REAL

BY THOS HARDY.

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CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUDED.

Three hours and a half later they re-appeared. The lawn was as silent as when they had left it, though the sleep of things had weakened down to a certain precarious slowness; and round the corner of the house a low line of light showed the dawn.

"Now, good-by, dear," said her husband, lightly. "You'll let him know at once?"

"Of course."

"And send to me directly after?"

"Yes."

"And now for my walk across the fields to the hotel. These boots are fine, but I know the old way well enough. By Jove, I wonder what Melanie—"

"Who?"

"Oh—what Melanie will think, I was going to say. It slipped out. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings at all."

"Melanie—who is she?"

"Well—she's a French lady. You know, of course, Rosalys, that I thought you were perhaps dead—and so this lady passed as Mrs. Durrant."

Rosalys started.

"In fact, I found her in the east, and took pity upon her—that's all. Though if it had happened that you had not been living now I have got back, I should have married her at once, of course."

"Is—she, then, here with you at the hotel?"

"No—no—I wouldn't bring her here till I knew how things were."

"Then where is she?"

"I left her at my rooms in London. O, it will be all right—I shall see her safely back to Paris, and make a little provision for her. Nobody in England knows anything of her existence."

"When—did you part from her?"

"Well, of course, at breakfast time."

Rosalys bowed herself against the doorway. "O—O—what have I done? What a fool, what a weak fool!" she moaned. "Go away from me—go away!"

Jim was almost distressed when he saw the distortion of her agonized face.

"Now, why should you take on like this? There's nothing in it. People do these things. Living in a prison society here you don't know how the world goes on."

"O, but to think it didn't occur to me that the sort of man—"

Jim, though anxious, seemed to awaken to something humorous in the situation, and vented a momentary chuckle. "Well, it is rather funny that I should have let it out. But still—"

"Don't make a deep wrong deeper by cruel levity. Go away!"

"You'll be in a better mood to-morrow, mark me; and then I'll tell you all my history. There—I'm gone! As usual!"

He disappeared under the trees. Rosalys, rousing herself, closed the gate and fastened the door, and sat down in one of the hall chairs, her teeth shut tight and her little hands clenched. When she had passed this mood, and returned upstairs, she regarded the state of her room sadly, and bent again over her writing-table, murmuring: "O how weak, how weak was I!"

But in a few minutes she found herself nervous to an unexpected and passionate vigor of action, and began writing her letter to Lord Parkhurst with great rapidity. Sheet after sheet she filled, and, having read them over, she sealed up the letter and placed it on the mantelpiece to be given to a groom and dispatched by hand as soon as the morning was a little further advanced.

With cold feet and a burning head she flung herself upon the bed just as she was, and waited for the day without the power to sleep. When she had lain nearly two hours, and the morning had crept in, and she could hear from the direction of the stables that the men were astir, she rang for her maid, and taking the letter in her hand stood with it in an attitude of suspense as the woman entered. The latter looked full of intelligence.

"Are any of the men about?" asked Rosalys.

"Yes, ma'am. There have been such an accident in the Meads this past night—about half a mile down the river—and Jones ran up from the lodge to call for help quite early; and Benton and Peters went as soon as they were dressed. A gentleman drowned—yes—it's Mr. James Durrant—the son of the Mr. Durrant who died some years ago. He came home only yesterday, after having been heard nothing of for years and years. He left Mrs. Durrant, who they say is a French lady, somewhere in London, but she has telegraphed and found her, and she's coming. They say she's quite distressed. The poor gentleman left the three lions last night and went out to dinner, saying he would walk home, as it was a fine night and not very far; and it is supposed he took the old short cut across the moor where there used to be a path when he was a lad at home, crossing the big river by a plank. There is only a rail now, and he must have been taken to get across upon it, for he was tried in two, and his body found in the water-woods just below."

"Is he—dead?"

"O yes. They had a great trouble to get him out. The men have just come from carrying him to the hotel. It will be sad for his poor wife when she gets there."

"His poor wife—yes?"

"Traveling all the way from London on such a call!"

Rosalys had allowed the hand in which she held the letter to Lord Parkhurst to drop to her side; she now put it in the pocket of her dressing-gown.

"I was wishing to send somewhere," she said. "But I think I will wait till later."

The house was bestirred betimes on account of the wedding, and Rosalys's companion in particular, who was not sad because she was going to live on with the bride. When Miss Jennings saw her cousin's agitation she said she looked ill, and insisted upon sending

for the doctor. He, who was the local practitioner, arrived at breakfast time; very proud to attend such an important lady who mostly got doctored in London. He said Rosalys certainly was not quite in her usual state of health; prescribed a tonic, and declared that she would be all right in an hour or two. He then informed her that he had been suddenly called upon that morning in the case of which they had possibly heard—the drowning of Mr. Durrant.

"And you could do nothing?" asked Rosalys.

"O no. He'd been under water too long for any human aid. Dead and stiff. * * * It was not very far from here. * * * Yes, I remember him quite as a boy. But he has had no relations hereabout for years past—old Durrant's property was sold, if you recollect; and nobly expected to see the son again. I think he has lived in the East Indies a good deal. Much better for him if he had not come—poor fellow."

When the doctor had left, Rosalys went to the window, and remained for some time thinking. There was the lake from which the water had flowed down the river that had drowned Jim after visiting her last night—as a mere interlude in his continuous life of crosses with the Frenchwoman Melanie. She turned, took from her dressing-gown pocket the remonstratory letter to her intended husband, Lord Parkhurst, thrust it through the bars of the grate, and watched it till it was entirely consumed.

The wedding had been fixed for an early hour in the afternoon, and as the morning wore on Rosalys felt increasing strength, mental and physical. The doctor's dose had been a powerful one; the image of "Melanie," too, had much to do with her recuperative mood; more still Rosalys's innate qualities; the nerve of the woman who nine years earlier had gone to the city to be married as if it were a mere shopping expedition; most of all she loved Lord Parkhurst; he was the man among all men she desired. Rosalys allowed things to take their course.

Soon the dressing began; and she sat through it quite calmly. When Lord Parkhurst rode across for a short visit that day he only noticed that she seemed strung-up, nervous, and that the flush of love which mantled her cheek died away to pale rather quickly.

On the way to church the road skirted the low-lying ground where the river was, and about a dozen men were seen in the bright-green meadow, standing beside the deep central stream, and looking intently at a broken rail.

"Who are those men?" said the bride.

"Oh—they are the coroner's jury, I think," said Miss Jennings, "come to view the place where the unfortunate Mr. Durrant lost his life last night. It was curious that, by the merest accident, he should have been at Mrs. Lay's dinner—since they hardly knew him at all."

"It was—I saw him there," said Rosalys.

Ten minutes later she was kneeling against the altar railings, with Lord Parkhurst on her right hand.

The wedding was by no means a gay one, and there were few people invited. Rosalys, for one thing, having hardly any relations. The newly united pair got away from the honeymoon spot after the ceremony. When they drove off there was a group of people round the door, and some among the bystanders asked how far they were going that day.

"To Dover. They cross the channel to-morrow, I believe."

To-morrow came, and those who had gathered together at the wedding went about their usual duties and amusements. Col. Lay among the rest. As he and his wife were returning home by the late afternoon train after a short journey up the line, he brought a copy of an evening paper and glanced at the latest telegrams.

"My good God!" he cried.

"What?" said she, starting towards him.

He tried to read—then handed her the paper; and she read for herself: "DOVER—DEATH OF LORD PARKHURST, A. S."

"We regret to announce that this distinguished nobleman and heroic naval officer, who arrived with Lady Parkhurst last evening at the Lord Chamberlain hotel in this town, preparatory to starting on their wedding-tour, entered his dressing room very early this morning and shot himself through the head with a revolver. The report was heard shortly after dawn, none of the inmates of the hotel being aware of the time. No reason can be assigned for the rash act."

[THE END.]

DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.

An Eminent Physician of Arkansas, tells of some Remarkable Cures of Consumption.

Stamps, La Fayette Co., Ark. Dr. E. V. PIERCE:

"Dear Sir—I will say to you, that Consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Henry, that was taken with consumption. She used your Golden Medical Discovery, and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the Golden Medical Discovery. I consulted her to her using it, and I relieved her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better remedy. Yours very truly,

Mrs. ROGERS.

W. C. Rogers, M.D.

Ladies Who Value A refined complexion must use Pozzol's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

A REMINDER OF HOME.

The Only Difference Was That It Was Considerably Wetter.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The man from Kansas was making a trip across the Atlantic, and during the passage the weather was extremely boisterous. One morning when it was blowing great guns the Kansas appeared on the deck. Nobody was in sight except the captain.

"Go below there," he shouted.

The passenger looked around to see who he was talking to.

"You mean me?" he yelled back when he saw there was no one else in sight.

"Of course I do; go below," and the captain came alongside.

"Well, I guess not," protested the Kansas. "I'm up here to see how one of your 'mountain hills' waves and 'ferocious gales' compare with what we have in Kansas in the way of cyclones. This ain't a patching to what I've seen out our way."

Before the captain could offer further objection a big green wave came curling over the place where the passenger stood, and the next thing he knew he was swept off his feet and carried aft over ropes and boats and all the paraphernalia of a ship's deck and landed in a heap in one corner, where he was saved from being washed overboard.

When they got him out he had a broken wrist, a twisted shoulder, a sprained wrist, his face looked as if it had been dragged backward through a hair-scratcher and he was unconscious. They carried him to the captain's room, and after much effort restored him to consciousness. He gazed around a minute in bewilderment, and his eyes fell on the captain.

"By gray, cap," he said feebly, "that reminded me of home, only it was a darn sight wetter."

"Well, you're right," said the captain. "It was a darn sight wetter."

"And you could do nothing?" asked Rosalys.

"O no. He'd been under water too long for any human aid. Dead and stiff. * * * It was not very far from here. * * * Yes, I remember him quite as a boy. But he has had no relations hereabout for years past—old Durrant's property was sold, if you recollect; and nobly expected to see the son again. I think he has lived in the East Indies a good deal. Much better for him if he had not come—poor fellow."

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Mrs. ROGERS.

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Ladies Who Value A refined complexion must use Pozzol's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine

—A tonic for ladies. If you are suffering from weakness, and feel exhausted and nervous; are getting thin and all run down; Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.

Advertisement for Gilmore's Aromatic Wine, describing its benefits for women's health and its availability at Matthews Bros. in Scranton.

Advertisement for Cushman's Menthol Inhaler, featuring an illustration of the product and text describing its use for various ailments.

Advertisement for Dr. Hedges' Viola Cream, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing the cream's benefits for skin care.

Advertisement for Shaw Emersion Pianos, highlighting the quality and reliability of the instruments.

Advertisement for Clough & Warren's Organ Water, describing its effectiveness for various ailments.

Advertisement for Diddender & Co. Blacksmiths and Wagon Makers, listing their services and contact information.

Advertisement for Mercereau & Connell, a wire and wire screen business, located at 307 Lackawanna Avenue.

Advertisement for The Richards Lumber Company, providing details on their lumber products and services.

Advertisement for Dr. Paal's Pennyroyal Pills, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the pills' benefits for women's health.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Physicians and Surgeons.

DR. G. EDGAR DEAN HAS REMOVED TO 116 Spruce street, Scranton, Pa. DR. A. J. CONNELL, OFFICE at Washington avenue, cor. Spruce street, over Franke's drug store. DR. W. E. ALLEN, OFFICE COR. LACKAWANNA and Washington avenues, over Leonard's shoe store. DR. C. L. PREE, PRACTICE LIMITED diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; office, 12 Wyoming ave. DR. L. M. GATES, 125 WASHINGTON AVENUE, OFFICE HOURS, 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 7 p. m. DR. JOHN L. VENTZ, M. D., OFFICES 21 and 23 Commercial buildings; residence 111 Madison ave. DR. DR. KAY, 205 PENN AVE. 1 to 3 p. m. DR. JESSIE H. HAND, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Commonwealth building, Washington ave. DR. WILLARD WARREN & KNAPP, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Republican building, Washington ave. PATTERSON & WILCOX, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW; offices 6 and 8 Liberty building, Scranton, Pa. ALFRED HAND, WILLIAM J. HAND, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS, Commonwealth building, Room 20, 21 and 22. W. P. BOYER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 10, 20, 22, Burr building, Washington avenue. HENRY M. SEELY—LAW OFFICES in Price building, 125 Washington ave. FRANK T. O'HELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 5, Coal Exchange, Scranton, Pa. JAMES W. OAKFORD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms 61 and 62, Commonwealth building. SAMUEL W. EDGAR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office, 217 Spruce st., Scranton, Pa. L. A. WATERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 22 Lehigh, Commercial at Taylor. P. R. SMITH, COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office rooms 54, 55 and 56 Commonwealth building. C. B. PITCHER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Commonwealth building, Scranton, Pa. C. COMEY, 21 SPRUCE STREET. D. R. REPOGLI, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, negotiated on real estate security, 408 Spruce street. E. F. KILLAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 120 Wyoming ave., Scranton, Pa.

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SCHOOL OF THE LACKAWANNA, Scranton, Pa., prepares boys and girls for college or business; thoroughly treats young children. Catalogue at request. Open September 10, 11 and 12. REV. THOMAS M. CANN, WALTER H. DUELL.

Dentists.

DR. WILLIAM A. TAIT—SPECIALTY in porcelain, crown and bridge work, for college or business; thoroughly treats young children. Catalogue at request. Open September 10, 11 and 12. REV. THOMAS M. CANN, WALTER H. DUELL.

Loans.

THE REPUBLICAN SAVINGS AND Loan Association will loan you money on easy terms of business; thoroughly invests than any other association. Call on S. N. Callender, Dime Bank building.

Seeds.

G. R. CLARK & CO. SEEDSMEN AND Nurseries; store 182 Washington avenue, great lot of seeds, plants and nursery stock; telephone 723.

Tens.

GRAND UNION TEA CO., JONES BROS.

Wire Screens.

JOS. KURTTEL, 25 LACKAWANNA AVENUE, Scranton, Pa., manufacturer of Wire Screens.

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THE ELK CAFE, 12 and 17 FRANKLIN AVENUE. F. ZIEGLER, Proprietor.

Architects.

DAVIS & VON STORCH, ARCHITECTS, Rooms 24, 25 and 26, Commonwealth building, Scranton.

Miscellaneous.

BAUER'S ORCHESTRA—MUSIC FOR balls, parties, receptions, weddings and all social work furnished. For terms address H. J. Bauer, conductor, 117 Wyoming avenue, over Hubert's meat store.

W. L. Douglas's \$3 Shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH CAMELLE CALF, \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLS. \$2.50 T. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.75 BOYS' SHOES. \$3.50 BEST DOLGOL. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

EVERY WOMAN

Some medicine is reliable, soothing, regulating medicine. Only harmless and the purest drug should be used. If you want the best, get Dr. Paal's Pennyroyal Pills.

Dr. Paal's Pennyroyal Pills

They are gentle, safe and certain in result. The greatest Dr. Paal's remedy for all ailments of women. Sold by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, Cor. Wyoming Avenue and Spruce Street, Scranton, Pa.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

Central Railroad of New Jersey.

(Lehigh and Pottsville Division.) Attention called to the fact that the new timetable is in effect Nov. 19, 1904. Trains leave Scranton for Pottsville, 12:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 10:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Trains leave Pottsville for Scranton, 6:00 a. m., 7:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 10:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Trains leave Scranton for Philadelphia, 7:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 1:15 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 11:15 p. m. Trains leave Philadelphia for Scranton, 6:00 a. m., 7:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 10:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Trains leave Scranton for New York, 7:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 10:45 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 1:15 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 6:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:45 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 11:15 p. m. Trains leave New York for Scranton, 6:00 a. m., 7:15 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 10:15 p. m., 11:30 p. m.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE FROTHINGHAM THEATRE. NOV. 21-22, TWO NIGHTS. THE GENTLE IRISH ACTOR, John E. Brennan, And His Own Company, in the Revised Irish Comedy Drama, TIM THE TINKER. Special Scenery, Great Acting Force. WIT, COMEDY AND GINGER. THE TINKER QUARTETTE. Box seats now ready. Regular prices.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22. CHAS. A. HARTLEY, Presenting His Own Unexcelled Company in a Series of HIGH CLASS SPECIALTIES. EVERY ARTIST A STAR. PRICES AS USUAL. Sale of seats commences Nov. 20.

THE FROTHINGHAM Friday Nov. 23 and Saturday Nov. 24. THE WONDERFUL POSTIES. C. D. JEFFERSON, KILW & ERLANGER'S Country Circus. The Biggest Indoor Entertainment in the World. ALL-NEW-RING-UP FEATURES. 75 PEOPLE. 40 ANIMALS. OFF THE MARVELOUS ACROBATS. THE WONDERFUL POSTIES. Box seats now ready. PRICES, \$1.00, 50c, 25c. Gallery, 25c. MATINEE, 7:00, 5:00, 3:00. Gallery, 25c.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC FRIDAY, NOV. 23. Seranton-Wilkes-Barre SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. (50-United Musicians of Scranton and Wilkes-Barre—50) CONCERTS: THEODORE HERBERGER, Conductor. Mrs. Theodore Herberger, Soprano, Mr. Joseph Fizzarello, Pianist. (Professors at National Conservatory, N.Y.) Mr. Joseph Summerhill, Cornetist, Accompanist, J. Willis Conant. Regular prices; no advance. Sale of seats Wednesday, Nov. 21.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 26. GRAND GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION BY THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF THE SCRANTON TURN VEREIN. Ladies, Active Turners, Girls' and Boys' Clubs in Floor Exercises, Ball Drills, Club Swinging, Pyramids, Marbles, Tumbling, Exercises on Horizontal and Parallel Bars, Horse, etc. The finest exhibition ever witnessed in Scranton. PRICE OF ADMISSION, Parlor Chairs, 50c; Orchestra Chairs, 30c; Gallery, 25c. Gallery, 25c.

DAVIS' THEATRE WEEK COMMENCING NOVEMBER 19. Every Afternoon and Evening. WM. O. AUSTIN'S GIGANTEANS AND HIS FAMOUS LIVING-PICTURES. Which had a straight run of six months at the Palace Theatre, Boston—the Finest Series on the road—bar none.

A First-Class Entertainment at Popular Prices. ADMISSION, 10, 20 OR 30 CENTS. Two performances daily at 2:30 and 8:15 p. m.

Wm. Linn Allen & Co. STOCK BROKERS. Buy and sell Stocks, Bonds and Grain on New York Exchange and Chicago Board of Trade, either for cash or on margin. 312 Spruce Street. LOCAL STOCKS A SPECIALTY. G. DOB. DIMMICK, Manager. TELEPHONE 5602.

CLEARING SALE OF BICYCLES. A Child's Bicycle, Rubber Tire, new, \$10. A Child's Bicycle, Rubber Tire, new, \$12. A Boy's Bicycle,