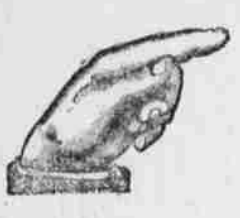


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312 LACKAWANNA AVENUE, SCRANTON, PA.

English People Admire Cleveland

They Also, for Selfish Reasons, Admire Our Democratic Party.

COMMENTS ON OUR ELECTIONS

The Britishers Cannot See Why We Should Spoil Their Anticipated Commercial Feast at America's Expense—Miss Kaiser and Royalty.

London, Dec. 2.—I have had a very interesting time this week explaining our American politics to the English girls here at our house. They have seen, in my American newspapers, that a party called Republicans have won the day, tremendously, in the elections in my country lately, and so I have been filled with questions every day and put through as vigorous an examination as any American girl ever had on this subject, I am sure. To begin with, they have, from hearing bits of their elders' conversation, I fancy, or from the English papers, perhaps, somehow gotten a certain fondness for Grover Cleveland, and for the Democratic party in the United States. They think that this party is the best for them and their interests, as, perhaps, it is. I have been laboriously explaining all I know of the differences in the platforms and principles of these two parties, and of some of the little parties which we have had cropping up lately, too. I do not know much about politics, but what I know I certainly had to teach to these inquiring Englishers here. They are very loyal to their country's interests, and are really sorry that our tariff will have to be reversed again soon, to suit the new party.

The interest which they take over here in our politics is surprising. I have met a great many different people who have, as soon as they found that I was an American, said something about the result of the recent elections at home and asked me if it would affect their markets very soon, and so forth. The English all are in love with our Democratic party, and it must be because of its loose protective policy. I suppose, as they say their times are so much better when that party is in office than when we have the Republicans at the helm. Of course, I tell them that we really cannot run our country to suit their, and if their markets are affected by our frequent changes of tariff, why, they must only have to "watch out," that's all, and not depend upon us to feed their poor and underpaid workmen by fostering too much free trade.

Lively Tea Table Debates.

We have great talks. We have actually become heated in our arguments at the dinner table of nights, over these things, but it is all great fun. It sharpens one's wits so to argue. They have told me some interesting things about their method of conducting elections, which I admire very much. For one thing, at their elections here, it is almost impossible, nowadays, to use any sort of bribery. There is a man called the "returning officer," an unbiased individual appointed by the government, who is sent down from London to any place where elections have taken place, and whose duty it is to discharge and publish all the expenses attendant upon the recent election there. Election expenses are not

allowed to exceed a certain amount, nowadays, and very poor men can successfully run for seats in the house of commons. Almost all of the labor candidates in the house now, for instance, are poor men. It is impossible for a man to literally ruin his fortunes in an election over here, now, as has often been done in the past. Imagine, if not pressed for time, what a showing some of the campaign expense accounts of our American candidates for public office would make if they were published, as they are in every country over here. It would be hard lines on some of our politicians, I fancy.

In the English Shops.

The shops are growing prettier and prettier as Christmas draws near, and I waste all of my spare time looking at the enticing things and wishing. Everyone who has been in London will remember the large number of shops over which they have seen the arms of England, the lion and the unicorn with the three feathers, and the invariable motto accompanying it and the legend underneath, "Hatter," or "Glover and Underneath," "Hatter," or "Glover and Hosier," or "Perfumer," or "H. R. H. the Queen and the Royal Family," or "Brewer to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales," or "Perfumer to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales," and so on. This coveted distinction, my English friends tell me, is won by petitioning the queen or the prince or princess to buy an article of a certain kind from the person desirous of the honor of being a "perfumer" to their highnesses, and after that they may use the English arms on their shop and wrapping paper, and be "court glower," or "court perfumer," or court anything else for that matter. It is not true, as some of our party were told while touring this autumn, that these people must every year send a stipulated share of their gloves, or hats, or beer, or groceries, to the royals from whom they have received their letters patent. If there is any one who profits by this proceeding it is the court officers through whom the queen must be approached for the stipulated honor, and if the tradesman who has received it sends bonuses to anyone it is to the "middleman" concerned. It is true that some persons of the royal family are very poor, comparatively so, at any rate, and all the Englishmen with whom I have spoken on the subject say that while the queen is immensely wealthy, by reason of the estates which she has added, little by little during her long life, to her other possessions, the other members of her family, especially her grand children, are quite poor for royalties. All of the children of the queen have a yearly "salary," or gift rather, from the English people for their maintenance, and all of her grandchildren have been provided with a like support, as one by one they made their appearance upon the scene.

Stipends for Impecunious Princes.

The last gift which was made for this purpose was bestowed by parliament upon condition that the queen should ask for no more money for like purposes during the remainder of her lifetime. These yearly stipends are not sufficient for a royalty, sometimes, and so if they want anything extra they must come and ask grandmamma, the queen, for it. She gives away very little, the people say, and while not contributing from her own income for the welfare of her descendants, she has spent very little of it upon herself and so has been quietly, as the years passed by, possessing herself of a great deal of property which makes her an extremely wealthy old woman, even for a queen. On the other hand, her children and

grandchildren sometimes find themselves not so rich as they should like to be, and have come to the pass of making capital of their royalty, such as driving out at the houses of the rich nobility, or richer commoners, and getting paid for the honor which they presumably thus bestow upon their host and hostess! One of the ladies with whom I lodge here is a terrible Radical, whom I lodge here in a terrible Radical, the awful. Whenever she reads in the London papers such an item as "The prince and princess dined at Shoestring House with Lord and Lady Sole-leather," she says, "Hump! there's another 3000 from poor Lord Sole-leather." She thinks the queen a very selfish old lady for not retiring from the throne and giving the regency to the Prince of Wales, as she, as everyone knows, goes nowhere and does nothing, but makes him go about opening hospitals, laying corner stones and making speeches the whole blessed time, almost. He is really a very hardworking man, and does his best appearing and speaking for the queen, and my friend rails greatly at her lazy majesty for still reigning and at the same time, put her work upon the shoulders of her son, while giving him no share of her income.

London Musical Events.

I have been to several concerts this week. One was at the Imperial institute, a great big fairground palace, which is sort of a club house, I think, and does for the rich what the People's palace does for the poor. The concert was an orchestral one, and was in an immense marble hall, perfectly beautiful, and everybody there was in evening dress. It was lovely to see all the pretty women and beautiful dresses and dazzling jewels, and so forth. We had very good seats and I enjoyed myself way up to the skies.

The next night I went to a lecture, the first of a series of twelve by Dr. Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, and it was illustrated by some of his lovely little choir boys and a magnificent bass. They sang examples of certain forms for us. The next one is a Mozart one, and will be given on the anniversary of the death of that old master, next Wednesday. I am going to them all, if I have to miss lessons for them.

The next night I had the great pleasure of listening to the great London Symphony orchestra, led by Henschel, the gifted singer, composer and leader. I heard Agnes Jansen, the Swedish mezzo, and better yet, Herr Popper, the German cellist who has produced some of the best things in the world for the solo "cello. He played a perfectly delightful suite of his own, called "Im Wald," accompanied by orchestra. I never heard anything daintier in all my life. I was in a perfect frenzy of delight when he had done, and made just as much noise as I could among the thousands that were making noise to help make him repeat it, which he really did. Last night there was another concert at the Academy, and tomorrow I am going with my dear Miss Radical Richmond to hear a lecture on the orchestra by a famous leader here, Miss Radical, who happens to be the talented leader of an orchestra herself, has been chosen to illustrate this lecture with the instruments described by my goodness, as they say in America, what good times I am having! The girls here call me by several nicknames, the last one of which is "Concertschick!" They say I must actually describes my present condition.

When Royalty Exhibits Itself.

They all tell me that they often see the prince and princess, and the other lesser royalties about London and in the parks, especially during the season which, however, does not commence until May, so that, I dare say, I shall not have the pleasure of gazing upon their royal persons until that season of the year, when I suppose I may look upon their august presences at Concert Garden, where they often frequent the opera, which also does not commence until that time. So if everything goes right and Providence permits, I shall see and hear Calve, the De Reszke, Melba, Emma, and all the rest of these wonderfully gifted singers next May and June, and incidentally—remember, only incidentally—shall I look at their majesties in their boxes. Perhaps I shall be so taken up with the artists that I shall never want a glance at the swells, I shouldn't wonder at all. I wouldn't miss a note of Calve's voice for the whole fifty or sixty of 'em, I'm perfectly sure.

I am very glad I do not happen to have been born a granddaughter of "Her Majesty, the Queen," as the English put it. They lead such unatis-

Antique Curios of Aged Quebec

Some of the Entertaining Historical Possessions of the Fortress City.

BRAVE MONTGOMERY'S SWORD

The Museum of the Literary and Historical Society Contains This and Many Other Souvenirs of the Early Pioneer Times.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Quebec, Dec. 2.—Every visitor to this antique city is interested in the ancient city gates. Even in their modern attire, they remind one of the old military regiments, as they form a part of the reconstructed line of fortifications. A rich history is attached to these gates, and to them the eye of the visitor is especially drawn. None of the original gates, with their old brass-work walls, is left standing. Prescott and St. Louis, in 1871, yielded to the necessities of a later civilization, preserving, however, much of their unique military character, and memorial structures and picturesque archways have been rebuilt in a style that does credit to the taste of the public-spirited citizens of Quebec, of the public-spirited, progressive citizens of Quebec.

A magnificent new portal of masonry, with towers and medieval appointments, was erected on the site of the St. Louis gate in 1877 and 1878; also another very imposing entrance, called Kent Gate, was opened between this and St. John's gate at the same time. The foundation of St. Louis gate was laid by Princess Louise, and as a memorial of her father, the Duke of Kent, who was at one time commander of the British forces in Canada, Queen Victoria contributed generously to the other, which was named in his honor. It is a very interesting piece of feudal architecture, with turrets, arrow-slits, etc.

St. John's gate is a strong and graceful structure, though more ancient in style. It was erected in 1580. From the top of each gate one gets good views of the oddly planned streets of the Upper Town. Palace, Hope, Prescott and Mountain Hill gates, the picket flanked structures which marked the end of 200 years ago, were removed in 1873, and have never been restored. In ye olden days the gates were closed at sundown and opened at sunrise.

Some Ancient Relics.

Quebec is a city of relics, both architectural and antiquarian. As a matter of course many of the antiques of Quebec are well worthy of study. Not only in public repositories, but in the homes of many of the old families of the city also are found rare treasures and heirlooms, with many quaint old bits of furniture and bric-a-brac. Quite recently a small mahogany cabinet or cupboard, said to have belonged to Champlain, was discovered; certainly the style of workmanship marks the founder's era of nearly three centuries ago; also a combined toilet and writing case, said to have been in possession of General Wolf, and the sword he carried when wounded in 1759. Another is General Montgomery's sword, found near him when he fell. These and other ancient relics are deposited for safe-keeping in the museum of the Literary and Historical society, at Morrin col-

Decorated Placques, Leather Goods, Lap Tablets, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Celluloid Goods, Smoking Sets, Manicure Sets,

Toilet Sets,
Fancy Mirrors,
Games, Sleds,
Rocking Horses,
Magic Lanterns,
Fine Writing Paper,
Gold Pens,
Fountain Pens.

Interesting Street Rambles.

St. Louis suburbs and St. John's suburbs are two distinct quarters of the Upper Town. A stroll along the ramparts, between St. Louis and St. John's gates, where one cannot be driven, repays the sightseer, and to witness a sunset from the heights, is indescribably enjoyable; one feels elevated, both physically and spiritually by sight of those peaceful blue mountains upon the horizon and the quiet St. Lawrence flowing far below. "Forest and river and mountain and cultivated broad acres combine to make a gorgeous landscape."

We found it a fatiguing rambles up and down hill, and in some places it becomes a scramble over bits of wall and across cannon ditches, where the harmless looking smooth bore guns so peacefully repose. Take time to sit here and there, and you will enjoy the lights and shadows on the distant hills, viewed from different points. One observer says: "The mountains have a kaleidoscopic habit of shifting behind one another, or jostling each other to peer over each other's shoulders, and many other little tricks which make them fascinating in the extreme."

Passing through St. Louis gate, on the Grand Allée, we first behold the provincial government buildings on the right, and on the left the skating rink and drill hall. In front of the latter is the Short Wallack monument; beyond is the Duke of Kent's residence; Gray Nunery; St. Bridget's Orphan asylum, (Catholic); Female Orphan asylum, (Protestant); Ladies' Protestant Home and the White Nuns' Home, distinguished by a white cross on top of the building. Just above the nunery is the Convent of the Christian Brothers, facing on the glacis of the ramparts; near by is the Convent of the Good Shepherd, with its 74 nuns, 50 penitents and 500 girl students.

Between the Anglican cathedral and Dufferin Terrace is the handsome new court house, built in 1885. Beyond is the Masonic hall and the Young Men's Christian association. Opposite are several old time structures—the old St. Louis hotel and the ancient crown lands building, and a quaint little building, (No. 33 St. Louis street, now used as a barber shop) in which Montcalm held his last council of war—an old curiosity shop erected in 1850, and near by a cemetery which dates back to 1635, and the old government buildings of 1685.

Quebec's Antique Stores.

Strolling about the city, the American tourist will constantly meet with curious and unaccustomed architectural sights, and quaint business people, showing a great contrast to those found in American cities. We visited several curiosity shops, museums, various dry goods warehouses and fur stores, and for lack of space will mention but two: Carley's "Bee Hive" is a foreign looking building, packed from cellar to garret almost exclusively with foreign goods, done up in foreign looking packages—mostly English stamped—a but few American fabrics are used in Quebec, and exhibited to the foreign customers in a style entirely foreign, when

lego, also the brass cannon captured of the Americans at Bunker Hill, in 1775.

These trophies were an exhibition at the Dominion fair, which was this year held in Quebec, under the distinguished patronage of the governor-general. A description of the interesting and imposing opening ceremonies of the provincial exhibition, by his excellency, the governor general, and Lady Aberdeen, which we witnessed, may appear in another letter.

Contrasted with our American ideas.

This is said to be the best and largest dry goods house in Quebec. The greater and more interesting establishment is Renfrew's Ancient Fur store, located just opposite the Basilica. There is nothing to compare of compete with it in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia or San Francisco. It is a curiosity to visit its large antique workrooms, and especially the drying rooms, filled with the finest skins that the Hudson Bay regions and the Labrador coast can provide. Here is said to be found the greatest quantity of moose, deer, and cariboo heads and antlers in America, besides buffalo, seal wolf, beaver, fox, bear, lion, tiger, leopard, polar bear and musk ox skins, suitable for rugs and robes. This firm buys its pelts direct from the Indians in the interior, and the employees, who speak both French and English, tell many stories of the customs of these primitive people, who have become nearly extinct in eastern America, which seem almost incredible. Their stock of snow shoes, moccasins, toboggans and Indian curiosities excites the admiration of every visitor. I must acknowledge this is the place to buy both ladies' and gentlemen's furs of every description, especially during the summer months, when they discount largely to tourists. This firm are "Furriers to the Queen" and royalty of Canada. Their exhibit at the World's fair excelled even that of Russia.

The Parliament Buildings.

We visited with much interest the Provincial building. It is located on high ground—the site of Champlain's fort and the old Episcopal palace—just outside of St. Louis gate, on the Grande Allée, built in 1873. It is a spacious edifice as well as imposing; the style is that of the seventeenth century (French). It forms a massive square of which each front is 200 feet long and four stories in height; built of gray stone. It contains not only the legislative chambers, but the departmental offices. The court covers 1,200 square feet. The legislative council hall is commensurate, upholstered and carpeted in crimson, with a very large throne, over which is a canopy, surrounded by the arms of the United Kingdom. There are spacious galleries for visitors.

The hall of the house of the assembly is upholstered in green. Back of the speaker's chair is a line of Corinthian pillars supporting a pediment, on which are the royal arms. The library, which contains 55,000 volumes, occupies an apartment on the first floor, and is rich in French Canadian literature. Portraits (life size) of Queen Victoria—her coronation, at 18 years, her marriage, in 1840, and widowhood, in 1857—adorn the walls of this ancient library. On the outer walls of this structure, in a recess, are life size statues of Wolf, Montcalm, Lewis, Elgin, Frontenac, Laval, the Indian Lorette, and other French and English worthies. The walk on the ramparts includes the Grand Battery, and winds up with a turn on the Terrace and a long rest in the governor's gardens.

John E. Richmond.

The Deepest Mine in France.

The deepest coal mine in France (by some authorities said to be the deepest in the world) is at Andre du Perrier. The mine is working with two shafts, one 2,500 feet deep and the other 3,000. The latter shaft is now being deepened and will reach the 4,000-foot level by July, 1895. The yearly product of this mine is 300,000 tons of coal. The remarkable feature of the mine is its comparatively low temperature— seldom rising above 55 degrees Fahrenheit.