

Strong Reminder of City's Past

Henry W. Jones Speaks About Our Oldest Industry.

MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO

It Was Then That He Began Work in the Old Rolling Mill and He Has Been Employed in and About It Ever Since.

When a resident of the city of Scranton wishes to look about him and inquire in an interesting way concerning the objects of history connected with the development and extraordinary growth of this, the fourth largest city in Pennsylvania, and the metropolis of the anthracite coal fields, there is one spot first and foremost to attract observation and which deserves foremost consideration. That is the old rolling mill of the present Lackawanna Iron and Steel company.

This plant is situated along the Roaring Brook creek and is located a little distance above that point of the stream where the new Spruce street bridge will span it when built. The mill at present is a little over a half century old, and it may be truthfully said that it was the beginning of the great Electric City.

Far back in the early forties when the Indians hunted in these parts and fish abounded in the Lackawanna river, which was then quite a pretentious stream of spring water, a hardy band of enterprising capitalists settled here and began the erection of the old rolling mill, the first industrial plant built in northeastern Pennsylvania. These people were the Scranton brothers and J. C. Platt. The facts connected with this brief sketch are not meant to furnish a history of the city from the beginning. They are to deal exclusively with scenes and incidents at the old rolling mill as related to the writer by a man who has spent the past forty-

of the rapidly with which conditions change in this progressive country where new and better methods are constantly superseding the old.

The puddlers, among whom were Mr. Jones, struggled against being separated from their furnaces, but they were powerless to stay the wheels of progress and were sadly compelled to accommodate themselves to the new conditions of affairs. They still speak with affectionate regret of the "good old days" when they worked before the flaming furnaces and earned salaries that in these days appear princely. Mr. Jones spoke with feeling about these days that have gone and related many interesting incidents that occurred in that old puddling mill.

Many Changes Have Been Made.

Additions and innovations were made from time to time, and at present the mill stands as a monument to the progress of the industry. It has been more than twenty years with machinery able to turn out steel rails or steel fish plates, as the order may be. All that is necessary is to change the rolls, which can be done in less than an hour and the mill is ready for the manufacture of one or the other. Industry has been absent from the mill for a little more than a month and it is commonly reported that work will resume there again in a brief space after the beginning of the coming year. It is a common impression that the old mill has been abandoned as a relic of the past, as something that had outgrown its usefulness. This is a most erroneous impression, as it has been operated continuously, with the exception of the usual idle spells that were felt at the other mills. In fact, the old rolling mill worked when the North works and South works were many times idle.

Quite as interesting as the mill itself is the dam that is seen in the view up the stream. It was built the same year for the purpose of supplying water to the boilers that generated steam to propel the machinery. It abounded with fish and sportsmen spent many pleasant hours along its banks. But as the years sped by civilization reaching out settled along the Roaring Brook creek and the water became polluted so that the fish died and the boilers would rust with its use. Now it is more ornamental than useful except that it furnishes a small amount of water for cooling the rolls and like purposes.

Golden Days at the Mill.

The period which the old time employees of the mill like to speak about with tenderest recollection of the happy bygone days is the period during the war. That was the time when wages were high and work superabundant. Employees were almost as scarce in comparison with the demand as wives are in a western mining town. Mr. Jones tells that the late D. B. Brainard of this city, who was before the war and about that time foreman at the mill, used to spend hours at the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western depot watching all incoming trains, ready to extend a warm hand to all "greenhorns" arriving.

These were the days when a laborer was paid for his daily toil as much as the skilled mechanic is now paid. Among all who worked in the rolling mill in those days and are now living a bond of fellowship to a remarkable extent exists. Mr. Jones says that if he meets a man who worked with him in the mill in those early days that he is as proud to shake his hand as he is proud to welcome him as if he had been a long lost brother, seen for the first time since both were boys together.

The old rolling mill sounds with the same cadence as the "Old Oaken Bucket" or "The Old Mill Stream." A visit now to it is fraught with suggestions of the romantic ruins of the old and ancient glint mill of poetry.

View of "Old" Rolling Mill.

three years of his life as an employee at the mill, this man is the one whose photograph is reproduced in this article. Henry W. Jones, of 522 Harrison avenue. He is now employed as watchman at the small shanty which can be seen in the cut representing a look up the stream; his station is at the upper end of the view and adjoins the bridge crossing the creek.

Came Here in 1851.

When Mr. Jones, who is now nearly 70 years of age, came to this country from Wales in 1851 and moved his family to this region, the territory where the city proper now marks its outline was known as Slocum Hollow. There were scarcely 3,000 inhabitants between Wilkes-Barre and Carbondale, and nature with all its wild and untrained grandeur was evident on all sides. The future Scranton at that time possessed, indeed, a truly wild and woolly appearance.

Joseph H. Scranton, and in fact all the owners of the iron works, were idolized by the employees. Selden T. Scranton was president of the company when Mr. Jones came here and the firm went by the name of Scranton & Platt, which was subsequently changed to the Lackawanna Iron and Coal company, and later, within a few years' recollection, to the Lackawanna Iron and Steel company.

First when the old rolling mill was built the number of employees corresponded with the small size of the plant and the crudity of the machinery in vogue at that time in the iron-making industry. The manufacture of steel then was an unknown quantity and not discovered and made practicable until almost the time when the war broke out. Iron spikes and merchant iron were the first articles wrought at the rolling mill and the number of employees in 1852, ten years after the first stone was laid on the foundation, had increased ten-fold and then amounted to about 400 men and boys. These were the old times prior to the change to steel rails when it is told of the fabulous wages paid to the puddlers.

Puddlers Out of Work.

There were sixty puddlers employed at the mill and when the company began the manufacture of steel the fires extinguished and in a few years the grange was growing in what had been the most important part of the establishment. In another partition of the mill steel rails were being turned out by improved machinery, giving a forcible illustration

tion as watchman at a perfunctory post. To visitors and to its own citizens



Henry W. Jones.

THE WESTERN GIRL.

Octave Thanet Says There Are the Conventional and the Unconventional, but They Are Always Girls.

There may be things which the Western girl lacks; but one thing she surely has—that is a good time. There still is, and much more, there was, a picturesque social liberty in the average Western town where the girls and boys have profited. The laws of conduct were few. "Nice" girls could do things which would make a woman reared in a more conventional atmosphere shudder to hear.

The conventional woman did not consider that the liberty accorded to the Western girl was matched by the respect exacted of the Western man. It certainly appears an audacious breach not only of conventions, but of common propriety for a girl of 19 to drive away with a boy of 22, take supper in a public restaurant and come home by moonlight. Yet the boy would no more dream of thinking lightly of the girl

than the girl dreams that she is exposing herself to criticism. We disapprove, most of us, who have lived much in the world, of such actions; but nevertheless, there is a kind of innocence about it that is touching. These daring girls become the best of wives, the most devoted of mothers, and outside of their homes carry their energy and gay-hearted courage into all manner of charity and good works. Perhaps the bold young man who marries one should be punished for not having married a more demure and modest creature; as a matter of fact, he goes about, blissfully ignorant that his wife has brushed off the evanescent first bloom of modesty, that like the down of a peach—she will all remember the rest. He thinks that she is as sweet and innocent as a girl can be. And so, very often, she is, although she has not had a chaperon in her life, and has read any novel that she cared to read, and calls her masculine acquaintances by their Christian names.

But in her heart she may not have half the cynical wisdom of an eastern society girl who has been most carefully trained. She has a simple belief in the decency of men. She knows, it is true, that young Eddy, who has such beautiful eyes and sings so delightfully, sometimes drinks more than is good for him; but she knows no more. Why her father should look so black when Ralph calls, she cannot imagine. To her Ralph seems a wit and a lovely fellow. Nobody else sends her such flowers, or can pay little attentions with such a bowitching half tender, all worship air. And Ralph is a good business man, too, so what has got into papa to make him so horrid? One day, perhaps, the child is not the least bit in love with Ralph, it is only her fancy and her vanity that are enkindled, she will frankly ask her father, who is the biggest and in many ways the nicest of her chums, why he doesn't like Ralph. And if her father is wise, he will tell her as frankly as she has asked. But he will blush, the honest, faithful husband that he is, while he stammers through his story.

It Takes Brains.

From the Chicago Record.

No one will be surprised to learn that prize fighters consider foot ball brutal. It requires a prize fighter's intellect to make these delicate distinctions.

As to the Too Officious Helper.

From the Wilkes-Barre Leader.

The Scranton Tribune is right in this—The man who goes into the booth to help the voter vote should be sat upon.

This Old Country.

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still!

With her on the mountain top, or sliding down the hill!

Don't care how corn's a-sellin' if cotton's high or low!

This old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're in this country still!

Every time we feel her shake we have a friendly chill!

Don't care how things is goin', nor how the tempests blow!

This here old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're in this country still!

With her when we sow the grain, and when we go to the fair!

Don't care what's in the future; we'll whistle as we go!

For this old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

—Atlanta Constitution.

English Delusions About America

They Expect Yankees to Wear Long Hair and Bowie Knives.

HAZY IDEAS OF OUR POLITICS

Wherever Miss Kaiser Goes She Is Important to Diagram the American Political Situation and Explain Away Numerous Anglican Misconceptions.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

London, Dec. 13.—I most sincerely hope you didn't publish that prosy old letter which I sent last week. It was dreadfully gossipy and mean to the point of saying all those uncharitable things about her that I did. I am ashamed of myself, indeed, for writing them, even if they are true. But I meant to show you, by what I said, that the reigning families do not have such a very good time in this world after all. They really do not have nearly so entertaining and pleasing and happy a life as one of us blessed United States people, who actually, every one of us, the bona fide kings and queens. I get gladder every day that I hail from the great United States, for I think we are the people who progress.

I have just returned from the Royal Academy, where, as it happens, I have been having quite a long talk with Miss May John and Miss Miss Evans, who are also studying there, and who will be remembered by many Scrantonians and Wilkes-Barreans as the principal soprano and contralto of the Welsh Ladies' choir when they were in America. Miss John, you recollect, had the World's Fair soprano prize at Chicago. She asked me after many Scranton people, chief among whom were Judge and Mrs. Edwards, by whom she says she was so delightfully entertained that she can never forget it. Miss Evans and she were enthusiastic over America and the good time they had while there, and I, in my turn, could not forbear singing the praises of their own dear little Wales, whose people had been so very kind and hospitable to us that I cannot forget them either. Only last week there came a perfectly lovely big box of flowers up to me from Wales to brighten my little den here, and make me think lovingly of the big hearted gardeners who could find time to go out into their flower gardens and strip the late rose bushes and the holly trees and the chrysanthemums. And then the violets, too! Oh, how lovely they were.

Welsh Girls in London.

Speaking of the Welsh girls, to whom I was talking about home today, there are a great many dear friends that I have made at the Academy and quite a number of them are bright, brainy Welsh girls, some of whom I met this summer, down in Wales, and whom, when I came and entered the academy last in October, I was overjoyed to find already there. So it was not so strange as if I had no friends there at all. There are a great many Welsh girls and men up in London studying music and the other arts; and, by the way, the most distinguished pupil at the Royal Academy at the present time is a dear little Welsh young lady named Miss Llewellyn Davies, who is a wonderfully clever girl and composes and plays most charmingly. I wonder if she has any relatives on our side of the water. If she has, they can be right proud of her. I am sure. She holds numerous prizes, medals and scholarships, and though a wonderfully hard student, yet finds time to fill many engagements in the city here. Misses May John and Bessie Evans are also, of course, they do not belong to Mrs. Clara Davies' Welsh Ladies' choir any longer, as they left it, much to the disappointment and chagrin of its fair members, for the purpose of study. They tell me that Mrs. Davies parted with them in very high dudgeon, as they were her show singers, so to speak, and she became very angry when they spoke of leaving the organization, which, of course, was not doing anything in the way of advancement in their studies for them, and which certainly was not a paying investment for any one but the leader. And it seems to me that it is a great thing for these gifted young Welshmen and Welshwomen to have London and all its advantages so near to their doors. They bring such unquestionable talent, such fine physique and voice, up to the teachers here that the rapid progress made by them as a class is proverbial.

Some of the most emotional nature, many of them become splendid exponents of the dramatic art, and blessed with the love of literature, many are the successes achieved by them in all its branches; while in the realms of music, both the composers and singers of note who come from the land of the myriads are too many to be counted. I do not wonder, then, that the Welsh-Americans have done so much toward the general spreading of an appreciation for music among the masses in our country. Their citizenship is a most wonderful assistance in this respect. We realize this when we consider that at every succeeding one as many as from fifty to a hundred people, say, who have here taken any course of interest in music of any kind, become so deeply interested in what they have heard that they are moved to begin the study of some instrument or other, while many of those who before had some knowledge of the subject are spurred on to still greater efforts in their work or to the study of yet different branches of that art which is the wisest and deepest and altogether the most boundless of all the arts.

Chapels and Churches.

I went to church with one of the girls here last Sunday. All the churches over here which are not Episcopal, or English, are called "chapels," not churches. When I spoke one Sunday morning of finding a church near the door of the new factory, I was told that I was to go to a chapel, and upon my telling them that I was neither, they all chorused: "Why, then, you aren't church at all, are you? You want a chapel." So all Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans, and so forth, are "Chapel folks."

Chapels are scarce in our neighborhood, so I went to church near by with one of the girls, who lent me a church service for my own particular use all this year until I go home again. They have no ushers in the church here to come and politely escort a stranger to a seat, but visitors must stand in the aisles, near the doors, and wait until a little old woman, who hustles about and opens the doors of the new factory, the important parishioners as they come in—until she, as I was saying, is not very busy, and then she will come back and put one into an empty pew. Sometimes there are long lines of visitors standing meekly in the aisles in the back of the church, waiting to be stewed away somewhere by this little old pew-opener. She is a very picturesque little body, and makes you think of an

old story book or of a scrap of Dickens, but as an article of usefulness I don't very much admire her. Our American ushers are so much more expeditious and hospitable, it seems to me.

Dec. 15.—I am sure that from Dr. Bridge's second lecture, about which I cannot-forbear telling you. You see, the other day was the anniversary of the death of Mozart, and so the Doctor seized this opportunity to give us a talk on that composer. Dr. Bridge is, as I said before, the organist at Westminster Abbey and is a collector of everything interesting in the way of music, such as autographs, old manuscripts and such things, besides old instruments. I took copious notes of his talk. It was very instructive. One thing he said that was new to me was that Mozart was very fond of the minuet, which he danced beautifully. We all know what an exquisite gentleman Mozart was, but the interesting thing about this was that a string quartette which was then to illustrate some of the music, played an unpublished minuet which Mozart wrote for himself and to the music of which he danced more frequently than to any other. This was in manuscript, under a glass cover, but it was played nevertheless. Dr. Bridge was the favorite pupil of the late Sir John Goss, who was, in his time, the pupil of old Thomas Atwood, and Thomas Atwood was, about 120 years ago, the favorite pupil of Mozart himself. Now, all of Atwood's exercises in the different kinds of composition were corrected by Mozart, his teacher, who also wrote frequent examples for his pupil, and often composed little things like the minuet of which I spoke, which he presented to Atwood, who preserved them all, and brought them home to England with him. Upon his death he bequeathed the whole to his pupil, Sir John Goss, who in turn gave them to Dr. Bridge just before his death. The Doctor keeps them in two glass cases, but we were allowed to see them. Signor Alberto Raderguy, a professor at the Academy, also brought ten pieces of Mozart's music, all of them unpublished string quartette and double quartette things. These he never let go out of his hands, but it happened that I had the pleasure of holding them in mine, anyway. I was standing at his side, closely pressed up to the piano by the crowd lack of me, and I inadvertently said, aloud, as he leaned them over, "Oh, I wish I could touch them," when he turned and grabbed my hand in the funniest manner and let it drop on the MSS! Then he took them and put them between my thumb and first finger, saying, "Now, little girl, are you satisfied?" I was covered with confusion that I had made a goose of myself by thinking out loud. Every body laughed at him, he is such a funny little old man. His head is all bald and shiny and as round as a ball, and most. He only has a few little white curls near his collar. He is very old and dreadfully eccentric, his pupils say.

Some of Mozart's Manuscripts.

The MSS. were all written rather daintily and neatly dated, some of them from 1775 to 1785 and 1786, and had corrections to Atwood written in his own writing besides some little notes to Atwood, as "Wait for me until three and a half, when I will return," with his autograph. So I had the pleasure of seeing many things written by his own hand; one of them, which I ought not to mention, was a correction made by him, of one of Atwood's exercises and above it the trenchant, but uncomplimentary remark, "You are an idiot." He must have been out of patience with his pupil. Teachers do get so sometimes. I have an extensive experimental knowledge of that fact.

I have been very busy lately, and have not had time to go about sight-seeing much at all. I shall begin soon, however, to try to do to at least one point of interest a week, and so get some little idea of the wonders of this great place before my year in London is over, and with it all opportunities. I have so many things to see and do, and to which I want to go, at night, besides my studies, which I must try to attend to during the day, that my time is full to the brim. And right here let me say, too, that I am perfectly aware that I make many a mistake, in these hurried letters which I send to you, for which errors please accept my apologies now for every one who has let me in, and then I won't have to keep apologizing. They are scrawled off very hurriedly and I never have the time either to read them over or to correct them if I did. So just take them, if you take them at all, as very hurried, breathless scatter-brained jottings down of some of the most bewildering things that happen to a young girl in the world's largest city.

Some Pictures of Hades.

Dec. 16.—Last night just before dinner two of the girls rushed into my room and asked if I cared to go to hear Berlioz's "Faust" with them. They had gotten tickets and one of them—a perfect angel, the Scotch one—indulged in a ticket for me, too, so that they could take me along. Of course I was the happiest mortal alive all through dinner, during the evening, and I could not be suppressed, do what they would to make me and my spirits subside. Well, to get on, we went, and we sat in the "stalls," as they call the dress circle here, and I had pretty ladies with lovely dresses and beautiful opera cloaks all around me, where I could look at and admire and fall in love with them, and wonder how it would be to have diamonds in one's hair and to have fans and silver forget-me-nots to look through, and to look severe and calm and superior and "smart" and all that. Of course I enjoyed Berlioz, especially the orchestration, which in this work is superb. I should think it would be a feasible plan to take sinners to hear the last two acts of his opera instead of the preaching sermon about the lower regions to them. Lots of people have gotten hardened to sermons by this time; but if they just heard the sound painting, of the terrors and furies which await the ungodly below stairs, which the orchestration in this work gives, I'm morally certain they would endeavor to mend their ways without any unnecessary delay. The chorus was very good, the orchestra magnificent, taking in every instrument which is used in orchestra; the soloists—a Faust, a Margaret and a Mephistopheles—were so. The conductor, I must not forget, was Sir Joseph Barnby himself.

Dec. 17. Last night we went down to Queen's Hall to hear a Schumann concert. Everything on the programme—vocal, piano and string—was by Franz Schumann. I enjoyed some of it very much, and some I didn't. I heard some very good ballad singers, though. London, by the way, is ballad-mad just now, and there are ballads on every programme, while the big London ballad concerts are attended by throngs every time there is one on; and as for ballad singers, why, their name is legion, and they range all the way from the very best, among whom is May Calwaller Darien, whom a great many of us heard at the World's fair, down to the very poorest "excessors."

Among Curious Britishers.

Tonight I have a dinner party to go to. So I must do the only evening

dress which has survived the ravages of the wear and tear of our concert tour in Wales, and go forth to dine with a lot of people among whom I know only the fair hostess. I don't want to go, but I must, so there's no use complaining over it. I am rather shy of meeting strangers, for as soon as I open my mouth to say a word people all look at me and say, "Ah! you're an American aren't you?" and then they ask questions. If they are men they must needs know all about the present tariff, or lack of it, rather than woolen manufactures and how many woolen manufactures I think we have, and who will be the next president—Cleveland (for whom they have a very tender feeling), or a Republican, now? And what is the real difference between a Republican and a Democrat, anyway? And are there not a great many smaller political parties springing up, drawing their numbers from the Republican party, and which will eventually "smash" said party, etc.? I am tired to death of airing my limited knowledge of politics, but when I turn from these questions there are the women, who are almost as funny as the men. They say that I am not at all like the ideal American girl; that all Americans talk loudly and in a high key, but I don't at all. Then they expect me to make grammatical errors galore in my speech, and to chew gum and stick it under the table during meals, and to use unlimited slang. But I really can't do all that, you know, my education in this direction having been rather neglected, and hence I am a surprise, and—must I say it?—a disappointment to lots of English girls. The girls at the house here are simply lovely to me, and I am afraid I shall be almost spoiled before I am home again. They think some of the things I say are very odd indeed. For instance, they never heard any one use the word "cute" before, and whenever I say anything in that way, they all chorus, "Oh, yes! how 'cute'!" and then they laugh. They are very much amused by my "accent," as they say. They do not pronounce their r's at all, but avoid them as religiously as any New Yorker, and I say my r's always, I think. This amuses them mightily, and does the little exclamation, "Just think of it!" or "Only think!" which I have gotten into the habit of saying a great deal. They think it is "too 'cute' for anything," as they remark in imitation of me. Then, somehow, I cannot say the word "little" just right for them. They laugh at me there, too, and in various other ways I seem to amuse them. You would think I was the nicest and most entertaining talking dolly that they had ever discovered. A funny thing for which I cannot account at all is that the English, when they speak anything with a z in it call it zed, little old man. I asked why and told the girls that we called that letter z, and they called that extremely funny. Zed isn't in Greek. Is it Hebrew? It isn't German, nor French. Or are we wrong perhaps, in calling it "z," not "zed"? If I could find out about that I think I should be quite interested.

Some English Delusions.

The English idea of American girls is that we are all heiresses. Even the girls here say that all Americans are more or less rich. But, having me to live with them here, I can safely say that I think their benighted minds will soon become disabused of this idea, with such a living example of Young America before them.

Dec. 18. I had a distractingly good time at the dinner last night. The people were all simply charming to me, and no one talked shop, viz. America. I was so afraid I should not enjoy meeting so many strangers, and all English, too, but I was simply in a delightful state of mind with everybody, and everything all evening, and when the time came for me to go home I was as shocked as Cinderella to find it so late. I had been so busy that I had not looked at so many things that my very eyes feel rusty at the hinges. But I must turn over a new leaf on New Year's Day. Perhaps it isn't good for students to have such lovely times.

Sadie E. Kaiser.

This Is Indeed News.

From the Lebanon Daily News.

Relying upon the reliability as well as credibility of one of our exchanges we send several days ago that "for the first time in its history Lebanon county has a prisoner on hand who has been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and will likely be hung." We have since discovered that this is a mistake and that we have done the county great injustice. Instead of having such a clean record, as we were led to suppose, Lackawanna had a number of red-headed criminals, of whom three have been made to pay the death penalty and the sixth is almost ready for the gibbet.

Third National Bank OF SCRANTON.

CAPITAL	\$200,000
SURPLUS	\$250,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS	\$50,000

WILLIAM CONNELL, President.
GEO. H. CATTIN, Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. PECK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
William Connell, James Archibald, Atwood, George H. Cattin, Henry Beitz, Jr., William T. Smith, Luther Keller.

The management of this bank points with pride to its record during the past year of 1893, and previous panics, when special facilities were extended to its business accounts.

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A GRATEFUL PATIENT TESTIFIES TO DR. HACKER'S TREATMENT OF NERVOUS DISEASES OF YOUNG MEN

ASI WAS.

ASI AM.

I gave the following statement unasked. I have been a sufferer for so long a time and have spent so much money with so-called specialists and each time have been disappointed and misled, that it was with HACKER. But knowing of some of the cures he made in this city four years ago, and the confidence of the people of Scranton in him, then, I resolved to try him. It was a lucky move for me. I was troubled with dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, and a complete wreck. But thanks to DR. HACKER, I am today a well man. I would advise all young men suffering, and did to call immediately in 45 days I gained in flesh 15 pounds. For obvious reasons I prefer to withhold my name, but if any who suffer will call on DR. HACKER at the Lackawanna Medical Institute, he will furnish my name and address.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

EXAMINATION FREE and conducted in German, English or French.

Send for "Our Book on nervous diseases of men." Office, 327 Spruce street, Scranton.

OFFICE HOURS—8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sunday, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

STILL IN EXISTENCE.

The World Renowned and Old Reliable Dr. Campbell's Great Magic Worm Sugar and Tea.

Every box guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Full printed directions from a child to a grown person. It is purely vegetable and cannot possibly harm the most tender infant. Infant, Child, or Adult, take; accept no other. At all Druggists, 25c.

WONDERFUL.

ROBERT SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 10, 1894.

Mr. C. W. Campbell—Dear Sir: I have given my boy, Freddie, 7 years old, some of Dr. Campbell's Magic Worm Sugar and Tea, and to my surprise, he has gained about 30 lbs. in weight, and all I have is a little of the stuff left. I can tell you it can do so by calling at my store. I had tried numerous other remedies recommended for taking tapeworms, but with no result. I am sure Dr. Campbell's is the greatest worm remedy in existence.

Yours very respectfully,

FRED HEFFNER, 735 Beech St.

Note.—The above is what everybody says after once using the Magic Worm Sugar and Tea, manufactured by C. W. Campbell, Lancaster, Pa. Successor to Dr. John Campbell & Son.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY.

Made a Well Man of Me.

1st Day. 15th Day. 30th Day.

THE GREAT 30th Day.

FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all other fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotence, Nightly Incontinence, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Stuttering, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which make one feel weak, pale, and nervous. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood purifier, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks, and storing the force of youth. It wards off insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 63 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale by Matthews Bros., Druggist Scranton, Pa.

E. Robinson's Sons' LAGER BEER BREWERY.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated PILSENER LAGER BEER

CAPACITY: 100,000 Barrels per Annum

HOTEL WAVERLY

European Plan. First-class. Bag attached. Depot for Bergher & Engel's Tannhauser Beer.

N. E. Cor. 16th and Filbert Sts., Phila.

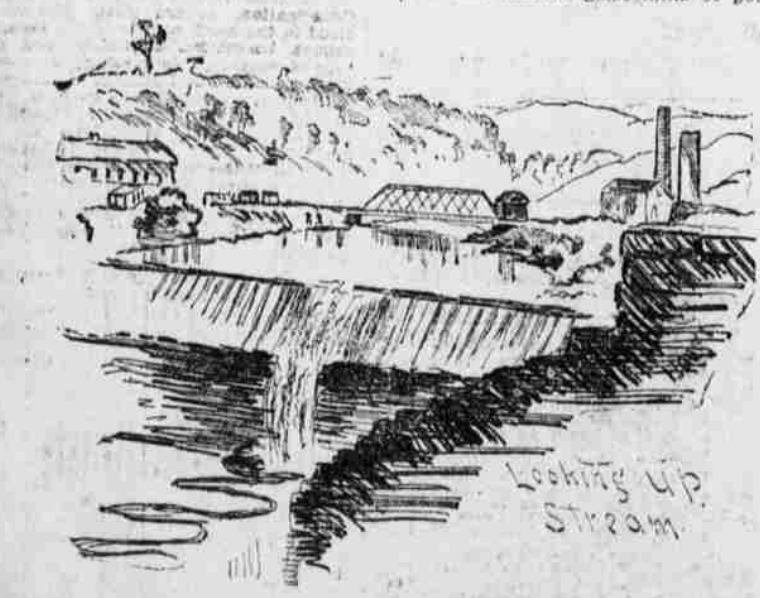
Most desirable for residents of N. E. Pennsylvania. All conveniences for travelers to and from Broad Street station and the West and Market Street stations. Desirable for visiting Scrantonians and people in the Adirondack Region.

T. J. VICTORY, PROPRIETOR.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Also a Full Line of BLACKSMITHS' AND WAGON MAKERS' SUPPLIES.

Bittenbender & Co. Scranton, Pa.



The Old Mill Dam.

It is situated along the stream, walled in by picturesque banks and has a charm about it in its stillness that is inspiring.

He Is One of the Very Few.

Mr. Jones is one of the few in these parts who spent his early manhood, prime of life, and declining years as an artisan under the old mill's roof. Three of his sons were killed in the employ of the company, the last being John B., who met his death last October, with two others, instantly by a fall of rock in the Pine Brook shaft. He is, he believes, the only one that has not answered the long roll call, who was a worker in those early days; when, as he expresses it, "no one would think that Scranton would ever be what it is."

During the past half dozen years this old soldier on Scranton's frontier has been resting on the easy side of life. He takes a pride in his long unbroken years of service for the company and they have rewarded him with a posi-

Good times or bad times, we're in this country still!

With her on the mountain top, or sliding down the hill!

Don't care how corn's a-sellin' if cotton's high or low!

This old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're in this country still!

Every time we feel her shake we have a friendly chill!

Don't care how things is goin', nor how the tempests blow!

This here old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're in this country still!

With her when we sow the grain, and when we go to the fair!

Don't care what's in the future; we'll whistle as we go!

For this old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

—Atlanta Constitution.