Of and About the Makers of Books.

Some of the Latest Volumes To Issue from the Press.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Century for May contains an arof New York's public franchises, but the first great campaign in Italy, in-Smyth, of the National Irrigation association, contributes an exceedingly instructive paper on "The Conquest of Arid America," and there are several other articles of timely interest.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt in the May monthly in serial instalments, St. Nicholas begins a series of papers called "Hero-Tales from American History." The subject of his first one is "Daniel Boone and the Founding of Kentucky." Mr. Roosevelt draws a graphic picture of the great Kentucky backwoodsman and of his stirring frontier adventures. Professor William T. Hornaday continues his series on the quadrupeds of North America, by a familiar discussion of the habits and habitats of "The Squirrel, Marmots and Sewellel." The fiction of the number is well diversified. George Wharton Edwards writes and illustrates a quaint story of child-life in Holland, "What Befell Melaatij:" James Otis begins a serial called "Teddy and Carrots, Two Merchants of Newspaper Row." Teddy being a plucky country boy who goes to New York to earn a living, and enters into a partnership with Carrots, a wide-awake city boy; Miss Jossie M. Anderson's jolly college story, Three Freshmen: Ruth, Fran and Nathalle," is brought to a conclusion in the number, and Howard Pyle's hero, "Jack Ballister," succeeds in restoring the heroine to her family after her capture by the pirates under Captain Blackbeard. Eldridge S. Brook's serial. "A Boy of the First Empire," is nearing its dusion. This instalment has to do with Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

If we were asked to designate that American writer who has recently con-tributed the brightest and most original disposed to yield our preference to T. C. Crawford, thereby challenging the theory that journalism is an unfit preparation for success in pure literature. At least four of Mr. Crawford's stories have been peerless, in their way, and so clever in their treatment of current fads that the wonder is that nobody else ever thought of writing them. We refer to his "Disappearance Syndicate," in which the theory was set forth that merchants and professional men who his story of senatorial life in which an exchange of souls transformed a conventional corporation senator into an energetic and altruistic servant of people, much to the surprise his senatorial associates; and aster. Another article in this month's Cosmopolitan which will be read with extreme interest is James Brisben Walker's description of "Sixteen Hundred Miles of Mountain Railway," which treats of one of the most picturesque stretches of territory in the

Germania for April, that popular magazine for students of the German language and literature, contains, among other things, a poetic transla-tion of Wilhelm Muller's beautiful little poem, "Vineta," by Colonel Thomas C. Zimmerman the scholarly editor of the Reading Times. This is Colonel Zimmerman's rendering of the German

Out of ocean's depths profound resound ing. Evening bells are ringing dull and faint,

Telling, in their wondrous revelations, Of the wonder-city, old and quaint. 'Neath the ocean's glittering bosom

sunken. Ruins of that city still remain; Sparks of gold emitted from its turrets Shine enmirrored on the glassy main.

And the sallor who, at evening twilight, First beholds this marie sight appear. Ever after steers his vessel thither, Though the rocks around are threaten-

From the human heart's profoundest soundings Hear I tones, like bells, so sad and low; Ah! they seem to tell a wondrous story Of the one it loved so long ago.

What a beauteous world beneath sunken, Ruins of it all make up the scene;

Oftimes golden gleams from heaven glimm'ring On the mirror of my dreams are seen.

Then into the ocean's depths descending, Would I sink into those mirrored deeps, And I seem to hear the angels calling

Of the making of magazines there is no end. Last of all, here comes Chips, with twelve calendared pages of reading matter, each page about five inches square, and comprising somets, Spensiguare, and comprising sometal spensiguare, and comprising sometal spensiguares are spensiguared to the spensiguare spensiguared to the spensiguare spensiguared to the spensiguare spensiguared to the sp square, and comprising sonnets, Spenserian stanzas, rondels, and prose pasof the Chap-Book successes. It is a stirring of the leaves, the river's quiet valiant little champion of the qualitative reaction against mere quantity; and we wish that its raison d'etre would some of these days put an end to the blanket sheet newspapers. But we have our doubts of the final issue.

The element of timeliness, which has contributed so largely to the success of McClure's magazine, is again evidenced in the considerable attention given, in the May number, to Prince Bismarck, upon the heels of his eightieth anniversacy. In all, a dozen excellent"human ents" of this remarkable diploatist, soldier and statesman, are preted, carrying the subject of Bisrek's visible personality along from e stage of stripling youthdom to that the slippered but stifl plump pantan. Honorable Charles A. Dana's lecre on journalism, recently delivered college; a tear-fetching story Ian Maclaren-to whom we owe an

tures of this number of McClure's. It s something to know that this publica-The Century for May contains an artion, starting of a capital of only a ticle by A. C. Bernhelm, entitled "A few hundred dollars, at a time when the Chapter of Municipal Folly," which magazine field was so well occupied makes interesting reading in these days that from \$200,000 to \$500,000 was genof attempted municipal regeneration, erally deemed essential to the addition It deals with the wanton squandering of another to the list, has succeeded from the very first number, and now, with slight modifications the article after a career of less than two years, could very pertinently apply to Scran-circulates more than 100,000 copies Sloane life of Napoleon in monthly. The fact shows the power of this number reaches the conclusion of journalistic brains over inert matter such as cash. An interesting outcluding the capture of Mantua, and the growth of McClure's is announced to fall of Venice. Secretary William E. appear May 10 in the form of McClure's Quarterly, the first number of whichcontaining 250 fine pages and 100 illustrations- will be a revision and amplification of Miss Ida M. Tarbell's exceedingly interesting "Life of Napowhich has appeared in the

FICTION.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, daughter of ex-Senator Farwell, and wife of the most popular American composer, has decided to seek for fame herself, in the field of literature. The fruit of her first essay at authorship lies before us in the form of a daintily printed novel, "A Sawdust Doil" (Chicago: Stone & Kimball.) The thread of this romance in easily spun. Helen Rivington, a proud, cold, beautiful woman, is the childless wife of a man thirty years her senior. In her youth she had played with Philip Aytoun, who had, boy fashion. declared his love for her and been promptly rejected. At thirty, petted, a queen of society, Mrs. Rivington is conscious of a vague unrest. We receive this introduction to her, in the descriptive power:
"She was dressed in a loose, white

gown, with dark fur at throat and hem. an ancient girdle confining its heavy folds. She sat a little turned from the table, her head resting languidly against the high, carved back of the chair, her small feet crossed upon a foot-stool, her dress falling from her slight waist over her knee and amply to the floor in folds which defined and suggested the slender roundness of her figure. Her eyes became absent and absorbed; they were dark, deep-set under their straight brows, dreamy now, with their habitual look of brooding abstraction, but they could be keen, observing, sometimes even sarcastic Her hair grew low, in a lovely untormented curve, parted simply and drawn back into a knot at the neck, in the rapid tollet of the morning. Her face was small and pale, her features firmly cut and delicate. The expression of her mouth in repose was sad, sometimes even to sfernness, but her eyes rarely lost their mysterious look of vague absuddenly subtract themselves from their straction. She gave an impression of a usual haunts are induced to do so by power not quite conscious of itself; of means of a thoroughly systematized or-ganization of advanced theosophists; to voice alone, deep and slow, of an indi-"Autobiography of a President;" to vidual and haunting quality, seemed to express if it failed to define her. Her enemies called her cruel. These who leved her found her cold,"

One day she received a letter from of his senatorial associates: and from Paris, asking permission to call. Isally, to his droll story in the May Cosmomorphic st day rudely shattered by Helen's rewrestles with her prompting to desert husband and duty, finally conquers it tributions to the leading magazine and sends to Aytoun a curt, almost cruel, note of dismissal. But when he has gone, she finds out that her love for C. McClurg & Co., Chleago, under the him is strong, and in the unaided battle title, "In Bird Land." Read consecuwhich she wages to fight it down, her tively, health gives out and she is ordered by her physician to seek a change of scene. She goes, all unconscious of the sequel. to a little village near Paris, where the chirping of the birds and the perfume of the spring-time flowers only inflame her passion. One day she wanders alone by the river side, with the following result:

"It seemed incredible that she alone must shut her heart against the singling harmony about her. Today it was not resignation that these flowers and birds and trees brought to her, but a bitter revolt against the crueity of life. * * "Ah life, life," she sighed, 'must I always pass you by?" Her feet faltered in their steps, she stopped a moment, realizing almost gladly how weak she had become. A breath of dampness biew up from the river, she shivered and drew her scarf about her shoul-"It seemed incredible that she alone and drew her scarf about her shoul-ders, and for the first time let her thoughts wander as they would. Phys-ical exhaustion had at last loosened her unrelenting hold upon them. Now they flew to Aytoun. As she stood there trembling, her eyes dark with dreams, she clasped her hands together in a pose of wilful quiet, while she imagined to herself their meeting. Already in her thoughts she had written to Aytoun; now she may the vision of his coming. Her eyes dwelt upon the meadows beyond, bathed in the golden light of the dealling. light of the declining sun, and through a mist of tears she saw him stepping toward her over those fields of light, love in his eyes, the love in his eyes, the summer wind and sunshine in his hair. Once more she heard that unforgotten voice. Thank God! she thought it said. You have sent for me. It is not too late! She

re, and comprising sonnets, Spen-in stanzas, rondels, and prose pas-ing, each one trreparable and moment-chips, of course, is an outgrowth ous, she heard the slightest sound, the murmur, flowed through her brain."
Suddenly a boat rounds a bend in the
stream. It is filled with girls and men.

They are singing.
"A young man with a straight-brimmed hat pushed back over his brimmed hat pushed back over his brown curls stood behind them, sing-ing as he bent to his oars" ing as he bent to his oars."
"The boat was filled with the blos-

somed branches of the trees. Another man in the bow of the boat, held his arm around the girl who was singing. His back was turned to Helen, but she could see the girl, who was young, with a strange dark face. Her hair was down over her brow in a deep rippled mass. Her head was bare, her white curved throat throbbed with

"They were quite unconscious of her ries were quite unconscious of her presence there, so near them. Sudden-ly the man in the bow turned his head and looked full into Helen's eyes. It was Phillip. So he came to her."

"A Sawdust Doll" has many of the faults of the novice at story-writing. There is a scarcity of dialogue and a logy for ever having, in dense ignor- deficiency of movement. But the aupology for ever having, in dense ignor-ice, scouted at his undeniable mastery over the sentiment of pathos—and E. J. Edwards' second instalment of Tam-many history are other readable fea-

analysis of the social conventions the First Jealousy, Mount Arafa; or, the which numbers at its head Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger and Mrs. Burton

When Ludovic Halevy wrote "The Abbe Constantin," he wrote it as a pro test against the feverish and filthy cur rent then predominant in the fiction of his compatriots. Perhaps by reason of the sharp contrast which it makes with the disgusting realism of Zola or the equally unwholesome vapidities of the decadent school, it has achieved a reputation beyond its intrinsic deserts. The Americans in it, particularly Suzie the millioniare's young wife, and Bet tina, her irrepressible sister, are fearfully and wonderfully made; such delightful beings, we fear, do not exist in the flesh in any known part of our beloved Yankee country. But for all that, it is impossible for any decent person to read the charming pages of Mr. Halevy's pretty pastoral, to be in the company of his pure-minded and idyllie creations, nor to sniff the pure air that blows, warm and fragrant, across the delightful, arbored plains about Souvigny, without putting his book down with a feeling of gratitude toward all who had part in its preparation. An edition lies before us from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York (for sale in Scranton by M. Norton), which admirably supplements the fine charm of the story. It is cleanly-printed on excellent paper, is bound in a delicate design of pale green linen and has thirty-six sympathetic illustrations by Madeleine Lemaire.

In their neat Select Novel series, the J. B. Lippincott company have just issued A. D. Vandam's "Mystery of the Patrician Club," a cleverly constructed tion of it enchains the reader's interest. from first to last.

"Not Yet" (Chicago: Laird & Lee) is described on its title page as a theo-sophical romance by Mary Weller Rob-It deals entertainingly with psychic influence, ciairvoyance and ing novelette setting forth the story of other phases of the new mysticism "A Sawdust Doll" has created much interinitial chapter, which serves also to which is nowadays exciting general in afford a slight test of Mrs. de Koven's | terest; and is sufficiently well written to merit the perusal of all concerned in this branch of inquiry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A timely book at this moment is Luther H. Porter's handy volume, "Cycling for Health and Pleasure" (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.: for sale in Scranton by M. Norton). The book is an admirable guide for wheelmen, telling how to learn to ride, how to prevent accidents, how to pedal correctly, and giving, on every one of its 200 pages, practical hints and directions for the benefit of devotees of cycling. Apparently no point bearing on the successful manipulation of the bicycle has escaped this experienced author's attention, and his little volume will be cordially welcomed by the growing army of cyclists.

From Laird & Lee, Chicago, come a catchily printed volume, "The Brownie Song Book," by S. G. Pratt. The songs in this book are adapted to the voices of little children, and deal with the merry antics of Palmer Cox's famous Brownie band. The volume is dedicated by its author to Sol Smith among Mr. Irving's most brilliant efforts Russell.

"How to Make Money, Although a Woman" is the name of a neat volume in paper covers issued by the J. S. Ogil-One day she received a letter from vie Publishing company, New York. Aytoun, now a rising artist just back. The author of it is Irene W. Hartt, who from Paris, asking permission to call. has written a number of helpful hints

or more appreciative study of outdoor by from Aytoun of a passionate life, and especially of the feathered declaration of love. For four days she tribe, than has Leander S. Keyser, The more notable of his numerous conupon this fascinating subject have just been collected in a neat volume by A. these various chapter strengthen in every honest mind the profound respect which should exist among men for the interesting inhabitants of trees and shrubs, whose characteristics are revealed by Mr. Keyser with a grace of description earning for him the gratitude of every lover of

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:

The latest parody is "The Woman Who

Mmc. Alphonse Daudet is about to make her debut as a postess Galt's novels are to be leaned in a new Illustrated edition with prefatory notes by Rev. S. R. Crockett.

Professor Moses Colt Tyler's book on The Literary History of the American Revolution" is in press. A monument to the memory of Schlie

mann, the great archaeologist, is to be erected in Schwerin, Germany. Du Maurier's new book, a story o French and English life, and hardly half

done, is to be called "The Martians." The English Dialect society will begin an English Dialect dictionary, a fe of which will be "American English."

Mr. Stead is said to be writing a novel alarming title, "A Maiden's Progress Through Modera Babylon." Edward W. Townsend (Chimmle Pad-den") has written a novel of New York entitled, "A Daughter of the Tene-

ments. platform star at present. He is engaged numerous summer Chautauqua as-

ported by Dean Boyle as having said, duced. The title role will be played by "there will be no more interesting figure in literature than Carlyle's."

L. J. Henley. Jacques Kruger will be in literature than Carlyle's."

M. Paul Bourget is at Cannes, where he is working hard at a new novel to be called "En Marche." Alphonse Daudet's new novel will be called "Soutien de play, snys Leander Richardson's Dramatic News, it is because it has gone

Major Pond says his offer of \$300 a night for Mark Twain, which has been standing for five years, still holds good. Twain has nore calls to lecture than any other Amer-

Major Pond expresses the belief, from encouraging letters from London, that Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," may lecture in this country the coming season The election of Charles Francis Adams

as president of the Massachusetts His-torical society recalls the fact that four generations of the Adams family have been members of the society. Richard Le Gallienne is considering a

proposition to lecture in America next sea-son. His entertainment will consist of talks and readings from his books and

Tolstol's new story is called "Master and Man." It describes with pathos and simplicity the way in which a common-place, money-loving man sacrifices his life in a great storm to save that of his ser-Novelist Blackmore has put together

chaelmas Goose.

Dr. A Conan Doyle is living at the Belvidere hotel, Davos Platz, Switzerland He declined a tempting offer for another season here, his principal reason being that American rallway cars are so unen durably hot.

Max O'Rell sailed for London on the Majestic, having closed his fourth Amerl-can tour, of 121 lectures, in Yonkers. This has been the most successful of all his visits to this country. Max O'Reil will re turn in October.

The manuscript of an unpublished auto biography of William Carleton, the Irish novelist, has recently come to light, as well as some interesting letters to Carleton from Thackeray, Dickens and other leading literay men of the time

Sculptor French is at work at present or a large monument to the late John Boyle O'Rellly, to be erected in Boston. Upon ne side of a broad monolith is a portral bust of the dead man, and on the other a colossal group of three figures, the central one representing Erin twining a wreath, assisted by Music,

John Fox, jr., a new southern writer, who describes the lives and habits of the southern mountaineers, their mountain feuds and peculiar dialect, has been called upon to read some of his stories before the fashionable people of Washington, and on several occasions for "Uncut Leaves" in New York. Mr. Fox has already become a popular attraction for the lyceum. Wordsworth will have a new edition in Professor Knight. The new edition will ontain not only the poems, but the prose works and also the letters both of the poet and his sister, and the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth. Besides full notes many of which will be entirely new, the edition will contain a fresh life of the poet, a critical estimate of his work, and bibliography of British, American and continental editions.

The late Historian James Anthony story of crime, flight, mystery and judicial inquiry, with an unexpected denouement in the last chapter. The plot is an intricate one, and the narration of it enchains the reader's interest. "John Hawkins and the African Slave Trade," "Sir John Hawkins and Philip II," "Drake's Voyage Round the World,"
"Parties in the State," "The Great Expedition to the West Indies," "Attack on Cadiz," "Sailing of the Armada" and "De-feat of the Armada,"

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, whose charmest among New York's fashionable circles, is one of the three daughters of Senator Farwell, the Chicago millionaire. Of her two sisters, one is Mrs. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, who is well known in society both in Chicago and New York, and whose husband has several books to his credit. Her "Sawdust Doll," which Stone & Kimball have just put forth in such artistic dress, is Mrs. de Koven's first

Alexander Black is guilty of a new in vention for drawing audiences. He wrote the story of "Miss Jerry," and, as Major Pond says, being too poor to engage a company to produce it throughout the ountry, induced a number of excellent actors to give the play in costume, and while it was being acted photographed every cene and incident. Then he developed the pictures, put them on lantern slides, and with stereopticon reproduces the play in every respect, except the speaking, which Mr. Black does himself. This stroke of genius is making Mr. Black rich as well as surprising the public with an ab Henry Irving is at length to appear as

Poo Quixote, a part which, like that of Malvolio, has been, so to speak, thrust upon him. The play, which is to be in one act only, and is entitled "A Chapter from Don Quixote," is extracted from a larger work on the same subject by W. G. Wills. The assumption should easi. arger work on the same subject by W. G. Wills. The assumption should rank in comedy. No actor of primary importance has, so far as we can trace, played in England the role of Don Quixote. In the first and second parts of Durfey's "Don Quixote" Bowen played the Don, and in third part George Powell. These plays, of abominable coarseness, have none the less, for their epoch, some merit. They was a played 102, at 1, 1250, Quixote in

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Duse will act here next season. Pinero is writing an opera libretto. Edward Harrington is writing another play.

"La Princess Lointaine" is the title of Bernhardt's new play. Herne is dramatizing Helen Gardenr's "Unofficial Patriot.

Louise Puallin will return to the inited States next season. Sibyl Johnstone, Mabel Ambey and Eleanor Barry are impersonating Tril-

"Coronet and Coin," a new comic opera, was produced at Washington

At the Odeon theater, in Paris, 600 manuscript plays are received and read

Frank Danlels will be a Persian nagician in the new opera, "The Wis-

ard," next season. Charles Frohman will occupy eight York theaters next September with his various ventures

Caroline Miskel (Mrs. Hoyt) will sta next season in a play by her husband called "A Dog in the Manger."

Mr. Potter, the author and compose "Twelfth Night Festival" tata, is a brother of Bishop Potter. A musical comedy, called "The Artist's Model," will be given here next senson under Augustin Daly's manage

A new opera called "The Bathing Girl," which satisface the Bathing Girl," which satirizes title-hunting Americans, was recently produced by Dorothy Morten, at 'Frisco.

Warren D. Lombard has rejoined the Aborn Opera company. Mr. Aborn has only a few weeks of next season un-booked. He will probably organize another company.

A burlesque, entitled "Hamlet II. libretto by H. Grattan Donnelly and the music by a young Boston composer named Touriee, will shortly be pro-duced. The title role will be played by

'Svengall" mad. Everybody around the clubs, the hotels, the exchanges-in short, everywhere in the busy town-is talking about Wilton Luckaye's "Svengall." Once in a very long time some actor comes to the surface in such a way that his name is in every mouth and this time it is Lackage.

Mrs. Luella C. Oakes, from whon the millioniare manufacturer, Francis J. Onkes, recently obtained a divorce, contemplates going on the stage, and her press agent announces that she will be starred next season by a prominent manager in a new comic opera, "Fash-ion; or, the Maid of Marseilles." Mr. Oakes, since his divorce, has married Miss Estelle Sylvane, an actress of Joseph Haworth's company, and the second Mrs. Oakes has retired from the

The Rialto is already beginning to assume its summer aspect of activity. The seasons of the road companies are closing very early this year, and the members are all coming to New York to look out for next season's engagements. Charles Frohman closed up seven of his traveling companies last Saturday, and this is but the beginning of the great traveling companies ast Saturday, and this is but the beginning of the great gathering of the clans on Broadway. It is very probable, too, that the New York theaters will close earlier than usual this season.



(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).

IV.

There they found the mayor, now joined by other city officials, awaiting them. The police captain removed the nippers, and Junus stood alone in the center of the room facing the concentrated glare of its occupants.

"I have sent for you," said the mayor, breaking the silence somewhat abruptiv, "to ask whether you have reconsidered your determination." Before he could speak, the mayor went on:

"You must see that your position is a most perilous one. Even if you are willing to inflict the frightful consepiences which this barbarous act must entail upon hundreds of innocent people who have never harmed you, eertainly you must have some regard for your own safety.

"Have you found proof that I sent up that balloon " asked Julius. "The circumstantial proof is strong

"Ah, then, you have not found direct "But you have said that you know

enough," answered the mayor.

who sent it up."
"Pardon me. I have not. Nor have you got enough evidence against me to warrant a police justice in holding me for one moment; and even if you had, how would it help you to meet the emergency? Do you fully realize that the limit of time stated on that placard will be reached now in about twenty

minutes?" Whether his hearers had appreciated the fact before or not, there was not one of them who did not feel a distinct shock when these last words were cool-

ly uttered. "Therefore," continued Julius, "let me come to a plain and simple business proposition and answer your question by another. Are you ready to accept my terms, or are you not?

"How long will it take to accomplish what you say you can do?" asked the mayor.

"About six minutes." "Can you do it alone?" "No; I want help-three men." "But If you fall."

"I cannot fall." The mayor drew his pocketbook from his pecket, opened it, took out the check, signed and certified as before

described, and held it for a moment irresolutely. "Does this man demand that we over this money to him before he performs his undertaking?" said the omptroller sharply, advancing to the

mayor's elbow. Julius laughed. "Oh, no," he said, "I have perfect by t faith in the mayor. Have I your silk. honor's word that this shall be paid steamer for the foreign port I may name, be afforded, immediately after

I have done my part?" The mayor looked at the set faces around him. None of those tightly compressed lips opened to suggest any cans of escape. The comptroller

nodded half voluntarily. "You have it," said the chief magistrate quietly, replacing the draft in his

Julius drew a long breath. Then, pointing to three policemen, he asked that they be directed to assist him. This granted, he took from his pocket a little instrument like a compass, in which a needle shivered and shook, and then, stepping to the double cable which led into the room, he placed his



hand between the two strands so as to separate them slightly, and held his compass over one of them. The needle turned rapidly. Then, as if satisfied, he beckoned the assistants to follow, and led the way to the roof. The sound Impressions thence received by the mayor and his companions, who remained in the attic room, and their interjectory remarks were as below re ported.

A promiscuous scuffling of four pairs The tin sheets of the roof of feet. ereak and groun and make sharp, metallic, creakling noises. The walking conses.

One minute gone! A single voice can be heard evidently explaining something, but the words eannot be followed.

The pairs of feet scatter, the scuffling and creaking noises come from different directions. Two or three gruff voices talk simultaneously.

"What are they arguing about?" asks

someone petulantly. Two minutes gone! From the Roof.-The feet draw together again. Inarticable which might be regarded as laughter,

In the room.

stances. Various hard stamps on the Then, with startling distinctness, the words:

if that were conceivable in the circum-

"Well, begorra, if iver I'-And then the sentence is clipped off as if it were a suddenly curtailed tele-

In the Room.—The listeners look at one another in surprise.
"Don't you think, Mr. Mayor,"

marks the superintendent of police. 'that we had better proceed to the"-

From the roof.

lonably the voice of Julius-The tramp of feet walking in regular adence, and growing fainter as it becomes more distant. More scuffling of feet, as if running

back. Then, tramp-tramp-tramp. The voice again: "Keep it up. Away you go!" The feet run, and the old

In the Room.-The celling shakes and quivers. The plaster begins to fall. The mayor moves toward the door; so does the company.

From the Roof.-Crash!!!

cends the ladder. Crash!!! like the falling of a chimney. the bricks thundering down on the tin

His honor's head rises above the hatchway, but only to be buried in a



"I Have Sent for You," Soid the Mayor." huge, light, sliky mass, which settles down over him and fills the opening with its voluminous folds.

Downward he steps, involuntarily, upon the fingers of the man next below. who, in an agonized effort to release himself, sits on the head of the individual immediately beneath. mayor slides down the ladder. Stifled howls of anguish and wild objurgations came therefrom in tones half smothered by the fumes of gas recking from the

me, and a safe conduct on board a roof drag the great fabric clear of the opening. Again the mayor leads the

out upon the tin.

Lights flashing from the adjacent buildings and people running along the roofs and waving their hats. From the street a confused hum, then a mighty roar of deafening cheers, resoundly in the avenues of the great city, until it seemed as if all New York were chant-

Brood

Restores

Health,



SOLD IN SCRANTON, PA., H. C. SANDERSON WASHINGTON, COR. SPRUCE, DRUGGISTS.

"Now, then, all together"-unques

roof creaks and bangs and snaps. Six minutes gone!

Out of the room tear the people in a wild, headlong rush. The mayor gains the scuttle door first and rapidly as-



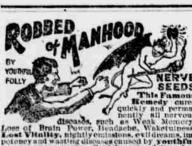
The moon emerges from an obscuring cloud, as if to greet him, as he steps

And there he perceives:



Lost

Miss Lottit Carson, of Savanac, Mich., writes: "I have been troubled with a terrible headache for about two years and could not get anything to help me, but at last a friend advised me to take your Buspock Flood Bitters, which I did, and after taking two bottles, I have not had the headache since."



lines of all grades. Axle Grease, Pinion Grease and Colliery Com-pound; also a large line of Par

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THE ONWARD MARCH

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond feason, there's complete recovery and cure. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, con-

cvidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious espectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty codliver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of mait, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

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And as the central figure, Julius, triumphant.

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