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SCRANTON, MAY 22, 1895.

"The American people, from tradition and interest, FAVOR Bimetallism, and the Republican party demands the use of BOTH GOLD AND SILVER AS STANDARD MONEY, with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and devaluing power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal."—Republican National platform, June 7, 1892.

That Absurd Apportionment

The present senate bill reapportioning the state into congressional districts commits two manifest injustices, entirely apart from its gratuitous yoking of Lackawanna with Susquehanna. It slaps the Republicans of Wayne county flatly in the face, by consigning them to the hopeless oblivion involved in a union with Democratic strongholds like Pike, Northampton, Carbon and Monroe; and it repays the splendid work of the Republicans of Schuylkill county by throwing upon it the wet blanket of an unnatural alliance with Democratic Columbia. In each of these cases, nothing would be gained by the suggested change; and much would be lost.

But the crowning error of this absurd reapportionment bill is found in its treatment of the present Eleventh congressional district, which was altered unknown to the senator from this district, Mr. Vaughan, who is a member of the committee having the bill in charge, and is persisted in against the expressed desire of nearly every leading Republican in Lackawanna county. It is no reflection upon Susquehanna county to say that in a congressional sense it has almost nothing in common with Lackawanna. Its interests are agricultural; Lackawanna's are wholly industrial. Its population is stationary; Lackawanna's is growing rapidly. No bond of common interest would unite the two counties; and an alliance between them now would doubtless have to be severed at the next reapportionment, because the district then would probably far exceed in population even the new ratio.

The three counties of Schuylkill, Luzerne and Lackawanna, representing almost the whole of a great fuel industry in whose prosperity every American is interested, amply deserve their present representation in congress. The attempt to interfere with that representation is as impolitic as it is unnecessary and unloved. We call upon the representatives of these counties at Harrisburg to unite in a protest against the senate committee's unwarranted attack upon the existing order of things. The matter is too important to be thus lightly juggled about, without consultation with the people directly interested.

The Cotton States Exposition.

On Sept. 18 there will open in Atlanta one of the finest expositions ever known in this country—with the exception of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago probably the finest. It will continue until Dec. 31, and will be attended by hundreds of thousands of people from all over the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Central and Southern America. Many persons will also attend from Europe. The Cotton States and International exposition will have large separate buildings devoted to manufactures and the liberal arts, machinery, mining and forestry, agriculture, electricity, transportation, negro exhibit, fine arts, woman's work, fire apparatus, United States government exhibit, an auditorium and an administration building. There will also be several state buildings and other structures.

New York will take the lead in the matter of state exhibits, the New York legislature having just before adjournment voted \$25,000 for this purpose; but Pennsylvania will be well represented. The commission from this state will be headed by Governor Hastings, and will comprise the president of the senate, the speaker of the house, the state treasurer, and the following commissioners, serving under gubernatorial appointment: Hamilton Disston, B. B. Hubert, H. F. Berwyn, and William Singler, of Philadelphia; C. A. Painter, of Allegheny; Fletcher Coleman, of Williamsport; N. L. Lovell, of Erie; William Connell, of Scranton; J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte; G. H. Meyers, of Bethlehem; Alexander Dempster, of Pittsburg; and R. B. Powell, of Shadepit.

The opportunity is now afforded to

the alert business men of Pennsylvania to make a valuable bid for more intimate commercial relations with the people of the southern states. The Pennsylvania exhibit at Atlanta should be of such a character as not only to attract favorable attention from Americans, but also to appeal to the shrewd agents who will be present from the Latin-American countries. Money prudently expended in this manner rarely fails to bring good returns; and the South is the section in which future development promises to be most brisk.

Needs of Local Charities.

Information received from Harrisburg is to the effect that the appropriations committee of the house has decided to report in favor of giving to the Carbonade hospital the full amount, \$12,000, sought for it by Representative O'Malley. Only four requests out of the many which have come before the committee have been thus favored; a fact which speaks well for Mr. O'Malley's stewardship.

The Carbonade hospital, however, fully deserves this generous consideration. It is one of the best, neatest and most serviceable institutions of its kind in the anthracite region, and Scrantonians can consistently prefer to their friends in the Pioneer City cordial congratulations upon this happy recognition.

At the same time, it must remain a matter of profound regret that the appropriation committee has not seen its way clear to a more liberal treatment of the charitable institutions of Scranton. Its slapping of the Oral school appropriation in particular is most deplorable, and if not corrected must almost inevitably involve a regrettable curtailment of that excellent school's curriculum. With no wish to underrate the merits of other institutions, we think it only fair to say that in this instance, at least, the legislature is in danger of making a serious mistake.

Death to Reporters.

The commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces in Cuba has announced that hereafter any newspaper correspondent who shall visit the rebel camp will, if afterward caught inside the Spanish lines, be promptly executed. The purpose of this order is both to guard against the carrying of tales and likewise to gain for the government forces a monopoly of the means of communicating with the outside world. Its effect will be greatly to strengthen the cause of the Cuban patriots in the sympathy of every fair-minded observer of their unequal struggle for liberty.

No other nation than Spain would issue such an order, even during a war, to the death, much less a mere brush between undisciplined islanders and picked regulars. The order is characteristic of a race to which we owe the worst cruelties of the inquisition and the even more damnable tortures of the Cortez invasion of Mexico. One can understand from it why the people of Cuba, during many generations, have subordinated every other hope and aim to the one consuming passion for freedom from Spanish misrule. And it ought to nerve them to yet more determined battle in liberty's behalf.

Would America have a decent pretext to intervene?

Whitewashing the Sultan.
Rear Admiral Kirkland, commanding the European squadron, has sent to the navy department at Washington an extended report upon the recent Armenian massacres. He has ascertained from casual talks with various consular officials that if there were any massacres in Armenia, they were not so black as they have been painted; and they occurred, if at all, unknown to the sultan and contrary to his desire.

All this is interesting; but it can hardly be deemed important. Testimony as good as Admiral Kirkland's and a good deal more direct, has been adduced in proof that the alleged massacres did occur; that they were frightful saturnalia of lust and ferocity; and that, if the Turkish authorities did not openly encourage their commission, they at least were wholly powerless to enforce law and maintain order.

The question for civilization to determine is not what some half-dozen consular officials scattered along the Turkish coast think of the sultan, but whether a government which utterly fails to protect its citizens against wanton rapine, cruelty and assassination is sufficiently in union with modern ideas to be allowed to continue on its incompetent way. Admiral Kirkland's report to the navy department hardly touches the real issue.

Would it not be well on the part of the senate committee on congressional reapportionment to take the trouble to consult with the representative citizens of this district before summarily yoking another county to Lackawanna? Or is that committee desirous of discouraging Republican progress?

The household goods of John and Marian Manola Mason have just been foreclosed by auction in Boston; but it is hoped that the sale did not include the home-like domestic of "Frita" Kobus, whose gentility and winsome charm have carried sunshine to thousands.

The Philadelphia Inquirer imagines that Thomas C. Platt is "not as dead as his enemies wish." Mr. Platt is undoubtedly a good "survivor"; but it is doubtful if he can long survive the loss of popular confidence.

It is an interesting discovery of the last census that in 16 out of 28 of our leading cities the males outnumber the females; while in the whole country there were 32,067,380 males to only 30,554,370 females. And yet, the life of

the average woman is longer by several months than that of the average man. Perhaps these inequalities would not exist if we should admit fewer unqualified male immigrants from Europe.

Kate Field pays one of the handsomest of possible tributes to Admiral Meade when she says: "I have never known a more ardent American." It is because he is an American that under this denationalized administration he is no longer an active admiral.

The British admiral who claimed that England's recent seizure of Corinto put an end to the Monroe doctrine is recommended not to make that statement after March 4, 1897.

Whatever may have been Mr. Cleveland's secret hopes, his treatment of Admiral Meade puts the finishing touch on the mauelism of his political future.

Secretary Herbert is probably the only ex-Confederate who would care to take the initiative in lecturing a patriot like Admiral Meade on loyalty.

This congressional district is already safely Republican, and the Cleveland administration is rapidly making it safer.

Robert T. Lincoln made a fairly good cabinet minister, but he will probably never be asked to serve as president.

The knocking out of the income tax will prove a welcome relief to thousands of apprehensive journalists.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Sometimes the courteous politician overreaches himself. This was evidently the case with the "well-known congressman" concerning whom the Youth's Companion tells this story: The congressman in question, who had been a farmer before he went into politics, was visiting his district not long ago, and in his rambles he saw a man in a stumpy patch to ground trying to grow a plow through it. He went over to him and, after a brief salutation, asked the privilege of making a turn or two with the plow. The native shook his head doubtfully as he looked at his visitor's store clothes and general air of elegant leisure, but he let him take the plow. The congressman suited away with it in the style and made four or five furrows before the owner of the field could recover from his surprise. Then he pulled up and handed the handle to the original holder. "My grave, mister," said the farmer, admiringly, "air you in agricultural business?" "No," laughed the congressman. "Y' airnt sellin' plows?" "No," "Then what in thunder air you?" "I'm member of congress from this district." "Air you the man I voted for and that y've been readin' about in the papers doin' legation and sich in Washin' ton?" "Yes," "Well, by hokey, mister," said the farmer, as he looked with admiration over the recently plowed furrows, "or I'd had any idea that I was votin' for a waste of sich good farmin' material I'd voted for the other candidate as shore as shootin'!"

NOT WORTH THAT.

"A penny for your thoughts!" she cried. To the duddling by her side. Then she stopped to reconsider. And her calm reflection bid her Not to cling. To a bargain quite so rash; So she spoke up like a flash: "Hold! That's what had hab' bring— In my extravagant way I always do pay About two prices for a thing!" —Exchange.

Here is a story, though he did not tell himself, that went the rounds of the New York clubs when Harry Furness, the celebrated English caricaturist, visited the states two years ago. Be it known that American journalists and American financiers read Punch as a production absolutely devoid of humor. Two men were quarreling violently in a club smoking room. "I tell you I saw a man sitting here an hour ago laughing over a copy of London Punch." "Impossible!" replied his companion. "I don't believe there is a man in America who could laugh over London Punch." The discussion was furious and at last both were made on the subject. Suddenly a thought struck the second man. "What was the fellow like when you saw him?" "A little, sandy-haired man, with a rather bald head and a big mustache." "Ah!" replied his interlocutor, "how I see. Why, that was Harry Furness himself!"

LOCATED AT LAST.

"Silence is golden," remarked the man who loves to quote. "Are you sure of that?" asked Mr. Meek. "No, sir, of interest lighting up his dejected countenance. "Certainly."

The queen of Italy is an excellent musician, whereas King Humbert displays but little artistic taste and has certainly no ear for music. Of late the queen has been compelled to use spectacles when reading. The first time her husband—who detests them—saw her wearing a pair, he exclaimed: "Margherita, take off those spectacles!" But the queen indignantly refused to obey; and the king, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, at last said solemnly: "Margherita, if you don't take away those glasses, I shall start singing." The effect of this simple threat was magical. Rather than listen to the false notes of her spouse the queen instantly gave way.

REVERSIBLE.

A queer little boy who had been to school and was up to all sorts of tricks, discovered that when upside down, he would pass for the figure 6. So when asked his age by a good old dame, the comical youngster said: "I'm 6 when I stand on my feet like this, But 6 when I stand on my head!" —The American.

A novelty in bicycles has appeared on the Gotham boulevards, and may, in due time, be expected in Scranton. The Pittsburg Dispatch describes it: "It was a three-wheeler, one in front and two behind, carrying a phaeton-like body, which tapered like a fashionable shoe, just under the saddle provided for the muscular power provider. Beneath the canopy over the hind wheels the complainant owner and his wife—or, perhaps, his best girl—sat as comfortably as in a coupe. The hired man on the cycle-rigged forward power provider, beneath the canopy over the hind wheels the complainant owner and his wife—or, perhaps, his best girl—sat as comfortably as in a coupe. The hired man on the cycle-rigged forward power provider, beneath the canopy over the hind wheels the complainant owner and his wife—or, perhaps, his best girl—sat as comfortably as in a coupe."

A CONDENSED NOVEL: He was asking the old man for his daughter in marriage. He was talking tremulously, hesitatingly, as you read of in story books, and the scene was full of color, so far as an irate father and a nervous young man could make it. It came the old man's turn to speak, and as he began his face was white with pas-

sion, and his voice shook with excitement. "You want my daughter?" he said. "Ah, now is the time for my revenge. Twenty years ago your father almost ruined me in a business matter, and I swore to be revenged. And now my time has come." He paused for breath, and the aspirant for the maiden's hand was about to beat a hasty retreat, in the face of supposed defeat, when the father broke forth again: "Yes, sir, I swore to be revenged, and now I'll strike the blow through the son. Want my daughter, eh? Well, take her, and may she prove as expensive to you as she is to me." The old man dropped into his chair, worn out with the excitement of his plot, and the young man fainted.—London Answers.

The Hartford Times says an invention has been patented that city by which an ordinary coal fire, without the aid of dynamo or battery, will supply all the electrical light and power that could be desired on a household. The generator, which resembles a cheap stove, is said to have supplied a 100-watt current for the last three years, operating a pump and running other machinery, and is still as good as new. Five ordinary incandescent lamps, it is stated, are maintained at a cost in consumption of coal of 1c an hour. The device involves the union of two metals in a multiplication of wedge-shaped bits of alloy, with various appliances to prevent rusting. Full confidence is expressed by the Hartford paper in the practical success of the invention, which has the support of some of the leading business men of that city.

EMBARRASSING.

A young lady was taking her nephew, aged 2 years, by train, when a gentleman whom she knew entered the same compartment. After vainly endeavoring to make friends with the baby boy, the gentleman said: "Well, will you give me a kiss?" The baby looked from him to his auntie as he answered: "No, baby won't; but auntie will!" —Foreign Exchange.

FOUND HER VOICE.

It was in a big dry-goods store and the clerks were weary. Consequently their usually incoherent utterances were positively incomprehensible and their manner more arrogant than ever. "How much is this ribbon?" demanded a would-be customer. "Ninety cents," said the intelligent reply. "I beg your pardon?" said the customer. "Ninety cents," repeated the clerk. "I cannot understand you," protested the buyer. "Ninety cents," mumbled the clerk. The customer looked a little daunted. Then she recovered herself. "Ah, I understand," she said. "I see a plow through it. He went over to him and, after a brief salutation, asked the privilege of making a turn or two with the plow. The native shook his head doubtfully as he looked at his visitor's store clothes and general air of elegant leisure, but he let him take the plow. The congressman suited away with it in the style and made four or five furrows before the owner of the field could recover from his surprise. Then he pulled up and handed the handle to the original holder. "My grave, mister," said the farmer, admiringly, "air you in agricultural business?" "No," laughed the congressman. "Y' airnt sellin' plows?" "No," "Then what in thunder air you?" "I'm member of congress from this district." "Air you the man I voted for and that y've been readin' about in the papers doin' legation and sich in Washin' ton?" "Yes," "Well, by hokey, mister," said the farmer, as he looked with admiration over the recently plowed furrows, "or I'd had any idea that I was votin' for a waste of sich good farmin' material I'd voted for the other candidate as shore as shootin'!"

Here is another of Eugene Field's recollections of "Teddy" Roosevelt: Roosevelt's ranch away out west adjoins the possessions of the Marquis de Mores, a person whose inflammability of temper and whose violence of vengeance are notorious. One time Roosevelt got a letter from the Marquis demanding an explanation of certain representations that had been made to him, a matter, as we now recall, involving the charge that Roosevelt had been inciting discontent among the marquis's employes. Roosevelt immediately mounted his horse and rode over to his neighbor's. He did not indulge in any correspondence at all; he preferred to get right at the kernel of the affair by having a personal interview with the marquis. "A man who writes a letter of that kind must want something," said Roosevelt. "So I've come over to see what you want." "I am entirely satisfied," said the Marquis de Mores, as blandly as you please. "Your explanation assures me that the information which disturbed me was wholly incorrect." Of course, there was no explanation; but the marquis had tact enough to perceive that it would be better to yield gracefully rather than run the risk of getting an injured face.

PRESS PROVERBS.

The ideal husband is still a bachelor. The strongest influence is always exerted at short range. Justice is higher than law, in that it is retroactive. It is always difficult to draw the line between willingness and unwillingness. The unmarried woman is always in danger of becoming a youthful prodigy. A man may do good work in the world and still continue to say "I don't do it." Everything that goes out with the tide doesn't necessarily come back with it. A woman is never too old to marry; but she is sometimes too old to be asked. Even if a man could read his own obituary it isn't likely he would recognize it. Two wrongs do not make a right, but they often do make the same error. Too many people are in the habit of using the conscience of others instead of their own.

The English papers never tire of printing the following joke, which was old even in George Washington's day: In St. Paul's one day a guide was showing an American gentleman round the tomb. "That sir," said the man, "his tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. His side that is a steel receptacle, weighing twelve tons, and his side that is a leaden casket, weighing twelve tons. His side that is a mahogany coffin, 'holding the ashes of the great hero.' "Well," said the Yankee, after thinking awhile, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

JUST IN JEST.

"Doctor, I am troubled with shooting pains in my face." "Yes, madam; you use too much powder."—Bangkok Times. "I would die for you!" passionately exclaimed the rich old author; and the practical girl calmly asked him: "How soon?" —Somerville Journal.

Harry—We met, "Twain in a crowd. Belle—Much of a crowd? Harry—Well, her mother was there.—The American.

He: "Can you give me any good reason for liking these impressionist pictures?" She: "Yes, indeed; they can be hung upside up with equally good effect." —Answers.

He—I think your family name is such a fine one. She—Do you? I'm beginning to get dreadfully tired of it.—The American.

In the Coming Time—First New Woman—That Mrs. Umphrey is horribly lacking in manners. Second New Woman—What's the matter? First New Woman—I saw her in a street car the other day, when a number of gentlemen entered, and she never offered to give up her seat to them. —Chicago Record.

"Good-night, Mrs. Brown. I had to bank you for the most pleasant evening I have ever spent in my life!" "Oh, don't say that, Herr Schmidt!" "Acht! but I do say that I always say dat!"—Punch.

Dora—"How do you like my new slippers?" Cora—"They're sweet! I shall have to get a pair like them." Dora—"I am afraid you will not. When I got them yesterday there were no larger sizes left." —Answers.

"What do all this stuff about woman suffrage mean?" little Danny Grogan asked, looking up at his paternal parent from the morning paper. "It means," said Mr. Grogan, "that pretty soon a man will be allowed to vote except the women."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Moberly—"You look pretty happy for a man whose on his way to the dentist to have two teeth extracted." Hansom (with great joy)—"You see, if I didn't go to the

dentist I'd have to stay at home to my wife's 5 o'clock tea."—Life. Impresario (engaging singer)—"We will treat you with every consideration. I want you to sing with us and you will have no one to quarrel with." Prima Donna (with decision)—"Then I just won't take the engagement."—Life.

"But how do you stand on the financial problem?" asked her paternal relative. "Oh, the money of the fathers is good enough for me," answered the prospective son-in-law.—Albany Argus.

Farmer's Wife (to tramp)—"Why don't you work?" "I should like to work, marm," said Weary William, the way-side wanderer; "but, yer see, I have been hypnotized by a fellow what won't let me do a stroke."—Answers.

POLITICAL NOTES.

One of the flying rumors has it that Senator Flinn, of Allegheny, may succeed Judge Gilkeson as state chairman. In the opinion of many Republicans, there will be no serious consideration of year, a belief which causes little general tear-shedding.

Both Senators Vaughan and Hardenburgh are opposed to the senate plan of congressional reapportionment; and it is understood that the house delegations from Wayne, Susquehanna and Lackawanna will align itself against it should further effort be made to pass the senate bill.

Among the Welsh-Americans the candidacy of Hon. John T. Williams, of Hyde Park, for delegate to the next Republican national convention is received with evident favor. Mr. Williams' popularity among all classes is very marked; and must prove extremely gratifying to his numerous friends.

Philadelphia advices are to the effect that Senator Quay, aided by Magistrate Philburn, Senator Penrose and James McManes, will begin at once to carry the war into the enemy's country by contesting with the Martin-Porter forces in every Philadelphia ward for delegates to the next state convention.

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Alpheus, The Tribune Astrologer. Astrological cast: 2:45 a. m. for Wednesday, May 22, 1895.

Moon rises 2:35 a. m. It is safe to remark that theme of the day Of a child that's poetical, born on this day. Will be, as his countenance tingles with pain, "I wonder if summer will e'er come again?"

The man who says "it is hot enough for you" still has a frog in his throat. There is something in the atmosphere that indicates that it is a trifle early yet to predict who will carry Pennsylvania's Republican delegates in his vest pocket at the next national convention. Regard for the naked truth compels the assertion that Mr. Davis has an all round gilded attraction in his living statutory entitlement.

Alpheus' Advice. Avoid ice water. Sit by the fire. Do not attempt to "corner" palm fans. Shun lawsuits. Remember that the final decision of the highest bench is at times as uncertain as the verdict of a Sullivan county jury.

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