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CHAPTER II.

By midday I had got as far as the village of Sanpelt, but as I was on the direct road to Osterode, where the emperor was wintering, and also for the main camp of the seven divisions of infantry, the highway was choked with carriages and carts. What with artillery, caissons and wagons and couriers and the ever-thickening stream of recruits and stragglers, it seemed to me that it would be a very long time before I should join my comrads. The plains, however, were five feet deep in snow, so there was nothing for it but to plod upon our way. It was with joy, therefore, that I found a second road which branched away from the other, trending through a fir wood toward the north. There was a small auberge at the cross roads and a patrol of the Third Hussars of Conflans—the very regiment of which I was afterward colonel—were mounting their horses at the door. On the steps stood their officer, a slight, pale young man, who looked like a young priest from a seminary than al eader of the devil-may-care rascals before him.

"Good day, sir," said he, seeing that I pulled up my horse.

"Gobd day," I answered. "I am Lieutenant Etienne Gerard of the Tenth."

I could see by his face that he had heard of me. Everybody had heard of me since my duel with the six fencing masters. My manner, however, served to put him at his ease with me.

"I am Sub-Lieutenant Duroc of the Third," said he.

"Newly joined?" I asked.

"Last week."

I had thought as much from his white face and from the way in which he let men lounge upon their horses. It was not so long, however, since I had learned myself what it is like when a schoolboy has to give orders to veteran troopers. It made me blush, I remember, to shout abrupt commands to men who had seen more battles than had years, and it should have come more natural for me to say "With your permission we will now wheel into line," or "If you think it best, we shall trot." I did not think the less of the lad, therefore, when I observed that his men were somewhat out of hand, but I gave them a glance wich stiffened them in their saddles.

"May I ask, monsieur, whether you are going by this northern road?" I asked.

"My orders are to patrol it as far as Arensdorf," said he.

"Then I will, with your permission, ride so far with you," said I; "it is very clear and the longer way will be the faster."

So it proved, for this road led away from the army into a country which was given over to Cossacks and marauders, and it was as bare as the other was crowded. Duroc and I rode in front with our six troopers clattering along in the rear. He was a good boy, this Duroc, with his head full of the nonsense that they teach at St. Cyr, knowing more about Alexander and Pompey than how to mix a horse's fodder or care for a horse's feet. Still he was, as I have said, a good boy, unspoiled as yet by the camp. It pleased me to hear him prattle away about his sister Marie and about his mother in Amiens. Presently we found ourselves at the village of Hayenah. Duroc rode up to the post house and asked to see the master.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether a man who calls himself Baron Straubenthal lives in these parts?"

The postmaster shook his head and we rode upon our way.

I took no notice of this, but when at the next village my comrade repeated the same question, with the same result, I could not help asking him who this Baron Straubenthal might be.

"He is a man," said Duroc, with a sudden flush upon his boyish face, "to whom I have a very important message to convey."

Well, this was not satisfactory, but there was something in my companion's manner which told me that any further questioning would be distasteful to him. I said nothing more, therefore, but Duroc would still ask every peasant whom we met whether he could give him any news of the Baron Straubenthal.

For my own part I was endeavoring as an officer of light cavalry should, to form an idea of the lay of the country, to note the course of the streams and to mark the places where there should be fords. Every step was taking us further from the camp round the flanks of which we were traveling. Far to the south a few plumes of gray smoke in the frosty air marked the position of some of our outposts. To the north, however, there was nothing between ourselves and the Russian winter quarters. Twice on the extreme horizon I and pointed it out to my companion, caught a glimpse of a glitter of steel. It was too distant for us to tell whence it came, but we had little doubt that it was from the lanceheads of marauding Cossacks.

The sun was just setting when we rode over a low hill and saw a small village upon our ight and on our left a considerable castle which jutted out from among the pine woods.

A farmer with his cart was approaching up—a matted-haired, down-cast fellow in a sheepskin jacket.

"What village is this?" asked Duroc.

"It is Arensdorf," he answered in his barbarous German dialect.

"Then here I am to stay the night," said my young companion. Then turning to the farmer, he asked his eternal question: "Can you tell me where the Baron Straubenthal lives?"

"Why, it is he who owns the Castle of Gloom," said the farmer, pointing to the dark turrets over the distant fir forest.

Duroc gave a shout like the sportsman who sees his game rising in front of him. The lad seemed to have gone off his head, his eyes shining, his face deathly white and such a grim set about his mouth as made the farmer shrink away from him. I can see him now, leaning forward on his brown horse with his eager gaze fixed upon the great black tower.

"Why do you call it the Castle of Gloom?" I asked.

"Well, it is the name it bears upon the country side," said the farmer. "By all accounts, there have been some black doings up yonder. It's not for nothing that the wickedest man in Poland has been living there these fourteen years past."

"A Polish nobleman?" I asked.

"Nay, we breed no such men in Poland," he answered.

"A Frenchman, then," cried Duroc.

"They say that he came from France."

"And with red hair?"

"As red as a fox."

"Yes, yes, it is my man," cried my companion, quivering all over in his excitement. "It is the hand of Providence which has led me here. Who can say that there is not justice in this world. Come, Monsieur Gerard, for I must see the men safely quartered before I can attend to this private matter." He spurred on his horse, and ten minutes later we were at the door of the inn at Arensdorf, where his men were to find their quarters for the night.

Well, this was no affair of mine, and I could not imagine what the meaning of it might be. Rossel was still far off, but I determined to ride for a few hours, and take my chance of finding some wayside barn in which I could find shelter for Rataplan and myself. I had mounted my horse, therefore, after tossing off a cup of wine, when young Duroc came running out of the door and laid his hand upon my knee.

"Monsieur Gerard," he panted, "I beg of you not to abandon me like this."

"My good sir," said I, "if you would tell me what is the matter and what you would wish me to do, I should be better able to tell you if I could be of any assistance to you."

"You can be of the very greatest," he cried. "Indeed, from all that I have heard of you, Monsieur Gerard, you are the one man, whom I should wish to have by my side tonight."

"You forget that I am riding to join my regiment."

"You cannot in any case reach it tonight. Tomorrow will bring you to Rossel. By staying with me you will confer the greatest kindness upon me, and you will aid me in a matter which concerns my own honor and the honor of my family. I am compelled, however, to confess to you that some personal danger may possibly be involved."

It was a crafty thing for him to say. Of course I sprang from Rataplan's back and ordered the groom to lead him back to the stable.

"Come into the inn," said I, "and let me know exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

He led the way into a sitting room and fastened the door lest we should be interrupted. He was a well-grown lad, and as he stood in the glare of the lamp with the light beating upon his earnest face, and upon his uniform of silver gray which suited him to a marvel, I felt my heart warm toward him. Without going so far as to say that he carried himself as I have done at his age, there was at least similarity enough to make me feel sympathy with him.

"I can explain it all in a few words," said he. "If I have not already satisfied your very natural curiosity it is because the subject is so painful a one that I can hardly bring myself to allude to it. I cannot, however, ask for your assistance without explaining to you exactly how the matter lies.

"You must know, then, that my father was the well-known banker, Christopher Duroc, who was murdered by the people during the September massacres. As you are aware, the mob took possession of the prisons, chose three so-called judges to pass sentence upon the unhappy aristocrats, and then tore them to pieces when they were passed out into the street. My father had been a benefactor of the poor all his life. There were many to plead for him. He had the fever, too, and was carried in half dead upon a blanket. Two of the judges were in favor of acquitting him. The third one, a young Jacobin whose huge body and brutal mind had made him a leader among the wretches, dragged him with his own hands from the litter, kicked him again and again with his heavy boots, and hurled him out of the door, where in an instant he was torn limb from limb under circumstances which are too horrible to describe. This, as you perceive, was murder even under their own unlawful laws, for two of their own judges had pronounced in my father's favor.

"Well, when the days of order came back again my elder brother began to make inquiries about this man. I was only a child then, but it was a family matter, and it was discussed in my presence. The fellow's name was Carabin. He was one of Santerre's guard, and a noted duelist. A foreign lady named the Baroness Straubenthal, having been dragged before the Jacobins, he had gained her liberty for her on the promise that she with her money and estates, should be his. He had married her, taken her name and title, and escaped out of France at the time of the fall of Robespierre. What had become of him we had no means of learning.

"You will think, doubtless, that it would be very easy for us to find him since we had both his name and title. You must remember, however, that the revolution left us without money, and that without money such a search is very difficult. Then came the Empire and it became more difficult still, for, as you are aware, the Emperor considered that the Eighteenth Brumaire brought all accounts to a settlement and on that day a veil had to be drawn across the past. None the less we kept our own family story and our own family plans.

"My brother joined the army and passed with it through all southern Europe, asking everywhere for the Baron Straubenthal. Last October he was killed at Jena with his mission still unfilled. Then it became my turn, and I have the good fortune to hear of the very man of whom I am in search at one of the first Polish villages which I have to visit and within a fortnight of joining my regiment. And then, to make the matter even better, I find myself in company of one whose name is never mentioned throughout the army save in connection with some generous and daring deed."

(To Be Continued.)

A WOMAN HORSE THIEF.

For Four Years She Was a Successful Bandit Chief, but Now Attends to Her Housework and Paints—A Strange Career.

Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

Santa Fe, N. M., July 5.—It may be true, as that very learned man, Herr Strindberg, asserts, that a woman can not, by reason of mental inferiority, make as good a cup of coffee as a man can, but when it comes to stealing horses she has proved that her mental qualities are quite the equal of his. Of all the women whom fin de siecle degeneracy, or love of adventure, or need of extracting a living from the world, has driven into this form of activity, the one with the most checkered career is Mrs. Helen Scott, of Southern New Mexico. For four years this woman was one of the leading spirits in a gang of ex-cowboys, who had become horse-thieves. They ranged all over Southern New Mexico and Arizona, and slipped over the line into Old Mexico whenever the sheriffs and deputy marshals were too warm on their track. They captured more horses, disposed of them to better advantage and eluded the officers of the law more sucessfully than any other band of horse-thieves in the southwest. One of the men, after they were finally captured, privately declared that much of their success was due to the wariness and astuteness of Mrs. Scott's counsels and methods. She dressed all that time in men's clothes, and nobody would have guessed from her appearance that she was anything but a slender, handsome boy. Her companions all knew her sex, and among them and the sheriffs who chased her for four years she was known as Curly Hank Holder—shortened usually to Curly Hank. For her hair, unlike that of the Montana woman, did not need the curling iron to keep it in waves and curls all over her head.

Mrs. Scott had been a wife and the mother of four children before she took to outlawry. During her married life she had lived in Texas, where existence for her had been as patient, uneventful and dutiful as it is for thousands of other wives and mothers. When her husband died she took her children to El Paso and struggled along, earning a living for them as best she could. Then one day she put them to board with a poor woman and disappeared. For four years afterward she would appear once in two or three months, make them a short visit, pay for their board in advance, buy clothes for them, make them presents, and then sink into the unknown again. But the battle of wits between outlaws and sheriffs, however long it may last, is bound in time to be won by the sheriffs. And so at last Mrs. Scott and her cowboy band were captured in Doná Ana county, N. M., and taken to Las Cruces for trial.

Mrs. Scott's case aroused much sympathy, for her face was refined and attractive, her manner modest and her speech that of an educated, cultured woman. And, of course, lawyers and judge and jury and everybody else in the community were much impressed by her refined, womanly appearence. Her lawyer made the most of the feeling in her favor that was possible and she was found not guilty.

After the trial was over Mrs. Scott, in conversation, frequently admitted her connection with the horse-thieves. Asked how she came to adopt such a life, she replied: "I had to make a living for my children, and was tired of struggling along in the hand-to-mouth sort of way. I tried my very best, and all I could do was to get them barely enough to eat and wear. I wanted to do more than that, and this was the only way I could see of accomplishing anything else."

There may have been truth in what she said, but it certainly was not the whole truth. A part thereof is that she was deeply in love with the leader of the band—a 6-foot specimen of cowboy skill and daring. It was probably a case in which love said "come," and the woman obeyed. He did not get off as easily as did she, for the jury found him guilty. But while he was waiting to be taken to the penitentiary he escaped from the county jail, as every one believed, by her contrivance and help, and was found concealed in her room. He was retaken and is now serving his time in the territorial penitentiary. Her evident connection with his escape was winked at, because of the favorable impression she had made and the general belief that she had given up horse-stealing for good and intended to earn an honest living. Her eldest children are adopted into good families and the other two were placed in an orphan asylum. A small sum of money was collected to tide her over immediate difficulties, and a chance was given her to try her hand at housework. She has done so in a good many households of that region, and there is a consensus of opinion among those households that Mrs. Scott's talents do not lie in the domain of cooking and house-cleaning. She is too likely to forget the weekly washing while absorbed in the attempt to paint her mistress' portrait, and to let the dinner burn while she embroiders a sofa cushion for the parlor. For in Mrs. Scott's education, as sometimes happened twenty years ago, the accomplishments were not as much neglected as were some other things, and her return to respectability and opportunity has revived the desire not to get rusty.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages, in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by C. M. Harris, Druggist, 128 Penn avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Save

*** the Babies**

Protect their little lives from the ravages of Cholera Infantum by giving them proper and sufficient nourishment. The dreaded diseases of children which come with hot weather are unknown when

Bovinine

is used. Add a few drops to baby's milk. Thousands of eminent physicians are continually recommending it for this purpose.

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

STOCKS AND BONDS.

New York, July 6.—The stock market today was firm for the railway list; ranged ¼ to 1⅝ per cent. higher. New England leading. The feature of the market, however, was Chicago Gas. At the opening it was 59¾. This was followed by a rise to 60⅞, after which the price broke to 58⅝. The report that President Lincoln had resigned was denied, but this did not check the selling of the stock. The heaviness of the stock had no influence on the other Industrials. The market closed strong and generally ¼a1⅛ per cent. higher. Chicago Gas was an exception and lost ⅝ per cent. Total sales 115,750 shares.

The range of today's prices for the active stock of the New York stock market are given below. The quotations are furnished The Tribune by G. du B. Dimmick, manager for William Linn, Allen & Co., stock brokers, 412 Spruce street, Scranton.

	Op'ning.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Am. Tobacco Co.	114	114¼	113¾	114
Am. Cot. Oil	27⅝	27⅞	27⅝	27⅝
Am. Sugar Reg Co.	112½	112⅞	112	112⅞
Atch., To. & S. Fe	9¾	9¾	9⅝	9¾
Can. South	54¼	54¼	54¼	54¼
Ches. & Ohio	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝	22⅝
Chicago Gas	59¼	60⅝	58⅝	59⅝
Chic. & N. W.	99½	99½	99¼	99¼
Chic., B. & Q.	85½	86	85½	85¾
C. C. C. & St. L.	46⅝	46⅝	45⅞	46¼
Chic., Mil. & St. P.	68⅝	69	68⅝	68⅝
Chic., R. I. & P.	72½	72⅝	72¼	72½
Dist. & C. F.	22½	22⅞	22⅝	22⅝
Gen. Electric	36⅝	36⅝	36⅝	36⅝
Ill. Central	97¾	97¾	97¾	97¾
Lake Shore	146⅝	146⅝	146⅝	146⅝
Louis. & Nash.	58⅞	59	58⅝	59
Mo. Pacific	32½	32½	32	32
Nat. Cordage	1½	1½	1½	1½
N. J. Central	101¾	102	101¾	102
N. Y. Central	101	101	101	101
N. Y. & N. E.	50¼	51⅞	50¼	51¼
N. Y., S. & W. Pr.	28⅝	29⅝	28⅝	29⅝
Nor. Pacific, Pr.	17⅝	17⅝	17¼	17¼
Ont. & West	17⅝	17⅝	17⅝	17⅝
Pacific Mail	30	30	30	30
Southern R. R.	14⅝	14½	14⅜	14½
Tenn., C. & I.	39½	39⅝	39½	39½
Tex. Pacific	13¼	13¼	13¼	13¼
Union Pacific	13	13	13	13
Wabash, Pr.	19⅞	20	19⅞	19⅞
West. Union	91⅝	91½	91⅝	91½
U. S. Leather	20	20⅝	20	20⅝
U. S. Leather, Pr.	94	94	94	94

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE PRICES.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
WHEAT.				
September	70⅞	71½	70⅝	71
December	72¾	73⅝	72¾	73⅛
OATS.				
September	24¼	24¼	23⅝	23⅞
May	27⅝	27⅞	27¼	27½
CORN.				
September	45⅝	45⅝	44⅞	44⅞
December	37¼	37⅜	37	37¼
May	37½	37¾	37⅛	37¼
LARD.				
September	6.65	6.65	6.62	6.62
PORK.				
September	12.30	12.30	12.20	12.22

Scranton Board of Trade Exchange Quotations—All Quotations Based on Par of 100.

STOCKS.	Bid.	Ask
Dime Dep. & Dis. Bank	125	.....
First National Bank	600	.....
Green Ridge Lumber Co.	....	110
Lackawanna Lumber Co.	110	.....
Lacka. Trust & Safe Dep. Co.	....	150
Scranton Savings Bank	200	.....
Scranton Lace Curtain Co.	....	50
Third National Bank	350	.....
Thuron Coal Land Co.	....	90
Scranton Axle Works	....	80
Scranton Glass Co.	....	65
National Boring & Drilling Co.	....	90
Scranton Jar & Stopper Co.	....	25
Dickson Manufacturing Co.	....	80
Lacka. & Montrose R. R.	....	100
Spring Brook Water Co.	....	90
Elmhurst Boulevard Co.	....	100
Anthracite Land & Imp. Co.	....	90
BONDS.		
Scranton Traction Co.	....	95
Economy Steam Heat & Power Co	....	100
Madison Avenue Improvement	....	105
Scranton Glass Co.	....	100
Rushbrook Coal Co., 6%	....	100
Scranton Axle Works, 6%	....	98
Scranton Pass. Railway first mortgage 6's, due 1920	110	.....
People's St. Railway, first mortgage 6's, due 1918	110	.....
People's St. Railway, second mortgage 6's, due 1921	110	.....

Scranton Wholesale.

Fruit and Produce.—Dried apples, per lb., 5a6c.; evaporated apples, 7½a8c.; California prunes, 6½a8c.; English currants, 2½a3c.; layer raisins, $1.60a1.70; muscatels, 4a5c. per lb., $1.00a1.25 per box; new Valencias, 5½a6½c. per lb.

Beans—Marrow-fats, $2.60 per bushel; mediums, $2.25.

Peas—Green, $1.10a1.15 per bushel; split, $2.50a2.60; lentels, 5a8c. per lb.

Potatoes—45c. per bushel; new, $3.00 to $3.25 per bbl.

Onions—Bermudas, crates, $1.75; Egyptian, $2.40 to $2.50; domestic, per basket, $1.50a1.60.

Butter—16a19c. per lb.

Cheese—6a9c. per lb.

Eggs—14a14½c.

Meats—Hams, 10½c.; small hams, 10¾c.; skinned hams, 11¼c.; California hams, 7½c.; shoulders, 7½c.; bellies, 7½c.; smoked breakfast bacon, 10c.

Smoked Beef—Outsides, 12c.; sets, 13½c.; insides and knuckles, 15c.; Acme sliced smoked beef, 1-lb cans, $2.40 dozen.

Pork—Mess, $14.00; short cut, $15.00.

Lard—Leaf, in tierces, at 8½c.; in tubs, 8¾c.; 10-lb pails, 9¼c. per pound; 5-lb pails, 9¾c. pe lb.; 3-lb. pails, 9½c. per lb.; compound lard, tierces, 6½c.; tubs, 6¾c.; 10-lb. pails, 7¼c. per lb.; 5-lb. pails, 7¾c. per lb.; 3-lb. pails, 7½c. per lb.

Flour—Minnesota patent, per barrel, $4.60a4.75; Ohio and Indiana amber, at $4.25; Graham, $4.25; Rye flour at $4.50.

Feed—Mixed, per cwt., $1.15.

Grain—Corn, 55c.; oats, 36 to 42½c. per bushel.

Rye Straw—Per ton, $12a15.

Hay—$14.50a16.

New York Produce Market.

New York, July 6.—Flour—Dull and steady. Wheat—Dull, steady; No. 2 red store and elevator, 73¾c.; afloat, 74¾c.; f. o. b., 76⅞c.; options closed firm; July, 73¾c.; August, 74¼c.; September, 74⅞c.; December, 77c. Corn—Quiet, steady; No. 2, 49⅛a5c. elevator; 51c. afloat; options steady; July, 49¼c.; August, 49⅝c.; September, 50c. Oats—Quiet; options dull, unchanged; July, 27¾c.; September, 28c.; spot prices, No. 2, 27¾a28c.; No. 2 white, 33½a34c.; No. 2 Chicago, 27¾a28c.; No. 3, 27½c.; No. 3 white, 33c.; mixed western, 29½a30c.; white state and western, 34a39½c. Provisions—Dull, unchanged. Lard—Quiet, firm, unchanged. Butter—Quiet; state dairy, 11 a17c.; do. creamery, 17½a18c.; western dairy, 9a14c.; do. creamery, 12a16c.; do. factory, 8a12c.; Elgins, 18c.; imitation creamery, 11a15c. Cheese—Dull, easy, unchanged. Eggs—Steady; state and Pennsylvania, 13½a14½c.; western fresh, 12a13c.; do. per case, $1.75a3.60.

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., July 6.—Wheat—Receipts, 4,000 bushels; shipments, 4,000 bushels; No. 2 red, cash and July, 73c.; August, 73⅝c.; No. 3 red, August, 66½c. Corn—Receipts, 81,500 bushels; shipments, 500 bushels; market quiet; No. 2 white, cash, 36c.; No. 3 mixed, 45c. Oats—Receipts, 1,000 bushels; market dull; No. 2 mixed, 24⅝c.; September, 25c. Clover Seed—Market nominal; October, 5.67½.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 6.—Cattle—Receipts, 600 head; market quiet and unchanged. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head; market strong; heavy packing and shipping lots, $5a5.50; common to choice mixed, $4.85a5.30; choice assorted, $5a5.15; light, $4.85a5.25; pigs, $3.75a4.50. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; market unchanged.

Buffalo Live Stock.

Buffalo, July 6.—Cattle—Receipts, 900 head; on sale, 40 head; market closed firm; good light steers, $3a3.75; fair fat cows, $2.50a2.75; fat bulls, $2.50a2.25. Hogs—Receipts, 2,500 head; on sale, 1,200 head; market closed steady; choice to good Yorkers, $5.40a5.45; pigs, $5.30a5.40; mediums and heavy, $5.45a5.50; roughs, $4.50a4.75; stags, $3.50a4; good heavy hogs sold late at $5.50. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 2,700 head; on sale, 2,200 head; market closed dull but steady; fair to good mixed sheep, $2.25a3.15; choice, $3.20a3.25; culls and common, $1.50a2; light to choice spring lambs, $3.50a4.75; extra, $5a5.10; export sheep, $3.25a3.50.

Oil Market.

Oil City, July 6.—Oil opened, 14⅞½; highest, 14⅞½; lowest and closing, 145.

Pittsburg, July 6.—Oil opened and lowest, 145; highest and closed, 145½.

Philadelphia Tallow Market.

Philadelphia, July 6.—Tallow is steady and quiet. We quote: City, prime, in hhds, 4¼c.; country, prime, in bbls, 4¼c.; do. dark, in bbls, 3⅞a4¼c.; cakes, 4⅝c.; grease, 3⅝c.

ANOTHER TRADITION GONE.

Here's an Iconoclastic Foreign Doctor Who Dares to Declare that Dampness Hasn't a Thing to Do with Rheumatism.

Modern science is playing havoc with many of the cherished beliefs of the last generation. Few things are more generally accepted than the causative connection between dampness of air and soil and the prevalence of rheumatic fever; yet Dr. Newsholme, an English physician, now states—before the Royal College of Physicians—that dampness has nothing to do with it. There is doubtless a rheumatism, a painful condition of joints, ligaments and tendons, which is extremely susceptible to damp. There are hobbling old men, who by virtue of their malady, become trusty village storm signals, and their malady is rheumatism; but that is a very different thing from rheumatic fever. This disease is now found to vary more or less inversely with the rainfall, and comparing the yearly and quarterly local rainfalls with the incidence of rheumatic fever, as shown by the hospital statistics, it is noted that a heavy rainfall is associated with a low amount, and a light rainfall with an excessive amount of the disease, although no exact proportion was observed between them.

Even more at variance with what has been so commonly accepted were the results of observations in regard to the relation between the level of the ground water and the prevalence of the disease. The theory of dampness would lead one to expect a greater prevalence of rheumatism at times when the subsoil water approached nearer to the surface of the ground. Just the opposite is the case. Although the lowering of the ground water is not always accompanied by a rising in the rheumatism "curve," it has constantly been remarked that an excessive prevalence never occurs when the ground water is high. Another novelty is the theory that rheumatic fever comes in epidemics, analogous to those of infectious diseases. It is, indeed, probable that the fever is, like them, an infective disease, not necessarily infective from man to man, but by way of the house, or soil, or the surroundings, and that among the conditions favorable to its spread is that state of soil which acompanies a prolonged lowering of the ground water—in other words, the exposure to air of a subsoil usually lying in water.

The gist of Dr. Newsholme's strictures is that rheumatic fever is a ground air disease, and that much more care should be taken than is commonly done in the construction of houses to prevent the ground air being drawn into our dwellings.

Hope Springs Eternal.

She says she does not love me yet,
But I'd not be surprised
To learn she fibs; because you see
That yet is emphasized.

—Life.

WHO IS IT

That insists upon keeping a stock of

Radway's Ready Relief

in the house?

Why, the wise mother. Because, when taken internally it cures in a few minutes, Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

DOSE—Half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water.

Used externally, it will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Mosquito Bites, Stings of Insects, Sunburns, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Coughs, Colds and all throat troubles.

Radway's Ready Relief, aided by Radway's Pills, will cure Fever and Ague; Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers.

Fifty Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.
RADWAY & CO., New York.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete assimilation and healthful regularity. Cure constipation and its long list of unpleasant symptoms and rejuvenate the system. 25 cents a box. All druggists.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY.

Made a Well Man of Me.

FRENCH REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others 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, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire 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.

French Injection Compound

Cures positively, quickly, (not merely checks.) Guaranteed or money refunded. Avoid dangerous remedies. Price 50 cents per bottle, Six Bottles (will cure severest case) sent prepaid, secure from observation, with only scientifically made syringe, to any address for $5.00.

CHENO MEDICAL CO.
1143 MARKET ST. PHILADELPHIA PA

SYPHILINE A TRIALS GIVEN FOR BLOOD POISON

Have you Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair Falling? Write Cook Remedy Co., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital $500,000. Established nine years. Cure today cost not a dollar. 100-page book free.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE OLD RELIABLE

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTE

Has stood the Test of Time

MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED

Atlantic Refining Co

Manufacturers and Dealers in

ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING

OILS

Linseed Oil, Napthas and Gasolines of all grades. Axle Grease. Pinion Grease and Colliery Compound; also a large line of Paraffine Wax Candles.

We also handle the Famous CROWN ACME OIL, the only family safety burning oil in the market.

Wm. Mason, Manager.

Office: Coal Exchange, Wyoming Ave. Works at Pine Brook.

E. Robinson's Sons'

LAGER BEER BREWERY.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

PILSENER LAGER BEER

CAPACITY:

100,000 Barrels per Annum

Moosic Powder Co,

Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bld'g.
SCRANTON, PA.

MINING and BLASTING

POWDER

MADE AT MOOSIC AND RUSHDALE WORKS.

Laflin & Rand Powder Co.'s

Orange Gun Powder

Electric Batteries, Fuses for exploding blasts, Safety Fuse and

Repauno Chemical Co.'s High Explosives

DR. E. GREWER,

The Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians, are now permanently located at

Old Postoffice Building, Corner Penn Avenue and Spruce Street.

The doctor is a graduae of the University of Pennsylvania, formerly demonstrator of physiology and surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia. His specialties are Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases.

DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

The symptoms of which are dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and women, ball rising in throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily startled when suddenly spoken to, and dull distressed mind, which unfits them for performing the actual duties of life, making happiness impossible, distressing the action of the heart, causing flush of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, melancholy, tire easy of company, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thought, depression, constipation, weakness of the limbs, etc. Those so affected should consult us immediately and be restored to perfect health.

Lost Manhood Restored.

Weakness of Young Men Cured.

If you have been given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined. He cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Scrofula, Old Sores, Catarrh, Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Deafness, Tumors, Cancers and Cripples of every description.

Consultations free and strictly sacred and confidential. Office hours daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Sunday, 9 to 1.

Enclose five 2-cent stamps for symtpom blanks and my book called "New Life."

I will pay one thousand dollars in gold to anyone whom I cannot cure of EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS or FITS.

DR. E. GREWER,
Old Post Office Building, corner Penn avenue and Spruce street.
SCRANTON, PA.

Third National Bank

OF SCRANTON.

CAPITAL,	$200,000
SURPLUS,	270,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	60,000

Special Attention Given to Business and Personal Accounts.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

THE TRADERS

National Bank of Scranton.

ORGANIZED 1890.

CAPITAL	250,000
SURPLUS,	$35,000

SAMUEL HINES, President.
W. W. WATSON, Vice-President.
A. B. WILLIAMS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

Samuel Hines, James M. Everhart, Irving A. Finch, Pierce B. Finley, Joseph J. Jermyn, M. S. Kemerer, Charles P. Matthews, John T. Porter, W. W. Watson.

PROMPT, ENERGETIC, CONSERVATIVE and LIBERAL.

This bank invites the patronage of business men and firms generally.

CAUTION

TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

MEGARGEL & CONNELL

Wholesale Agents.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

Central Railroad of New Jersey.

(Lehigh and Susquehanna Division)

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JUNE 2, 1895.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a.m., 1.23, 2.00, 4.05, 5.00, 7.10 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Atlantic City, 8.30 a.m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.30 (express) a. m., 1.23 (express with Buffet parlor car), 5.05 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m. Train leaving 1.23 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 6.21 p. m.