

and of beautiful women. She was lean- crossed them over the saddle. He did from the Vatican which shall allow WILD BERRY. whereupon he remarked: "Then I don't | through her lashes I saw the playing of "Here's where we part company," he bishops. But the Vatican is islient, said, pulling the bridle over my horse's head preparing to lead him. "What!" I exclaimed. and meanwhile the French priests, whose bishops sees no objection, just roll up their gowns and pedal around and meanwhile the French priests, whose bishops sees no objection, just roll up their gowns and pedal around the districts where they are wont to tramp so wearily. The cure may not lay aside his skits, so that with the voluminous garments bunched up suppose you care to go with us. We are going over here to trade." He had thought to favor me with an hind a summer's fringy cloud. "Tell me more," she said when I had stopped entertainment. There may be drearier recitals than the lies told during a horse swap, but I have never heard them. But even had he promised the keenest excitement I should have declined to "Here's where I leave you." The flap of his coat blew aside and I saw the A GYPSY SKETCH. brass handle of a pistol. "But won't you let me go back to the camp and tell the people good-bye?" I voluminous garments bunched up around his whist the looks a flittle excitement I should have declined to go. There was but one thing for me, and that was to gorge my gaze on that wild berry. And where was she? I understood her; she was afraid that saw her standing under a tree a short distance down the stream. A num-ber of children and smaller girls were playing about her. They had pulled a grape vine from a tree and were jumping kt. As I approached Lees. turned from the group and began slow. "There is no camp," he replied. "It is gone. Good-bye." And so he left me alone in the forest. quaint. The nearest approach we have to it in this country may be seen from Newgate street, which ine Bluecoat boys are doing fast laps round the playground at Christ's hospital. Opie Read, in the Times-Herald. When the man whom we had elected (their fleetest horse and sent him to the

A

sheriff came in and officially informed us that we need not get out another number of our newspaper, we sadly shook hands with one another, grabbed at our individual belongings and bade farewell to the dingy old room wherein many a bright and extravagant hope had been hung to gather dust amid the cobwebs. And soon we were scattered over adversity's landscape, no two of us having the courage to pursue the same direction. I cared not whither I went; it was my aim to be aimless And so I strolled. One afternoon, in the western part of Tennessee, I came upon a log bridge that appeared to been carelessly tumbled across a small stream. The road was grass-grown; the bridge was covered with morning glory vines. The scene was too romantic to be pastoral. There was not a house, not a field, not a meadow within sight. But down the stream with an ear of corn growing cold in my hand. She was stronger than con-science—she had taken my appetite. She looked at me shyly and I wondered if she had heard the reading of the letter. Ham Tish spoke to her. called her Lees, and she called him father. I don't think that I slept very much that night. I lay on a blanket under a bush looking at the stars her area where the wire grass was thick and where the water oaks cast a broad shade was a gypsy camp. Hunger, the keenest of suggestors, advised me to visit the camp. I did so, and as I drew near I saw several men and women standing about a large box, which served as a table; and bending over in bush, looking at the stars, her eyes, Once during the night I thought that I nervod as a table; and bending over in a position of agonizing anixety was a man striving to write on a piece of paper bag. They did not see me until I was close to them—they had paid no attention to the whimsical yeiping of a dog. But when they saw me there was a scattering about, and the writer reschad big more and stood looking at heard her laugh, but it must have been the rippling of the creek. Early at morning I saw her go down to the stream to bathe her face. In-stinct suggested caution, and I peered out to see if Ham Tish were within out to see if Ham Tish were within sight. He was not, and I went down to the stream. She was wiping her face with a handful of oak leaves. "Won't you take my handkerchief?" I asked. And then'I remembered that I had none, that I had tied it about the wounded finger of a railway section hand. She wasn't frightened-she laughed. "I would rather have leaves." she said. And then she added: "Where did you come from?" "From nearly all directions." "But don't you live in a house-" grabbed his paper and stood looking at

"How far is it to Bollvar?" I asked, "How far is it to Bollvar?" I asked, to apologize for my intrusion. "I don't know," the writer answered. "How far is it to the Hatchie river?"

'Don't know.

"How far is it to the railroad?" He shook his head.

"How far is it to any place?" He looked at me sharply, and an-swered: "It's only a short distance to

eny place away from here." But I was not to be bluffed. I had b en hardened. "What are you trying to do?" I asked.

"Trying to write a letter to friends in England."

"And can't you write it?" "I'm afraid that it's a little more than

and not have to steal them. Did you

"The me write for you?" "The me write for you?" "The me write for you?" Again he leoked at me sharply, not rementfully, however, but with an anxi-ous questioning. "Can you write?" he octed asked. "Tes, for unfortunately I have tried

to make writing my business." "Then you will charge us too much for writing a letter."

'I will not charge you anything. It

"I will not charge you anything. It will not charge you anything. It will be a pleasure." I took from my pocket a large note-book and a penell. They made way for me, and I sat down at the box. I asked not another question, but began to de-scribe the scene of their camp. As vividly as I could I pletured the lazy stream, the vine-covered bridge, the rugged bluff not far away. I read this to them, and then asked what they wanted to say to their friends. The writing was unquestionably rude, but they saw the picture, and gleefully they clapped their hands. How generous an audience. How charming a literary circle-hungry imagination, throbbing ancy. that I should like to steal." "But you don't have to steal any-thing that's wild, 'she raplied. She was slient for a moment, and then she asked: "Are you going with us?" A thrill shot through me and made my fingers tingle. "Why do you ask?" was all I could trust myself to say. "Because father said he wanted you to write more letters. Will you?" "I will write 10,000 letters for your father. I would even take off my shirt and cover it with messages for his friends." I wrote another letter and Lees

they saw the ploture, and gleefully they clapped their hands. How generous an audience. How charming a literary incig-mongry imagination, throbbing incy. "Read it again," they oried, and when in hird done so they told me what to may to their friends. When the letter was completed they manufed a boy on

postoffice. I suggested that it might be well for me to go with him, that it would set me quite a distance on my way, but hereupon spoke up the man who had striven to write. "No, you stay with us till tomorrow. We will wont you to write another letter then -exactly like the other one." "How long will they let me stay?" I

"But don't you dive in a house-" "Not now. Once I did, but now I live as you do, under the trees." "But isn't it nice to live in a house

and not have to go away? I have seen places where I would like to live all

the time and have chickens and ducks,

The man with whom I had transacted asked "Until you write enough letters," she my literary business was Ham Tish, the ruler of the tribe. He was a powernswered, laughing. ful old fellow and it occurred to me that he might be a pretty tough cus-"But do you know how many they want written?"

"I don't know, but ever so many, I tomer in a rough and tumble fight. Sitting just across the fire from me was a girl. Out of the darkness she should think !

"Don't you want me to write some for had come like an illuminated shadow. Her black hair was tangled and her you? "No," she said after a short pause.

face, warm and rich, was like a wild berry. She laughed, and I sat there with an ear of corn growing cold in

"No," she said after a short pater. "I don't know anybody." "But you have friends in England, haven't you?" "No, not now. I had one." "And he died?" I asked. "She died," was her reply. Doen the stream we rolled. In the Down the stream we rolled. In the delight of her marvelous beauty I for-got that there had even been a civiliza-

tion. In the shade on a bank of moss we sat. I told her stories, of giants PHYSICAL STRENGTH,

cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with a healthy body and mind. The young man who suffers from nervous debility, impaired mem-

ory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from, un-

Aller natural, pernicious habits usually contracted in youth, through guorance, is thereby incapac-itated to thor-

oughly enjoy life. He feels life. He feels tired, 'spiritless, and drowsy ; his sleep is disturbed and does not refresh him as it

ever live that way?" "Yes, until I was sick of it." "Eut you didn't get sick of not having to steal chickens and ducks, did you?" "I lived that way until to have stolen anything would have been a relief." "And do you like to steal?" she asked. abould; the will power is weakened, morbid fears haunt him and may result in confirmed hypochondria, or melan-cholia and, finally, in softing of the brain, epilepsy, ("fits"), paralysis, locomotor ataxis and even in dread insanity. shooting a glance at me that almost made me dance a jig."

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is "I shouldn't care to steal a chicken," I answered, "but I know of a wild berry that I should like to steal." the sim of the publishers of a book of 136 pages, written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home-treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent scaled,

diseases. This book will be sent scaled, in plain envelope, on receipt of this no-tice with ten cents in stamps, for post-age. Address, World's Dispensary Med-ical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For more than a quarter of a century physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution have made the treatment of the diseases above hinted at their specialty. Thousands have con-sulted them by letter and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permapent curse. Buffarers from premature old age, or loss of power, will find much of interest in the book above mentioned.

man; I didn't want to stop, but he asked me to wait a moment and I did, turned from the group and began slow-ly to walk toward the creek. I over-

for he was a kind man. But father scolded me." "You didn't fall in love with the man, did you?" I cagerly asked. She laughed at me. "I wouldn't know how to do that," she said.

"But you could be easily taught. I could teach you." She pouted at me and ran back to

the camp. That night she sat just across the fire from me. Her father stood near her and talked horse with a young fellow who hung mysteriously young fellow who hung mysteriously about in the shadow. Several times I spoke to the girl, but she simply nodded and smiled at me. Ham Tish began to walk up and down, still talking to the man in the shadow. I leaned over at the fire to rake a coal upon my pipe, and when I looked up, I saw Ham Tish pointing toward a tent. The girl got up and slowly walked away And Ham

and slowly walked away. And Ham Tish ceased talking to the man in the shadow. I lay down under the bush, but I saw no stars, for the sky was black. But I heard the rippling of the creek. It was just daylight, for the newly kindled fires were still red against the shadow that lay along the

"I want you to eat with me this morning," he said as I approached. "Sit down over there," he added, point-ing to a dog. I sat down and he con-tinued: "Would you like to live with us?"

"I should be delighted!" I exclaimed. "But wouldn't you get tired roaming about? "Never, I should always find it a

pleasure." "But would you be willing to come under my authority?" "Yes; I would be willing to sign any

He looked hard at me. "Then you haven't many ties to hold you to the boilse." "If I had I would break them."

He grunted and was silent. While we were eating, a boy led two horses forward. "I want you to take a ride with me," said Ham Tish. "With your eye for the beautiful I want you to help me select a place for a new camp. I am afraid of malaria here. Will you

I am afraid of malaria here. Will you go with me?" "Most gladly." "There's your horse." I mounted one horse and Ham Tish the other. Just as we were turning away I heard a voke, and, looking back, I saw Lees standing on the steps of a wagon. She stood drawing back a red curtain and the sun, just rising, threw his first rays over her. "Will you be gone long?" she asked. And without waiting for Ham Tish to answer I made bold to say: "No, not lang." Along the grass-grown road we pur-sued our way in silence. We turned to

sued our way in silence. We turned to the left into the thick woods. An hour passed. "Here is a beautiful place,"

passed. "Here is a beautiful place." I said. "Yees" Ham Tish answered, "but it is malarious." The woods became thicker, wild as an unexplored forest. "Here's where we stop." said Ham Tish. "Get cown." "But do you think that this is a good place?" "Tes, get down." I dismounted and the provided, conting ever, took hold of the birds and and ever, took hold of the birds and and

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Never Lacked Wit. "Speaking of repartee," said Garret MoEnerney to a San Francisco Call reporter, "there were two great mas-ters of it produced by England. One was Samuel Focte, styled the 'English Aristophanes,' and the other was Theo-dore Hook, also a subject of Great Britain. Foote was probably the most sarcastic of the two. "On one occasion while Histening to

"On one occasion while listening to a bad rendition of an old song he asked the singer why he insisted on singing such music. 'Because it always haunts me,' answered the fellow.

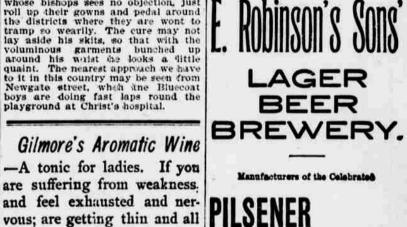
such music. 'Because it always haunts me,' answered the fellow. "'I am, not surprised at that; you are always murdering it,' replied Foote. "Some young men were annoying him one day with an inferior brand of jokes, to which he turned a deaf ear. 'Why, Foote,' said one, 'you are flat to-day and don't seem to relish a good joke.' 'You have not tried me yet,' said the wit.

day and don't seem to relish a good joke.' 'You have not tried me yet,' said the wit. "He was never without an answer, and his ready tongue made him a neces-sity at social functions. While at a gathering one evning a prig said to him, 'Mr. Foote, what would you give to be as young as 1?" Without turning his head Foote answered, 'I would be content to be as foolish.' People used to demand an exhibition of his clever-ness. A lady once asked him to make a pun using as his subject the king. He told her that the king was no sub-ject, and she relapsed into silence. He also told an opers singer who rehearsed for him that she could make her next appearance when the public had for-gotten her first. Foote himself seldom smiled at his own jokes, but laughed uproariously at those of others. This is a good quality to posses. "Hook was born a few years after Foote's death, and has been one of the few men able to fill his place in the particular vein of humor in which they both excelled. A party of laborers were sinking a well one day when Hook hap-pened to pass and inquired what they were about. 'Boring for water,' was the reply. 'Water is shways a bore,' said Hook. He was ence asked to write somothing about the Gandwich islands. His production read as follows: "Waiter, two sameviches,' cried Death, And their wild majesties resigned thair

their

"His short verse was always pointed and generally impromptu. Of Lord Brougham he wrote:

For everyons admits "he lies." "A man named Hatchet invited him to dinner one day and prefaced his invitation with the statement that he would not, perhaps, be able to set up such a sumptuous meal as Tom Moore had offered Hook the day before, to which Hook repiled that he expected nothing from a Hatchet but a chop. He was walking with a friend in the days when Warren's blacking was ad-vertised all over the fences. In one place the announcement chy ran, Try Warren's B—.' I see,' said Hook, 'the rest is inching.''





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