recent voyage to the present compara

quaint quib; yet his flow of speech was interrupted and his eye rolled nervous-ly toward the shore with each repeated peal of the heavy bell notes that now seemed to be overhead. Indeed it

seemed to be overhead. Indeed it dashed all our splitts to hear that dole-

ful sound. Offiss Marcey, to whom in the excitement of our greatest danger, when we first turned to the shore, I nad

said a few words of a purely persona

nature, was decidedly nervous and stole her hand into mine when no one was looking. I had simply assured her in a

brief sentence, there being no time to choose my words, that if we struck she need be under no anxiety for her life,

thoughts to distract us.

came to most of us. Not to all.

awake, thinking long thoughts for a long time, and Miss Marcey afterward

confessed to me that her slumbers were

terror of the previous night.
After breakfast we repaired the dam

age the yacht has suffered and hoisted

to explore the mysterious island.

Most of the party strolled in the direction of the house, but Miss Marcey and I got separated somehow from the others and made our way to the rocky ledge which overlooked the bay and the reef. It was a barren and desolate headland, not difficult of ascent save for the III.

the ill-balanced scales of rock that suc-

shore. At the very summit was one larger than the others that rested in-securely on the irregular foundation of

smaller fragments. It must have been

ten feet across and was hard and black

as flint, "Se," I said to my companion, "here

is a curious bit of nature's work. This leaf has been the roof of one of the lime-

stone grottoes of the shore. The waves

pounding into it have worn it thin till

one mighty one proved too much and burst it as you might strike the cover of a bon bon box. What a terrific force it must have been to east it here on top of this mass of debris. One of the pe-

cultarities of such rock is that it cuts ilke chalk almost when it is first un-covered and then hardens in the air like steel."

She walked around the slab studying

"Beneath this unstable stone lies all

When Dora looked up at me her eyes

"Why-" I asked in surprise, "You

Dora did not add that the resem-blance had descended to the third gen-

tipped upon its insecure base and

'Here Is More Than Nature's Handiwork

swung down for a foot or more, strik

ing its edge upon the lower rock, and

amazement and momentary alarm

The whole mass resounded like a sheet of metal under the blow of a hammer

and deep and resonant at our very

touch pealed the mysterious Cairn storme bell.

STARTLED THE OLD LADY.

Inquisitive Youth Tumbled Over a Parti

tion Upon a Spinster's Bed.

"When Mount Tabor, N. J., was first taken pessession of by the Newark con-ference of the Methodist Episcopal church," said a clergyman of that de-

THOROUGH INVESTIGATION

REQUESTED.

A BOI D ASSERTION.

Ever since Prof. Koch startled the world

Looked Into.

Should be

was her niece and was said to

edge of the

that is mortal of Florence, the wife of

tion. It read:

Robert Cairnatron

resemble her greatly."

been noted for her beauty.

ere swimming in tears

"Poor thing."

ago."
"I have seen her miniature.

As I leaned upon the edge of slab a strange thing happened.

one mighty one proved too much and

and the saline incrustations on

. The . Cairnstorme

. Bell

EDGAR MAYHEW BACON.

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CHAPTER I. Dallett was at the tiller, but his post was an easy one, as the M. S. with her main sheet eased off, was barely making steerage way. The cabin hatch had been pushed back and the awning cast its shadow over the cockpit, where a merry party was comfortably disposed while listening to one of Burnbee's re-

markable yarns. you believe it?" Miss Marcey asked me in a whisper.

"Why, as to that," I replied, "I have heard a good part of it before. It is an article of faith with all the people of the coast within fifteen miles of Cairn-

storme Island."
"Be quiet," admonished the chape-rone. "What are you people whisper-

'Did the bell really ring, Mr. Daltt?" questioned Bessie Germond.
"Yes," said Burnbee, "ask Dallett.

Thus appealed to, Dallett patted the tiller for a moment and hesitated. At length he said: "Yes, it is true; at least about the bell. I have heard the Cairnstorme bell a dozen times, but as for the rest of it, what became of the "Decide". woman and all that, it is only popular report. I do not pretend to say whether

"O, see here," objected Fred Freyer, Miss Marcey looked at me and laughed. but it has never been located. Burnbee went on.
"When Cairnstorme brought his wife

Ochiltree say that she was the handsomest woman that ever left the Old



Cairnstorm :'s Hospitality.

that remained, in his day, Cairnstorms met her first in Baltimore, I think, and took her away from the most fashionable set there to bury her on that for-saken island. What? O, I don't mean it was barren or anything of that kind, or that there were not all the comforts that wealth can buy. Cairnstorme was an odd fellow, but he was supposed to be immensely wealthy, and his big house was as finely adorned, outside and in, as any mansion in the south. He had servants without end and gardens and conservatories and all that sort of thing. The old place was filled with books and pictures and guitars and bric-a-brac and things lying around just as he left it when I was in there

Loflely? Well. I don't suppose it was lonely just at first; because there were parties coming over from the mainland. Lots of company, always a house full. They say that when the wind set right you could hear music from there all day and all night coming over the water like-like-well, am no good at similes and we will have to let it go at that. Anyway, there was a good deal of entertaining, and by all accounts they must have had a jolly time. Why, Cairnstorme's name at that time got to be a synonym for hospitality. I reckon there was not a governor or a general or a representa-tive of one of the old colonial families that did not know the taste of Cairnstorme's Madeira, nor one of their daughters (nor many of their wives) that had not enjoyed a flirtation on one of those verandas. Mrs. Cairn-storme was said to be that delightful but rare creature, a perfect hostess.
"What did you say her maiden name

was?" asked some one.
"I did not say-but it was-there, had it on the tip of my tongue. Oh, yes, Burnette, Florences Burnette." Miss Marcey gasped a little as though she had been douched with spray. I looked at her and saw that she was

What is the matter?" I asked in an undertone. But she motioned me with her hand to be silent and Burnbee went with his story.
"The whole thing-galety, visitors,

music, lights, entertainments—all stopped suddenly one day and the Cairnstorme mansion was shut up. Some of the servants were taken down to Charleston and others lived in a scared sort of way in the quarters. It was had gone abroad.

"After a while he came back. No one knew exactly when he came, but one day he appeared, looking quite ill and old, but dressed with the same scrupu-lous care he had always shown. He was alone. What had become of his wife nobody knew and nobody dared to ask. The story was that she had died and was buried in Florence, and I do not suppose her family ever questioned it, but the neighborhood either then or afterward began to harbor a suspicion that she had never left the island. that she had never left the island. However, no one had a chance to find out anything, as visitors were no longer encouraged. The place got a bad repu-tation. People said it was haunted. Even the niggers were regarded with distrust and fear by the black people on shore and every once in a while one of them would run away. It was a desolate spot. I have gone down there for ricebirds when I was a youngste and never have I seen greater desola-tion. The cotton had run wild and was tangled with vines and weeds, bind-weed running over everything and the

HAND LOST BUT LIFE SAVED

Mrs. Edward Myers, of Athens, N. Y., had been treated for months in the usual way for crysipelas, without benefit. Her hand had become a mass of putrified flesh, the blood so poisoned that her life was despaired of. At this time Mrs. Meyers sought the advice of Dr. David Kennedy, who found it impossible to save the hand, so he amputated the same, then gave her

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

rice crushed down in the bottom where the half-starved cattle had wallowed in it. The live oaks were ragged and the gray moss had about killed off the cy-presses. Nightshade and poison ivy presses. Nightshade and poison ivy literally covered the place where the garden had been and the broken jalousies on the veranda flapped with the wind."

"There were some tales about visit-ors from the water side," interposed

"Yes. That was where the bell came in. The story went that Calristorme had got in with a gang of freebooters or pirates and the bell was a signal. "Do tell us about the bell," lisped Miss

Love. "Well, it's just this. The bell rings all by itself when a storm is coming up and people in the channel in their boats can hear it and always get under shelter. It tolls like a funeral bell. It used to toll when Cairnstorme was alive and then people said he was ring-He comes from that part of the country, ing as a signal to some of his bucca-neer associates; but then after his death, when no one was living on the island at all, it kept on ringing just the same. Then they said that his ghost

"Decidedly grewsome. But what sort of a bell is it?" "Oh, that is the strange part of it. There isn't any bell. Different have hunted the island over and have "you are getting this story mixed. Let Burnbee tell it his own way. I want to hear what became of the woman." swear that some one was being buried. swear that some one was being buried.

man, who was storm-bound there, was almost frightened out of his wits by it. down there she was the talk of every the got away as far as he could from one for a while. I have heard my uncle the house and the shadow of the trees, where he could breathe, he said, down by the barren rocks on the shore, and according to his story the bell followed him and tolled in the air right over

"There is a belief," interrupted Dal-lett, "that when that bell is heard by the people on a vessel they are sure to be wrecked. It is like seeing the Flying Dutchman." "That is pleasant," I said. "I should

follow a classic precedent and stop up my ears when passing the island." "I suppose it amuses Cairnstorme." continued Burnbee. "-Amuses Calrastorme. Why what

-Amuses Carrastorme. Way what are you thinking of? Cairnstorme has been dead for a generation."

"Yes, but he has an unpleasant habit of hanging around still, if the colored are going to be sick before we get people are to be believed."

you so. Call Tom, he was raised there. Tom: Our negro steward came aft in re-

sponse to the summons and saluted the ompany.

"Cocktall Mass Eurabee? "Well, that is not a bad idea of yours, om, but it isn't what I called you for. Did you ever see Cairnstorme's ghost?"

O. now Mass Burnbee, you es' askin'
that to make spo'te of de ole man.
Shucks' I mos' fo'got dat sperience ense I come 'way f'um de cos', an' dat's othe yeahs now."
"But we want to hear about it. What

ere you doing on the island?"
"Now Mass Burnbee, you's poken fun lak you allus does. I ain' do nutten lar 'cep' jest' 'splore 'roun an' projec' on de granger of de ole time." Tom wisted his cap in his hands and looked

deprecatingly at his questioner.
"I know jes' w'at you goin' to dissinuate, but 'tain' so, sah, I wa'nt thinkin' of stealin' nothin', on'y jes' splorin' 'roun an' I get ketch when com nightfall cause I done fas'n my boat po'ly an' de tide drif her away. Fus thing I know it bin growin' dark an' den I see light troo de trees, like a lightin' bug on'y mo' stiddler. I was that skeered I like to froze, but somethin' er another kep a pushin' an' a pushin' to me, lak it say: 'Tom, you is boun' to go see w'at goin' on yander at de big house.' I crope up on de plazzah an' I look in troo de no'th winder what de biln' ben off an' I see a sight i im goin' forget twell I cross ober Jer-Yes, as true as I am standin vere. Masz Burnbee, I see the ole man Cairnstorme, on'y he ain' a ole man nuther, on'y we jes cals him dat, a settin' in one dem highback red cheers be body sahvent w'at use to wait on im w'en he 'live, stan'in' behine he

"Mass Cairnstorme he sit an' he sit

I ain' see he sayin' nuthin'.
"Torreccy he tu'n towds Lige, (dat de name of he body sahvent w'at wait on name of he body sahvent w'at wait on him) an' he make motion wid he lip an' wid he han. I done lis'n but I ain't yere he sayin' a wud. De wool riz up on top of ma' hed when I see dat niggah a movin' towards the place wha I done hoje de winder sill wid bote hand; fo' I pow'ful weak 'bout dat time. But he go open do do' an' he bow an' he scrape twell presen'is in come fo' oder men'twell presen'ly in come fo' oder gen'l mans, dress lak de ole pictures on de wall. I ain' see none dem pass me or le po'ch but dere dey is, a bowin' and



see he sayin' sompin' to dem but I aln' yere w'at he say, an' dey smile an' dey bow an' dey set down an' he'p devselves to de wine. Ahfter long tim dey go out an' Mass Cairnstorme he go wid dem, all but one an' dey go to de

dey go out an' Mass Cairnstorme he go wid dem, all but one an' dey go to de big do' in de hall. Den dat one w'at lef he look up to de do', an' he take hank-chuf w'at some one drop on de flo'—look lak lady handkchuf. An' he lahf and put it to he lips and sit lookin' at it. W'en he look up Miss Cairnstorme stan' in de do'way and she come in swif an' he done put he ahm roun her an' kiss her. Jes den dey was a gus' o' win' push de do' open an' dey jump, apart and Mass Cairnstorme he come back smilin'. He smile an' he smile and he bow an' he mak lak he ain' nuvver seen no man, w'at he t'ink so much of lak he do dat young gen'iman. But bime by Miss Cairnstorme she go out an' say good night—do I ain' yere her say it out loud—and den de two men was sit alone. Ahfter dat Mass Cairnstorme he po' out a glass o' wine fo' he fren' and den he go to de press in de co'ner an' get two swo'd an' he say sumthin' still smilin' to his fren' an' de odder one jump up to he feet lak he goln' have fit. Den he set in he cheer an' put he head on the ahm lak he goln' to sleep. But Mass Cairnstorme he bow an' he smile an' he smile

an' he hol' de helt of de swo'd townds de young man. Finally he jes get up quick lak he doan keer w'at happen an' he take de swo'd f'um Mass Cairnhe take de swo'd f'um Mass Cairn-storme, an' dey cross. I see dem swo'ds is like lightnin' an' bime by de young gen'leman fall, run troo de bress, an' Mass Cairnstorme he fol' he ahm an' he stan' lookin' at him, still smilin', twell presunly he wipe de swo'd w'at he hol' an' go fling it down in de co'ner of de room lak it bu'n him, and put de light out. I get down on all fo's an' light out. I get down on all fo's an' crope off de plazzer and down amongst

crope off de plazzer and down amongst de washerwoman weed w'at grow by de path. Den I year dat der bell a toll-in' an' tollin' lak it was fo' a fun'ral." Tom's tones and features were impressive, if his words lacked grace. I could see that Miss Marcey was shivering a little. All were more or less impressed by the superstitious negro's tale, especially those whose youth had been passed in the Old Dominion, where the creed of the ghost seer has not been entirely outworn. entirely outworn.

Dailett broke the spell. "You are as good as the Arabian Nights, Tom."
"Yassah?" smiled Tom.
"But it's nearly time to take an observation and that cocktail idea of

yours had a more cheerful tone to it than your story." Tom's smile broadened to a grin. "Yassah," and he was gone. A puff of wind shook the awning. Burnbee rose languidly and looked to windward. "I think we may need to take a differ-ent kind of an observation, old man; the wind is freshening."

During the next hour a decided hange came over the ocean and sky The wind veered and was squally. Awnings were down and the hatch closed and the M. S. put about to beat up the coast again, homeward. Another hour, and the appearance of the sky was ominous. We had put a double reef in the mainsail and donned our ollers and mackintoshes, for the spray made a clean sweep from the yacht's



The M. S. Put About to Beat Up the Coast.

bows to the cockpit. The ladies had reluctantly gone below. Dallett, as the last of our fair companions disaplast of our fair companions disap-peared through the hatch, looked at us in some anxiety. "I wish we had a dif-ferent sort of a freight, boys. We are going to have some nasty weather and are going to be sick before we get

It was an ignominious retreat. We Perhaps it is, but they will not tell bad planned to reach a certain bay and ou so. Call Tom, he was raised there. dventure promised to be too perilous. Burnbee beckened to me and pointed to the western sky. It was the color of opper. Dallett was watching it anxlously. At last he brought her up shak-ing in the wind and we reefed down close at the word of command, leaving hardly more than the peak, a bit of canvas as big as a table cloth. "We cannot do it," said the helmsman. "We must put about again and run for it. The Trawls are only twenty-five miles lown and there is a harbor where we

Going before the wind was so much easier that the ladies ventured out, quite delighted with the idea that the weather had moderated. The yacht no nounded and surred onger and as we did not think it worth while to enlighten them as to our change of course they were entirely satisfied. Only Miss Marcey, who was a better sailor than the others, guessed the tru state of the case and she bravely held er own council.

The copper sky changed to bronze and a streak of lightneing cleft it. The porizon to windward was a deep black line, that broadened till the white crests showed against it.

It was a tempest when it reached us finally. The M. S. sprang her length like a wild horse under the lash and the jib broke adrift. Our passengers were once more housed below, for we could no longer pretend to keep up a holiday tone and the room aft was needed in working the boat.

When darkness overtook us we were still affont, for the M. S. was an able ng trick and trick at the pump for two ours and the weather did not lighten. Suddenly, in a lull, Dallett said, "Do ou hear it?"

We listened. It came faint and fitful, but deep and solemn. The tolling of a

When Burnbee spoke it was with the sice of a man who has heard news of saster. "That is Cairnstorme bell. I disaster. dark we have overrun our distance and there is no harbor between us and the We could not see Dallett's face, but

we gathered close to hear what he was "There is only one chance, boys. We

must make the lee of Cairnstorme.
"But the reef." "There is an opening somewhere. have gone in by daylight in decen weather. We must chance it tonight It is our only hope. Stand by and be ready if we strike. Better get the girls out and tell them just how the land lays." This was said in short, jerky sentences, for it was not a time to

waste many words. We ran for Cairnstorme island in the dark with what speed we could, but it was like the progress of a bird with a

broken wing, and more than one sea came aboard, wetting us all well, before we approached the reef. Fitfully, but louder with each repetition, sounded the omineus bell. An electric display added variety to

the storm and the frequent glare of the lightning increased the terror of the more timid members of the party. As we strained our eyes to make out if possible the contour of the land a strange thing occurred. A zigzag sheet of violent flame swooped to the earth, revealing distant cypresses and live oak trees and a stretch of rocky, barren shore in one vivid panorama. The center of this supernal fire seemed to focus upon the broad roof of a gray and gloomy dwelling, and almost immedi-ately from that point rose the red glare

of a conflagration.

Exclamations of surprise and terror followed the moment of silence during which we realized what had happened. Cairnstorme house had been struck by lightning. It was Dallett who changed the current of our thoughts with a cheery exclamation.
"Nature is working our way, boys,

by that torch we will get in safe."

Indeed, it was obvious that nothing more favorable to us in our dilemma could have happened. The great mass of flame that soon lit the sky and reflected on the sombre masses of the foliage, illuminated the sea as well and bone across the greated to the bone are season. shone across the crested, turbulent waves on which our little yacht tossed. It was a friendly beacon.

As we neared the shore the booming of the great bell increased during every bull of the tempest. All on board heard luli of the tempest. All on board heard it and more than one heart quaked at the sound, for superstition is latent in most human breasts, however well we may conceal the fact from ourselves or our neighbors.

Dallett found the opening of the reef and we stood through into safety, dropping our kedge at last in the quiet water of the inter reef to leevard of the island. The change from the tension of anxiety and the great discomfort of our

ical Association of Buffalo, N.Y., on receipt of six cents in stamps, to pay postage.

Consumption, as most everybody knows, is first manifested by feeble vitality, loss of strength, emaciation; then local symptoms soon develop, as congh, difficult breathing, or bleeding from lungs, when investigation proves that tubercular deposits have formed in the lungs. It is carneally advised that the "Discovery" be taken early and the latter stages of the disease can thereby be easily avoided.

To build up solid flesh and strength after the grip, pneumonia, ("lung fever"), exhausting fevers and other prostrating diseases, it has no equal. It does not make fat like cod liver oil and its nasty compounds, but, solid, usholesome flesh.

money with which to clear to the grounds and erect the first buildings necessary. After putting up a sort of open-air pavilion in which the preaching services could be held, we began to cast around for some building where transient guests might be accommodated. tive peace and security was so great that we all made light of such small matters as the sea wet clothes we wore races and hands, where the spray had dried. We repaired damages with mer-ry hearts and words and Tom crawled out from some impossible hiding place in the "To c's'le san" and began to pre-pare a meal, seasoning it with many a

"The structure resulting from this role structure resulting from this necessity was a long frame building, which was chirstened the Tabor House. In constructing the house on as economical a basis as possible, the partitions were not run all the way up to the rafters and the room was not coiled.

"I shall never forget," continued the "I shall never forget," continued the minister, "one of my first nights in this rather crude hotel. After I had re-tired I was suddenly aroused with a start by the most unearthly shriek. "Murder! Thieves! Robbers! Help! Help! a woman was shouting at the top of her lungs.
"I hustled out into the parrow hall in

my night robe and found others in the same attire—both men and women— running around in a distracted way. as it was much more precious to me than my own and I would see that no harm came to her. That was all, yet it seemed greatly to allay her anxiety and We all stopped before a door from with-in which the sounds proceeded.

We all stopped before a door from within which the sounds proceeded.

"You beast! Help! Help! Murder!"
still came the cries.

"There was a sound of scuffling from
within and suddenly the door opened
and a woman, excited, panting, with
wild and dishevelled looks, appeared
at the door clutching a boy, who was
more frightened even than was the wonow it was exceedingly pleasant to me that she should show her reliance upon me as her chosen protector. Really, when I think of it I am inclined to forget that there was any discomfort at all attending our situation. I hardly think nore frightened even than was the wo that we watched the conflagration of "One glance settled it. The boy was

the Cairnstorme house as intently as our companions did, having other the sen of a woman occupying the ad-adjoining room. The little fellow out of curlosity had climbed to the top of the partition, and, losing his balance, After awhile the flames died down and then we took advantage of Tom's efforts to make our quarters comforta-ble by turning in for rest, the women in the cabin and the men in the cockpit, had fallen over into the next room, landing on the bed of a rather elderly spinster.
"The ridiculousness of the whole afwhere, in spite of the noise of the storm that still raged outside and the sound of the bell that continued to toll, sleep soon

fair seemed to dawn upon all at the same time, and every one joined in a good, hearty laugh. The boy was punished and the old maid left the next day."—New York Herald.

HE IS A COOL MR. PLATT.

When morning came the noise of the bell had ceased. The sun shone on the bright water and the glistening foliage of the shore, and only the smoke from the ruined manzion reminded us of the The Magnate of New York Politics Described as He Sits in His Office and Works the Long-Distance Telephone. Special to the Chicago Record. our mainsail, with peak dropped, to dry. Then we went ashore in our dory to explore the mysterious island.

New York, Oct. 11 .- During all the excitement and confusion that surrounds the commencement of the political campaign in this state, which is to de-termine the complexion of the legisla-ture for four years and probably the control of the delegation to the next Republican national convention, Thom-as C. Platt sits in the office of the president of the United States express pany behind a huge oaken desk, drawn closely to the window that overlooks the bustling multitudes that crowd Broadway. He is always cool and reserved, he never wastes his words and never loses his temper. In this he re-sembles Senator Quay, who is supposed to be working with him for the control of the Republican party and the selection of the next president. Mr. Platt is a most agreeable man, his manners are pleasing, his smile is winning, and he lets his visitors do most of the talking. If he has anything to say he says it quietly and without emphasis, and he never repeats. There is no mystery about him, and no magnetism. He can be cold and repellent, and has an abundant gift of satire, but with those he trusts he can be as affectionate as David or Jonathan. To his friends and to the disinterested stranger he is an unassuming, pleasant-mannered gentleman, who seems to shrink from pub-licity but never loses his self-posses-

She walked around the slab studying it. Suddenly, giving a little cry of surprise she pointed to some marks cut upon its surface. "Here is more than nature's handlwork," she said.

I came to her side and saw there on the rock, rudely engraved, an inscription. It read: In an adjoining room is a long-dis tance telephone, which is a great convenience in the management of a politi cal campaign, and through it Mr. Platt communicates his instructions to his lieutenants in various parts of the state bell rings frequently. Th The bell rings frequently. The boy that attends it satisfies himself of the identity of the voice at the other end of the wire, and then the master sits She was very beautiful," she said down at the transmitter, receives information, issues orders, gives advice, and talks as freely as he might do in have never seen her. She died long the seclusion of his office. This saves My n great deal of railroad travel and time and trouble and expense. It is no longer necessary to write letters that might be misunderstood or misused if they fell into the wrong hands, and such methods of communication are more safe and satisfactory than the eration, but when I looked at her I understood why Florence Burnett had telegraph wire. Frequently—daily al-most—Mr. Platt telegraphs somebody in Buffalo, Syracuse or Albany, perhaps. to be at a long-distance telephone at 3 o'clock, or 5-that is, when he has directions of importance to give-and the leaders of the Republican party throughout the state are always expect-

grew under Mr. Platt's feet. He is al-ways alert and active, although he makes no noise about it, and he never orgets anything. Platt Doesn't Love Strong

Mr. Platt is very sure that the Re-publicans will carry the legislature, with a good working majority in both houses, but he is not so certain about the city and county ticket. Still he is going to make the best fight he can, and considers Edward Lauterbach, the great corporation lawyer, who has left his business to direct the campaign, one of the ablest politicians he ever knew. Mr. Platt and Mayor Strong are not riends. As a sporting man would say, They do not trot in the same class.' ir. Strong is an amateur in politics Mr Platt is a veteran. They differ not

Mr. Platt is a veteran. They differ not so rived in principles as in practice. Experience and organization, however, have enabled Mr. Platt to control the Republican machine of New York without the assistance of the mayor or the patronage of his office, and it is a curi-ous fact that with all their power and prestige the city hall people were not able to elect a single delegate to the recent Republican convention.

Denies a Reed Conspiracy. Although Mr. Platt has proposed Gov-ernor Morton as a presidential candi-date, and will endeavor to secure a delegation for him from the state of New York to the next Republican con-vention, he is believed to be in favor of Mr. Reed's nomination. It is the pre-vailing opinion here and elsewhere that he and Senator Quay have an under-standing with Mr. Reed, and are really the active managers of his interests. But Mr. Platt says positively that there is no foundation for the story. I asked him point blank today whom he intend-

ed to support. "Ask me something easier," was his

Ever since Prof. Koch startled the world by promising to cure consumption with the Koch lymp's and his complete failure to do so, the people have been looking for some discovery which would prove an absolute, certain cure for that dread disease. Over a quarter of a century ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, put in a claim for a medicine, which he had discovered and used, in his extensive practice, that would cure ninety-eight per cent, of all cases of consumption when taken in all its early stages. Time has proved that his assertion was based on facts gained from experience. His "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured many thousand people in all parts of the world, and Dr. Pierce invites all interested to sefid to him for a free book which gives the names, addresses and photographs of many prominent people who have willingly testified to the marvelous curative properties of his "Golden Medical Discovery." He has also written a Book of foo pages on "Discases of the Respiratory Organs, "which treats of all Throat, Brouchial and Lung diseases, also Asthma and Catarri, that will be mailed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.V., on receipt of six cents in stamps, to pay postage. "Everybody assumes that you are Mr. Reed's chief adviser." "I have seen Mr. Reed but twice during the last year," he answered, "and the presidential nomination was not al-luded to by him or by me on either ocwith him on the subject, either by tongue or pen. I admire Mr. Reed very much. We are good friends. Our views are similar on matters of public policy, and I would be glad to see him resident, but he has not asked me to support him and I have never offered

"How about McKinley?"
"We don't want any more Ohlo men
in the white house." 'And Allison? "I like Allison. He would be a strong

Tike Alison. He would be a strong camidate and a safe president. I think Mr. Allson will be well supported in the convention. But I would prefer a New York man if we can get him, and Governor Morton is the most available candidate we have at present, therefore I am for him."

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