ateful

HN STRANGE WINTER.

ways hated her-why? Oh, I can y say why; perhaps because she all and breezy and piquant, be-all the time I knew that her sou ick within her at the bitterness of oundings she yet held her head igh and always looked as if the ld was lying at her feet, when the world was at my always conscious that I d like it.

en children together, Ruth nd I, not chums, oh no, for elder by at least a couple d that counts when one is e party age. I remember, rs ago, when we were lit-is, some nine and cleven ls, some nine and cleven a boy gave me a wedding a cracker. I put it on my call inger—and it was a small finger, for I was a frail little creature well accustomed to hear myself spoken of as one that a breath might blow away—and I said: "I am märried now. I am his wife." Some of the other children laughed: indeed, I think they all laughed except Ruth Jeaffreson, and she looked at me with a pair of solemn eyes, and then at the boy who had given me the ring. She said nothing, but I suddenly felt myself turning hot and cold, for Ruth's looks said "little idiot!" as plainly as if her lips had framed the two uncomplimentary words. How as plainly as if her lips had framed the two uncomplimentary words. How well I remember that night! Freddie Delamere was the boy, and Freddie Delamere had belonged to Ruth Jeaffreson body and soul—well, always. It was only a foreshadowing of what would come later. I liked Freddie Delamere always, and Freddie Delamere liked Ruth. I think Ruth was very fond of Freddie Delamere, but she did not want to marry him and

was very fond of Freedile Delamere, but she did not want to marry him, and Freddle went out to Martinique and died of some one of those horrible scourges that young men do die of when they leave their native land to carry civilization into other climes, Poor

I could have forgiven Ruth Jeaffre-son if it had been only Freddie Dela-mere. After all, no girl can help not caring as much for a boy as a boy cares for her when it happens once; but, curifor her when it happens once; but, curlously enough, it always seemed to happen with her, and it always happened
that those I liked best seemed to be
irresistibly fascinated with Ruth. I
never could tell why, for she was really not good looking, her profile was not
half as good as mine, although I was
credited with having the biggest nose



No, I Never Go to the

refile, nobody could den it. I was alr—too fair—with a food deal of mooth, fine, almost golden hair, and a cry pale, fine complexion. I looked that I was accordingly delicate, and white. I was very slim and slight in build, too, but I really was very inter-esting-looking. As for Ruth Jeaffreson she was broad in the shoulder and small in the waist, and she carried herself with a swing and an air that, to me, was most offensive. She was quite ordi-ary in coloring, just brown hair and a pale face, without a good feature in it; she had rather big eyes, it is true, big and dark, and sometimes she used to look so somber that one almost pitied her: then the next minute there would to look so somber that one almost pitied her; then the next minute there would come a glint into her eyes, a toss to her head, and you could feel nothing—at least no other girl could—but an outraged sense of impotent helplessness to think she could take everything so coolly as she did. I never could tell what the men saw in her, but they did, they all liked her—at least, all the men that liked liked her, and that was what I never could forgive Ruth Jeaffreson for. There was Tom Oglivie. Tom might have married anybody in Blankhampton; but though everybody thought he wan going to marry Ruth, somehow it didn't come off. Ruth went sailing along in her old fashion, and Tom went of to India, and nobody heard anything more of him for a dozen years at least; so far as Blankhampton was concerned that was the end of him.

Then there was a big doctor down frum London—by big I mean a great specialist. I danced with him at several little private dances. He always complained of his heart, told me he ought not to dance, and that he could not take more than half a turn round the room, apologized profusely, and asked me to take a turn in the corridor

not take more than half a turn round the room, apologized profusely, and asked me to take a turn in the corridor instead. But he could dance a whole wells through with Ruth Jeaffreson. I suppose I didn't dance as well as she did, or my step didn't suit him quite as thoroughly. At the end of the second dance I heard him ask her if she was likely to be going to the Parish next day—we always call the cathedral the "Parish" in Blankhampton— and she said out aloud with a laugh: "No, I never go to the Parish." I always did. I used to sit in the nave, just at the corner of the choir seats, and the next day I saw Mr. Hinchman come quietly in, go leisurely along and examine several of the old tombs, and then



CURA RESOLVENT (the), will afford instant of sleep, and point to sy form of torturing,

meander along looking at the choir screen as if he had never seen a choir screen in his life before. Three min-utes afterwards Ruth came sailing in, utes afterwards Ruth came sailing in, lifted her eyebrows when she saw him—I have very good sight and I saw it plainly—but suffered herself, half unwillingly, half in a jesting kind of way, to be drawn off into a secluded corner where their best friend or their worst enemy would have found it hard to recognize them. I had never hated Ruth so much as I did that afternoon. That affair did not last long. It was pretty heavy while it did last, but like all fiered flames it soon seemed to burn itself out, and Mr. Hinchman



Ruth Only Meant Spoiling My Chance

went back to his work in London, leaving Ruth sailing about with her head higher in the air than ever, it thought that he had gone off and left her immenting, like Lord Ullan in the old story; but a cousin of mine methin in London several years afterwards, and she declared that, from the interested way in which he inquired how Ruth was, and whether she was married yet, it was very evident that she had made a deep impression upon his heart, and that it was her own fault she had not become Mrs. Hinchman years before.

Then there was a man in the 119th.
That was the heaviest affair Ruth deaffreson ever had. For once in her gay and don't-care sort of life, it was plain that she had got hit right to the

fault she had not become Mrs. Hinchman years before.

Then there was a man in the 119th. That was the heaviest affair Ruth Jeaffreson ever had. For once in her gay and don't-care sort of life, it was plain that she had got hit right to the very lowest depth of her heart. I don't wonder that she was hit, and hit hard, for the man was very attractive and very much in love. I never knew the exact details, but he married somebody else; and for months Ruth went about looking like a ghost, with a smile that was a little too set to be quite natural, and, her head higher in the air than ever. I think I hated her worse at that time than I did when she was able to crow over me, because I knew that she was suffering; I knew that she was hurt and hurt badly; but as for the white feather—not a bit of it, not so much as the very tip of a single quill would she show.

much as the very tip of a single quill would she show.

After that business she never seemed to care what she did; they were all fish that came to her net, and, on my word, there wasn't a man in the town but fell under the spell of her fascination. They pretended they didn't; they would carelessly say she was not a bad sort, "a ripping fine girl and good fun, and all that, don't you know." But you had only to look at them to see what their real thought was, and that any one of them would have jumped at the chance of marrying her if she would only have given a word of encouragement. I never hated anybody as I hated that girl.

never hated anybody as I hated that girl.

There was Bill Errington. Bill Errington used to belong to me; we had been sweethearts years and years before, when he was a boy at the grammar school and I was a girl at Miss Jenkinson's. For years Bill always sent me a valentine, and a Christmas card, and an Easter egg, and somehow it had always been an understood thing between his family and mine that one day I should become Mrs. Bill Errington, or, as they always call it in Blankhampton, "young always call it in Blankhampton, "young Mrs. Errington." I don't say that there were not others that I would rather have married—I would have liked poor dear Freddle much better than Bill Er-rington, but you know a girl in a place like Blankhampton has not got over and above much chance of marrying anybody, and if she doesn't want to stop an old maid 'which. I supopse, no stop an old maid which, supplies, and girl wants to do) she makes up her mind to take the best that comes along. I had quite made up my mind that I would take Bill Errington all in good time, but Ruth Jeaffreson came salling along and she knocked that on the head along and she knocked that on the head in the twinkling of an eye. I can't tell why. She didn't want Bill—not a bit of it. I believe that she would rather have died than have married into the Errington family, although they were very swagger people and would have been none too pleased if Bill had married head that he was a bull that the should have wanted to spoil my chance I cannot think, because we my chance I cannot think, because we were not even on speaking terms; in-deed, I hadn't spoken to her for years and years, not since we were quite smail children meeting at the same juvenile parties, and we had never been friends even then. But, all the same, she did spoil my chance with roor Bill. It went on for about six weeks; wherever one went one met the two, she all nods and smiles, and he, poor fellow, looking in the very seventh heaven of delight. I wasn't at all sorry when she and filt Bill—which, of course, she aid— because he ought to have been well aware of what she was, and yet he deliberately went to his own destruction, just as a poor silly moth goes floating about a lighted candle. The worst of it about a lighted candle. The worst of it was he wouldn't stay in town after it happened, but went away, throwing up his father's good practice—for his father was a lawyer—and going to London to gain experience. I said at the time: "If Bill Errington gains experience of a wrong sort he will have Ruth Jeaffreson to thank for it."

Apparently she did not care, for she sailed about just in the same old fash-



She Burled Herself in "Punch."

ways seemed to give in—as the boys would call it, to "knuckle under."

I remember once I was sitting in Bonner's in the new tearooms, you know, which everybody in Blankhampton finds such a comfort. The principal room was a large, lovely apartment, with five windows overlooking St. Thomas' street. Ruth Jeaffreson had just before been very dangerously ill. I daresay she thought she looked interesting on account of it, but I thought how plain she was when she came in and ordered some ten, sitting down at the next window to mine. The window was a little open and she shut it, taking up Punch and burying herself in it with an air of interest which I knew perfectly well she was far from feeling. I really did not see, if the jirl had been ill, that she need expect the whole of a great public tearoom to be entireof a great public tearcom to be entirely at her disposal. I felt the day most sultry and oppressive, so I opened mywindow, and I rested my elbow on the ledge, so that she could not possibly find any excuse for shutting it again. She never even looked up—toe great a coward, you know—she never moved, she never so much as raised her head or quivered an eyelid, but when her tea came, or whatever it was she had or-dered, she said, in the most meek tone you can possibly imagine: "Put it at you can possibly imagine: " Put it at the furthest table. I feel the draught." Bonner's old head waiter was a fool; I had always thought so. He asked her if she would like him to ask me to have the window shut. He spoke sorto voce, but I heard it for all that, and made up my mind that I would say "No!" But do you think that the girl stood up to me? Not a bit of it; she just said: "Oh. no." aloud and in the most absolutely indifferent way, "not at all. I will move; it's all the same to me where I sit." And move she did. I knew she had only come into Bonner's to look over the papers that are always lying by in the direction of electric power.

it to you.

UTILIZE THE CULM.

away down the street as it the wases world belonged to her. I never even had the satisfaction of knowing that she was ill after it. I was. I was in bed for six weeks with bronchitis. That didn't make me like Ruth Jeaffreson any the better.

Yes, she was a coward; if ever a coward trod the earth that girl was one. I was coming out of the parish one Sunday evening—you know the parish doors are all protected inside by what you might call hoods of carved one but the property with a couple of want you might only with a couple of swing doors to break the draught to the end of the nave—I was rather in a hurry to get out, and I saw Ruth in front of me with her old mother. Naturally, I did not cringe back because



"Did Ron Ever Meet Mrs. Adrian Holt?"

she was there, and perhaps I did push against her—I think somebody pushed against me from behind—but she was such a coward that, instead of resent-ing it, instead of letting me rass or tak-ing no notice, as quite a lady would have done, she turned round and she said very pointedly: "I am so sorry.
I beg your pardon." Well, really, you know, she had nothing to beg my pardon for; it only showed me how anxious she was to scrape acquaintance with me. And I wouldn't have known

Years went by, more years than I like to think of. Somehow it isn't so nice, when you are past your first bloom, past your teens, thinking of the years that have gone by forever, when you feel that you are getting nearer and nearing to dressing St. Catherine's tresses, and that you are going to be like all old aunts and cousins whom you pitled when you were younger, be-cause they were old maids. However, I always had the satisfaction of feel-I always had the satisfaction of feel-ing that Ruth Jeaffreson was at least two years older than I was, and there was a satisfaction in it. People used to say about her: "Ah. it is a case of going through the wood and through the wood; it is to be hoped she won't rick was exceeded with at least". pick up a crooked stick at last." I noped that she wouldn't pick up a stick of any kind; but nobody knows how I would have loved to be married—not because I cared a straw for being mar-ried, for marriage's sake, but just be-cause I would have liked to be able to look that horrid girl straight betweer the eyes, and to make her feel that I was a married woman, and she was not But fate is unkind to some people. A rumor suddenly went through Blank-hampton that Ruth Jeaffreson had got hampton that Ruth Jeaffreson had got engaged again, and was to be married immediately. And it proved true enough. She had salled off on a coun-try visit, had quietly captivated the eldest son of the house, came back in a few days engaged, sailed about with this man in tow—quite a decent-look-ing man, too—in fact, I have heard peo-ple speak of Adrian Holt as a very handsome man, but for my part I could not admire a man who could wish to not admire a man who could wish to marry Ruth Jeaffreson. He did, however, and he did marry her. And so she sailed away out of Blankhampton life into a wholly new sphere; and that is ten years ago, and here am I, Mabel Grantley still, a spinster and a wall-

ten years ago, and here am I. Mabel Grantley still, a spinster and a wall-flower. Life is hard upon some people! I see Mrs. Adrian Holt sometimes. She is more breezy, more head-in-the-airish, more successful, with a more radiant smile and a happier glint in her eye each time that I see her. I was in Paris a couple of years ago, and, while staying at a boarding house there, I met a young lady who knew Mrs. Adrian Holt in London. It seems as if, although she has long ago shaken the dust of Blankhampton from off her feet, I cannot get rid of the shadow of my rival. This girl was quite rapturous about her—just a chance acquaintance picked up in a boarding house! I had been quite civil to her, I had told her a good deal of my life in Blankhampton, I had told her how I was closely related to the highest-dignitaries of the cathedral, I had made quite a friend of her, and yet, one day, when I was glancing over a society paper, and I happened to see the name of Mrs. Adrian Holt mentioned, and said in a casual kind of way: "Did you ever meet Mrs. Adrian Holt? She was a Blankhampton girl—"if that fool didn't break out into a perfect tirade of rapturous admiration appout her. It is stranse that ven when our paths have; gone ridely apart, I should still be haunted by the

shadow of that horrid girl, who always stepped in between me and my happiness. "Oh, don't you like her?" said my new friend, "I think she is perfectly charming." "No," I said, shortly, "I don't like her. I think she is perfectly horrid—at least she used to be when she was a girl. I never could bear her at any period of her life; in fact, I always hated her, and it's no use pretending anything else. For use pretending anything else. For years I always made a point of being as rude as I possible could to her." "But why?" asked the other, in a tone of the greatest wonder; "why should you do so? What did she ever do to you?" "Why? Well, I always hated her. I perhaps, cannot tell you why, but I did, and I always shall. I never disliked anybody so much in my life. Frankly speaking. I detest her." "But for what reason?" sne asked.
"Oh, well, I did." I said, as casually
as I could. "I did." I wasn't going to tell her exactly why. But I have a reason—and I have told From the Wilkes-Barre Leader.

The idea advanced in Scranton that nests of small industries grouped in one big building where all could be supplied with power from the same plant would be strefitable, is not new. It was long ago talked of here and discarded. In the first talked of here and discarded. In the first place towns like Wilkes-Barre and Scran-ton are not pressed for room as are the big cities like New York and Philadelphia, which is the reason for the housing of dif-ferent concerns under the same roof. There is a plenty of cheap land and there

Were 231,866 shares.

The range of today's prices for the active stocks 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, Berapton.

	There is a plenty of cheap land and there	mick, manager for William	Ann. Al	len &
	are no lack of transportation facilities	Co., stock brokers, 412 S	pruce s	treet,
ú	and other conveniences all around us.	Scranton.		diag
91	Fuel is cheap and, therefore, the cost of	Op'n- Hig	h- Low-	ing.
1	obtaining power is reduced to a minimum.	ing, est	CBT.	S3
I	In view of the marvelous inventions that		811/2	1816
8	have appeared, and which are to multi-	Am. Cot. Oll 1842 18	1816	105
ı	nly in the direction of electric power,	Am. Sugar Re'g Co.101% 16		1714
	there is only one method now that appeals	Atch To. & S. Fe 174 1	17	
Ш	for recognition. And it admits of no de-	Chicago Gas 63%	14 623	659a
1	nial,	Chic & N. W		100%
ı	-11-	Chic., B. & Q 814 8	Pa 83	831/2
П	That method is in the location of a cen-	C. C. C. & St. L 414 4	154 4154	4114
	tral plant for the generation and distribu-	Chie., Mil. & St. P 75% 7	7514	757%
	tion of electric power to industries locat-	Chic., R. I. & P 75% 7	144 7436	70
	ed within a given radius. The plant should	D., L. & W1671/2 167	36 167%	1673,
١	be built with two miles of open space all	Dist. & C. F 1914 1	19	19%
o	around it. Electric power from a central		134 31	3114
q	supply could easily be transmitted that	Lake Shore150% 15		151
li	distance. It having been fully demon-		384 5314	5314
S.	distance. It having been run, according	LOUIS, or Tangarette	1316	1334
	strated that electric power can be gener-		45	10114
	ated from coal culm and sold for very	Mannattan Latering	014 291/2	3014
d	much less than it can be disposed of at		676	674
ı.	Niagara Falls, the fact presents itself that	Mill. Columbus.	30%	30%
g	capitalists in towns like Wilkes-Barre and	A dit. Inches	148 00.00	i Milita
ı	Scranton would better serve their inter-	N. J. Central 1	100%	10094
ò	ests by putting their money in the con-	The Later than the second of t	CAN LUMB DOOR	13
i	struction of such distributing power	N. Y., L. E. & W 13 1		1114
	plants than in aiding industries, no matter		136 1136	
i.	how promising they may be. We have	The part of the second of the	214 3214	3214
•	heard it estimated that the machinery fer		4% 4%	434
	an electric plant of the kind named, which	Parties and an experience of the contract of t	514 1514	15%
á	will convert culm into electric force, and	Pac. Mail 301/2 3	301/2	307 _N
•	guarantee 5,000 horse power, can be erect-	Phil. & Read 1014 10	9%	1014
	ed for \$150,000. With such a plant in full	Southern R. R 10% 1	10%	10%
ì	operation, ready to furnish power cheaper	Tenn. C. & I 321/2 3	2% 331/2	
	than can be supplied at the great Niagara		5% 8%	8%
	plant, and with transportation facilities	Wabash, Pr 19% 1	19	19%
	that exceed the latter, in fact unparalleled		814 871/	88
۲	in their accommodations, it would be only		04 14	14
ı	a question of announcing the conditions to	U. S. Leather 11 1		11
1	inspire an exodus to this point which		514 63	65
Š	would startle the stockholders in the Nia-		Marian.	
*	Would startle the stockholders in the Ma-	CHICAGO BOARD OF TRA	DE PR	ICES.
	gara scheme. With a plant ready to sell	Open- Hig		
	cheap power no advertising would be	WHEAT, ing. est.		ing.
	necessary to secure industries. They	December 56% 57	5634	1634
	t were the control of the properties the economic Bi-	tarte training account to the total		- WOW 278

inspire an exodus to this point which would startle the stockholders in the Nia gara scheme. With a plant ready to se cheap power no advertising would be necessary to secure industries. The would quickly recognize the economic at-May ... traction and would investigate for them-Not long ago, Mr. Chandler, business manager of Cassier's Magazine, while in Wilkes-Barre, informed the writer that Wilkes-Barre, informed the writer that his company had fully investigated into the claim made by Scranton, that electric power could be made from coal culm and sold at a profit for the small sum of \$4 per horse power per year, and while it had been found that this figure was too low, the fact remained that the coal regions could supply power at a very much less cost to the consumer than Niagara could. Mr. Chandler stated that he had been making a special study of the cost of power for the past two years, his investigations covering a good portion of Eu-LARD. gations covering a good portion of Eu-rope, and he said that it was revealed that the very lowest figure that power could be produced from the old system of raising steam for which coal was used. was \$50 per horse power per year. Here

fully demonstrated by non-interested par ties, that electric power could be made from coal culm and sold at a big profit for \$25 per horse power per year, which, with magnificent transportation facilities found here, would draw any number of industries to the coal regions. He said that the battle among certain big industries was so great that it was necessary to run them with the greatest economy in order to make them profitable, hence a horse power per year, especially in plants using from 500 to 1,000 horse power, was a thing to be noted, and he predicted that the first generating plant put in operation in the coal regions wouldn't have to wait long for customers. These facts are worth

Scranton Pass. Railway first From the Indianapolis Journal.
"You will notice that I have you on the string," said the boy to the kite.
"Yes," answered the kite. "And that's ond mortgage, due 1920...... Lacka. Valley Trac. Co., first

Buffalo Live Stock. Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Cattle—Receipts, 4.739 head; on sale, 5,148 head; market dull and weak; export steers, slow at \$4.40 a4.60; good shipping, \$4.1044.35; medium to good, \$3.8024.05; light butchers steers, \$3.40a3.85; mixed butchers stock, fair to good, \$2.75a3.50; fat cows, \$2.85a3.25; old thin, to fair lots, very slow at \$1.85a2.50; prime fat helfers, \$3.85a2.90; light to good, prime fat helfers, \$3.583,390; light to good, \$2.75a3,50; bulls, steady to firm for desirable lots of all kinds; fresh cows in moderate supply and lower; fair to choice, \$28a42; extra, \$45a48; veals in liberal supply, 700 head and easier; good to choice, \$6.75a7.50; light to fair, \$4.50a6.50; bulk of export steers sold late at \$4.25a4.40, with a few extra at \$4.80; only a few odd head bringing above this. Hogs—Receipts, 25. 4600 head; on sale, \$2.600 head; market weak; at \$2.50a.20; superfine, \$2.10a.2.65; fine, \$2a.2.55; southern flour, dull, steady; rye flour, quiet, steady. Wheat—Fairly active, firmer; No. 2 red store and elevator, 70a.; affoat, 71½c.; f. o. b., 70a.275.cc; ungraded 660 head; on sale, 33,000 head; market weak; good Yorkers, \$1,00a3.65; mostly \$3,65; medi-ums and heavy, \$3,65a3.70; mostly \$3,65; pigs \$3.78a3.80; roughs, \$3a3.20; stags, \$2.75a3.15. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 14,800 head; on sale, 29,000 head; market steady for naon sale, 25,000 head; market steady for har-tive stock; best native lambs, \$4.10a.30; fair to good, \$3.25a4; culls and common, \$2.75a3.25; best mixed sheep, \$2.40a2.35; fair to good, \$2.10a2.30; culls and common, \$1.25 a2; export sheep, \$3.25a3.65; late sales, Can-ada lambs, 10a20 cents lower, with thirty loads on sale: sales at \$4,15a4.35, with a few extra at \$4.40; Canada sheep, \$3.59a3.75.

A Fiver.

what makes me soar.'

Chicago Live Stock. Union Stock Yards, Ill., Dec. 2.—Cattle-Receipts, 20,000 head; market steady for choice; 19 cents lower for others; common to extra steers, \$335.20; stockers and feed--Receipts, 65,000 head; market weak and 5ale cents lower; heavy packing and ship-ping lots, \$3.45a3.60; common to choice mixed, \$3.30a2.60; choice "assorted, \$3.50. a3.57%; light, \$3.35a3.35; pigs, \$2.20a3.50. Sheep—Receipts, 19.000 head; market weak and 10 cents lower; inferior to choice, \$1.75

Toledo Grain Market. Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Dec. 3.—Close. Wheat—Receipts, 4.784 bushels; shipments, 2,600 bushels; market firmer; No. 2 red, cash and December, 65%c.; May, 68%c.; No. 3 red, cash, 63c. Corn—Receipts, 17,600 bushels; shipments, 9,400 bushels; market dull, nominal. Oats—Receipts and shipments, none; no trading. Rye—Easy; No. 2 cash, 29c.; No. 3 do., 35c. Cloverseed—Receipts, 230 bags; shipments, 407 bags; market quiet; prime cash and December, 34,42½; February and March, 34,52%.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—Tallow is dull and unchanged. We quote as follows: City, prime, in hhds. 4a44c.; country, prime, in blis, 4a44c.; dark, in blis, 5434c.; cakes, 54c.; grease, 34a24c.

Nw York, Dec. 2.-The bulls at the Stock Exchange had their innings to-day and they meted out severe Junishment to their opponents in the Indus-trials. Prices for these fancies boundand the transactions were on a heavy scale. Sugar sold at 101%a105; Chicago Gas brought 62% a65%. Sugar was the first stock to move, rumor having been circulated that an extra dividend will shortly be declared by the managers. The rise in Chicago Gas was due to the covering of a heavy line of shorts. The railroad list was quiet but firm throughout. During the early session the market was favorably influenced by higher prices for British consols and paris rentes, and the absence of talk about gold exports. Burlington and Quincy was exceptionally weak and broke nearly two points to 83%. The closing trading was characterized by firmness and some of the industrials at or near the best figures of the day. Net changes show gains of 1/4a3% per cent. Union Pacific lost % and Burlington and Quincy % per cent. Total sales were 231,866 shares.

	Co., Stock brokers, 412			
£	Scranton. Op'n-	High-	Low-	Clos.
i.	ing.	est.	CRI.	Tribe.
t	Am. Tobacco Co 811/2	831/4	811/2	83
•	Am Cat Oll 1849	1072	1814	1812
	Am. Sugar Re'g Co.101%	103	101%	105
	Atch., To. & S. Fe 1714	17%	17	17%
	Chicago Gas 63%	6516	6234	659a
	Chie. & N. W1063	106%	106%	100%
	Chic., B. & Q 814	84%	-83	831/2
	C. C. C. & St. L 414	4134	4134	4114
	Chic., Mil. & St. P 75%	75	75%	70%
	Chie., R. I. & P 7514	7514	7435	75
1	D., L. & W1671/2	16736	167%	1673,
1	Dist. & C. F 1914	19%	19	19%
1	Gen. Electric 314	311/2	31	3114
t	Lake Shore1504		150%	151
	Louis, & Nash 531/2	53%	5314	53%
	M. K. & Texas 131/4	131/2	1316	1336
	Manhattan Ele	101%	10016	10134
	Mo. Pacific 30	3014	291/2	3014
t	Nat. Cordage 6%	636	674	674
1	Nat. Lead 30%	30%	30%	30%
	N. J. Central 1			
	N. Y. Central100%		100%	10094
r	N. Y., L. E. & W 13	13	13	13
r	N. Y., S. & W 11%		1134	1114
0	N. Y., S. & W., Pr 321/		3214	3214
r	Nor. Pacific 4%			434
1	Ont. & West 1514			15%
1	Pac. Mail 301/2			30%
	Phil. & Read 104			101/4
1	Southern R. R 10%		/ I - D-D I -	10%
r	Tenn, C. & I 321/			32%
	Union Pacific 8%			
	Wabash, Pr 19%			1916
i	West, Union 87%			
ý	W. L			14
0	U. S. Leather 11	11	11	11
h	U. S. Leather, Pr 6314			65
			2	
ī	CHICAGO BOARD OF	TRAD	E PR	ICES.
	Open-	Hich-	Low.	Clos-

January 5.87 5.37 5.35 May 5.60 5.62 5.60 PORK. 8.70 8.72 8.67 January 8.70 8.72 8.67 May 9.07 9.10 9.06

Scranton Board of Trade Exchange Ono tations-All Quotations Based on Par

Name.	Bid.	Asked.	
Green Ridge Lumber Co		110	
Dime Dep. & Dis. Bank	130		
Scranton Lace Cur. Co			
Nat. Boring & Drilling Co		80	
First National Bank		***	
Thuron Coal Land Co		-	
Scranton Jar & Stopper Co		25	
Scranton Glass Co			
Lackawanna Lumber Co			
		2012	
Spring Brook Water Co		2.17	
Elmhurst Bouleverd Co			
Scranton Axle Works			ı
Third National Bank	. 350	***	
Lacka, Trust and Safe Dep. Co		100	
Scranton Packing Co		100	
Scranton Savings Bank			
Lacka, Iron & Steel Co			ij
Weston Mill Co		222	1
Scranton Traction Co		10720	
		13214	9
Bonta Plate Glass Co		**	
BONDS.		1000	
Scranton Glass Co		100	
Economy Steam Heat			
Power Co		100	

mortgage, due 1918...... 110 Scranton Traction Co...... mortgage, due 1918...... 110 Scranton & Pittston Trac. Co. ... People's Street Railway, Sec-

New York Produce Market. New York, Dec. 2.—Flour—Quiet, steady. Winter Wheat—Low grades, \$2.25a2.55; do. fair to fancy, \$2.55a3.30; do. patents, \$3.50a3.55; do. straights, \$3.10a3.40; do. patents, \$3.35a4.19; affoat, 71½c.; f. o. b., 70¼a70½c.; ungraded red, 63a72c.; No. 1 northern, 67¼c.; options were fairly active, firm at ¾a1¼c. adwere fairly active, firm at %al%c, advance on light contracts; No. 2 red, January, 67c.; February, 68c.; March, 69c.; May, 68%c.; June, 68%c.; July, 68%c.; December, 66c. Corn-Moderately active, firm; No. 2 at 35c.; elevator, 36c.; afloat; options dull and unchanged to %c. up; December, 34%c.; January, 34%c.; May, 35%c. Oats-Quiet, steady; options dull, easier; December, 22%c.; January, 23%c.; February, 23%c.; May, 25%c.; May, 25%c. No. 2, at 23%c.; May, 25%c.; apot prices, No. 2, at 22%n22%c.; No. 2 white, 24c.; No. 2 Chi-cago, 23%c.; No. 3 at 22c.; No. 3 white, 23c.; mixed western, 23a24c.; white and white state, 24a27c. Beef-Firm, quiet, family, 10a12; extra mess, \$7.50a8; beef hams, duil, \$14.50a15; tierced beef, steady, quiet; city extra India mess, \$17. Cut Meats-Weak, duil; pickled bellies, 12 pounds, 5½c.; picklek shoulders, 5½a55c.; pickled hams, 8½a55c.; pickled hams, 8½a55c.; pickled hams, 8½a8½c.; middles nominal. Lard—Quiet, lower; western steam, \$5.60; city, \$5.25; De-cember, \$5.60; nominal; refined quiet; con-tinent, \$6.05; South America, \$6.40; compound, 4%a5%c. Pork—Dull, easy; mess, 19,50a10. Butter—Choice firmer, fair de-mand; state dairy, 12a21c.; do. creamery, 17a23c.; western dairy, 11a15c.; do. cream-ery, 15a24½c.; do. June, 15a21c.; do. fac-tory, 8½a16c.; Elgins, 24½c.; imitation creamery, 12a16c. Chese—Quiet, unchanged; Ergss-Quiet, steady; state and Pennsylva-nia, 2228c.; southern, 21a22c.; ice house, 16a20c.; do. per case, \$3.50a4.50; western fresh, 21a23c.; do. per case, \$3.50a4.25; limed,

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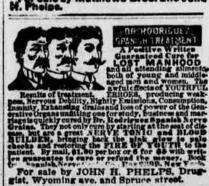
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