and the second THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

Of and About the Makers of Books.

Notices of Recent Interesting Volumes and Chats Concerning Literary Men and Women

A VISIT TO SPOOKDOM.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE: A Book of Ghost Stories. By Ralph Adams Cram. Cloth, green and linen covers, gilt top, 150 pages; \$1.00. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

In the telling of a tale of the supernatural much depends upon the teller. Of all writers Poe had perhaps the greatest power of making the reader feel and thrill with the horrible sensa-Hons inspired by uncanniness, and of turning dull print into a life-like chapter of horrors. Mr. Cram is not a Poe nevertheless, he knows how to tell a good story well. In the present exulsite little volume in the popular Carnation Series there are a half-dozon narrations of experiences worth the telling and they exhibit an artist's nice comprehension of proportion and perspective. We shall ask the reader to follow us through a few brief quotations from the first of the author's stories, which will serve to make all parties feel better acquainted.

> I. The Threshold of Hell.

The initial story concerns a somewhat singular house that once stood at No. 252 Rue M. le Prince, Paris, 1t belonged for years to a more or less wicked and witch-like lady, a sort of embryo Mme. Blavatsky, who dabbled in black magic and was a chief priestess of the occult. When this interesting woman died, she willed the property to her nephew, Eugene d' Ardeche, whom the author Introduces as a student friend. Several tenants essayed to occupy the house, but each in turn, after experiences upon which the superstitious neighborhood doubtless elaborated, gave it up as a bad job. It therefore occurred to d' Ardeche to investigate these reports for himself; and as the story begins, d' Ardeche, the narrator and two able-nerved medical students are on their way, with lanterns, pipes and weapons, to pass a night in the haunted mansion. Here is a description of three of the rooms, collectively known as "the threshold of hell:

The first apartment was a kind of ante room, a cube of perhaps twenty feet each way, without windows, and with no doors except that by which we entered and another to the right. Walls, floor and ceiling were covered with a black lacquer, brilliantly polished, that fiashed the light of our instance in a thousand intricate of our lanterns in a thousand intricate reflections. It was like the inside of an reflections. It was like the inside of an enormous Japanese box, and about as empty. From this we passed to another room, and here we nearly dropped our lanterns. The room was circular, thirty fluid of death. feet or so in diameter, covered by a hemipherical dome; walls and celling were dark blue, spotted with gold stars; and reach-ing from floor to floor across the dome stretched a colossal figure in red lacque of a nude woman kneeling, her legs reach ing out along the floor on either side, he head touching the lintel of the door through which we had entered, her arms forming its sides, with the forearms ex-tended and stretching along the walls until they met the long feet-the most astound-ing, misshapen, absolutely terrifying thing I think I ever saw. From the nave thing I think I ever saw. From the nave hung a great white object, like the tradi-tional roe's egg of the Arabian Nights. The floor was of red lacquer, and in it was hald a pentagram the size of the room, grade of wile strips of brass. In the center of this pentagram was a circular disi of black stone, slightly saucer-shaped, with a small outlet in the middle. The effect of the room was simply crushing, with this gigantic red figure crouched over it all, the staring eyes fixed on one, no matter what his position. The third room was like the first in dimensions, but instead of being black it was entirely sheathed with plates of brass, walls, celling and floor,-tarmished now, and turning green, but still brilliant unde the lantern light. In the middle stood an oblong altar, of porphyry, its longer di-mensions on the axis of the suite of rooms and at one end, opposite the range of doors, a pedestal of black basalt.

again I tried to shrick, to make som noise, but physically I was utterly dead, I could feel myself go mad with the ter-ror of hideous death. The eyes were close on me, their movement so switt that they scened to be but oal: tating flames. dead breath was around me like the

depths of the despest sea. Suddenly a wet, icy mouth, like that of a dead cuttle-fish, shapeless, jelly-like, fell over mine. The hortor began slowly to draw my life from me, but, as enormous and shuddering folds of palpitating jelly swept sinuously around me, my will came back, my body awoke with the reaction of final fear, and I closed with the nameless death that enfolded me.

Main rear, and I closed with the hardest death that enfolded me. What was it that I was fighting? My arms sunk through the unresisting mass that was turning me to ice. Moment by moment new folds of cold felly swept round me, crushing me with the force of Titans. I fought to wrest my mouth from this awfull Thing that scaled it, but if ever I succeeded and caught a single breath, the wet, sucking mass closed over my face again before I could cry out. I think I fought until I felt final death at hand, until the memory of all my life rushed over me like a flood, until I no longer hild over me like a flood, until I no longer indi strength to wrench my face from that hellish succubus, until, with a last mechanical struggle I fell and yielded to leath.

III. - ---The Mystery Unraveled. But the subject of this strange experence did not die. His companions, after a time, came to his door and, finding it locked on the inside, burst it open. 'As the door crashed in, they were suddenly hurled back against the walls of the corrider, as though by an explosion, the lanterns were extinguished, and they found themselves in utter silence and darkness. As soon as they recovered from the shock they leaped into the room, and fell over a sody"-the author's- "in the middle of the floor. They lighted one of the danternh and saw one of the strangest sights that can be imagined. The floor and walls to the height of about six feet were running with something that seened like stagnant water, thick, gluthious, sickening." It seems that one of the occcult co-adjutors of the original bwner of the place, a malevolent old rascal called Sar Torrevieja, the "King o fthe Sorcerers," had expected to be named

Venit P.

noter. M. Hanotaux, an authority on Balzac, at the aunt's death, as her legates; and it is a not overly difficult inference of the that this old rogue, who knew every a printer. inch of the property, out of pure spite-

fulness acted as the "ghost" which B. Aldrich is the following letter, which he has sent to the Boston Transcript: "Some verses called "The ideal Husband," locked the young man in, hypnotized him and then turned on the scented and having my name attached to them as the author, are being extensively reprint-This story, while well told, is natural rather than supernatural in its motif. The second one, however, is just the reverse. It is an equally vivid description verses."

of the author's night experience in an old, Italian villa, in which, a hundred years before, a noble duke, finding his young wife unfaithful, had thrown her violently upon the bed of the room in which the narrator slept and, with his sword, pierced her through the heart. We lack the space to follow out: the experience in detail, but the short of it is that the ghost of the murdered woman, as well as that of her long-dead assassin, came back and re-enacted their little domestic tragedy in such a came back and re-enacted realistic and effective manner that the involuntary young American spectator was next morning, found on the floor minor characters appear; a glimpse is had realistic and effective manner that the of the chamber, half dead from a bleed-"St. Ives," the novel left substantially complete and urpublished by Robert Louis Stevenson at his death, is described as

seems somehow the most endearing;

and it would have been welcome had Mr. Ellwanger devoted a seventh chap-. ter to that prince of nature's eulogists. R. D. Blackmore, whose latest story of Crocker's Hole, for instance, is by all odds the most captivating disquisition for trout-fishing ever put into type. But this is aside. For the six studies that the author has given us, let us be duly grateful. He has caught in each case the true spirit of his subject's relations with the out-door world, and has transscribed it for us in liquid prose that charms almost as surely as the originals themselves. No true son of the soil can fail to find himself at once in sympathy with Mr. Ellwanger's commentaries, which, even in midwinter, make one yearn to hie to leafy forests or muse

awhile beside purling brook or look for mirrored picturings on the margin of ome pellucid lake. MACAIRE: A Melodramatic Farce, By Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley, Green cioth, hand-made

paper, glit top, 108 pages, \$1.00. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. This dramatization by the greatest modern novelist and a collaborator of the famillar story from the French which has become familiar to American playgoers through its utilization in the lil.cetto of the operetta, "Erminie," was originally published, a few months ago. in the Chap-Book, at which time it was given an extended notice in this department. The text; as renders of that notice will recall in view of the many bright epigrams then culled and quoted from it, is sharp and keen as a Damas-

cus blade, and in literary finish it has not recently been surpassed. There is likewise an undercurrent of true humor in the farce such as illumines few of Stevenson's more ambitious prose works. The fact that this version is not actable will not diminish the enjoyment of those who wish to read it as something of Stevenson's rather than as something by a promiscuous lot of chattering player folk."

1 1 A AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS: Henry Watterson is said to be at work

Mr. Benson has written a new story, en-titled "Idmitations," which will have much to any of the start of the story of the titled "Limitations," which will have much to say of art study and art life. ⁴R³⁻D. Blackmore has nearly completed mance of Surrey." It will appear as a serial in Blackwood's during the coming

Elegation Duse has written a novel, the plot and situations of which are drawn from the lighten stage. The actress is said 16 be the peracessor of an admirable lit-brary style and is a keen student of char-

about to issue a book about the author the "Comedie Humaine." He has in his possession a quantity of documents relating to Balzne's unhappy experience as An act of self-defence on the part of T.

ed by the newspapers. I beg leave to say, and it gives me great plasure to say it, that T am not the author of those

lea next autumn on a lecturing tour. Readers of Mr. Barrie's new serial that is to run through the year in Scribner's will be glad to know that a great deal

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Dan McCarthy's new play, "The Green-horn," will be produced after the holidays. W. H. Power will produce a play by E. H. Kidder, entitled "Shannon of the Sixth." The locale is India. Behaseo's "The Heart of Maryland," goes to Boston for the entire season of '96. On Thanksgiving Day it drew \$5,300. Witton Lackaye snys: "My carly in-Wilton Lackaye says: 35 clinations were to enter the priesthood. After receiving an elementary education John Hlavacek's three-act Napoleonic play, "The Master of the World," is a comedy, with the scene laid in the Tullcries. Richard Golden, Frances Rousseau, Au-brey Boucicault, Maud Noel and Richard

Gorman have been engaged for the Minule Palmer company, in "The School Girl." Miss Georgia Cavan is recovering from the ceffets of a surgleal operation per-formed two weeks ago. The operation was to remove a tumor. The trouble dates back to a period early in 1822. Another lot of illustion has grown out

Another lot of litigation has grown out of the efforts of Sydney Rosenfeld, the playwright, to collect from Comedian Francis Wilson \$7,500 which he alleges is Artancis Wilson scool which he integers is due on two plays he wrote for Mr. Wilson. It appears that after the publication of the examination Mr. Wilson, in a pub-lished statement, said things which Mr. Rosenfeld did not like. Mr. Rosenfeld asks \$50,000 damages for libel. Tails Visious and state in a new malo-

Zella Nicolaus will star in a new melo Zena Alcohards with star in a new meto-drama. "Do you feel certain of success as a star?" she was asked. "Cortain! Why, it's a cin-, of course I feel certain. I have everything in my favor, beauty-if you will pardon the mention-talent, am-bition and determination. Then, in my law I will be eight at howas. It is have play I will be right at home. It is love from the rising of the curtain to its fall, and I am given every opportunity to dis-

play my talents." I was sent for two years to college at Ottawa, in Canada, and then for four years to the Georgetown university. Owmainly to my elocutionary proelivi-, I suppose, I received the nomination for the propaganda at Rome. This is, as ou know, the Societas de Propaganda Fide, charged with the management of Catholic missions. My father came on to New York to take me to Havre. So I had the opportunity to see 'Esmereida' at the Madison Square theater. That proved my downfall, After the performance I in-formed my father that, instead of be-coming a priest, I intended to go on the stage. The upshot was that he took me back to Washington, where I began to study law." Mr. Lackaye wil star next season in a hypnotic play by Charles Klein, called "Dr. Belgraff."

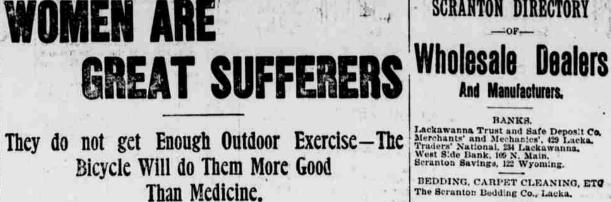
THE POPULARITY OF SLANG,

From the Chicago Record. When the long-expected American nov-elist comes to write the comedy of life in the latter part of the nineteenth century he will have to make some especial researches with reference to the speech of its people. It is a fact that slang, always in high favor in America for its terseness and its rough humor, is becoming more popular. Not only is the amount of slang increasing but it is enlarging its scope among people who use it, not from ignorance, but with an intentional purpose to give colloquial force to their speech. The source of most of this increment to

the English vocabulary is, of course, not the highest. The city council in active session presents almost inexhaustible resources of slang. One evening with that pictnuresque body will give the average nov-elist more knowledge of the language of the street than he could readily get in any other way. Some of this slang is pith, and sensible; some of it merely idiotic verses." Commenting on the publication of Ian Maclaren's new book. "The Days o' Auld Lang Syne," the Westminster Gazette re-marks that "before the work went to press over 60,00 copies had been ordered in ad-vance in England and America. Of the same aithor's first book, 'Beside the Bon-nie Briar Bush.' over 120,000 copies have airendy been sold. Clearly, 'the literature of the kallyard' is still in the ascendent. We note that Ian Maclaren goes to Amer-lea next autumn on a lecturing tour."

larity, have not yet made their way into literature, but there is discernible a tendency among the writers of the most vital contemporary English to adopt racy slang expressions just as soon as their USHER become widespread enough to make them generally understood. The use of slang, of course, is neither

of the Little Minister himself in one chap- elegant nor commendable. But unless all signs fail much of the raciness of the Eng-lish of tomorrow will be owing to the li-



The Experience of Two Women who had Led an Indoor Life and the Outcome.

From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y. Few women have had a more miserable existence and lived to tell the tale than Mrs. Anna L. Smith, of 311 Pulaski Avenue, is very enthusiastic over Dr. Williams' Pink

perience is unique because her suffering was tortures. remedy-Dr. Williams' Piak Pills for Pale

People, and by their virtues was restored to good health and happiness. The story is most interesting as told to a reporter: Mr. Marvin, of No. 625 Fiftcenth Street, is an old soldier and a retired Baptist minister. At present he is employed in the U. S. Pen-sion Agency, of Detroit, For many years Mr. Marvin was troubled with stomach dif-

most interesting as told to a reporter: "I was an invalid for years, suffering first with one complaint ind then with arother, My case was truly that of a complication of diseases, due to an accident which I received some years ago. The thing which caused me the most disconfort and made me offensave to my family was the worse case of indigestion imaginable. I made all around me miserable by my sufferings, and was most miserable my-self. I had the best physician we could find, and occasionally his prescriptions relieved me temporarily. But the pains and misery would all soon return again. I became des-perate, and started in to try remedies of which I read. Among them were the Pink Pills Their appearance captivated me instantly, for the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel be the reliable of the second by the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peeple are prepared by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Schenetcady, N. Y., a firm whose disc, split and schenetcady. N. Y., a firm whose the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel be the reliable of the second by the Dr. Williams' Medicine to any calculation the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel

Their appearance captivated me instantly, for I am a great believer in the beautiful, I took the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel like a different woman. For six weeks I took the pills negalarly, and I can truthfully add after that I was as well as any one in the family. The change for the better in my con-dition has caused my relatives and friends to take the pills. We buy them all from the drug store of John Duryca, at the corner of De-Kaib and Summer Avenue. "I assure you it was impossible for me to oversee my household for three years. Now I visit my kitchen every day, do my own marketing apid shopping: in a word, look after everything connected with my home and family. "Oh, yes, I still keep taking the pills. take one daily after damer. Prevention, you know, is better and cheaper than cure. I weilfering from the ills which our sex are her to would be up and well if they could be in suffering from the ills which our sex are her to would be up and well if they could be in curtainly recommend them heartily and fee grateful to the physician who put them on the market?"

certainly recommend them heartily and feel grateful to the physician who put them on the market." Mrs. Smith is a woman of some means and standing in the community and, therefore, her testimony will be accepted without ques-tion by all thoughtful people.

Rupprecht, Louis, 231 Penn. Williams, J. D. & Bro., 214 Lacka. A DOULLE RESCUE. Two People Saved from a Life of Misery. From the Journal, Detroit, Mich. Matthews, C. P. Sons & Co., 34 Lacka. The Weston Mill Co., 47-49 Lacka. Mrs. Charles Newman, of Twelfth Street,

21.1

Brooklyn. With all the comforts that money Pills, and she has every reason to be grateful affords, with all the happiness that many for the wonderful cure she has received from the remedy. Mrs. Newman was a sufferer loving friends can give, the joy of Mrs. Smith's life was blasted for years by the ter-rible ravages of sickness. Mrs. Smith's ex-

perience is unique because her suffering was not caused by one disease only but by many; until it seemed as though she was a living sacrifice. Doctors were employed, money was spent—the wide world was scarched for remedies that would give her the joy of good health. Despite all efforts the clouds of life grew darker until it looked indeed as if death was hovering near. It was in this hour of distress that she heard of the now famous remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale She used many remedies but nothing seemed

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Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna. Megargel & Connell, Fracklin avenus. Portor, John T., 26 and 28 Lackawanna. Rice, Levy & Co., 30 Lackawanna. HARDWARE

Connell, W. P. & Sons, 118 Penn. Foote & Shear Co., 119 N. Washington, Hunt & Connell Co., 434 Lackawanna.

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DRY GOODS

Kelly & Healey, 20 Lackawanna, Finley, P. B., 510 Lackawanna, LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, Keller, Luther, 813 Lackawanna,

HARNESS & SADDLERY HARDWARE Fritz G. W., 410 Lackawanna, Keller & Harris, 117 Penn,

WINES AND LIQUORS. Walsh, Edward J., 32 Lackawanna.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS. Williams, Samuel, 221 Spruce.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Goldsmith Bros., 304 Lackawanna.

WALL PAPER, ETC. Ford, W. M., 129 Penn.

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CARRIAGE REPOSITORY. Blume, Wm. & Son, 522 Spruce,

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REPRESENTATIVE FIRMS.

ATHLETIC GOODS AND BICYCLES.

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING.

Florey, C. M., 223 Wyoming,

Gunster & Forsyth, 37 Penn. Cowles, W. C., 1907 N. Main.

11. A Wrestle with the Enemy.

It really is not surprising that in a house with such grisly architecture there should be uncommon experiences. The outcome of the present quest for spooks is thus narrated, it being pered in It. haps necessary first to say that each inquirer took a separate room for the night, under instructions to signal to the others for help if necessary:

Half a hundred times, nearly, I would doze for an instant, only to awake with a start, and find my pipe gone out. Nor did the exertion of relighting it pull me Gid the exertion of relighting it pull me together. I struck my match mechanical-ly, and with the first p_{i-1} dropped off again. It was most vexing. I got up and walked around the room. It was most annoying. My cramped position had al-most put both my legs to fleep. I could bardly stand. I felt numb, as though with cold there was to have a bardle with cold. There was no longer any sound from the other rooms, nor from without. I sank down in my window seat. How dark it was growing! I turned up my han-tern. That pipe again, how obstinately it kept going out! and my last match was gone. The lantern, too, was that going out? I lifted my hand to turn it up again. It feit like lead and foil batide mo

It felt like lead, and fell beside me. Then I awoke absolutely. I tried to rise, to cry out. My body was like lead, my bongue was paralyzed. I could hardly move my eyes. And the light was going out. There was no question about that. Darker and darker yet; little by little the pattern of the paper was swallowed up by the advancing night. A prickling numb-ness gathered in every nerve, my right arm slipped without feeling from my lap to my side, and I could not raise it—it swung helplens. A thin, keen humming began in my head like the cleadas on a hillside in September. The darkness was coming fast. It felt like lead, and fell beside me all child-culture, with beautiful pictures of familiar objects in colors, sutline drawings, vertical script lessons in penmanship, and in fact almost every conto bring out his latent capabilities for good. Following the best of tests, we have submitted this primer to the critical eye of a bright four-year-old, and coming fast. the eager interest at once shown by

coming fast. Yes, this was it. Something was sub-jecting me, body and mind, to slow paraly. sis. Physically I was already dead. If I could only hold my mind, my conscious-ness, I might still be safe, but could 17 Could I resist the mad horror of this si-lence, the deepening dark, the creeping numbness? the best primer yet in print.

ness?

It had come at last. My body was dead. I could no longer move my eyes. They were fixed in that last look on the place where the door had been, now only a deepening of the dark.

<text><text><text> boy.

of course: and then Gilbert White, Thomas Hardy, Jefferies, Thoreau and Burroughs. Of these, to Americans, the paper on dear, quaint, gentle Thoreau

ouider. This may be believed or not, but as told in the book before us it certainly makes interesting reading. L. S. R.

JUVENILE FIGTION.

OLIVER BRIGHTS SEARCH: Or, The Mystery of a Mine. By Edward Strate-moyer. Cloth. Svo. Hlustrated; \$1,25. New York: The Merriam Co. This is a rolleking story for boys, simply yet fascinatingly told; and the lessons of it are good ones, which will

incline the reader's mind to high resolves and noble purposes. It would not do to tell the story in detail, for in its plot and adventures are its chief charm; but it may be taken for granted that every wide-awake boy will be interestwonderful style of which Stevenson was a master.

REUBEN STONE'S DISCOVERY; Or, The Young Miller of Torrent Bend, By Edward Stratemeyer, Cloth., 870, Illus-trated; 41.25. New York: The Merriam NEW POEM BY HOLMES. Why linger round the sunken wrecks

Where old Armadas found their graves? Why slumber on the sleepy decks While foam and clash the angry waves? A companion volume to the one just noticed. It, too, is a story of stirring Up! when the storm-blast rends the adventures and narrow escapes, ending And winged with ruln sweeps the gale, Young feet must climb the quivering with virtue and industry rewarded, and vice and idleness properly punished. It may not be artistic literature, but at Young hands must reef the bursting sail.

least it is wholesome and safe,

ner Co.

Leave us to fight the tyrant creeds. Who felt their shackels, feel their scars; The cheerful sunlight little heeds MISCELLANEOUS. THE WERNER PRIMER. For Beginners in Reading. By F. Lilian Taylor, 112 pages, 30 cents. New York: The Wer-The brutes that prowled beneath the

stars; The dawn is here, the day star shows The spoils of many a battle won, But sin and sorrow still are foes, That face us in the morning sun. This book if an outgrowth of the kindergarten system of instruction. It is a book combining the best features of

clouds.

shrouds.

Who sleeps beyond yon bannered mound The proudly sorrowing mourner seeks, The garland-bearing crowd surrounds? A light-baired boy with beardless

cheeks! 'Tis time this "fallen world" should rise; ceivable thing which, by first arrest-Let youth the sacred work begin! What nobler task, what fairer prize ing the child's attention through the sense of sight, may afterward be used Than earth to save and heaven to win'

Superior to Imported Wines.

29 West 42d st., New York, Dec. 11, 1893. him convinces us that Miss Taylor has Alfred Speer, Prest. not failed in her endeavor to prepare Alfred Speer, Prest. Dear Sir:—I can say emphatically that I like your wines far better than any of the imported wines. Your Claret, Sherry and Sauterine are very fine and agreeable. Your latter is my favorite. I am yours truly, S. F. Howland,

BOYS' LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT. By Colonel Thomas W. Knox, author of "The Boy Travelers." Illustrated, red cloth, Svo, 430 pages, \$1.50. New York: The Merriam Co. Although Colonel Knox calls his a

boys' life of the hero of Shiloh, Donel-son, Vicksburg and Appomattox, it is a biography which will interest all members of the household, and add new reverence to their estimate of the great WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD Union chieftain of the civil war. The life is fluently and even eloquently written, and its vivid pen pictures are well reinforced by admirable half-tone Dr. Alexander's

LUNG HEALER FAMOUS portraits delineating critical scenes in the subject's career as a warrior. This WHAT IS IT? volume would form a most appropriate Christmas present for a bright girl or

WHAT ISHT? It is a medicine carefully put up and compounded, being a direct copy of a auder. O'Malley, of wilkes-Barre Pa., a practicing physician for over twenty years, for all imag and throst irothles, and is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. If is not a "cure all but it will congles and brockitis, aver puenmonia and prevent communities that is claimed insues. Thousands of boiling tubes and tissues. Thousands of boiling and so and aved from an early grave by im mes-one used a family will never by without it in the bouse. IDYLLISTS OF THE COUNTRY SIDE: Being Six Commentaries Concerning Some of Those Who Have Apostrophized, the Joys of the Open Air. By George H. Ellwanger. Cloth, blue and sliver, 16 mo. New York: Dodd, Mend & Co. The idyllists selected for review in this charming little volume of uncon-ventional criticism are, Walton, first,

For sale by all dealers. ag conts.

legitimate and slangy vocabulary of today.

A Case Calling for Sympath

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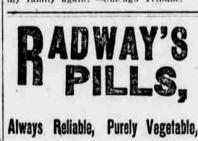
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A

purely a romance of adventure. It is the story of a French prisoner captured in the Peninsular wars, who is shut up in Edin-burgh castle; there he falls in love with The tough-looking citizen who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for whipping his wife drew his hand across his eyes

"If you send me up for a little thing of this kind, judge," he whimpered, "I'll never be able to maintain discipline in my family again?"-Chicago Tribune.

burgh castle; there he fails in love with a Scotch girl who, with her aunt, fre-quently visids the prisoners. There is early in the every a dust under extraordinary circumstances, between St. Ivos and a feilow-prisoner; after various episodes a dangerous plan of escape is decided upon, and the daring St. Ives finally becomes a free man. The perifs that he undergoes while in hiding about Edinburgh, his ad-ventures on the Great North road with ventures on the Great North road with strangers and robbers, his final escape across the border into England, and many other incidents are told in the vivacious



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