THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY MORNING, JANUABY 11, 1896.

Of and About the Makers of Books.

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

POETRY.

WYOMING AND INDIAN MELODIES and Other Poems. By Richard Lynott O'Malley. Cloth, 12mo., 120 pages; for sale by the author at 85 cents per copy.

Readers of fugitive newspaper verse no doubt have encountered poems by Mr. O'Malley, who has gained some measure of local renown as "the blind poet" of Avoca. The present collection of his works in rhyme is not offered with a view to challenging exacting criticism; the selections included with-in its covers are the unpretentious ef-In its covers are the unpredicted out of a young man whose versifica-tion proceeds spontaneously from an ardent love of nature uncurbed by technical precision or by familiarity with classical models. Their composer is to be judged rather as one of the product of this preset industrial modest workers of this great industrial section whose learning is derived at first hand from the ever-inspiring university of nature than as a pedant or a schollast crudite in library lore. We have examined the eighty or more poems in this volume, and have found that many of them reveal originality, freshness and merit. One in particular, by reason of its dramatic vividness no less than because of local interest in its theme, is worthy of reproduction. It is entitled "Campbell's Leap," and is follows

On Campbell's Ledge, at early morn, While hoof of steed and hoof of ree Gave voices to the gien below, Till every rock and hill around Flung many an answer to the sound.

But hark! the notes no longer fly; Their echoes on the distance die, Sighing their last without reply.

Fierce frowns the mount in all its pride; Lo, half-way up its rugged side Behold dismounting from his horse And bending o'er a decr's red corse, Campbell, the huntsman of the dale, Bold Campbell, of Wyoming vale.

There slient stands his charger, fleet, Whose rounded form and slender feet Tells of his value true. While bends the huntsman o'er the roe

And marks how sure has been his bow, He hears a wild halloo.

Springing erect, his quick eye spied Fast clambering up the mountain side An Indian swarm, a demon band, Rapid he glanced from left to right, Beeking in vain a course for flight; 'Twas death to move, 'twas death

One moment stood he motionless, As if in doubt, as in distress, And 'reft of every hope; One moment more his dark eye flashed, Into the saddle then he dashed And galloped 'gainst the slope.

Up, up he struggles, up he climbs, His foemen thundering at his heels; The footing crumbles, and at times He thinks that death een now he feels

Still upward, upward, on he strives; Sudden he hears the clash of knives, And, glancing wildly back, At one spear's length away he sees Three of his foremost enemies Press hard upon his track, Striving to wound his noble horse, Striving to check him in his course; Vain, vain is thei, attack.

With desperate thought, with desperat

strength, Hackward he darts; and lo, at length, He smiles the nearest brave, Who, groaning, flings his arms on high; Pale grows his cheek and dim his eye, While trembles in his breast the glave.

Yelling a death-yell wild and shrill, He grasps his friends in death's own

grip; Impetuous roll they from the hill; Their comrades trample him until Confusion reigns; their own they kill,

He mounts the suddle as before And homeward turns his rein.

No man was happier, none more gay In all that vale for many a day, As told and retold be the tale To trembling wife and children pale.

Wyoming cried, with lips aflame, "Would ye extol bold Campbell's fame? Give to the ledge bold Campbell's name."

within sight of the ofte Mediterranean one acknowledges modern New England as its scene of action and the sixth passes to its conclusion in the sunny clime of semi-Spanish New Mexico. It speaks well for the author's sympathies that she has been enabled to enter in The critical eye might find in these lines numerous faults; but they would be faults as to which the average reader each case easily and naturally into the spirit of the locality, and it speaks even better for her art that the humanity in would be indifferent. This is one of the most serious of Mr. O'Malley's verses: her six stories is uniformly paramount to distinctions of geography and race. in other efforts he permits his fancy to flit among lighter and more winsome themes. With due allowance for the She does not consider "problems" nor deal in mysticism or allegory; she just studies human nature with lively symconditions of its authorship his little volume must be regarded as a praise-worthy and meritorious venture, pre-saging even better work in time to pathy and warm charity, and the result will certainly be appreciated by every reader of her book.

RECENT FICTION.

THE GYPSY CHRIST and Other Tales. By William Sharp. Cloth, 12 mo., Car-nation Series, \$1.50, Chicago, Stone & Kimball.

that the book is better than its name. It is nothing outlandish, but only a col-lection of really clever and philosophical Of these seven tales the one which supplies the title is perhaps the most effective. It is a weird story, having for its theme the curse of Kundry, the wanton mocker of Christ, made familiar comments upon customs and things purporting to be uttered by an itinerant packman with a habit of ruminating wanton mocker of Christ, made familiar in "Parsifal". James Fanshawe, who claims lineal descent from this Gypsy wanton, tells this story to a friend just prior to his death, alleging that through all the generations since Calvary his race had borne signs of the Divine dis-pleasure, notable among them being, just before the death of each, the ap-pearance on the hands and feet of the stigmata of the Passion. This is the central point in Fanshawe's narrative: upon the phenomena that came un-der his eye. There is much in the book that we should like to quote. it is so droll, quaint and withal pro-found, but that would hardly be fair to the publishers. We must, in their in-terest, draw the line at the twelve ob-servations in which at the book's end the philosophical packman crystalizes his studies of the human animal:

central point in Fanshawe's narrative: "It was in the year of the greatest mo-ment to the modern world: the year of the death of Jesus of Nazareth. It is enough to say that some of our mople were on the Hill of Calvary on the Day of Anguish; that among them was a beautiful wanon called Kundry; and that as the Sufferer passed to His martyrdom, she laughed in bitter mockery. Turning upon her and knowing the darkness of her unbellef and the evil of which she was the embodi-ment, the Christ stopped and looked at her. "Hall, O King!" she laughed moc.ing-ity. 'Youchsafe me, thy Sister, a sign , hat A man's gods are of use to him-some A huff often pays when it puts the sulky

A huff often pays when it puts the sulky one to no inconvenience. Our greatest strivings are after that which exists only in the imagination. Have a shrewd regard for superstition, but do not let it make you miss a meal. If you dam a stream, look out for the over-flow. Do not judge a man by his breeches. A clever deed brings its own retribution. She can keep a cheery face who knows all is well.

us even though the message be as a riddle to our understanding.

THE SISTER OF A SAINT and Other Stories. By Grace Ellery Channing. Cloth, 12mo, the Carnation Series, \$1.00. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

Of the six charming stories in this dainty volume four are laid in Italy, within sight of the blue Mediterranean.

THE GODS GIVE MY DONKEY WINGS. By Angus Evan Abbott. The Carnation Series, \$1.00. Chicago: Stone & Kim-ball.

Lest the reader be struck dumb by this title it is well to say without delay

is well. Mountains, rocks and floods are seldom found between true-loves. He that journeys afar can tell a strange "'Hall, O King!' she laughed moc.ihg-ly. 'Vouchsafe me, thy Sister, a sign that thou are indeed Lord over Fate; but thou knowest that thou canst not do this thir g, and goest to thy death' "Then the Christ spake. 'Verily, thou shalt have a sign. To thee and thin 'I bequest he the signs of my Passion, to be a shame and horror among thy people for-ever." tale If you wish to find the man, find his

Pack, paunch, and pocket filled, fill the pipe, and away.

THE MAGAZINES.

ever" "Therewith He resumed His weary way. And Kundry laughed and followed. Again, during the Agony on the Cross she laughed, and again at the last bliter cry of the Son of God; but in the darkness that suddenly came upon the land she laughed here here? The New Year Munsey's is another pictorial triumph. That so many and such good pictures as are to be found within its covers can be sold for ten cents, to say nothing of the reading matter that goes with them, is an ever increasing wonder.

of the Son of God; but in the darkness that suddenly came upon the land she laughed no more. "From that day the woman Kundry, whom some have held to be the sister of the Christ, was accurst. Even among her own people she went veiled. Two children she bore to the man who had taken Lor to his tent: children of one birth, a male child and a woman child. "They were in their seventh year, when, in a wild Asian land, Kundry came out among her people and told them that she, the Sister of Christ, had come to de-liver them this message, that out of the offspring of her womb soon or late would arise one who would be their Redeemer, who would be the Gypsy Christ, When the young men and maidens of her peo-ple mocked, the elders reprimanded them and asked Kundry to give some proof that she had not the sun-fever or the mind. Thereupon the woman appailed them by showing upon her hands and feet the stigmata of the Crucifixion. A theme thus grewsome is fancifully In the current Chap-Book is told this "ower-true" tale: "Kipling is writing a story for the Ladies' Home Journal. Kipling! However — with his usual breeze and the vinous quality of his style, he concludes a chapter thereof: 'And the fellows tossed down a glass 'And the fellows tossed down a glass of old Madeira, and turned to leave the room.' Little Bok, in a panic, wires the brawny jungle-man: 'Can you change "tossed down a glass of old Medeira?" Ladies' Home Journal rules forbid men-tion of wine.' Kipling wires four words: 'Make it Mellin's Food.'" But that isn't the only good thing in Chap-Book. There are others.

A theme thus grewsome is fancifully worked out; and the reader of the tale will have to be strong of nerves not to Two interesting studies of authors ap-

them. They are like minor chords in music which depress the spirit without vouchsafing any tangible reason to the mind. But they are original, and there-fore interesting. The rollicking side of the Celtic character has been done in prose times without number: but Miss Macleod is a pioneer in this field of the Celt's mysticism, craftiness and super-naturalism, and for that reason we read with alert interest what she tells us even though the message be as a

"From all this it might appear that Mr. Crane's imagination runs away with rhyme and reason; and in the case of 'The Black Riders' such was assuredly the fact. But in 'The Red Badge' there is a more substantial quality than mere eccentricity. His writings, to be sure, are an acquired taste. One must become hardened to having everything described as 'mur-der red' and to having one's composure having everything described as 'mur-der red,' and to having one's composure startled by lurid similes. This achieved, there comes a realization that Mr. Crane possesses a power of his own, a knowledge of truth, and an ability to portray it forcefully. The hattlefield is no lower the compational battlefield is no longer the conventional scene of heroism, but the arena of very human emotions in which fear is realistically prominent. Mr. Crane is only twenty-four, but his literary career is survey out his interary career is already eight years old. He began writing for the press before he was sixteen, and his first book—'Maggie, a Girl of the Streets'—was published

some three years ago without creating an appreciable sensation. Hamlin Garland, who is something of a realist himself, said in a review of it: With such a technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Stephen Crane is henceforth to be reckoned with.' The further development of the young writer's ability has fulfilled this prophecy. Mr. Crane will doubtless be reckoned with mercilessly in many quarters, so long as he persists in his riotous style; but it is to be hoped that this will not discourage him. He is one of the most original writers of the day."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS: Hieronymus Lorm, the famous poet, hilosopher and critic, of Germany, is to-ally blind.

tally blind. Hezekiah Butterworth is traveling in Chile securing material for a new story of adventure for boys. J. M. Barrie has taken a house in Glou-cester road, South Kensington, and in-tends to make London his permanent home. year

home. Professor Archibald Geikie, director gen Professor Archibald Geikie, director gen-eral of the geological survey of Great Britain and an author of wide repute, will soon make a lecture tour in America. Hall Caine does his best writing at his Isle of Man home, Greeba castle. In Lon-don his home is near those of Herbert Spencer, Alma-Tadema and other celeb-rities.

Spencer, Alma-radema and other cereb-rities. Dr. Elias Leounrot, a country physician of Finland, has been called the "Christo-pher Columbus of Finnish poetry." The doctor has written one or two epic poems celebrating the early history of the coun-

Try. One thing of which the late Baron Tauchnitz, the great publisher, was es-pecially proud was the fact that, although Leipsic has long been a hotbed of social-ism, no strike has ever occurred at the Tauchnitz printing works. Since the death of Dumas the chances of Zoba for election to the French academy are thought to be much brighter than ever before. Already his claims are being urged by his friends while his old-time enemies are preparing against a contest.



Miss Kaiser Helps to Make a Genuine Yule-tide Plum Pudding.

Other Padding Superstitions.

rive at misunderstandings with their friends, and so on to the end of the

I did not know that my friends re-garded me as such a superstitious mor-tal, but evidently they do, for though it is but two days after Christmas, I have up to date received no less than

nine pieces of plum pudding from my friends all over the kingdom. The strict regard for the truth which news-

paper correspondents must always ob-serve forces me to acknowledge that I have made the painful discovery of a thimble in several of them. Whether

have made the painful discovery of a thimble in several of them. Whether their presence there was up acident or design. I know not, but what is still more, I have eaten all the puddings and have indeed found them to be "such stuff as dreams are made of." Sadle E. Kalser.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

It is not always easy to start a fruit jar cover. Instead of wrenching the hand and bringing on blisters, simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a min-ute. Then try and you will find it turns oute eastly.

rive

chapter.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Bpecial Correspondence of The Tribune. London, Jan. 1.—Christmas has come and gone, and, in looking back at it. I find that my most vivid recollections of the day are centered about the splendid performance of the ever-beau-tiful "Messiah" at Queen's hall, in the afternoon of the day. Of course I was most interested in the soprano part, and took my score with me and followed Marie Duma, the soprano soloist, through the work, and with the keen-est of enjoyment and interest. Mr. Randegger, of course, conducted, as it is est of enjoyment and interest. Mr. Randegger, of course, conducted, as it is his choir, and everything was beauti-fully done. I could not help thinking of the dear old Wilkes-Barre Oratorio soclety, to which I have the honor to belong, and of our performances of this magnificent work, performances which, indeed, could well afford to challenge commarison with those of many a form comparison with those of many a fam-ous choral society, and in many a larger musical center than our pretty little

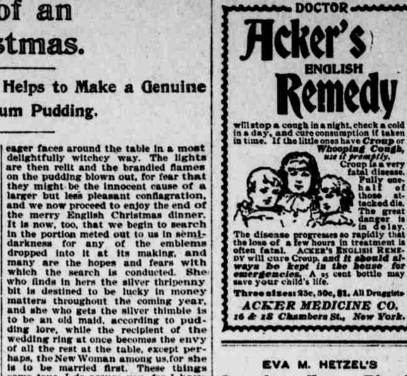
musical center than our pretty little Wilkes-Barre at home. On Christmas night the Christmas dinner claimed our attention, and we certainly did it full justice. A baked ham, a roast turkey and a roast shoul-der of beef, constituted the principal solids of an English Christmas dinner, which I suppress does not differently come true, I do assure you, for I have tried them myself and I am now a con-vert to the plum pudding and its proph-But those are not all the delightful superstitions connected with plum pud-ding by any means. There is another existent over here, that if one eats as many pieces of different people's pud-ding as there are months in the year, he will have that many happy months. solids of an English Christmas dinner, which I suppose does not differ much from our epicurean programmes at home, except, perhaps, in the crowning point of all, the plum pudding. Around this delightful, though I must confess this delightful, though I must confess rather substantial form of dessert, there hovers an air of Christmas sanctity with which nothing less than say Fath-er Christmas himself is clothed. The mere mention of plum pudding calls up visions of resplendent Christmas trees, of stockings hanging at the fireplace. of santa Clause and his twinkling blue eves. and in fact, all the toys of Christ. So, some of the more superstitious of these islanders are given to courting dyspepsia, every Christmas week, by eating pieces from twelve different plum puddings. Some start out brave-ly, but courage deserts them half way

and they faint by the roadside, over-come by the demons heart-burn, nightor Santa Clause and his twinkling blue eyes, and in fact, all the joys of Christ-mas. For plum pudding belongs to Christmas and to no other festival of the year, and any well regulated Eng-lishman would never dream of such a thing as having it at other times of the year. come by the demons heart-burn, night-mare or in extreme cases, even delirium tremens. These unfortunate creatures always end up by being sorry they did not persevere until the twelfth, for they are certain that they will have only five, six or seven happy months in the new year before misfortune overtakes them. They catch cold and get sick, they lose their handkerchiefs, they ar-rive at misunderstandings with their

Sacred to the Day.

Sacred to the Day. There are those, of course, whose rabid radicalism causes them to disre-gard any and every ancient custom of Merrie Old England, and I dare say their irreverence carries them even to such mad lengths of depravity as to have a plum pudding just whenever they like it. But this is sacrilegious. It is nothing short of descretion, and it is nothing short of desecration; and if you ever come to England, let me warn you ever come to England, let me warn you to beware of the company of such misguided and fanatical persons. Seek, rather, association with those whose conservative Christmas tastes lead them to duly respect the custom found-ed by jolly Old King Cole himself (they say)—the custom, as I was saying, of partaking of this too, too solid delicacy at but one period of the year—Christ-mas week. This and this only is the time of all times sacred to the English plum pudding.

Ism. no strike has ever occurred at the Tauchnitz printing works.
Since the death of Dumas the chances of Zola for election to the French academy are thought to be much brighter than ever before. Already his claims are being turged by his friends while his old-time enemies are preparing against a contest. Count Leo Toistoi is a vigorous hater of English. To did not I assist one cook, only the day before Christmas, in the dread rite of compounding our pudding for the Zulus should be herded together as the two most brutal nations of the earn not spare the time to write about the English people.
Robert Louis Stevenson's unpublished history of the great achievement of his grandfather's life in the building of the story of the great achievement of his grandfather's life in the building of the Bell Rock lighthouse.
London publishers, sceing that authors have organized themselves into a society and that booksellers have followed their example, have determined to have an association also. They declare that they are an that booksellers have followed their example, have determined to have an association also. They declare that they works, I must confess, but it ended in Association also. They declare that they are an association als



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up new expressions. When his char-acters swear it is with 'crimson oathe'; builets 'spang' into trees; stars lie 'like gittering pebbles on the black level of the night;' and the sun itself breaks loose from accepted metaphor and is 'pasted in the sky like a wafer.' "From all this it might appear that

each other's gore

Now Campbell, with rekindled hope, More flercely speeds against the slope, Urging his steed amain. But O that war-whoop, howl and yell Too plainly snow, too plainly tell His formen come again.

Still keeps he on that deathful track, And ever and anon looks back, Patting his foaming horse. Still whiri his foamen on behind; They seem impelled by fury's wind And not by human force.

And well, full well, the huntsman knows Why such a band, such demon focs Are loth to hur! the lance; They crave him to glut their fell desire; They crave him to glut their hungry fire And cheer their brutal dance.

Lo, now the topmost peak they gain! Nor draws the rider on his rein, But plunges headlong still; While close behind whill flerce the foe, Gaining at every step they go, Yelling their war-whoop shrill.

Now skims he 'long the rocky ledge, And boldly seeks its boldest edge; And boldly seeks its bolfest edge; And slumbers fair Wyoming's vale Full many a fathom there below, And Susquehanna seems to trail Like some blue cloud with curving tail. Yet Campbell, vigorous and hale, That dizzy height is scanning now; His eye is bright, his cheek is pale, A purpose bold is on his brow.

One moment breathes he in the ear Of his true steed—one moment mere— And lo that steed, nigh quick as thought, His four slim feet together brought.

Sudden a dozen warriors grim Dart at the rider there: Grapple a dozen hands at him, But grapple empty sir: For instant as the lightning's wing The charger, with a wondrous spring, is distant like a dart. Down, down both horse and rider aweep; Down, down full many a fathom deep, While sick shrinks every heart.

Silent the Red-men stare beneath; Silent they hold their throbbing breath; Silent they quall at such a death.

Still carthward man and charger dash Resounding on the stream they crash, While o'er them foams a towering splash

They cut the waters like a blade, An instant dart from sight. Bold man, bold beast of might-Bold man, bold beast, so undismayed-That was the grandest leap e'er made By Red-man or by White!

But see. O see the river's brim, Where plays the bubbling tide! A horse and rider struggling swim To gain the further side. And now they reach the verdant shore; Bold Campbell smiles again, Fondles his charger o'er and o'er, Stroking his silky mane.

author's dramatic force and skilful handling of the tragic and the weird. Of the other tales, "Madge o' the Pool" is an effective study of the Thames' water rats, with a vivid delineation of their utter scorr, of law and order; "The Coward" depicts a French officer's excoward depicts a Prench onder s ex-altation of personal passion over duty during a critical incident of warfare on the Morocco frontier; "A Venetian Idyl" portrays in softer light a love romance of an Italian maiden and a gondoller; "The Graven Image" exhib-its the author's penchant for the occult; "The Lady in Hosea" shows how an unfaithful wife may by accident be spared the trouble of embarrassing ex-planations; and "Froken Bergilot" is a dreamy etching of artists' loves, separ-ation and final reunion. Mr. Sharp evinces in each of these his abounding cleverness, but is ever the conscious at tist whose pride is in the manner of his

succumb ere he concludes it, to the

workmanship rather than in the message of it. -:!!:-

GALLOPING DICK: Being Chapters from the Life and Fortunes of Rich-ard Ryder. Otherwise Galloping Dick, Sometime Gentleman of the Road. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Blue cloth, 12mo., \$1.25. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. Three of the six chapters in this attractive book have already been print-ed in the periodical Chap-Book, wherein they have been enjoyed for the wit, the daring, the swagger and the devilmay-care humors exhibited by the precious rascal whom they purport to describe. The other three chapters are eyesight for the next generation; but it describe. The other three chapters are fully as interesting, and the episodes as a group give an entertaining and more or less accurate insight into the manners and morals of the restoration period, when in England the shade be-tween knight and knaw area area of the restoration of the restoration are randow and way & Williams. They tween knight and knave was more of-ten a streak of chance than a matter

Kimball. These three tales are in the veln of "Pharais" to this extent: that they reveal in quaint, almost shadowy way. of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the fatalism and the spiritual that we do not in the least understand the pathos of life, the glamour." We are frank to confess that we do not in the least understand The majority of readers were satisfied to accept this statement, being un-able to find in 'The Black Riders' much more sobriety that is discernible in Mr. Breadsley's bizarre drawings. An-other critic has said that Mr. Crane's is written by the 'American Zola'; and still a third announces him to be 'the

Colton's paper on Charlotte Bronte whom he pronounces "the most notable woman of the century in English litera-ture, with the exception of George Ellot and possibly Mrs. Browning:" and the regular department sketch of William

Congreve. Both are well worth reading. LITERARY GOSSIP.

The year 1895 was notable in American The year 1895 was notable in American book making for a distinct advance in mechanical quality. One can readily remember a time when to this import-ant side of literature no special atten-tion was paid. The publisher took his manuscripts to the printer, gave him the size of volume desired and the sum the size of volume desired and the sum he was willing to pay for it, and the printer did the rest. If the printer chanced to be a man of taste, with no special anxiety to do his work as cheap-ly as possible, the resultant tome was neat and durable; otherwise, not. But the "nots" were largely in the ma-jority. Of late, however, a change has come over the spirit of the American publisher's dreams. No longer does he dream simply of getting a book on the market; he is at last beginning to study the bibliomaniacal longings of that

market and is nowadays wont to try to pique and lure this fastidious taste by carefully elaborated novelties in respect to the book's material guise. We do not profess to know just who is to be thanked for this agreeable revolution.

are rapidly gaining an audience, and their success in this detail surely preten a streak of chance than a matter of deserving. Mr. Watson has perhaps overemphasized the swagger of this period; but whether he has or not, he certainly has given us a book done with considerable felicity of art, and treat-ing of themes that make a large appeal to human interest. THE SIN-EATER and Other Tales and Episodes. By Fiona Macleod, author of "Pharats." Cloth. 12mo. the Carna-tion Series, \$1.00. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. These three tales are in the vein of sages competition in kind.

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ot intend to cause antagonism, but

So here is what went in: Only-

do not intend to cause antagonism, but will simply look after their own interests. Thomas Nelson Page has decided to make Washington his permanent home. The new house which he is building on New Hampshire avenue is likely to be one of the show residences of the city archi-tecturally. The site cost \$30,000 and the house itself will be constructed regardless of expense.

tecturally. The site cost \$30,000 and the house itself will be constructed regardless of expense. "It is not generally known," says the Minneapolis Journal, "that Paul Bourget was for some time a resident of South Dakota. Before 'the bottom' fell out of speculation of horses he was a member of a French horse ranch company, operating on Lame Johnnny creek, in the Black hills, and gave the concern his personal attention for some time." James Whitcomb Riley denies that he either is writing or has thought of writ-ing a novel. He modestly adds that he does not believe himself capable of a work of that character. Mr. Riley is living in retirement, doing only such occasional work with his pen as seems to him to be of the nature of recreation. He will not fill platform engagements this season. Colonel Charles King, the military novel-ist, with his holds, is very comfortably fixed in life. He is a handsome soldierly man of about 50, with gray hair and mus-tuche and a bronzed complexion that life as a civilian has not bleached. Colonel King lives in Milwaukee and is now ad-jutant general of the state of Wisconsin. ons; 3 grated nutmegs; 60 eggs; 1½ pints brandy: 2½ pints milk; 1½ ounces sweet almonds; 6 ounces of bitter alsweet almonds, 5 ounces of bitter al-monds, 3 teaspoonfuls of alkspice; 1 sliver thimble, 1 silver thripenny bit, and 1 wedding ring. We chop-ped up all the raisins or "plums," suet, almonds, peel, and so on, mixed everything all up together and then called the family together for the stir-ring of it. This is a solemn occacsion, and every one in the house, one after the other, selzes the big wooden spoon in both hands and gives the dough an energetic belaboring, while the cook stands by beaming at the thought of the work we are all uncon-sciously doing. And at last it is mixed. It is then emptied into a mold, tightly closed and carefully lowered into boil-ing water, where this toothsome morsel ing water, where this toothsome morsel now proceeds to boil to the best of its ability, for eight mortal hours! Some

WHY DO WE DO IT.

Perhaps some sage can tell me, for indeed I'd like to know The secret of the titles that I hear wher-e'e I go. There's Brown, who studied medicine, at-

There's Brown, who studied medicine, attaining some renown.
Whose wife I hear referred to now as "Mrs. Dr. Brown."
What reason for the custom can the wise ones give to me?
Why not as well refer to her as "Mrs. Brown, M. D.?" that the longer they boll the better they

themselves.

Because O'Shea is on the bench why should we always say, In speaking of his charming wife: "There's Mrs. Judge O'Shea". Is she a judge by marriage? Was she wedded to the court? There should be some good reason why the title she should sport.

If one should wed a justice, pray advise me, would she be Entitled to be known by all as "Mrs. Jones, J. P."

If not, what reason can we give for speak-

In as we do Of "Mrs. Major Cannonball" or "Mrs. Bishop Pew? Do titles go to families for use of ev'ry one?

one? And if they do, why aren't they used by daughter and by son? Why not a "Miss Lieutenant Sharpe?" Why not a junior, too? At least let's be consistent in the things

-Chicago Post.

for the nonce, whether she liked it or not.

An English Plum Pedding.

The Pudding's Induction.

Six pounds each of raisins, currants, sultanas, suet and sugar; then 3 pounds each of bread crumbs and flour; 214 pounds mixed peel of lemon orange and citron, the grated peel of 1 dozen lem-

White is cold, and the other fints, too, are in harmony with furnishings and draperies when desired. A valuable assistant on silver cleaning day is a lemon. If silver, after it is cleaned, is rubbed with a piece of lemon and then washed and well dried, it gets a white brilliancy which it seldom has oth-erwise and will keep clean longer than with the ordinary cleansing. Silk must never be ironed, as the heat takes all the life out of it and makes it seem stringy and flabby. If, however, you wish to press out bits of silk ribbon for fancy work use an iron only moder-ately hot and place two thicknesses of pa-per between that and the silk. Clothes lines of ralvanized iron are bet-ter than those of rope. The housewife who has set tubs put into her house should not leave the height at which they are placed to the judgment of a workman, who commonly places them much too low, so that a stooping position and an aching back are the consequences of using them. Old woolen stocking legs cut into squares and covered with pleces of bright cotton or old silk make good iron and kettle hold-ers. Sheets when so worn as to require mending will hardly stand the wear and tear of bedding. With any little rents sewed up they are good to hang over furni-ture while sweeping. The little Moorish coffee tables can be had now at almost any price and in every variety of finist; white, black or colored enamel, cherry, oak and other woods. Thy serve many uses, from their osten-sible one to holding a jardiniere in the halt or sitting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting room or as a bedside table for the hall or sliting roo

there are that boil them six, but our cook knows better, she just does, and she boils ours eight. Let them as doesn't

know nuthin' make dough o' theirs, but as for her, none o' her young adjes shall get a distemper to their stummages on Christmas day! No in-deed-ee! As a matter of fact they say are, and in this matter individuals suit

The half of withing found or as a because table for the candle and volume one wants at hand. In cleaning a badly-solied carpet great pestries, Willons or velvet carpets may be cleansed with ox gall, one pint to a pail of water. Use the ordinary scrubbing brush, and afterward the carpet should be vigorously rubbed with a coarse cloth; fresh water should be applied. A small portion of the carpet done each day during hot and sultry weather would keep it greatly refreshed in colorings, as well as sweet and clean. Fur, after some years' wear, will look much improved if cleaned with new bran previously neared in the oven. Rub the hot bran well into the fur with a piece of fiannel, shake the fur to remove all particles, and then brush thoroughy. The fur will clean more easily if the lining and wadding are first removed, but such removal is not absolutely needful. The fiat, oily look which mars the appearance of the neck portions of furs long in use is mostly if not wholly removed by the means of hot bran. Rub the fur the wrong way. Now, during the preparation of the Christmas feast, it is boiled up again, just to heat it through and make it light, and then turned out upon a hot platter, and when it is to come upon the table at the Christmas feast the gas is turned out, and we sit in darkgas is turned out, and we sit in dark-ness awaiting the advent of this wonderful yule-tide dessert. The door is thrown open and the servant ap-pears carrying the beloved pudding. over which some brandy has been thrown, and then lighted and the whole platter is in a blaze of blue and allow a leached chamas in the nucles of

Old Fine Climas Brandy.

whole platter is in a blaze of blue and silver alcoholic flames, in the midst of which calmly reposes the pudding, grand, complacent-looking, rich and smoking, and as edifying a sight as any-one might wish to see, with its pretty sprigs of fire-lit holly sticking into its brown dignity. In the midst of breath-less interest this miniature confiagra-tion is cut and nassed around its small From grape wine, has been fourteen years stored and cared for in the same way that Brandles are cared for in France, and is as fine in flavor and mellowness as Hennessy Brandy of tion is cut and passed around, its small and flickering flames lighting up the Cognac. Ask your druggist for Speer' Climax Brandy.

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