THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1896.

Of and About the Makers of Books.

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

The experiment has been tried in this large and handsome book of getting eminent men to record from their per-sonal recollections those aspects of the career of Pennsylvania's renowned war governor with which they were, during General Curtin's lifetime, most fami-General Curtin's lifetime, most fami-liar. Thus instead of a single portrait of the man, reflecting its author's in-evitable limitations of vision, we have evitable limitations of vision, we have portraits of him from every conceivable point of view, which, taken together, give a true idea of the subject as he was. Dr. Egle has confined his pen to a short biography of Governor Curtin, together wilk papers on his first and his second administrations. The re-mathing chapters in the books are as follows: "Curtin and Free schools," by Henry C. Hickok; "Curtin Elected Gov-ernor-1860," by Colonel A. K. McClure; "Curtin Re-Elected Governor-1863," by Wayne MacVeagh; "Soldiers Organized by Curtin," by ex-Governor Pattison; "The Pennsylvania Reserves," by Will-iam Hayes Grier; "Curtin and the Soliam Hayes Grier; "Curtin and the Sol-diers' Orphans," by G. Harry Davis; "Curtin and the Altoona Conference," "Curtin and the Altoona Conference. by John Russell Young: "Curtin's Early War Trials," by Fitz John Porter: "Cur-tin's First Milliary Telegraph." by William Bender Wilson: "Curtin's Care of the Soldiers." by Senator M. S. Quay; "Curtin and the Private Soldiers." by Themes V. Corrector Sersonal Thomas V. Cooper; "Curtin's Personal Attributes," by Governor Daniel H. Hastings; "Curtin and His Home Community," by ex-Governor Beaver; "Cur-tin and the State Credit," by J. C. Bom-berger; "Curtin and Clement B. Bar-clay," by Craig Blddle; "Curtin as Min-ister to Russia," by Titian J. Coffey; "Curtin's Gubernatorial Battles," by "Curtin's Gubernatorial Battles," by Thomas M. Marshall; "Curtin as a Civil Administrator," by William H. Arm-strong; "Curtin and Pennsylvania at the Bebinning of the War," by Galusha A. Grow; and "Curtin in the Constitution-al Convention." by Harry White. Of each of these authors a half-tone por-trait is given, and there are a number of portraits of the subject, taken at different periods of his eventful and varied career.

One of the most readable chapters in this list-to our notion the most inter-esting one, because touching those hu-man qualities which in any study of a man quanties which in any study of a great career give the sense of kinship and tap the springs of sympathy—is that wherein Governor Hastings con-siders "Curtin's Personal Attributes." In the other papers, Curtin is studied as the executive official and master of affairs; here he is presented to us as Curtin, the man. Governor Hastings' first recollection of the war governor was in the fall of '67. Mr. Curtin had just returned from a trip to Cuba, and yas standing upon the corner of the public square. In Beltefonte, conversing with a dozen neighbors to whom, in spite of official honors past and antici-pated, he was just plain "Andy." "I re-member," says the present governor, "that he closed his talk with the asser-

tion that the people of Cuba ought to be as free as those of the United States. and he believed that she sometime would be." This is General Hastings' description of Curtin at this period:

description of Curtin at this period: The personality of Governor Curtin was admirable. If it were possible to leave out of sight the lawyer, the war governor the diplomat, the orator, the statesman and to consider only his personal character istics, their charm would have been suffi-cient to make him famous in his genera-tion. In his youth his personal appear-ance was most marked and captivating Several inches above six feet in height

BIOGRAPHY. ANDREW GREGG CURTIN: His Life and Services. Edited by William H. Egle, M. D. Philadelphia: Avil Print-ing company. The experiment has been tried in this large and handsome book of getting

Much has been written since Andrew Curtin's death about his unfailing gen-erosity, and this trait in his character has, in fact, become proverbial. But General Hastings in his contribution to the present volume narrates a new anecdote:

I was crossing the street near his home

home." "Here, take mine;" and suiting the ac-tion to the word, Governor Curtin re-moved his overcoat, and in a moment it was comfortably wrapped around the shoulders of the old wood-chopper, who walked off, showering blessings on his beneficity.

After his return as minister to Russia, Governor Curtin was importuned by thousands of old soldiers to assist them in getting pensions. To every request which he thought deserving, he re-sponded with all possible diligence, and often would go to Washington to pre-sent their cases in person before the commissioner.

commissioner. On one occasion the commissioner sent for the papers of the claimant whose case the governor was urging, and after inspecting them, informed him that the claimant was unable to file any proof ex-cepting his own affidavit that he had been disabled in battle, that under the rules there must be additional evidence, that nothing could be found in the hospital re-ports or other records of the alleged wound; and the claim must therefore be refused.

wound; and the claim must therefore be refused. "I will fill that gap myself," said Cur-tin. "I sent that boy to the army; he came to me immediately after the battle of Gettysburg and I saw his wound. I kept him at my house until he said he had recovered somewhat from his injury and was able to go back, but his health had broken and I had to send him home. Now," said Curtin, in a voice of thunder. "If that is not evidence enough to give this man a pension. I say damn the rules of the department." The pension was grant-on the spot.

Two more anecdotes from the Hast-

ings chapter and we shall have done That Curtin was a man characteristic ally alive to the spirit of things and opally alive to the spirit of things and op-posed to all superflouts accessories has already been indicated, but General Hastings is informed of an incident which brings this trait out in even clearer relief:

which brings this trait out in even clearer relief: In 1875, when the news had reached Bellefonts of the great fire which swept out of existence the town of Osceola, situate on the boundary of Center county, situate on the boundary of Center county, and left thousands of people homeless and destitute, an alarm was sounded by the ringing of bells, and the people rushed to the court house. filling it to overflowing, o take action with reference to helping he sufferers. Some one moved that the meeting should organize by the election of a president, vice-president and secreta-ties, whereupon Governor Curtin quicklif jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "My God, neighbors, it is not presidents, vice-presidents and secretaries of this meet-ing that the people of Osceola need. They want bread and meat and clothing and helter. Go to your homes and bring these

to the hackman. Come down or I'll pull you down. "The fellow climbed down and they went at it. In less than this of minutes the Bucktaff had Bucked his opponent all over the street and had him yelling for mercy. Giving him a parting kick, he said: There, governor, was that done to your pleasement? I told him it was, and he made the driver get up on his carriage, and, climbing up beside him, told him, with many threats, to drive the woman to her destination. "I went back to Governor Buckingham, who, pointing to the crowd the scone had drawn, said: "Governor, governor, what the terrible example you have set to the people at this time when the government is fighting for its very existence. Why did tyou invoke the law to punish that man". "We all that that man". to the Backman. Come down of they you down." "The fellow climbed down and they went at it. In jess than thidd minutes the Bucktail had knocked his opporient all over the street and had him yelling for mercy. Giving him a parting kick, he raid: "There, governor, was that done to your pleasement." I told him it was, and he made the driver get up on his carriage, and, climbing up beside him, told him, with many threats, to drive the woman to her destingtion.

with many threats, to drive the woman to her destination. "I went back to Governor Buckingham, who, pointing to the crowd the scene had drawn, said: ""Governor, governor, what <u>c</u> terrible example you have set to the people at this time when the government is fighting for its very existence. Why didn't you invoke the law to punish that man?" "Well. I said, 'that way may do for you people from the land of steady habits, but at a time like this we Pennsylvanians take the short cut."

you people from the land of steady habits, i but at a time like this we Pennsylvanians take the short cut." "The next day I called on President Lin-coin. After we had talked a while he said, with his quaint smile. 'Curtin, I hear you've taken a new duty on yourself.' "What's that?" Regulating the hackmen of the city. Then I knew he had heard of it, and told him the story. He laughed, but said: 'The city authorities have com-plained of it and your man may be arrest-ed. You had better look after him." "As I left the while house I saw an-other Bucktail and asked him where his regiment was camped and how they were geing along. He said they were camped in the city and that everything was all right. 'Except,' he added, 'Andy Curtin got one of our fellows to thrash a hack-man yesterilay and the police are coming to camp today to arrest him for it." ."'Go right to camp,' said I, 'and tell them not to let them take him.' "'Wy, who are you?' says he. "'Andy Curtin,' I repiled. He gave me one look and started for camp on the run. And I heard after,'' said the gover-nor, with a laugh of keen enjoyment, "that when the officer came with the war-rant they ran him out of camp, yelling for help."

That the publication of this book will afford gratification to all admirers of one of Pennsylvania's greatest, most versatile and most original sons does not need statement. Dr. Egle, in his own direct composition and in his even more difficult task as editor, has suc-ceeded uncommonly well, and the volceeded uncommonly well, and the vol-ume of which he was the inspiration will properly take rank among those standard works of vital blographical interest without which no library can be considered complete. L. S. R.

FICTION.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA OF A NORTH-ERN ZONE. From the Danish of Holger Drachmann. Translated by Thorkild A. Schovelin and Francis F. Browne. Blue cloth. 12mo. hand-made paper. \$1.25. Chicago: Way & Williams. The thought which is in one's mind as one first takes this book in hand is that there must be something of assurthat there must be something of assur

that there must be something of assur-ance in its challenging comparison with the immortal classic of St. Plerre. But if one should be guided by this prema-ture impression to lay the book aside, unread, one would make a sacrifice as needless as it would be great. For, with due allowance for differences in any other the table of the Northern environment, this idyll of the Northern land is certainly not unworthy to stand on terms of equality beside its more fa-mous predecessor. It, too, deals in sim-ple, direct manner with the loves and folbles of plain peasant folk. A strip of sand on the bank of the Danish sea, with a streak of forest for a background and come for small houses of faber folk and some few small houses of fisher folk or sailors scattered throughout the foreground, ever in view of the restless waves, forms it site and supplies what critics would call its "atmosphere;" while a gloomy old blacksmith, with

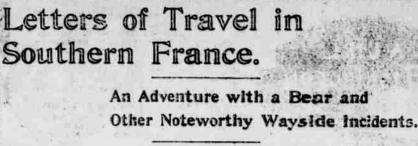
differ in its treatment of Irish themes from the spurious chromo work which, in most plays and novels, distorts and insuits the Irish character. But time and space deny us that privilege. We can, however, indulge ourselves in one recommendation; and that is that the reader of these lines, if he would ex-petience a real treat, hie him to the nearest book stalls and take Lisconnel by barier. by barter.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

LITERARY GOSSIP. May Abbott, the accomplished reviewer for the Chicago Times-Herald, has fears for the trains fast enough; page after page of the trains fast enough; page after page for the money comes, and in the first whose fame is at the the work the environment the money comes, and in the first whom the money comes, the second the second page of a uthors of the present day with polars, and the end-carly and audden-be soon. Barrle, whose first writings were had the very orducing harryling, serm whom the second harden brumtochty folk whom how the sealt with as daintily and has now, it is staid, carly and audden-be poor old hidden Drumtochty folk whom he empted aimself aligned over whither for the pauses. There was the whom the separation or confusion. Zang where he cleverest of all the London lot, he withes where he cleverest of all the london lot, he withes where he may the a lattel is pending with where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where he may the a lattel is pending wither where her

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ture prosperity in the nineteenth century nineties." If it if Fad-following in typography, just now so exuberant, calls from the Chicago Journal a timely rebuke. Says it: "Be-fore William Morris undertook to print his own works and was content that the world should read what he wrote in good round Roman type, the world read what he wrote. But from the day he conceived the idea that what he wrote must be pre-sented in grotesque, black-letter type, on specially-prepared paper, with lamp-black ink, the world has ceased to be interested in what he wrote. From being a writer of books Mr. Morris became a printer of briea-brac. If the effect of Mr. Morris' idlosyncrasy, to hide his literary light un-der and archaic style, printed in eye-kil-ing the style, printed in eye-kil-ing the style and prome to run after new things. So the Kelmscott press has been imitative tribe and prome to run after new things. So the Kelmscott press has been imitative tribe and prome to run after new things. So the Kelmscott press has been imitative tribe and prome to run after new things. So the Kelmscott press has been imitative tribe and prome to run after new things. So the Kelmscott press has been imitative tribe and prome to run after new things with disarre typographical effects. This was all right so long as he confined to the best printers in America, has failen a victim to the fad for printing books with bizarre typographical effects this experiments to books primarily in-teract for the calmets of collectors of the rare, the odd, and the antique. But his a widely-read magazine as the Century is nothing short of a crime against the eye-sight of America and England. The low of old books because of the wise or beau-nation for old books because of their clear, round, readable print and their strong, round, readable print and their strong in which to print persons. But which is print the to print persons of any one not in cahoots with oculists and on the barst, etter period for publishers, announce as ready for publica-



Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Nimes, France, Jan. I.-This is how the guide book tells one to go from Avignon to Nimes, taking the train at Pont du Avignon, across the Rhone from the town. "Beyond Aramon the line quits the Rhone and enters the valley of the Gardon, passing Thesiers and Remoulins. The Pont du Gard lies about two miles to the west of Remouins, and is reached by crossing the suspension bridge and then turning to the right by the Lafous road. Carriage for -3 persons four francs there and back." A word about guide books. They are almost indispensable in Europe to give

almost indispensable in Europe to give one the names of hotels, rates of car-riage fare and size and history of towns, but there is one golden rule to follow with them. It is always keep ahead of the guide book. Don't go through Europe following a title red-covered in every particular. If you really wigh to see a country, to be able to stop and enjoy any fine bit of scenery or interesting thing you may come or interesting thing you may come across, the best way is to walk through parts of it, and so I decided to walk from Avignon to Nimes.

Old Fort St. Andre.

An early start—a very important thing for a long walk—took me across the river Villeneuve les Avignon, and by 8 o'clock I was in front of the very interesting old Fort St. Andre, which built by the popes in the time when they held their court at Avignon, between the years 1305 and 1377. Seven popes reigned there and the country round about remained a papal dependency un-til the French Revolution. The entrance to the fort is between two massive battlemented towers and

is very well preserved, as are the walls, Just underneath the hill on which the fort stands is a very quaint old quar-ter of the town, built amid the ruins of the Carthusian monasteries. The houses are built around the old cioisters, the corridors form the streets of the section and the effect is necessarily picturesque.

After a cup of coffee and a roll at the Cafe d'la Universe—it's a poor French town that hasn't its Cafe de Paris, its Cafe de France and its Cafe d'la Uni-verse-I started from Villeneuve. The road wound around a hill, on reaching road wound around a hill, on reaching the top of which a magnificent view is obtained. Olive groves, dotted with red tiled houses, slope down to the river Rhone, across which stands the plcturesque town of Avignon, the huge palace of the popes rising high above it. Then back of the town level plains stretching to the Alpines, and back of them and filling in the network of Alpines.

them and filling in the picture, the Alps, lifting their summits high into the heavens. Outside the walls of Avignon some thousands of French soldiers were go-ing through their morning exercise, and

although the distance must have been several miles, the sound of their volces as they counted "Un, Deux, Trois, Quatre," was easily distinguishable. Interesting Zoological Phenomena.

From this point the road led across From this point the road led across a table land, richly cultivated, and I passed a number of peasants driving into town on their high two-wheeled carts. If the cart is of average size a horse draws it, but if it is unusually large they procure the smallest donkey obtainable and hitch him to it. Some of these little aimals are so small that one feels like buying a cou-ble for souvenirs. They are perhans.

Roman ruin I was in search of, the Pont du Gard. Now we fail back on the omniscient Bedeker for the facts. The Pont du Gard, spanning the Gar-don at the bend of the valley, is one of the most imposing monuments of the Romans which remain to us. It forms wart of an acqueduct twenty-five the Romans which remain to us. It forms part of an aqueduct twenty-five and a half miles long, built to convey to Nimes the water of two springs in the neighborhood of Alzes, and is

the neighborhood of Alzes, and is ascribed to Agrippa, son-in-law of Au-gustus (B. C. 19). The bridge is about 880 feet long and 160 feet high, and is composed of three tiers of arches, each less wide than the one below. The first two tiers consist respectively of six and eleven arches of equal span, the third of thirty-five smaller arches. The whole is admirably constructed of large stones, and no cement has been used except for the canal on the top. The hills bordering the river are very pretty but for once at least the work of man dwarfs the work of nature, and the only thing the eyed wells on is the old Pont. In such good preservation is it that it scarcely seems old, and it looks good for another innetcen hundred years. Of course, parts of it have been

years. Of course, parts of it have been restored, but so big is it that like the arena at Arles, restoration cannot affect

Onward Toward Nimes.

The sight of this bridge made me The sight of this bridge made me wish more than ever to see the city that in olden times was of sufficient impor-tance to have such a massive aque-duct built for it, and so, after an hour's stay I started again for Nimes. A sign-board at Remoulins reads "A Nimes 20 kilometres," and if I was to get there before dark it behooved me to hurry. After leaving Remouling the way lad with Dr. Pierce' ant Pellets, as Liv They have don After leaving Remoulins the way led

over a level agricultural country with nothing of especial interest in the way of scenery. Notwithstanding the fact that I passed through several very picturesque old towns the latter half of my day's walk resolved itself into a counting of the kilometres, which the excellent system of distance posts enexcellent system of distance posts en-ables me to do very readily on a French road. At 5 o'clock, just as the street lamps were being lit, I reached Nimes. The next day one is likely to think that perhaps the guide book's way of get-ting from Avignon to Nimes has some merits after all. One doesn't have quite so much of that tired feeling if he goes by rail. But then, he doesn't see so much. Winford J. Northup.

BY THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

Longing.

Longing. The hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea, And my heart, my heart, Oh, far one! sets and strains toward thee. But only the feet of the mountain are felt by the rim of the plain, And the source and soul of the hurrying stream reach not the calling main.

The dawn is sick for daylight, the morn-ing yearns for the noon, And the twilight sights for the evening star and the rising of the moon. But the dawn and the daylight never were seen in the self-same skies, And the gloaming dies of its own desire when the moon and the stars arise.

The Springtime calls to the Summer: "Oh, mingle your life with mine;" And the Summer to Autumn 'plaineth low: "Must the harvest be only thine?" But the nightingale goes when the swal-low comes, ere the leaf is the blossom fied.

Death may die burt Love is deathless.

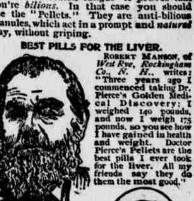
Since Wo Must Die.

II.

Or roam beneath the moon

should take one only of Doctor Pierce's Pleas-ant Pellets. Yon'r and livthe gen-tle stim-ulating, as well as invigorating, effect of these tiny, sugar-coat-ed granules. If you feel drowsy, dull,drowsy, languid, languid, inex-pressibly tired or debilitated; if you've no ap-petite and frequent headaches or diziner a furred or coated tongue—it proves the you're billions. In that case you show use the "Pellets." They are anti-billion granules, which act in a prompt and nature way, without griping.

AFTER DINNER when you have



R. MANSON, ESO LIVER PILLS.

They have done more good than any other med-cine I have ever taken."

EVA M. HETZEL'S Superior Face Bleach, Positively Removes All Facial Blemishes.



carts. If the cart is of average size a thore draws it, but if it is unusually large they procure the smallest donker obtainable and hitch him to it.
Some of these little aimals are so small that one feels like buying a couple of the source interesting feature of the fer sourcentries. They are, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the french roads, and I never tire of watching the most interesting feature of the is dead.
And hunger and thirst, and wall and wall, are lost in the empty air.
And hunger and thirst, and wall and wall, are lost in the touch of the comply air.
And hunger and thirst, and wall and wall, are lost in the touch of the comply air.
And hunger and thirst, and wall and wall, are lost in the touch of the comply air.
And the hills slope down to the valley, the the touch of the comply are modeling me for the room water my beart. my beart the sea.

"MEVIVO

Made a

Well Man

of Me.



11

Several inches above six feet in height, broad shoulders, perfect symmetry of figure, smooth shaven face, black hair perfect teeth, blue eyes, large, well-shape, head smooth and symmetrical features and an unsus grace and dignity of man ner, he was the distinguished individua in every assemblage in which he ap-peared. In him the quality of personal magnetism was largely developed, per-haps in a more marked degree than ir any other public man of his time. There was a charm about his presence, a quali-ty in his voice, assomething in his bearing that seemed to attract all classes to him unusually. It was frequently said that when "Andy" Curtin appeared on the streets in Bellefonte, "every child smilled upon him, and every dog wagged his tail." everal inches above six feet in height

Of Curtin as an orator, particularly before juries, in days when the law and evidence in a case were usually of subordinate consequence to the foresenic ability of the opposing attorneys, the governor speaks in terms of profuse praise. His command over the sympa-thles of judge, jurors and auditors is described as incomparable in the circle in which he moved prior to the accept-ance of political responsibilities. And apropos thereof, this story is given:

apropos thereof, this story is given: A father denied the parentage of a child, and witnesses were called in large num-bers to establish a seemingly impregnable alibi. To clinch the proof, a daguerreo-type was offered in evidence to show that he was in another place at the time of the aliged offence. "Daguerreotypes!" said Curtin, "establish this alibi with a daguer-reotype!" and seizing the babe in his arms he carried it before the jury and in a voice of thunder said: "Gentlemen of the jury, here is God's daguerreotype, which no one can mistake!" The effect was electrical. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff without leaving the box. In the public affairs of Bellefonte

In the public affairs of Bellefonte Curtin took, from the first, an active part. He was the chief officer of the voluncer fire company and captain of the "State Fencibles," the first military company of the town. The latter or-ganization was, as could be expected, the pride of Bellefonte, and member-ship in it was a prima facie proof of dis-tingtion. General Heathers seconds tinction. General Hastings recalls a diverting circumstance which bears on this phase of Curtin's popularity:

The funeral of a member of the Fenci-bles was an important event and attracted great crowds. A file and drum corps fol-lowed the minister and preceded the hearse, while the Fencibles, with solemn hearse, while the Fencibles, with solemn tread, preceded the immediate members of the family of the deceased. Thus sol-emnly marshalled, they proceeded to the village graveyard, where the ceremony was closed by the firing of volleys of blank cartridges over the grave. Upon one occa-sion the procession halted in front of the "Red Lion Tavern" (on the site of which is now the home of the writer) to adjust some difference that arose between the some difference that arose between the sergeant of the company and the bass

fer is told by General Hastings in the third person, but we shall take the lib-erty to repeat it as Mr. Curtin himself related it to Colonel Harry Hall of the Pittsburg Times, just a few days prior to his death:

Pittsburg Times, just a few days prior to his death: "Immediately after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1852," said the war governor. "I went down to Washington to look after such of my boys from Pennsylvania as might need core. Things were in a terrible condition. Ev-ery one was appailed and disheartened. The wounded were corning in from the battle, and, there being no means of caring for so many, they were lying on the Poto-mac wharves, almost on the bare snow it-self. I went to work and did what I could, and was in my room in the hotel one day when word came that a woman wanted to see me. She was brought in and proved to be a woman 1 knew, the wife of a farmer in the central part of Pennsylva-nia, who had come down to find out about her son. Rumor said he was wounded, and a mother's love had brought her to find him. She was poorly clad, and al-though it was in winter. I remember she wore one of the old-fashioned sunbon-nets, siffened with strips of pasteboard, She had got to Washington that morning, could get no tidings of her son, and now, the hotels being all crowded, could find ro place to stay. She seemed almost heart. "I told her I would endeavor to get

the hotels being all crowded, could into its place to stay. She seemed almost heari-broken. "I told her I would endeavor to get word of her son, and, learning from the hotel-keeper where there was a reputa-ble boarding house, paid a hackman \$2 to take her there. Beeing her started, I stoppd on the street to talk to Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, who was in Washington on the same errand as my-self. While we were talking I heard a rough voice ordering some one, with oaths, to 'get out, and be quick about it!' I had hired trying to get the poor woman out of the carriage. Inquiring what it meant, she told me, with tears, that after he had driven her a little ways he had way dered her to get out, and on her refusing not knowing where she was, he had brough ther back. I asked him what he meant by such conduct, but the fellow, big, burly ruffian, just cursed and swore and asked me what I was going to do about it. "I was at a loss, for I didn't want a

and asked me what I was going to do about it. "I was at a loss, for I didn't want a disturbance with him on the public street, when I saw coming along a big, rawboned soldier with a bucktail in his hat. I called on him, and found that he knew me. So I told him the story. "Come down off that coach,' he said

theiter. Go to your homes and bring these hings to the railroad station as quick as you can, and I will furnish the cars to end them forward at once." It is im-ossible to describe the effect of these words. The court house was emptied in a ninute. People rushed to their homes for their contributions, and soon the car-toads of relief were on their way to the infortunate people of the fire-swept town. The last personal reminiscence of An-frew Gregg Curin to which we shall re-fer is told by General Hastings in the

Moreover, unlike some writers of his clime, this Danish St. Pierre has no hobbies to ride, no crazy theories to ex-ploit and no Problems to solve. He is content with the artist's function alone, and cares not a fillip of his finger for all

and going-play, work, rest-not to be interrupted by anything less peremp-tory than death or disablement. This waz-by-the-wall swings and swings its

Messrs. Way & Williams, the Chicago publishers, announce as ready for publica-tion "Hand and Soul" by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, reprinted from The Germ by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press, in golden type, 16mo, bound in vellum, 3.25 nct. The edition consists of 529 paper copies and twenty-one copies on vellum. Of the former, twenty-five were printed for Mr. Morris, five for the English librarles, 190 for England, and 300 for America. Of the twenty-one copies on vellum, all of which have been sold, four copies were printed for Mr. Morris, eleven were sold in England, and sk have been soid in America. The paper , copies printed for England have been subscribed for. New subscriptions will be entered in the order of their receipt, and the price of those copies remaining unsoid Feb. 1 will be advanced.

advanced.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:

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they may be charging me for the room

Leaving the table land and the road I climbed a little hill, and here I had what might be termed an adventure. I was going through a little bit of wood just before the summit was reached, when I heard something scrambling down the side of the road, and looking up saw a bear making for me. If we did not have the word nervous in the language I think I should be compelled to say I was frightened, but having that word, I will say that I felt somewhat nervous, and gripped my umbrella-my sole defense—somewhat hopelessly. When climbing the hill I had heard By his tomb let us part, But, hush! he is waking! He hath winged a dart And the mock-cold heart With the wos of want is aching. what seemed to be the bark of a dog, and was prepared for him, but a bear was an entirely different thing.

And there was no doubt about this being a real live bear, if growls count-ed for anything. He had taken several steps in my direction, and I was con-templating an ignominious flight, when he stopped, and to my intense relief. I say he was chained to a tree. If I had Feign we to more, Sweet Love lies breathless, All we foreswore saw he was chained to a tree. If I had overed the chain a little would have saved me a bad quarter of a minute.

Afoul of a Gypsy Camp.

I. Though we must die, I would not die When yearlings blindly bleat, When wild geese stream across the sky, And the cart-lodge timbers creak. For it would be so lone and drear To sheep beneath the snow, When children carol Christmas cheer, And Christmas rafters glow. Deciding that where there was a chain there must be a man, and keep-ing well on the other side of the road,

ing well on the other side of the road, I passed his bearish majesty and dis-covered, around a bend of the road, a gypsy camp. A number of beautiful brown-skinned children were rolling over each other on the green in front of the tents, and a monkey leaped chattering from tree to tree. The mo-ment they saw me, they all, children and monkey, made a rush for me and Nor would I die, though we must die, When yeanlings blindly bleat, When the cuckoo laughs and lovers sigh, And oh, to live is sweet! And on, to hve is sweet. When cowslips come again, and spring So winsome with their breath And Life's in love with everything-With everything but Death. and monkey, made a rush for me and Let me'not die, though we must die, When bowls are brimmed with cream, When milch cows in the meadows lie Or wade amid the stream; When dewy-dimpled roses smile To see the face of June, And had and lass meet at the stile Or snam beneath the moon

begged for coppers. All the older gyp-sles seemed to be not at home, and the children were running the camp. The Pennells, in their study of the gypsies, have made the observation that these nomadic folk always choose a site for their comme discovery. a site for their camps commanding a fine view, and this camp was no excep-tion. The table land over which I had tion. The table failed out below me just passed was spread out below me like a carpet bounded on the hori-zon by the mountains. The camp itsolf was a small one of only two tents. I should have liked to examine it a little more closely than I did, but the

IV. Since we must die, then let me die When flows the harvest ale, When the reaper lays the sickle by And taketh down the fiall; When all we prized and all we planned is ripe and stored at last, And Autumn looks across the land And ponders on the past-Then let me die. -Alfred Austin. children were importunate, the monkey jumped at me confindally, and I had not any too great faith in the strength of that bear's chain, and so I came on.

Another Roman Ruin.

From the camp the road descended to Remoulins which I found to be a small town of no great interest. Crossing the garden, which runs by the town. R.DIN'S Celebrated Fema Powders Dever fa the road turned to the north and a walk of perhaps two miles brought me to the

And my heart, my heart, Oh, far one! sets and strains toward thee.

RESTORES VITALITY. Sweet Love Is Dead. Sweet Love is dead; Where shall we bury him? In a green bed, With no stone at his head And no tears nor prayers to worry him. Do you think he will sleep Dreamless and quiet? Yes, if we keep Silence nor weep O'er the grave where the ground worms riot. Lat Day. (14/19 Lith Day.

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