By HERBERT D. WARD.

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Among the boomers, in the rush for Oklahoma, are Caddy Korall, a widow, her feeble, but brave little son, Eub, and her baby girl, Wee, 3 years old, Caddy puts her wagon in charge of Bub, and makes the rush on horse-back, with her baby tied to the saddle in front of her, leaving Bub to follow more slowly. She and "Grizzly Jim," a desperado, and a handsome girl on a fine horse outstrip all the others in the race, Grizzly Jim, indicating himself beaten after a race of eight miles, fires his rifle at the girl, but hits Caddy instead, who falls from her borse. The girl gives up the race and stops to take care of Caddy. Grizzly Jim ribes on, andreachesa desirable claim in the Cimarron valley. There he finds Caddy's horse, who has galloped along with the baby Wee. Jim is quite nonplused, but unfastens her from the saddle and gives her a drink of water. He is overcome by her baby ways, and decides that she shall have the claim. As he takes his spade and digs in the ground to fulfill the conditions, the shouts of approaching boomers are heard.

With this friendly advice the man rode rapidly away. Where does the news of disaster obtain its winged feet? Bub nevs of disaster obtain its winged feet? Bub nevs of disaster obtain its winged feet? Bub news of disaster obtain its winged feet? Bub nevs of disaster obtain its winged feet? Bub never stopped to wonder at the accuracy of the statement, but turned to the left and, with futuering heart, urged ho SYNOPSIS. ers are heard.

PART IL "If it ain't Grizzly Jim! Beat by Grizzly Jim again, boys! Pony up,

Jim! We'll let you off cheap.

There were three of these despera-does who looked with pride upon the man holding the spade. Was he not the leader in the marauding expedition? Had he not outdone them in



"I SHALL STAY HERE WITH THE BABY, SO HELP ME."

lawlessness, and proved his superiority? Had he not violently staked his claim in the richest soil in Oklahoma? "Hush! Keep quiet, you galoots! You'll wake the bebby!" said Jim, sternly, pointing at the sleeping child.
"I thought you killed him." said one of the three, indicating in a disappointed tone Jerry's empty saddle.
"This is the beloby's claim, an' don't

you forgit it, and the first feller that tries to jump it. I'll jump on him like a catamount. You know me-an' this

said Grizzly Jim, patting his belt with the security of one who could split a bullet with a knife blade fifty yards. The three retired to consult. Presently one returned and said in a whisper, after a warning gesture from Jim; Be'an you a-going to stay here?" "You bet."
"How long?"

"Till the bebby hez her claim fer

"You fellers kin go on an go to bust —I shall stay here with the bebby, so help so——" Jim's face turned toward the baby, and then, for the first time since he could remember, he pro-nounced with reverence the awful name

The three watched him as he stood firmly beside the child. His rifle was in his hand. His word was as good as his aim. Everybody knew that. The

baffled men murmured and made a scanty show of disrespect. Their old leader's strange freak and stern face disconcerted them, and soon enough they grumblingly rode out of the valley to some other plundering ground. Then Jim heaved a mighty sigh, his mouth twitched; he leaned low over his charge. "For yer mammy's sake—an' my own bebby's sake—so help me God." Then he reverently kissed the True to his mother's directions, Bub

kept straight for the river. The child had not gone four miles before he saw a sight which was not infrequent in that lawless territory where over 30,000 boomers were struggling for less than 11,000 homesteads. Among this throng were those who were some of the old were those who were some of the old original boomers, who knew Oklahoma as well as you do your garden. When these find any "tenderfoot" or new-comer ahead of them, they treat him as a trespasser upon their own property. One of this class, who considered any One of this class, who considered any part of/the opened territory as his own original inheritance, had come across a young fellow of twenty, occupying a fine bit of prairie which he had rightfully preempted. He had dug his dirt, and now, with the satisfaction of a hard duty accomplished, was firing his pistol frantically in the air in true boomer style. The border ruffian had ridden up, and, with oaths that he considered suitable to the occasion, had ordered the young man off in two minutes. The younthful boomer hurried to load, but a bullet in his brain ended his career. Now, this was observed by many, and Bub saw it with horror, and with greater terror noticed that the deed excited no remark. It seemed quite natural, in this dreadful place, to kill anyone who tried to protect his property. The child thought of his mother. She must be safe upon her claim by this time. Besides, she was a woman, and who could touch a woman?

He drove on slowly two or thre

miles, when the man in the wagon that bore the inscription "Oklahomy or bust" rode up beside him and said: They say a woman has been shot up there," pointing to the left. "Some cuss headed her off with his gun when she was goin' to stake her claim. There is plenty of fire-eaters about this day They hed quite as lief plug one ez not You had better take keer."



With this friendly advice the man rode rapidly away. Where does the news of disaster obtain its winged feet?

manly self-restraint beyond his years. Both children look well fed and are well dressed. Were is scruphlously himself that he knew by instinct how clean and Bub is conscientiously himself that he knew by instinct how clean a not to add to the suffering of another. He did not cry out nor make a fuss, nor startle the mangled woman with his grief. He only put his thin cheek

"Poor mamma," he said, "dear mamma; you got hurt haven't you? Never mind; Bub's here. I'll take care of you. Shall I get the quintne?" said Bub, gulping down the tears. Receiving no answer but the groans of the dying woman, the child said:
"Perhaps you'd rather have the mus

tard plaster? I think I know where the blue pills are," added Bub, "they're under the seat in the waren somewheres," But a power greater than quinine and blue mass (the main condituents of the boomer's materia med ica) defied the little nurse. His mother's aunt, blue eyes regarded him soler's aunt, blue eyes regarded the control of them. A senally. Death looked out of them. A woman's protest against the fate of her motherless babes gathered like an her motherless babes gathered like an my life to you." army in her nature and fought for "Poor Bub." she monned, "my little

little, Bub! My sick boy! And oh. my baby! Where's my baby? Where is ly Wee?"

'Here she is, marm!" A big, bass voice, shaken with emo-tion as new to the desterado as the baby's delicate kiss upon his coarse cheeks, interrupted the piteous scene: Grizzly Jim stood there, Jerry pant-ing behind him; Wee, the baby, cuddied trustfully against his bloodstained | I-You!" cried a sharp, young voice

ow hair-the adventuress, who had are several cases ahead of yours on the abandoned the choicest claim in Okla-docket, noma for another woman's sake. She "But, the girl in a matter-of-fact tone, restraining herself powerfully: "I only left her for a minute. Here, you poor tiding! Drink, if you can, I'll hold you, Come, my little lad," gently to the crippled boy; "let me help: I'm stronger than you. I won't hurt her. She needs a woman—a woman does when it comes to dying."

At the comes to dying."

She stopped him again.
"I must insist that these matters be said, sharply, "Put your proposition in writing and file it with my maid, and it will receive due attention when it is reached in the regular course of business. I haven't time to listen to oral arguments in a case that arguments in a case that

At this juncture the baby-girl began to laugh and pat her pink hands, open-ing and shutting her little fingers rapidly with delight "Mummer!" cried Wee, "Mummer! Dee mummer!"

'Lord have mercy on me!" wailed the dying woman, "two of 'em babiesleft in this awful place. Why, I can't die. I won't die!"

Grizzly Jim advanced suddenly; he removed the solled sombrero from his shaggy head; he sank upon one muddy

"D'ye mean it, Grizzly Jim? An yer pockets could bulge in three days wid to them fools are bringin' in?"

shaggy head; he sank upon one made, knee before poor Caddy.

"Marm," he said, bluntly, "I shot at ye; I own to 't. I meant to hit another woman, I missed my dog-goned aim for the fust time in twenty year." A slight smile crossed the lips of th yellow-haired girl who held the dying woman's head upon her broad, strong breast; but she didn't look up, nor

answer Grizzly Jim. After an Instant's silence she said in a low voice: "You've got the floor, you, sir. Keep it. Drive ahead, She won't hold out many minutes."
"All I've got to say, marm, is this

here," pursued Jim unsteadily: "I've done the mischief and I'll bide the con-sequence. Yer horse an' yes bebby got yer claim, an' I staked it fur 'em, an' by Heaven above us, marm, I'll keep i



"DEAR MAMMA: YOU GOT HURT HAVEN'T YOU?"

an' the young ones too." The anguish -an' the young ones too." The anguish of the dying woman's face wrenched this great resolve from the depth of that new tumult in Jim's soul, which we call repentance.

"Goody man!" gurgled Wee, going over to him with a lelling, curving mo-tion like a kitten at play with a light string, "Good man, div Wee drink-o-watah, Mummer! Dee, dee, mum-mer!"

all, was so like himself in better im-

pulses.

"Do yer think the boy 'ud trust me, too?" He pointed at the lad, who, with streaming eyes, was throwing wild flowers on the covered body. The feeble child looked up. He walked manfully to his mother's murdered, "I dunno," said the boy, slowly, "Til try. I hain," got anybody else." he try. I hain't got anybody else," he sobbed.

Strange to say, Grizzly Jim kept his word. A claim was duly filed at the land office in the name of Jim Coster, in trust for Wee and Bub Korali. No better claim has been entered. Okla-homa respects the babys boomer's rights. rights.

Now it befell that Jim's three com

panions were shot for theft next day in Oklahoma by a vigliance committee, and Jim pondered much upon this fact when he heard it. "I'd hev been four," he muttered: "the bebby saved me." The dark deed he did and the shame of it, proved his angels. In wild lives of it, proved his angels. In wild lives like his, this sometimes happens, and in justice to our border life be it said that such transformations always com-

mand the reverence they deserve.

It was not past midsummer, yet a rude cabin, plastered with mud, had risen in "Wee Vailey." A baby girl plays at the door. A sad-eyed, sickly boy watches her as he cuts seed potators for Jim, their guardian, to plant.

When the new school house opened in nor startle the mangled woman with his grief. He only put his thin cheek down close to hers and petted her two or three times. where the yellow-haired girl plays the

The end.

I"Flore," a romance of the times of Cardinal Mazarin, by Stanley J. Weymar, will begin next Monday.]

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER.

Even in the Matter of a Proposal She Insisted That Court Rules Should Prevail. From the Chicago Post. She was the daughter of a judge and

listened with languid interest to "He specific in your pleading," she

cautioned. "Do not stray too far from the point at issue." He hesitated and then asked earnest-

"Will you be my wife?"

"Ah," she said, "now I see the point you wish to make." "I am not rich." he urged, "but I have enough to give you a comfortable home, and my prospects are bright. I offer you the leve of an honest man, who will do all in his power to make you happy.

She stopped him by a gesture. "You!" cried a sharp, young voice of the said, firmly but kindly. "There

time until late that night preparing a petition for a rehearing.

A PULLET IN THE POT.

There are many fragrant perfumes, And at times they fill the air With an odor so enticing That it seems to banish care, But there's one that's plainly captain Of the whole delicious lot. Tis the incense that arises From a pullet in the pot.

You may talk of scented spice groves Fareway in southern climes; Sing of tropic fruits and flowers In your most enchanting rhymes; But the fingle of the music Very soon will be forgot If you chance to smell the fragrance

Of a pullet in the pot. There are times when shouls of trouble Seem to float about my head; When the world seems set against me, And I wish that I were dead; But all thoughts of self-destruction Disappear upon the spot If I can but sniff the zepyhrs From a pullet in the pot.

Then dyspepsia is formotten, Of my gont I do not think, And I long to give an order 'Rout as quick as you can wink! And chuckle when the waiter Brings to me all steaming hot Dumplings light, with richest gravy, And that pullet from the pot.

Then I labor with that biped, And when I surround-the whole There's a fallness 'neath my waistcont And sweet pence within my soul. In my armehair then I slumber, Well contented with my lot, While in dreamland I am roving With that pullet from the pot.

Drive away each evil thought From an anarchist or felon Till his woes he quite forgot; And to help reclaim the fallen, I assure you there is not Anything can hold a candle

To a pullet from the pot, Orlo, L. Dobson, in Chicago Record.

GOLDEN_ **◆**MEDICAL◆ DISCOVERY.

The invention of Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief onsulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has, during the past thirty years, made a record in the cure of bronchial, throat and lung diseases that fairly entitles it to outrank all other advertised remedies for these affections. Executively the past it manifested its affections. Especially has it manifested its potency in caring consumption of the lungs.

Not every case, but we believe

Fully 98 Per Cent.

string. "Good man, div Wee drinkowatah, Mummer! Dee, dee, mummer!"

The woman's stiffening lips set themselves into one word only:

"Pray-pray!"

Grizzly Jim looked at the strong girl.

The girl looked at Grizzly Jim.

"I cant," she faltered. "I've forgotten how."

"I darsn't," he muttered. "I dun
know how."

"I do," said Bub, "mamma taught
me,"

The boy folded his thin hands, grimy
with tears, and in a shrilly quavering
voice began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"

At this moment the baby laughed
outright, lurching over. In the ringing of that little laugh, poor Caddy's
soul passed on. She smiled as she died
—and so died most quietly.

The adventuress covered the dead
matron's face; she did not speak. The
baby girl curled against Jim's breast,
and put up her fingers and began to
play "Danbury Cross" on his cheek.
Jim bowed his bared head over Wee,
so low that it was impossible to see his
eyes. Only Bob cried, and he made no
noise about it, but wailed in a low monotone, enough to break one's neart.

"I forgive you for drawing a bead
on me if you'll be a daddy to the young
ones. You took it so powerful hard.
I won't tell the soldiers on you. I
meant to," said the yellow-haired girl,
softly, after a few minutes' pause, "My
claim is staked here. You keep your
distance, and if you want the baby
tended and the boy mended up, I'll do
if for you." Jim tried to smile at the
rough, generous woman, who, after

What Has Been and Will Be in Our Local Theaters.

GOSSIP OF STAGE PAVORITES

Paragraphs of News and Comment Con cerning the Inhabitants of the Mimic World-Announcements of Coming Attractions - Theatrical Tidines.

Arrangements for the tour of a com-Arrangements for the tour of a company of stars in "The Rivals" have been completed, and on May 4 the strongest American company ever got together will leave New York on a month's memorable trup. The cast is to be as follows: "Bob Acres," Joseph Jefferson; "Sir Anthony Absolute," William H. Crane; "Sir Lucius O'Trigger," Nat C. Goodwin; "David," Francis Wilson; "Captain Absolute," Robert Taber; "Faulkland," Joseph Holland; "Fag," E. M. Holland; "Mrs. Malaprop," Mrs. John Drew; "Lydia Languish," Mrs. Julia Marlowe-Taber; "Lucy," Lotta, The company was "Lucy." Lotta. The company was evolved from the recent Couldock ben-efit given in New York, and was organized through the efforts of Charles B. Jefferson, a son of the actor, and Joseph Brooks, the manager. These Joseph Brooks, the manager. These two bought an atlas, and after careful study put dates opposite these places: May 4 .Springfield, Mass.; 5, Hartford; 6, New Haven; 7, New York, mattinee; 7, Brooklyn, night; 8, Philadelphia; 9, Baltimore, afternoon; 9, Washington, night; 11, Pittsburg; 12, Louisville; 13, Chebry, March 11, 11, Pittsburg; 12, Louisville; 13, Chebry, March 12, Louisville; 14, Louisville; 14, Louisville; 15, Louisville; 15, Louisville; 15, Louisville; 15, Louisville; 16, Louisville; 16, Louisville; 17, Louisville; 17, Louisville; 18, Louisvi Cincinnati, matinee and night; 14, St. Louis; 15, and 16, Chicago, two nights and matinee; 18, Milwaukee; 19, In-dianapolis; 20, Grand Rapids, Mich.; 21, Toledo, O., afternoon; 21, Detriot, night; 22, Columbus; 23, Cleveland; 25, Buffalo; 26. Rochester; 27. Syracuse, afternoon; 27. Utica, N. Y., night; 28. Albany; 29. Boston, afternoon; 29. Worester, Mass., night; 50, Providence,

No barn stormers or "fly-by-night" companies ever made more lively jumps than are suggested in this route, and when Charles Jefferson broke it gently to his respected parent, he was asked what the unnatural son expected would what the unnatural son expected would be left of the father by the time the tour was over. It meant thirty perfor-mances in thirty cities, and in and out of thirty hotels. That settled it. The first two were possible, but thirty hotels— never! This, says the Pittsburg Times, was finally disposed of by an ar-rangement with the Pullman company, and a special train is being put to-gether, with folding beds, buth rooms. gether, with folding beds, bath rooms, library and smoking room, with stew-ards and chefs, and a full corps of trained servants. This train will be known as "The Rivals' Special," and on it the company will eat and sleep. The scenery is being painted under direc-tion of Mr. Jefferson and will go along with the company. The expenses of the trip will be high, and the public will have to put up \$5 for orchestra seats, and but little less for the balconies.

Modjeska will positively not appear again this season. This statement has been issued by her manager, Frank L. Perley, who has disbanded her company and canceled all bookings. Mme. Modjeska will, it is understood, retire to her home in Southern California for rest and recuperation. Her appearance next season is almost assured. It is said she will create a new role in a is said she will create a new role in a play being written by a New York dramatist. Her season just ended has been the most lucrative one of her career since 1883. Up to the time of her illness, a few weeks ago, her books showed a net profit on sixteen weeks of her tour of \$22,000. From indicatalented Miss Crego, Chase and St.
om indicatour would
felix, comedy team; Billy Barbour, Annie Kingsley, Mayme Harvey, W. A.
Moriarity and others. The orchestra is
directed by Professor Vincent F. Irolli,
late leader of the Elgin Watch Facift befell tory band, and previous bandmaster in
Naples, Italy. There is no repertoire tions, the remainder of her tour would

Actor James E. Wilson tells this anecdote of Edwin Booth: "It befell him while he was having a quiet little all by himself in one of the naller cities where e was acting Seeing some particularly delightful looking cream puffs in a conspicuous part of a restaurant, he stepped in and purchased one. Without stopping to ponder upon the peculiarities of cream puffs, Mr. Booth, in the most cream putts, Mr. Rooth, in the most calculating and enthusiastic manner, bit exactly in the center of the spongy delicacy. Of course, a small stream of cream coxed out at each side of the bite, and gathered itself together on Mr. Booth's cheeks. Just at 'his juncture some one in the shop recognized the tragedian and cried out.

"Why, that's Mr. Booth!"
"Half a score of people crowded about and eyed the figure with interest. It was a trying position for a great tra-gedian, who was conscious of being in anything but a tragic role. But he went calmly on with his refreshment, eating with as much unconcern and en-joyment apparently as if he were 'far rom the madding crowd."

"'But," he said afterward, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I never did a better bit of acting in my life." There was a soprano whose name was

Miss Hyrd, The thest soprano that ever I byrd, She rung so divinely that men, 'pen my wyrd, Would melt into sears, their souls were so

No critic would venture her voice to

malign.

Her singing it was so remarkably fign.
But als! she said "Ves" when the bass said "He mign."

And straight from the choir Miss Byrd did resign.

—The Minstrel.

Miss Florence Bindley, who is to appear at the Academy this evening in her great scenic play "The (New) Captain's Mate," is one of the few "Lady Elks" of America. The following speaks for itself and is from the Jersey City. a new comedy-drama by Scott Martle, which Rich & Maeder will produce next season.

William A, Brady has purchased a new comedy from Alice E, Ives, which he has named "All For a Girl." "When New York Sleeps" is the peculiar title of a new play that William A, Brady will produce next season.

James Lackaye, brother of Wilton Lackaye, is receiving praise for his performance of Martin Berry in "Shore Actes."

The expenses, including rent, or conning theaters in New York varies from \$1.30 to \$2.500 a week. The larger number cost from \$15,000 to \$2.500 a week. The larger number cost from \$15,000 to \$2.500 a botta has been engaged to play Lucy, and Julia Marlowe-Taber, to play Lydia Languish, in "The Rivals," by the star cast headed by Joseph Jefferson.

Charles Hoyt has written, in all, fourteen plays, probably none of which will live as long as those of Shakespeare. But Mr. Hoyt has made \$500,000 out of them.

Next season at the New York Casino Canary & Lederer will have a stock organization for the performance of light operas, burlesques and musical comedies.

Percy Gauna, Thomas Prost and Dore Davidson are writing a musical comedies, which embodies the elements of comic opera, burlesque and farce-comeny, with mechanical contrivances.

"The Oid Homestead" has earned \$700,000; "The County Fair," \$500,000; "The Girl I Left Bellind Me," \$150,000, "The Wife," \$100,000, and "The Charity Ball," \$75,000, Mr. Palmer has made \$100,000 out of "Trilby." The popularity of "The Heart of Maryland" is not half exhausted, yet it has already earned \$75,000 for its author and manager.

Rev. Elias Abramson, of Beth Jacob N. J., Daily Times, Sept. 6, 1895; "To-night will be Elk night at the Academy of Music, Jersey City Jodge of Elks and their lady friends will form a party a honor of Sister Florence Bindley, who is an honorary member of the local lodge. "The (New) Captain's Mate" in fits revised form, is giving genuine sat-isfaction to the patrons of the Academy and the play goes with a boom, being full of ginger and snao from start to finish. The lines are bright, the finales strong, the acting good and the scenery new and appropriate. Florence Bind-ley is one of the brightest soubretter on the stage. She is a charming acriess, can sing and dance with the best of them and is a thorough musician— four rare accomplishments to be found in any person. The support is made up of ladies and gentlemen of metropoltan reputation.

James B. Mackie, the favorite young James B. Mackie, the favorite young talented comedian, who, as "Grimesey. Me Boy," for four years with Hoyt's "Banch of Keys" company, endeared himself to the amusement-loving public, will visit the Academy on Monday evening. He comes now as "Billy Grimes," of "Grimes' Cellar Door," but he is the same smiling "Grimesey" as of old, and promises to give you an evening of unparalleled pleasure and fun. Mr. Mackie won for himself great renown as "Grimesey Me Boy," but in renown as "Grimesey Me Boy," but in his new piece, "The Cellar Door," he has a much wider field to display his inimitable talents. He can dance, he can sing, as no one but Billy Grimes is capable of doing. He has surrounded himself with a company of superior merit, pretty girls, good dancers and

At the Academy on Thursday evening we are to have the beautiful comedywe are to have the beautiful comedy-drama, "The Brooklyn Handicap." We clip the following from the New York Herald of Sept. 18th: "The dialogue is well nigh perfect, and every one of the many situations is entirely natural— not an improbability exists in the in-tricately interesting plot. The drama-tization is of the delicious sort, and abounds with subtle little touches which the audience sees to reflect upon but a moment or so to see the why. In but a moment or so to see the why. In all likelihood no better cast could have

AMONG THE PLAYER-FOLK TRUE STORIES FROM REAL LIFE.



FROM WASHINGTON. In speaking of the many sudden deather that have lately taken place in public life. Congressman Daniel Lockwood said: "Our grandfathers had family remedies which seemed to preserve health and prolons life, and it would appear as if some mod-ern scientific preparation should be found that would answer the same purpose. Now, I think that if there is such a remedy it certainly is Warner's Safe Cure, I know of a great many people who use it constantly, and I have in mind one gentle-man connected with the government printing office here who, together with his wife has had occasion to be exceedingly grateful for the restored health and strength gained by the use of Warner's Safe Cure. Similar opinions are being constantly given by prominent men and they are

WORDS OF WISDOM.

been secured and the characters all

have considerable exactions. Scenic-ally considered, too, the play is a suc-cess. Broadway is seen in all its bustle.

and a startling denouement occurs when the villain is prevented from making his escape in a carriage drawn by a pair of fine baye."

There are few theater-goers who will

not hear with sincere pleasure that Jo-seph Hart, formerly of the firm of Hal-

len & Hart, has found a suitable play for his talents. Since the opening of the season Mr. Hart has been attracting

attention to himself in the leading role of a farce comedy entitled "A Gay Old Boy," which comes to the Academy next Wednesday, with a very strong bid for the favorable and kindly notice of this public. The piece is a vehicular

chance for Mr. Hart and his excellent

company to score a success. The story of the play used by Mr. Hart is ex-ceedingly simple. An elderly but rath-er convivial old gentleman makes the

acquaintance of pretty Parislan Chan-teuse, marries her forthwith and then

puts in a very anxious time introducing her to the sober and select circle in which her future life will be passed.

The scenes and furniture of the play are said to be special and the company

adequate to their roles. Among Mr. Hart's support are the following: Car-rie De Mar, May Thompson, Leona

Amrose, Neilie Hartley, Adel Archer, Theresa Woodward, Al Leech, Donald

Harold, Winfield Blake and Will H.

Among the acting members of Walte's blg show at the Frothingham for the

next two weeks will be found Cameron Clemens, late of the famous Rothrop Stock company, Boston, Mass. The talented Miss Crego, Chase and St.

Naples, Italy. There is no repe company in America that will pare with this one in any manner.

plays this season are all new at popular prices. Dime matinee every day after Monday of the first week. Ladies'

free tickets for the opening perform-ance can now be had at the box office.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wayne opened

a three days' engagement at the Park yesterday afternoon and evening, ap-pearing at both performances in the

sensational comedy drama in four acts entitled "From Sire to Son." They were

greeted by large audiences at both ap-

pearances and made a very favorable impression. Mr. and Mrs. Wayne are

polished people and are supported by a well-balanced company. "From Sire to

well-balanced company. "From Sire to Son" was introduced to the American public by Milton Noble, who has leased

it for the present season to the man-ager of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wayne. These gifted artists certainly produce

It is a very acceptable manner, as was demonstrated by the very liberal applause given them. —Ohio State Journal. They will produce this striking drama at Davis' theater on Monday. Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons

This is Bernhardt's farewell American

Calve's real name is Emma de Roquer. She is often guided by astrological suggestions.

Kyrle Beliew has not witnessed a thertrical performance from the auditorium for fifteen years.

In James W. Harkins' new play, "Cuba," General Martinex Campos will be one of the central ligates.

the central figures.

The "Kingdom of Wham," a new comic opera, by Morrison and Stevens, will be produced at Tacoma in April.

"The Cotton Splinner" is the title of a new comedy-drama by Scott Markle, which Rich & Maeder will produce next season.

Rev. Elias Abramson, of Beth Jacob

Church, Buffalo, Recommends Dr.

Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to His Entire

Congregation-It Relieves in 10 Minutes

and Cures.

and evenings.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES:

TAKE GOOD ADVICE.

Here are the words of Mrs. H. P. G. Carnes, one of the best known ladies in Butler, Pa., which are given for the ben-ette of all hulles: "For eight years I was a constant sufferer from female weak-nesses in the most aggravated form. Mea-icine did me no good and at times I felt that death would be a welcome relief. But Warner's Safe Cure was recommended to Warner's Safe Cure was recommended to me by my druggist and I was persuaded to try it. I was astonished at the marvelous change it made, even before I had finished one bottle. I am now feeling well and strong, and am able to attend to all my domestic duties."

This is only one case among thousands but it is sufficient to prove that this great remedy can always be relied upon to relieve and cure. That is why it is so unit versally recognized as

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.





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