# THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1896.

the Dead Humorist.

tion as Postmaster-His First Poem. Ilis Favorites - Eli Perkins' Truthful Reminiscences.

named Kipp to get that man of means to go on his official bond. Nye had

then current, should be produced at

HIS RESIGNATION.

the national archives. He explained

HIS FIRST POEM.

When Nye was appointed postmaster

borly concession.



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iously

The boatswain made no reply except

SYNOPSIS.

SYNOPSIS. Captain Pôleon, returning from a cruise of eighteen monthe, finds that his daugh-ter Christie, during his absence, has be-come engaged to Jack Metcalfe, a smart young lawyer who had once worsted him in a law suit. The banns are about to be called for the third time. The captain ites the banns and decides to take Chris-sie away for a year's cruise. While he is preparing for it, he learns that the lovers intend to clope. He keeps watch over Chrissie, but tiring of this, orders his boatswain Tucker to guard her. Chrissie, her Aunt Jane, and Susan, the cook, set their wits at work to befool the boat-swain. gards of Miss Polson.

## PART II.

On the fourth day, time getting short, Chrissie went on a new tack with her Reeper, and Susan, sorely against her will, had to follow suit. Chrissie smiled at him. Susan called him Mr. Tucker, and Miss Poison gave him a glass of her best wine. From the po-sition of an outcast he jumped in one bound to that of confidential adviser. Miss Poison told him many items of family interest, and later on in the aft-ernoon actually consulted him as to a bad cold which Chrissie had devel-oped. Chrissie went on a new tack with her

iously. "If I've done anything wrong, ladies." said the unhappy boatswaln, "I am sorry for it. I can't say anything fair-er than that, and I'll tell the cap'n myself exactly how I came to do it, when he comes in." "Pah-telltale." said Susan. "Of course, if you are here to fetch and carry." said Miss Polson, with withering emphasis. He prescribed half a pint of linseed oil hot, but Miss Polson favored chlor-odyne. The conversation turned on the deadly qualities of that drug when taken in excess, of the fatal sleep into which it lulled its victims. So disas-trous were the incidents cited that half an hour bater when her aunt and Suwithering emphasis. "The idea of a grown man telling tales," said Chrissie, scornfully, Baby." "Why, just now you were all going to tell him yourselves," said the bewilan hour later when, her aunt and Su san being out, Chrissle took a small bottle of chlorodyne from the mantle-plece, the boatswain implord her to try his nastier but safer remedy indered boatswain. The two elder women rose and re-garded him with looks of pitying dis-

"Nonsense," said Chrissie, "I'm only going to take twenty drops. One-two

ly, said "blockhead" with conviction "I see 'ow it is," said the boatswal The drug suddenly poured out in a

little stream. "I should think that's about it." said Chrissie, holding the tumbler up to the

light. "It's about 500," said the horrified Tucker; "don't take that, miss, what-ever you do, Let me measure it for you.

The girl waved him away, and before he could interfere drank off the con-tents of the glass and resumed her seat a high opinion of himself. boatswain watched her uneasily and taking up the phial, carefully, read



NER THAT WAS FULL OF INTELLIGENCE.

"Well, I'm going to Sunset Bay," said he groom, "but my gov'nor's rather ANECDOTES OF the groom, pertickler." T'll make it all right with you," said

the ne boatswain. The groom hesitated a minute, and The groom hesitated a minute, and then made way for Chrissie, as the boatswain assisted her to get up be-side him: then Tucker with a grin of satisfaction at getting a seat once more clambered up behind and they started. "Have a rug, mate?" said the groom, handing the reins to Chrissie and pass-ing one over. "Put it round your knees and tuck the ends under you." "Ay, ay! mate!" said the boatswain as he obeyed the instructions. "Are you sure you are guite com-fortable?" said the groom, affectionate-ly.

"Quite," said the other.

The groom said no once, but in a quiet business-like fashion placed his hands on the scaman's broad back and shot him out into the road. Then he snatched the reins from Chrissie, and drove off at a gallop. Without the faintest hope of winning.

to grin with great intelligence as he followed his charge unstairs again. He Mr. Tucker, who realized clearly, ap-pearances notwithstanding, that he had fallen into a trap, rose after a hurried rest and started on his fifth race that grinned at intervals until the return of Susan and Miss Polson, who, trying to look unconcerned, came in later on, rest and started on his intra tac char morning. The prize was only a second-rate groom with blated buttons, who was waving cheery farewells to him with a dingy top hat, but the boatswain would have sooner had it than a silver both apparently suffering from temper. Susan especially. Amid the sympa-thetic interruptions of these listeners

Chrissie recounted her experience, while the boatswain, despite his better sense. tea-service. felt like the greatest scoundrel unhung, a feeling which was fostered by the remarks of Susan and the chilling re-He ran as he had never run before in his life, but all to no purpose, the trap stopping calmly a little further on to take up another passenger in whose favor the groom retired to the back seat. Then with a final wave of the hand to him they took a road to the left and drove rapidly out of sight. The boat-"I shall inform the captain," said Miss Polson, bridling. "It's my duty." "Oh, I shall tell him." said Chrissie. "I shall tell him the moment he comes in at the door." "So shall I." said Susan, "The idea of taking such liberties." Having fired their broadside, the two swain's watch was over. The end.

"The Sickle of Fire," a scientific ro-mance, by Charles Kelsey Gaines, will watched the enemy narrowly and anxbegin tomorrow.

# LITERARY GOSSIP.

Some time ago it was announced, with

a certain show of authority in an inter-view with Madame Sarah Bernhardt. and then he explained: "It doesn't make any difference to me, Mr. Kipp, that you refused to go on my bond and that I have discovered your name on the bond of another, but I don't want anything to do with a man who goes back on his poor dead mother, as you have done. There's where I draw the line, and business between you and me must forever cease." that she was writing her memories, which were not to be published until after her death. Subsequently this was flatly denied. Again it was reported that Eleanora Duse was engaged in writing her Life, but the Bookman has that been authorized to state that she is not writing this nor any other book. cease.

A decade has passed away since that very remarkable novel "The Silence of Dean Maitland" was published, and yet dain. Miss Polson's glance said "fool" plainly. Susan, a simple child of na-ture, given to expressing her mind freewe believe "Maxwell Gray" still has a faithful following who would like to "I see 'ow it is." said the boatswain after ruminating deeply. "Well, I won't split, ladies. I can see now you was all in it, and it was a little job to get me out of the house." know who the author is like. This is told in the March Bookman as follows: "Maxwell Gray" (Miss Mary E. Tuttiet), as she is most widely known, is the daughter of a physician who has get me out of the house." "What a head he's got," said the lrspent the greater part of his life in New-port, in the Isle of Wight. Miss Tutritated Susan, "isn't it wonderful how he thinks of it all? Nobedy would think he was so clever to look at him." "Still water runs deep," said the boatswain, who was beginning to have tiett has made us familiar with the sur rounding scenery of her home in the graphic pages of her famous story. She is an invalid and does all her writing lying on a sofa, and it is ten years since she was out of the Isle of Wight. The "And pride goes before a fall," said Chrissie; "remember that, Mr. Tucker." house in which the Silence of Dean Maitland, the Reproach of Annesley, In Mr. Tucker grinned, but remember-ing the fable of the pitcher and the the Heart of the Storm, and the Last Sentence were written is now trans-formed into "The Bee-Hive," where well pressed his superior officer that evening to relieve him from his duties. He stated that the strain was slowly

silks and wools are vended. Like many greater novelists, Miss Tuttlett began her career with poetry, and her last book, recently published in England, is a marative poem, "Lays of the Dra-gon Slayer," suggested by the Nibel-ungen Lied. A story of hers published long ago in Blackwood called A Han-long ago in Blackwood called A Hannot so strong as appearances would warrant, and that his knowledge of fewarrant, and that his knowledge of fe-male human nature was lamentably de-ficient on many important points. "You're doing very well," said the captain, who had no intention of at-tending any more Dorcases. "Very well indeed. I am proud of you." "It ain't a man's work," objected the boatswain, "Besides, if anything hap-mer well blows us for ht." cost less to keep him." som Cabman has been dramatized under the name of An Unexpected Fare. An attempt has also ben made

recently to put Dean Maitland on the stage, but the result has been unforlily and sunflower crusade in this coun tunate for Forbes Robertson. The sitry and had just struck the Rock Mountain region. This is the "poem" lence of Dean Maitland was begun and finished during one year amid many in-terruptions from ill health. It was re-turned once with an objection to the but on its appearance in 1886 it

Soft-eyed scraphic kuss With limber legs and lly on the side, We greet you from the raw And uncouth west. met with instant success. P D Blackmore's new novel, e

a letter, responsive to one of jest as to his experience. "If I ever have any influence in the BILL

"If I ever have any influence in the New Jerusalem, you shall some day have a nice new harp that has never been played on and as pretty a 7% crown as there is on the evergreen shore." Then, after alluding to his accident, he may Several Punny Stories Recalled About

Then, after alluding to his accident, he says: "My leg is growing together all right, and the doctors say they will shortly turn me loose on the community again. I have had a long, hard siege, and it seems tough at times, but I never kick -I don't dare. Many have asked how this thing happened. I cannot state definitely, but I think I must have stepped on a meel of thunder. People MANY INIMITABLE DROLLERIES Where Nye Drew the Line-His Resignastepped on a gree of thunder. People cannot be too careful when peeling their thunder about leaving the peels around where innocent and unsuspect-ing persons may step on them." When Bill Nye was elected justice of the peace in Laramie City, says the Times-Herald, he went to a shoe dealer

# PERKINS' STORIES.

long been Kipp's good customer and he had some right to expect such a neigh-In the Sun Ell Perkins writes: I first met Edgar Wilson Nye fifteen years ago while passing through Laramie, Wyo. Mr. Nye was then practicing law and making his first reputation as a humorist through editorials and Kipp begged off, however, with many protestations. He declared that noth-ing would delight him more than to go on Judge Nye's official bond, but some years before he had promised his moth-er, now dead and gone, that he would never to on anyone's hard. paragraphs in his weekly Boomerang These editorials were irresistibly guaint. Everyone was reading his never go on anyone's bond. This, of course, was sufficient for Nye, and would be no trouble whatever newspaper and everyone loved the genial writer. He never had but one enemy, and that was the editor of the about filling up the bond, and so they parted quite pleasantly. Shortly after-ward, when one day a case came up be-Democratic newspaper across the way. This man saw nothing funny in Nye. He wasted columns weekly calling Nye. fore Nye's court in which Kipp was surety on the bond of one of the part-ies. Nye suddenly adjourned court and proceeded as swiftly as his long legs to his great anusement, "an idiot and a crack-brained rattlesnake editor from Moosehead Lake." Bill Nye was then, as ever afterward, a delicate and retiring man. When 1 asked him why the rival editor called him such names he said could bear him with any degree of dig-nity to the mercantile establishment of Mr. Kipp and demanded that his bill.

him such names, he said: "Well, he is a Democratic editor and

Mr. Kipp saw that Nye's choler was

Mr. Kipp saw that Nye's choler was up, and he was alarmed, for he did not like to lose so good a customer. "Vy ees dis, Shudge" inquired Kipp. "De pill vasn't due, unt oof it vas, dere vas no hurry of it." Nye insisted upon paying, however, and then he explained: "It doesn't make any difference to me. Mr. Kipp, that you refused to go on my bond and that I have discovered your name on the bond of another, but I don't want anything to do with a years.

"Did you ever marry anyone?" "Oh, yes: I married my wife, and af-ter that I used to marry others and then try them for other offenses." Noticing that the humorist had yery

at Laramie by First Assistant Post-master General Hatton he wrote a leta let-teeth remain while if they are properly g the taken care of. Of course, I never take hot drinks, always brush my teeth ev-ery morning and evening, avoid all aving acids, and although I am 35 years old, my teeth are as good as ever." "And this is all you do to keep your teeth white?" I asked. "Well, yes-that is, barring the fact that I put them in a glass of soft water nights." ter to that official congratulating the nation upon the wisdom that had led to his (Nye's) appointment; but when a year or two after, ill health having driven him away from Laramie, he was

forced to resign, his letter of resigna-tion was perhaps the most unique offi-cial document that has ever passed into

nights.

#### NYE'S POLITICS.

how the safe combination was set, also how to make the office stove draw, and gave some valuable information as to who should be trusted for box rents, stamps, etc., and gave some of the characteristics of the office cat. Also during the constant of the topic of the topic In politics Bill Nye was a Republican, but he never let his political creed show itself in his writings. In fact, Demo-crats are the largest readers of his ooks.

One day I asked him what he throught

characteristics of the office cat. Also during the course of the report he took occasion to remark: "There is some mining stock in my private drawer in the safe which I have if you desire it. It is a luxury, but you may have it. I have decided to keep a horse instead of this mining stock. The horse may not be so pretty, but will cost less to keep him." One day I asked him what he throught of the Democratic party. "The Democratic party." The Democratic party. Why, a Demo-ocrat keeps a drug store over there, and when a little girl burned her arm against the cok stove, and her father went after a package of Russia salve, this genial drug store Democrat gave her s box of 'Rough on Bats' What Nye's first attempt at poetry of marked character was in blank verse, and was printed in Will Visscher's paper, Hello, published at Denver. At that time Oscar Wilde was making his her a box of 'Rough on Rats. the Democratic party needs," said Mr. Nye, "is not so much a new platform as a car load of assorted brains that some emale seminary had left over."

### DEFINING LITERATURE.

The attention of the public was first called to the humorist's writings on ac count of his vigorous English. His lan-guage was of the wild west order. For



# TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many pair roms that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new cross is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.



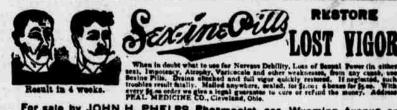
# **IRON AND STEEL**

Bolts, Nuts, Bolt Ends, Turnbuckles, Washers, Rivets, Horse Nails, Files, Taps, Dies, Tools and Supplies. Sail Duck for mine use in stock.

# SOFT STEEL HORSE SHOES

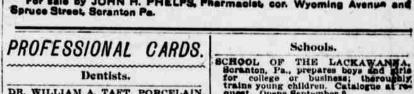
and a full stock of Wagon Makers' Supplies, Wheels, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Poles, Bows, etc.





For sale by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist cor. Wyoming Avenue and Spruce Street, Scranton Pa.

example: The professor of rational



work. Office,







10

members of the household making a through the directions. After that he great fuss of Tucker, and thereby fill-ing him with forebodings of the worst was not at all surprised to see the book fall from his charge's hand onto the possible nature. On the day after, when the captain, having business at

Theor and her eyes close. "I knowed it." said Tucker, in a pro-fuse perspiration. "I knowed it. Them guis are all alike. Always knows what's best, Miss Polson! Miss Pola neighboring town, left him in sole charge, his uneasiness could not be concealed.

"I'm going for a walk." said Chris-sie, as he sat by himself, working out dangerous moves and the best means He shook her roughly, but to no purpose, and then running to the door shouted eagerly for Susan. No reply forthcoming, he ran to the window, but there was nobody in sight, and he came back and stood in front of the girl, wringing his huge hands helpless-It was a great question for a poor sailorman. If he went for a doctor he deserted his post; if he didn't go, his charge might die. He made one more attempt to awaken her, and seizing a

flower-glass splashed her freely with cold water. She did not even wince. "It's no use fooling with it." murmured Tucker, "I must get the doc-tor, that's all."

He quitted the room and, dashing hastly down stairs, had already opened the hall door, when a thought struck him and he came back again. Chrissie along. was still asleep in the chair, and with a smile at the clever way in which he had solved a difficulty he stooped down and raising her in his strong arms bore her from the room and down stairs. Then a hitch occurred. The triumph-ant progress was marred by the behav-ior of the hall door, which, despite his efforts, refused to be opened, and, en-cumbered by his fair burden, he could not for some time proceeding the second not for some time ascertain the reason. Then, full of shame that so much deceit could exist in so fair and frail a habita-tion, he discovered that Miss Polson's foot was pressed firmly against it. He eyes were still closed and her head heavy, but the fact remained that one

foot was acting in a manner that was full of intelligence and guile, and when he took it away from the door the other one took its place. By a sudden man-enver the wily Tucker turned his back on the door and opened it, and at the same moment a hand came to life again and dealt him a stinging slap on the face. "Idlot." said the indignant Chrissle,

slipping from his arms and confronting "How dare you take such a liberty?"

The astonished boatswain felt his face and regarded her open-mouthed. "Don't you ever dare to speak to me again," said the offended maiden, draw-ine herself on with income data. ing herself up with irreproachable dig-nity "I am disgusted with your con-duct. Most unbearable."

I was carrying you off to the doctor," said the boatswain. "How was I to know you was only shamming?" "Shamming?" said Chrissle, in tones

of incredulous horror. "I was asleep, l often go to sleep in the afternoon.



of checking them. "Would you care to come with me, Tucker?" "I wish you wouldn't put it that way, miss," said the boatswain, reach-ing for his hat. "I want exercise," said Chrissie, "I've

been cooped up long enough." She set off at a good pace up the high street, attended by her faithful follower, and, passing through the small suburbs, struck out into the country beyond. After four miles the boatswain,

undermining a constitution which was

pens, you'll blame me for it." "Nothing can happen," declared the captain, confidently, "We shall make a start in about four days now, You're be geb man L can tenet with such a

he only man I can trust with such a

delicate job, Tucker, and I shan't forget

"Very good," said the other deject-

edly. "I obey orders, then." The next day passed quietly, the

who was no walker, reminded her that they had got to go back. "Plenty of time." said Chrissie. "We have got the day before us. Isn't it glorious? Do you see that milestone,

Tucker? I'll race you for it. Come She was off on the instant, with the

1897.

SAD BOOKS:

boatswain, who suspected treachery, after her.

"You can run," she panted, thought-fully, as she came in second. "We'll have another one presently. You don't know how good it is for you, Tucker." The boatswain grinned sourly and looked at her from the corner of his eye. The next three miles were like a horrible nightmare, his charge making a race in which the laboring boatwain, despite his want of practice,



SHOT HIM OUT INTO THE ROAD. came in the winner for every milestone. The fourth race ended disastrously, Chrissie limping the last ten yards and seating herself, with a very woebegone face, on the milestone. "You did very well, miss," said the boatswain, who thought he could af-

ford to be generous. "You needn't be offended about it." "It's my ankle," said Chrissie, with a little whimper. "Oh, I twisted it

light around." The boatswain stood regarding her in "It's no use looking like that," said Chrissie, sharply. "You great, clumsy thing. If you hadn't have run so hard it wouldn't have happened. It's all your fault." your fault.'

along.

wheels.

"If you don't mind leaning on me a bit," said Tucker, "we might get Chrissie took his arm petulantly, and they started on their return journey at the rate of about four hours a mile,

with little cries and gasps at every with little cries and gasps at every other yard. "It's no use," said Chrissie, as she relinquished his arm, and, limping to the side of the road, sat down. The boatswain pricked up his ears hope-fully at the sound of approaching mboals

"What's the matter with the young "ady?" inquired a groom who was driv-ing a little trap. as he pulled up and regarded with interest a grimace of extraordinary intensity on the young indy's face.

lady's face. "Broke her ankle, I think," said the boatswain, glibly. "Which way are you

titled "Dariel: a Romance of Surrey, will be publised by Messrs, Dodd, Mead and company. It will not appear until

1 1 11

Not many books reveal the pathos deep That wrings unwilling tears from unused eyes, When secret, subtle power in ambush lies And bids the carcless reader pause and wcep, Awakening griefs at rest and woes asleep That sudden start up shuddering phan-

toonwise. And fancy moved to ruthless memory And silenced sorrow new complaining

Reep. But oh! what pathos breathes from stories read, In hushed sick-rooms a weary hour to

To speed an hour-and so few hours remain! When tired eyes faintly smile, forgetting And one with riven heart must read and

read. Though short the time and so much left unsaid. 11 11 11

The success of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" has aroused an in-terest in his first book, "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," published when he was a little more than twenty-one years of age. Mr. Crane could not get no publisher to bring out the book, so he published it at his own expense. Only a few copies were printed, and even they were not sold-except, perhaps, for waste-paper. There were a few per-sons who read the book, however, among them Mr. Howell and Mr. Garland, who spoke very highly of its promise. "Maggie" was not an immoral story, as many persons imagined from its title: It was coarse in the way that "Chimmie

Fadden" is coarse; but there was more objection to bad language from the mouth of a girl-tough than from a boy. The book, however, will be republished —or published, we should say perhaps, for the first publication was little more than a printing-by the Messrs. Apple-ton, who will also publish a new story by Mr. Crane, called "The Third Violet," which is a story of life among the younger and poorer artists of New York. Mr. Crane has just finished an-other story. "With the Regiment," which will be published serially in Mc-

Clure's. He writes the Critic that this will be his last battle story.

FAMOUS NOMS DE PLUME:

FAMOUS NOMS DE PLUME: "Marietta" was the pseudonym of Har-riet M. Bradley. "Marion Harland" is the assumed name of M. Virginia Terhune. "Hans Yorkel" was the name chosen by A. Oakey Hall when publishing his "Ballads." Mrs. C. M. Kirkland chose "Mary Cal-vers" as her pen-name when publishing "A New Home." "Jenny June" was the name chosen by Mrs. Jennie C. Croly, on account of its alliteration.

"Jenny June" was the name chosen by Mrs. Jennie C. Croly, on account of its alliteration. The nom de plume of F. K. Hunt, who wrote "The Fourth Estate," was "A Student-at-Law." "John Oldbug" was the pen-name Rev. Leonard Withington placed on the title page of "The Puritan." "Max Adeler" was the name chosen by Charles Heber Clark for his comic deline-ations of character. "Marion Ward" was the name under which Mrs. Harriet M. Stephens published most of her novels. J. W. Morris, whose poems once found a ready sale, published them under the pseudonym "K. N. Pepper." Thomas de Quincy is better known as the "English Opium Eater." It is a pain-ful reference to the vice of which he was long the victim. Rev. George Ross wrote over the name of "Arthur Sketchiey." An eastern magazine says that it was the name of

Rev. George Ross wrote over the name of "Arthur Sketchley." An eastern magazine says that it was the name of a schoolboy friend. Sir Walter Scott's little known "Tales of My Landlord" was published under the curious nom de plume, "Jedediah Cleish-botham." Henry W. Longfellow once used a pen-name. It was prefixed to his "History of Newbury," and he chose "Joshua Cof-fin" for the purpose.

The cowboy yearns to yank thee To his browny breast and squeeze Thy palpitating gizzard Through thy vest.

APOSTROPHE.

ADDRESSED TO O. WILDE.

Come to the mountain fastness, Oscar, with thy low-neck shirt And high-neck pants; Fly to the coyole's home,

Thou son of Albien, James Crow bard and champion aesthete From o'er the summer sea. tion.

Sit on the fuzzy cactus, king of poesy, And song, Ride the fierce bronco o'er the dusty plain, And let the zephyr sigh among thy buttery locks.

Welcome thou genius of dyspeptic song. Thou billous lunatic from far off lands, Come to the home of genius, By the snowy hills. And wrestle with the alcoholic inspiration are filled with bales of hay."

Of our cordial home.

We yearn To put the bloom upon thy alagastor nose, And plant the jim jams In thy clustering hair. Hall, mighty snoozer from across the main. American humor.

main!

We greet thee With our free, untutored ways and wild, Peculiar style of deadly beverage. Come to the broad, free west and mingle has gained over the brache of utility has gained over the imaginations of a rather imaginative people." "Just so," replied Bill, "and, accord-ing to my best knowledge, the humor With our high-toned mob.

Come to the glorious occident And dally with the packmule's whisk-

tail; Study his odd, yet soft demeanor, And peculiar mien.

will find the humorist up a tall tree. Tickle his gambrel with a sunflower bud And scoot Across the blue horizon depending from a sharp knot thereof by the slack of his overalls. He is just

To the tooness of the sweet and succulent that direction. He always has a man working in his place, however. The beyond.

We'll gladly Gather up the shattered remnants With a broom and ship thee to thy beau-teous home, Forget us not, Thou billious pellcan from o'er the sea.

Thou blue-nosed clam With pimply, builging brow, bui z Come and we will welcome thee With ancient omelet and fragrant sau. sage

Sage Of forgotten years, Laramie City, Wyo., Jan. 22, 1882.

NYE'S FAVORITES. A few years ago, when "questions of preference" were the fad, a friend of the humorist sent him a list, which he filled out as follows:

MY FAVORITES.

MY FAVORITES. President-Abraham Lincoln. Hero-Brigham Young. Poet-Shakespeare. Novelist-Charles Dickens. Essayist-The Sweet Girl Graduate. Virtue-Procrastination. Color-Navy Blue. Month-October. Flower-"Pillsbury's Best." Flower-"Pillsbury's Best." Motto-The Golden Rule. Name (masculine)-Mat. Name (feminine)-Louise. Occupation-Louise, of dinner time.

Occupation-Longing for dinner time. Amusement-Whist.

Anussement-Whist. Locality-Home. Perfume-New Mown Hay-mown by Some one else. Dish-Oyster on the half-shell. Chief ambliton-To "get there." Disike-The full-grown cyclone. Favorite characters in fiction-Liftile Nell, Ivanhoe, and Little Dorrit. Ten favorite books-"Old Curiosity Shop." "Ivanhoe." "Hilliard on Torts." "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Blue Book." "Batter's Saints' Rest." "The Cook Book," cash book, spelling book and slate. Yours incoherently, BILL NYE, II II fl

LETTER TO VISSCHER.

Colonel Will Visscher tells the follow-ing anecdote of Nye: He had a way of saying, in private conversation, the most humorous things, but those not acquainted with him and not of acute appreciation would wonder at his earn-estness on trivial subjects. Once when a cyclone caught him and fondied him in its funnel, danced him high in air, swept the earth with humand finally.

nd finally. m on the wrote me

Bridge and Crown Washington avenue. the Boomerang and asked the editor the question: "What is literature?" "What is literature?" exclaimed Bill. C. C. LAUBACH. SURGEON DENTIST. No. 115 Wyoming avenue.

"What is interactive. Causing at the pointing half-contemptuously at the polymous of the Boomerang. "What is R. M. STRATTON, OFFICE COAL EXliterature? Cast your eye over these logicimbued columns, you sun-dried savant from the remote precincts. Drink at the never-failing Boomerang Physicians and Surgeons. spring of forgotten lore, you dropsical wart of a false and erroneous civilization. Read our 'Address to Sitting Bull,' or our 'Ode to the Busted Snoot of a Shattered Venus De Milo,' if you

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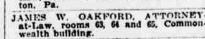
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