ing suds, and near by the "Ringe Tub," left, six miles distant, the dense volume

of steam from "Excelsior Geyser," the largest in the world, is seen, while below in the foreground, five miles distant, is "Lower Geyser Basin" and the new and commedium. Formula had the new

LITERARY GOSSIP.

NATURE'S CURIOSITY SHOP

Journal of the Third Day's Tour of Yellowstone Park.

WONDERS ARE INDESCRIBABLE

Sober Narrative of Actual Sights, Scene and Experiences That Reads Like the Wildest Fiction-Truly the Wonderland of the Universe.

Written for The Tribune.

The Sunrise gun from Fort Yellow-stone on the morning of the third day, startled us like the blast of a bugle, warning the tourist that the mountain coaches were soon to be arrayed before the veranda of the hotel, for a tour of

The Park tour always begins from Mammoth Hot Springs hotel. The stage coach, like the buffalo, has ceased to be an attractive feature of western travel. except, as it is preserved and utilize in the Yellowstone National Park. It has been crowded out by the railroads. has been crowded out by the ratio as, except here, where it remains in a state, a style and with accommodations befitting its past glory. Here it is for pleasure and not for business, and it is nearer to the coach in the east than it is like the coach of the

schedule time, and they generally keep within a short distance of each other

tains. Bill Mayne, of Deadwood fame, seems to take the lead, with his hand-some bays, and with "Doc" Wilson as guide. Superintendent S. S. Huntley courteously furnished us with a twohorse, two-seated covered surrey, with Scott Haslan as a driver and guide; if not as world-famed as Bill Mayne, he is equally as skillful a driver and competent guide, having been identified with the Park from its opening. I found him a man of superior intelli-gence, and to him I owe much of the calhable data grouped during our eight or nine days' travel together in the Park. Whoever may visit the Park in the future, will make no mistake in asking Mr. Huntley for "Scott" to guide him through it.

AN EXPANDING TOUR.

The tour of the Park as now laid out is an expanding one. I mean by this that, like a well-written story, it proceeds by natural stages from the sublime beginning, through the more ex-eiting scenes and situations to the climax. The climax of this trip is the "Grand Canyon," and a thrilling climax it is. Interesting as the initial spot (Mammonth Hot Springs) is, it is really perhaps the least remarkable of the special phenomena found in the

Our first drive is from Mammoth Hot Springs to Norris Geyser Basin-twenty-two miles. Nearly every mile of the road has something of interest. It may be a wild ravine, a lovely park, a secluded lake, a spring of mineral drinking-water or busy beavers, roaming elk, and deer, or even a having a fall from two to six feet in a buffalo and bear. All of these first mentioned are found at short dis-tances along the road, where our will always stop at the request of his party to investigate.

From the time we leave the hotel, it zling terraces are passed. Then, as we wind along the edge of the slopes of the Canyon of the Cardiner, we come to strange rock formations. Here are the great numbers. strange rock formations. Here are the biggest rock we have ever seen. Any one of them looks as if it were the "rock of ages." On the side of Terrace Mountain, two miles on our journey, is a range of limestone waters of the Gardiner river flowing the side of Terrace Mountain, two miles on our journey, is a range of limestone waters of formations, called the "Hoodoo Region," into the and this extends about a mile to "Gol-den Gate." These mysterious looking monuments cover acres, even the entire hillside, ranging in height from ten to fifty feet. So thick are these snow white inanimate forms which resembly every hideous character under the sun, that one could be lost in the tortuous passage between them. Language does not suffice to properly describe these peculiar formations. Those on he extreme boundary of Terrace Iountain were remindful of the palisades on the Hudson, rising to 150, 250 and even 300 feet in height. An interesting feature cropping out here and there on either side of the road, was the numerous natural springs. An occa-sional camping party is seen near them. Among one we met was Professor Wy-ley, of Boseman, Montana, a noted

THE GOLDEN GATE.

After another mile of climbing on a grade overcoming an elevation of 1,100 feet in three miles, the road comes out abruptly on the "Golden Gate," one of the most picturesque points in the park, with its red sandstone pillar on the one side and its redder sandstone cliff, rising hundreds of feet above the road-way, on the other. It is covered with a yellow moss, from which it derives its appropriate name. Golden Gate is a deep, narrow gorge

between Bunsen Peak and Terrace Mountain and the only exit from the valley of the Gardiner river to the Geyser Basins, Yellowstone Lake and Can-yon. Between the pillar, formerly a part of the canyon wall, and the cliff. there is just room enough for the coach to pass, while a high bridge or trestle carries the roadway across the poker-ish chasm to the "Rustic Falls" in the west fork of the Gardiner. These high falls add a charm to the rugged wild-ness of Golden Gate. This one mile of of Golden Gate. This one mile of readbed cost the government \$14,000, and is a difficult piece of engineering, which the engineers refer to with just pride. This road is a winding curiosity with its protruding white and gray rocks at all angles, in all shapes, sizes and positions.

ENTRANCING SCENERY.

The view from Golden Gate looking down the Canyon of the Gardiner (which is only second to Grand Canyon) is indescribably grand; even bewildering. The change in scenery in three miles has been from a volcanic forma-tion of lime rock, without even a suggestion of vegetation to one of grand mountain view, with towering peaks and yawning chasms.

Emerging from the Canyon or "Kingman Pass" a pleasant surprise awaits us in a little sheet of water named "Swan Lake," located in Swan lake basin. This is a high bleak mountain prairie, covered with bunch grass and wild flowers, called wild-flax, and hemmed in by snow clad peaks from 10,000 to 11,155 feet high. Here vast fields of perpetual snow are in sight throughout the summer. Here are evidences of old Indian camps, and during the fall and winter hundreds of elks and deer are found. This ideal basin or level prairie is over 7,300 feet above sealevel. It extends some miles and is as rich in its green carpeting as any eastern meadow on a lower altitude. Here the wild ducks and geese on the lakes and the grouse and chipmunks by the roadside are perfectly indifferent to the coaches passing, filled with merry tourses.

The magnificent range to the westward is the Gallatin mountains, con-taining "Bells' Peak," "Quadrane Peak" also Mount Holmes, the latter 10.578 feet high. These comprise the west bound-ary of the park; while in the foreground northward, eight miles distant, is Elec-tric peak, 11,155 feet in altitude—so-called from its peculiar electric display during a thunder storm, when the en-tire summit is a continuous sheet of lightning. lightning.

In four miles we reach "Willow Park" where is a dense growth of willows whose fresh foliage forms an attractive state, a style and with accommodations befitting its past glory. Here it is for pleasure and not for business, and it is nearer to the coach in the east than it is like the coach of the plains.

Every morning from three to ten coaches leave the hotel in a bunch, on schedule time, and they generally keep within a short distance of each other throughout the tour, no passing of coaches being allowed. The drivers are all old-time stage drivers in the west.

As the stages start off—as for a show parale—it is quite remindful of the annual autumnal coaching parade of the combined hotels of the White Mountains. Bill Mayne, of Deadwood fame seems to take the tour other than the seems to take the tour of the tour of the tour of the seems to take the tour of the seems to take the water which is pure as crystal and said to be equal in every respect to any in the market. We are now half way to Norris Geyser begins to take the water which in every respect to any in the market. We are now half way to Norris Geyser begins to the tour of the tour of

A two miles' drive, a short turn in the road, and we are under "Obsidian Cliff," a mountain of glass, forged in nature's furnace, a thousand feet long, and from one hundred to three hundred feet high. This unique formation well merits close inspection, and we pause to examine it, realizing that it is not the article made by man, but that made by God. It is jet black like anthracite, and glistens with brilliant effect when the sun strikes it, but it is quite opaque when the clouds cast a shadow upon the wall. Here and there it is striped with red and yellow. Many blocks have been broken off in order to build a road way broken off in order to build a road way around this cliff. This was done not by blasting, but by building large fires along the base of the cliff, and then when the cliff was heated, dashing cold water over the chunks, which would shatter them to fragments.

For a third of a rolls we rode over a

For a third of a mile we rode over a glass highway which is said to be only road of glass in the world. Obsidian cliff was neutral ground to all the Rocky mountain Indians, who in common used this glass in making arrow heads, weapons and tools. We procured numerous specimens for the examination of eastern friends.

BEAVER LAKE.

On the right of the cliff is "Beaver Lake," a beautiful sheet of water a mile long, quite wide, and also very deep. This lake was formed by beavers who built dams across the creek which having a fall from two to six feet in a distance of two miles. These ingenious beavers working there seem to have possessed almost human intelligence. In the center of the lake a curiously constructed beaver house is seen-still inhabited. Around its wooded shores are numerous hot and cold springs, also many fine specimens of the flora of the park, while wild geese, cranes, ducks and other water fowl haunt here in

active geysers come suddenly into view. First comes "Twin Lakes"—one reflect-ing the brown shades of the mountain, and the other a deep indigo blue. Then, skywards. This whole vast basin is a "Mineral Lake" and "Frying Pan," collection of hot springs and pools, consisting of boiling springs; then which vary in color, some being jet

green, and "Roaring Mountain," cov-ered with steam vents from the road

side to the very peak. Frying Pan is properly named, for it vigorously stews away on the right of the road, in

right here that after passing Obsidian Cliff evidences of hot spring action constantly increase until the climax is

reached at "Norris Geyser Basin." All along the road the odor of the sulphur

becomes more and more offensive; in fact, there is no place in the park where it is so general. The carriage

road is like an ash head, or a stretch of

slacked lime, white in color and wind-ing amid extinct geyser formations which have the appearnace of snow

banks.

We are now approaching "Norris Geyser Basin." The outlook over it is a strange and weird one. The hot spring and geyser-like character of the

country is manifest. It is a region which suggests a great manufacturing

which suggests a great manufacturing center, inasmuch as much vapor is seen rising above the bordering tree tops. It is really the most desolate spot in the Yellowstone region. We have thus finished our course of twenty-two miles, with not an uninteresting mile in the route from Mammoth Hot Springs; the scenes have shifted like a moving panorama: the forenoon

like a moving panorama; the forenoon has passed and we now make our first

THE FIRST GEVSER.

The first geyser that we behold at "Norris Geyser Basin" is one boiling and bubbling over with genuine Irish

stop for lunch.

a manner which reminds one of a veget kitchen spider in operation or a hun-dred boiling kettles. I should remark dull.

wit and blarney. It is none other than Larry Matthews, who has charge of the lunch station about a mile from the famous Black Growler and other noted

the lunch station about a mile from the famous Black Growler and other noted steaming and groaning geysers. "Smoking hot." Larry welcomes everybody as a "neighbor" or an old friend.

As we stepped from our carriage he addressed me as doctor, a friend as judge, and to an Englishman he calls out, "Aha, me hearty, how is the queen?" That was his guess at our business. Larry is a traveling passenger agent for the Northern Pacific, but for seven summers he has been the most prominent character in the park. His genial Irish wit keeps everybody in good humor during their stay here. After the tourists are scated in the dining tent Larry begs them "to make themselves at home, eat all they can and break the company." He is not still a moment, and everyone who visits the park will remember Larry, not only as a gushing geyser, but also as one of the most genjal Irishmen they ever knew. As the stages move off he waves each tourist a good-bye from his tent door, with the perverted French term, "Au reservoir."

LARRY'S HOTEL.

a cold spring.

Among some rough boilers of gorgeous colors is the "Monarch." who spouts in regal splendor every twenty-four hours a stream 125 to 150 feet high four hours a stream 125 to 150 feet high through three clongated orifices from two to six feet in diameter. The eruption continues twenty minutes and the flow of hot water is immense at 178 degrees F. Next is the "Hurricane," reeking with unpleasant odors and rumbling noises. It is a prodigious steam yent, whose violent gusts are like the driving blasts of a tempest. It also discharges a large amount of also discharges a large amount of water. Then the "Mud Geyser," a cauldron whose muddy contents boil up at intervals. Here is just enough water to form a loblolly through which the steam bubbles.

But the queerest of all, indicative of the infernal regions, is the "Old Black Growler," which owes its name to the internal noises and smoke which issue from its crater. It is located near the road and sends out with rumble and awful roar a great mass of super-heated steam, night and day, but no water. Enough steam escapes from "Black Growler" to run all the engines used in Scranton. The wind carries this steam to near-by objects, to trees, even, killing them, inasmuch as they finally become encrusted with lima, which builds the terraces, cones and



into the Yellowstone, from those of the and the most elevated, being 7,527 feet Glibbon, which run into the Madison, above sea level, and covers an area of The ridge once surmounted, the first six square miles; and there must be a hundred, yes, hundreds, of geysers and hot springs shooting columns of steam, some a hundred feet and over, skywards. This whole vast basin is a collection of hot springs and pools.

a sulphurous yellow, with a disagree-able odor. Besides, here and there are

frying pans, which sputter and sizzle violently. The earth constantly rum-bles and shakes, and the air is hot; no

vegetation can exist, and the general aspect is drear and desolate, gray and

If we were amazed at Mammoth, with its strange and beautiful wonders,

we are surprised now at the utter deso-lation we behold. It is most dangerous

for pedestrians to go prowling around

over this treacherous formation with-out a guide, as in some places the crust is very thin and liable to break through. More than one careless vis-itor has broken through the softer crust here and had a scalded leg as a

INTERESTING CURIOS.

pots" which boil incessantly, their pasty clay of various colors and with noisy spluttering. The three prominent geysers here are the "Constant," the "Twins" and the "Triplets," which seem to be in perpetual action, even obscuring the sun's rays with their steam. This steam, when condensed, becomes the purest of crystal, as our samples indicate. Another is the

samples indicate. Another is the "Minute Man," who faithfully spurts every sixty seconds from an orifice in

the rock about six inches in diamete

the rock about six inches in diameter a bold stream from twenty-five to thirty feet high. At Mammoth geyser, when at rest, a peep may be had into its gaping throat, and its blood-chili-

ing gurgle can be distinctly heard. We saw the "Wash-boiler," an immense sunken stone kettle full of dirty, boil-

Some of these springs are "paint ots" which boil incessantly, their

ONE OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK WAGONS.

'Emerald Pool," a changeable emerald | black, some white as snow and others

paddles striking the water. The Hot

GIBBON CANYON.

This mountain pass affords the only fairly easy means of exit from Norris Geyser Basin to Fire Hold Vailey. The wild grandeur of the passage of five miles or more in this Canyon is difficult to portray. It is a wild, craggy defile, whose cliffs, rising some 1,500 to 2,000 feet, seem reluctant to open wide enough to allow both the road and river to pass. These basaltic rocks are covered with green, red and yellow moss, also with pine trees reaching to their very summits, while all along at their base are bubbling geysers and hissing steam vents, which fill the air with

sulphurous vapors.

While many of these springs are curious and interesting, we will mention only one, the Beryl Spring, a flercely boiling caldron pouring its scalding overflow across the roadway beneath the feet of our horses, while the steam from it obscures the road. This beautiful pool is fifteen feet in diameter and has no superior in the Park. When it is boiling, the steam rises to the heigh of fifty feet and no precious stone ever sparkled more exquisitely, while the reflection from the sky and surrounding objects is beautiful beyond power

of pen to describe.

We have followed along the banks of the Gibbon river, which runs like a letter S under the frowning crags of Mount Schurz for eight miles, and as the Canyon grows wilder, the river races along more madly, until it reaches Gibbon Falls, where it plunges nearly a hundred feet into still gloomier depths and is lost to view. Leaving the ter-races of the Canyon, the road passes through a park region by a gradual descent into the "Lower Geyser Basin," where the streams form a confluence with the Fire Hole river, which joins the Madison and becomes the principal source of the Missouri.

THE JOURNEY'S END. Nearing "Fire Hole Basin" we pass through acres of dead trees of the prim-eval forest. Ascending a ridge, on the right is the Madison range, the western boundary of the park. Here we get the first glimpse of the "Feton Mountains" of Idaho, seventy miles distant. In the

which, on examination, are found to be as smooth to the touch as velvet. The noise made by this bubbling mush Forest Castle beer. Drink it down! is not unlike the thud of a steamer's Drink it down! Springs also are of various colors, and highly impregnated with various salts. and over all is a pall of vapor issuing from the ground, and from fissures on

It will set your face a-grinning.

It is made from pure deep rock. If you want to see the next President of the United States, examine Hughes & Glennon's Bock Beer. In his speech at the city of Pittston, President Cleveland's words were, "The Union and Hughes & Glennon's Deep Rock Bock Beer forever!" The beer is now on tap.

Hughes & Glennon's Bock Beer is better this year than ever. This is due to the artesian well from which the firm obtains the pure crystal deep rock used in making the beer. No imported beer can compare with the Forest Castle beer. Drink it down! Drink it down!

If you cannot see your favorite candidate for the Presidency on Hughes & Glennon's Bock Beer card, drink a couple glasses of the beer. It will make you open your eyes and see double.

Hurrah for Hughes & Glennon!

Hurrah for their splendid bock.

Hurrah for Hughes & Glennon! Hurrah for their splendid bock! It will set your face a-grinning. It is made from pure deep rock.

If you want to see the next President of the United States, examine Hughes & Glennon's Bock Beer. In his speech at the city of Pittston, President Cleveland's words were, "The Union and Hughes & Glennon's Deep Rock Beck Beer forever !" The beer

19th CENTURY MIRACLE.

is "Lower Geyser Basin" and the new and commodious Fountain hotel. Continuing along the Fire Hole river, we soon reach the Summer camp of Company D, Sixth United States cavalry, under command of Captain Scott. At the ford of Nez Perces creek, where it joins the Fire Hole river, over which we crossed, two miles from the hotel is a historic spot. Here General Howard had a skirmish with and defeated the Nez Perces Indians in 1877. A mile from the hotel is a large log A mile from the hotel is a large log building, built by the State of Wyo-ming twelve years ago, for a jail, but now abandoned. Skirting along the east side of Lower Geyser Basin for the A Newspaper Man Relates a Marvellous Story. east side of Lower Geyser Isasin for the mile, we reach the Fountain hotel, one of the best hostelries of the Park and the terminal point of a forty-one mile drive, the longest and the hardest of the entire park tour; and the close of our third day's journey. J. E. Richmond.

An Interesting Chapter in His Own Life-Some We Hope, May Profit by Reading Same.

From the Herald, Columbia, Tenn.

It is now generally credited among literay people—and, as Edward W. Rok thinks, with good reasons for belief—that it was to George W. Smalley that William Waldorf Astor has offered the editorship of the Pall Mail Gazette, at a salary of \$25.000 per year. Whether A. Smalley will accept the offer is not a yet definitely known, but it will not be long before he either decides to remain in New York or to go hack to London. So far as Mr. Smalley a personal preference is concerned he would rather return to the English capital than remain in the American metropolis. He feels more at home in London, and is fonder of its forgy atmosphere than of our clearer and more bracing air. At the same time his position as the American correspondent of the London Times gives him a presige and power in New York which no other man enjoys. It means a good deal to a man in New York to have the news columns of the greatest and most powerful daily in the world at his command. It may be said that it gives him access to anything he chooses to approach. In point of salary, however, Mr. Astor's offer means \$15,000 more than the salary of Mr. Smalley as correspondent, and this, together with a residence in London, may carry the day with the famous journalist. Maury County is one of the richest and biggest and best counties in Tennessee. It would be an exaggeration to say that any one man knew every other man in this county, but it may safely be said that few, if any, can come nearer to it than Mr. Joe M. Foster, whose home is at Carter's Creek, and who is now connected with the Herald. In the interest of the Herald he has visited nearly every home in the county. Upon "state" occasions—that is, the Herald's annual pic-nic retunion he is the "Muster of Ceremonies." There are few men better known, few better liked, none more trusted, and what he says the Herald, unconditionally and unequivocally, will vouch for.

To see him now in perfect health and energy, one would not think that two and a half years ago he was a bed-ridden invalid, a physical wreek, whose family physician, loved ones at home and friends all thought was soon to be called hence. But such is the case, and not only he but his family and a hundred friends will testify to it.

It was a peculiar affliction he had, and his cone was marvellous, his recovery a nincteenth ecntury miracle. And that others

The Pall Mall Gazette, which has a strange disinclination to consider Hall Caine the mighlest writer of his time, has described that novelist's style as "Blble and Dally Telegraph." Now, the Gazette is hugging itself over that arriess description, for Mr. Caine has declared in McClure's: "Whatever strong situations I have in my tales are not of my creation, but are taken from the bible. "The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. "The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. "The Scapegoat' is the story of Fli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and "The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah." The Gazette adds: "Samuel as a little girl suggests infinite possibilities in the way of the Bible turned into diction."

and kept taking them until I was well.

"I was in my fifty-first year when I was taken sick. It is now about two years since I discarded stick and crutch and found my legs strong enough to carry me. I am ensiance the stick and crutch and found my legs strong enough to carry me. I am ensiance the stick and crutch and look better than for years, and attribute my health and my recovery and life to the magic of Pink Pills for Pale People, under the blessing of God.

"I have recommended these pills to a mumber of people, and many I know have

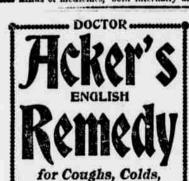
ENTRANCE TO PARK THROUGH "GOLDEN GATE."

It is first offered a good amply of whisper space of the court is counted with time and information to consider that the counter of the country is counted with time and information to consider that the country is the country of the country is counted with time and information to consider that the country of the country is country in the country of the country is country in the country of the country is country in the country of the country in the country of the country o

with whom he advised pronounced my discussed to complete the case locomotor ataxia, and incurable.

"He told my friends they could try anything they wished, and then I began trying everything that was suggested. I tried different kinds of electricity—belt pands, shocking machines and electropoise, with number-less kinds of medicines, both internally and Medicine Company.

EVA M. HETZEL'S



and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all modern medicines. It will stop a Cough in one night, check a cold in a day, prevent Croup, relieve Asthma, and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save your life ! Ask your druggist for it. Send for pamphlet. If the little ones have Croup or Whooping Cough use it promptly. It is sure to cure. Three Sizes-age., sec. and \$t. All Druggists ACKER MEDICINE CO.,



Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble Manhood fully Restored, How to Enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Portions of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment.—Benefits in a day. Benefits in a day. The Countries. Send for Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs, mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Superior Face Bleach Positively Removes All Facial Blemishes.



Azalea Face Powder is superior to any face powder ever manufactured. Used and commended by leading society and professional beauties, because it gives the best possible effect and never leaves the skim rough or scaly. Price 50 cents.

Thrixogene, Nature's Hair Grower, is the greatest man invigorator of the present progressive age, being purely a vegetable compound, ontirely harmless, and marvelous in its beneficent effects. All diseases of the hair and scalp are resulty cared by the use of Thrixogene. Price 50 cents and \$1. For sale at E. M. Hetzel's Hair-dressing and Manicure Parlors, 390 Lackawana ave, and No. 1 Lanning Building, Wilkes-Barre, Mail orders filled promptly.



Directory of Wholesale and Retail City and Suburban Representative Business Houses.

Wholesale.

ackawanns Trust and Bare Deposit Co. erchants' and Mechanics', 42 Lacka. raders' National, 25 Lackawanns. east Side Bank, 199 N. Main, tranton Savings, 122 Wyoming. BEDDING, CARPET CLEANING, ETC.

The Scranton Bedding Co., Lacks. BREWERS. Bone, 485 N. Seventh. ine, Cedar, cor. Alder.

CHINA AND GLASSWARE TOYS AND CONFECTIONERY

Williams, J. D. & Bro., 214 Lacks. FLOUR, FRED AND GRAIN. hows, C. P. Sens & Co., 14 Lacks. Westen Mill Co., 47-49 Lacks. PAINTS AND SUPPLIES.

Owens Bros., 218 Adams avenue. MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, ETC.

Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden ENGINES AND BOILERS. Dickson Manufacturing Co.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, ETC. PLUMBING AND HEATING.

Howley, P. F. & M. T., 231 Wyoming ava. GROCERS. Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna. Megargel & Connell, Franklin avenue. Porter, John T., 25 and 28 Lackawanna Rice, Lovy & Co., 30 Lackawanna

HARDWARE.

FRUITS AND PRODUCE. Dale & Stevens, 27 Lackawanna. Cleveland, A. S., 17 Lackawanna.

DRY GOODS Kelly & Healey, 20 Lackswanns. Finley, P. B., 510 Lackswanns. LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE. Keller, Luther, 313 Lackswanns. HARNESS & SADDLERY HARDWARE

Fritz G. W., 410 Lackawanna. Keller & Harris, 117 Penn. WINES AND LIQUORS. Walsh, Edward J., 22 Lackswanns. LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

Williams, Samuel, 221 Spruce. BOOTS AND SHOES. Goldsmith Bros., 391 Lackswanns. WALL PAPER, ETC.

Scranton Candy Co., 22 Lackswanns.

CANDY MANUFACTURERS.

FLOUR, BUTTER, EGGS, ETC. The T. H. Watts Co., Lt., 723 W. Lacks. Babcock, G. J. & Co., 116 Franklin. MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES. Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 131 Wya.

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

Scranton House, near depot. MILLINERY & FURNISHING GOODS. Brown's Bee Hive, 224 Lacks.

City and Suburban. ATHLETIC GOODS AND BICYCLES. Florey, C. M., 222 Wyoming. HARDWARE AND PLUMBING.

Gunster & Forsyth, 27 Penn.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Rogers, A. E., 215 Lackawanna. BOOTS AND SHOES.

Goodman's Shoe Store, 432 Lackawanna. FURNITURE. Barbour's Home Credit House, 425 Lacks.

CARPETS AND WALL PAPER. inglis, J. Scott, 419 Lackawanna. GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Osterhout, N. P., 110 W. Market, Jordan, James, Olyphant, Barthold, E. J., Olyphant. CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Snook, S. M., Olyphant. PAINTS AND WALL PAPER. Winke, J. C., 315 Penn.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICE Grand Union Tea Co., 108 S. Main

FLORAL DESIGNS. Clark, G. R. & Co., 201 Washington. CATERER. Huntington, J. C., 308 N. Washington.

GROCERIES Pirle, J. J., 427 Lackawanna UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY, Raub, A. R., 425 Spruce.

DRUGGISTS. McGarrah & Thomas, 209 Lackawanna, Lorentz, C., 418 Lackaz, Linden & Wash, Davis, G. W., Main and Market, Bloes, W. S., Peckville, Davies, John J., 196 S. Main.

CARRIAGES AND HARNESS. Simwell, V. A., 515 Linden.

PAWNBROKER. Green, Joseph, 107 Lackawanna CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Harding, J. L., 215 Lackswanns.

BROKER AND JEWELER Radin Bros., 122 Penn. DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS.

Kresky, E. H. & Co., 114 S. Main. CREAMERY Stone Bros., 308 Spruce. BICYCLES, GUNS, ETC.

Parker, E. R., 221 Spruce, DINING ROOMS. Caryl's Dining Rooms, 505 Linden.

TRUSSES, BATTERIES AND RUBBES Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin & Spruce.

MERCHANT TAILOR. Roberts, J. W., 126 N. Main. PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Stelle, J. Lawrence, 303 Spruce. DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Providence,