

Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bachellen.

SYNOPSIS.

"Our learned fellow-townsman" is the title given to Percy Marfleet by the local newspaper of the little English town in which he lives. He has been educated at Cambridge, comes back from the university, and settles down in the place of his birth to continue certain historical studies which give him a leading-position in the minus of his fellow-townsmen. These studies he keeps up for several years, and he makes copious notes for a historical work of importance, but after he reaches his thirtieth year he gradually drops his work, although he conceals this fact from his friends. He becomes a prominent figure in all local literary and social matters. He gradually lives out his small patrimony, and at thirty-eight finds himself almost at the end of his financial resources. Meanwhile he has become interested in Eveline Cloud, the daughter of a local political magnate, and an heiress. She is similarly situated—has been educated at Girton, and leads in all charitable and religious organizations. Their friends observe their mutual interests and intimacy, but the possibility of a marriage seems remote to Marfleet, in view of his falling fortunes. Miss Cloud one day casually suggests that he write out some of his historical work in the shape of articles for the periodicals. He is taken with the idea, devotes several weeks to one and sends it to a leading magazine. He tells Miss Cloud, who is delighted. She goes atway for a long visit, and just before her return Marfleet receives back his article which had been rejected. He is greatly discouraged and forms a resolve.

PART II.

While he still had a little money left be would go to London, and there, as a literary man at anyone's disposal,

face the struggle for existence.

No need to make known his intention to the old friends. His departure should be explained as a temporary removal to London for purposes of study. In a month or so he could write that circumstances obliged him to stay, in town for an indefinite period: his library should be sent up as if for use, but really for sale; and the house there would be no difficulty in letting for some fifty pounds a year-just enough, if the worst came to the worst, to save him from destitution. Of course to save him from destitution. Of course, he must break the habits and the con-nections of a lifetime; unless he were so fortunate as to establish himself in a decent literary career, of which he had painfully little hope. The prob-ability was that he would come to be thankful for hack work at the British museum, such as he himself had occa-sionally employed a poor devil to do, ere yet the day of evil dawned on his

The resolve taken he bere up manfully. All he had to do before actually leaving the town was to go through his papers, destroying and packing and meanwhile to wear the accus-tomed face. Not a soul suspected him. He even took the chair at the annual meeting of the literary society, and made a speech which was considered brilliant. Not the faintest hint that he might be obliged to sever his connection with this and other local organizations. Two days later "our learned fellow townsman" was reported as usual in the borough press, with wonted encomium; and Marfleet smiled dolefully as he glanced at the

familiar column.

He knew the day of Miss Cloud's return; the day before would see his departure. To meet her, and answer questions about his historical essay. was a humiliation be could not endur-Doubtless she had mentioned the mat-ter to other people, and this disaster alone would have been all but sufficient to drive him into exile. How foolish to have spoken of his attempt! But it was all one now. On the last day he sat hour after hour in his study, totally unoccupied, his mind a miserable blank; he sat till late at night, and on going to bed had but snatches of unrefreshing sleep. Early next morning, when only the humbler classes of the townsfolk were about, a cab conveyed him to the station. His servants understood that he would be away for two or three weeks-nothing more. When the moment came fro breaking up the establishment, he must rely upon his sister, or her husband, resi-dent a few miles out of town, to transact the necessary business for him. Before mid-day he arrived in London, and went first of all to a hotel where he was known; but before nightfall he had searched for and settled upon a odging: modest as befitted his humble prospects. The address, however, was not such as would excite surprise when communicated to his friends

Oddly enough, the next day brought him an access of cheerful, even sanguine spirits Though late in December, the weather was remarkably bright; he walked about the streets with a revival of bodily vigor, and saw his position from quite a changed point of view. After all, was not this supposed calamibefallen him? Down yonder he was merely rusting, sinking into premature old age; here, "in streaming London's central roar," his energies would rise to the demand upon them. Pooh! as if such a man as he could not make a place for himself in literary life! There were at least two or three old college friends with whom he might renew intimacy—men pretty well to the front in various callings, and more likely than not able to be of use to him. He had done most unwisely in neglecting those early acquaintances. Nay-he saw it now-he ought never to have made his home in that dull little country town, here ignorant flattery and facile tri-mphs fostered all the weaknesses o he was not yet forty, and his resources would last till he had got an independent footing Ho, ho! How many a poor devil would be glad to exchange positions with him! his temperament. Heaven be thanked.

This mood lasted for about a week: a long time, considering that Marfleet lived alone in lodgings, and permitted his landlady to supply him with meals. But he was sustained by the renewal of acquaintances with two of those old friends of his, who really seemed quite glad to meet him again, and asked him to dispay and talked. to dinner, and talked as men do whom the world has provided with store of goods To these men he by no means revealed the truth, but fell into their



complacent tone, and spoke for the most part as if all were well with him. The second week saw him meditative, and inclined to solitude—which he had so little difficulty in securing. He now reproved himself for having struck a false note with the genial friends; it would be doubly-hard to ask their advice or assistance. The weather, too, had turned to normal wretchedness, and his rooms were cold, dark, depressing. his rooms were cold, dark, depressing. He began to suffer from indigestion, the natural result of his landlady's meals. Then a billous headache and a severe catarrh simultaneously seized upon him; he could not go out, and just as little could think of inviting anyone

Recovered from these transitory ills, Recovered from these transitory ills, he saw the solid features of his situation in a gloomier light than ever it was folly to postpone the decisive step; he must dismiss his servants, sell his library, let the dear old home as soon as possible. He tried to write the fateful letter, but his hand dropped. There came a moment when, as he sat by the alien fireside, bitter thoughts were too much for him, and his eyes

were too much for him, and his eyes filled with despairing tears.

Percy Marfleet lived thus for a month. Day by day home-sickness ate into his heart; day by day the great, roaring, fog-choked city crushed his soul and became unutterably hateful. In imagination he visited the beloved house, sat in his library, walked about his garden; heard the voices of companionable men and women, above all, the voice of Eveline Cloud; took the chair at the Library institute, listened onair at the labrary institute, listened to friendly proposals that he should stand for this or that ward at the next municipal elections. What a Christmas he had passed! And how delightful it always was, the Christmas of old times! And so it came to pass that, on a day, he found himself at the railway station in one hand a traveling-bag, clasped in the other a ticket for his native town. Why he was going back, he knew not enough that he was booked and would see his home again this very night. He reached it at 9 o'clock. He rang

a merry peal at the front door, and, when the door opened, had much ado not to embrace his honest, smiling

housekeeper.

"No, no, Mrs. Robinson; it's all right.
I didn't send notice—had to come unexpectedly. And how are you, eh? Cold night—ah, but how good the air tastes! Fire in the study, is there? Splendid! Something to eat-hungry-ha, ha, ha!".

Mrs. Robinson felt a strange suspicion. She had never known her mas-ter to exceed becoming limits in the matter of strong drink; but really— And he had such an unaccountable look; dark eyes; sunken cheeks; utter-ly unlike himself. At his supper, too, he drank a great deal of bottled whiskey. And there he sat until long after midnight, singing to himself snatches of old songs.

The next morning-it was frosty and bright-he went forth, walked through the town, greeted cheerily such friends as he chanced to encounter. As though bent on a country walk, he crossed the bridge and crossed at his usual brisk pace through the suburb of mean little



HIS SMILING. HONEST HOUSE KEEPER.

houses; from the highway beyond he houses; from the highway beyond he struck into a field-path, and by way of a great semicircle drew towards the point he had in mind, which he might have reached in a quarter of the time by starting on another route. He was going to a call upon Miss Cloud. With what purpose he did not try to make clear to himself; he meant to see Eve-line; that was the immediate necessity of a life which had lost all conscious

Mr. Cloud's residence, built but a few years ago, stood among a young plan-tation, and at this time of the year had t chilly espect. As he walked up the shrub-vined drive, Marfleet felt a misgiving, and when his hand was on the bell he asked himself abruptly why he had come; but the speedy opening of the door gave him no time to answer the question. Miss Cloud, as he knew, was at present living alone, unless there happened to be some female relative in the house, for her father had gone to London again after the parliamentary recess. As a matter of course, he was straightway led to the drawing-room, and in a moment Eveline joined him. "How delightful, Mr. Marfleet! I was just wishing I could see you, but had no idea you were back again. Will you come into the library? There's a bit of crabbed old law-Latin I can't under-stand at all—"

For some time Eveline had been making a study of the antiquities of the town, and in her last conversation with Marfleet she had laughingly suggested that they should collaborate on a local history. By good luck (he trembled with apprehension) the man of learn-ing was able to solve this present difficulty, and the feat exhilarated him

who had not a care in the world.

"You have been a long time in London," said Eveline, with one of her shy glances. Alone with Marflett, she alglances. Alone with Marslett, she al-ways looked rather shy, however spirit-

ways looked rather and the sed her talk.

"Yes—a month or so. And I think I must go back again. In fact, Miss Cloud, I have all but made up my mind to live there altogether.'

The announcement startled her so nuch that she looked at him in silence —looked at him for a moment fixedly.

Marfleet was swaying on his feet and
twisting his hands together behind
him; he talked on with nervous rapidi-

him: he talked on with nervous rapidity and vigor:

"The truth is, I'm not getting on so well with my work as I ought to be. For a long time—it's a shameful confession—I have been shockingly idle. Do you think our climate is just a trifle relaxing? I'm afraid I must take a decided step; really, I'm afraid I must. After all, London is the place for work; don't you think so? In the country one has so many temptations to indolence. I mean—"

He grew confused and began to swal-low his words.

"I can quite understand," said Eveline, in a low voice, as she stood before him with head bent, "that you feel the need of—of more intellectual society. You must find us very dull."

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed, in agitation. "I meant nothing of the kind. The society is delightful. I was thinking of the—the libraries and that kind of thing—the general atmosphere of—"I quite understand." Eveline was eager to justify him. "For a serious student the advantages of London are very great. Of course, I am very sorry, but—"

A crisis of nervous torture drove the a crisis of hervous torture drove the man to plain speech.

"Miss Cloud, the matter is more serious than you could suspect. You remember the paper I wrote—for the review? It was rejected."

The word seemed to echo from every surface of the room. Eveline stood motionless, and durst not raise hereves.

eyes.
"You can imagine how that affected "You can imagine how that affected me," he rushed on, with hot cheeks, "It made me aware of my culpable folly. Miss Cloud, you say that I must feel the society of your own town dull. Oh, if you will believe me, how giadly I would live here for the rest of my days! This is my home; I love it, London will always be a miserable exile. If you knew how I felt last night on coming back! If I could but stay here, and lead the same, quiet, happy life—"

lead the same, quiet, happy life— His voice grew thick and he had to pause. Eveline looked at him with gen-tle surprise and her breath came quick as she spoke:
"You feel it a duty to use your great

gifts—"
"I will tell you the whole wretched truth. I cannot stay here. I have been living like a simpleton—spending twice my income. I must go to London to earn a living. There, now, that is what I came this morning to tell you." And he laughed as if it were an excellent joke. "Mr. Marfleet..."

Even on those tips his name had never sounded so pleasantly. He gazed at her and waited "Don't you think," she proceeded, with

diffidence, yet with courage, "that it's a great pity for towns like ours to lose all their most capable men? Wouldn't it be much better if-such a man as



"YOU HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME IN LONDON," SAID EVELINE,

yourself were to stay and use his talents in the service of the place he loves and the people he cares for? We are so much in want of a higher type of

so much in want of a higher type of mind—"
"Ah, if it were possible! I regret bitterly that I did not enter into the life of the town in earnest, years and years Eveline's smile came from its lurk-

ing place, and made sunny all her sweet countenance. "You would have been mayor by now. And think how much better for all of

us!"
"I would give years of my life," ex-claimer Martleet, "if that could be!"
"Is it really impossible?"

Their eyes met. Eveline, sister to the rose, trembled as if on the verge of happy laughter. Marfleet, his face radiant, yet ashamed, tried vainly to speak.
"Who knows of your difficulties?" she softly.

"Not a soul but you."
She did not laugh, but again seemed scarce able to help it. Marfleet's hand scarce able to help it. Marieus, stole forth, and was met half-way. "We will write the history of o town!" broke joyfully from his lips. The end.

"With Weird Weapons," a story of the new science, by Duffield Osborne, author of "The Spell of Ashtaroth," will begin

WELSH JOTTINGS.

Tom Rogers, a fifer in the Radnor Militia, who had been in the service for over fifty years, was a well-known per-former in the King's service during the He was engaged in many musical competitions with the fifers of other regiments than that which he belonged to, and it is recorded that he was always successful in gaining the prize. He is said to have been in his time unrivalled. The poor fellow at his discharge obtained the Chelsea pension, which means that he had served till he was invalided. He was journeying towards his native hills, and within sight of his highly and the contraction of the said that he had served till he was invalided. birthplace (Presteign) when he per-ished in the snow; and most extraordi-nary, this was not his first time to die, Some time previous, while on an active duty, he scraped together a few shill-ings, and in order to do so he nearly ings, and in order to do so he nearly starved himself. He fell sick, and his life was despaired of. The surgeon informed an officer, who was also a Welshman. Who is said to be a most generous hearted officer, that 'Poor Roger was dying." The nurse went further, and told him that "Tom was dead." The kind officer again went to see him, and to have a last giance at see him, and to have a last glance at what he termed the honest piper He thought it possible that the thread of life might yet be spliced, and forced some brandy down his throat out of his own bottle. Roger recovered and lived to thank his kind benefactor. "God bless your honour," said he, "and I hope if ever I die again it will be by your Honour's side, and that you will not let me be buried without trying another drop of your good brandy." Strange to say, this officer after some years left the regiment, and went to re-side at Presteign, and was, accidentally, one of the first spectators of poor Tom Roger's fate, but life was now pletely extinguished, and every to restore it was ineffective. He was

Responding to the toast of the Welsh pulpit at the Cardiff Cymrodorion ban-quet on St. David's Eve, Principal Edwards concluded a fine peroration with the following impromptu lines: Thou morning star of our beloved Wales! That shone of old upon her hills and dales; E'en when the darkness was profound, su-

preme. The Pulpit with a bright and steady beam Gleamed till the gladsome day succeeded

Gleamed till the gladsome day succeeded night,
And Wales was filled with Heaven's own glorious light.
As in the past, so in the years to be The Pulpit will continue strong and free;
And from its God-given throne will sway again.
The passion, yea, the lives of countless men. Let knowledge widen, and let wealth in-

crease, Let commerce thrive beneath the smiles of Let commerce thrive beneath the smiles of peace;
Let Cambria's noble ship sail o'er the sea, And wafted on by breezes soft and free; Let still the Holy Book be chart on board, Let still her Captain be our Common Lord; Yea, let the Pulpit be the constant guide Of Cymru Fydd through all the changing tide
Of the uncertain future, then she'll be The happy country of the good and free; Hen wlad y menyg gwynion then will still Climb' high the slopes of virtue's sun-lit hill;

And through the ages then her fame goes Even as the lovellest gem in Britain's

No. of the last of the

"I can quite understand," said Evelife, in a low voice, as she stood before life with head bent, "that you feel the "THE FIVE POINTS."

What It Was and What It Is.



1846.

"It is the most dreadful spot on the American continent!" said a distinguished Frenshman who once visited the notorious New York slum known as the "Five Points." The same opinion was expressed by Charles Dickens after going through this dangerous quarter with an armed police escort. The five points, in those days, was famous as the abode of thieves, thugs and murderers.

In recent years this unsavory district has undergone a marked improvement. Today it compares favorably with similar quarters of other great cities, and most of this improvement is due to the celebrated Five Points Mission and its army of Christian workers. This excellent organization has performed and is performing a great and noble work.

One of the greatest works of the mission is to minister to the sick, and it is a work that has been highly successful. And yet the officers of the mission have been enabled to combat a vast amount of sickness and afford relief in many critical cases with the aid of but one standard remedy. It is, of course, a remedy well known to the medical plan to try it?

insisted on singing snatches of the same song. Then Frank stopped short, and said: "It will be better amusement for the audience to listen to one fool at a time." It was all right after that. EVA M. HETZEL'S

Swansea is described in a German geography as being a famous bathing-place, and greatly frequented by wild swans.

Women have at last confessed their de-pendence on the jord of creation. There is to be a ladies' club at the Cardiff Expo-sition and the ladies are taking up the matter with a vigor and a business-like method that put many male bodies to shame. But—and it is a but with a capi-tal B—they have asked a committee of men to draw up the rules!

It is suggested by an admirer of the heroism of collies that, if a medal be granted in the future, some consideration should be shown for the still living heroes of old explosions. Out of the four men who perilled their lives in the most unquestioned manner at Tynewyth two are yet living. One of these is Mr. H. W. Lewls, J. P., and C. C., brother of Sir W. T. Lewis, Bart.

St. David was the only Welsh saint ever commissioned by the Church, notwith-standing the fact that Wales has produced a greater number of saints than any other country of its size in the world. Saints in Wales, really, are as thick as leaves in Vajambrosa. In the medieval Church there was a special collect for St. David's Day, and his legend was also read in the church of the occasion.

"Wales" says Ann Griffiths' hymns are becoming more popular in Wales than ever they have been. The melody of the originals is wonderful and their calm grandeur appeals strongly to all dwellers among mountains. They were composed by a farmer's daughter to the sound of the spinning-wheel in a Montgomeryshire home or while walking over the lonely Berwgn mountains to the Communion at Bala.

One reason why it was hoped the Prince would visit Aberystwith in May was that on the 23d of May, 129i, Edward the First was at that charming watering-place. On the 2d and 3d of June the King was at Cardigan, and between the 12th and 15th of that month at Merthyr Tydvil, and visited Morlais Castle. In the numismatic collection of Mr. Thomas Stephens there was a silver coin of Edward the First, which was found amongst the rulns of Morlais.

Dr. Roland Rogers will conduct most of the concerts to be held in connection with the Llanduno National Eisteddfod of Wales from June 30 to July 3, and the list of artistes, which has just been completed by the engagement of Miss MacIntyre, includes Mesdames Maggie Davies, Hughes, Hannah Jones, and Belle Cole, Messes, Hen Davies, Llyod Chandos, F. Davies, David Hughes, and Hirwen Jones. The novelties to be performed at this eisteddfod are all by Welshmen, and they comprise Dr. Joseph Parry's national cantata, "Cambria," a choral ballad by Mr. G. H. Pugh, Mus. Bac., and a cantata by Dr. Rogers himself. Rogers himself.

Rogers himself.

Major Jones, who is dear to us as a journalist, and only so as a politician, has said a neat thing about the charge levelled at us by our neighbors, the French, by our loving cousins the Germans, and by our loving cousins the Germans, and by our own flesh and blood the Americans, that we are insincere in our relations with foreign Powers, thus: "While we would gladly help to scrape off whatever there may be of this slime upon our national fame, we do not believe ourselves to be worse in this most objectionable regard than the other members of the family of nations. At all events, there is neither insincerity nor affection in the first paragraph of the Queen's speech, which runs as follows: 'I continue to receive from other Powers assurances of their friendiv sentiments.' It is not even pretended that we believe—the suggestion is that we do not believe—these assurances."

GOT THEM MIXED. Notices Read from the Pulpit Create

Much Laughter. From the Westminster Gazette.

A curate once was intrusted by his vicar, who was rather deaf, with the delivery of two notices, which were to be given out in a certain order. Unfortunately, the curate forgot what he had been told, and reversed the no-tices, which related to baptism and new hymn books, stating that in future a new form of hymn book would be used

in the service of the church.

He then passed on to baptism, and said that the clergy had noticed with said that the clergy had noticed with sorrow that more parents did not bring their children to be baptized. All par-ents should bring their babies to church to be baptized at the earliest oppor-tunity. "And for the benefit of those who have none," remarked the vicar, who thought the notice just given out referred to the hymn books, "I may mention that they may be michosed." mention that they may be purchased in the vestry after service—stiff backs 1s. 6d.; limp backs, 1s."

MINISTER FOSTER'S SECRE TARY.

Has Successfully Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Personally and in

His Family.

Mr. J. J. Jenkins, private secretary to Hon. George E. Foster, Canada's minister of finance, has found in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a successful remedy for the removal-of catarrhal troubles. He has not confined its use to himself, but states that it has been used with the most pleasing and successful results by other members of his family.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in 10 minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness, 50c. Sold by Maithews Bros.



1896

profession and one that has been prescribed by many eminent physicians. In speaking of this matter not long ago, the Rev. J. H. Beale, financial agent of the Five Points Mission, said: "A remedy largely used among the people connected with our mission is Warner's Safe Cure, and I am able to state that they have received great benefit from it and are ready to testify

Mrs. N. Elliott, a visitor of the mission, expresses a similar opinion. She says: "After using Warner's Safe Cure among our mission people for several months, I regard it as a public duty to endorse it as a safe and sure cure for liver and kidney and female complaints. One very severe case which had been given over by the doc-tors was supplied with a bottle, and the improvement was so marked as to inspire new courage and hope, causing her to feel like a new woman. This is only one case of many."

Nothing ever known in the history of the world has equalled Warner's Safe Cure for making men, women and even children healthler and happier. Don't you think it would be a good

Superior Face Bleach



effect and never leaves the skin rough or scaly. Price 50 cents.

Thrixogene, Nature's Hair Grower, is the greatest hair invigorator of the present profressive age, being purely a vegetable compound, entirely harmless, and marvelous in its beneficiant effects. All diseases of the hair and scalp are roadily cured by the use of Thrixogene. Price 50 cents and \$1. For sale 'at S. M. Hestel's Hair-dressing and Manicure Parlura, S.O. Lackawanna ave. and No. 1 Lanning Building, Wilkes-Barre. Mail orders filled promptly.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y. ASK FOR THE B%KLET ON

UGHT "BURN ROWN GIVES THE OIL BEST LIGHT THE WORLD AND IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY THE

ATLANTIC REFINING SCRANTON STATION.

WILLIAM S. MILLAR, Alderman 8th Ward, Scranton. ROOMS 4 AND 5, CORNER WYOMING AVE. AND CENTER ST.

OFFICE HOURS from 7.30 a. m. to 9 p. m.; hear intermission for dinner and supper.) Particular Attention Given to Collections Prompt Settlement Guaranteed.

YOUR BUSINESS IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED Telephone No. 134.





TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many passerons 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 mortisks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

& CONNELL

Wholesale Agents.

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.

SCRANTON, PA.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dentists.

DR. WILLIAM A. TAFT, PORCELAIN, Bridge and Crown work. Office, 325 Washington evenue. C. C. LAUBACH, SURGEON DENTIST. No. 115 Wyoming avenue. R. M. STRATTON, OFFICE COAL EX-

Physicians and Surgeons.

DR. A. TRAPOLD, SPECIALIST IN'
Diseases of Women, corner Wyoming
avenue and Spruce street, Scranton, Of-9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

DR. G. EDGAR DEAN HAS REMOVED to 618 Spruce street, Scranton, Pa. (Just opposite Court House Square.) DR. KAY, 206 PENN AVE.; 1 to 3 P. M.; call 2002. Dis. of women, obstretrics and and all dis. of chil.

DR. W. E. ALLEN, 512 North Washington DR. C. L. FREY, PRACTICE LIMITED, diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; office, 122 Wyoming ave. Resi-dence, 529 Vine street.

DR. L. M. GATES, 125 WASHINGTON avenue. Office hours, 8 to 9 a. m., 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. Residence 305 Madi-DR. J. C. BATESON. TUESDAYS AND Fridays, at 505 Linden street. Office hours 1 to 4 p. m. DR. S. W. LAMEREAUX, A SPECIAL lst on chronic diseases of the heart lungs, liver, kidney and genito uri-nary diseases, will occupy the office of Dr. Roos, 232 Adams avenue. Office hours 1 to 5 p. m.

WARREN & KNAPP, ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law. Republican building, Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa.

JESSUPS & HAND, ATTORNEYS AND Counsellors at Law, Commonwealth building, Washington avenue. W. H. JESSUP, HORACE E. HAND, W. H. JESSUP, JR. PATTERSON & WILCOX, ATTOR-neys and Counsellors at Law; offices 6 and 5 Library building Scranton, Pa, ROSEWELL H, PATTERSON, WILLIAM A. WILCOX.

ALFRED HAND, WILLIAM J. HAND, Attorneys and Counsellors, Common-wealth building. Rooms 19, 20 and 21. FRANK T. OKELL, ATTORNEY-AT-Law, Room 5, Coal Exchange, Scran-ton, Pa.

JAMES W. OAKFORD, ATTORNEY-at-Law, rooms 63, 64 and 65, Common-wealth building. SAMUEL W. EDGAR, ATTORNEY-AT-Law. Office, 317 Spruce st., Scranton, Pa. L. A. WATERS. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 423 Lackawanna ave., Scranton, Pa.

URIE TOWNSEND, ATTORNEY-AT-Law, Dime Bank Building, Scranton, Money to loan in large sums at 5 per C. R. PITCHER, ATTORNEY-AT-law, Commonwealth building, Scranton, Pg.

H. C. SMYTHE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, C. COMEGYS, 321 SPRUCE STREET. D. B. REPLOGLE, ATTORNEY—LOANS negotiated on real estate security. 408 Spruce street.

B. F. KILLAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 120 Wyoming ave., Scranton, Pa. JAS. J. H. HAMILTON, ATTORNEY-AT-law, 45 Commonwealth bld'g, Scranton, M. C. RANCK, 126 WYOMING AVE.

Architects.

EDWARD H. DAVIS, ARCHITECT. Rooms 24, 25 and 25, Commonwealth building, Scranton. E. L. WALTER, ARCHITECT, OFFICE rear of 606 Washington avenue. LEWIS HANCOCK, JR., ARCHITECT, 456 Spruce st., cor. Wash, ave., Scranton.

BROWN & MORRIS, ARCHITECTS, Price building, 126 Washington avenue, Scranton.

Hotels and Restaurants.

THE ELK CAFE, 125 and 127 FRANK-lin avenue. Rates reasonable. P. ZEIGLER, Proprietor. SCRANTON HOUSE, NEAR D., L. & W. passenger depot. Conducted on the European plan. VICTOR KOCH, Prop. WESTMINSTER HOTEL, Cor. Sixteenth St. and Irving Piace. New York

ates, \$2.50 per day and upwards. (American plan), E. N. ANABLES, Proprietor.

Schools. SCHOOL OF THE LACKAWANNA, Scranton, Pa., prepares boys and girls for college or business; thoroughly, trains young children. Catalogue at re-quest. Opens September 9. REV. THOMAS M. CANN, WALTER H. BUELL.

MISS WORCESTER'S KINDERGARTEN and School, 412 Adams avenue, opens Gept. 9. Kindegarten \$10 per term.

THE REPUBLIC SAVINGS AND Loan Association will loan you money on easier terms and pay you better on investment than any other association. Call on S. N. Callender, Dime Bank building.

Wire Sreens.

JOS. KUETTEL, REAR 511 LACKA-wanns avenue, Scranton, Pa., manufac-turer of Wire Screens.

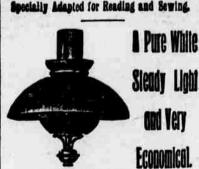
G. R. CLARK & CO., SEEDSMEN AND Nurserymen; store 146 Washington ave-nue; green house, 1850 North Main ave-nue; store telephone 782.

Miscellaneous. BAUER'S ORCHESTRA-MUSIC FOR balls, picnics, parties, receptions, wed-dings and concert work furnished. For terms address R. J. Bauer, conductor, 117 Wyoming avenue, over Hulbert's music store.

music store.

MEGARGEE BROTHERS, PRINTERS' supplies, envelopes, paper bags, twins.

Warehouse, 130 Washington ave., Scran-FRANK P. BROWN & CO., WHOLE-sale dealers in Woodware, Cordage and Oil Cloth, 720 West Lackawanna ave. THOMAS AUBREY, EXPERT AC-countant and auditor. Rooms 19 and 20, Williams Building, opposite postoffice, Agent for the Rex Fire Extinguisher.



Consumes three (8) feet of gas per hour and gives an efficiency of sixty (60) candles. Saving at least 38} per cent. over the call and See It.

HUNT & CONNELL 434 LACKAWANNA AVENUE

Clasufacturers' Agents.

Moosic Powder 66, Rooms 1 and 2 Commowealth Bld's. SCRANTON, PA.

MINING and BLASTING POWDER

Orange Gun Powdet Blectric Batteries, Passe for expisi-

Repardo Chemical Co. 's High Explosing