The Dream Gown of the Japanese Ambassador.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Author of "Vignettes of Manhattan."

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SYNOPSIS. Cosmo Waynfiete, a young American traveler, returns to New York on Christ-mas morning. A friend has engaged rooms for him and he unpacks his things. Among them are a crystal ball and a Japa-Among them are a crystal ball and a Japanese dressing gown, curiously embroidered and having three strange coins serving as buttons. Putting on this gown and gazing into the crystal, Cosmo falls asleep and dreams that he is a Samurai in Japan, pretending to be intoxicated in order to throw an enemy off guard. Then his vision changes, and he finds himself in Persla attacked by a hideous monster and able to kill it only by the aid of his trusty steed.

PART II.

Only a few minutes after, so it seemed to him at least, Cosmo Waynnete became doubtfully aware of another change of time and place—of another transformation of his own being.
He knew himself to be alone once more
and even without his trusty charger.
Again he found himself groping in the
dark. But in a little while there was a
faint radiance of light; and at last the
moon came out from behind a tower.
Then he saw that he was not by the
roadside in Japan or in the desert of
Persia, but now in some unknown city
of southern Europe, where the architecture was hispano-moresque. By the tecture was hispano-moresque. By the sliver rays of the moon he was able to male out the beautiful design damascened upon the blade of the sword which he held now in his hand ready

drawn for self defense.

Then he heard hasty footfalls down the emily street and a man rushed around the corner pursued by two others, who also had weapons in their



COSMO RAN THE BOY THROUGH.

hands. For the moment Cosmo Waynhands. For the moment Cosmo Waynflete was a Spaniard, and to him it was
a point of honor to aid the weaker
party. He cried to the fugitive to pluck
up heart and to withstand the enemy
stoutly. But the hunted man fled on,
and after him went one of the pursuers,
a tall, thin fellow, with a long black
cloak streaming behind him as he ran.
The other of the two a handsome lad

The other of the two, a handsome lad with fair hair, came to a hait and crossed swords with Cosmo, and soon showed himself to be skilled in the art of fence. So violent was the young low's attack that in the ardor of self-defense Cosmo ran the boy through the body before he had time to hold his hand or even to reflect.

The lad toppled over sideways. "Oh!

my mother!" he cried, and in a second he was dead. While Cosmo bent over the body hasty footsteps again echoed along the silent thoroughfare. Cosmo peered around the corner and by the struggling moonbeams he could see that it was the tall, thin fellow in the black cloak, who was returning with half a score of retainers, all armed and some of them bearing torches. Cosmo turned and fled swiftly, but

being a stranger in the city he soon lost himself in its tortuous streets. Sec-ing a light in a window and observing

Then at last the old lady came to a resolution; she lifted the tapestry at the head of her bed and told him to be-stow himself there. No sooner was he hidden than the tall, thin man in the long, black coat entered hastily. He greeted the elderly lady as his aunt, greeted the elderly lady as his aunt, and he told her that her son had been set upon by a stranger in the street and had been slain. She gave a great cry and never took her eyes from his face. Then he said that a servant had seen an unknown man climb to the balcony of her house. What if it were the assassin of her son? The blood left her face and she clutched at the table behind her, as she gave orders to have the aind her, as she gave orders to have the

When the room was empty at last, she went to the head of the bed and bade the man concealed there to come forth and begone, but to cover has face that she might not be forced to know him again. So saying, she dropped on her knees before a crucifix, while he slipped out of the window again and down to

the descried street.

He sped to the corner and turned it undiscovered and breathed a sigh of relief and of regret. He kept on stead-ily, gliding stealthly along in the shadows, until he found himself at the city gate, as the bell of the cathedral tolled the hour of midnight.

How it was that he passed through the gate he could not declare with precision, for seemingly a mist had set-iled about him. Yet a few minutes later he saw that in some fashion he must have got beyond the walls of the town, for he recognized the open country all round. And oddly enough he now discovered himself to be astride a bony steed. He could not say what manner of horse it was he was riding, but he felt sure that it was not the failthful charger that had saved his life in Persia, once upon a time, in days long gone by, as it seemed to him then. He was not in Persia now—of that he was certain, nor in Japan, nor in the Span-sh peninsula. Where he was he did not

In the dead hush of midnight he could hear the barking of a dog on the op-posite shore of a dusky and indistinct waste of waters that spread itself far below him. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasion-ally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. In the center of the road stood an enor-mous tulip tree; its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. As he approached this fearful tree, he though he saw something white hanging in the midst of it, but on looking more narrowly he perceived it was a place where it had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. About two hun-dred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road; and as he drew near he beheld—on the margin of this brook, and in the dark shadow of the grove— he beheld something huge missianen. he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom

like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler. He demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no re-"Who are you?" He received no re-ply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. And then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion and with a scramble and a bound stood in the middle of the road. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions and mounted on a black horse of power-ful frame. Having no relish for this strange midnight companion, Cosmo Waynflete urged on his steed in hopes of leaving the apparition behind; but the stranger quickened his horse also to an equal pace. And when the first horseman pulled up, thinking to lag behind, the second did likewise. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground which brought the figure of his fellow-trayeler against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, he was horror-struck to discover the stranger was headless!—but his horror was still more



HIS OWN HORSE PLUNGED HEADLONG DOWN THE HILL

before it, he climbed up boldly, and found himself face to face with a gray-haired lady, whose visage was beautiful and kindly and noble. In a few words increased in observing that the head which should have rested on the shoulders was carried before the body on the pommel of the saddle.

The terror of Cosmo Waynflete rose before it, he climbed up boldly, and found himself face to face with a gray-haired lady, whose visage was beautiful and kindly and noble. In a few words he told her his plight and besought sanctuary. She listened to him in silence, with evecading courters of manlence, with exceeding courtesy of man-ner, as though she were weighing his words before making up her mind. She raised the lamp on her table and let its beams fall on his lineaments. And still she made no answer to his appeal.

Then came a glare of torches in the street below and a knocking at the door.

IN THE WORLD

The terror of Cosmo Waynstee rose to desperation and he spurred his steed suddenly in the hope of giving his weird companion the slip. But the headless horseman started full jump with him. His own horse as though possessed by a demon plunged headlong down the hill. He could hear, however, the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt the hot breath of the pursuer. When he ventured at last to cast a look behind, he saw the goblin rising in the stirrups, and in the very rising in the stirrups, and in the very act of hurling at him the grisly head. He fell out of the saddle to the ground; and the black steed and the goblin rider passed by him like a whirlwind.

How long he lay there by the roadside, stunned and motionless, he could
not guess; but when he came to himself at last the sun was already high
in the heavens. He discovered himself to be reclining on the tail grass of
a pleasant graveyard which surrounded a little country church in the outskirts of a pretty little village. It
was in the early summer and the follage was green over his head as the
boughs swayed gently to and fro in
the morning breeze. The birds were
singing gayly as they filtted about over
his head. The bees hummed along
from flower to flower. At last, so it
seemed to him, he had come into a land
of peace and quiet, where there was
rest and comfort and where no man
need go in fear of his life. It was a
country where vengcance was not a
duty and where midnight combats
were not a custom. He found himself smilling as he thought that a grisly dragon and a goblin rider would be

equally out of place in this laughing landscape.

Then the bell in the steeple of the

Indiscape.

Then the bell in the steeple of the little church began to ring merrily and he rose to his feet in expectation. All of a sudden the knowledge came to him why it was that they were ringing. He wondered then why the coming of the bride was thus delayed. He knew himself to be a lover with life opening brightly before him; and the world seemed to him sweeter than ever before and more beautiful.

Then at last the girl whom he loved with his whole heart and who had promised to marry him appeared in the distance, and he thought he had never seen her look more lovely. As he beheld his bridal party approaching, he slipped into the church to await her at the altar. The sunshine fell full upon the portal and made a halo about the girl's head as she crossed the threshoid.

But even when the bride stood by his side and the elegarman had begun the

But even when the bride stood by his side and the ciergyman had begun the solemn service of the church, the bells kept on and soon the chiming became a clangor, louder and sharper, and more insistent.

To be concluded.

THE LIEUTENANT'S NERVE. His Culmness Saved Him from the Fangs of a Huge Cobra.

From the New York Press. We were campaigning in India and for months the command had simply been idling time away. We were all thor-oughly tired of a life of routine military inactivity and finally a party of five of us secured a two weeks' leave of absence, which we proposed to spend in a hunt for big game. It was the last night, I think, before

we broke camp. We were seated in a glum group about our impoverished table, speculating as to the reception we would receive from out brother officers when we returned crestfallen and empty-handed to headquarters.

Then, naturally enough, the

Then, naturally enough, the conver-sation turned to adventures. One of our number was a senior regimental officer, who had been through ten years' service in India. He had been the guiding spirit of our expedition. Seated a few feet away from him, and to his left, was a young junior company officer, who had but recently joined the command. We had been eating fruit which is of a kind that bears a very peculiar taste. It is a tradition that this native fruit has a strong attraction for several varieties of venomous reptiles, which are peculiar to that climate. I, at least, am conthan tradition in it.

As I have said, we were talking of adventures, when, in a moment of slience, the bluff old regimental officer, looking steadily at the young lieutenant to his left, slowly said:

"Do you think you could keep your presence of mind under the most trying circumstances, when your life depended upon your coolness and courage?" Dead silence followed the colonel's question, and the young officer, looking quizically at his interrogator, replied: 'Yes, I think I could.'

"Then the time has come when you must be put to the test. Move not a muscle until I tell you, or you are **à** dead

Then the bronzed old warrior slowly drew his pistol from his holster, and taking deliberate aim, he fired a shot at the very feet of the man to whom he had addressed his ominous question.

For the space of a second we all sat like statues; then the colonel, in a tone of realign avelatiment.

of relief, exclaimed: "It's all right now, boys; I've killed it." We were all on our feet in an instant eager to know what danger had threat-ened our young comrade. At his feet lay the coiling, squirming body of a huge cobra, the most venomous reptile that haunts the jungles of India.

I think the man who calmly faced that danger was the bravest man I've

SHE WANTED TO SEE IT. A Child's Amusing Idea of What a Birth-

day Is. From the Chicago Post.

She is a little mixed up on the subject of birthdays. In ageneral way she realies that a birthday is a handy thing to have around the house, but that is as far as she has reasoned it out. Her as far as she has reasoned it out. Her third birthday arrived on schedule time Thursday, and she was duly apprised of the fact that it was coming by her two elder brothers. They told her about a week or two beforehand. They also speculated a good deal as to what the created a tremendous sensation, and the wharves were soon crowded with exultant citizens and officials cager to gaze on the foolhardy "Yankees." The elite of the population hastened to congratulate Gov. Burriel, and the principal edifices in town were illuminated, as if after a great speculated a good deal as to what she would receive, and perhaps it was an excusable for her to become somewhat ewildered.
"Ith I goin' to have a bi'thday?" she

asked her mother when first told of it.
"Yes, dear," was the reply.
"When?" "Next Thursday."

Her brothers continued dilating on the beauties of birthdays, and she con-tinued making inquiries about hers until the day came. Early that morning she raised herself up in her little bed and asked anxiously:

"Mamma, hath my bi'thday comed?"
"Yes dear," replied her mother. The little one looked around the room

expectantly.
"Well, where ith it?" she asked. day is, and even then she rather clung to the idea that the doll she received as a present was really a bi'thday."

RECKLESS AND WANTON KILLING

Only the Timely Interposition of a Brit Hundred and Two Other Lives. The Exact Details.

Late in 1870 the Cuban revolutionary party purchased in New York a Clyde-built iron side-wheel steamer, called the Virgin, and rechristening her Virand a full compliment of able seamer runner during the civil war, and among
the revolutionary leaders, who boarded
her at Kingston, were Gen. W. A. C.
Ryan, a native New Yorker, who had
already fought in Cuba: Pedro Cespedes, a younger brother of Carlos
Manuel Cespedes, President of the Cuban Republic, and Gens. Jesus del Sol
and Varona, prominent patriots.

It was on the 24th of October, 1873,
that the Virginius steamed out of Kingston harbor. The original intention

ston harbor. The original intention was to sail direct for the shores of Cuba, but a damage to the machinery Cuba, but a damage to the machinery necessitated a stoppage at Port-au-Prince, Hayti. A second start was made on October 30. Meanwhile the Spanish Consul at Kingston had been keeping watch on the movements of the cruiser, and this resulted in Gov. Burriel, of Santiago de Cuba, ordering the commander of the war-ship Tornado to sail in quest of her. On the moraing of the 3ist the Spanish vessel sighted the fillbuster on the high sea. The ed the fillbuster on the high sea. The ed the filibuster on the high sea. The former was at the time under full sail with little steam on, as her engine was undergoing repairs. The captain of the Virginius mistook the enemy for an ordinary sailing craft, and did not alter his course until too late. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Tornado's engineer announced that his repairs were completed. Thereupon the chase began in earnest, the war-ship heading for the earnest, the war-ship heading for the Virginius under full steam. At this point the fillbusters suddenly realized their danger, and started to make a run for the Jamaica coast.

RUN SHORT OF COAL By a strange lack of foresight on the by a strange lack of foresight on the part of her commander, the Virginius had run short of coal; but as it was an issue of life or death, no exertion was spared to reach the protection of the British waters. To supply the lack of fuel all the greasy substances on board, such as oil, fat and hams, from the provision stores, were thrown into the fur-naces; all the weapons, the horses and the cargo were consigned to the waves. the cargo were consigned to the waves. But all to no avail. Even the coming on of night proved of little benefit to the fugitives, for the moon rose in full tropical splendor. Finally toward 10 in the evening a shell was sent across the bows of the ill-fated cruiser. There was now no alternative; surrender was unavoidable. Presently two armed boats from the Tornado came alongside, and, taking possession of the Virginius, made all on board prisoners. The first order of the Spanish officer in charge was to lower the American flag, and hoist in its place the Spanish ensign—notwithstanding the fact that the Virginius had been duly cleared for colors; and shortly after midnight the two vessels started for Santiago de Cuba, which was reached the following

In ageneral way she afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The arrival of the Tornado with her the house, but that is prize created a tremendous sensation. riel, and the principal edifices in town were illuminated, as if after a great victory. Santiago was fairly drunk with joy. In the evening Burriel gave a grand reception; and the bay recehoed with the songs of the volunteers, who crowded its waters in gayly festooned boats. So much for the first act of the drama!

Whatever dismal forebodings the actual leaders of the Virginius expedition

Cuba, which was reached the following

tual leaders of the Virginius expedition may have entertained amid all these public demonstrations, it does not appear that the purely American portion of the crew looked forward with any serious apprehension to the outcome of their enterprise. While it is true that the Spanish authorities had good reason to suspect hostile intentions on their part, not a scirtilla of evidence had been obtained which would war-"Well, where ith it?" she asked.

It took her mother the entire day to explain to her satisfaction what a birth-had been thrown overboard before the surrender, and when the Spanlards boarded the Virginulus she was to all outward appearances a peaceable

GENERAL BALDISSERA,

Italy's New Commander in Abvasinia.

-From the Chicago Times Herald. By the Courtesy of H. H. Kohlsaat,

merchantman, duly documented, with the American flag flying at her stern. Captain Fry and his men therefore ex-pected, at the worst, a short imprinson-ment, and an early return to the United States. But the poor fellows had not reckoned on the bloodthirsty temper of Governor Burriel and the Spanish volunteers, and their intense hatred for this country.

A Bloody Page of Spanish History

ish Gunboat Sufficed to Save One

On the day following the arrival of the Virginius in Santiago a court-martial was held on board the Tornado. It began at 9 and ended at 4 o'clock. The charge was "piracy on the high seas;" and four leaders, Ryan, Varona, Cespedes and Del Sol were promptly found guilty and sentenced to be shot. Early at dawn on the morning of November 3 the unfortunate men were led from their prison to the slaughter house outside of the town's limits, and to the cry of "Cuba forever," they fell beneath a hall of bullets.

But this was only a foretaste of Spanthe Virgin, and rechristening her Virginius, fitted her up as a cruiser end transport for landing men and supplies on the Island of Cuba; and in the following year she sailed on her first expedition under orders from Gen. Raphael Quesada, the revolutionary chief. She succeeded on this occasion in landof bullets.

But this was only a foretaste of Spanish vengeance. The first four victims, though executed in violation of all international law, were at least open and recognized enemies of Spain, and had figured prominently in the war. Not so the captain and the crew of the Virginius, many of whom had even been ignorant of the purposes and destination of the ill-fated vessel. These men appeared before their judges a few hours after the distant rattle of musketry had told them of the fate of their erstwhile companions, and before dusk the captain and his men—many of them She succeeded on this occasion in land-ing a force near Santiago de Cuba, and rendered similar services some time later. In the fall of 1873 an expedition on a still larger scale was planned by the revolutionary committee, and on October 8 of that year 175 volunteers the majority native Americans, left New York to embark on the Virginius, then lying in the harbor of Kingston. the captain and his men—many of them youths under age—had learned that their lest moments were at hand. Thirty-seven of them, including Capt. Fry, were told off for execution the next day. The scene of this horrible tragedy was Jamaica. The ship was commanded by Captain Joseph Fry, of Louisiana, who had distinguished himself as a blockade runner during the civil war, and among The scene of this norriole tragedy was the same as that of the first—the city slaughter house, an adobe structure with a steep tiled roof, encircled by a shal-low trench half filled with stagnant

"After they had knelt down," he says, "the Captain walked along the line and bade each one good-by seperately. No one was slighted, not even the colored men who sailed among the crew. The last sounds they heard on earth, apart from the roar of the muskets that belched forth that deeth wars the kind. from the roar of the muskets that belched forth their death, were the kind words spoken by the heroic Fry. When this act of gentleness was done he knelt down with the rest. The men were formed in a line about three feet from the wall. Three paces back of them were the marines, with their muskets at the shoulder. Just before the volley was fired Capt. Fry took off his hat and turned his face upward, as if in prayer. There was one brief moment of pause; then came the flame, the smoke and the roar. As the cloudy curtain lifted thirty-six of the thirty-seven men were seen writhing in the agonies of a partial writhing in the agonies of a pertial death. Poor Fry lay stone dead, a bul-let in his heart, his calm face upturned toward the beautiful tropical sky."

According to several eye-witness

witness of the tragedy:

KILLED IN COLD BLOOD.

THE TRIAL BEGUN.

Half a mile separated the jall from

the scene that ensued was hideous be-yond description. The marines rushed upon the wounded men and began dis-patching them with horrible brutality. Thrusting the mussles of their musices into the eyes and ears of the dying, these fiends literally blow their beads of flends literally blow their heads off.
But a still greater horror was at hand. Presently some cavalry appeared, and in order to accelerate the extermination of the victims the horse soldiers were of the victims the horse soldiers were ordered to ride their steeds over the reeking mass of dying men. This was repeated several times until the last breath of life had been crushed out of the sufferers. After this the troops withdrew, and the rabbble were let loose on the human shambles, with the result that for the rest of the day the streets were paragied by processions hearing. were paraded by processions bearing the heads of the victims on long spikes. Thus ended the bloody orgy of November, 4, 1873.

BRUTALITY FOILED.

It must not be supposed that this second butchery had quenched Governor Burriel's thirst for blood. On the contrary, orders were issued by him for the shooting of fifty more of the prisoners—the majority being boys ranging from 16 to 20 years of age—and 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th was the hour set for their execution. At 10 o'clock on the morning of that day, however, a gallant British man-of-war, H. M. S. Niobe, steamed into the harbor of Santiago. As soon as her commander, Sir Lambton Lorraine, heard of the Govertiago. As soon as ner commander, sir Lambton Lorraine, heard of the Gover-nor's intentions, he quietly trained his guns on the town and sent word ashore that, in view of the probability that some of the crew of the Virginius were British subjects, he must insist upon a postponement of the execution until the postponement of the execution until the respective governments had been communicated with. Burriel demurred at first, but a second look at the port holes of the Niobe and her decks cleared for action caused him to acquiesce to the demand, and the remainder of the crew and passengers were saved.

The subsequent action of the United

The subsequent action of the United States government, ending in Spain's apology for this unheard-of outrage and the surrender of the Virginius, together with the survivors of the ill-fated expedition, are matters that do not come within the scope of this article. One little incident, however, I can not pass over in silence, since it emphasizes the absolutely devilish cruelty manifested. absolutely devilish cruelty manifested by the officials on this occasion. The day before the survivors of the Virginius, 102 in number, were taken from Morro Castle, Havana, to be turned over to the United States authorities, they to the United States authorities, they were informed by their jailers that their walk on the morrow would be from the cell to the grave. To enhance their sufferings a priest entered the castle and began to shrive them. All night this inhuman torture was indulged in, and when the morning light streamed in over the frowing wells they as thought over the frowning walls they an thought it the dawn of their last day on earth. Sadly they fell into line and marched out into the town. All this while the United States vessel Juniata was lying n the harbor awaiting them; and their in the harbor awaiting them; and their feelings can be better imagined than de-scribed when the welcome truth finally forced itself upon them. This episode was a fitting climax to one of the most hideous chapters in the long story of Spanish oppression and cruelty.

THE MOST SENSIBLE WOMAN-

From the New York Mall and Express.
Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day and showed a hand, badly inflamed and swollen, when the following dialogue, quened by the doctor, took place:
"Burn?"
"Bruise."
"Poultiee."
The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:
"Better?"

"More poultice."
Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred: her can, "Better?"
"Better?"
"Well. Fee?"
"Nothing," exclaimed the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met!"

New Patient—Do you think you can help me, doctor?
Doctor—Well, I ought to. I have had experience enough. I have been attend-ing a man with thesame disease for the last twenty years.—Tid-Bita.

Diphtheria

* Less Fatal.

If the patient's strength can be maintained, and the great vital centres of the body "kept up" to the performance of their natural functions, they will thus dispel the disease germs that impregnate the entire body, and if sufficient vitality is experienced, the fatality of this dreaded disease is lessened a hundred-fold.

Bovinine

that greatest raw food, is a wonderful creator of new flesh and nerve tissue, is indispensible in the treatment of this malady. as it gives strength to the patient with the least effort on the part of the digestive organs, and in addition, being itself a germicide, it antidotes the existing microbes of the disease. The ease with which Haif a mile separated the jail from the place, and the wretched procession had to march hitber on foot, preceded by a corps of drummers with muffled drums which they beat in a low, measured cadence, unspeakably melancholy. The theatrical element enters so largely into the composition of the Latin races that even their atrocities are enacted with a due regard to scenic effect. Arrived at the place of doom, the procession halted and formed a hollow square with the victims in the middle. The line of marines against the slaughter house wall next opened, and the prisit can be taken when the lesions of the throat preclude the use of other foods, makes it an additional necessity for the sufferer's

DUPONT'S

MINING, PLASTING AND SPORTING

house wall next opened, and the pris-oners were placed kneeling on the edge of the trench, bound but not blindfolds ed, their faces turned toward the wall. What followed is best told in the words of Franklin Coffin, an American eye-

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