TRIP TO NORTHERN SEAS

Vivid Description of the Wonders of

RICHMOND'S ITINERARY

Pen Pictures of the Beauties in the Won derful Land of the North-A Glance at Missionary Work Among the Cannibals.

Written for The Tribune. We parted with our readers at mid-night, when lingering on deck with Captain Carroll, as he entertained his enthusiast admirers while witnessing enthusiast admirers while witnessing the aurora borealis in all its grandeur. This magnificent display of northern lights surpasses all description. "This luminous meteoric phenomenon ap-pears in glowing streams of light runpears in glowing streams of light run-ning upward towards the zenith, where it spreads in varying colors from pale yellow and orange to a deep red most wonderful in brilljancy." It is a sight that once witnessed is never forgotten by the beholder. As daylight comes on we are again on the lookout, and still not in Alaska. For two days have we been sailing in British waters and must continue thereon until 2 p. m. today be-fore we can enter our own wonderland again. The thought that our own posagain. The thought that our own posagain. The thought that our own pos-sessions must be cut in twain by those of a foreign country and on this contin-ent of America too, sends a chill over us hard to remove. I doubt not that every American passenger's enthusi-asm was slightly chilled with the cold reflection that all this grand scenery and waterway that we have traversed is English; even the breakwater (Van-conver Island) which protects the great inland sea (the Gulf of Georgia) is not

ours—is not American.

The longer we travel here, the more intensified is the feeling that none of this glorious domain should be owned and controlled by a foreign nation. God hasten the time when by a peaceable annexation the Union Jack will give way to Old Glory and only the Stars and Stripes will wave over every inch of

ground on the American continent.

During the night our noble steamer made its way through Fitzbuch Sound and several straits and channels. Cap-tain Carroll has so wisely planned this round trip that what we fail to see on our outward voyage, can be seen on the

return passage.
At the upper end of Fitzhugh Sound, a surprise awaits us by a sudden turn-ing about of the steamer, whose helm is put hard-a-starboard and swings into "Lama Passage," which presents to the perplexed tourist something the shape of "an half-open jack knife." This passage is a narrow and beautiful wooded waterway fifteen miles long. Its northern shore is broken at one place by an Indian graveyard, with kennels of tombs painted with totemic kennels of tombs painted with totemic designs and many flags and streamers flying from tall poles. On the opposite cove, on Campbell Island, we pass the native village of Bella-Bella. Here is a model Indian town, with a mission church, school, store and cabins shining in their beauty and apparent cleanly are the characters. cleanliness. The church spires, the white-washed cottages, the cattle on the cleared hills, gives the place quite a civilized aspect. There are said to be about twenty-five white men here and 400 Indians. The Bella-Bella camp some eighty miles up among the mounlains, come here to trade. These tribes was long the most treacherous, blood-thirsty and turbulent of any tribes that the Hudson Bay company had to deal

IN SEAFORTH CHANNEL.

From Lama Passage we emerge into the broad Seaforth Channel. The the broad Seaforth Channel. The scenery here is by far the finest yet reen, its beauty is greatly enhanced by thing that ninety-nine out of one hundred of our fellow passengers have ever seen. The sun set, too, as seen on our return voyage presented a scone of in-describable grandeur. As before stated, we remained on deck with Captain Carroll and others to behold the most resplendent illuminations we ever wit-nessed. The author, the artist even, everybody on board, declared in rapture that no pen or brush can depict the beauty of these midnight Alaskan

We headed north and west from Sea-forth Channel into Milbank Sound, about an eight mile run, and here we look to sea for a brief half-hour and then plunge into Finlayson Channel, another typical waterway of this in-land passage, like a great river twenty-four miles long and from one to two miles wide with depths of fifty to 150 fathoms. The shores are bold and the wooded mountains rise to even 3,000 feet with perpetual snow. Here islands succeed islands and mountains succeed mountains, and here we see glacier paths on the lofty so-called pyramidal "Stripe Mountain," 2,000 feet high, showing brilliant stripes of white reaching to heights where solitude reigns suppress. reigns supreme. The scenery increases in charm as the steamer passes through "Hie Hish Narrows," a quarter of a mile wide. Here are beautiful water falls that dash down the precipitous heights like silvery channels on a deep green background. They say all these little streams abound in salmon, giving the Indians a bountiful supply. Twenty-four miles bring the steamer into Wright Sound—first through Graham Reach, seventeen miles, followed of the Pacific ocean, and in twenty

by Frazer Reach, then McKay's Reach continues the pancrama for the next

continues the pancrama for the next seven miles.

"Wright Sound" is like a lake, irregular in form and entered by five or six different channels. All around this "sleeping beauty" rise numerous domeshaped mountains as sentinal guards. One passenger says "It recalls his view of the capitol dome at Washington on approaching that city." Why that dome is only 300 feet high, while several of these "bald heads" are from two to three thousand feet high overlooking the deck of our steamers, as giant sentinels. One was "The Old giant sentinels. One was "The Old Man," rising 2,000 feet from the water's edge, which far surpasses the "Old Man of the Mountain," in the White Moun-tains of New Hampshire. Another fea-ture is its great depth of water, where no bottom is found at 225 fathoms. Here submerged peaks stand as islands. At "Hartley Harbor," is a village of Christian Indians, who were formerly members of Evangelist Duncan's communityof Old Mettakakla. Here is a church, school house, saw mill, etc. We are now getting farther enough north to make the sight of perenial snow a familiar one, with which the name of Alaska is principally associated in the mind of most persons not in Alaska yet. We next enter "Greenville Channell," that lies between Pitt Island and the main land. It is forty-five miles long, straight as an arrow, without bend or break, and here are further scenes of wonderful beauty and sub-limity on the glacier order. Here are mountains several thousand feet high unnamed, for no white man has ever visited them, and cascades which seem to tumble from the sky itself and through the openings glaciers and avalanches are seen. In some places the channel is so narrow that an ocean steamer like the New York or St. Paul would touch both sides of the passage. Soon the Channel expands and we pass through a narrow straight known as "Arthur Passage," with Kennedy Is-land on the right and Porcher Island on the left and the fresh water of Skeena river entering from the continent on the east and mountains nearly 3,000 feet high guarding it. This river we are told was the greatest salmon stream on the continent, comprising over a hundred fishing boats and the canneries producing eight thousand cases of salmon each season.

Continuing our course through the Malacca passage, we enter the broad expanse of Chatham sound, the last channel traversed in British domain, and a royal sheet of water it is, too, forty miles long and ten miles wide, but these bours' will upon its best forty miles long and ten miles wide, and the three hours' sail upon its bosom gives the tourist another taste of the swells from the broad Pacific. Here are many fine views of distant mountain ranges; the one lying back of Fort Simpson on the right is the massive Mount McNelll, 4,500 feet high. Our course through Chatham sound is charming; no fog, no rain to obstruct our extended vision. On the left are the three Dundas islands, with their snow-capped peaks, while on the right snow-capped peaks, while on the right is the famed Chim-sy-an, or Tsimpsean peninsula, thirty-two miles long, and connected with the mainland by a nar-row strip hardly a mile wide. On this peninsula is Old Metlakatla and Fort Simpson. Probably thus far on our trip no spot has excited so much inter-est, especially among Christian travelest, especially among Christian travel-ers, as these are two famed places, the scene of the early labors, successes and struggles of William Duncan, the de-voted layman of the Church of Eng-land, which I will refer to in a later paragraph. Fort Simpson is sixteen miles north of Old Metlakatlah, an important post of the Hudson Bay com-pany in 1831, now an Indian village, where the Queen will stop on our re-

AN ARCTIC PROVINCE. The first glimpse of Alaska is Cape Fox, on Tongue island, and Dixon en-trance is the boundary line between British Columbia and our polar province beyond, whose blue mountains we see in the distance. Tongue island is the home of a tribe of Indians, who scarcely number three-score, a remscarcely number three-score, a remnant of a once numerous and powerful
tribe. They occupy the site of old Fort
Tongas, which for eight years after
Alaska was acquired by our government was the headquarters of a company of United States troops, where
was a custom house, but both have
been given up on account of the excessive rainfall, which has reached here
to 118 inches in a single year. We do
not land here, but a good view is afforded from the deck of the vessel. Here
totem poles are numerous. A halfmile from the fort is their chief village,
where twenty-four massive totem poles
guard the semi-circle of ruined lodges.
At noon Captain Carroll posts the following bulletin:

ALASKA EXCURSIONS, SEASON OF

ALASKA EXCURSIONS, SEASON OF

ALASKA EXCURSIONS, SEASON OF 1895.

Tuesday, Aug. 13, 1895.

Daily Time Table (No. 2.). Latitude at Noon, 54 Degrees, 23 Minutes, North. Longitude at Noon, 190 Degrees, 37 Minutes West. Distance Run, 324 Miles. We will sail through the following channels during the next twenty-four hours, if not detained by thick weather, viz.: Chatham Straits, Dixon's Entrance, Revilla-Gigedo Channel, Tongass Narrows, Clarence Strait, Stikine Strait, Summer Strait, Wrangle Narrows, Frederick Sound. We will cross the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia at 2 p. m. Arrive at Mary Island custom house about 4 p. m., and remain long enough to make entry of steamer passengers, but do not land. Will arrive at New Metiakahtia about 7 p. m., and remain one hour and one-half. Arrive at Fort Wrangle about 5.39 a. m. tomorrow.

(Signed) James Carroll, Commander.

ENTER ALASKA. We cross the boundary line in lati-tude 54 degrees and 40 minutes, and

enter Alaska at Dixon entrance, an arm

miles sight Mary's Island, our first miles sight Mary's Island, our first stopping place. Henceforth, our voyage lies through the remarkable "Alexandria Archipelago," which is over 300 miles from scuth to north and 75 miles from east to west, among a bewildering collection of mountain-studded rocks, straits, inlets and passages, extending through nearly five degrees of latitude and seven degrees of longitude—as yet but partially explored. Here are said to be thousands of islands, densely covered with forests and on each is seen a vast fall of dead timber indicative of great age, besides timber indicative of great age, besides monarchs of fir, spruce and cedar and hemlock of great height and circumfer-ence. All this in a wilderness almost untouched by the pale face. Day after day, from morn till night, the tourist's sight is surfeited with an ever shifting panorama of this rugged primitive

PORTLAND CANAL. This much explored and surveyed, discussed and disputed, boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia is on our right and extends eastward as the eastern limit sixty miles into the heart of the coast range. It is walled in by mountains from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high at its entrance, while those at the cast end are said to tower to twice that height. At the time of the Alaska purchase the surveyors named these heights on our side, in honor of some of the distinguished Americans then living—Seward, Adams, Reverdy, Johnson, Halleck, Peabody—while Lincoln's name graces other peaks and ranges. Leaving the picturesque Portland inlet on the right, our course is northward through Dixon Sound into "Clarence Strait," which is 107 miles long and no-where less than four miles in width. Throughout this strait we have the great "Prince of Wales" Island on the west. (The reader will understand while the name is thoroughly English, the island belongs to America.) The southern portion of this noted island is the home of the Hydah Indian tribe, noted for their marvelous skill in carying. Their artistic skill is best exemplified in its spoons, carved out of the horn of the mountain goat, and mini-ature totems cut in dark slate stone; also the unique "Hydah Indian Hat" and "work baskets," delicately woven from native bark of which we secured

handsome specimens.

In twenty miles after crossing the boundary and about 4 p. m. we sight the White Government buildings on Mary Island. The Queen blows a shrill whistle and presently the stars and stripes are hoisted on the United States custom house staff, the steamer slackens her speed, and soon drops her an-chor, while Captain Carroll is taken ashore in a row boat to execute such papers as are necessary to comply with the laws and enable the steamer to proceed northward. Shortly the captain returns with a deputy collector, boards the steamer, and makes the trip to Sitka and return, whose business is o see that no whiskey or other contragoods are landed or taken on

board the vessel. After a three-times-three-cheers for "Old Glory," the Queen swings on her course off the main route some fifteen miles among the Gravina groupe of islands to "New Mettakahtla," which lies quietly resting on a long pebbly crescent-shaped beach on Annette Is-land. This colony was founded by the indefatigable missionary apostle, Wil-liam Duncan, in 1887. Here I must pause to tell the wonderful story of Metlakahtia. The work of raising a race of Indians from cannibalism to a high state of Christian civilization. Were I to recount all the incidents I have heard on this trip, relating to the work of this good man, it would require several columns. I will endeavor, how-ever, to confine myself to a single conlensed paragraph.

WORK OF THE MISSIONARY. Some thirty-eight years ago a young Englishman by the name of William Duncan, came from England as a lay worker for the "Church Mission So-ciety." in response to Admiral Prevost's ciety," in response to Admiral Prevost's account of the terrible condition of native life on this coast. On his arrival all the Hudson Bay company's officers tried to dissuade him from going to Fort Simpson, where from frequent acts of barbarism the worst savages were congregated. But this young missionary at the age of twenty-ohe, having solemnly dedicated his life to the cause of raising the Indian race from the degradation of savagery to civilization

It is simply tantalizing that our limit of time (on account of tide) does not admit of our remaining longer, and amit of our remaining longer, and amit of wenty pieces playing "Hail Columbia" in honor of our distinguished vice president and an au revoir from Mr. Duncan and his co-worker, Dr. Bluett, the only two white men at Metlekatlah, we steam away on our course to Fort Weangel, through Tongars, Narrows, Bellim, Canal and Clarof raising the Indian race from the degradation of savagery to civilization and Christianity without fear, cast his lot in this hot bed of c annibalism. Within three years he had learned the

within three years are had learned the language and so thoroughly converted fifty or these Indians that they followed him to an abandoned Tsimsian settlement, Metlakatia, and established a colony that in the words of Lord Duffernis, "a work that stands absolutely without a parallel in the history of mis-sions," Taught by their devoted friend they cleared, drained and cultivated the land, learned to saw logs, build houses, can salmon and engage in nearly every can salmon and engage in nearly every branch of business that would utilize the products of the country. They built a village of tidy two-story cottages, a church edifice that would do credit to many a larger white settlement a many a larger white settlement, a school house, co-operative store and cannery. They formed a village coun-cil of elders, a fire brigade, a brass band; became carpenters, cabinet-makers, shoe, cooper, tanning and rope-makers and the women were taught weaving, sewing and cooking. It was

weaving, sewing and cooking. It was a model colony and for twenty-four years the peace and prosperity of 800 Metlakatians were unbroken.

But in 1881 Rishop Bidley, of the Church of England, severely criticised and objected to the form of the simple religious service that Mr. Duncan held, and the omission of the communion service, and sent a representative among them and insisted that that portion of the sacrament wherein wine is administered and which Mr. Duncan had, from prudential reasons, ignored. administered and which Mr. Duncan had, from prudential reasons, ignored, should be observed. Mr. Duncan gave his reason for not carrying out this important tenet of the church, which was that he had found his greatest trouble in teaching natives to avoid intoxicating drinks, and if he permitted wine at the sacrament his people would not understand why they should not indulge in liquor at other times.

should not indulge in liquor at other times.

MR. DUNCAN RESIGNS.

Mr. Duncan's convictions were so strong that he declared that if his plans were interfered with he would resign and remove his people, like piligrims of old, to a country where they could exercise religious liberty untrammeled. The interference was persistent, the church ruling was insistent, and Mr. Duncan resigned his mission. The result was that the bishop established himself among them, but failed to win the respect and confidence of the community. "He quarreled with the head men; he struck them with his fists; he carried a rifle, and called for a man-of-war to protect him." The people begged the bishop to go away and Mr. Duncan to return. The church and state upheld the bishop and claimed the community property as church property. Meantime Mr. Duncan visited Washington and explained the situation to the president, told him of the effort to supplant him with another minister among the people to whom he had devoted his life. He sought aid and protection of our country for his people. His cause was powerfully championed by the late lamented Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks and also the religious press. Receiving assurances that our government would offer an asylum to his people where they could enjoy religious freedom, and that action would be taken by congress looking to their protection, Mr. Duncan returned to Metlakatia and proposed emigration to the United States side (Alaska). Accordingly on March 3, 1891, congress passed a bill setting aside Annette island for the use and benefit of these Christianized Tsimsiam Indians. But when ready to leave the Canadian authorities prevented the pilgrims taking anything but their personal property with times. MR. DUNCAN RESIGNS.

these. Therefore this Moses of the Indians, with 630 of his people, abandoned their homes, their property, everything but a few household goods, and went out from under British rule to abide under the protection of the Stars and Strines forever.

It was no small sacrifice for this once savage people to leave their houses, mills, canneries—works of their own hands—intact, as church property, for the 120 of their number who remained with the bishop. But the empty dwellings soon fell to decay, the clearing partly relapsed to underbrush, the large church was partitioned off to hold the handful of worshipers, and when a few years later the bishop departed the ruin was complete; and to quote the words of Skidmore, "The nearly deserted village remains as a monument of misdirected religious zeal, of civil injustice and oppression, the shame and reproach of church and state." This old abandoned village is in plain sight of passing vessels and an object of great interest to the tourist.

THEIR NEW HOME.

Their new home, though won after much tribulation, is just as good, clean and delightful as a New England town. On August 7, 1887, Mr. Duncan planned a dedicatory service. The new church bell was tolled, the Indians and the officers and passengers grouped togeth er. Prayers were offered, psalms thanksgiving were chanted by all natives in their own tongue. Spiritual sorga were sung by the passengers. Speeches of congratulation as well as of protection were offered by the invit-ed guests and in the presence of United States Commissioner Dawson the captain and sixty passengers of the steamer Ancon, a gun salute was fired and the Stars and Stripes were unfurled with the promised protection of our free American government. The old totem poles were destroyed (save two given to the Sitke Museum), the town was apportioned into town lots and the New Metlakatlahans began anew, building their present attractive vil-lage, which is said by all to be a marvel. I regard it as a great pleasure and high honor to land here, and together with our distinguished vice president and other passengers to grasp the hand of the veteran Apostle, and learn from his lips of the wonderful progress in civilization made by this people. It was an unexpected pleasure to be es-corted by him through his cannery where were laying in trenches hundred: and perhaps a thousand of fresh caught salmon, weighing from four to twenty salmon, weighing from four to twenty pounds each, and watch that process of canning by these people formerly a race of savages, but now Christian neighbors. Rev. Mr. Meyers tells of two row-boats that and just arrived by the wharf with a day's haul of over 2,000 salmon of twelve to thirty pounds each, and thrown on the landing like so many blocks of wood. One of the so many blocks of wood. One of the Indians tallies on the slate and a round \$160 is credited to the two craft for the day's toll. I never saw such a pile of fish. Their process of canning salmon is interesting as well as skillful. For short, they are scraped and cleaned, cut into small strips or bits. cleansed, then put into pint and quart tin cans. Set on iron crates, wheeled into boiler steamers, taken out, sealed and labeled with a rapidity simply astonishing. The daily output of this cannery is 800 cans, which are sent into the markets of the world. These Indians can their salmon for east-ern markets from six to eight thousand cases every year. They publish and edit their own newspaper. They maintain all kinds of business of a civilized community, including co-operative stores, photographers, silver-smiths and the colony is in fact a selfsupporting, even money-making indus-trial settlement, and the capacity of the Indians for civilization is here fully demonstrated. I can truly say this village and its inhabitants is indeed a wonder of the age, and stands a lasting monument of the benefits of Chris-

tianity to these savages, who it has cleaned, educated and civilized, even the vices of the white man have been removed from this vicinity. is simply tantalizing that our limit gass, Narrows, Belim, Canal and Clar-ence Strait, a night passage, where we will arrive at early morn. Thus endeth our third days' itinerary.

John E. Richmond.

The Nickel Plate Road runs along the shore of Lake Erie and through Erie, Cleveland, Fostoria and Fort

SARCASTIC PEOPLE.

"How many people will this car seat?" inquired the loquacious passenger. "Women or men?" asked the conductor. —Chicago Evening Post.

"It is sad," said one girl, "that so many men nowadays have a great deal more money than brains."

"Yes," sighed another; "and so little money at that."—Washington Star.

Hatterson—"I have been trying to teach my baby to stop drinking from a bottle." Catterson—"I should imagine that would be a pretty hard thing for you to do."—"Truth.

Professor of Languages—"Are you well acquainted with your mother tongue?"

Mr. New Wed—"Not so well as my mother-in-law tongue."—Texas Siftings.

The strong man sobbed, "Though you spurn me," he faltered, "I am not disheartened. 'Tis darkest just before the dawn."

She flung open the shutters and gazes She hung open the shutters and gazes forth.
"I believe you are right," she murmured.
"I never noticed particularly before."
Even then he seemed not to realize that the night had worn on apace.—Detroit Tribune.

A TEMPTION OVERCOME.

A thirsty looking man wandered into a State street saloon the other evening, threw. Scents down on the counter, and sald huskily:

"Gimme a big glass."

The decanter and a large tumbler were placed in front of him, and he began to pour out a drink. When the tumbler was half full he stopped and looked at it as if estimating the quantity as compared with the size of his thirst. The result appeared to be unsatisfactory. He resumed pouring and slowly filled the glass within half an inch of the top.

The bartender hastily took off his coat and vest, removed his collar and neckle, and then hesitated.

"No." he finally sald, putting on the garments again. I'd like first rate to go in swimming with you, but it's too blamed cold!"—Chicago Tribune.

REV. L. W. SHOWERS

Gives His Experience With Organic Heart Disease-The Dread Malady on

the Increase.

For many years my greatest enemy has been heart disease. From an uneasiness about the heart with palpitation more or less severe, it had developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dull pain with a peculiar warm feeling were ever present near the heart. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies with very little benefit. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised in the Kittanning, Pa., papers, I purchased a bottle and began its use, receiving almost instant relief. I have now taken several bottles of the remedy and can speak most highly in its favor. The choking, abnormal beating thumping and palpitation have almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is ceriainly a wonder-worker, for my case was chronic. Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa. Soid by Matthews Bros. the Increase.

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For Women.

Not only the best but the only remedy which can always be relied upon. That is the verdict of every woman who has ever tried Warner's Safe Cure. There is no better remedy for women who suffer from distressing weaknesses. It acts like a charm in overcoming aches, pains and bearing down sensations. It restores the color of health to pale cheeks, gives brightness to dull eyes and takes away that sallow, unhealthy complexion. No woman who values her health and strength should be without the great safe cure.

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O-n your vehicle.

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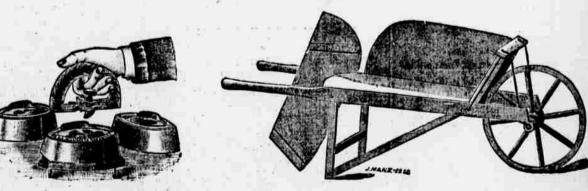


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