## OUR WOMAN'S PAPER.

eral of the Articles That Came Too Late for the Regular Issue.

This article, by an unfortunate mis-take, was omitted from the literary page where it should have appeared. The facts contained herein were re-ceived through the courtey of Hon. H. M. Edwards.]

This association is an incorporated body, probably the oldest literary society in Scranton, having been organized about the year 1858.

Many of the men prominent in its early history have disappeared from the stage of life, among them Mr. Daniel Davis, Mr. Reese T. Evans, formerly city treasurer of Scranton, and the Hon. Thomas Phillips. Of the original members Mr. Benjamin Hughes, Mr. Thomas R. Davis, Mr. T. D. Thomas and Mr. Enoch Harris are still living. and Mr. Enoch Harris are still living. perhaps others whose names we have been unable to obtain.

The society first met in a room on the corner of Main avenue and Scranton street, holding weekly meetings, having a library of about 200 volumes, and for several years holding an annual els-teddfod. In 1875 a literary and musical festival on a large scale was held in an immense tent in Hyde Park at which Carl Lerrahn was present as musical adjudicator. Another of a similar kind was held in 1889 and in 1885. The financial results of these festivals

enabled the society to enlarge and maintain a free library for the people of the West Side. This library is entirely dependent on private contributions, re-

The late Hon, John Handley some time previous to his death contributed one thousand dollars, and it is a well-known fact that had he lived a few months longer, the library would have been handsomely endowed and placed

upon a good financial basis.

The distinctive character of the society since its formation has been the in-vestigation of philosophical and scientific subjects, in which line it has occu-pied a very unique position in this city. It has produced more practical results than any other voluntary association

in Lackawanna county.

The questions discussed during these years would fill volumes, prominent among them being those relating to geology, mineralogy, mining, mine ven-tilation and electricity, The practical results of the society's

influence may be found in the fact that scores of its members have become mine foremen, mine superintendents or mine inspectors and have reached other

positions of influence.

A society that has filled such a wide A society that has filled such a wide field of usefulness for nearly forty years is an honor to the city and should receive the support of the comould receive the support of the com-

#### THE DIGNITY OF COOKING.

"Civilized man cannot live without cooks." Thus sings the poet, and to his sentiment mankind, with no noteworthy exception, gives most hearty, practical assent, without a blush at the dependence of intellect and happiness upon appetite. On the other hand, wo-mankind, placing the emphasis upon the nominative, turns the quotation into an admission of masculine kinship to matter, and, by implication of his coarser composition as compared with the more spirituelle sex

In the persistent assertion of her equivalence to man mentally, and her consequent equal rights in all matters demanding skill in intellectual attain-ment, woman has allowed those domestic occupations, for which nature and civilization have best qualified her, to retire in a gloomy penumbra, while the full light of her personality shines upon those departments of the world's work known as intellectual pursuits. No doubt woman today has attainments and capacities before unrecognized. The daughters of today inherit an en-dowment of mental grasp and executive talent far surpassing their mothers' legacies. But in her struggle not so much to evolve perfected womanhood as to develop mannish efficiencies. as to develop mannish efficiencies, the dignity of obviously feminine em-ployments is being minified. The "new woman" affects an hermanhroditic caman" affects an hermaphroditic career in a world where sex is a primal, salient law, thus, not only subjecting her progressive ardor to ridicule, but blinding herself to the rationale of her permanent advancement by her adopted, grotesque relation to her native sphere, and disproportionate valuation

prominent fad consists in ignoring physical needs as far as possible, and deploring their existence. The direct consequences of this attitude are most felt in the kitchen and dining rooms,— in the quality and manner of serving a meal if no servant is employed, and in the impassible gulf between cook and nistress when a servant is kept. preference of American girls for the barren life of clerks or factory hands is the most significant proof of the de-gradation with which domestic labor is

stamped by American women.

Progressive women tolerate eating to
insure mere existence. It logically fol-lows that cooking is a tolerated necessity and servants a tolerated class. These women have been putting a new construction upon the pristine mission of being a companion to man in the subjugation of the whole earth, and have been demanding that man become so far as he can, a partner in ig-noring the earth, and, so far as he cannot, that he remain "of the earth, earthy" without woman's sympathy.

There can be no progress which does not evolve the plan embodied in man at the creation. Dignity is an attribute at the creation. Dignity is an attribute of that which is worthy. An indispensable ingredient of worth is its capacity to satisfy need. Plainly, then, the amount of dignity attaching to an occupation is commensurate with its scope in satisfying need, and the dig-nity of any method used, depends upon

its fitness to the object sought. Thus it would seem that the art of cooking has incalculable inherent dignity from the one cause, its continual need Health is greatly influenced not only by articles eaten but by their preparation and combination in obedience to chemical and physiological laws, and by aesthetic serving. The servant who can fill these requirements deserves a higher encomium than merely being called "a good girl." A housekeeper needs the wisdom of a sage, and the executive ability and patience of a diplo-

WELSH PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. discriminate the beautiful from the ug-

All progress, since it depends upon an progress, since it depends upon quality of brain and quantity of health, is conditioned by cooking. The barbarous man can dispense with it or else use food cooked in a crude way. It is the "civilized man" whose physique and intellect are sensitive to his style of living and whose moral sensitives conliving and whose moral equilibrum can be disturbed for an entire day by a sup of bad coffee at breakfast, that finds

use for a chef.

It has been said that the general stupidity of the Esquimaux is due to their blubber diet. Among the first improvements of the progressing negro is his abandonment of coarse, greasy food. If the home is the center of the nine-If the home is the center of the nine-teenth century civilization, a well man-aged culinary department is the secret of a large part of the domestic vir-tues. True progress can be made only with the home as the starting-point, and the development of womanhood begins with the appreciation of the scope and dignity of distinctively fem-ining occupations. Only under this ining occupations. Only under this condition will irreverent scotling at woman's true rights be silenced and all true women be invited in genuine pro-gress.—LUELLA FOLLANSBEE PEN-NINGTON

#### THE BICYCLE.

[This bright and interesting article was written for Our Woman's Paper by Mrs. H. A. Knapp, but owing to her ence from the city it was received teo late for insertion.]

The genius of the Nineteenth century appears to have crowned the long list of marvelous inventions for the aid and joy of mankind by the production of the bleycle. What the tired and overtaxed men and women of the age need is not aids to labor, but inducements to play. Our national expression was becoming fixed, eager, anxious and worried. Have we not all marked it in hurrying along the city streets with the same look upon our faces, an anxiety that we may not be able to grasp the flying feet of time which are always just too far before us. Surely since the steam engine came to hear the burdens of the world along the iron girdle that belts the earth, nothing so revolutionizing has been created by the brain of man. What a magic there is in wheels, the very emblem of pro-gress. The song of the wooden spinning wheel was replaced by the hum of the sewing machine; but after all has not the greater invention only increased the labor and burden of women by in-ducing greater wants? Many of the wheels of progress have hitherto been stationary and fixed, but the magic wheels of the bicycle are unlimited in their sphere, whirling over the broad earth free as the flying birds or slow-sailing clouds. Perhaps because ours is the age of utility we have given the bicycle so warm a welc-me. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Sit down on a bench in Central Park and watch the afternoon procession along the drive way. The bicyclers glide swiftly among the crowds of vehicles, steady of hand, alert of eye, with happy half-exultant expressions born of swift motion and that sense of freedom which surely is the highest joy of being. We have heard much of "the bleycle expression" as being one of the strain and stress. I must confess to have seen little of it; or have we passed the early stage? Of all inventions this alone gives woman an equality with man. It serves her as willing-

ly and well as it does him. She may not be physically able to ride it so fast and so far as he, but when one views the male "scoreher" with head bent, back bow, and knees working like the monkey-on-a-stick which charmed our childish sense of the ludricious, we hardly regret that weaker muscles and possibly a finer sense of aesthetics makes the blcycle in woman's hands a gentle and modest machine. It may be urged that there is also the reverse of the medal that the bicycle is not al-ways a docile and obedient tool in our hands. Who has not fought and bled and perchance nearly died in the ap-parently desperate attempt to conquer this rushing pair of wheels? Alas! when shall we learn it is ourselves we need to conquer? our native awkward-

iess, our resistance to natural laws, When that is done, simply adjust our selves to the bicycle and how easy I all becomes. A firm push on the pedals a light grasp on the handles, a quick eye to see and a ready obedience of ac-tion, and the steed of steel and wood becomes not only a docil slave but a part of one's self, a sixth sense, as it were. How life broadens and widens and deepens under the delightful mo-tion in the open air and under the free sky with all the wide earth around. is all yours, just to wheel over and en-joy. The anxiety and cares and worries that filled the vision and drew the sap from life shrink, fade, and if they do not vanish, do at least assume their just proportions as the strength and age to resist them rises in the it. If the bicycle had taught wo-

may find other exercise than that of walking from pantry to sink or carrying the baby about the nursery would, as business men say, "pay for itself." But it does far more. It cultivates a love of nature, that book of the Creator, it teaches the use of the faculties, exercises the judgment and inculcates the humanities—if "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin" so does the love of a wasel. As you spin so does the love of a water. As you spin along the highway every one you meet upon a wheel has an interest for you and in you. It is a bond of union, a magic brotherhood. Ungindliness, malice, uncharitableness, can never ride a wheel, they lose the balance and topple in the dust. Never has the broadest Re-

men no more than the fact that hey

prince and peasant, grand dame and maid, meet simply as fellow beings, to struggle and fall or mount and ride on individual merit alone.

Scranton has always been in social sports a conservative city, hence we waited, as some of us did in regard to adopting our city steam heat, to see how "it worked." It is true the Scranton Bicycle club was among the earliest cycle clubs of the country and has al-

PLUMBING AND HEATING.

Howley, P. F. & M. T., 231 Wyoming ave.

GROCERS.

public formulated so democratic an in-

come a thing of wide spread joy to most young and many of the older people of Scranton. Now we hear of the Ixion club. The Green Ridge Cycle club, the South Side club, and doubtless many others, who make gay the city streets and suburban highways in the Spring twilightr Those who have as yet used the bicycle only on the asphalt atreets can have no cenception of the joy of country riding. It is an easy task now to ride your wheel to a railway station and when you have patiently awaited the pleasure of that sometimes early potentate, the baggageman, put it on the train and with it be set down in an unknown country. Then what pleasure it is to speed along free as a bird, enjoying new scenes, breathing pure air and feeling yourself a live human being. To us in Scranton the roads being. To us in Scranton the roads of Northern and Central New Jersey are a revelation. Miles of broad macare a revelation. Miles of broad mac-adam roads lie like ribbons among the low hills and along the sparkling streams binding together the hand-some towns and charming villages of that beautiful region. The road along the Passaic river for over twenty miles ranks among the choicest for the cycler yet it is but one of very many, and the New Jersey teamster so kindly cycler yet it is but one of very many, and the New Jersey teamster so kindly yields the wheelman his legal half of the road. The fine road through the Delaware valley is too well known to require mention here, while there are many others within easy reach, and when all those nearby are become familiar why "the world is broad and wide" and the bicycle can cross the sea, no we all do, on ships. To all this the as we all do, on ships. To all this the non-cycler may say with easy scorn "this is the undue enthuriasm of the "this is the undue enthuriasm of the cranks who would have all men follow their fancy." The answer to such is "Come and try it." Why should you creep at the rate of three feet to each step when you might cover five yards at a stride? We who ride cannot wa't for you who walk. If you wish to keep up to date and in the current mount a wheel and ride. One cannot but wonder what the Twentieth century will unfold as we glide into it on this latest development, the bicycle. L. L. K.

AN ART LETTER FROM NEW YORK. By an Artist Who Has Made Scranton Her Home the Past Winter.

The New York atmosphere has be peculiarly rich in an artistic way this winter and has rivalled in exhibitions as free as air, for members of "The Trade" are kind to these semi-Bohemians, who revi in the enjoyment of a good picture as the Lord Mayor of London does in green turtle fat.

Many notable pictures have changed hands and prices have proved that even in hard times good pictures are not at a discount. Mons. Chartran has electrified us with his brilliant potraits and condemned us with faint praise in our own exhibi-

and Americans cannot but be proud of the achievements of Americans, shown in the exhibitions of The Soci of American Artists now open to the public in their own beautiful galleries on Fifty-seventh street. This building is also occupied by the

Art Student's League and was the gift of Mr. George Vanderbilt to the artists of America. It has been said and with of America. It has been said and yith truth that the American artist put no thought in his work, and there is no doubt that he has in the past been sat isfied to raint only the outside of things, to paint people with hearts and souls just as if they were "still life"—simply things of form and color instead of sentient mortals; but it can no longer he said that we have no idealists. The be said that we have no idealists. The American artist certainly knows how to this exhibition we realize with thank-fullness that he is taking tme to think, and to give us his thoughts in beautiful creations of fancy. Here is

"THE MOTH" by fluy Rose, a small canvass rich in color and excellent in drawing. The poor frivolous creature of the night, at-tracted by the cheerful blaze of a fire, has strayed in at an open casement. Dazzledand faintings with bruised body and scorched wings she lies prostrate on the hearth-firelight plays on the slender limbs, bringing out their grace-ful contour and half-revealing the hid-den depths of the room with its sug-

gestion of domestic comfort.

Is there anyone of us who cannot carry out the analogy? "Summer" is a joyous beauty by Frank Benson; she typifies warmth and exuberance, but there is a dim mys-ticism in her eyes which shows her not unconscious of the future—of the sere and yellow leaf and the chilling winds

Edith Mitchell Preliwitz has a canvas f great beauty which is "sympatica" n every scuare inch. Lydia Field Emmet is well represent-

ed by a charming canvas—a portrait of a mother and child The babe illustrates her peculiar gift in representing the cinating immaturity of infancy-it is the callow fledgeling, with the smile that borders on the tear. Miss Emmet has also one of her dignified portraits full of life and perfect in characteriza-tion and color. Such too are the por-traits of Miss Leslie Cotton,a beautiful young society woman-one of the fav-orite pupils of W. M. Chase. She is most popular in her work and paints with a breadth and power worthy of her master, adding thereto a delicacy of feeling which he does not possess. Two

landscapes by Bolton Jones will appeal to every artistic eye. Childe Hassam's brilliant interior is an actual mosale of paint which will shock the well-regulated mind of the average amateur, but cannot fail to delight even him, when received at the proper distance—not such a great dis-tance either. Then the amazing kaleidoscope of color resolves itself into its at the ingenuity and audacity of the ar-

There are good portraits presented up here as in all such exhibitions, and we find that although most artists of great repute treat with scorn the idea that they are portrait-painters, yet that all do paint them, with a higher ideal, however, than merely to "get a like-ness." The highest ideal of the artist is to paint a portrait which shall be a stitution as this universal leveler. Here picture, which will hold its own for ar-tistic merit apart from its value as a

When we stray through the gallery old masters at the Metropolitan Art Gallery and sees the portraits of thos sturdy old burghers and their quain help-meets, when we gaze on the dainty face of a Grenze, or study the unattractive lineaments of Hillevon Robbe —fish-wife and termagant—dead and gone to dust these 400 years, but a livmat to manage easily the minutiae of ways been an active body, but it is the cuisine, and the soul of an artist to only this year that the bicycle has be-

the power of portrait-painter to sup-plement the history of the race. The dignified matrons, the frail beau-ties, the gay courtiers of the past, are made real to us in the portraits of Rey-nolds, of Lawrence, and of Kneller, and in the centuries to come another peo-ple will gaze with the same sentiments on the pictures that are new to us to-

ple will gaze with the same sentiments on the pictures that are new to us to-day.

The grandchildren, perhaps, of the little Beatrice Goelet will stand with surprise and delight before the beautiful picture painted by Sargent, of the tiny maiden with the innocent eyes and delicate flower-like face—her small proportions rtrikingly contrasted by the gaudy pairot in his great gilded cage.

Sargent has in this exhibition the picture of another little ancestor, made especially attractive by the great masses of blue hydrangeas which fill the foreground and are charmingly suggested in this background; the harmony being further carried out by the same delicate tint in the stockings and small satin shoes, while the gleam of gold in the child's hair finds a responsive chord in the subdued brilliance of the brass receptacles which contain the masses of flowers.

Happy, indeed, are these favored ones of fortune who being able to nay

Happy, indeed, are these favored ones of fortune, who, being able to pay the price that such pictures as Sar-gent's command, are at the same time sufficiently enlightened to realize the great advantage of themselves, for Sar-gent could find many such beautiful children as models for his brush, but—

there is only one Sargent.

The influence of the poster is seen in at least two pictures, and it is wonder at least two pictures, and it is wonderful that so much can be suggested by flat tones—character and proportions being indicated by simple lines and touches, introduced, however, with a firmness and certainty and a deftness which prove perfect knowledge of drawing and value. These pictures—specially provides a smile it is drawing and value. These pictures— as pictures will provoke a smile, it is true, on account of the inevitable ten-dency to caricature. I do not think we will ever accept them as art, but as decorative effects, which they undoubt-

edly are.

The poster adds to the galety of our The poster adds to the galety of our streets and the latest are certainly a vast improvement on the insipid conventionalities of the past. To France belongs the merit of the remarkable efflorescence. Their art is that of the Esculevards, the art of the milliner and the modiste, to which is added the bril-liance of the colorist, the knowledge of the master in outline, and the artistic insight for effect and motion.

In the history of contemporaneous art one meets with few evolutions more in-

one meets with few evolutions more in-teresting or more characteristic.

It has occupied a period of two years, beginning with the simplest effect in chromo-lithography with black for a basis, and gaining a wonderful impetus with the growth of a more intimate knowledge of Japanese art, which for

The motto of this new craft is to be original, at any cost; even as it is in literature, where in the determination to be original, some writers find it necessary to be offensive. Certain peculiarities of the poster do not seem so new to those of us familiar with Burne Jones. Walter Crane, too, has been

Jones. Walter Crane, too, has been their forerunner, as well as that crea-tor of the quaint and picturesque in childhood—Kate Greenaway. Their riotous color, which would be undenlable in a picture, seems entirely appropriate in the glare and the noise of the streets and our best artists have not disdained to yield to flights of fancy which have resulted in the creations which now advertise a baby food or a

#### The Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf, and What it Means to Those Who Receive Its Benefits.

In an afternoon's drive about Scranon a stranger's attention is often attracted by an imposing group of grey stone buildings, set well back in spa-cious grounds, on a suburban hillside, The simple statement that this is the Pennsylvania Oral School for the Denf would convey but little idea of the nabut if the additional explanation that deaf children are there taught to speak, and read the lips of others should awaken sufficient interest to occasion a visit to the interior, t would there be proved that this is actually being ac-

school hours, the visitor would first be shown to the beginners' class, where the happy group around the kindergarten tables gives one the pleasant impres-sion that school life, even at the ten-der age of five, may be made enjoyable. Possibly the little tots are engaged in some kindergarten employment as ve enter, but at a few words from the

teacher, they gather around her, lappy their recently acquired They speak and write the names of objects shown to them, and, by watching the teacher's lips understand her

lirections and do so many little things at her bidding.

Looking at the bright little faces, turned to the teacher, and noting the nuick response to her commands, it is she says without hearing a word of it. When she asks "What did you do?" after some simple action, the answer comes in a slow, careful way that gives ical speech, though the words are perfectly intelligible after we become accustomed to the manner of saying

The "I love 'oo" of one charming little girl and the realism of her illus-tration is beautiful to behold. Likewise the air of conscious pride with which the little sentences are delivered sentences which represent so much effort when we remember that it is element by element and sound by sound before even the words can be formed. On inquiring how the work is begun we are told that the senses of sight and touch are first developed, by kinde gar-ten methods adapted to the deaf. Sight

The little puril learns to form the di'ferent elements by carefully watching and imitating the positions of the teacher's lips, teeth and tongue, and feeling the voice first on her thoat, then

on his own. The next class, grown older, and a whole year wiser, find the effort of speech somewhat lessened, apparently, for we hear them making known their little wants quite naturally.
One little freckled-faced lad comes

running in from the play ground with a bunch of violets in his hand remark-ing, "I want some thread," to t'e un his little nosegay. Another bright-eyed little fellow, when asked what he was, persisted in replying "I am a little man." stroking an imaginary moustache the while, a twinkle in his eye betraying his appreciation of his small joke. In higher grades greater proficiency in lip-reading is noticeable. The visitor is occasionally urged to address some remark to the pupils and is often surprised to find himself very readily

understood.

Some of the pupils are children who have lost their hearing, through sickness or accident, long after they had learned to talk, but in such cases special attention to articulation is sary to retain speech.

After the first few years of drilling in speech, writing and lip-reading the education is carried on by means of text books just as it is in hearing

Professor Bell, of telephone fame, was for a time a teacher of the deaf and has been intimately associated with the work for years. In an address deliv-ered at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Horace Mann Oral School in Bos-ton, Professor Bell stated that it was while working on an apparatus to make speech visible to the deaf that he made the discoveries which afterward led to the invention of the telephone. RACHEL CONNER.

#### MANITOU AND A TRIP TO CLOUDLAND.

Manitou and Pike's Peak left out of a trip to Colorado would be like going to Italy and not seeing Rome; and we found ourselves one summer day at Manitou Springs, a village nestled in a

quiet, lovely vale among the foot-hills at the base of Pike's Peak.

Manitou has been made famous by the possession of effervescent and medicinal springs and is called the Saratoga of the West. The water of hese springs of iron and soda is peculiar and some people say they like it. I think they speak truthfully, judging from the crowds that gather around the various springs. The tin cups attached to the curbs would not supply a fraction of the thirsty gouls who rush to the fountains of health. Tin cans, pitchers and "little brown jugs" are pressed into service to meet the demands. There comes a day when the ascent of

that giant of a mountain, Pike's Peak, with an altitude of 14.147 feet, is to be

There are several popular means of There are several popular means of ascending the Peak—one by the Cascade wagon road. Awaiting the morning train may be found mountain wagons drawn by four horses in which the ascent over the splendidly built highway simplicity and directness is without a is safely made. The sturdy, little bur-ros will, after a fashion, take one to the summit, but one must be well insured with accident and life policies. The most novel and wonderful way is by the cog-wheel railread, by which route we decided to make the ascent. This railway has a length of 94 miles and was built at a cost of about a mil-lion dollars. It is constructed in a sub-stantial manner, all its bridges being of stone and iron. At times the grade seems positively appalling, being on a maximum 25 per cent., but every pre-caution is taken to make safe trips. caution is taken to make safe trips. On the ascent the cars are pushed by the engine, but on the descent the locomotive is placed in front. It was a beautiful morning when we started in one of the observation cars that was to take us up this lofty mountain. We were particularly favored through the kindness of friends in gaining access to the car early, that we might secure the front seats, whichh were the best. All in the cars were eager with delight and anticipation. The first part of the trip was wonderfully beautiful, winding up, up, and through the canon in and out of the forests, occasionally passing streams, dashing down over great boulders and catching glimpses of exquisite wild flowers. The way seems hazardous as on and up we go, passing over over-hanging brows of threatening boulders. There is a peculiar sensation when sud-denly the train stops and we make inquiries of the conductor regarding the safety of the road. He explains the action of the cog-wheel and so reassurez us. The steepness of the way still con-tinues; the trees become fewer and smaller and at length we reach the timline. We find it pleasant to stop at half-way house and have a converstation with a young lady with a pisiol in her belt who is walking to the Peak. Indeed, during the entire trip we were constantly passing weary foot travelers. We preferred to be taken up by steam. Once more we start. The mountain now becomes a measureless pile of broken stones, clouds envelop us

and there is a great charm of indistinctness on every side. Some in the car begin to feel the rarity of the atmosphere and are searching for camphor and ammonia bottles. This condition of the atmosphere causes one to be greatly deceived in regard to distance and I remember, and many have prob-ably heard, the story so often repeated in Colorado of two men who started to walk to the mountains from Denver be fore breakfast. After tramping what seemed to them a long distance, one suggested to the other to proceed slow-ly while he returned to Denver for a carriage. When overtaken by the friend in the carriage the pedestrian was sit-ting on the bank of a brook scarcely more than a step in breadth, deliber ately taking off his clothes. When ask ed why he did not step across he replied:
"You don't catch me making a fool of
myself by trying to jump this stream. It looks but a step, but it may be a mile, so I shall prepare for swimming," After three hours of pushing, puffing

and climbing the train ceases its res-pirations and comes to a standstill, seemingly exhausted, before a stone building recently occupied as a station for the United States signal service. Oh! what a view as we stand and gaze in speechless awe at the pano-rama of unrivaled grandeur that is un-folding before us. As far as the eye can reach a mighty army of mountains spoken words more quickly and touch that they may detect the delicate vibrations of the throat with greater accounts. ever the vastness of God and the ders of His creation. It was one of the among the clouds.

ANNIE FOSTER STELLE. The Nickel Plate Road runs along Erie, Cleveland, Fostoria and Fort Wayne,

# THE CURE OF **PARALYSIS**

The Case of a Veteran Cited Whose Paralysis Came from Exposure in the Army.

The Equally Interesting Method of His Cure, and His Enthusiastic Endorsement.

was born 77 years ago, in New Scotland, Albany County. I was reared on a farm and blessed by Nature with a strong constitution and good health. Early in life I removed to Albany, thence to Schenevus, in this county, and finally settled down in Onconta, where I have lived a great many years. "When the war broke out I was strong and active, being nearly six feet tall and weighing 225 pounds. I enlisted in the Third New York Cavalus and served three years. Of the long, weary marches, especially in North Carolina of the days and nights of exposure I will not speak, for it was in the barracks at Washington that my misery began. While there heavy rains fell and not having sufficient protection ofttimes we awoke in the morning drenched with the rain. At this time I contracted a cold and along with it came that dread disease, rhemutism. I rapidly grew worse and was removed to the hospital where I was attended by Dr. Leonard, now of Worcester in this county. He made me as comfortable as any man could, but I could not shake off the disease. It was in my system and after my return home, with impaired health and

siightly on my right side. Now the paralysis affected my head and I would remain in that position asteep in the chair for weeks at a time without awakening. Words cannot express the misery I was in and the suffering I endured. All this time I consulted doctors and tried all kinds of patent medicines without receiving any benefit. I was doomed to a lingering death and was in despair. One day a paper was handed me

In the town of Oneonta, in Otsego County, New York, for a great many years there has lived a man whose life has been overshadowed by that terrible disease, paralysis. Recently it was rumored that a miracle had been performed—that this man had been restored to his normal health and strength and to ascertain the truth or falsity of such a rumor your correspondent visited Oneonta to-day and being directed to the man sought an interview with him, which was readily and cheerfully granted. The man told his own story as follows:

"My name is Edward Haswell. You would not think from my appearance, but I was born 77 years ago, in New Scotland, Albany County. I was reared on a farm and blessed by Nature with a strong constitution and good health. Early in life I removed to Albany, thence to Schenevus, in this county, and finally settled down in Onconta, where I have lived a great many years.
"When the war broke out I was strong and active, being nearly six feet tall and weighing 225 pounds. I enlisted in the Third New York Cavalse and served three

press my gratitude to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, they saved my life and gave me back health I had not enjoyed for

weighing 225 pounds. I enlisted in the Third New York Cavals and sevened three years. Of the long, weary marches, especially in North Carolina of the days and nights of exposure I will not speak, for it was in the barracks at Washington that my misery began. While there heavy rains fell and not having sufficient protection oftimes we swoke in the morning drenched with the rain. At this time I contracted a cold and slong with it came that dread disease, rhematism. I rapidly grew worse and was removed to the hospital where I was attended by Dr. Leonard, now of Woreester in this county. He made me as comfortable ave any man could, but I could not shake off the disease. It was in my system and after my return home with impaired health and strength reduced, my nerves gave out and additional suffering ensued. I could move around and was able to do, some work—at length I went to work in the ear shops here, inside work wholly—but the least exposure would bring on terrible pains and life was made miserable for me. After a few years my strength gave out and I was unable to dight against my pains. In addition to the rheumatism extreme nervousness took possession of me—then heart disease set in; I could not lie down to sleep and was brought very low by this complication of diseases.

"But this was not all. About six years ag I had a stroke of paralysis which affected my left side—but by extra care I recovered and second stroke which rendered me entirely helpless. My left side was wholly useless and I could not feel it when a pin was thrust full length into my leg or airon. Before a Justice of Peace and swess drow in the first of my with an individual to the discussion of the heart is story in principal to a work wholly—and and length of the heart shorts of the least exposure would bring on terrible pains and life was my strength reduced, my left and the principal to the pr



VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as a skin purifying Soop, unequaled for the tellet, and without a rival for the nursery. Absolutely pure and delicately medicated. At drugates, Price 25 Cents.

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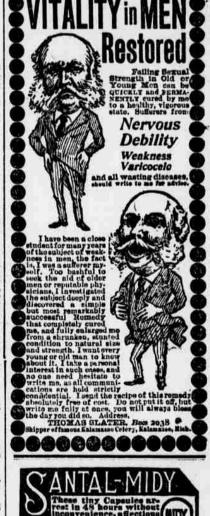
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MENTHOL The surest and astest remedy for the surest and astest remedy for the surest and astest remedy for Rheum, old Sores, Burns, Chus. Wesderful remedy for FILES. Price. 25 ets. at Drug-BALW tists or by mult prepaid. Address as above. BALW For sale by MATTHEWS BROS. and

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

### Wholesale.

BANKS. Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Co. Merchants' and Mechanics', 429 Lacka. Traders' National, 234 Lackawanna. West Side Bank, 109 N. Main. Scranton Savings, 122 Wyoming.

BEDDING, CARPET CLEANING, ETC. The Scranton Bedding Co., Lacka. BREWERS

binson, E. Sons, 435 N. Seventh binson, Mina, Cedar, cor. Alder. CHINA AND GLASSWARE Rupprecht, Louis, 231 Pepu.

TOYS AND CONFECTIONERY Williams, J. D. & Bro., 314 Lacks. FLOUR. FEED AND GRAIN. Matthews, C. P. Sons & Co., M Lacks. The Weston Mill Co., 47-49 Lacks.

Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna. Megargel & Connell, Franklin avenue. Porter, John T., 26 and 28 Lackawanna. Rice, Levy & Co., 39 Lackawanna. HARDWARE. PAINTS AND SUPPLIES.

MONUMENTAL WORKS.
Owens Bros., 218 Adams avenue. FRUITS AND PRODUCE. Dale & Stevens, 27 Lackawanna. Cleveland, A. S., 17 Lackawanna. MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, ETC. DRY GOODS

Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden. Kelly & Hesley, 20 Lackawanna. Finley, P. B., 510 Lackawanna. LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE. Keiler, Luther, 813 Lackawanna. ENGINES AND BOILERS. Dickson Manufacturing Co. HARNESS & SADDLERY HARDWARE DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, ETC.

Fritz G. W., 410 Lackawanna. Keller & Harris, 117 Penn. WINES AND LIQUORS. Walsh, Edward J., 22 Lackawanna. LEATHER AND FINDINGS. Williams, Samuel, 221 Spruce.

BOOTS AND SHOES. Goldsmith Bros., 304 Lackawanna, WALL PAPER, ETC. CANDY MANUFACTURERS.

Scranton Candy Co., 27 Lackswanna.

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

FURNITURE. Hill & Connell, 181 Washington CARRIAGE REPOSITORY. Blume, Wm. & Son. 522 Spruce. HOTELS. Scranton House, near depot. MILLINERY & FURNISHING GOODS.

City and Suburban. ATHLETIC GOODS AND BICYCLES.

Brown's Bee Hive, 224 Lacks. Florey, C. M., 222 Wyoming. HARDWARE AND PLUMBING.

Cowles, W. C., 1907 N. Main. 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., \$15 Penn. TEA. COFFEE AND SPICE Grand Union Tes Co., 163 8. Main.

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

GROCERIES. Pirie, J. J., 427 Luckawanna. UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY. Raub, A. R., 425 Spruce.

DRUGGISTS. McGarrah & Thomas, 200 Lackawanna, Lorentz, C., 418 Lacka;, L'nden & Wash, Davis, G. W., Main and Market, Bloes, W. S., Peckville, Davies, John J., 106 S. Main.

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

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

BROKER AND JEWELER Radin Bros., 123 Penn. DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS

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

Parker, E. R., 321 Spruce. DINING ROOMS. Caryl's Dining Rooms, 505 Linden.

TRUSSES, BATTERIES AND RUSSER Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin & Spruce

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

Stelle, J. Lawrence, 303 Spruce. DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHORE, Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Previdence.