

PART 1.

Many things are told of that redoubtable adventurer Paul Jones-whom knew well-to concede him with Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Franklin the most supreme merit as a man of resource.

Made as he was with the tireless spirit of effort, it was to be expected that he should end as he did disappointed in his career. I know of nothing sadder, more tragical, than the end of that poor chevalier of the Order of Merit of Louis XVI, who had been a most doughty captain in our navy, and an admiral among the Russians, where political intrigue obscured his ability, dying as he did in Paris in 1792. I like to think of him better as I knew him in the fame that the victory of the Bon Homme Richard over the Scrapis had secured himwhen he took on rather the manner of a beau, assumed fine airs, sported the



HE WAS NOT SURPRISED TO FIND A PRETTY SCENTED NOTE IN MME, LE FEVRE'S HAND,

sword the king had given him, was petted by the ladies-even by Marie Antoinette, then in the fine heyday of her gayety before her sad end. I mean the time when he had his celebrated affair with la Comtesse de Bourbon, and with Mme, Thellison.

For this little swarthy fellow, with his peering eye, his boasting over the greatness of the republic he served so well, was ever the admirer of a petticoat when its wearer was fair. I am told he had several duels on his hands on that account, of one of which and its mysterious cause Dr. Franklin himself has preserved the account.

But there is another-one between himself and one of the fairest, cleverest, just at 9 o'clock. A lover, like a warmost charming and dangerous women rior, should be exact in his appointof the court at Versailles, which I have never seen recorded, and which I will put down as I had it myself from time? Was it only a trick? He start-

besides Capt. Paul, had many aspirants to her favor, among others Lord Whittlesey, of the English foreign office. In mother of the present earl (1813).

him any merits excepting of the Capt. the interior, now for the first time with Kidd order, and dearly wished to catch | tht thought of the need of caution. him that they might swing him from a

yard-arm. Well, Captain Jones, just then idle, and because he was a man who must have some activity, even if it were playtime for many affairs, as I have said. Among others he conceived the passion for Mme, Le Fevre, She was of medium height, fair, plump, with the most bewitching lips, and enticing grey eyes. always exquisitely gowned among Marie Antoinette's ladies-always most proficient at the affected simplicity that

played about The Little Trianon, And behold our swarthy American dener, sighing for her, until all the court noticed it, and made sport of him, and called him Mme, Comtesse's "Poor all, counting him but one more victim. But she played him off, as she did many other gentlemen, French, Italian, Germans and Russians, who wrote verses to her and called her the fair, cruel. cold Le Fevre after the fashion of that day when the sentimentality, as M. Rousseau so well expressed it, but hid the horrid seriousness of the time under this veneer all "out of joint."

She smiled, as I say, on all; had no favorite; flirted and encouraged just enough without suffering scandal to touch her skirts. And in the meantime, though no one knew it, she had become secretly plighted to Lord Whittlesey. It would not have been prudent for a lady who courted popularity at Versailles at this period to have confessed a penchant for an Englishman.

Now, while our captain was a shrewd follow on the quarter-deck, he was a simpleton where a woman was concerned, as many brave men before and since have been. More than simple, he was as vain as a peacock over his achievement in this direction.

And so one night after a great affair at court, when Mme. la Comtesse had been particularly cold, he was not sur-

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rised on returning to his lodging to and a pretty scented note on his table, in Mme. Le Fevre's hand, by all the gods of love and war. He puffed up inhe muttered, "When her manner is any noise. But why should they wish distant she sometimes likes you most." And with this trite reflection, which

"My Dear Captain:-If you will be at 9 admiration of a brave and famous sailor is appreciated. Raise the knocker three times in quick succession

"Hortense Le F." For a moment, despite all his vanity

Captain Jones wondered. Could it be true? But there was the note and her If Captain Jones had been himself he never would have run into the snare. Yet possibly he was, after all, his simple, natural self, the gardener's son, not quite to the manner born-a bit too

about his achievements with the sex.

vain-too credulous of his possible chievement with great ladies. The long, next day lagged. He powlered his hair, and put on his gayest stume, and the fine sword Louis XVI. had given him in compliment of the victory of Le Bon Homme Richard; then when near the hour he sallied forth to keep the appointment, for he never loubted but that his charmer awaited

The house, a building of the Fourth Henry's time, he often had noticed. For with the curiously carved griffins at each side of the door, bearing the arms of a former prince of Conde, it

was unmistakable. Now, as he took his eager way through the darkening streets, he had no difficulty in finding it. The streets of Paris were not then as cleanly as they were to become in the great emperor's time; and the captain, who walked, as a matter of caution, was grieved to think that his shoes and stockings were mud spattered. He stood there for a moment, among the few passers, thinking ruefully that this was the case, and observing closely the shuttered front of the house. And, then, although that silent, impassive front had made him a bit suspicious. he lifted the knocker once, twice, thrice,

But he was not in fact ahead of the the great cantain's lips.

The lady was 1: Comtesse Hortense
Le Feure, a rich young widew, and who
wrinkled face peared over the chain. ed to lift the knocker again, when the heavy door swung open a crack and a

"Capt. Paul Jones?" queried an uncertain voice. "Yes, I," assented Capt. Jones, when

the end she became, as you will remem- the chain rattled, was loosed, the door ber, the countess of Whittlesey, the swung open on a hall all dark, and the conclerge, or whatever she was, mo-Now, at that time, the English were | tioned him in. The woman closed the piqued at Capt. Jones, would not allow door, leaving him in the blackness of

And as he thought of possibilities of danger after all the arder of his hope. he was caught from behind by strong invisible arms, a gag was passed over his face; and though he tried to struging with the fire of the devil, found gle, and he was one of those little wiry men, it was all in vain. He was borne to the floor, bound, and his eyes bandaged, his assailants the meantime saying not a word.

The whole occurrence was uncanny this sudden attack in the obscurity of the house where he had expected light and laughter-the strong men who He heard the report an instant after mutely held him, and against whom any he sunk on the soft turf. For, as luck struggle was vain-these circumstances captain, the great son of a Scotch gar- left the Chevaller Paul Jones shivering. | those men that dare all things-he had bound and gagged, and blindfolded as fallen on the turf in the little garden he was, and thrust aside in a corner, like a dead thing. And then, as he Paul." And madame herself liked it strained his ears, his hearing indeed There were two of them. being the only faculty of which these bravoes had left him the use-he heard loors shutting and the gound of heavy



AS HE LAY THERE HIS WAS BITTER.

ooms. His reason began to return then, and the first thing that occurred to him was that his silent assallants of desperation, till the man sank back had worn no shoes. Was this man, or men, different? And then of course he perceived that, having accomplished still continued. the assault, need of silence no longer existed. That was patent. They had put on their shoes. But again the house grew still, excepting for his breathing. His hands tied behind him and his feet together, with a strong rope that cut into the flesh-his eyes bandaged. his mouth gagged-finding struggling useless, and only knowing that the assailants had dropped him where they had - taken him, our brave chevalier was indeed in a horrid predicament. The only thing he could do was to roll over the floor. He could do that with difficulty, and to and fro, right and left; and he began the examination of the room in that awkward manner, which was the only way that indeed

was possible. Rolling to the right about three feet he brought up against a wall. To his left a distance of ten feet, he bumped his head with the tortoise-like movement brought first against the wall. This was a hall, fourteen feet more or less known and admired throughout Paris. broad. He judged the distance from the number of turns his body made. He insisted he was Captain Paul Jones. while he paused, breathing hard, as this | He told them to try the rear door by effort, bound as he was, is most ex- which he believed one of the men had hausting. If you do not believ me. escaped. The house was on the corne have yourself bound tight, hands and feet, gagged, and eyes blindfolded, and lieu into the adjoining street. The then try to roll about.

As the Chevaller Jones lay there which the men in the house had esthis fashion, breathing hard, and his

plight apparently hopeless enough, he thought in a revengeful spirit of Mme. Le Fevre, who plainly had brought him into the plight. He remembered that two days after there was to be a great ball at Versailles on which he had counted. He thought of the fine clothes he had worn to the appointment which were torn and hopelessly ruined. He thought of the sword the king had given him and which the assailants had

the stratagem And what did they intend to do with him? For a moment he was cold with perspiration as he thought the men would return, carry him out, and perhaps drop him into the Seine. Then he reflected that if they had wanted to be rid of him they would have killed him with a sword or dagger thrust. More likely they wanted to kidnap him. If deed after all the chagrin of defeat, they had wished to kill him they cer-"You never can tell about a woman," tainly would have stabled him beyond

taken away. And as he lay there his

heart was bitter over the simplicity of

to kidnap him unless-The plot suddenly became as clear as shows how slifty a really brave man day. They would carry him to the may be when out of his element, the coast, put him on some smuggler, and doughty captain opened the note, which | deliver him to the authorities in England, who had a large reward offered for his apprehension as a pirate dangerous o'clock tomorrow evening entirely alone to his majesty's shipping and coast at the house with the carved griffins on Had he not himself abducted Lord Sci-Had he not himself abducted Lord Scithe Rue Richelieu you will learn that the | kirk? And now the same methods were tried on him, the abductor. Mme. Le Feyre plainly had engaged some des perate fellows, of whom Paris held many, who, having nothing to lose gladly had embraced the chance of obtaining the reward offered for the apprehension of the "pirate Paul Jones," They had caught him neatly, and now they had gone after the carriage which was to carry him out of Paris.

Impatient and angered over his own simplicity in this matter-his wretched vanity about women-he began to struggle and roll about again. After he had struggled for some time vainly at his bonds, the spirit of investigation returned, and he began to roll over and over, now in the other direction of the room.

Counting the distance with the same method of calculating it he had us d before, the length of that room seemed endless. He knew he must make considerable noise with his shuffling about in that house, which apparently was now deserted.

PART II.

Pausing out of utter exhaustion and breathing hard, with the gag cutting into his mouth, he almost despaired, And then taking courage he again be gan to move about, when he thought his hands were not so much hindered. Certain, all at once, that the rope had stretched, he stopped his rolling and tried to move the arm that seemed to be least confined. As he did this the rope stretched further. With hope he worked at it again. These fellows were not sailors in the tying of a knot, God be thanked; and after a half hour in

this struggle he was able to free a hand. Now give a man like Captain Paul Jones one hand free and he could accomplish the rest. Twenty minutes after he was on his feet, bruised and maimed between his struggles with his assailants and the scarcely less severe one with his bonds. But he was free again, clothes torn, himself cut and bruised, the ropes and bandages that had confined him in a heap on the floor. The room was dark except for the light that entered from a high window

And just then he heard steps as from some distant part of the house. Trying the front door, which had admitted him, he found it closed. In his derperation he turned through a door at the left, opposite to that from which the steps came. Seeing a window in this room, he sprang toward it, pushed it up, while over his shoulder a glare of light fell from the next room.

"Cone" cried a voice in consternation, and in English. "The devil!" exclaimed another in

French. "Quick, he is in the next room!" said the first.

By this time Capt. Jones had his win dow opened, and, without pausing to examine where he was to land, he was over the sill while a bullet fired by one of the pursuers whistled past his ear. would have it-the luck which favors back of the house. In the opened window above appeared suddenly two faces

"Wretenes," cried the Chevaller Jones, forgetting all prudence. If d had known there were only two of you I had stopped to kill you."

For answer one of the fellows thrust his leg over the sill and dropped, with an oath, into the garden.. Quicker than a flash, and not considering how many others might follow, Capt. Jones' nngers, still numbed with the bands, were at his throat, while the other fellow paused in the window above, disregarding his comrade's plight, or doubtless man weakened as Capt. Paul Jones certainly must be after his terrible experience. At the moment a loud pounding was heard at the street door. The man in the window, knowing that this by the pistol shot, turned and fled from the window, doubtless considering it near impossible to get away over the high wall inclosing the garden, and

knowing an exit in the rear. steps on the hard floors of deserted Capt. Jones, left with his man, and, being still on top in the struggle, clung to the fellow's throat with the tenacity choked into unconsciousness.

The noise and cries at the front door

By this time the excitement of the little action had restored Capt. Jones' sense. Kicking the fellow to find whether he was really unconscious, he looked up to see if he could not gain the house to admit the people at the door. who, he thought, undoubtedly were the watch. Noticing a vine that crept up the stones almost to the sill, he found that clinging to it he could gain the sill.

as the desperadoes had left it. In the meantime the knock and voices at the door were imperative. "Open. In the king's name!" "I cannot. They have taken the

A lantern was on the floor of the room

"And who are you?" demanded the voice, the knocks censing, "The Chevaller Paul Jones, beguiled to this house and robbed."

"The Chevaller Jones!" exclaimed the voice incredulously. The chevalier, or better the captain, as his proudest American title was, was The watch could not believe it was he.

of a lane turning from the Rue Richewatch found easily an entrance

Captain Paul Jones now had no difficuity in proving his identity to the captain of the watch, who recognized, for all his bruises and torn and dirtied person, that this was really the redoubt-

able American sallor. One man had fled certainly. The woman who had admitted Captain Jones was not to be found. The house had no furniture of any kind, and had been rented a week previously by an unknown man who had paid for six months in advance. In the garden the one fellow was found, just recovering consciousness, and recognized as a well known Parisian desperado.

This fellow would give no explana-



HE NOTICED A VINE THAT CREPT UP THE STONES.

tioned at his trial. Preserving that "honor among thieves" which proves that some robbers might have made, under other circumstances, excellent and honorable soldiers, he died on the gallows bravely without a word of confession.

Captain Paul Jones, now having quite recovered that pretty wit which had stood him in such good stead on many another occasion, drove at once to the minister, the Comte de Vergennes. Insistent on seeing him, he succeeded, and told the whole affair over, with his own belief that it had been a plot to abduct him and carry him to England M. de Vergennes concurred with him that the object of justice might be gained best by keeping the affair entirely private, at least for some days. He congratulated Captain Jones on having escaped as he did with only a few bruises. Captain Jones, on his part, said that he was glad that he had not suffered the loss of the sword the king had given him, which had been found in one of the rooms in the house.

When M. de Vergennes questioned him narrowly about what had led to the appointment, he said he could not reveal the person's name. When M. de Vergennes was insistent that the facts might be laid properly before the min-Ister of police, Captain Jones was equally reticent. He could not tell.

"Ah, yes," acknowledged M. de Vergennes, since he was of the ever gallant race. "I partly comprehend, and I suppose I cannot shake your obstinacy." M. de Vergennes could not. For Capt. Paul Jones, though this woman certainly had tried to carry out the most hideous plot against him, did not some parts of the state, that farmers, consider it quite fair to punish her as If she were a man. Besides he shrewdly guessed that she would swear that | way of allowing hunters, gunners and her name had been used without her knowledge, that the conspirators had simply played on Captain Jones' wellknown vanity about women. Nor, indeed, as a matter of pride, did he care to have himself shown in the ridiculous ways, when on hunting, fishing or other light which a statement of the exact trips in the country, should be vigortruth to M. de Vergennes would put ourly prosecuted and speedily punished him.

But he had his own notion of a fine private revenue.

The next day no soul in Paris except his servant saw Capt. Paul Jones. He tends to reflect on every true sportstold the servant to tell all callers that his master had gone away the previous | seen in the agricultural districts with a evening without explanation, and had gun, fishing-rod, botanical box or other not returned. In the meantime he took | collecting outfit in his possession



needed rest-as much as he could in his meditation over revenge, and with the painful bruises he had received. eye was black, and that side of his face badly swollen.

The next evening following was that of the great bail at Versallies, I have mentioned. In the midst of the festivities who should appear with black eye and swellen face by this gardener's son of Arbigland in Kirkeud brightshire, the famous knight of his most Christian thinking he should be able to settle a majesty's Order of Merit, Capt. Paul

Jones. Everybody smiled. Mr. Franklin, who was our minister then, looked grave. What ridiculous row had Capt. Paul Jones been invoived in now, to probably came from the watch aroused present so disreputable an appearance? But though ladies tittered, before whom earlier in the week he would have shone, our great captain had no vanity on this occasion. He had only eyes for Mme. Le Fevre. In his pocket was the fatal note.

He was rewarded, nay, had almost positive proof. Mme. Le Fevre nearly much care and attention, as are poultry. fainted when she saw him.

He walked straight to aer, when she was by an evident effort recovering her self possession. "The heat here is oppressive, Captain Jones," she said.

"May I have a word with you, mad-She scanned him closely. The little

captain looked dangerous. Relying on her wiles, she thought it best to humor him, to cajole him out of his bad humor. Some beautiful women, in the conceit of a thousand successes, believe they can do anything they wish with men; and was not woman the one vulnerable part In Captain Jones armor? now smiling, though she was

aside into one of the recessed windows looking out on the great fountains of the inner court of the palace, "And what have you to say, chevaller?" she began.

"To commiserate madame on her disappointment at finding I did not take certain pleasant excursion to England." Despite her knowledge of the great of keeping her self-control to

meet him squarely, Mme. Le Fevre

"you have confessed-and-I despise

you-who-with all your charms, your

trembled. "Monsieur-" she began. "I have your note," he began.
"My note! Give it me, monsieur! Give it me, I pray! Surely you would not torture me so-you would-"
"Ah, madame," said Captain Jones,

greatness, your virtue, which I believe in, are yet more despicale than the "You would not, monsieur?" cried the woman, in her desperation.

"Madame, if you appear at court after tonight I will tell all. I swear I will tell all."

Mme. Le Fevre began to weep. Now, Capt. Jones, in telling me this story himself, confessed that he never could withstand a woman's tears, and this woman, despicable as she was, yet had made him in love, with her charms, So suddenly, impulsive as he was in such affairs, Capt. Jones took the letter from his pecket, and tore it into pieces. "Madame," said he, "I fight men-not

women, though I confess they are vastly more dangerous. I believe it's a brave man's part to use no force against a woman enemy, but simply to despise her-to held her les than the dirt under his feet." And, turning on his heel, he left her

In telling the story long after, Capt

ones said that no one in Paris ever had from him the true version of this adventure, and as I believe he esteemed it wrong, as he said, for a brave man to fight a woman, however dangerous she might be, I readily believed him. (Note. The lady in the case afterward married the early Whitlesey, a

circumstances which may explain her motive in the affair. Her son is that young Lord Whittlesey, who lately dis tinguished himself in the Peninsular Campaign.

F. Middleton, Naples, January, 1813. (The end.)

ADVICE TO NATURALISTS.

Dr. B. H. Warren, the State Zoologist, Gives Some Timely Pointers to Specimen-Hunters and Others.

When you go into the country on a ollecting trip, hunt for specimens, but don't hunt for trouble, which you can easily avoid by the exercise of a little common sense and gentlemanly behavior. Remember that the holding of a prothonotary's certificate gives you no right to trespass on the premises of any land owner or tenant. It is, perhaps, true that the majority of farmers and other land holders are decidedly cpposed to hunters running over their premises, and yet the presence of a "trespass notice" on an estate should not be taken as conclusive proof that the owner or occupant of the property "mean." According to my observations, the majority of farmers and other people who forbid trespassing, are forced to take the position they do, because of annoyance and injuries sustained from visits of thoughtless, reckless, uncivil and unscrupulous hunters and fishermen, who, in some instances, have shot or otherwise injured cattle, destroyed poultry, broken fences, or torn down walls, and even, at times, mutilated small out-buildings, when in pursuit of rabbits or other game. The writer has often wondered, in view of the mischief done by trespassers in and other residents of the rural districts are as liberal as they are in the fishermen the freedom of their grounds

BE CAREFUL.

As a rule the men and boys who destroy property and misbehave in other for their misdeeds. They do not only grievously annoy, and sometimes oc-casion considerable money loss to farmers and others, but their conduct also man, esherman, or naturalist who is Every naturalist, every manly and true lover of field sports should use his best efforts to aid in arresting and convicting these evil doers. I never knew a true naturalist to wilfully do any dam age when engaged in field work, and no genuine sportsman would, for a moment, think of committing depredations in the lines thus indicated.

Don't go upon any man's premises to hunt or fish until you get his permission. This can generally be obtained if you approach the owner in a gentle-manly manner and make known to him the true object of your visit.

Don't take a dog with you when on collecting trips for specimens, L. e., for other than game birds. Treat every man's property with the same considerate care you do your own. My advice is, don't go specimen hunting until you have learned to realize that carelessness, such as breaking down fences leaving gates open, or bars down so that live stock can get out of enclosures and do mischief, may mean the loss of hard-earned dollars, and sometimes a good many of them, to the farmer on whose pessensions you go.

USE OF FIREARMS.

If you are considerate you will refrain from firing a gun near borses, either along the public highways or in the fields. Don't shoot recklessly. Always make it a special point to know that no person, cow, horse, or fruit tree will get the charge of shot you intend for the bird or other game. It is infinitely better to lose a specimen than take any chances in this direction. Don't shoot at or kill domestic pigeons when on collecting tours. They are personal property and are raised, by many, as a source of profit, with us Don't tramp through grain or hay fields or in fact in any crops where by so doing you may persibly do harm. Don't hunt in fields or meadows where cattle are grazing; go on the general principle that in every herd of cows or steers there is a keen-eyed vicious bull which is always on the alert to defend the interests of his owner. Aside, however, from danger to yourself a field or meadow where cows, steers, sheep or horses are feeding is no place to discharge a fire-arm and if the bellicose lord of the pasture proceeds to drive you out, regard him as in the light of only doing what a farmer should do to protect his property. Even if you do not shoot the live-stock you can thus frightfearful enough, she let him take her en them and thereby oftentimes do

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Dr. J. F. KINCHELOR,

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