M'KINLEY'S HOME LIFE IS IDEAL

Brief Glimpse at the Domestic Affairs of the Next President.

WHERE CONTENTMENT IS ENTHRONED

The Ex-Governor's Working Room, His Library and Household Ways. Days Filled with Steady Work and Brightened with Cordial Hospitality.

From the Buffalo Express.

The home at Canton to which Mr. and Mrs. McKinley returned after the expiration of the governor's term is full of associations for them as well as their friends. It was here that the young attorney and his bride—Miss Ida Saxton, a banker's daughter, and one of the belles of the town—first went to housekeeping, and in this house the two little daughters were born and died—Ida in infancy and Kate when she had reached the age f about four years. To these bereavements, together with that caused by the death of her father, which occurred just previous to the birth of her second child, must be attributed the invalidism of Mrs. McKinley, who was so completely overcome by her sense of loss that she never regained perfect health. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley left their own home and they did not again reside there until they returned from Columbus last January.

The house is not a pretentious one, but the thought suggests itself that it must have seemed an ideal home to the young Cantonian when he took possession of it 25 years ago. It is a many-gabled affair, exemplifying no particular style of architecture, and sets well back from the street, surrounded by trees and shrubbery. Across the front of the house is a vine covered veranda, which is approached by a broad flagstone walk.

The most interesting room in the house is the ex-governor's office immediately on the right of the hall which extends down the center of the house. It is a medium-sized room decorated in rather somber colors, but with several large windows which command a fine view of the street. The walls are pretty well covered with pictures; among others etchings of President Lincoln and Grant, a fine picture of Gen. Gibson, an autograph photograph of William E. Gladstone, a large etching showing the First regiment, Ohio Light Artillery, in action and large photographs of the governor's staff. Then there are souvenirs of the major's army experience, an autograph copy of the song "America," and the mantel is covered with more photographs. At the rear of the room is the ex-governor's desk—of the ordinary roll-top pattern—and by his side is a capacious waste basket. Within easy reach is a large revolving book-case filled with a well selected collection of books, most of them works of reference.

In the rear of the library is the dining-room, and on the opposite side of the hall is the double drawing-room. Near the front of this room is a large bow window and it was in this alcove, bedecked for the occasion with a profusion of smilax and carnations, that Mr. and Mrs. McKinley received the 1,000 guests who on February 5th attended the reception which the ex-governor and his wife gave as a "house warming" and at the same time a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

The second floor is reached by a broad stairway ascending from the hall and the rooms, which are fairly large and well lighted, are furnished in the simple style but with the same excellent taste that is so noticeable everywhere about the house.

DAILY PROGRAMME.

Notwithstanding his manifold duties, Mr. McKinley's daily programme is a very simple one. He rises early and breakfast is served about 7.45 o'clock. While at breakfast the major receives the morning papers published in the neighboring cities, and he glances through them and then repairs to his library, where the first delivery of mail has meanwhile arrived. From that time until nearly 11 o'clock Mr. McKinley works very hard. In the first place, there come to the house daily no less than 150 papers, and inasmuch as the ex-governor has always been a great newspaper reader, he likes to glance over as many of them as possible. Then there are fully that number of letters. As many as possible are turned over to the attention of his private secretary, James Boyle, who with a stenographer occupies quarters on the second floor.

Mr. Boyle is an ex-newspaper man, who was born in England, but came to this country and worked, first on the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and afterward on the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. He understands the major's wishes very perfectly, and is able to relieve him of an immense amount of work.

Such of the letters as demand Mr. McKinley's personal attention are dictated to his own stenographer. As any person who has heard him speak may imagine, it is not difficult to take his dictation. As he talks to his stenographer he is apt to walk slowly up and down the room or stand with his frock coat loosened and one hand thrust into his trouser's pocket.

At 11 o'clock if the weather be pleasant Mr. and Mrs. McKinley go for their daily drive. Before returning they usually call on Mr. McKinley's mother, and sometimes they stop at Mrs. McKinley's old home, for although the Saxton residence is now occupied by another family, the ex-governor still has a room there, in which are stored a number of copies of the Congressional Record and some very interesting and valuable documents.

Lunch is served at the McKinley residence about 1 o'clock and then the ex-governor almost invariably starts out for a long walk. Upon his return he usually takes a short nap and is then ready to dictate more letters and look over the evening papers. Dinner—the meal of the day—is served between 6 and 7 o'clock and the major and his wife then devote the evening to receiving friends who may call.

AN ACCESSIBLE MAN.

Like Lincoln and Grant, William McKinley is very accessible. Every person who comes to Canton is sure to call upon him, but no person is turned away from the McKinley home without having been granted an audience with the ex-governor.

Mrs. McKinley spends most of her time is a cosy apartment on the second floor and much of her leisure is devoted to crocheting those dainty little slippers which have so many times brought sunshine into gloomy hospital wards in various parts of the country. The future mistress of the white house is of medium height with brown hair and large deep blue eyes. Although still somewhat of an invalid she makes and receives calls and often goes on shopping tours. Mrs. McKinley cares little for dress, although her toilets are in excellent taste and her friends assert that they never saw her more becomingly costumed than on the occasion of the recent reception, when she was attired in her wedding gown of ivory white satin and brocade, en traine, and trimmed in point lace and passementerie, with elaborately trimmed bodice. She has one pleasing fad, a passion for the collection of fine and rare laces, and has accumulated many interesting specimens. Her reading is just now confined largely to newspapers, for she naturally takes the greatest interest in her husband's welfare.

Both Mr. and Mrs. McKinley are very fond of the society of young people and often entertain them. Upon such occasions the ex-governor sometimes dances, and his partners always consider themselves fortunate, for he is very graceful "on the floor."

If Mr. McKinley can be said to have a fad it is his fondness for a good cigar. The tariff leader does not drink but he is lost without his cigar after every meal. The people who imagine that McKinley is reserved and austere would certainly be disabused of this impression could they visit him at his home or even had they seen him at a recent banquet when he joined with the banqueters in singing "The Pride of Paradise Alley" and at its conclusion clapped his hands and cried "more, more."

Major McKinley's devotion to his wife is famed far and wide and is destined to rank with that homage which Garfield paid to his mother. Mr. and Mrs. McKinley live in simple style, for the ex-governor is the poorest man in the presidential race, having just emerged from the honorable insolvency into which he was thrown by giving up most of his property to make good the liability he incurred by going on the bond of a friend.

McKINLEY ON PROTECTION.

"What is a protective tariff? It is a tariff upon foreign imports so adjusted as to secure the necessary revenue, and judiciously imposed upon those foreign products the like of which are produced at home, or the like of which we are capable of producing at home. It imposes the duty upon the competing foreign product; it makes it bear the burden of duty, and, as far as possible, luxuries only excepted, permits the non-competing foreign product to come in free of duty. Articles of common use, comfort and necessity which we cannot produce here it sends to the people untaxed and free from custom-house exactions. Tea, coffee, spices and drugs are such articles, and under our system are upon the free list. It says to our foreign competitor: If you want to bring your merchandise here, your farm products here, your coal and iron ore, your wool, your salt, your pottery, your glass, your cottons and woolens, and sell alongside of our producers in our markets, we will make your product bear a duty; in effect, pay for the privilege of doing it. Our kind of tariff makes the competing foreign article carry the burden, draw the load, supply the revenue; and in performing this essential office it encourages at the same time our own industries and protects our own people in their chosen employments. That is the mission and purpose of a protective tariff."

A GOOD PLAN.

But It Rateer Took the Wind Out of the Senator's Boasting Sails.

From the New York Tribune.

A constituent of Senator Harris met that gentleman the other day for the first time in a dozen years. The greeting, as may well be imagined, was cordial. It was emphasized by sundry crookings of the elbows.

"Ah, senator," remarked Mr. Harris' constituent, smacking his lips, "you don't look a day older than you did the last time I saw you."

"I'm a little grayer, possibly,' suggested the senator with a pleased smile.

"You are looking in excellent health, too," pursued his friend.

"Thank you. And do you know," continued the senator, "that I am 74 years old and I never paid but one doctor's bill in my life and that for a broken arm?"

"Is that so?" asked the friend in surprise.

"Fact, I assure you."

"Well, senator,' said the friend, with a significant smile, "don't you think it is time you were paying some of them and preserving your credit?"

The senator moved for an executive session and presented a bill of explanations.

CHORAL SINGING IN GWALIA WEN

The Dowlais and Merthyr Choirs Engaged in a Majestic Contest.

DR. RODGERS MAKES WRONG AWARD

Which Causes a Great Coesternation and Almost a Riot--The Police Interfere and Order Is Restored--Dan Davies Crowned the Choral King.

An eisteddfod of immense magnitude and interest was recently held at Porth, a small town in Glamorganshire. Some of the finest choirs in South Wales participated in the brilliant contests. The two giant choirs of Merthyr and Dowlais opposed each other and a mistake in the announcement of the award almost precipitated a riot, which, undoubtedly, would have taken place had it not been for the timely interference of the police. The following report of the contest will be read with intterest: With commendable promptitude Mr. William T. Samuel rose to give the adjudication. Speaking in Welsh, he said that the competition lay between two choirs—the two that were, they were pleased to say, going to the national eisteddfod. He had heard both choirs before, but both had risen fifty per cent. in his estimation by that day's showing. One of the choirs had possessed the finest tenors he had ever heard in any choir, and had it not been for a fault in the intonation one of the choirs could have won easily. Dr. Rogers said he must congratulate the choirs on the great pleasure they had given him that afternoon. He would take the opportunity of once more condemning the constant selection of the same choruses at the eisteddfodau. The choruses selected were no doubt ery fine, but nothing was to be gained by repeating them constantly. As to the competition to which they had just listened he said the first choir (Maester) possessed a very good body of voices, the tenors and sopranos being especially good. The pronunciation, however, was not so good as might have been expected, and the word "roar" was an exaggeration. The runs in the fugue were not clearly done, and the last entry of the bass was lacking in power throughout, in fact, the bass was weak. The second choir (Dowlais) had a magnificent body of voices, well trained, well conducted, and beautifully balanced. They were accented in time and notes, but twice the pitch was slightly at fault. With this exception the rendition was a magnificent one. The third choir (Merthyr) possessed all the good points of the second one, and the intonation, although not absolutely perfect, was better than that of the second. The coloring was not overdone. The fourth choir (Aberdare) was dismissed with a few words. Concluding the doctor said he was sorry he could not divide the prize in the proportion of, say, £60 to one and £40 to the other, although even that would show a greater difference than really existed between them. As, however, a distinction must be made the prize must go to the second choir.

Upon this there was a tremendous outburst of applause from all parts of the marquee. However, it could be seen that Dr. Rogers and the eisteddfod officials were frantically appealing for order, and in a few minutes it became known that Dr. Rogers had made a mistake, and that he really meant to give the prize to the third choir. Representatives of both the Dowlais and Merthyr choirs ascended the platform, and for a time the most violent altercation took place. When the audience learned what had been done, the friends of Merthyr cheered, while the supporters of Dowlais hooted most vigorously and shouted "Shame." For several minutes the wildest confusion prevailed and it could be seen that Dr. Rogers was having a warm quarter of an hour with the numerous friends of Mr. Harry Evans, who were pardonably incensed at the mistake of which he had been made the victim, for when the award was first declared Mt. Evans had ascended the platform to receive the laurels he had won. Every moment the scene got more exciting, and it appeared as if a riot would ensue. Finally, however, the police ascended the platform and removed the disputants amid a perfect Babel of discordant cries. When Mr. Dan Davies left the platform he was cheered by his supporters and hooted by the champions of Dowlais. The violent scene, which had lasted for a long time, then terminated.

While being carried through the streets of Merthyr, Mr. Dan Davies, the victorious leader, was brutally assaulted by being hit on the head by a large stone, and had it not been for the hard derby hat he wore on the occasion the result would have been a very serious one. The perpetrator of the dastardly crime should be severely punished. It is to be hoped that he will be captured.

ADDRESSES IN WELSH.

A correspondent in the South Wales Daily News recently wished to be informed as to the exact date on which Welsh addresses were presented by the late Mr. L. W. Dillwyn, F. R. S., of Swansea, and printed in the London Gazette. We can do no better in reply than to give an extract of this incident as recorded by the presenter himself in his most interesting little work, "Contributions Toward the History of Swansea." 1827. February 23.—"I this day presented at the court house two addresses in Welsh from the parishes of Llangyfelach and Llandilotalybont and when in the regular course I gave notice of my intention it was objected that no other addresses than in English could be received; but I claimed a right for all of his majesty's subjects to address him in their native language, and after much demur the claim was admitted. They were printed in the London Gazette of March 3, and it was said at the Gazette office that the Welsh language had never before appeared in an official paper."

BRIDGEND AN ANCIENT TOWN.

Bridgend, though the most central town of Glamorgan, has no great claim to be considered among the most ancient towns of the county. Coity parish, in which Bridgend is chiefly situated, was very important from a very early period, the castle and its lordship being very prominent in our county history. The old county road between Swansea and Cardiff crossed the Ogmore at Merthyr Mawr, where existed a bridge over the Ogmore at Bridgend was built, which is still in existence, and a very interesting relic of the first stone bridges built in the county it is; but at whatever period it was erected it is evident that the new name, Penypont, dominated over and absorbed the older name by which the place was called previously—i. e., Rhydoglor. The first stone bridge built in South Glamorgan was evidently the Pontfaen, over the Dawen. Bridges of wood were made to cross our rivers before any bridges of stone were built, and the old town of Cowbridge would not be entitled to the name of Pontfaen had there been a stone bridge in the neighborhood of an earlier date. The same may be said of the first stone houses, the earliest of these giving a name to the spot at which they were first put up, which accounts for the name Maendy, and Tymaen is to be found in almost every district.

Tourists who have recorded their opinion of Bridgend about the opening of the present century don't seem to be much impressed with the place at that date, and the record which Mr. George Nicholson, in his "Cambrian Travellers' Guide," published in 1808, is anything but flattering to the inhabitants—who sometimes were fond of boasting when in a beery mood—that

"Penybont yw Pen y byd,"

which means that Bridgend excelled every other place the world over.

The following is what Nicholson says: "Bridgend is a straggling little town in Glamorganshire, built upon the opposite banks of the Ogmore. The situation of Newcastle, which forms a part of Bridgend, is bold. The churchyard commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. There is an extensive woollen manufactory carried on here, belonging to Messrs. Wyndham and Franklyn. Wool is combed by Cartwright's machines, and worsted spun by those of Arkwright. One hundred people, chiefly children, are employed. The intention of the proprietors is somewhat frustrated by a perversity in the natives, which induces them to prefer indolence and want to labor and sufficiency."

Dr. Richard Price is so associated with Bridgend from his near relationship to several of the principal families in the town that our notice of him may, without impropriety, be introduced in this place. He was born February, 1723, at Tynton, in the parish of Llangeinor, in a detached house situated a few miles in a northerly direction from Bridgend. His father was a Nonconformist minister, and, designing him for the same profession, sent him to the Grammar School at Neath. He was removed hence in 1735, and placed under the private tuition of the Rev. Samuel Jones, Pentwyn, Carmarthenshire, an eminent Dissenting divine, and remained there till 1739, when he was sent to Talgarth, under the Rev. Vavasor Griffiths. Both parents dying shortly after, his father, in consequence of his departure from those strict Calvinistic sentiments which he himself maintained, having in his will cut him off from the property he might naturally have expected, he was taken under the protection of his uncle, the Rev. Samuel Price, the colleague of Dr. Watts, by whom he was removed to London and placed in the academy of the learned Mr. Evans, where he passed his studies with great diligence and success, and laid the foundation of his future eminence.

This same Dr. Price was first cousin to the Maid of Cefn Ydfa, and had he inherited his father's estate the property would have been today in the possession of Mr. Arthur J. Williams, of Coedymwstwr, or others of his family, who are the scions of the Tynton family. Dr. Richard Price is universally known and celebrated for his great ability in arithmetical calculations, and for the very numerous and valuable writings, theological, moral and scientific He was a distinguished philanthropist, and the most intrepid assertor of the rights of man. His political counsels and writings place him among the most distinguished patriots and benefactors of nations.

NEWS NOTES.

The Balla-Bangor college has just been presnted with a magnificent library, comprising hundreds of standard theological and philosophical works, in addition to a large number of valuable books in general literature. The generous donor is the Rev. William Lloyd, of Holyhead, one of the first students trained for the ministry at the Bala college.

Apropos of the Rev. Silyn Evans's biography of his predecessor, the Rev. D. Price, Siloah, Aberdare, the Rev. Morgan, Congregational minister, St. Clears, writes that the biographer has made a mistake as to the place of Dr. Price's birth. He was born at Bankyfetin, near St. Clears, as stated. He was born, continues Mr. Morgan, at a place called Llainyfawyr, in the parish of St. Clears, and within a quarter of a mile of Bethlehem Congregational church, St. Clears. The house where he was born was demolished upwards of thirty yars ago. His parents were members of Bethlehem church. Mrs. Price, the widow, was on a visit at our house some years ago, and I took her, at her request, to see the spot where her husband first saw the light of day.

Wales is still by no means without workers in embroidery of the highest class. A class for art needle work is established in connection with the Cardiff Technical school, under the tuition of Miss L. M. G. Evans. This lady is most skilful in her art, and is now producing the banner for the Gorsedd, to be presented by Sir Arthur Stepney at the Llandudno national eisteddfod—a work which will be worthy to stand even beside the curtain of Lewis Glyn Cothi.

Just another instance of how some people murder the Welsh language. A "Commercial," whose accent clearly showed that he was a Londoner, at a Rhondda railway station recently asked for a ticket for "Troodle-e-do!" The poor ticket agent wrestled long and angrily with the names of the railway stations on the Taff before he found that "Troodle-e-do" was really Troedyrhiw.

The Rev. William Barry, of Pontypridd, known in bardic circles as "Gwilym Taf," has just published another book of poems under the head of "Welsh Hillside Saints." It is dedicated to the memory of those three giants of the pulpit, the Revs. John Jones, Blaenanerch; David Williams, Troedrhiwdalar, and John Jenkins, Hengoed. The volume contains several beautiful poems, and there is no doubt that the book, like others written by the reverend gentleman, will be favorably received by the public.

The mineral spring of Trefriw, near Conway, North Wales, is a valuable tonic when used with caution. In order to derive the fullest benefit of its medicinal qualities it should be taken only where it ozzes from the rock, at the extreme end of a dark cavern. In that state it is one of the few chalybeates exuding in the form of sulphate of iron, but which upon exposure to the light and air immediately changes its chemical combination and becomes the ordinary oxide of iron. Thus it entirely loses its normal sanitary quality. One teaspoonful taken twice a day is the maximum dose for an adult.

COLUMBIA.

[The following copyrighted national hymn is from the pen of Rev. D. D. Jenkins, of Uniondale. It has been sung with much success by the Royal Welsh Ladies' choir and has received warm commendation from Mme. Novello Davies. It was sung with effect at the school exercises in Wilkes-Barre's Young Men's Christian association hall last week]:

Blest land of Columbia, how dear to me,
The home of true heroes and sweet liberty;
Thy mountains gigantic, thy valley so fair,
The hearts of thy children ensnare.

Chorus.

Land! land! Sweet delightful land!
Our hearts aflame, we'll spread thy fame,
We'll cherish forever thy name.

God's favors on nations all nations to rest
With fullness and freedom abundantly blest;
But God's crowning favors Columbia on thee,
The home of the brave and the free.

Chorus.

Thy banner, loved banner, the pride of the brave,
Shall reign in bright glory o'er mountain and wave;
Its stars and its stripes and its Heav'n giv'n blue
Shall shelter the noble and true.

Chorus.

May peace and prosperity always be thine!
Thy guidance, protection none less than Divine.
Art destined, Columbia, forever to be
The home of the brave and the free.

Chorus.

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Something About the "New Man."

HE BELIEVES IN PRAISING THOSE TO WHOM PRAISE IS DUE.

A Story from Tennessee which is the Equal of that of J. M. Foster Published in these Columns Some Weeks Ago.

From the Herald, Columbia, Tennessee.

Many and various are the discussions of the "new woman," but most of the women we've seen have no aspirations toward the emancipation of their sex from any yoke except the burdensome yoke of ill health. They all seem to think—and think rightly—that their proper field is their home, and to work faithfully in this field she must be strong and hearty. Care is peculiarly a woman's heritage. But it was not the "new woman" or any other kind of woman that we started out to talk about. It is a "man in the case" this time, and a man, too, that thinks he is the newest kind of a "new man."

From what he tells us, he has good cause to think so. There is no comparison between his present state of feeling and that of two years ago. But let the following speak for itself. We published a few weeks ago a statement of the miraculous cure of Mr. J. M. Foster, of Carter's Creek, now one of the *Herald's* men, from locomotor ataxia (a disease said to be incurable), by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The account was read by numbers of people who were eye-witnesses of his bodily suffering and who know what Mr. Foster stated to be true beyond a peradventure of a doubt; it was read by others, also, who believe it just the same as if they, too, had seen all, because Mr. Foster is well known over the country to be a man of unimpeachable veracity.

So strong is his belief in the Dr. Williams' Pills, he has influenced a number of other people to use them, and all have became as new persons.

One of the number is a young man of Southport, Maury County, Tennessee, Mr. N. F. Murphy. He is only twenty-one years old, and being of rather a delicate constitution, has been afflicted the greater part of his life.

Young Murphy says, he verily believes that very few people of any age or clime have been called upon to endure the bodily suffering which he has undergone.

In an interview with the *Herald*, he told us the following, which we give in his own words:

"Five years ago I was attacked with a severe spell of la grippe, which affected me very much. However, with the summer before me, I gradually grew better until I considered myself nearly well, when in September following I was prostrated by an attack of biliousness.

"I took the medicine administered by our family physician and was soon on foot again, though with a large amount of malaria in my system. Being in a low state of health, I was troubled all winter with dreadful colds and coughs.

"The following spring I was again attacked with another severe case of biliousness, and only rallied in part from this spell when, at the suggestion of some of my friends, I resorted to various patent medicines for relief, but without satisfactory results. The malaria continued, and there was no end to my taking cold, which at last began to settle on my left lung, which was weak, inasmuch as it had undergone the terrible effects of an abscess when I was quite small. As a result expectoration begun and grew worse until May, 1894.

"Now comes the period in my sickness which was to the last degree gloomy. Because of the inactivity of my liver, I could not eat anything that would agree with me, and, to add to my already intense suffering, inflammatory rheumatism got me in its grip. It was dreadful. No one can imagine what agonies I suffered. In this condition I became as helpless as a babe, for I could not raise a hand. I was considered to be on the verge of the grave, and I despaired of my life.

"Deliverance came in this way: Through the influence of Mr. J. M. Foster, a friend of mine, I was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a fair trial. The result was simply marvelous. Within two weeks after I began taking the pills, a marked improvement in my condition was to be noted. I steadily continued to improve until I reached my present state of good health. The hand of death was stayed for the time being, and the grave cheated of its victim.

"All praise is due to Dr. Williams' Pills. Surely I gave them a fair trial, for I used forty dollars ($40) worth of them and ought to know whereof I speak. I doubt not that the name of Dr. Williams will rank among the foremost of the greatest benefactors of the age.

"This is submitted to sick and suffering humanity."

These cases will not seem so remarkable if a body remembers that it is stated by men of science that the entire human body is renewed once in every seven years. It is interesting to inquire how this can be accomplished. Of course, it is readily understood that the work of disintegration and decay goes steadily on, but how are the wasted particles resupplied? It is by means of the circulation of the blood. All the nourishment which is taken into the stomach is, after digestion, received by the blood and carried to every organ, tissue and fibre in the body. This is a most important office, and it is important that the blood which is to do this work should be pure, rich and healthy. Otherwise it will not only be unable to fulfill its mission properly, but it will scatter disease throughout the system.

Indeed, it is from impure blood that a great majority of diseases originate, and it is only by making the blood pure that they can be cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People possess a building-up strengthgiving power which make them just the medicine for those who find themselves in a weak and run-down condition, either as a result of illness or because of impure or impoverished blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

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West Side Bank, 109 N. Main.
Scranton Savings, 122 Wyoming.

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

BREWERS.
Robinson, E. Sons, 435 N. Seventh.
Robinson, Mina, Cedar, cor. Alder.

CHINA AND GLASSWARE.
Rupprecht, Louis, 221 Penn.

TOYS AND CONFECTIONERY
Williams, J. D. & Bro., 314 Lacka.

FLOUR, FEED AND GRAIN.
Matthews, C. P. Sons & Co., 34 Lacka.
The Weston Mill Co., 47-49 Lacka.

PAINTS AND SUPPLIES.
Hanche & McKee, 306 Spruce.

MONUMENTAL WORKS.
Owens Bros., 218 Adams avenue.

MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, ETC.
Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden.

ENGINES AND BOILERS.
Dickson Manufacturing Co.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, ETC.
The Fashion, 308 Lackawanna avenue.

PLUMBING AND HEATING.
Howley, P. F. & M. T., 231 Wyoming ave.

GROCERS.
Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna.
Megargel & Connell, Franklin avenue.
Porter, John T., 26 and 28 Lackawanna.
Rice, Levy & Co., 30 Lackawanna.

HARDWARE.
Connell, W. P. & Sons, 118 Penn.
Foote & Shear Co., 119 N. Washington.
Hunt & Connell Co., 434 Lackawanna.

FRUITS AND PRODUCE.
Dale & Stevens, 27 Lackawanna.
Cleveland, A. S., 17 Lackawanna.

DRY GOODS
Kelly & Healey, 20 Lackawanna.
Finley, P. B., 516 Lackawanna.

LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE.
Keller, Luther, 813 Lackawanna.

HARNESS & SADDLERY HARDWARE.
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.
Ford, W. M., 120 Penn.

CANDY MANUFACTURERS.
Scranton Candy Co., 22 Lackawanna.

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, 131 Washington.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.
Blume, Wm. & Son, 522 Spruce.

HOTELS.
Scranton House, near depot.

MILLINERY & FURNISHING GOODS.
Brown's Bee Hive, 224 Lacka.

City and Suburban.

ATHLETIC GOODS AND BICYCLES.
Florey, C. M., 222 Wyoming.

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING.
Gunster & Forsyth, 327 Penn.
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 Lacka.

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., 315 Penn.

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICE.
Grand Union Tea Co., 103 S. Main.

FLORAL DESIGNS.
Clark, G. R. & Co., 201 Washington.

CATERER.
Huntington, J. C., 308 N. Washington.

GROCERIES.
Pirie, J. J., 427 Lackawanna.

UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY.
Raub, A. R., 425 Spruce.

DRUGGISTS.
McGarrah & Thomas, 209 Lackawanna.
Lorentz, C., 418 Lacka;. Linden & 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.
Harding, J. L., 215 Lackawanna.

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 RUBBER GOODS.
Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin & Spruce.

MERCHANT TAILOR.
Roberts, J. W., 126 N. Main.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
Stelle, J. Lawrence, 303 Spruce.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, HARDWARE.
Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Providence.