

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD

Charge of Paganism Made Against the Institution.

JUDAISM AND MAHOMMEDANISM There Still Clings to the Eisteddfod Some Pagan Rites Which Should Be Abolished—How Can a Christian Minister Accept Eisteddfod Honors?

Mr. John Jones, chairman, presided recently over a meeting of the Llandudno eisteddfod committee, when Mr. John Littler moved that the chairing ceremony be reformed or amended so as to be up to date with modern civilization. He said some would reform anything but the eisteddfod, but it was a human institution and founded in Pagan times, and was, therefore, open to improvement.

The principle of change had already been acted upon. For example, human sacrifices had been discontinued (loud laughter), but there still clings to the eisteddfod some Pagan rites which should be abolished. The Gorsedd dresses represented doctrines quite contrary to Christianity. Would any one tolerate Judaism or Mohammedanism? (Great laughter.) How could a Christian minister accept the chair prize with heathen rites? (Renewed laughter.) The Gorsedd was opened daily with an invocation to a heathen trinity—Plenydd, Alawn, and Gron—for which he would substitute the Christian trinity. Let them conceive an even higher state of civilization, namely, the millennium. (Loud laughter.) Would such proceedings be tolerated? He further objected to the length of time taken by the ceremony of chairing the bard (Hear, hear). His remarks also applied to the Gorsedd prayer, which upon examination would be found to be anti-Christian, being founded on the doctrine of the agnostics, which was essentially Greek and oriental philosophy. (Loud laughter.) The Gorsedd was reformed eisteddfod. He begged of them to make it so and sweep away all the heathenism in connection with the eisteddfod. Then it would live forever and ever and be the guide of the people of Wales for all time. Let no one who called himself a Christian defend any practice opposed to his profession. (Loud laughter.) Ap Clwydfard rose to order. The Gorsedd may be reformed, but the Gorsedd is quite thrashed out. Mr. Littler said he would merely move his resolution, Mr. J. H. Roberts seconded. The chairman said the resolution was vague. (Laughter.) The Rev. Peris Williams said they had no business to interfere with the chairing ceremony. The ceremony at Llandudno would eclipse all eisteddfods. He moved an amendment that things remain as they were. Ap Clwydfard seconded. There had been in hot water already with the bards and did not want a repetition of it. The amendment was carried. On the motion of Ap Clwydfard it was agreed to recommend the Gorsedd committee to hold a Gorsedd every morning.

WELSH MEMBERS IN PARLIAMENT.

The members and the magnitude of the divisions that have taken place up to Walsuille—which is exactly the middle of an ordinary session—has surpassed all previous years. There have been already as many as 165 divisions, so that the minority in opposition do not by any means allow the majority to work its way quietly and un molested. There are very few members who now care to get into the house simply for the pleasure of adding "M. P." to their names and doing no work. The closure has been enforced the extraordinary number of 47 times. At two divisions the majority number of 325 and 281 voted—almost the largest ever known; and on these occasions the "pairs" numbered 30, and there were two vacant seats it follows that only 54 members failed to take part in them. The excessively large attendance have been very frequent, as at no fewer than 38 there were more than 300, above 350 at exceeding 400, and at one on 520 at eight, and at three above 500. As the names of the "ays" were not taken down on these occasions, we have in the following analysis treated the number of divisions as 194. Mr. Anstruther and Mr. W. H. Fisher (government whip), Mr. Daniel Sullivan, Mr. Macalee and Mr. Calwell voted every time. Wales: Abraham, W. Rhonda, 71; Davies, M. York, 23; Davies, W. Reek, Pembroke, 25; Ellis, T. E., Merioneth, 185; Evans, S. T., Glamorganshire, Mid, 47; Griffith, E. J., Anglesey, 129; Howell, W. T., Denbigh, 129; Humphreys, Owen A. C., Montgomery, 45; Jenkins, Sir J. J., Carmarthen District, 35; Jones, D. Brynmor, Swansea District, 55; Jones, W. Carnarvon, Arfon, 239; Laurie, General, Pembroke District, 129; Lewis, J. H., Flint District, 135; Llewellyn, Sir J. T. D., H., Swansea Town, 102; Lloyd, George D., Carnarvon, 109; Maclean, J. M., Cardiff, 109; Milbank, P. C., Radnorshire, 116; Morgan, Sir G. Osborne, H., Denbighshire, Bromley, Carmarthen, 100; Morgan, J. Lloyd, 75; Morgan, W. Pritchard, Merthyr Tydfil, 117; Morley, C., Brecknockshire, 73; Pryce-Jones, Major, Montgomery District, 125; Randall, D., Glamorganshire, Gower, 21; Roberts, J. B., Carnarvonshire, Eifion, 51; Roberts, J. H., Denbighshire, West, 146; Smith, Samuel, Flintshire, 116; Thomas, Abel, Carmarthen, 45; Thomas, Alfred, Glamorganshire, E., 25; Thomas, D. A., Merthyr Tydfil, 116; Wynndham-Quinn, Major W. H., Glamorganshire, 116.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Harcourt, Right Hon. Sir W., West, 105; McKenna, R., North, 134.

WELSH PREACHERS IN ENGLAND.

A Welshman, in speaking of Welsh preachers, has the following to say: "Travelling in Yorkshire the other day we were amused and our Welsh blood began kindling within us as we listened to an eloquent Scotchman eulogizing our kind and kin. 'These Welsh preachers,' said the canny Northman, 'carry everything before them. They are really invading the British Isles. Years ago we Scotchmen used to have it our own way. Now we are nowhere. Go to London, Liverpool, and you will find that a large proportion of the best pulpits are filled by the Welshmen. I have just heard of another Welshman who is having very much his own way in Yorkshire. A friend of mine in Scarborough put this paper in my hand and said that the sermon which it reports was one of the best he had heard for a long time.' The sermon was fully reported, and the preacher was the Rev. David Young, formerly of Cardiff, who preached the official sermon of the York District Synod."

WELSH NOTES.

We hear so much of sectarian jealousies in Wales that it is a delightful pleasure to find that among some of the denominations at least there is a desire for closer union and co-operation. A gratifying proof of this is to be found in the action of the Calvinistic Methodists at the Liverpool assembly last week in appointing a committee to consider how best to bring about such a state of affairs in Wales. The suggestion is not only a gratifying one, but it is also a practical one. Another step in the same direction was the appointment for the first time of a deputation to convey the greetings of the assembly to the Congregational union, which meets this year at Bridgend. This is but a prelude to a similar interchange of compliments between the 'C' and all other Welsh denominations. The suggestion is not only a gratifying one, but it is also a practical one. Another step in the same direction was the appointment for the first time of a deputation to convey the greetings of the assembly to the Congregational union, which meets this year at Bridgend. This is but a prelude to a similar interchange of compliments between the 'C' and all other Welsh denominations.

A North Wales paper is responsible for a story respecting a well-known South Wales poet who has been engaged in wide circulation. The lady in question, gifted with a glorious contralto voice, and just emerging from the chrysalis state of her art, was engaged to sing at a Handel concert, under the conductorship of the late Sir Joseph Hanby. In the course of the final rehearsal, at the end of which the poet, who had been put in a light note instead of the more easy, but less effective, note on her score, this innovation on the part of a novice shocked Sir Joseph, and he immediately asked her whether she thought she could improve upon Handel. "Well, Sir Joseph," she replied, "I've not an E and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off. 'My dear young man,' says the poet, 'I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off here.' And she didn't."

If the policeman's lot is not a happy one he has his compensations. R. G. Brander, M. A., Southborough, Tunbridge Wells, is well known throughout the principality as the 'policeman's friend' and has been engaged to give a lecture on the subject of the policeman's life. He is spending a brief holiday at Llandudno. He is seldom without a member of the police force, and three or four constables are always about him. Last week the policeman-constable from Shrewsbury, Ammanford and Llandudno were staying with him, and when their week's holiday came to a close on Saturday they were replaced by other officers from various parts of Wales.

The majority of the Llanelly and other members of the Carmarthenshire police force are now on their 'leave' in Brighton, London, Tunbridge Wells, North Wales and other places; and what makes the holiday the more enjoyable is the fact that Mr. Brander is spending a brief holiday at Llandudno. He is seldom without a member of the police force, and three or four constables are always about him. Last week the policeman-constable from Shrewsbury, Ammanford and Llandudno were staying with him, and when their week's holiday came to a close on Saturday they were replaced by other officers from various parts of Wales.

Princes-road chapel, Liverpool, in which the general assembly of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists met recently, is one of the most handsome structures in the kingdom, and its spire is regarded as one of the sights of the second city in the empire. The lowest tower of its structure amounts to £2,000, but as the contract was let in sections to members of the church, the cost was reduced to £34,000. Many thousands more have since been spent upon schoolrooms, ante-rooms, parlors and class rooms, a further addition are yet in progress. It was here that the late Dr. Saunders ministered for many years after an act of abhorrence, and upon his removal to Swansea he was succeeded by the late Dr. Owen Thomas. The present pastor is the Rev. John Williams, late of Llandudno, who is one of the most powerful and eloquent of Welsh preachers now living.

In the days of Rhys Goch of Eryri, peacocks were fashionable love gifts. Rhys sent a beautiful peacock to fair Gwen of Dol, and a rival bard addressed a poem to a fox, begging that animal to kill the bird, whereupon the offended lover retaliated in stinging verse. In it he designated the wretched fox as a "glutton of the night," "a land lobster," "a mountain crocodile," and a "thief" with "brass-hued breast a tattered licker."

The weakness for high-sounding names de plume is not confined to Welsh bards. Mr. Harold Bouton, M. A., of London, for instance—who judging from his name and description is not a Welshman—sports the ambitious Welsh title of "Prydydd Cemeddlo Prydain" (The bard of the nations of Britain). That Mr. Prydydd, etc., is not a Welshman is shown by the fact that he forwarded a check for the substantial sum of £30 in aid of the prize fund of the Llandudno eisteddfod.

Many curious epithets are to be seen in the churchyard at Llandudno, and one of them on the grave of J— R—, who died at the age of 17, leaving behind to mourn his loss a widow of 30. However, he was afraid that his spouse would seek another husband, and he desired a local poet to write his epitaph, which was inscribed on his tombstone: "My love for the long time did last, My life for ever now is past; But after me don't sorrow take, Remain a widow for my sake." She, complied with his request, and died at the age of 30.

WORLD OF LETTERS.

FICTION.

That Stephen Crane has great possibilities for the future is generally admitted. It must also in address be said that just now he is engaged in squandering them. The Crane novelettes that appear from day to day in the syndicated newspapers are for the most part poor stuff—mere pot boilers thrown off because at the moment there happens to be a market for them. But worst of all, our young friend has deliberately resurrected that bedraggled girl of the streets, "Maggie," and with the co-operation of the Messrs. Appleton, put her before the public on an equality of dressing with the "Red Badge." Now we don't want to say that in this "real and strenuous" tale of New York low life there are not touches of genius and flashes of the artist's power. But it is a pale exhalation contrasted with the "Badge," and it will do Mr. Crane's fame no good.

"Maggie" is a girl of a tenements, who between the drunken spree of her mother and father and the eye-blackening of a scraggy brother works in a cigar factory and learns to view life as a continuous misery. But Pete, a "barkeep," dawns at length upon her perspective, takes her occasionally to Coney Island, the park and the show, and soon the poor girl, from sheer lack of moral perspective, becomes the "barkeep's" mistress. The story of her fall, desertion and final death is told with realistic though unobtruded pathos. She really loves the tough who is her betrayer, and he after a time coolly shakes her for a free-looking "lady" of the town. The book's sketches of tenement life are all vivid and tense. But we cannot forget, while reading "Maggie," that the author of "Chimney Padden" pre-empted the first claim to this particular dominion, and has developed it with kindly play of humor which we much prefer to Mr. Crane's somewhat monotonous strenuousness.

Mrs. Stannard, or, as she still signs herself, John Strange Winter, has written, in "The Turth-tellers" (Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co.), a pleasant and humorous story of the complications which befall the five children of a Fynland squire who, having been reared into the habit of always telling the literal and exact truth under any and all circumstances, are by the death of their parents put under the care of a wealthy aunt, who is prominent in London society, and who is thereafter often more troubled by the blunt way in which her young charges brush aside the conventional fictions which such excellent service in social intercourse. In favor of the crude truth. These complications are many and awkward, but in the end they are smoothed out and the young folks each and severally find their due share of happiness.

Although Justin McCarthy cannot manage the Irish parliamentary party, he can and does write charming novels. The latest of these, "The Puzzle Ring" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) gives us an interesting study of the modern woman, who while persistently talking down love and marriage, herself precipitately falls in love and because she does not succeed in eliciting favorable responses from the male object of her adoration (who, it may be interesting to remark, is at that moment himself madly in love with her), she finally goes to America and becomes a noted woman's rights advocate. This humorous but more or less trifling piece is only a side scene, however. The main portion of Mr. McCarthy's novel is devoted to chronicling the agonies of the man and the woman, who are mutually in love, but who, too moral to violate the decalogue and too scrupulous to seek relief from the divorce courts, although the woman had Scriptural cause. A variety of incidents befall during this interval of seemingly hopeless passion, including the entry of the woman's lover into the army, and the fact that he had previously cast her off, with the consequence that he again falls in love with her. At the last, however, the superstitious husband is opportunely killed off, and the freed lovers, after due mourning, wed and we suppose are happy ever afterward.

POETRY.

Miss Florence L. Snow, a Kansas lady, who is, we believe, the professor of literature and belles lettres in one of the educational institutions of that state, offers through Messrs. Way & Williams, Chicago, a poem of merit entitled "The Lamp of God." It is cast in the lample pentameter form, with alternating rhymes, and is an evolution of the following theme: The life that holdeth love a thing apart From any slight or must disclose The utter weakness of the rarest art. Its dearest aspirations ever known, Who does not give in constant sacrifice The buoyant blood that courses through his veins Has less than naught for all his best enterprise. In righteous ruling of his utmost pains, For without love no worthy work may be, And without death creative power were done; Herein there lies all happy victory, And here all growth and gladness are begun. Cast in a mould beyond a seek or flaw 'Tis only love that can fulfill the law. The book is handsomely printed by DeVinne on Marlas hand-made paper and has an attractive title page designed by Edmund H. Garrett.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The mask which Stephen Crane has selected to wear in his Philadelphia Times, that of a daring colorist. Since the stories about life in the alleys are popular, it is not an objection to "George's Mother" that the subject is unpleasant. It is a story of a young workman whose environment made him a rowdy and of the devotion of his poor old mother. It is told with penetration and precision. The character of this single member of the mob is well imagined, with dramatic force and some power of pathos, and the spoken dialect is certainly painstaking and presumably accurate. Mr. Crane's own dialect is less convincing. This George was a brown young man who went home through a blue street illuminated with crimson patches. With the red and black tenement his mother, who had a gray face, had placed a lamp on the brown desert of the table, which its yellow glare conveyed into a white garden. Unfortunately George did not stop at home. He went to a saloon, color not specified, where he drank brown liquor in company with red-faced men, and in consequence he was a yellow spanner in the eyes of all who saw him. Red crabs and green dragons and other brilliant animals course through the book and the only disappointment is that we never see a purple cow. If we were well served by the author's artist to produce it. That there is method in this chromatic madness may be believed. It has served to attract an un-pleasant number of writers to Mr. Crane, and yet his stories seem to have no more of their own without such variegated affectation.

MOTHERLESS INSTITUTIONS.

[Published by request of the American Woman Suffrage Association.] In most states in this Union women cannot be appointed trustees of public institutions, because such trustees must be electors. There have been men, who kept their names on the board of trustees of such institutions, but they were not in their bachelor quarters, and yet neither they, nor their friends ever thought of these houses or flats as homes; men have kept house but they never have had a home. Women are the home-makers and home-keepers. This characteristic of woman is just as important in the state as in the family. Men would think it a grave error of statesmen to consider the board of trustees of soldiers' homes, if only women were physicians in and superintendents of such homes. The writer smiles as she imagines what a future would be created if all public institutions should suddenly be taken out of men's hands and put in women's. No woman would want such a thing to happen.

The writer believes that all public institutions, schools, libraries, lunatic asylums, soldiers' homes, etc., should have women trustees, directors, or whatever the term may be for such officers, but she is a formal caller, and she is not a reformer. However, she cannot see how any woman can cease from making effort to have women trustees on boards of all public institutions, where women and children live together in a home, or a child, or a child's father alone is trying to plan for their future. Yet just such a man who knows that some woman must help him out with his family cares, does not seem to think that the principle applies as well to the state.

In many states women have besetted legislatures until boards of visitors have been appointed. These boards, however, have neither responsibility nor authority. They visit the institutions, when they are expected and must report or make suggestions in writing to the trustees. The trustees need take no notice of such reports. They occupy about such a position as a formal caller would to the inmates of a lunatic asylum. Such a caller might be sympathetic and interested, but her help would be of little value because of the relation she bore to the family. The writer doubts if a visitor who does any good except to accustom men to seeing women about such institutions and to accustom women to serve on such boards.

The time is surely coming when women and men will serve together as trustees, and will all the details of the home be undertaken by the women, who are expected and must report or make suggestions in writing to the trustees. The trustees need take no notice of such reports. They occupy about such a position as a formal caller would to the inmates of a lunatic asylum. Such a caller might be sympathetic and interested, but her help would be of little value because of the relation she bore to the family. The writer doubts if a visitor who does any good except to accustom men to seeing women about such institutions and to accustom women to serve on such boards.

EVAN M. HETZEL'S Superior Face Bleach

Positively Removes All Facial Blemishes.

"How does the demand for light fiction compare with that for books of solid worth?" was asked at the headquarters from which the various railroad and other news and book stalls obtain their supplies. "We sell about 2,000 volumes of trash to one of real educational value. You can see what the people want if you will look over the displays on the elevated railroad or any other railroad book stalls" about the city. People who don't care for anything solid, except as they get it in the magazines. If this were all that could be said of the demand for printed books the taste of the Yankee reader would seem to be a very bad one. But the truth is that only the worst that may be said has been given so far. To give a fairer view of the matter one need only refer once more to the statistics furnished by the Publishers' Weekly. In the table referred to it appears that the total number of new books, including new editions, printed in 1895, was 5,499, of which 383 were new editions, and including 41 new editions, there were 1,114 books, to which must be added 38 books of sports and amusements, 22 of humor and satire, 45 of juveniles, and 39 books of poetry to complete the list of lighter literature. Of course, many of the juveniles were educational—histories, works of religious instruction, etc.—and so anything but light reading, but allowing them all to be light, because it gives the best possible light list numbers but 1,808. There were 2,601 books that were devoted to law, theology, literary history, political and social science, history and biography, medicine, military arts, travel, and all the other departments of the book-makers' warehouses. And that is to say that when American taste is judged by the combined catalogues of the book publishers,

COULD NOT BEAR HIS WEIGHT

The Strange Affliction of Little Wilbur Robinson. He Stopped Growing—Limbs Became Useless and He was Unable to Walk—His Cure Brought About in a Singular Manner.

From the Observer, Charlotte, N. C.

Hearing that a child near Iron Station, Lincoln County, had been greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a representative of the Observer went thither to see and ascertain the extent of the benefit the child had received. Riding out on December 5, 1895, to a little country cottage in the hills, a mile distant from Iron Station, the reporter saw a bright-faced, young woman, a pure anglo-saxon type with light hair and blue eyes, standing in the doorway with two plump, rosy-cheeked children half hiding behind her dress. Mentioning that he was looking for a family of Robinsons, the woman seemed at first a little suspicious.

"You're a stranger in my eye," she said. "I am trying to find a child named Wilbur Robinson, who was greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." The young mother smiled and said "come in," and added, "I guess that's the one," pointing to the younger of the two little boys. It was a humble home, the family being composed of that sturdy farming class that goes to make up one of the strongest and truest types of North Carolina's good people. The husband, Robert O. Robinson, runs the farm of 300 acres, but was off to the mill at the time.

The mother, Carrie L. Robinson, told a remarkable story of the cure her little boy from the effects of the gripe. Her aged, white-haired mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Handy, as near and emphasized every word of the daughter's story. Her mother, who owed his recovery to Dr. Williams' effective remedy, played about the house and yard, and was into every conceivable kind of mischief. He really seemed that he must have taken too many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so great was the energy with which he prosecuted his pranks. Three times the mother had to be called in to scold and rush out to rescue the reporter's bicycle, which was leaning against the house outside, and with which Wilbur was becoming almost too familiar. This is the story the mother told: "Wilbur was born August 8, 1893. He was a stout, healthy boy till he was nearly five months old. Between Christmas and New Year's he took the gripe. A physician at Iron Station attended him, and he was supposed to have recovered. But the after effects of the mauling lingered with disastrous results. In March, 1894, his parents noticed that he could not stand upon his feet, although before his taking the gripe he could do so easily. He could not bear the weight of his body on his feet, and he was not growing any nor the muscles in them developing. He was not treated, however, till in the fall, about the last of October. When Mr. Robinson took him to Lincoln, the county seat, he also carried his baby along and a Lincoln physician prescribed for him, recommending a lotion for rubbing his limbs. This helped, and the child only temporarily. Twice afterward this physician was consulted. He told the parents that the child might some day be able to walk and stand, but the child would just have to let him 'grow along,' as the mother expressed it, and see what developed. At this period the child's legs appeared almost as if they were made of wood. I also state that the above statements made to the reporter of the Charlotte Observer are true. SARAH A. HANDY, R. O. ROBINSON, H. A. BANKS, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing bold builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents in a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. W. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

ON THE SQUARE. SQUARE EDGED SQUARE BUTTED LUMBER, SQUARE BUNCHED 4-FOOT LATH. SUPERIOR FACE BLEACH. POSITIVELY REMOVES ALL FACIAL BLEMISHES. EVAN M. HETZEL'S Superior Face Bleach. Positively Removes All Facial Blemishes.

IRON AND STEEL. Bolts, Nuts, Bolt Ends, Turnbuckles, Washers, Rivets, Horse Nails, Files, Taps, Dies, Tools and Supplies. Sail Duck for mine use in stock.

SOFT STEEL WORK SHOES and a full stock of Wagon Makers' Supplies, Wheels, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Poles, Bows, etc.

BITTENBENDER & CO. SCRANTON, PA.

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

Wholesale. BANKS. Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Co. Merchants and Mechanics, 423 Lacka. Federal National Bank, 223 Lackawanna. West Side Bank, 109 N. Main. Savings Bank, 122 Wyoming. SEEDING, CARPET CLEANING, ETC. The Scranton Seeding Co., Lacka. BREWERS. Robinson, E. Son, 48 N. Seventh. Robinson, Miss, Cor. Alder. CHINA AND GLASSWARE. Rupprecht, Louis, 21 Penn. TOYS AND CONFECTIONERY. Williams, J. D. & Bro., 21 Lacka. FLOUR, FEED AND GRAIN. Matthews, C. P. Sons, 60, 54 Lacka. The Western Mill Co., 47-49 Lacka. PAINTS AND SUPPLIES. Jacobs & MacFee, 20 Spruce.

MONUMENTAL WORKS. Owens Bros., 212 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. PUBLISHING AND HEATING. Kowley, P. F. & M. T., 21 Wyoming ave. GROCERS. Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna. Megargel & Conell, Franklin avenue. Foster, John T., 25 and 28 Lackawanna. Rice, Levy & Co., 21 Lackawanna. HARDWARE. Conell, W. F. & Sons, 118 Penn. Epote & Shear Co., 119 N. Washington. Hunt & Conell Co., 24 Lackawanna.

FRUITS AND PRODUCE. Dale & Stevens, 123 Lackawanna. Cleveland, A. S., 11 Lackawanna. DRY GOODS. Kelly & Healey, 25 Lackawanna. Finley, P. H., 30 Lackawanna. LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE. Keller, Luther, 213 Lackawanna. FURNITURE. HARRIS & SADDLERY HARDWARE. Frits G. W., 419 Lackawanna. Keller & Harris, 117 Penn. WINES AND LIQUORS. Walsh, Edward J., 21 Lackawanna. LEATHER AND FINDINGS. Williams, Samuel, 21 Spruce. BOOTS AND SHOES. Goldsmith Bros., 24 Lackawanna. WALL PAPER, ETC. Ford, W. M., 10 Penn. CANDY MANUFACTURERS. Scranton Candy Co., 21 Lackawanna.

FLOUR, BUTTER, EGGS, ETC. The T. H. Watts Co., 11, 72 W. Lacka. Babcock, G. J. & Co., 10. MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES. Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 121 Wya. FURNITURE. Hill & Conell, 11 Wash. Blume, Wm. & Son, 22 Spruce. CARRIAGE REPOSITORY. Blume, Wm. & Son, 22 Spruce. HOTELS. Scranton House, near depot. MILLINERY & FURNISHING GOODS. Brown's Bee Hive, 21 Lacka. City and Suburban. ATHLETIC GOODS AND BICYCLES. Florey, C. M., 22 Wyoming. HARDWARE AND PLUMBING. Gunster & Forsyth, 27 Penn.

COWLES, W. C., 194 N. Main. WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Rogers, A. E., 215 Lackawanna. BOOTS AND SHOES. Goodman's Shoe Store, 432 Lackawanna. FURNITURE. Barbours' Home Credit House, 45 Lacka. Carpets and Wall Paper. Ingils, J. Scott, 419 Lackawanna. GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Osterhout, N. P., 110 W. Market. Jordan, James, Olyphant. Harthold, E. J., Olyphant. CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. Snook, S. M., Olyphant. PAINTS AND WALL PAPER. Winks, J. C., 215 Penn. TEA, COFFEE AND SPICE. Grand Union Tea Co., 109 S. Main.

FLORAL DESIGNS. Clark, G. R. & Co., 201 Washington. CATERER. Huntington, J. C., 308 N. Washington. GROCERIES. Pirie, J. J., 47 Lackawanna. UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY. Raub, A. R., 422 Spruce. DRUGGISTS. McGarrath & Thomas, 229 Lackawanna. Lorents, C., 418 Lacka; Lhden & Wash. Davis, G. W., Main and Market. Bloch, V., Beckwith. 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., 221 Spruce. DINING ROOMS. Curry's Dining Rooms, 506 Linden. TRUSSEES, BATTERIES AND RUBBER. Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin & Spruce. MERCHANT TAILOR. Roberts, J. W., 128 N. Main. PIANOS AND ORGANS. Stetle, J. Lawrence, 303 Spruce. DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, SHOES, HARDWARE. Mulvey, Ambrose, triple stores, Providenza.