SIR LEWIS MORRIS A'I FARDDONIAETH

They Suggest the Periect Art of the the Great Teanyson.

EXQUISITELY.WROUGHT HARMONIES

They Come Over the Spirit with the Freshuess of a Spring Morning When the Daises Star the Sod and of Great Interest.

We are pent, Who sing today, by all the garnered

Of ages of past song. We have no more The world to choose from, who, where'er we turn. Tread through old thoughts and fair, Yet

must we sing-We have no choice; and if more hard to In noon, when all is clear, than in the fresh White mists of early morn, yet do we find Achievements its own guerdon,

—Lewis Morris.

The difficulties of a modern poet are well expressed in these lines from his pen whom in this sketch we seek to honor. In a sense the poet of our day may be forgiven the impression that it is a vain thing to attempt anything new in the world of song. There are times when the mind is oppressed with a painful consciousness of the limits within which thought is bound. When it seems as if thinking and even imagination were doomed eternally to move in a circle. When with something of the bitterness of Solomon, the heart, wearied of the dull, grey aspect of everything around, has cried out: 'There is nothing new under the sun.' In such a mood the poet feels as though the harvest had been reaped by other sickles and he were only doomed to be

a gleaner picking up a few scanty ears. But this is a mood which the poet should resist with all his power, for the world is as young today as ever, and is rich in suggestiveness if we have but souls to respond. The dews sparkle as freshly on the budding quicks as they did in Eden. The lark's soprano, the thrush's warble, and "blackbird's boxwood flute" sound as sweet today as they did when Shakespeare heard them. Age has not sulfied the stars or dimmed the pensive moon. The tales and sighs of happy lovers have not ceased, and the mysteries of life and death still front us for solution. Homer and Shakespeare and Wordsworth had said everything. But Some innocent baby smile; this is not so. Far truer is the mood of A close-wound waist; Mr. Morris in another place, He sings:

And while a maid grows sweet and beau- The halt, the blind, the prosperous thing tiful, And while a springtide coming lights the And while a child, and while a flower is

And while one wrong cries for redress and

A soul to answer, still the world is young. Yes, the world is still young and it unveils its inner leveliness to the mind illumined with that "light which was never on the sea or shore, the consecration and the poet's dream." It is without question that such a light has been shed upon it by Sir Lewis Morris, and for this reason we are glad to call the attention of our readers to one of the purest and most gifted of living

PARENTAGE AND CAREER.

land of song. He who wanders on the banks of the "Wizard Dee," stands or looks up to the glittering precipiess of Cader Idris, cannot wonder that such visions have stirred men into song; and Sir Lewis Morris is a Welshman. He was born at Carmarthen in January, 1833, and is the grandson of the well-known Welsh antiquary and poet, Lewis Morris, of Penbryn, Cardiganshire. He thus owes something to the important law of heredity so powerfully accentuated by modern science. His father was the late L. E. Williams Morris, of Carmarthen, and his mother was the daughter of the late John Hughes of that ancient borough. The subject of our sketch received his early education at Cowbridge and Sherborne school, after which he went to Jesus College, Oxford. Here he graduated as first class in classics and Chancellor's Prizeman, and took in 1855 his M. A. degree. In 1861 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln Inn, where he practiced chiefly as a conveyancing counsel until 1880. Meanwhile he had been elected an Honorary Fellow of Jesus College and a Knight of the Order of the Savior (Greece.) In 1880 he was appointed on the Department Committee, charged by the government to inquire into the subject of Higher Education in Wales, and in the same year was made a justice of the peace of Carmarthenshire in which county he now resides at Penbryn House.In 1886 he was Gladstonian candidate for Pembroke and Haverfordwest. He speedily, however, retired from the strife of politics

to fulfil his higher destiny as a poet. "SONGS OF TWO WORLDS."

It was in the year 1872 that our author first ventured to publish, when he issued a modest volume with the above title. The authorship of the volume was veiled under the nom de plume of "A New Writer." Of this volume the Spectator wrote: "If this is the mere prelude of a mind growing in power, we have in him the promise of a fine poet." Other critical judgments were equally favorable, and two years after a second series appeared, which was received with still more hearty approval. Blackwood's Magazine declaring that "the v ses are full of melo-dious charm at sing themselves al-most without m. lc." In 1875 appeared third series, waich elicited from the Times the declaration that the author had wo a definite position among contemporary poets. These volumes have since been collected into one, which has passed through nearly twenty editions, and is published by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

We are not surprised at the world's favorable judgment of these verses, since in their felicitous phrasing, their exquisitely-wrought harmonies, and their purity and delicacy of feeling, they suggest the perfect art of Tennyson, and come over the spirit with the freshness of a spring morning when daisies star the sod and all the birds are awake. In proof of this assertion take the following lines from the poem

ODE ON A FAIR SPRING MORNING. Come, friend, let us forget
The turmoli of the world a little while,
For now the soft skies smile,
The fields with flowers are set.

With flerce unrest and carking thoughts And breathe a little while the jocund air,

Let us away awhile

By those free singers, when the world was For still the world is young, for still the

Renews liself, and still the lengthening Bring back the month of flowers.

SONGS OF THE CITY. But the songs of this volume are the songs of two worlds. Hence not only of the world of Nature dees our poet sing. but also of the world of Man, who is greater than Nature, as the tenant is greater than the house in which he dwells. It is impossible to study his verse without discerning his deep sympathy with humanity, alike in its more piteous aspects as they confront us in all the Birds are Awake -- Notes of our great cities, or in the anxious questioning which burdens the mind of the thinker in his outlook on the mysterics of life.

The spectacle of human misery and human fall is ever with him. "The still sad music of humanity" haunts him with its pathetic and sorrowful refrain. Soiled human doves as they flit by him bring pain upon their wings, Weeds of the city on which God's tender dews scarce seem to fall sadden his steps. Lives which from their poisoned fountains flow polluted to the sea oppress him with their hope-Indeed, we are inclined to think that it is in this deep moral sympathy, this feeling of brotherhood, this tender outlook on the suffering world, that his truest claim to greatness rests. In his poem entitled "St. Christopher' he tells us, behind the veil of his here, how he "moved amid the miry ways of this sad world" for ever burdened with

The great pain Which everywhere cries heavenward every day With unregarded sufferage; the foul Wrongs

Which are done on earth for ever; the dark sins Sinned and yet unrequited; the great sum And mystery of Evil, worked on him Not to allure, not to repel, but only

With that strange spell of power which knows to take The strong soul captive.

In another poem of great beauty called "The Food for Song" he asks to what subject he shall strike his lyre. Shall he sing of Nature with her blue dome flecked with pearly cloudlets? Shall he sing of knightly tournaments and the awful joys of battle? Shall he attune his voice to the low thunder Thought's unfathorned sea?

Nay-Rather amid the throng

Of toiling men He finds the food and sustenance of sons Spread by hidden hands, again, and yet ngnin

Where'er he goes, by crowded city street, He fares thro' springing fancies sad and sweet-

Fathers and children; things of shame and For while a youth is lost in soaring Dim eyes, and lips at parting kissed in

The thief, the wanton, touch and vex him

"EPIC OF HADES."

It was in the year 1876 that Sir Lewis Morris published the first instalment of the poem which constitutes his truest title to enduring fame. In the classic legends of Greece he found a sphere specially suited for the exercise of that exquisitet delicacy of touch, and that pictorial grace which had already revealed itself in his best work. In the "Epic of Hades" he has made those 'fair and gracious fantasles" of Greek mythology the theme of his verse. Marsyas and Andromeda, Helen and Eurydic, Adonis and Medusa, Psyche and Eudymion, with others in their shire, some ten years ago. water is a find of beauty, and we are not, therefore, surprised that it is a land of song. He who wanders on the banks of the "Wizard Dee." stands below the poet represents banks of the "Wizard Dee." stands below the strange witchery which for two drink entered the ring formed by the Salt water and flow of the money market. Engaged from day to day in their useful tools, they do not perceive that, although the water and flow of the money market. himself as Hades in a dream; and amid the spray of the Swallow Palls, passing from place to place in that realm of shades, he sees the forms of replied the officer, "for in Christ there's boats now in transportation service bethose whose names are enshrined in salvation for all," "Yes, but I'm an tween American and European ports are the mythology of ancient Greece, and Irishman," rejoined the man in moleskin. realm of shades, he sees the forms of from their lips he hears their story. That is a fine touch in which he pic tures the souls in Hades as "dim and pale as the young faith which made them." His dream is all the through half mixed with waking thoughts, and, as a consequence of this, lessons are drawn from these fantasies of the ancient time full of suggestiveness for the modern day, and of thoughtful application to the common experience of life. The poet scorns the thought that these stories of the dim past have no present significance. On the contrary, he holds that Greek triumph of Buith at Llandudno should thirteen and fourteen thousand tons, mythology abounds with truths which bring about a similar revival in the county nearly double that of the present largest are unfading and eternal, and which will ever find an echo in the deep heart

of man. How should any hold Those precious scriptures only old-world Of strange impossible torments and false

Of men and monsters in some brainless dream. Coherent, yet unmeaning, linked togethe By some false skein of song? Nay! evermore.

All things and thoughts, both new and old, are writ Upon the unchanging human heart and

The weary woman Sunk deep in case and sated with her life, Much loved and yet unloving, pines today As Helen; still the poet strives and sings, And hears Apollo's music and grows And suffers, yet is happy; still the young Fond dreamer seeks his high ideal love, And finds her name is Death; still doth

the fair And innocent life, bound naked to the Redeem the race; still the gay tempter And leaves his victim, stone; still doth

pain bind Men's souls in closer links of lovingness, Than Death itself can sever; still the sight Of too great beauty blinds us, and we lose The sense of earthly splendours, gaining

It is after this fashion that these an cient fables are spiritualized, while from the first line to the last a high and delicate purity dominates each conception. Our author's treatment of these fascinating themes is a remarkable illustration of the law that we see what we are framed to see, and what we take with us the wish to see; and, while some writers have sensualised these legends, he has spiritualized them. The Beatrice of Dante did not move through the regions of departed spirits more purely than he does or survey the loves and sorrows of those dim shades with a more tender sympathy. This is another note of excellency in Sir Lewis Morris. He does not tampe with the moral law, or trifle with moral distinctions. These things are not with him mere matters of opinion, to be shaped by him in caprice, but eternal and unalterable realities receiving their

earlier time, "there is a God within them who groweth not old." It was a fortunate circumstance for Sir Lewis Morris that the "Epic of fell into the hands of John Bright, the people's tribune, and that he referred to it in one of his speeches as "another gem added to the wealth of to be fixed as the nature of things perpoetry in our language." It would be

solemn sanctions from the eternal

mind. As Sophocles expressed it at an

public men would more frequently allude to such examples of pure and ennobling literature as impress them in the course of their reading. Many a beautiful and helpful poem which might have stood in intellectual heavens as a moon, full-orbed, to silver the sterner aspects of human feeling, has rolled up slowly into vision, or even waned and died without adequate recognition, because attention has never been called to its merits by those who commanded the public ear. Amid so much of exceeding loveliness, clear in outline, chaste in color, and suffused by the glow of a rich and vivid imagination wisely curbed by the fine restraint of an almost perfect art, it is difficult to furnish extracts which will convey a just idea of the writer's power. NOTES.

The Pont-y-Pridd Temperance choir are likely to compete at the Cardiff exhibition eisteddfod.

The magnificent banner presented to the Gorsedd by Sir Arthur Stepney, formerly member for the Carmarthen boroughs, is now on view at the Athenneum, Llanelly,

Few towns in Wales, barring Cardiff, have made such rapid strides onward as Pont-y-Prifid during the last twenty years. As a proof of this it need only be tioned that while the population in 1875 was only 7.500, it is today 36,000. Mr. Christopher Bishop, who had charge

of the train which conveyed Li Hung Chang from Eusten northward on Wednesday is the son of Mr. Joseph Bishop, of Abergavenny, the well-known dis-trict passenger agent of the London and Northwestern railroad. Ebbw Vale boasts possession of the

largest east steel wheel ever made. It is twelve feet six and three-eighths inches in diameter, nine inches pitch, thirty-two inches wide, and weights eighteen and one-half tons, and has just been made for the Ebbw Vale Iron and Steel company by Messrs, Thomas Frith and sons (Limited) of Norfolk works, Sheffield. Dr. D. B. Thomas, of Toronto, Canada, recent visit to Wales was made to

much of by his numerous Baptist friends, has one of the largest and wealthiest hurches in the Dominion of Canada, His a free and fluent style and a strong Welsh The Llanelly Guardian referring to the

fact that Sister Gwendoline, who nursed Sir John Millais in his fatal illness, is the daughter of Mr. Joshua Griffiths, a native of Lianelly, states that Sister Victoria, who, it will be remembered, acted as nurse to the late Duke of Clarence is also closely associated with Lizuelly, It is a happy coincidence that the Re-

T. E. Edwards, Cwmafon, was elected moderator for the year of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Calvinistic Methodist association. At the quarterly meeting at Penuel church, Ebbw Vale-the place at which he held his first pas-torate—he received double the number of votes recorded for the two gentlemen who were also in the running.

A Lianelly contemporary declares that the Rev. Thomas Johns, the popular pastor of Capel Als-which by reason of its past associations is one of the best known churches in Wales—believes in variety. He spent the first part of his holidays in Scotland, then at Llandrindod, and is now in Paris, where it is said he startled some of the natives with a number of his

The "Tyst" points out that in his article on the Rev. Griffith John, the veteran Walter Daniel, of Barry Dock, is mistaken in referring to the Rev. Elijah Jacob, the minister of Ebenezer, Swansen, who pre-Elijah Jacob, the pared the youthful student for college, at having passed to the majority. Mr. Jacob, who was ordained in 1843, is at present residing in Strand, but is without the charge of a church, having resigned the pastorate of Ebley church, Glouchuster-

upper part of the valley and inquired of the "Captain" if he was too much of a sinner to be saved. "No, my dear fellow," "It doesn't matter whether you are an Irishman, or Welshman, or Englishman; in Christ there's salvation for all." "Three cheers for the 'captain!' " exclaimed Pat; and one of the soldiers shouted forth, "Let's pray for the navvy."

The poularity of the eisteddfod, which counties. The New Castle Emiyn and St. feet; beam, 62; depth, 42. David's elsteddfodau must be written as The displacement will be a second to the counties. two of the most successful gatherings of year, and already eyes are directed to those parts for promising talent. The which is mournfully associated with the death of Prince Llewelyn.

Welsh ministers somehow do not stay years' pastorate. Eynon stayed about seven years between two pastorates, Justin Evans remained about nine years, Cynon Lewis left after three years. Dr. Beyan hardly stayed a fifth year in any church; Thomas Evans was pastor of Victoria Park for eleven years; Elwyn Thomas has a ten years' experience of Tolmers-square; Pedr Williams, J. M. Gibbon, Hey Morgan, Evan Thomas, David Thomas and others are all men of comparatively short experiences as pasters of one church.

The Vicar of Pont-y-Pridd preached at the opening of a new church at Llanwrtyd recently. When coming down the pulpit stairs his foot caught in the carpet. He fell and dislocated his shoulder. A local surgeon was not within call. Dr. Enoch Davies, being at Llanwriyd, was sent for. The well-known anti-tither soon put the joint right and gave immediate relief to the pastor. The visitors were highly pleased, and one of the sights of Llanwrived for the next few days was that of the Liberationist leader and the clergyman walking, arm linked in arm, about the park. Some would have it that it was the case of the lion and the lamb, and that they could not distinguish which wis

A South Wales man who has ventured into the Transyaal recently thus writes home: "A nice ride it was from Cape Town to Johannesburg. No cushions on the seats; six in a compartment; very hot in the day and bitter cold at night. It took us sixty hours. I am working fifteen miles from Johannesburg, for nothing, as I am learning the rock drill, and have al-most mastered it. By the time you get this, I hope to be earning Cl a day, which is the pay of a rock driller. Everything is very dear; £6 a month for food alone. The company finds us rooms, but you must find your own bed and everything you need, do your own washing, etc. There is no fireplace in the room, and it is very cold at night-almost bites your nose off when you get up in the morning. I find it very different from home. 'Every man for himself' is the motto. At meal times, if you are not there in time, you get none. We have three meals a day; breakfast at 7, dinner at 12, tea at 5; and then the men all clear off to bed, as there is nowhere else to go, only the public, where they charge is for every drink you get."

WHAT ROBERT MORRIS SAID. 'It (unsound currency) has caused infinite private mischief, numberless frauds and the greatest distress. There is great impropriety, not to say injustice, in compelling a man to receive a part of his debt in discharge of the whole. Arguments are unnecessary to show that the scale by which everything is to be measured ought

Extracts from a Chicago Alderman's

Pulpit and reform platforms ring with vituperation of the saloon and the saloon power in politics. Is selfishness the peculiar property of the saloon. The saloon may be the poor man's club it may be the poor man's gambling-house; it may be a leading cause of his poverty and the suffering of his family. Were I an omnipotent being, I would wipe out alcohol from the list of human commodities until men were fit to use it without encompassing their ruin, but if you want to find the place where polities is not neglected between elections, go to the saloon. You will find, perhaps to your surprise, that the talk is largely of measures for the general good, and you would feel that today the saloon is more nearly the forum of our local government than the church or the club. Even the average saloon discussion is better than no interest at all.

When we hear the clamor of the unfor-

When we hear the clamor of the unfortunate we are apt to fall back with complacency upon the dogma of the survival of the fittest, ignoring the fact that we in a certain measure create the standard of the fitness. Yes, we have been virtues of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest when we have elected to choose as

A MAMMOTH STEAMER.

The Pennsylvania Will Be the Largest Craft Affont.

Some time next month the Hamburg-merican Packet Line will launch their exception the largest ever built, says even somewhat higher, they are greatly the New York Journal. The largest reduced, in fact, by the rapid increase of tween American and European ports are American Lines. They can carry from seven to eight thousand tons dead weight, or, in other words, that much freight can be stored in the holds, exclusive of the weight of the crew and passengers.

The Pennsylvania will nearly double their capacity. The measurements of has for generations been so marked in their capacity. The measurements of Glamorgan and Carmarthenshire, in the the new boat, which is being built at South, is rapidly extending to the western | Belfast, are as follows: Length, 568

The displacement will be twenty thou sand tons, and the dead weight carrying capacity is estimated at between liners in service. The Pennsylvania will be equipped with quadruple expansion engines, and the combined horse-power will be seven thousand. The length, 568 long in London. Ossian oft after a five feet, is fully one hundred and fifty feet greater than the present steamers, and the depth and beam are increased ac cordingly.

The new craft will be expected to develop a speed of from fourteen to fifteen knots an hour, which is a very fair rate, though by no means a recordbreaker. The enormous freight-carrying capacity of the boat may be the bet ter realized through comparison with the freight cars of the railroad trans-

portation companies. The largest of American freight cars can carry but thirty tons of dead weight, so that in the huge holds of the Pennsylvania the contents of forty-six cars could be stored.

In addition to its large freight-car rying capacity, the craft will carry 228 cabin passengers and 1,500 persons in the steerage. It will be equipped with five decks, with plenty of room for promenades and observation seats. The officials of the company expect to launch the Pennsylvania from yards in Belfast next October, and it will ply between New York and Ham-

burg. The Pennsylvania will be the largest freight-carrying craft in commission, and with one exception the largest ever built. The one exception was the famous Great Eastern, which was built in 1858 at Millwall-on-the-Thames, She was the largest ocean-going craft ever built, but from a financial standpoint was a wretched failure. The dimensions of the Great Eastern were as follows: Length, 691 feet; width, 83 feet; depth, 48 feet.

The craft was registered as being of 32,160 tons displacement, with a dead weight capacity of 18,915 tons. had one direct-acting horizontal engine for driving the screw, with four cylinders, each of 84 inches diameter, and with a four-footstroke. The horse power was six thousand, and was derived from six boilers and sixty fur naces

In addition to steam power, the Great Eastern carried 6,500 square yards of sail. She made several trips across the ocean, but was so unwieldy and unsafe that she was finally dismantled and the hulk sold for old met al and wreckage.

MILLIINER.

Mrs. M. Saxe, 146 W. Main avenue. UPHOLSTERER AND CARPET LAYER. C. H. Haslett, 226 Spruce street.

Sermon on "Practical Politics," A Minister's Sufferings

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS REV. JOSEPH SECHLER WAS IN TORMENT.

Tried all Sorts of Medicine, but Hone Afforded Relief. Somewhat Discouraged but with Faint Hope He was led to try a New Remedy. Read what He now Says.

From Ce Gazette, Galena, Illinois.

There is probably no malady to which the human body is liable so painful or aggravating as rheumatism. The person so unfortunate as to be afflicted with this insidious disease has no outward indication of inward tomat. Unlike other disorders it does not often affect the appetite nor does it in most instances reduce the flesh.

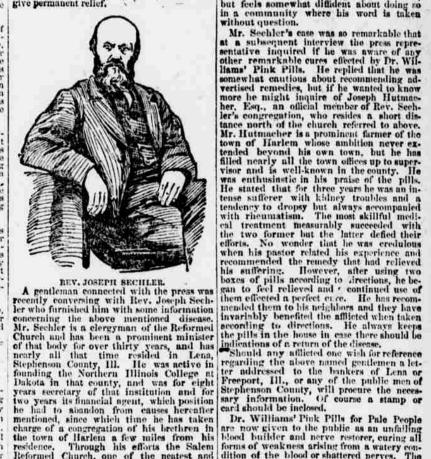
Often a certain flush in the face accompanies the ailment and leasle the friends or the patient to congratulate him on his healthy appearance with the familiar expandering the most acute torment. Not often being the direct cause of famility, the patient does not generally receive the sympathy of friends as is the case of other complaints. Often during the day there is a marked subsidiance of the pain and the sick man is alight degree. Sometimes the disease interfered so much with the necessary preparation for the disease of the pain and the sick man is alight degree, and the night is spent in the most painful species of the pain and the sick man is alight degree, but the case of its liable to prove fatul. Under the most favorable circumstances as a migratory character moving from limb to limb. This is the most adarming prits in which case it is liable to prove fatul. Under the most favorable circumstances are of the pain without leaving the ease the stable to prove fatul. Under the most favorable circumstances are of the pain without leaving the exercise of the pain without leaving the exercise of the pain without leaving the exercise of the pain and the side of the pain an

Whether we look at the broad field of finance, where stock-watering and merciless trickery prevail or the narrower life, where the farmer and the country buyer play hide and seek with the scales, we have no cause to congratulate ourselves upon our honesty as a people; but our private morals are still pure and holy in comparison with our civic life that is an ulcer steadily eating into the nation's stamina. It must be burned out by the fire of unselfish effort.

We have had one standard of morals for our churches and charities, another for our business dealings, while our mutual relations, through the sacred forms of law, have been forced to do without any system of morals at all. Our government is not representative of the average morality, though it doubtless is what we deserve.

ANDREW JACKSON'S VIEWS. From His Eighth Annual Message.

"A depreciation of the currency is always attended by a loss to the laboring classes. This portion of the community have neither time nor opportunity to waten boats now in transportation service be- currency, which, as it appears to make



charge of a congregation of his brethren in the town of Harlem a few miles from his residence. Through his efforts the Salem Reformed Church, one of the neatest and most appropriate country churches in Illinois, was built three years ago. The interior is finished in modern style and the frescoing, although not so elaborate, is in taste not behind the wealthy city edifices. Mr. Sechler

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PAWNBROKER,

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REAL ESTATE.

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Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden. Stone Bros., 308 Spruce.

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Great Atlantic \$3 Pants Co., 319 Lacka-

Jieneke & McKee, 306 Spruce street,

Green, Joseph, M Lackawanna,

Stelle, J. Lawrence, 308 Spruce.

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

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National Roofing Co., 231 Washington.

W. A. Wiedebusch, 234 Washington ave,

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Ingalls, J. Scott, 419 Lackawanna

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Fritz, G. W., 410 Lackawanna, Keller & Harris, 117 Penn, DARNESS, TRUNKS, BUGGIES, E. B. Houser, 133 N. Main avenue.

Arlington, Grimes & Flannery, Spruce and Franklin. Scranton House, near depot, HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER.

Wm. Hay, 112 Linden HUMAN HAIR AND HAIR DRESSING. N. T. Lisk, 223 Lackawanns

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

Williams, Samuel, 221 Spruce

LIME, CEMENT SEWER PIPE,

Raub, A. R., 425 Spruce, WALL PAPER, ETC. Ford, W. M., 120 Penn.

UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Rogers, A. E., 215 Lackawanna. WINES AND LIQUORS. Walsh, Edward J., 32 Lackawanna.

WIRE AND WIRE ROPE. Washburn & Moen Mfg Co., 119 Franklin