THE HOUSE OF BY HOWARD FEAR.

MARKLE HOKE.

PART I.

The night was an ideal one for tell-ing stories before a flaming hearth, the house was rich in oldtime associations, and the company was responsive equal-ly to the gay and the grave. The first was in March, the second was the home was in March, the second was the one-of my friend Philip Letterby, and the third was the group of guests he an-nually entertains in observance of a hospitable custom that his family has never permitted to lapse. The conver-sation of such a circle will gravitate to supernatural experiences and this one was no exception. Many such had been related at second-hand, when Abner Letterby, Philip's father, addressed us. He had been sitting nearest the fire, thoughfully leaning forward upon his hickory staff. If close approach to the portals of the unknown should y foreknowledge of its strange laws, should yield ould have spoken with abundant au-

"I have never told any of you," he said, "why the old Budthorne place is called 'The House of Fear.' As the grandson of the last owner who lived in it is here tonight, this is a good time

You will oblige me very much by doing so," responded the young man re-

ferred to. Philip had accidentally found him at the village inn that afternoon and had persuaded him to become one of his guests. He was traveling for the benefit of his health and had come to the neighborhood to visit the original home-stead of his family. He was about twenty-five years of age, pale and thin, but still holding fast a sustaining residue of his normal robustness and strength of

"The house has been without a tenant for almost forty years," the old man began in a quavering voice that added much to the weird gravity of his narra-tive. "Martin Budthorne, your grandfather, sold it to the father of Armstrong, the present owner, when the awful thing I am going to tell of, happened, and went west. He advised Armstrong to build a new house at the other end of the farm and never to go into the old one. It was a matter of great wonder at the time, but the fact that no one can live in it has now naturally become a matter of course

"Martin had a brother John, the worst boy to rove about I ever saw. He couldn't be contented anywhere very long, and when their father died, he soon turned his share of the estate into and went gadding about the One night he came home to Every Martin's house unexpectedly. body saw that he was on his last legs. He was in bed when I went over to see him, and I made up my mind he hadn't a week to live. He wanted to talk that night I went over and he told us many stories of his travels. He was one of these chaps that gather up all sorts of odd things and he told Martin that several boxes of them would come in a few The last city he had spent much time

in, he said, was Bagdad, and he had made it his headquarters while looking around over the scenes told about in the 'Arabian Nights.' That is a specimen of the crazy notions he was always taking. He told us he had bought from an Arab there the finest curiosity he had ever seen. It was a round ball made entirely of small pieces of bone cut from human skulls. The skulls were of men and women who had died awful deaths. Some of them were criminals that had been executed by beheaded or tortured, some had been murdered, some killed in earhquakes, storms and all sorts of terrible accidents. The Arab had told him there was some spell on it, but John declared he didn't put any faith in that. He advised Martin to keep it, as it might be valuable as a curiosity.

"John died the next night. About ten afterward the boxes came, and Martin sent for me to come over and to fancy what sorts of trinkets the boy had wasted his money on. We soon saw that our wildest fancies fell short. Those boxes held the most useless things that good dollars could be squandered for. I won't try to describe them, but will hurry on to the bone ball we were most anxious to find, and that we did come across at last. I stooped to lift it out, and, supposing a ball of bone would be light. I did not use much strength, but I was astonished to that I did not even budge it, and that uired a good muscle to get it out. I had never been as much surprised in my life. It was only about six inches in diameter, but it would have outweighed a solid ball of lead of its size. I warned Martin of this as I handed it to him, but he was not prepared for such an extraordinary weight and almost let it

"He put it on the table and rolled it about as we examined it. As John had said, it was made of small squares of bone, cemented together with wonder ful skill and polished until you could almost see yourself in it. Martin at last took his hands from it, and then another extraordinary thing happened. Instead of lying still, it rolled around of its own accord until a small black circle came uppermost. We put it back again and again, with the circle down. and every time it righted itself. This circle seemed to be the mark of a lid but we could not see any way to open Some words were burned into the bone beside this circle, but we saw that it would take better scholars than we were to read them.

"As you may all imagine, we very much interested in this ball, but kept all we had learned about it from everyone; in fact, no one knew such



"MRS. BUDTHORNE RAN IN SCREAMING."

a thing had come. A few days after it came Martin copied the words on the lid and sent them to a friend of his who was a professor of languages in a New England college, asking him to translate them. He replied in due time that the words were Arabic and that they meant in English: 'A brave scion of the third generation.' What this could mean we hadn't the slight-est idea, of course, but supposed it re-ferred to some oriental supersition.

ferred to some oriental superstition. The thing that most mystified us out the ball, though, was the remarkable weight, and we decided one evening that, as it was really use-less, we would break it open and see what did make it so heavy. This was an unlucky decision, and I know, Mr. Budthorne, that your grandfather worried over it to the day of his death. Martin stood on one side of the table holding the ball tight in his hands, and I, standing on the other side, tried to force the edge of a cold chisel under the lid so as to pry it off. We never knew how it happened, whether

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Syndicate.

Martin touched a secret spring with his hands or I did with the chisel, but, at any rate, the lid suddenly flew. open and hung back on an inside

We bent forward quickly and looked in to see what it held, and immediately straightened up and looked at each other simply speechless, for the ball had nothing in it at all. It was as empty as anything could be. Martin put his hands around it and exerted the force be had usually done in lifting the force he had usually done in lifting

it, and it rose up with a jerk.

"This is a devil's own contrivance,
Abner,' he said, 'Take it!'

"I did so, and dropped the diabolical
thing on the table. It had come down
to a natural weight. Where its extraordinary heft had gone we could not tell. Certainly nothing had fallen from it. I began to feel a queer sensation of fright coming over me, and I looked at Martin. His face was get-ting pale, and he stared at me wildly, as he whispered:

"'What is in this room, Abner?"
"Before I could answer Martin's
hound, that had been sleeping beside hound, that had been steeping beside the stove, sprang up with a howl, dashed for the door and began whining to get out. A cat that had been con-tentedly rubbing against our legs a few moments before, leaped upon the window-sill, where, with her back arched and her fur bristled, she scratched frantically at the panes. "A moment later Mrs. Budthorne ran

in screaming, followed a few seconds the hired men, still carrying a lantern,



WE BURIED IT IN THE CELLAR.

is he had just come in from the barn Their lips were stiff with fear, but they made us understand that they had become suddenly frightened without seeing anything to cause it. Not one of us could even try to quiet the others. We could scarcely keep from running out of the house. I had never een afraid before without any reason for it. The house was exactly as it had been. If we had seen anything like a ghost, it would not have been so unnatural, but that feeling of being terribly afraid of something, withit knowing what it was, was awful. "We stood still awhile, hoping it would pass away, but when we began to feel that the thing we were afraid of was death in some frightful shape, we cauld out stand it any longer, and we ran through the hall and out upon the porch, the two women screaming and the dog and cat snapping, snarl-ing and howling.
"The fear left us the moment we got

out on the porch and we men felt foolish enough, I can tell you. We were not long deciding that Mrs. Budthorne had had nightmare and her screaming had scared us all. Martin and I accordingly concluded to go in again. We did so, leaving the man held our intentions for the night. with the women, but we got no fur-ther than the door opening into the room where the devilish ball still lay upon the table. I felt as if I was being led out to be tortured to death: Martin felt the same, and we ran out again as if we were flying for our lives, and I believe to this day that we were. No one could stay under the influence of that spell for an hour without losing his mind or his life. It seems ridiculous to credit such a thing nowadays, and hard to believe that anyone would give up to a fear that has no visible cause, but there the old house stands vacant, and you may all think me a coward, but I would not go alone into it and stay for ten minutes for a deed of all the land that can be seen from its roof.

"Martin and all his folks stayed here at my house until they went west. had been considering that move be this thing happened and that decided him. It was soon found that the spell is not on the house in the daytime, so we got his things out without difficulty. I can tell you, though, it was a big relief when we locked up the place and left it to itself."

"What became of the ball?" young Budthorne asked. "Martin wanted to break it to pieces. but I teld him that enough had hap-pened from mercly opening the lid. without risking something worse. So we buried it in the cellar of the house and I suppose it is there yet, unless it has vanished, as I could easily believe." "Could you tell me the exact place?" the young man asked further.

"Do you wish to get it?" Abner inquired, carnestly, "Yes, I should like to have it. I suppose I have inherited my grand uncle's fondness for odd things, and I think this Arabian sphere would be quite an

addition to my collection."
"I advise you to have nothing to do
with it." Abner said: "but if you wish
to see it, you can easily find it. Martin dug a hole for it in the front cellar. were afraid that common earth would not hold it down, so we put a heavy stone slab over it." Budthorne said no more, but the old

man pursued the inquiry:
"Will you go to the cellar for it?"
"Yes, and take it home with me. Who

has the key of the house?"
"Armstrong, the present owner. I
don't think he will object to your hav-

This concluded the story telling and we separated for the night. I was pow-erfully impressed by the old man's nar-rative, and next morning I easily obtained Budthorne's consent to accompany him to get the bone ball. We reached Armstrong's place about ten o'clock and found him in his front yard. Budthorne presented a note of intro-duction from Philip and asked for the key, at the same time stating his purpose. The farmer did not object, but advised us not to meddle with the mat-

ter.
"I am inclined to believe it is all imagination," said the young man. "This old skull bone ball could not harm anyone, at any rate, and I want it as a curi

osity."
"Don't deceive yourself," Armstrong differed earnestly. "I tried to spend a night there once to decide the same doubt. I stayed just five minutes, and my doubt was fully satisfied. I have never tried it again. It may be imag-

ination, but something horrible is in the old place to start it." We were not turned from our pur pose and he gave us the key. We followed the carriage drive along the creek. The "House of Fear" was in creek. The "House of Fear" was in full view all he way, standing on a hill in cold relief against the leaden March sky that shed rain in occasional show-ers. We left the road and ascended the

of the landscape. Many palings had dropped from the front fence and re-minded me gruesomely of teeth miss-ing from a skull. The gate would not ing from a skull. The gate would not move on the rusted hinges and we broke it down. The footpath to the porch was lost under the many deposits of fallen weeds and grass and the rank growth yet standing. The house, being of stone, had resisted decay, but the years had gnawed the woodwork as worms consume the flesh and leave the hone.

PART II.

I must confess that, as we ascende the four water-soaked steps to the rot-ten porch before the door my sensa-tions were not as remote from fear as was unmoved. He seemed to treat the matter as a commonplace occurrence. He put the key into the lock and tried to turn it as calmly as he would have done the same thing at his own home The bolt resisting, I helped him until it slid back, and we went into the wide hallway. The atmosphere of the place was sufficient to fill one with fear, but it was only ordinary disgust for damp and mold and slime. The house had become a freehold to them. We came provided with digging implements and candle. Budthorne lighted the latter and we entered the room on the right. The loathsome things that fatten upon decay had glutted themselves there at their ease. Even the light that seeped through the slats of the shutters and

the reeking panes seemed unclean. After some groping we found the cel-lar stairway and went down the weak-ened steps with care. As may be imagined, the cellar was in worse condition than the house. I had become struck with my companion's coolness, and when I looked at him then I saw no when I looked at him then I say he signs of the loathing I felt, as we walked to the front. The mold was so thick upon the earthen floor that we tapped some time with the mattock before striking the stone. I held the lantern and Budthorne soon dug out the object of our search. He lifted it out of the pit with his hands without hesitation. As he held it up to the candle I could not help looking over my shoulder into the foul shadows, but whatever connection here was between the ball and the fear that came upon one in the night, had been broken, at least for the time. The sphere was covered with earth, but the young man tapped it with his finger nails and expressed his pleasure that it had not rotted.

We returned to the side room up-stairs, where he put the ball upon the wide window sill and began to scrape off the dirt with his knife. He became completely absorbed in the task and thought nothing of his fetid surroundings. My mind was divided between wonder at his interest and my repugnance. At last the sphere was clean and he held it up triumphantly. I could not help admiring the wonderful skill displayed in its construction, but at the same time was powerfully affected by thoughts of the places from which the tiny bone cubes had come and of the frenzy of the brains they had helped to "A brave scion of the third genera-

tion," he said to himself, as he ex-amined the Arabic words upon the lid which still moved easily upon the hinge At the instant an insight into his motives came to me in a flash. He was not merely curious about the sphere and the blight it had brought upon his house; he was the scion of the third generation and that he was a brave one his demeanor had already amply proved. I decided not to tell him of my guess then, and merely asked: "What will you do now?"

"I shall leave this curiosity here and come back tonight to feel this fear that escaped from it. It hope it is not all imaginary, for it would add to its value if I could tell of an actual ex-Will it be agreeable if I come with

Perfectly." He placed the ball carefully in a He placed the ball carefully corner, and we left the house, se-curely locking the door. We returned to Phillip's and told the eagerly-wait-to Phillip's and the finding of the ball. but, as we had agreed together, with-

About 8 o'clock in the evening, excused ourselves from the o guests and started for the house. The clouds had cleared from the sky the waning moon was just rising. shall not attempt to tell my expectations. They were not pleasant, yet my curlosity concerning the influence that



THE LIGHT SHOWED HIS CHAST-LY FACE.

the moon likht like a spectral man-sion, and when we entered the lame I began to hope that he would abandon the project. There were no prospects of this, however; he showed no more apprehension than if we had been on our way to a scene of gayety.

When we reached the porch of the house he turned to me and said, quiet-

"I have led you to believe that I think this tale of the fear one has in this old house at night is imaginary want to tell you now that I think it true. In a few moments it will have a grip on us. If your heart isn't a stout one, this is the point to turn

"I want to experience it myself," I answered. "Besides, I believe I have guessed your real purpose. You are a scion of the third generation, and you more harm." "None." I answered. "I intend to put that flendish ball where it will do no more harm." have a theory as to what such a per-son might accomplish."

"Precisely. I am glad you have guessed it. I believe that nothing but bravery will compel this flend to go back into the ball. I mean to put it on the floor with the lid open and fight

"It looks plausible, but-" "Have I the necessary bravery? That is the point to be decided, you think. To make a fair test I must be alone, and when I begin it I shall ask you to leave me. Your presence would be some stay to my courage, and, as I interpret the words on the ball, the scion of the third generation can conquer this demon of fear only by his unaided bravery. I shall tell you

unaided bravery. I shall tell you when I desire you to come out."

He was wholly unmoved, and he unlocked the front door with a perfectly steady hand. I followed him into the hall, closing the door behind me at his direction. In an instant both knew. his direction. In an instant both knew that Abner Letterby's experience had not been fancied nor exaggerated. The hall was utterly dark, the odor was almost nauseating, and I shrank from the filth and decay around me, but it was not fear of these that seemed to close around my heart. It seemed to be an element of the air that filled one with an overpowering dread, as heat or cold produces its effect, except that this was an unnatural, inexplicable effect, as if one should have the sensation of freezing in intense heat or be scorched or blistered by heat in a zero tempera-ture. The house was quiet and peace-ful, no hideous apparition appeared, yet

Budthorne struck a match, lifted the candle from the floor just inside of the room and lighted it. He held it up before him and we peered into the shad-ews. Nothing frightful appeared, but my fear increased as if I were inhaling it. Budthorne turned toward me and I looked at him over the candle flame. His face was drawn and his lips trem-

slightly as he whispered: "It is true."
"Terribly true," I replied. He walked to the corner where he had placed the ball and came back to the center of the room. He put it on the floor and set the candle near it. He arefully opened the lid, then said:

Please go now. 'I should not leave you alone here." said. "You are not a strong man, and no one could stand a strain like this very long." I shall risk it

"But what is to be gained?"
"Nothing, perhaps. Nevertheless, I am determined to test the meaning of those Arabic words."

I saw that I could not dissuade him.

I felt my own will weaken more and more each moment and was fully con-vinced of the truth of old Abner's statement that insanity or death would result from braving this malignast in-



SAW IT FALL GLISTENING IN THE MOONBEAMS.

fluence. I could not, however, oppos young Budthorne's wish, nor could I drag him bodily from the place. But I could bring Philip, and the two of us

ould compel him to come away.

I went to the door thinking of getting Philip, of my cowardice in leaving Budthorne there and of escape from the place, all in a mental jumble, for the sensation that I was about to suffer death in some horrible form, as described by Abner, had come upon me thought swiftly of many ways in which men had come to their end, but none of them seemed so full of terror as death brought on by this causeless fear. I felt that the young man could not stand this dreadful test, and from the sill I looked back, fully expecting to find him escaping with me. But he was standing near the hall, erect, determined and pointing to the door. I fled through the hall, flung oven the front door and ran out upon the porch.

I was instantly relieved of the super natural fright. I turned at once to go back and plead with Budthorne to come out, but he had followed and shut the door. I heard him lock it inside; then came a noise as of some small metal object falling upon the bare floor far back in the long, dark hall. He had thrown away the key so that he could not quickly escape. I called to him, urging him to give up his mnd experibut he did not answer me. leaped from the porch and ran most of the way to Phillip's home. The company was sitting before the

fire, and my excited entrance broke up an animated discussion. When I had told of the trial Budthorne was making Abner sprang up and exclaimed: "He cannot live an hour in that place

Philip, you and Mr. Richards must use force if he will not come out willingly. "I came to ask Philip to go with me,"
said, "I could not persuade him to abandon this dangerous experiment." Philip and I were soon hurrying toward the house. Armstrong hailed us as we were passing his home.

"Isn't that young fellow in the old house tonight?" he asked. "Yes," Philip answered, and hurriedly explained our mission. T'll go with you.'

When we arrived at the porch of the house I called Budthorne, but he did not answer. I called again as loudly as broken. With a sickening apprehension of what had occurred I threw my weight against the door, but it resisted. Philip and Armstrong helped me, the boit snapped with a loud noise and the door crashed inward. I sprang into the hall, but stopped in astonishment. The air was still foul and close, but it had been relieved of the element of fear. The quietness of the side room, however, gave me a foreboding entirely dif-ferent from the unnatural dread of death. This room was almost dark, the having burned into the stick during the hour of my absence, and shedding them only a circle of light up-on the grimy ceiling. We stopped upon the sill and strained our eyes into the shadows. It required but an instant to see what had happened, and we sprang forward.

Budthorne lay upon the floor with his right hand resting limply upon the ball had escaped from the sphere was strong, and I was further steadled in bent over him and called, but he did not move by Budthrone's placeldity, not move. Armstrong caught up the candle, raised the tailow end higher in the stick, while Philip and I turned the creek the house stood high above it in a desperate determination, and his eyes open and staring, with a vacancy that filled us with a natural dread. I put my hand over his heart and cried "He is alive. We must get him out of this at once."

We carried him out upon the porch,

and Armstrong burried away to bring a team. When he arrived with it. Budthorne, still insensible, had been carefully placed in the straw bed. I asked Philip to take him home as rapidly as possible and secure medical attention, adding that I would remain. "What crazy experiment are you bent

on?" he asked. "None," I answered. "I intend to put "Make it sure," he commended, as

they drove away.

I walked back into the hall of the house with some nervousness, I freely confess. But I quickly discovered that it was groundless. Budthorne had driven out the demon of fear beyond all doubt. I went into the side room and the expiring flame of the candle dimly revealed the bone ball upon the floor. I put my hands upon it to lift it, and could not help springing erect in amazement. The wonderful weight Abner Letterby had spoken of had come back to it. With much fear that it might fall and break and the spell escape again I picked it up with great care, then blew out the candle and

care, then blew out the candle and walked out upon the porch.

At the foot of the hill on which the house stands the creek has cut its way through many strata of rocks, thus forming a narrow gorge, at the bottom of which the water is very deep. I decided to drop the ball into the stream there and hastened to the place. In order that it might not strike any of the jagged rocks and be broken, I lay flat upon the ground and stretched lay flat upon the ground and stretched my arms far out over the chasm. Whether the contact of my hands renewed the spell or my excited nerves reproduced the sensation so recently experienced, I do not know, but an unnatural fear seemed to come out of the moonlighted air and death in frightful forms seemed to throng the quiet night. I released the sphere, quiet night. I released the sphere, and, with a deep sense of relief, I saw it fall, glistening in the moonbeams; there was a splash and an echoing gurgle in the gorge, and all was still

I rose and hastened to Philip's home, rejoicing that the spell had been brok-en, but anxious for the brave young sired end.
I found him very iil. He lay at

I found him very iii. He lay at Philip's home for many weeks on the verge of death from acute brain fever. He finally grew well enough to be taken to his western home. He has never entirely recoverd, for the strain has left a dangerous affection of the nerves which forbids all reference by himself to his trial or any constion. himself to his trial or any question from others. His success, however, was complete. The last time I visited was complete. The last time I visited Philip we went together to the former "House of Fear." It is now one of the brightest and handsomest homes of the locality, and one of Armstrong's sons lives there in undisturbed quietness and contentment.

A BANK RUN BY CHILDREN.

St. Louis Father's Scheme for Teaching His Children to Save Money. From the New York Journal.

Teh most unique banking institution in the world is located in St. Louis. It is the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking company, and no one conencted with it in an executive capacity, except the president, is over nine years of age.

Robert T. Lindsey, the cashier, is the youngest official of that sort anywhere The institution is conducted on as The institution is conducted on as strict business principles and its finan-ces receive as close and keen attention as if its capital was \$1,000,000 instead

of \$1.000.

The president of the bank is W. C.
Lindsey, father of the cashier. A little
over a year ago Mr. Lindsey conceived
that it would be a splendid idea if he
could devise some scheme whereby his
boys could be taught to save money. He decided to form a little bank for his children, teach them all the intricacles of banking and inculcate the desire to save money into their minds so that when they grew up to be men they would be sure to hang on to some part of whatever of the world's goods they succeeded in getting their hands

So interested did he become that he began to agitate the plan, and one of his friends who heard of it while on the way to New York outlined the scheme to a newspaper reporter. small item was printed about it in the papers, and in a few days Mr. Lind-sey began-receiving applications from the parents of little ones in various parts of the country, asking that their children might be allowed to take stock in the juvenile bank. He readily con-sented, and on February 1 the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking company was formed, with a capital stock of \$100 on the basis of \$1 a share, and an office at No. 807 Washington avenue. St. Louis.

Like most promoters, Mr. Lindsey, who for years has been cashier for a large wholesale house, installed him-self as president. Young Robert Lind-sey was made cashier and Louis II. Lindsey vice-president. The board of directors consisted of these three offi-cers and Richard W. Lindsey, W. C. Lindsey, jr., Harrison Givens, Columbus, Ga...; Martin Hardwick, Spring-field, O., and Everett L. Amie, St. Louies.

Everything was immediately placed on a business basis. The boys were soon taught the ins and outs of the commercial maze so that they understod it better by far than the major ity of grown people who have not a speaking acquaintance with bank ac-counts. After that Mr. Lindsey's posttion became merely advisory. The bank has never done any speculative or investment business. It has confined itself to loaning money at an enormous rate of interest to clerks in the wholesale houses along Washing ton avenue and in the immediate vicin-

They charged on all loans 5 per cent month or any fraction thereof. young man wanted to take his best girl to the theater he could apply to the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking company and get the necessary funds to do it with by paying twenty-five cents for the privilege. Security on real and personal property was re-At such a rate it can readily be seen that the bank was a paying

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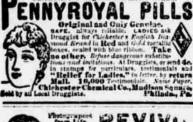
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BEDDING, CARPET CLEANING, ETC.

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

BICYCLES, GUNS, ETC. Parker, E. R., 321 Spruce.

BICYCLE LIVERY. City Bieyele Livery, 120 Franklin.

BICYCLE REPAIRS, ETC. Bittenbender & Co., 3131/2 Spruce street BOOTS AND SHOES.

Goldsmith Bros. 204 Lackawanna, Goodman's Shoe Store, 432 Lackawanna BROKER AND JEWELER. Radin Bros., 123 Penn.

CANDY MANUFACTURER. Scranton Candy Co. 22 Lackawanna. CARPLES AND WALL PAPER. Ingails, J. Scott, 119 Lackawanna

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

Blume, Wm. & Son, 522 Spruce Huntington, J. C., 508 N. Washington, CHINA AND GLASSWARE,

Rusprecht, Louis, 221 Penn ave CIGAR MANUFACTURER. J. P. Fiore, 223 Poruce street, CONFECTIONERY AND TOYS.

Williams, J. D. & Bros., 314 Lacka. CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE. Harding, J. L., 215 Lackawanna DINING ROOM. Caryl's Dining Room, 505 Linden.

DRY GOODS. The Fazition, 398 Luckawanna avenue, Kelly & Healey, 29 Luckawanna, Finley, P. B., 519 Lackawanna, DRY GOODS, SHOES, HARDWARE, ETC.

Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Provi-dence. DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS Kresky, E. H. & Co., 114 S. Main. 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, ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Dickson Manufacturing Co. FINE MERCHANT TAILORING. J. W. Roberts, 126 N Main ave, W. J. Davis, 215 Lackawanna, Eric Audren, 119 S. Main ave,

FLORAL DESIGNS. Clark, G. R. & Co., 201 Washington. FLOUR, BUTTER, EGGS, ETC. The T. H. Watts Co., Ltd., 723 W. Babcock G. J. & Co., 116 Franklin.

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

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

Union House, 215 Lackawanna TRAITURE. Hill & Connell, 122 Washington, Barbour's Home Credit House, 425 Lack

Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna, Megargel & Connell, Franklin avenue, Porter, John T., 25 and 28 Lackawanna Rice, Levy & Co., 39 Lackawanna, Pirle, J. J., 427 Lackawanna

GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Osterhout, N. P., 110 W. Market, Jordan, James, Olyphant, Bechtold, E. J., Olyphant.

Connell, W. P. & Sons, 113 Penn. Foote & Shear Co., 113 N. Washington. Hunt & Connell Co., 424 Lackawanna. HARDWARE AND PLUMBING.

HARDWARE,

Gunster & Forsyth, 327 Penn. Cowles, W. C., 1907 N. Main ave. HARNESS AND SADDLERY HARDWARE, Fritz, G. W., 410 Lackawanna Keller & Harris, 117 Penn.

HARNESS, TRUNKS, BUGGLES, HOTELS.

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

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

LEATHER AND FINDINGS. LIME, CEMENT SEWER PIPE,

MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, ETC. Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden. Stone Bros., 263 Spruce. MILLHNER. Mrs. M. Saxe, 146 N. Main avenue.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING. Mrs. Bradley, 206 Adams, opp. Court House. MILLINERY AND FURNISHING GOODS. Brown's Bee Hive, 234 Lackawanna,

MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES. Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 131 Wyo. MODISTE AND DRESSMAKER. Mrs. K. Walsh, 311 Spruce street,

MONUMENTAL WORKS. Great Atlantic \$3 Pants Co., 319 Lucka-wana ave.

PAINTS AND SUPPLIES. Jieneke & McKee, 306 Spruce street, PAINTS AND WALL PAPER.

Winke, J. C., 315 Penn. PAWNBROKER. Green, Joseph, 107 Lackawanna. PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Stelle, J. Lawrence, 308 Spruce.

PHOTOGRAPHER. H. S. Cramer, 31! Lackawanna ave. PLUMBING AND HEATING.

Howley, P. F. & M. F., 231 Wyoming ave. REAL ESTATE. Horatio N. Patrick, 236 Washington. RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, ETC.

Scranton Rubber Stamp Co., 538 Spruce ROOFING. National Roofing Co., 331 Washington, SANITARY PLUMBING

W. A. Wiedebusch, 234 Washington ave STEAMSHIP TICKETS. J. A. Barron, 215 Lackawanna and Priceburg,

STEREO-RELIEF DECORATIONS AND PAINTING. S. H. Morris, 247 Wyoming ave, TEA, COFFEE AND SPICE.

Grand Union Tea Co., 103 S. Main, TRUSSES, BATTERIES, RUBBER GOODS Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin and Spruce.

UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY. Raub, A. R., 425 Spruce, UPHOLSTERER AND CARPET LAYER.

C. H. Hazlett, 226 Spruce street. WALL PAPER, ETC. Ford, W. M., 120 Penn.

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