BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Men of the Moss-Hags," "The Stickit Minister," Etc 👗

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Being the Memoirs of Patrick Vernon, of frongray, Written by Himself, and Now Published by His Brother for the Warning of Others Alike Traitorous and Malignant, and for the Encouragement of Them That Do Well,

I. Patrick Vernor, the younger, of Irongray, in Galloway, now private in Colonel Designs' regiment of dra-goons, take pen in hand in order that the story of a life wherein the bitter has ever lapped over the sweet, the evil overflowed the good, and the faint visitings of worthy desire have been blown away before the blasts of pride "Where is Robert" said my father,

I mind well how it began, it was the day on which there came to visit us that best of ministers, goodsample Mr. John Welsh, of Cluden. He had been over at the Scaur preaching, and after the sermon and the scattering of the folks-which as yet was done in peace, for Claverhouse had not then settled himself down to watch the Gal-loway bill felk at the bridge end of Dumfries-the minister came on with my father, John Verner, to dine at or house of frontray. On the way he held converse with

him concerning duty and pro flege. "Ye have seven sons, John Vernor; it behoeves you to give one of them to the Lord, said Mr. Welch to my fa-"Ye are a man that, so far as the times have sped, stand as yet in



SHE LOOKED THE OTHER WAY.

good odor with them that are in high places. You are a man of substance. Well can you afford to spend some of your living on the educating of one of your laise for the preaching of the Word. Now, I have come so far to tell you a thing which it behoves you by gight of promise who are going by ship to Restersian, on their way to the Cole lege of Groningon—William Gorden, of Earlstoun, a lief of paves and promise. Well and the locked more that the minister looked more the content of the most of the cole lege of Groningon—William Gorden, of Earlstoun, a lief of paves and promise. At this the minister looked more the cole looked more the cole looked more than the minister looked more the cole looked more the cole looked more the cole looked more than the cole looked more the cole looked more than the cole looked more the cole looked more the cole looked more than the cole looked more the cole looked more than the cole looked more than the cole l es; and afterward, if so his heart in eling, to be exercised in sound divinity by Mt. Brackel, of Lecuwarden, and the other great divines of the pure re-formed kirk of Holland?"

And my father lent a not unwilling attendance, and considered of the matter, while I, who had been with him to the conventiele, pricked up my ears and listened. For so soon as I had heard of the journey to Holland I was smitten with very great desire to go. It was not that I had any great call (I may as well tent it out soon as syncthere was a lass over at the Torwood that I was fairly daft upon. She had so twined herself about my heart that in her pressure I became but a little wimpiling dog, that twists itself and grovels in the dust to draw its mistress

Isabei Weir was her name, and sweet maid she was bonny, aye, be youd all in that countryside, and with such a screen, persuasive way with her that there was nothing that size would have asked that even a heart of stone could have refused. I leved her more than all this world, and infinitely more than the next, But me she would say no good word to. For I had the name of a wildish land, and one that was a deal better at the sword-play than at the seventeen points of doc-trine. But Isobel, as became a daughter of the Weirs of Torwood, was true-blue maid of the Covenants. As many was the time she told me that if I wanted aught of her favor, I must company with those who sought the good way of her folk, and shun the back-swording and the weapon-show

face-swording and the wegnen-show-ings, where only the ill-exampled and the unseemly congregate.

And so for awhile, to the infinite weavy trial of my spirit. I did. Yea, for the sake of Isobel Weir, I attended the conventicles, and kept watch and ward for the coming of the "persecu-tors" over the moor. Also sometimes when I sat near her my heart was glad. and methought that I had indeed found something of the religion of which my father and one or two of my brothers Were always speaking. But when for a senson I saw Isobel no more, and Gib Affleck or Wat Dickson called me in to drink a taste of brandy with them, at the changehouse, straightway I forgat. So I was counted as of them that backsiid; and when Isobel met me again, she looked the other way, gave me her hand right coldly, and walked

with Robert, my younger brother, a callow fushionless lad that never did wrong openly all the days of him. So now on this afterneon when old Mr. Welsh came over with my father to Irongray, and I heard him speaking of sending one of us to the college in Holland, there came on me a great de-sire to go. Moreover, I felt that I had the right of it, for was I not the eldest of John Vernor's seven sons? More-over, I knew that mere shaping at the leading strings of preacherdom would bring me in favor in the eyes of Isobel Weir. And already a saw myself say-Ing farewell to her, and asking of her a kindly word, and it might be a kiss, before I went for the good, cause to a

which of them the Lord has chosen for

is work."
"Content!" said my father. "I will go gather the laddies in, that you may see whether there are signs of grace about any of them."

Then, setting Mr. Welsh in the great oak chair by the window, and giving him the Bible to divert himself with, him the Bible to divert himself with, my father went to the barn-end, and, making a trumpet of his hands, he cried a far-heard cry up and down the Cluden water. And silent Duncan at the herding on the hill caught it, and he left his ewes in the charge of Tweed, his wise dog, to keep them from breaking bounds. And Gilbert, the ready of speech, hastened up from the meadow. I could see the scythe gilttering as he sat it again the dyke, for he had casten his coat and to the work as soon as evereffect from the came back from the field-preach—

"Walt till I get the good lad out of hearing of the house. I will make him send up rome few other petitions," I which has been built on just as little as which has been built on just as little as which has been built on just as little as which has been built on just as little as which has been built on just as little as that.

Ignorance of her own physical nature is responsible for a great deal of the pain and suffath.

But I never had the art to guide my tongue all the days of me and off-times, alas! I have permitted it to guide me; and a man lands surely in the measure of the house. It is now on the bookshelves of over a million American households. Several chapters of the book are developed to Robert for his prayers for our backsliding. It is well there is something that he can do besides hang to his mother's apron strings and lie about dykebacks. He never was worth his kail at a day's work in his life!"

"The lad is delicate and of another mild from these rough lads," said my mother, to whom Robert was as the apmoint of the house. I which has been built on just as little as that.

Ignorance of her own physical nature is the that.

Ignorance of her own physical nature is the that.

Ignorance of her own physical nature is that.

Ignorance of her own physical nature is the hear and of the man and affecting that.

Is aid, shutting my fists for anger, But

I said it low in to myself. Aloud I said: "My brothers and the days of me and off-times, alas!" I have permitted it to guid

Jing. And the rest, my brothers, were all by this time in the little bed-room -all saving Robert, who was my youngest brother, and of little account amongst us. For his mother had spoilgoons, take pen in hallet in other than the latter of the story of a life wherein the latter rough work, when all the time he was ed him, making believe that he was so

"Where is Robert?" said my father, when we were all settled in the room down the house,
"I ken not that," said my mother,
"but I will go and seek him. He will be busy with his learning in some corner, doubtless."

doubtless,"

Then, after she was gone out, the minister asked which amongst us most desired to go to Holland, and be colleged there with the young men who ers hung down their heads, being just come in from their work and having heard nothing of the matter. Besides ome of them had lassies who were fond of them in the countryside, and that made a great difference in their eagethers to adventure forth of the

But i spoke up and said: "Mr. Welsh. I am the eldest son of the house, and if any ought to go forth to see strange lands and gather lear, it is surely I. It my father give his consent, I am ready to set sail with William Gordon are the rest. And I will strive every day to do your hidding, that I may prove no discredit to you either in the low countries or on my return. My father knews that I do not lie. And this procise faithfully,"
Alr. Welsh turned his head toward

me as I spoke. He had beautiful white halr, and a broad collar of fair linear came down over his cont.
"Young man," he said, "ye speak something earnally, but fairly. What we say is of a good sound so far as it goer. But whether ye have indeed the reof of the matter in ye-that I know

"That," I replied, "I know not either, But at all events, I have the will and desire for better things in me. And this, as I see it, is as much as at my Holland to learn more.

Din my father shook his head, "Ye are better foddering the horse Fatrick," he said, "I fear all that ye wents form of divinity at Groningen would not choke a week-old chicken! Mind, I will not spend my good un-

At this the minister looked more kindly, methought, at me. "Lut tell me," he asked, "what is the reason that you so strongly degire to proceed over sens?"

So I spoke up bluntly, even as the words were given to me. For I never could clock nor gloze things over pret-

tily.
"I am weary of the way of life here—
of the stabling of horse and the milking of kye. I would fain lift my soul
above the mixen. And there is a lass
that wants me to gather learning over
the water and to seek out the better the water and to seek out the better way. I would fain do both for he

"I hear no word of a leading and overruling providence in this," said my father. "I am not surely to pay good father. "I am not surely to pay good coined silver that you may gain a lass' layer. What would that advantage the cause of the persecuted?" The minister raised his hand and ently patted my father on the sleeve

"Patience, good friend," he said,
"there have been stranger things than
this that have yet fallen out. The Lord's bright jewels have ofttimes been digged out of very black pits. Remember that mighty servant of the Lord, Mr. Richard Cameron, who was brought up in e camp of the enemy and served as bishop's schoolmaster about the wicked town of Falkland in the shire

But just then came in my mother with my younger brother Robert in her hand. She was lifting up here eyes and making a mighty phrase about some-thing. We could hear her ere she came

within the outer door.

"Such a marvel—a direct leading—
even a prodicy!" she cried, "Here
when I went out to find this blessed
lad, to bring him in to the man of God,

where think ye I should come upon him, and how employed,"
"Maybe in the milkhouse, talking with the byre lass, and eating curds with his fingers—that was where I saw him last!" said I, bitterly enough, Fer I knew what would happen if once my mother got her car into the water. "Silence, sir!" cried my father to me with a stance of his foot.

"Oh, Mr. Weish!" my mother went on, looking at the minister with tears in her eyes, "this is he—this is indeed the chosen vessel. Believe it who will



BUT I SAID IT LOW IN TO MYSELF.

a kindly word, and it might the force I went for the good, cause to a foreign land. I saw her lift her eyes to mine with willingness and sweet surrender in them. Faith, I would have gone to Holland for less, had it been farther than the moon and as warm with cannibals.

"I would see your sons," said Mr.

"I would see your sons," said Mr.

"I would see your sons," said Mr.

"You are a scotter, Patrick," said my "You are a scotter, Patrick," said m

mother, "and will come to no good end. The lad was at his prayers, and among other things I heard him loud and in stant that the sins of his brothers might be forgiven to them, and especially the often backsliding of this Patrick, who now takes it to him to flout the good lad for it."

"Wait till I get the good lad out of hearing of the house. I will make him send up come few other petitions," I said, shutting my fists for anger. But

ple of her eye, "He draws naturally to the quieter ways of the house and the company of women folk." "So," said I again, then he will make a brave preacher to the hill folk—he

must thole wind and wet, endure hard-ness cheerfully, sleep on draggled heather roots, and die at the last in the Grassmarket with a tow rope round his neck and a second-hand testimony in his mouth"

This daunted my mother a little, fearing for her petling.

"Let us hear what the lad says himelf," said the minister, arrowing his eyes and bending arrowing his eyes and bending tips of his fingers together upon us as he looked from one to the other. I could see that his mood was one of deep consideration. Yet the loon Robert, being ever the favorite of my parents, so roused my spirit to a very gale of anger that I could not restrain my though I well knew that I was some pickle siller that we nad laid by us. It's no better than twenty Scots that ye are welcome, Patic (stop and ye). of winning the favor of Isobel Weir,



"GO, THEN, SCOFFER!" CRIED MY

and also because one that had been there told me there was much gallant sword play and good comradeship among the young collegers of Gronin-

Then that young supper-of-sowens,
Robert Vernor, answered that he forgave me all my ill words of him, because
that I knew no better, and spoke but
after my kind. If he was judged worthy
he was willing to go to Holland, for he
had a call to the work and no fellowship with those foul talkers and cyil
livers that were about him here in
nor," answered Isabel W said a call to the work and no fellow-ship with those foul talkers and evil livers that were about him here in Irongray. He was willing to give up all and adventure forth, if the minister and his father and mother bade him, with things honorable and great with and his father and mother bade him. With things honorable godly men. Your broaden of God. So he spoke meekly and pitifully, till I could have cast him into the "And also of come". horse pend in fair disgust.
"Oh, the blessed lad!" cried my meth-

rides the lad. It will be better to separate them.'

minister; "yet I fear the carnal heart within me leans to the other." He spake as a man that knows his

But at this the devil in me rose and I felt that in my heart which I

must speak out.
"Wait." I said. "I have a word to Hear ye all. Ye have spoken the worst things of me that am the eldest son of this house. They that brought me into being have proclaimed my faults. They have set aside my urgent desire—Cod knows all I ever asked of them. They have made me of no account-it is well. Now I will take no more than the clothes I wear and g. forth. My ten years' labor bath at least earned so much wages as a suit of gray homespun cleading. I bid you farewell, Father and mother, I leave you with your dear son-your perfect son. The black sheep goes forth lest his foulness should corrupt this white

"Go, then, scoffer!" eried my father, "and never cross the threshold of the door—so long, at least, as the house of Irongray stands by the waters of Cluden and John Vernor lives to be master of it!" But my mother put her apron to her

eyes and wept aloud, whereat Robert went and put his arms about her neck. For of a certainty he had the art of comforting women folk, ever phrasing and dandying about them. not weep, sweet mother," he "you still have one loving son

I looked over at Robert, my brother. "Pale wart," said 1; "were it not for the presence of those whom I am bound to respect I would even twist thy neck, thou young hypocrite!

thou young hypocrite!

My father pointed to the door.

"Out of my house, sirrah!" he cried,
working his brows up and down in a
way he bad when he was sorely ang-

So I went out with all my brothers following after me-Duncan and Gil-bert arst, and after them John, Martin and Sandy. The five of these good lads said • t a word, but came out at my heels, hanging their heads and looking nighty both and sorrowful, So Robert was left in the room by himself with my father and mother and Mr. Welsh,

my father and mother and Mr. Welsh, the minister. And as we were already at the outer door, he called to me in his sliky-soft, wheedling voice:

"Fatrick, do not part in anger, my brother. Freely do I forgive you all the ill words ye have spoken of me."

Eat I turned the back of my hand to him, as I stood for the last time on the threshold of the house of my fathers, from which I was now to be evermore. from which I was now to be evermore

an outcast.
"That for your forgiveness!" said I. "Ecep it to eagen older foots withal! You cannot take in Patrick Vernor with your sugared lies!"

So from the house of Irongray, where I was born and which I had counted an mine own, I was thus outlawed and ex-'Tis easy to say that I had but mine own self to blame. Had I bidden more at home o' nights and ever been la at the "Taking of the Book," my father might have looked more kindly upon me. And I should, maybe, have pleased my mother better had I been more convoluted and my more reconstallary and rade. mine own self to blame. Had I bidden more at home o' nights and ever been to at the "taking of the Book," my father might have looked more kindly upon me. And I should, maybe, have pleased m; mother better had I been more complaisant, and made pretense to a little religion of the easily carried kind, which comes out in asking long blessings at meal times and interlading a sanctified word or two in common speech—such as: "It'll be a fixe day health resumes its natural sway throughout a sanctified word or two in common speech—such as: "It'll be a fige day the morn, if the Lord will," or "we'll shear the sheep on Monday, gin a kind Providence spare us:" For many is the sound reputation for godliness which has been built on just as little as

ing foot. There is a ford near by over the little water of Cluden and a crossing of stepping-stones, about which as bairns we had played the day by the length, before ever we heard a sound of the weary Covenants that have worked so muckle strife in this so muckle strife in this land. I had my foot on the first stone when Duncan nudged Gilbert to speak. He was a fine, solid lad, Duncan, but not a gleg at the

solid lad, Duncan, but not a gleg at the talking.
"Duncan wants me to say, Patie," said Gilbert, taking the signal refuetantly, "that we are heart sorry for this cast cot. And we are a' vexed for ye, and we do not think that ye have been rightly used. But ye are to mind that the Irongray is your ain, and we will work it for you as the rightful heir. There's name o' us that are Jacobs, or would supplying our brother. Is that not

pounds, but ye are welcome, Patle (stop that whingein' and greetin', Martin; think sham o' yoursel', man). And ye are to tak' it and look about ye a wee.

and no do onything rash that ye would be sorry for after, like!"

"Lada," I answered them, slowly, for I was near overcome, "I cannot tak" your hard-won silver. "Ye'll be needing new plaids and bonnets, and I ken Duncan was saving for a Bible."

"Na, na, so long as Patrick Vernor has a pair of strong hands, the world will no come greatly wrong to him. Fare ye weel, honest lads. See and humor my faither, gin ye can. It was never a thing I was good at mysel." So I shook hands with them all five So I shook hands with them air ive, and turned away. I could hear poor Martin, that was ever a kenning soft in the heart, break into a passion of tears, at which Duncan took him by the neck of his coat to shake the folly out "Dinna make it harder than it is for

Ah, good lads, kindly lads-praise God for five brothers that are neither time-servers nor hypocrites! Fact it was at the kirk stile, as I

went by the village, that I got the heaviest stroke. For there I met iso-bel Weir. She came daintily over, lifting at a psalm, and putting up her hand, as she saw me, to the blue maiden's snood that belted her yellow hair "You are bound for Holland, I hear, said; "they tell me that Mr. has gene up to settle the matter with your tather."
"Not I." I made answer, gloomily enough, "but Robert, my brother, goes

to Holland in my stead. He, as we al ken, is the lad of grace in our house hold, and keeps himself first in favor with the godly. Who can contend with

Your brother Robert is

"And also of comcliness—a very young David, with his lovelocks and ruddy cheeks," sald I, bitterly. "Well er, "Patrick, there is a lesson for you am I aware that he has the favor of all with your flouting and je ring. Did you women, and especially of Isobel ye hear how beautifully he forgave Weir of the Torwood."

the better subjection."

"Ah!" said my mother; "It is my you rightly, Isobel Weir," I said. "If you had loved me it might have mattered more. But since you will not, from a boy, and now most cruelly overness, but just to shake hands and part "Well, since it must be so," said the day since I carried you over Cluder I bid you farewell, Isobel. It is a long



YOU FORGET YOURSELF, PAT RICK VERNOR," ANSWERED GOBEL WEIR.

water on my back and ye called me your love, being then but a bairn. I bld you farewell, for when next you see me go by, it is little that you or any honest lass will have to say to Patrick "What would you do to yourself?"

she asked-looking, as I thought, a little dashed at my bitter words and deermined air. "Faith. I go to Dumfries to take the king's colors and ride merrily a-troop-ing. Since they will not make a soldier of me on the one side, what better can

a landless and kirders toon do, than take arms on the other?" (To Be Continu d.)



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From "Quotations for Occasions,"
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a rest.
And watch your safety. Tempest, ii, I.
Punched feil of deadly holes.
Richard III., v, 3.
Invent some other tires! Dekker and Ford, Sun's Darling, ii, I.
I am . . a kind of lawless justic or
usurping martialist of authority that
will kill any man with my Safety.
Shackericy Marmion, The Antiquary, ii,
I go, I go, look how I go.
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's
bow. From "Onotations for Occasions."

Shickericy Marmion, The Antiquary, 1.1.
I Bo, I go, look how I go.
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
Milsummer Night's Dream, iii, 2.
Yet bear their bright officious lamps.
Milsummer Night's Dream, iii, 2.
Milsummer Night's Dream, iii, 2.
Wet bear their bright officious lamps.
Milton, Paradise Lost, 1x.
I Eke the new tire excellently.
Much Ado, iil, 4.
They that ride so, and ride not warily,
"fall, Henry V., iii, 7.
Their earth-convulsing whoels affright
the city. Shelley, Helias.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with
the fall? Titus Andronicus, ii, 3.
Ring your belis, King John, ii, 2.
On their own axis as the planets run.
Peac, Essay on Man, iii.
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er
mankind. Fone, Hiad, ix, 52.
Turn, turn my wheel? Turn round and
round
Without a pause, without a sound.
So soins the flying world away.
Lougfellow, Keramos.
Patchin' our patent saft-blow-up agin?
Lowell, Biglow Papers, ii, 6.
My mind exceeds the commages of her
wheel. Hi Henry VI, iv, 3.
The spirit of the time shall teach me
wheel, King John, iv, 2.
But, chief of all, your safety?
King John, iv, 2.
But, chief of all, your safety?
King John, iv, 2.
But, chief of all, your safety.
Three or four miles about.
Coriolanus, I, 6.
Their speed makes night kindle.
Sheley, Fromethets Unbound, ii, 4.
Attend me where I wheel.
The wheel has come full circle, I am here.
Lear, v, 3.
The may I set the world on wheels.
The may I set the world on wheels.

Then may I set the world on wheels.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, ill, I.
This guick revolving wheel shall rest in beare.

Her silent course advance With inofiensive pace, that spinning sleeps On her soft axle. Milton. Paradise Lost, viii, 162. Your fine elegant rascal, that can

rise, stoops, almost together; it through the air as nimble as r And stoops, almost together:
Shoot through the air as nimble as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once.
B. Jonson, Volpone, iii.
The citizens gape at her and praise her tires. tires,
B. Jonson, The Alchemist, iv.
Come, will thou see me ride?
I Henry IV, il, 3. Is't far you ride?
As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper.

Macbeth, iii, I.

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Robinson, E. Sons, 435 N. Seventh. Robinson, Mina, Cedar, cor, Alder. BICYCLES GUNS ETC. Parker, E. R., 321 Spruce.

EICYCLE LIVERY.

City Bicycle Livery, 120 Franklin. BICYCLE REPAIRS, ETC. Bittenbender & Co., 31312 Spruce street BOOTS AND SHOES.

Goldsmith Bros. 304 Lackawanna. Goodman's Shoe Store, 432 Lackawanna BROKER AND JEWELER. Radin Bros., 123 Penn.

CANDY MANUFACTURER. Scranton Cardy Co., 22 Lackawanna ARPETS AND WALL PAPER. Ingalls, J. Scott, 419 Lackawanna

ARRIAGES AND HARNESS. Simwell, V. A., 515 Linden ARRIAGE REPOSITORY Elume, Wm. & Son, 522 Spruce

CATERER. Huntington, J. C., 308 N. Washington. CHINA AND GLASSWARE, Rupprecht, Louis, 221 Penn ave CIGAR MANUFACTURER.

J. P. Flore, 223 Spruce street CONFECTIONERY AND TOYS. Williams, J. D. & Bros., 314 Lacka, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Snock, S. M., Olyphant, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE. Harding, J. L., 215 Lackawanna, DINING ROOM.

Caryl's Dining Room, 505 Linden. DRY GOODS. The Fushion, 508 Lackawanna avenue, Kelly & Hesiey, 50 Lackawanna, Finley, P. B., 519 Lackawanna,

DRY GOODS, SHOLS, HARDWARE, ETC. Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Provi-DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS. Kresky, E. H. & Co., III S. Main,

DRUGGISTS. McGarrah & Thomas, 299 Lackawanna, Lorentz, C., 418 Lacka,; Linden & Wash, Davis G. W., Malin and Market, Blocs, W. S., Peckville, Davies, John J., 108 S. Main, ENGINES AND POILERS.

FINE MERCHANT TAILORING. J. W. Roberts, 125 N. Main ave, W. J. Davis, 215 Luckawanna, Eric Audren, 119 S. Main ave. FLORAL DESIGNS.

Dickson Manufacturing Co.

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

FLOUR, FEED AND GRAIN. Matthews C. P. Sons & Co., 34 Lacka, The Weston Mill Co., 47-48 Lackawanna FRUITS AND PRODUCE. Dale & Stevens, 27 Lackawanna, Cleveland, A. S., 17 Lackawanna

FURNISHED ROOMS, Union House, 215 Lackawanna

Hill & Connell, 132 Washington, Barbour's Home Credit House, 425 Lnck,

Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna, Megaryel & Connell, Franklin avenue, Forter, John T., 25 and 28 Lackawanna, Rick, Levy & Go., 30 Lackawanna, Pirle, J. J., 427 Lackawanna.

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

IARDWARE. Connell, W. P. & Sons, 118 Penn. Foote & Shear Co., 119 N. Washington, Hunt & Connell Co., 434 Lackawanna. JARDWARE AND PLUMBING.

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

IARNESS, TRUNKS, BUGGIES,

HOTELS. Arlington, Grimes & Flannery, Spruce and Franklin. Scranton House, near depot.

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER. HUMAN HATR AND HAIR DRESSING.

N. T. Lisk, 223 Lackawanna, LEATHER AND FINDINGS, Williams, Samuel, 221 Spruce. LIME, CEMENT SEWER PIPE,

Keller, Luther, 813 Lackawanna, MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, ETC. Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden. Stone Bros., 308 Spruce. MILLIINER.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING. Mrs. Bradley, 204 Adams, opp. Court House, MILLINERY AND FURNISHING GOODS. Brown's Bee Hive, 221 Lackawanna.

Mrs. M. Saxe, 145 N. Main avenue

MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES. Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 131 Wyo. MODISTE AND DRESSMAKER. Mrs. K. Walsh, 211 Spruce street, MONUMENTAL WORKS.

PANTS. Great Atlantic \$3 Pants Co., 319 Lacka wana ave. PAINTS AND SUPPLIES. Jieneko & McKee, 206 Spruce street,

PAWNEROKER. Green, Joseph, 197 Lackawanna, PIANOS AND ORGANS. Stelle, J. Lawrence, 203 Spruce,

PAINTS AND WALL PAPER.

Winke, J. C., 315 Penn.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

H. S. Cramer, 311 Lackawanna ave. PLUMBING AND BEATING. Howley, P. F. & M. F., 231 Wyoming ave. Heratio N. Patrick, 326 Washington,

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

RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, ETC.

SANITARY PLUMBING W. A. Wiedebusch, 231 Washington ave. STEAMSHIP TICKETS. J. A. Barron, 215 Lackawanna and Priceburg,

STEREO-RELIEF DECORATIONS AND PAINTING. S. H. Morris, 217 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., 22 Lackawanna.

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