

HELD UP. - Life.

Practical Jokes of a Clever Ventriloquist.

Charles A. Hartley Writes in the New York said to me: "Say, Mr. Hartley, come Journal of His Amusing Experiences.

Hammerstein's big Olympia was! thronged the other evening when 1 strolled in. Not a seat was to be had at the Olympia that night. While he rapped on the pipe, as if to restore awaiting for the curtain to go up I to the wires some dormant voltaic against it, and make them think they amused myself at the expense of a energy. amused myself at the expense of a energy. part of the audience standing about

"Hats off!" I shouted as from afar off. A hundred hats were doffed,

"Everybody sit down!" I next called in a voice which, I gathered from the expression on the faces of those near by, came from the stage. Instantly the balsony tiers responded. All sat down but one man who hugged the brass rails, and who doubtless, thought that to surrender his position for a moment meant a supreme effort to recover it. "The gentleman standing will sit down!" I called again. He moved

"Sit down!" I commanded peremptorily, while the crown around him urged pounding in the waiting room. him to obey. He stood his ground. By this time the commotion had attracted the patrons of the boxes and the upper tiers. In a voice loud enough to be heard in any part of the immense theatre I cried:

"John, go up in the second tier, and tell that man with the white overcoat to sit down!"

"Say, do you hear up there? If you don't sit down. I'll go up there and put you out!" He sat down instantly, amid the laughter of the audience. He was an obstinate subject, but I mastered

A GAS PIPE THAT TALKS.

An unused gas pipe leads to the waiting room of the "L" road station at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and Eighth avenue. It has served as a medium of great amusement to the numerous road patrons, who frequently may be seen there on stormy nights. after leaving the trains, taking up the warmth of the generous red-hot stove preparatory to setting out for their homes across town.

The innocent old gas pipe already has a history. I have had many a poor fellow shouting at it till one would think the lower lobes of his lungs must rent. The illusion is very easily carried out with the aid of a confederate. who opens the seance with an observa-

"Do you know, Mr. Hartley, that this pipe is connected with a telephone wire which runs over the top of this station? We have discovered that you can call up anybody here by tapping on this pipe." My confederate by way of illustration, then lightly taps the pipe, The rest is plain sailing for me.

I have often invoked the aid of that pleasant-faced young operator at the station, John H. Collins. An amusing incident in which one Ward proved the butt of my ridicule happened only a few weeks ago. Ward is an extra gate man at Bleecker street. He had just while he attended to the fire in the waiting room. Like many others he wanted to hear the telephone. He knocked smartly at the pipe and placed his ear close up to it.

"Whom do you wish to speak with?" asked Collins. Whom do you wish to speak with

"With Dickson, down at Bleecher street," replied Ward.

"All right," said Collins in the same breath, calling:

"Hello, Dickson!" The work of my confederate here ceased. "Hello!" I called in the telephone

voice. "It that you. Ward?"

"Yes. Hello, Dickson! Hello, hello hello! Well, is that you Dickson? Wait

marked: "Well, upon my word, if this thing happened a hundred years ago we would have all been hanged."

Resuming his conversation with the supposed Dickson, he observed: "Sny, Dickson, I'll be down at 12 o'clock. I can hardly believe my senses that I am talking with you. It's over an old gas pipe here I am talking."

Then the poor fellow glued his ear to the pipe and held his overcoat lapel to his ear, so that no sound could escape. "Say, Ward, can you hear me?" came the voice, "Yes; I can recognize your voice," "Say, Ward, what time is it?" "Eight o'clock." What time will you ford to part with. be down?"

"Twelve o'clock." "What?" "Twelve o'clock," echoed Ward, I can never resist the temptation to worry my vic tim, so in a voice almost inaudible, I a hotel bearing his name on upper Lenguage in Hello, Ward, what time did ox avenue. His place has been the effect. I have also heard of fine results you say you would be down?"

"Twelve o'clock," shouted Ward.

"I can't hear you."
"Twelve o'clock," shrieked Ward, and

'Speak louder, shouting.

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the supposed Dickson. I will look for you at twelve. Good-by." "Good-by," said Ward: "I'll be there,

Dickson. An asuming climax to the Ward episode happened the next night that Ward was assigned to the station. He had not been let into the joke yet. erator Collins was much alarmed when he heard from his inner office a loud rushed out to learn the cause of the unusual noise. There he beheld poor Ward belaboring the gas bibe poker, shouting between the blows "Hello, Dickson!"

FUN WITH A TAILOR.

H. Lundstedt shares his tailor shop with the little button store of L. Caumont, on William street, near Beekbefore, he had, up to the time I entered his store one day last week, quite for-

"Lundstedt!" I called from the roof. His face assumed a very serious look, and he listened attentively, as if doubting that he heard his name called.

"Lundstedt, come up here, I want you to measure me for a suit of

"Where are you?" he replied, break ing the stern aspect of his expressive

"All right," and he donned his coat and hat and started up in quest of his upposed customer.

"Hey! Go back and get your rule and tape." the voice cautioned him. having observed that he left them be-

He hughingly obeyed, then hurried out, entered the hall around the corner and ascended the stairs to the several floors of the building. He searched high and low, but his customer failed

After a fruitless search in the stores next door, he returned in disgust to his store, while I, observing him about to enter, answered to his supposed tor-

"What? Yes. Mr. Lundstedt has just gone up to see you." At this point he entered the door and heard ma call back in answer.

"Confound It!" ejaculated Lunstedt, T've been all over the neighborhood! There's nobody wants me

"Lundstedt!" I called No response. "Lundstedt!" He trained his ear in the direction of the sound, which seemed to come from the ceiling or the

wall.

"Lundstedt!" I repeated. Slowly he tiptoed about around the room, placing his ear to the cracks in the wall, in the meanwhile rapping on the partition. I called: "Are you through?" 'Lundstedt!" came the voice from the stove pipe running along the ceiling. He thought he had at last located the source of the sound, and thereupon bounded over the counters at the open end, where one or two joints had been

"Hey!" yelled Lundstedt lustily. "Come down and show yourself!" while he smiled in a way that seemd to say: 'At last I've got him!"

the reply. "I guess he doesn't hear me," remarked Lunstedt to those in the store. forgetting that there were not one-half of ten stories in the building. "Likely," I observed, "You had better answer louder," adding, as from the pipe: "What did you say?"

Come down. What is your number? Where is your office?" "Did you speak to me?" I called in

the faintest tone. "Yes; I can't tell where you are. I ant willing to go to your office," he replied, with all the energy he could af-

A READ SPEAKING TUBE.

Mr. F. N. Bunger is the owner of

wherein the genial Fred figured as the HISTORY OF EARLY inciter of mischief.
Fred is a great favorite among his

friends, and takes and gives a joke with becoming grace. He determined to get square on certain friends in a way that would leave no doubt as to who The Mail Delivery in Northeastern was the most practical in perpetrating a joke. So one Saturday evening he over to my place. I want to get even on some jokers who have been making life a burden to me." I consented on condition that, if discovered, he would guarantee me full immunity

from the attacks of the victims,
"You see," he said, "I have put in a
speaking tube leading to the upper floors. I want you to run my party up "I can't hear you," I called again, pens that this is one of the easiest of all my exploits, for it requires the "Twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock. Do use of that voice resembling the sound you hear that? T-w-e-l-v-e! thunder-ed Ward. He had grown hourse from quietly smoking and chatting with a friend near the tube, when a loud call issued apparently from the tube. Bunger immediately responded and called back: "What do you want?"

"It Frank Horn there?" came the voice from the tube. Mr. Horn "bit" tube, erled out:

"Yes; here I am!" "Who is there with you?" Horn gave Simpson, Date and Morris.

want you all to come up. Tell the others to wait. You come up right away, piped the voice from the tube. "All right!" he cried, and off he went.

The voice was heard by all in the room, and one by one I called all the others up to the tube, and one by one they quickly made for the upper floors. It so happened that the families above

knew nothing about the affair, but when they saw the halls of the flat filling up with strange men they all rushed.

The loke was too much for poor Fred and he rolled on the floor in his merriacross the street I heard load peals of laughter, which seemed to leave no friends.

MISS "A CASE OF PINTS."

John Bertram is the proprietor of the ig entertainment hall at the corner of Fulton street and Brooklyn avenue. Brooklyn. There is a telephone connected with his place. I had just concluded an entertainment given by the Brayura council, Royal Arcanum, and cas the guest of honor at a pleasant cepast given by its members. By my ide were Joseph Carey, the mimic; James McKernan, the popular song writer: Frank Harrigan, Harrison and Wheeler, Mays and Hunter, the banjo kings, and other lesser lights known in the higher class of vandeville talent. I resolved my "toast" into an exploit, and

poor Betram was the victim.
"Hetram!" called a voice from the telephone. "Helio, Betram!" Hollo, hollo!" responded Bertram in ood Teutonic dialect, as he entered the

"Sind sie da?" inquired the voice. "Ya; was woolen sie habe?" roared

"Send over a case of pints," ordered Right away," said the voice

"I say, where shall I send it?"
"All right; I'll wait for you," intending to make Betram think the order vas acknowledged.

"No, no, no, no! Wait! I don't know cho it is!" said Bertram. "All right; send it over right away!" reiterated the voice. Changing the voice, as if "Central" had interrupted,

"No, Central, don't cut us off! Wait, Give me that man again Hello!" "Ring off!" came the tone of Central. "Ach, -- it. Central! It's always the way!" and he banged the receiver against the wall with a force that must have divorced the sensitive little dia-

phragm from its magnet. A loud roat of pent-up laughter greeted his last ebullition of anger and he sheepishly withdrew, after being in-"I'm on the tenth floor," came back formed that he was only another victim added to my long list. C. A. Hartley, 88 West 184th st.

Pitied Him.

Mrs. Witherby-Last night the man next door made an awful mistake. He got into our house instead of his own, and I thought at first it was you. Witherby—Yes. I met him on the street this morning and he said he never was so sorry for any man in his life.—New

Sciatic Rheumatism Cured.

L. Wagner, wholesale druggist, Richmond, Va., says: "I had a fearful attack of Sciatic Rheumatism, was laid up almost two months; was fortunate enough to get Mystic Cure for Rheuma-tism. This cured me after doctor's

POSTAL FACILITIES

Pennsylvania.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD LUZERNE

History of the Wilkes Barre Postoffice .- Prominent Men Who Have Served as Postmusters -- The Means Employed to Deliver Letters at the Opening of the Present Century Old Families Recalled .- The New

From the Wilkes-Barre Leader.

The announcement of the intended emoval of the postoffice on Feb. 1, 1897. from its present location in Music Hall block, to a large, commodious, well appointed, thoroughly ventilated and illuminated structure about to be erected with alacrity, and, going over to the by Martha B. Phelps on lots 16 and 18 North Main street, marks another epoch in the progress of the city, which will go down in the annals of history the names of Creger, Stone, Harkins, as one of the most important of the Nelson, Rogers, Mertens, Haines, period. The postoffice has been moved from time to time, since its establish-"Very well. Now, we are going to ment 102 years ago, and the occasion give a quiet little card party, and we has ever been considered an indication of municipal growth and necessity. The United States, is a history of removals to meet the demands and condition of the times and the Wilkes-Barre post office has been no exception. Established in 1784, at the corner of River and Northampton streets it has been re moved from place to place as the city grew in population and the mail business increased, until the present time when arrangements have been made for another change, this time, and by the way, the only time in its history, to a building erected specially for its accommodation upon plans approved by

the postoffice department. The history of the mail service in Wilkes-Barre opens with the establish Conn., and the Wyoming Valley 1777. Previous to that what little mail passed between these points, was carried by private messenger, but in that year, Prince Bryant was employed as post rider and made the trip once every two weeks. While Bryant carried the mail, be also delivered it, but the matter grew in bulk and other means had to be devised for distribution. A postoffice was decided upon and was estab pointed the first postmaster and opened the office at the corner of Northampton and River streets. It was crude as to appointments, but in the eyes of the villagers it was a great establishment and the postmaster was an important personage. The mails continued as be fore until 1797, during which year weet ly mails were inaugurated and carried tween Wilkes-Barre and Flasion. In the following year mail routes were establish between Wilkes-Barro and Great Bend, and Wilkes-Barre and Owego, N. Y. Other riders succeeded Bryant until 1806, when Mesers, Robien and Arndt commenced running a two horse stage once a week, between Wilkes-Parre and Easton. From that date until the present the mail service has grown with the development of the country, until today the pesteffice is the exchange point for about ninety coutes. employes a large number of men, and handles thousands upon thousands of dollars every year.

FIRST POSTMASTER. The first postmaster of Wilkes-Barre

as has been stated, was Lord Butler, who was appointed in 1794 and continued in office until 1802. The postoffice stood on the corner of Northampton and River streets, and was a most unpretentious building. In the latter year Butler was succeeded by John Hollenback, who served until 1805. When the postoffice was located at that time cannot be stated definitely but it is said to have been on the west side of Public Square. Ezekiel Hyde succeeded Hollenback, and served a portion of the year, 1805, when he was relieved by John Hancock, who continued in office until 1808. Jacob Cist. prominent citizen and one of the earliest politicians, supplanted thancock in the latter year and gave such satisfactory service that he was continued in office until 1826. During Cist's term as postmaster the office was lo cated on River street, about where the old McClintock homestead stands, but in 1826, when Andrew Beaumont was appointed, the office was removed to West Market street, to the site now occupied by Ben Diffey's hotel. Postmaster Beaumont was a conspicuous figure of his time and was the father of our soldier-townsman, Colonel Eugene B. Beaumont. The next postmaster was William Ross, who served three years, or from 1832 to 1835, and kept the I this kind was not made long ago.

family were prominent in state poli-tics. Samuel P., a brother of the postmaster, being a vigorous editorial writer on the Farmer later the Luzerne Union, and now the Leader, a staunch Democratic paper, and later he was consul to Algiers.

tration the office occupied a building which stood where Shupp's Jewelry store stands on West Market street today, and is well remembered by the older residents. He was the father of C. E. Butler, the West Market street stationer. Besides the latter, Postmaster Butler is survived by the following daughters: Mrs. Thomas S. Mur-ray, of Trenton, N. J.; and Mrs. Strawbridge, of Danville. The latter's hus-

> Mr. Butler was relieved of the postmastership in 1853 and John Reichard. father of our townsman, Colonel George

N. Reichard, succeeded him.

office on South Ma'n street, about where the Boston Store stands. He was suc-

ceeded by Daniel Collings. Collings kept a small watch repairing establishment on the site now occupied by

Arthur Featherstone, on the north side of Public Square, formerly Billy Me-Laughlin's, and he is described by old

acquaintances as having been an obliging old gentleman, yet not too fond of

work. The letters were kept in a little square frame filled with pigeon holes, each bearing an initial. The postmas ter invariably occupied a backless chair with sheep skin bottom, so situated

that he could receive or deliver mail without rising. The stage arrived dally from Easton and New York, another

from Harrisburg and another from

Tunkhannock. Collings continued as

postmaster until 1841, when A. O. Ca-

Mr. Cairoon upon receiving his com mission, immediately removed the ofee to a location about where John

Hughes' merchant talloring house stands on West Market street today.

The new postmaster made many im-

provements, chief among them being the introduction of private

These were properly numbered and with

a glass front made quite an attrac-

tive appearance Mr. Cahoon served until 1843 when J. P. LeClere was ap-pointed. LeClere again moving the

flee back to Public Square, near the old office formerly occupied by Collings.

After serving two years, Lo Clero was elieved of the postmastership and E. B. Collings, son of Daniel, succeeded

him. The office was removed to the site now occupied by Lewis Brown's

grocery store. Collings was a very popular postmaster. One sister, Mrs. A.

J. Baldwin, fives in Pittston, at pres-

ent; three others, Mrs. Charles Dougherty, mother of Colonel C. Bow Dough-

erty, Mrs. John B. Davidson and Miss.

Eliza Collings live in this city, and Mrs. Raub, a grand-daughter at Dallis. The male members of the Collings'

Succeeding Collings came Steuben

Butler, son of Colonel Zebulon Butler,

who commanded the Continental forces

on that memorable 3rd of July, 1778, at

Forty Fort, and whose bones have

mouldered to dust neath the Wyoming monument. He assumed the duties of

postmaster in 1849 and continued in

office until 1853. During his adminis-

band was one of the most prominent

surgeons of his time and was a medi-

al director in the United States army.

ioon was appointed.

REICHARD'S APPOINTMENT. Mr. Reichard's appointment was not due to personal solicitation, but to satisfy the demands of the occasion. As soon as Coionel Hendrick B. Wright was elected to congress, a number of aspirants for the postmastership sprung up. The fight marrowed down to two, and the friends of each waged cientless war upon the other. As the man Wright suggested that Mr. Reichsatisfactory to all elements and he did He served one year, and resigned. He had previously founded the large brewery in the northern part of the city which still bears his name, and duties involved in its management preeleded the possibility of serving postmaster and he sent in his resignation. At this time the office remained in the old building on West Marke street, used by Stephen Butler, but when Jacob Sorter, or Uncle Jake, a he was familiarly called, was appointed in 1854 to succeed Mr. Reichard, he removed the office to the site now occupled by Featherstone's saloon on Pubie Square and later to the American House, now the Pristol House on Public Square. Mr. Surber served as postmaster until 1578 and retired, dving in 1864. He is survived by his widow who lives at 138 Jackson street. E. E. C.1 lings was appointed for the second The latter continued in officuntil 1861, when S. M. Harton succeeded him. During Mr. Earton's term, the office was removed from the Bristol House to a building on Public Square. about where Liart's drug store stan at present. E. H. Chase succeded Mr. Barren and served from 1865 to 1865 when he was superseded by Peter Pursel. The latter served two years. He was the father of our townsman, Art Phrsel, and of Mrs. Ellen Beyen, of

hummore. He died in this city twentywo vents ago. In 1869 Stewart Plerce was appointed postmaster and immediately removed the office from Pu'sic Square to West Marker street to the room now ocen piol by Theirs insurance office. Here It continued to remain until 1877 when It was removed by his successor, Dong has Smith, to the present quarters in Music Hall black. During the Centen nial in Philadelphia, among the the sands of exhibits, was a model post of fice fixture. Mr. Smith may it and concluded it was just what was need in Wilker-harre. He purchased it the fotlowing cear, and subsequently discovered that it was too bigh for the room in which the postoffice was located. Another had to be found and the Music Hall room was taken. In 1881, A. Orr succeeded Mr. Smith and served until 1885. The succeeding postmanters are as follows: Joseph K. Hogert from August 1st. 1885, to the time of his death, Pelaunry 3, 1887; Mrs. Mary E. P. Begert, April 5, 1887, to March 1, 1832; L. B. Landmesser, March 1, 1892. to June 1, 1896; E. F. Bogert, June 1.

Excavations for the new building commenced last Monday and with the large force of men and teams at the dirt was nearly all removed. With favorable weather on Monday and Tuesday, the excavation will be completed and Contractor John A. Schmitt will start the work on the foundation walls on Wednesday morning. building is to be a four story brick with light colored bricks and brown stone front. The first floor and basement will be occupied by the postoffice. The latter is to be cemented and well lighted thus giving the postoffice all of that extra space. All the fixtures and other paraphernalla are to be entirely new and to be rendy for use by the govern-ment on February 1, 1897. The entire structure will not be completed by that time, but the first floor and basement will be in order for postal facilities. The new quarters will be up to date in every respect, and when completed and taken possession of, the patrons of the office will wonder why a change of

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Union House, 215 Lockawanna

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