have invaded the autumn.

"Wouldn't believe he was guilty of he

swore hit," said a voice somewhere, an'

there was applause which was prompt-

mment. He was lost in his dream.

"Then the baby come; but before he

She'd sit an' droop an' brighten up an'

did look like hit was a shame for her

"Well, I went an' made my best

talk, an' when I got done, gentlemen

the fence, even, when I was plowin',

shovel?' My lan' was new, gentleman,

"An' she'd look at my hogs on' say,

mule.' An' I paid ten collars for three,

gentlemen. An' then Cooney's mornin'

ma; only when the mockin' bird's cage

door was found opened an' he gone,

I like to have turned my mind loose

for I had my suspicions an' have yet.

He was a little bird when I found

him. I was clearin' my lan' an' one

of these new niggers come along with

a single-barrel gun and shot both the

old birds right before my eyes with

one load. I was that mad I took up

a loose root an' frailed him tell he

it had in me, an' God knows-" his

it easier all eround, but it didn't: It

clusion.

Hits natchul.'

pretties in the sittin'-room.

an' full of roots, that's why.

## be Home Reading Circle

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

"Why, of course, of course! One mo

ment, your honor, until I can consult

client was determined to go to trial.

The usual preliminaries and formali-

anything that might happen.

AVTHOR " "SONS AND FATHERS" Copyright, 1897, by H. S. Edwards.

"What?" Colonel Rutherford shot a swift my client." The consultation was brief; at the odd figure before him, and resumed his occupation quickly, to hide the smile that was already lifting the heavy frown from his face. "Indicted for what?"

"For the cussin' of my mother-inlaw; an' I want to you to be on hand at hit comes up."

"Did you cuss her?" The lawyer fell easily into the vernacular of his visitor, but he was afraid to lift his eyes again higher than the tips of his own pol ished boot, resting upon the table in front of him, in the good old Georgia

"Did I?" The stranger shifted his hat to the other hand and wiped his brow with a cotton handkerchief. His voice was low and plaintive. "I sho'ly did. I cussed her comin' and goln', for rards and back'ards, all erroun' straight through. Ain't no use to deny hit. I done hit."

He was tall, and in old age would be gaunt. He was also sun burned and stooped a little, as from hard labor and long walking in plowed ground or long riding behind slow mules. One need not have been a physiognomist to discover that, although yet young, the storms of life had raged about him. But the law-yer noticed that he was neat, and that his jeans suit was home-made, and his pathetic homespun shirt and sewed-on collar-the shirt and collar that never will sit right for any country house wife, however devoted-was ornamented with a black chavat made of a ribon and tied like a schoolgirl's sash

as he finished speaking, resting his hands thereon and thrusting forward his aquiline features, shame and exeltement struggling for expression in his blue eyes. "Did she cuss you first?" The

The defendant leaned over the table

stranger looked surprised. "Did she abuse you, strike you, in-

sult you-did she ever chuck anything at you?" "Why, no!-you see, hit wasn't ed-

zactly the words-" "Then it two is to me, my friend that you have no use for a lawyer, I never take any kind of a criminal case for less than one hundred dollars. and the court will hardly fine you that much if you plead guilty. By your own statement, you see you are guilty, and I can't help you. Better go and plead guilty and file an exculpatory affildavit-"

"No. sir. That'll do for some folks but not for me. I never dodged in my life, and I ain't goin' ter dodge now. All you got ter do is to make er speech. I want you to tell them for me-"
"But what is the use, my friend?

"Don't make no difference; you go I'll be ther' with your money.' 'All right," was the laughing rejoin-

Can't you se

der; "but you are simply wasting time and money."

"That's my business. No man ever wasted his time or money when he was settin' himself right before his folks." Lifting his head with an air, the memory of which dwelt with the attorney for many a day, the novel client departed, leaving him still laughing. He

opened his docket and wrote, in the absence of further information: "The man who cussed his mother-in-law, Crawford court, \$100," Court opened in Crawford county, as usual. The city lawyers followed the judge over from Macon in nondescript vehicles, their journey enlivened by many a gay jest and well-told tale, to say nothing of refreshments by the way. The autumn woods were glorious in the year's grand sunset. Like mosquitoes in some wild carnival, the gums and sumachs and hickories and per-

simmons, and maples, mixed their flaunting banners and lifted them When she came to the cause of war against the blue and cloudless skies. Wherein this low-bred son-in-law had Belated cotton pickers stole the last of the fields' white lint and sang in had entered the house she occupied and harmonies that echosd from the wood- had forcibly taken away a sewing malands, seeming to voice the gladness of | chine loaned by her own daughter, her

And Knoxville, waking from its dull dreams, took on life and color for the Horses tugged at the downsweeping limbs or dozed contentedly beside the racks; and groups of counfolks, white and black, discussed solemnly or with loud jest the everchanging situation. The session of court, brief though it be, is fraught



"YOU SEE HIT WASN'T EDZACTLY THE WORDS.

with meaning for families, the chief thar's a heap more, an' ef you'll all points of friction being the issues befarmer, loan associations and delin- So far as the cussin' is concerned, thar quent debtors. the cr'minal side of court, with its sa- an' I oughtn't er done it. No man, no

ble fringe of evil-doers. The sheriff, in obedience to time-honored custom, had shouted from the er gentleman. I could come here and front steps the names of all parties pleaded guilty and quit, but that concerned in the case of the state vs. Hiram Ard, and the state, through its hired or lawyer to take my case and urbane solicitor, the Hon. Jefferson did it to have him put me up here Brown, had announced "ready," when | where I could get a chance to face my Colonel Rutherford felt a hand upon people an' say I was wrong and sorhis shoulder, and looking up, saw a ry for it an' willin' to take the consehalf-familiar face earnestly bent to- quences. That's the kind of man Hirward his own.
"Hits come," said the stranger, his

blue eyes full of excitement; "an' thar's from the man. He had straightened your hunderd." "Beg your pardon," said the lawyer:

exactly locate you."

mother-in-law!"

a manly man, and from the moment their attention never wavered.

he continued, when the sience had become intense, "I atn't willin' for you to think that Hiram And could cuss any woman off hand by suppressed. Hiram did not hear the as if she felt the focus of their attenan' for a little matter.

Some of you knowed me when I was er barefooted boy with no frien' in the worl' 'ceptin' ma and pa, an' not them long. This trouble started away droop ergin, lookin' away off; an' her back thar—when I was that kind er step got slow. Then one day hit come boy an' goin' to school, an' she—I to me; she was homesick for her ma. mean Cooney, Cooney Gonder-was Well, gentlemen, I reck'n 'twas natch most too young. Somehow I got to ul at that time. She never had said sorter lookin' out fer her on the road, nothin' but the way her ma had done gentlemen, an' totin' her books, and an' the way she had talked about me holdin' her steady crossin' the logs was the grief of her life. She couldn't over Tobylofkee Creek, an' the see how she was goin' to meet the new branches. An' at school when the boys trouble alone. I fixed hit for her. I teased her an' pulled her hair an' took her out on the porch where she p for her; an' the worst fight I ever to know hit, an' I tole her as how hit h d was erbout Cooney Gonder.

'Well, so it went on year in an out, ma to have to live off at her sister's an' then pa died an' the old home was sold her own chile keepin' house, with a for his debts. An' then ma died. All comp'ny room; an' I believed I'd drive glance from the brief he was examining the lawyer urged a plea of guilty. The I had left gentlement, was erbout sixty over an' tell her to let bygones be by acres of Tobyofkee and thirty up in gones an' come an' live with us; that I "Ready for the defense;" said Colone! Coldneck distric; an' not er acre didn' set no store by the hard things Rutnerford, in despair, waving his elicleared. But I went to work. I cut she'd said, an' we would do our best for down trees an' made er clearin,' an' I her. Well, that got Cooney. She ent to his sent with a gesture that hired er mule an' planted er little crop. dropped her head down in my lap an' seemed to disclaim responsibility for Cotton fetched a big price that year, I knowed I'd done hit the nail on the an' I bought the mule outright. An' head. Natchully I was happy along court to make a speech for me when ties were soon disposed of and the jury then er feller come erlong with er with her. stricken, twelve good men and true, as I travellin' sawmill an' I let him saw on



"COONEY LIKE TER FAINTED."

their names will show; for to adjudge halves ter get lumber ter build my this case were assembled there Dike house. Hit was just er two-room house, Sisson, Bobby Lewis, Zeke Cothern, but hit was mine an' I was the Tony Hutt, Hob Garrett, Jack Der- proudes'! I bought ernother mule on medy, Tommie Liptrot, Jack Doozenbery, Abe Ledzetter, Cran Herring- too an' lef me money besides. An' dine, Bunk Durden and Tim Newberry. then I put on ernother room, The state, upon this occasion, had but alled to the stand. The lady was mild-

loosened her bonnet strings and tongue, and with relentless, smiles of bygone days-began to relate her grievance. Well, Mrs. Gonder was one of those

unfortunate women whom adversity sours and time cannot sweeten; and that is all there is in it. In sharp, crisp tones and bitter words she told of her experience with the defendant, narative covered years of bitterness, hatred, and was remarkable for its excess of feeling. It was, from a professional standpoint, overdone. It was an outburst. Members of the admirable jury who had looked with surprise and animosity upon Hiram Ard began to regard him with something like sympathy, for disguise it as she might, it was plain to all men that the overwhelming cause of her grievance was Hiram's conquest of her only daughter. Bobby Lewis leaned over and whispered to Bunk Durden and both young men laughed until their neighboring jurors were visibly affected and the court knocked gently with its gavel. actually cursed her-her, Jessy Gonder; voice trembled and she shook her clenched fist above the rail, her eyes,

of her black bonnet. She sank back at last exhausted. While the witness was testifying the defendant looked straight ahead of him, settling slowly in his seat, until his matched hands supported by his clows that rested upon the chair, almost covered his face. From time to time a wave of color flushed his cheeks and brow. Then he seemed to wander off to scenes the woman's words recalled, and he became oblivious to his surroundings. When at last his atorney touched him and called him to the witness stand he started violently and with difficulty regained his com-

the while, fairly blazing in the shadow

"Tell the jury what you know of this case," said Rutherford; and then to the court: "This seems to be purely a family quarrel, your honor, and I trust the defendant will be allowed to proceed without interruption of any kind Go on, sir," he concluded, to the latter, The defendant sented himself in the witness stand, his arm on the rail, and ea.id:

"Hits er long story, my friends, an' if ther warn't nothin' in the case but er fine, I wouldn't take the time, But me out, I don't think any of hear tween landlord and tenant, factor and you'll believe I'm much to be blamed. And there was always | gin't no dispute erbout that. I done it. gentleman can cuss er woman, an' for the first time in my life I warn't don't square er gentleman's record. I

am Ard is." All the shamefacedness was gone up in his chair, and his blue eyes were beaming with earnestness. His dec-"some mistake! I-don't think-I can laration, simple and direct, had penetrated every corner of the room. In

credit an' the new lan' paid for hit

one witness. Mrs. Jessy Gonder was keep comp'ny with Cooney, gentlemen -I say tryin' 'cause her folks didn' looking and thin, and something in her think much of me. My family war'nt soft impression-vanished when prettiest an sweetest in all the Warrior district, as you know, an' they had done made her er teacher, for she drooping mouth corners—those dead was smart as she was pretty. An' she was good; too good for me. To this day I won't understand it. Cooney say hit was because I was honest an' er man all over; that was the excuse she gave for lovin' me. But I do know that when she said 'yes,' two things happened; I kissed her, and there was a rlot in Cooney's family. Cooney's ma was the last to come roun' and d appointment, wounded vanity and I don't think she ever did quite come roun' for she warn't at the wedding, but so help me God, I never bore her no ill will. It must have been hard

> "I will never forget the day, gentlemen, she come into the little home. It was like bein' born agin'. I was that happy I made the po'est crop I ever made in my life; but bless you the whole place changed; little vines come up an' made er shade on the po'ch, an' flowers growed about the yard in places that look like they had been vaitin' for flowers always. An' the little fixins on the bureau and windows, an' white stuff hangin' to the mantle pieces-well, I never knowed what hit was to live before,

four mules then an' me in debt for two, an' some rented land; but no man who had Cooney could honestly call himself in debt. I worked day in an' out, rain or shine, hot or cold, an' I struck his right. Cooney was sewin' for two an sewin' on little white things for another, and we were the happiest. One day I come hom 'fo' dark to find Cooney was gone to one of her neighbors. I slipped in on her an' thar she was er sewin' on er sewin' machine an proud of the work as I was of the first land I ever laid off. Well, I didn't say nothin'; I thought an' I kep hit all to myself. I went to town that fall with my cotton an' when I had done paid my draft at the warehouse, I had seventy dollars left. What did I do with it?-what do you reckon I did with it?" The aqueline face took on a positively beautiful smile. The speaker leaned over the rail an' talked confidentially to the jury.

"Well here's what I did gentlemen went to whar that one-arm old soldier stays what keeps sewin' machines an the tax books, an' I planked down sixty of my pile for one of them. An' then I went home an' set the thing in the settin'-room while Cooney was gettin' supper; an' I let her eat, but I couldn't hardly swaller I was so full of that ma-

chine. front of his face.

"When I took her in thar an' turned up the light, Cooney like ter fainted. My wife don't have ter sew on no borrowed machine no more, says I, just so; an' she fell ter cryin' an' huggin' me; an' by and by we got down to work. I'll be doggoned if we didn't set up tell one er clock playin' on that thing! She'd sew and then I'd sew, and then I' run the wheel underneath an she'd run the upper works. We hemmed and hawed all the napkins over; an' the table cloths; an' tucked all the pillow frills; an' Cooney made me a handkerchief out of something-gentlemen, next to gettin' Cooney, hit was the

#### PART IL

Hiram paused to take breath, and the tension of the audience being relieved, "What! I'm the man that cussed his a moment he had caught the attention | they moved, looked into each other's

couldn't walk straight an' I bent the "Well all this time I was tryin' to gun round er tree an' flung hit after him. Then I went to the nest in the haw bush an' started out to raise bearing unconsciously referred one to much, an' Cooney's was good blood an' tug to save me, though it looked easy sewin' machine from her ma's. Hit was a happier past. But the good impres- er little struck up. An' Cooney—well for the old birds, so I took them home sion-perhaps it were better to say Cooney had done growed to be the and tried eggs an' potato. Well, one April, an' I hated mighty to loose a left. When Cooney come he was grown an' with the dash of white on his wings all singers have. But he never would sing-I think he was lonesome. The first night she come, I woke to hear the little feller singin' away all, I turned over to wake Cooney that she might hear him too an' what found a way in through the half-open olinda and had fell across her face. It shown out there in the darkness like an angel's, and that little lonesome bird had seen it for the first time. Hit started the song in him just like

to give Cooney up.

"Then at last I went to work. It was

He laughed aloud at this point an' several of the jury joined him. The ourt smiled and lifted a law book in

happiest night of my life.

the dinner bell would ring. I'd just set | called out: 'Nobody but er nachul-born on the fence pretending I was er fool would come here for er machine watchin' the stock feed. An' after din- an' clouds er risen in the rain quarter

"YOU CAN'T GET IT."

"But I was determ" then to git that machine if I didn't never plant er cotton seed. Next day I rode up bright an' early, an' thar she was, I hadn't got out the wagon 'fo' she opened, 'You can't git that machine! You go back an' tell Cooney I'm er sewin' for Hester Bloodsworth, an' when I git done I'll let her know. An' don't you come back here no more till I let you Well, gentlemen, then know! knowed I had'n' been 'fraid of myself for nuthin', I started to cussin I cussed all the way up the walk and up the steps and into the room, an' while I was shoulderin' that ar machine, an' while I was er tottin' hit out, an' The stillness in the room was abso- while I was er loadin' hit in the wagon. an' while I was er drivin' off. An' when of the crowd, for all the world loves faces and, smiling, exchanged com- ment and for some reason studied his I thought of them seventy odd miles,

ments. A breath of spring seemed to fingers, his face bent down. All eyes an' the three days' plantin' I'd done were unconsciously turned then toward the prosecutrix. She had moved uncomfortably many times during this narrative, and now lowered her veil, I'm sorry. The only excuse I'v tion. Afterwards she did not look up again. Hirum, whose face had grown I'd er busted wide open then an' than." come I saw Cooney begin to change, singularly tender, raised his eyes some-

> what wearily at last, "I know what it is to lose a child, he said, gently, "for I lost Jessy. The



THE FENCE TO KEEP THE

we just put her to sleep out under the what you reck'n Cooney's ma saidwhat do you reck'n? She said: 'How's two cedars I had left in the corner of Cooney's 'Po'ly,' says I. 'I thought so,' the yard. Then it was worse than ses she, 'er you wouldn't er come. I'll ever, for I had Cooney to comfort, my get my things an' go.' But Cooney own load to tote, an'-Cooney's was so happy when she did come I was harder to stan than before. I caught the fever too an' thought me studied an' studied an' then I took an' the old lady would get on all right Cooney out with me to the field an' at last. But we didn't. Seemed like told her what was on my mind. 'Let's pretty soon ma begin to look for things go up to Coldneck,' ses I 'an' build us to meddle in, and she got er new name a little house jus' like the one we startfor me e'vy time I come eroun.' I ed with an' plant mornin' glories on didn't answer back because she was the porch an begin over. Let's give Cooney's ma I grit my teeth and went | ma this place for life-an' two mules on. But she'd come out an' lean on an' split up. An' let's do it quick. 'cause I can't hold out much longer. an' talk. Look like any fool,' she said You see, I was afraid er myself. Well, Cooney hugged me an' I saw her heart one day, 'look like any fool would know was happy over the change. better'n ter lay off land with er twist-Whyn't yet git er roun' pinted

"So we went. Her ma said we were fools, an' settled down to run her end of the bargain. An' I'm bound to say she made good crops, an' with he I allus did despise Berkshires. Never nephew to help her got erlong well till he married an' went to his wife's folks.

saw er sow that wouldn't eat pigs "It looked like hit was goin' to be after erwhile. Whyn't you cross em on easy, gentlemen, leavin' the little home the big Guinca?' An' then the chickan' it was till Cooney got in the wagor ens. 'Thars them Wyandottes! Never and looked back-not at the house and knew one to raise a brood yet; an' the flowers she had planted an' the one rooster takes more pasture than a white curtains in her windows, but at the two little cedars where Jess was sleepin' an' the mockin' bird balancin' glories made her sick. An' she didn' an' singin' on the highest limb-it was like sewin' machines, they made folks easy till then. Her heart just broke an' she cried out to herself: 'Ma! Ma! want more clothes than they ought to have, an' made the wash too big. An' I wouldn't er treated you that er waywhat she call 'jimcracks' was Cooney's I wouldn't er done hit!" He pint-"But I stood it; she was Cooney's

ed his finger at the prosecutrix. "She didn't know Cooney felt that er way gentlemen; this is the first time. An away the weeds an' put it over Tom's

"Well," continued the defendant after the pause, "we did well; I cleared the land and made a good crop; an then our own little Tom come That's what we named him. An' one day the four young ones. I couldn't find a Cooney asked me to go back an' get her by one they died until but one was day, but Cooney never asked me for many things so I went. When I rode up ma came out, and restin' her hands on her sides she said: 'I did give you credit for some sense! What you doin' here, an' it the first cotton-plantin' day of the year? I'll be boun' you like his heart was too full to hold it picked out this day to come for that ar sewin' machine.' I told her I had; and then she answered back: Nobody do you reck'n? The moonlight had er nachurl-born fool would come for a sewin' machne in that sort er wagon. You can't get hit. Thar wouldn't be er whole jint in hit when you got back!" Well, seein' as how I had brought the thing from Macon once in the same wagon, hit did look unreasonable I couldn't take it further. But the road voice quivered a moment and he looked to Coldneck was rougher, an' I couldn't away, a slight gesture supplying a con- give her no hold on me, so back I went, twelve miles, an' a whole day spiled. "Then the laby come, an' when But Cooney was sorry, I could see, an' Cooney said, 'We'll name hit Jessy, af- she never did ask me for many things. ter ma,' I said good enough Cooney. so I borrowed Buck Drawhorn's spring wagon, an' next day bright an' early l "Looks like that ought to have made put out again. When I got back to the old home she was stannin' just like I all got worse; an' to keep the peace left her, with her hands on her sides I got not to comin' into the house till I didn't get time to put in 'fo' she

markable climax was not soon stilled, but when quiet was at length restored everybody's attention was attracted to the prosecutrix. She had never lifted her face from the time the defendant had mentioned the dead boy. She was still sitting with her face concealed. lost in thought, and it is likely that she never knew the conclusion of the defendant's statement. She looked up at last, impressed by the silence and seeing the court gazing toward her as he fingered his books and arose wearlly and unsteadity.

"Can I say a few words, judge?" Her roice was just audible at first. nodded gravely. "Then I want to say that-I have-probably been wrong-all the way through. I have hadnany troubles-many disappointments. Cooney's husband has been a good husband to her and has always treated me kindly. I don't believe he intended to curse me, and I think if you will let me take it all back"-she hesitated and faltered.

"Be scated, madam," said the court,

ane is dismissed." The defendant came down from the vere "Cooney" and "little Tom." hand. "The fee goes with the speech." he said, smiling. "Keep it for little Tom."

THE END.

#### UNDERSTOOD THE SEX.

How a Clever Clerk Won an Advance in His Salary.

proprietor of a Fifth street try his hand at window dressing. from the top of the plate glass close way. "Making a mirror of the window," complacently answered the clerk as he shook out a fold very carefully, "If the women won't look at that then I'll miss my guess."

The clerk drew \$3 more in his envelop at closing time,-Cincinnati Tri-

## RABIA.

[Written in 1845 by Richard Monckton Milnes.]

plous friend one day of Rabia asked How she had learnt the truth of Allah wholly; By what instructions was her memory

tasked-How was her heart estranged from this world's folly?

he answered: "Thou, who knowest God

in parts, Thy spirit's moods and processes can

only know that in my heart of hearts I have despised myself and loved Him

had in contemplation striven To realize the joys of heaven; had extended fancy's flights Through all that region of delights-Had counted, till the numbers failed, The pleasures on the blest entailedfad sounded the ecstatic rest should enjoy on Allah's breast; And for those thoughts I now atone, That were something of my own,

She stood awhile apart-alone;

flame, Collected round the Sacred Stone, She, like the rest, with toil had crossed The waves of water, rock and sand; And now, as one long tempest-tossed,

Beheld the Kaabeh's promised land. Yet in her eyes no transport glistened; She seemed with shame and sorrow

bowed; The shouts of prayer she hardly listened,

'O heart! weak follower of the weak

That thou should'st traverse land and

In this far place that God to seek Who long ago had come to thee!"

The wise men gathered gazing gravely; "Daughter of God!" the younger said, Endure thy Father's chastening brave-

They that have steeped their souls in prayer Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside, Though not repreachfully nor sadly: "Daughter of God!" the eldest cried, Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly. They that have learned to pray aright From pain's dark well draw up delight,"

Then she spoke out: "Your words are

know not, when absorbed in prayer, Pleasure or pain, or good or iii:

# FACE

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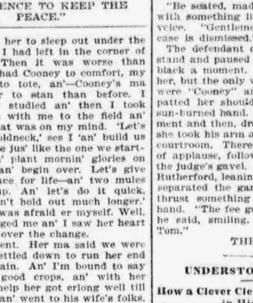
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she didn't know that when I came back from Macon next fall an' brought er little marble slab with Jess' name on it an' put it up under the cedars, I got one with her Tom's name on hit, too, an' went to her old home an' cleared grave. He was a good boy-an' he was Cooney's brother."



ner I'd go out ergin an' set on the fence to keep the peace. Not that I blamed Cooney's ma so much, for I didn't. Nobody ever said it for her but me, an' I don't mind sayin' hit now; but she has had trouble enough for four women; an' her boy died. He was a good boy, if there ever was one. I remember the time we went to school together; an' when he died of the fever, why, it was then I sorter took his place an' looked out for Cooney all the time. Her boy died, an' I think er heap er 'lowance ought to be made for widow when her boy is buried, for I don't believe there is much else left for her in this world."

lute, when the witness paused a mo-

#### lest, I stopped at the rise in the road and cussed back agin. I did hit, an', as I said, hit was ongentlemently, and

gentlemen, is I did hit in self-defense, for if I hadn't cussed, so help me God, The sensation that followed this re-

with something like tenderness in his "Gentlemen of the jury, this

tand and paused before the woman in black a moment. Then he bent over her, but the only words any one caught patted her shoulder with his rought, sun-burned hand. She hesitated a moment and then, drawing down her vell, she took his arm and in silence left the courtroom. There was a sudden burst of applause, followed by the sound of the judge's gavel. At the door, Lawyer Rutherford, leaning over the rail which separated the gar from the audience thrust something into Hiram Ard's

house recently told the new clerk to want you to fix that window up so that every woman on the street will look into it." he observed. The clerk was one of those clever little fellows that you read about in the city papers. He went at it. He made a curtain of solid black velvet and suspended it to the inner surface. "What on earth are you doing?" cried the senior member, happening to come along that

well."

Some evil upon Rabia fell; And one who loved and knew her well Murmured that God with pain undue Should strike a child so fond and true; But she replied: "Believe and trust That all I suffer is most just;

And were not thoughts of Him alone,' When Rabia unto Mekkeh came. Nor joined the crowd, with hearts on

But beat her heart and cried aloud:

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed

But oh! the truth lies deeper still, They that God's face c