THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1897.

moment-the bag with the wages.

NO JOKE FOR HIM.

and Its Novel Climax.

"Funny thing," laughed the jovial

His eyes glittered and he

a manly paragon. She sought a cor-

respondence and asked for a picture.

pacify my caller. But he flourished the

letter in one hand, hit the table with

Be Blown Out Is Introduced.

The remarkable light which has been

brought forward in Germany, and

known as the Durr light, is declared to

be equally capable of use for interior

the vapors from ordinary lamp petrol-

the supply of petroleum, which is re-

moved sufficiently from the burner to

avoid all danger of fire from the flame

The oil is conducted by drops into a

burner of special construction, after

the latter has been heated for about

five minutes by means of oil which is

burned in small heating pans furnished

with the apparatus; behind the burner

a second burner, which, after the heat-

hem to a high temperature, at the

SINCE THE INTRODUCTION

OF THE

ANIMAL

Quickened Circulation-

Brighter Eye—Improved

Spirits-these follow with-

in 24 hours after using

Sold in small triangular blue bot-

Weak, nervous men who have

Free Book, with medical advice, upon ap-plication to the manufacturers. Washington Inemical Company, Washington, D. C.

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240 Adams Ave., Opp. Court House,

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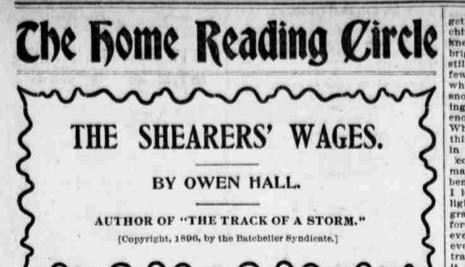
Has always stood FIRST in the estimation of the American People. No other i just as good." Host Infant Food,

CONDENSED MILK

the Extracts.

from the Detroit Free Press.

The End.



SYNOPSIS.

Jack, a recent arrival at the store or station of an Australian farm, is commissioned by the manager to carry the shearers' wages, some thirteen hundred pounds, to Marcons, ninety-five miles away. He wishes to take a revolver, but is told that it is unnecessary. On his sec-ond day's journey, he is followed by a stranger, who summons him to halt, Jack her eyes blazing with fierce resentspurs on his horse, which is, however, shot by the stranger. Jack is thrown and loses consciousness. On recovering, he finds that he has been robbed of the money. A member of the mounted police, and a native scout, have found him. They revive him, and together they follow the trail of the robber which is tracked by the scout. They come upon him at his hut in the bush. The officer demands his surrender.

PART III.

It all happened in a moment. I heard the summons of the officer, I heard a harsh laugh, and the words: "The devil I had!" There was the sharp report of a revolver, and the sergeant's horse leaped forward and rolled over on his With another harsh laugh the side. man turned away and began to unfasten his horse from the sapling. My eyes followed him in a stupid helpless way for a moment, still I was roused by the sergeant's voice: "Here, youngster, why the devil don't you bring him down?" For the first time I remembered then that I had a pistol in my hand, but even then I seemed confused. I glanced at the sergeant who was struggling to get clear of his horse, and then at the man, who had just mount-Then men seemed to notice me ed. then for the first time, for he shouted: "Oh, it's you, is it? Then take that!" There was a flash; a report; and I felt mething sting my ear for a momenthe had fired at me.

"Shoot him, you fool!" exclaimed the sergeant, "or if ye don't like to, shoot the horse." I saw my way then. No, I couldn't shoot a man. I raised my revolver and fired.

The bay horse reared and plunged, and then, answering to the fierce stroke of his rider's spur, bounded off and disappeared amongst the gum trees. The sergeant struggled to his feet, and turning angrily to me exclaimed: "Why the devil didn't you shoot him ?"

'Shoot him?" I answered, sulkily, I dare say, for at the moment I felt half ashamed that I hadn't. "You can shoot men if you like-I don't like the job. and I'm not used to it either."

"Well, young fellow, your friend isn't so particular; another inch and he'd have taken your head instead of an ear.

1 put my hand and found that I was bleeding where the bullet had carried away a piece of my ear. For the first time I remembered the sharp sting that had followed the man's last shot. "Didn't know it, eh'?" he continued, observing my look of surprise. "Well, you'll know better another time. It's a case of you or me with fellows like that, I can tell you. You'd better bear a hand-now and let's see what can be done-de ye think you hit the horse?" "Sure of it," I said, shortly,

the bare apartment, then picked up the damper and threw it to me with the remark: "You'd better take charge of that, youngster." Then without a word he wrapped the ham in a piece of newspaper that lay on the floor and turned away. We left the woman standing by the smoldering remains of the fire, ment, yet pathetic with the forecast of the future. It was the last we saw In another minute we had of her. plunged into the gray depths of the forest once more.

Jacky stood awaiting us just within the shadow of the trees. In answer to the sergeant's question he pointed onward into the long arcade before us. White fellow horse make a jump here," he said; "white fellowhorse no go far." Nothing more was said. Jacky turned and led the way once more.

The day was still young, and although the trees stood close and the growth overhead was more than usually thick, yet the sunlight gleamed and quivered in long spears and arrows of gold as it shot through the leafy cover and lit up the dim recesses of the bush. There was a loud hum of insects in the air, and now and then the harsh note of a bird sounded amongst the branches, but otherwise all was silent. Not even fancy could conjure up the faintest sound of horse hoofs, any more than my most persistent efforts could enable me to trace the footprints of horse or man upon the soft yet elastic ground over which Jacky traveled with such

The course he followed was up hill The slope was not a steep one, yet by the time we had traveled for several hours it had begun to tell, and 1, at least, was far from sorry when the serreant called a halt. Jacky came back obediently. "White fellow horse no good," he said, as he accepted the damper and meat handed to him and squatted down to eat it,

confidence.

"No good, Jacky?" said the sergeant. How you see?"

"White fellow make a walk. Horse no o"- and Jacky explained his meaning by swaying his body from side to side. The sergeant glanced at his carbine, which lay on the ground beside him and Jacky grinned. The news seemed to give a new zest to our pursuit, for n a very few minutes we had eaten our simple meal and were on foot again Upwards and upwards still. Gradually he flecks of sunshine had withdrawn rom the ground, and now their glitter had ceased to sparkle amongst the leaves overhead. With the sun the hum of insect life had died away and left a cold stillness behind. It was growing

colder, too, and an occasional shiver crept over me in spite of the exercise. Little by little the long avenues of trees grew grayer and more coloriess, and the ends of the vistas grew misty thickly here, and in the bottom, still and seemed to be closing in. The sun partly imbedded in the drift, there lay had gone down. I looked around me uneasily as I went, and more than once I thought the sergeant cast a quick glance of question around him. Jacky alone was apparently visited by no doubts. On, and on-at the same slow, fellberate trot, his head bent forward, his arms hanging loose at his sides, his eyes fixed on the ground. At last he stopped, "Too much dark," he said, as he squatted on the ground and waited for us to come up. There was no appeal from Jacky's decision, of course, so we prepared to camp for the night. Our preparations were necessarily simple, Jacky collected the materials for a fire which the rapidly increasing cold rendered necessary in spite of the danger it involved of a night surprise from the man we were hunting, and possilby companions with whom he might have the means of communicating, "It's a case of watch and watch about," as the sergeant's remark, "and pot the first man you see young fellow, if you don't want him to pot you." The first soon burned brightly, and after we had eaten some more of the damper we proceeded to make the best of it. It fell to my share to keep the first watch, and nothing happened to disturb it. It was in no danger of falling asleep, however, in spite of my exertions throughout the day. It may have been the novelty and excitement of the events that had occurred since had left Hutchen's in the morning, t may also have been in part the posble dangers that surrounded us still seemed effectually to remove any endency to sleep. I sat, my back propped against a tree, my feet exnding nearly to the fire; my hand on the sergeant's revolver, and my eyes moving restlessly round the narrow circle lighted by the blaze. A thousand times during that endless watch I must have fancied I heard mysterious sounds of footsteps in the stillness of the forest, and as often I seemed to catch glimpses of flery eyes that watched me out of the abyss of darkness that closed me in. More than once I had almost pointed the revolver nothing happened. We had reached when the shifting of the light convinced me that my fancied assailant existed only in my imagination. don't know whether Jacky ever really slept, but each time L-moved I seemed to see his bead-like eyes gleaming from below the penthouse of his hair where he lay partly coiled in a dog-like heap close to the hottest corner of the | 1 saw something that made me start

gether close to the red embers. His and now with a hoarse croak it rose chin was resting on his drawn-up knees, but his eyes gleamed, keen and clumsily, and fluttered away into the shudows

bright in the firelight. My legs were still, but I managed to rise and take a few steps to convince myself that the white heaps I had seen were actually snow-the first I had seen since leav-ing England. It was snow, sure enough, and it had fallen heavily. ers' wages. We looked at him solemnly: we touched him reverently-he was Wherever the branches and leaves had thinned overhead it had come down stiff and dead. His hand was by his side, but it didn't hold a revolver, as n great soft drifts, and looking up 1 could see that the clug in fleecy masses to the larger branches which we had supposed. "do you know the look of this?" ent beneath the unaccustomed weight I looked round in dismay. The grisly light from the snow mingled with the gray light of the dawn and made the forest arcades seem more hopeless than even the darkness had done. By whatever instinct Jacky had been able to track the man we were in pursuit of it must be at fault now. I looked at neident of Northwestern Journalism

Alter Maria

im and his eye met mine, but he seemed only to crouch the closer.

The sergeant awoke with a start romoter who was entertaining ust as my eyes rested on him. "Hallo! of his prospective victims at the cafe. What the devil?" he exclaimed, as he "The maddest man I ever saw was shook himself and rose to his feet that same smooth-voiced old gentlemen "Snow, as I'm a living sinner. I didn't that just left us. When I first went to think we were high enough up for the northwest it was as a boomer, and that." Then he glanced round him with the syndicate I was operating for set a look of surprise and disgust till his eyes rested on Jacky. "Ah!" he continued: "I thought so. That comes of using these confounded Queensland blacks. You might as well put a crocodile in an ice pond as expect any good of one in the snow. Here, Jacky, you make a look wood, burn plenty smoke." Jacky shook his big head but didn't move. "Yes, that's your sort," he added, contemptuously. "You'd sit there and freeze sooner than face it. rassed by any regard for the facts and

Well, youngster, it can't be helped, for there's one mercy-the chances are using fictitious names or initials. Mike's as least as badly off as we There was, as the sergeant said, no have been twenty years ago. I pic-

help for it. He and I collected wood | tured bim as an Adonis, a youth of the enough to keep our fire burning, and courtliest manners and most magnetic then there was nothing to be done but qualities. A week later he came into keep as close to it as we could and my little office with a look that would wait for a change. It was more than cause the average man to take to his lucky we had some food left, though heels. His face was colorless and as the day went slowly on we found drawn. that we had none too much of that. ground his teeth when he was not talk-and by the time the gray daylight ing. He spread a letter in front of had given place once more to the dark- me, and then paced the floor. It was er shades of night we-or at any rate I-could have wished for a bigger sup-odor of violets. It told what the faint per than the last of the damper al- writer had read in my paper and how forded. I heard no footsteps in the for- it filled her with a desire to know such est that night during my watch, nor was my imagination troubled by vis-

ions of hostile eyes, and when my turn I began to laugh and chaff in order to came to rest I slept soundly. It was bright daylight when I awoke, and the moment I did so I knew that the other and shouted: "The writer of the change had come. It was warm. that is my daughter, sir."

Jacky had let the fire go low, and I could see his small, active figure walk-THE DURR LIGHT. ing slowly round, his eyes fixed on the **Remarkable Light Which Cannot** ground, though still keeping clear of

the spots where the snow had not fully melted. The sergeant was sitting on a stone examining his carbine with much interest, "Well, youngster," he said, "if you've had sleep enough it's about time we were moving, for we Illumination. It is originated by auto-

may have a long tramp before we get matic evaporation and overheating of anything to eat." The recollection was one calculated to hasten our move-ments, and in less than five minutes paratus consists of a tank containing we had started.

Jacky went slowly at first, for nothing would induce him to set foot on the remains of the snow which still lingered in patches in the shadler hollows, but as the sun rose higher these became less common and we got on better. He was a little way ahead of us when he suddenly stopped. When we reached him he stood at the edge of one of the hollows through which, during the

from which the flame issues there is rains, the mountain streams run down ing of the pans has been removed, conto swell the tributaries of the Murtinually produces the vapors and heats

WHY SHOULD WE CARE? hough the tree he not just for the bird to nest in, She sets the twigs, and the nest is there; Phough the world be not just for man to There was no need of caution now. Two or three quick steps and we were at his side. It was Mike! Yes, and be blest in, He walks her green ways and breathes her sweet air. what was more, it was Tom also, Tom whom I had said good-by to two days before as I rode away with the shear

The rich days open and spill their spien-Night shoes with silver the foot on her

stair; Aye, life has all that glory can lend her; So what it all means, pray, why should "Here, youngster," said the sergeant, we care?

The green lands blossom and the blue It was a leather bag. 1 knew it in skies hover; The warm winds blow, and the song

birds pair; Under love's window comes, fluting, the

And the loved one leans, with his rose in

The suns plunge over the hill to the water; The stars are sure; God gives and to spare. The man child thrives, and beauty's fair

daughter, So, what it's all for, pray, why should we care? —Harper's Magazine.

CHILDREN'S CHIVALRY. Progress of an English Essay in Prac-

me up in the newspaper business. The tical Altruism. primary purpose was to attract set-tlers, sell land and give the friends of The Children's Order of Chivalry, or ranized in England three years ago, my people political control; but to get has now over twelve thousand little ones enrolled as members. The childcirculation I had to interest readers all over the country. One scheme in ren are encouraged to take some pooren sister or brother under their wings. this direction was to run the splcient personal column I could put up. There Thus the child of wealthy parents bewasn't a man who came to the place comes a sort of Santa Claus to some destitute child and prepares gifts for him, especially at Christmas time-a practical and pretty idea. At a recent meeting of the order Lord Winchelrassed by any regard for the facts and avoided unpleasant consequences by sea, in speaking on the need of class "One day this same old gentleman thus meeting class on the common dropped down in our midst. It must ground of good will and humanity remarked that the only advantage he saw in riches was that they relieved the owner of the necessity of working for himself, and enabled him to work for others

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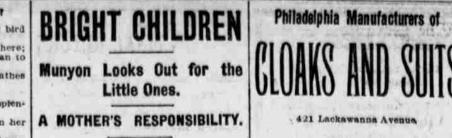
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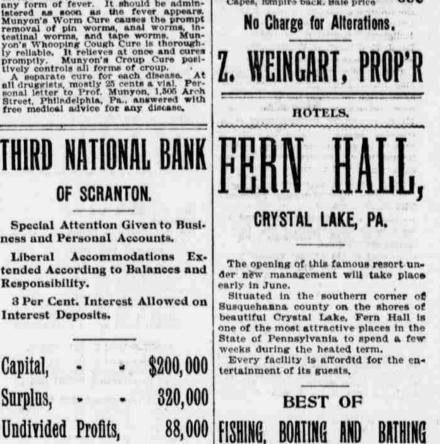
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mes sudden-, and every other should prepared by aving MUN-ON'S REM-

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A special sale of Ladies' Fine Suits now going on. STYLISH CRASH SUITS, fancy stripes, well hung skirt. Regu- \$2.98 lar \$5.50 for FINE ALL WOOL COVERT CLOTH SUITS fly fronts, blazer and Eton Jacket, silk lined throughout; new-est shaped skirt. Instead of \$4.98 FINE SERGE SUITS, fly front jacket, full taffeta, slik Rned, perfectly \$6.98 hung skirt. Good values at \$12 \$6.98 SISPARATE DRESS SKIRTS-Fine Mo-hair Skirts, new shape, full \$1.98 width, percaline lined, Moner., \$1.98 ELEGANT BLACK CREPON SKIRTS, full sweep, fan back cord, edge bind-ing; percaline lined and inter- \$3,98 lined



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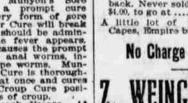
Responsibility.

Capital,

Surplus,

Interest Deposits.

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"Ab, it all depends whereabouts. If you were lucky, we'll have him yet, Let's have a look at the hut first, though," he added.

I followed him across the open patch to the hut, the door of which he pushed hastly open. The place was a poor one, and the few scraps of furniture of the rudest kind. The floor was of earth, and upon it, crouched in a heap near the fire, was the figure of the woman we "had seen. She sprang to her feet at our entrance, and pushing back her hair from her face confronted us like a llon-For a moment she seemed to gasp for breath, and then the words came brokenly: "And did yez-did yez shoot him? Did yez murder him entirely? Oh, Mike, Mike, and is it to this ye've come at the ind ov it all?"

The sergeant looked at her for a moment. "Oh," he said. "it was Mike, was it? I thought as much. No. We haven't shot him-not yet, anyhow, though it's about time."

"Glory be to God for that same," she exclaimed in a very different tone. "An' it's a fool I was to belave that the likes ov ye could do that same-nor 1 wouldn't, nather, but for my dreams the last night as iver was."

You dreamt he was killed, did ye Biddy? Well, it's likely enough yet," he said, as he walked to the table which there were set out a damper loaf and the greater part of a ham, as if ready for a meal not yet partaken of. 'I see we disturbed his breakfast." he added, "but we'll take it after him in case he should want it."

The woman glared at him and made half motion as if she would have thrown herself upon him. Then she stopped suddenly, and I could see her hands clench themselves with the greatness of the effort. "'Tis yersilf will make the holghth ov a foine robber wan ov thim days, and 'tis the lone wimen wid no one nigh to purtect thim ye'll be hardest on, I'm thinkin'. But sure an' yer wilcome, an' ye can ate it yersilf, an' the black naygur that's wid yez for it's little yer like to see ov Mike for a day or two."

The sergeant looked keenly round

RED ROUGH HANDS

ing, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itchtog, scaly scalps, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICUBA BOAP, and gentle anointings



gled

PART IV.

spot. I was relieved at last, and even then Nearer and nearer we crept up be-I thought I should never get to sleep, Again and again I started from a half doze, feeling as if an eye were gleaming at me out of the darkness, or a' to breathe in our excitement. And now stealthy footstep were creeping up be- we could make out plainly that it was hind me through the trees, I must a man. He was seated on the ground, have fallen asleep at last, however, and his back resting against a large bowlonce asleep I must have slept soundly. der, his hand apparently vrasping some-It was with a start and a shiver that I woke at last. It was cold. The first gray light of dawn was stealing mist-Hy through the foliage overhead and the uncertain light from the fire still flickered and gleamed on the nearest trees and on something white that lay er-something moved. Was he going to wake, after all? The sergeant was drawing himself together for a spring, in heaps in various directions. I rubbed my eyes and stared round me in puzwonder. It was snow. The ser-I could see, when suddenly he stopped. scant rested against a tree, his arms folded, his head bent forward, evident-Something moved again, but now we could make it out, even in the shadow ly asleep, while Jacky sat crouched to--it was a bird. We had disturbed

a dark body which we at once recognized as that of a horse. A hasty extinction of the light an impessibility. amination showed that my shot had even in the strongest wind. Fresh at avenged Cossack. Jacky examined the is drawn in between the burner and the ground carefully, and at last crossed external cylinder by the force of the the hollow and penetrated farther into flame rushing out, and, by using this the forest, but after traveling for air in the burner, a smokeless flame renearly an hour we found that we had sults on account of the air supply be ome back again to the spot from ing heated. The oil used is ordinary which we started. And so it went on 100 proof coal oil, the consumption of for what appeared to me at least to be which is about one and three-fourths an almost endless time, now backwards pints per 1,000 candle power. and now forwards in wanderings that seemed interminable. And still Jacky traveled on, his head bent forward, his eyes never lifted from the ground; and still the sergeant followed doggedly in his steps, his face set grim and stern,

his carbine gripped tightly in his hand. I had no choice but to follow them. For the last two hours or more our ourse, in spite of its wanderings, had taken us steadily down hill. It was EXTRACTS certainly after midday now, and the hot sun was lighting up the depths of four years ago greater advance has the forest and falling in bright streams and patches of gold here and been made in the Cure of Nervous there in our path. Jacky stopped sud-Diseases than was obtained in the denly, just as we came in sight of a huge mass of rock which rose gray previous half century. Prejudice, ig-norance and incredulity have all been and rugged above the trees in front. swept aside, and the medical profes-Between us and the crag there was a sion and the public alike now recoggully deeper and more densely wooded than any we had yet passed. Jacky nize in this line of medication the

stood still and peered cautiously down most effective means within human the dim slope, where the trees grew power to combat disease. thicker and the dense foliage shut out the sunbeam. The sergeant glanced at him, and then he passed him by. "Come on," he exclaimed, "youngster. Keep your finger on the trigger, and when you see him mind you fire this time." With his hand on the lock of his carbine the sergeant crept down through the trees; with my finger on the trigger of the revolver I followed him.

CEREBRINE, From the Brain, For Diseases of the Nervous System. MEDULLINE, From the Spinal Cord. For Epilepsy, Locomotor Ataxia, etc. CARDINE, For Diseases of the Heart. TESTINE, For Premature Decay in Men. OV ARINE, For Diseases of Women. THYROIDINE, For Obesity and Skin Diseases MUSCULINE, For Gout and Rheumatism. The gully was unusually large and deep. In my excitement the time it took us to descend into the bottom seemed endless. It is true we went slowly, watching every tree, peering into every dim vista, expecting each moment to hear the report of a pistol shot wake the echoes of the wood. On tles. Dose, 5 drops. and on, and yet we saw nothing, and tried all the Quack remedies, may turn the bottom and began cautiously to with confidence to the ANIMAL EXascend the slope beyond. The snow TRACTS. They Cure !

had fallen heavily here, and still there were patches of it in the darkest places where the shadows fell the thickest. We had yone perhaps half way up the slope when, as I strained my eyes to look along a dim avenue between the gums,

and utter an exclamation. The sergeant joined me in an instant, and side by side we made our way towards the

PRACTICAL TINNERS and PLUMBERS ween the treees, planting our feet cautiously as we went that no sound might give him the alarm; scarcely daring Sole Agents for Richardson-Boynton's a man. He was seated on the ground, thing lying by his side no doubt his Take No Substitute... fatal revolver. Another step or two and we could see that his head was bent Gail Borden slightly forward on his breast. He was asleep; we should capture him without a struggle. We crept nearer and near-Eagle Brand

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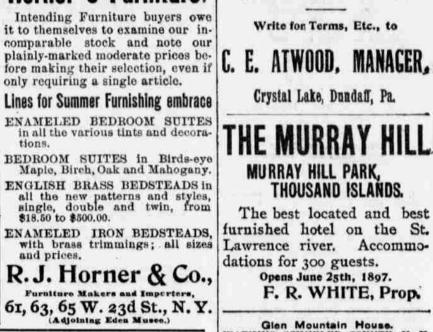
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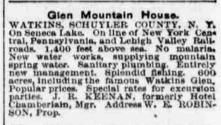
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