MERCY'S INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Its Rude Celebration in 1779.

A Relation of Tryon's Raid on Connecticut Shores in the War of the Revolution.

Elizabeth D. Jewett, in the Springfield Republican.

It was Friday, the 4th day of July, 1779; a warm, muggy day, but the little household in Goodman Weatherbee's home were astir bright and early, for it was a day they wished to celebrate in a quiet way; the third anniversary of Independence. The Weatherbee family were staunch patriots; so much so that they had sacrificed a large share of their broad lands in the cause and had sent, one by one, their seven sons to the armies of Putnam, Ward and Washington, to join in the great struggle, which was to rescue the thirteen colonies from the grasp of England. Goodman Weatherbee himself was too old to enter the service, as well as too inurm; yet by his personal endeavors he raised the enthusiasm of his neighbors (of which there were very few) into desperation by calling them traitors and parasites on the land; and his daily prayer was that he might be spared to see the colonies free and the war at an end; for he never doubted what the result would be.

"This is to be a holy day with us," he said the morning of the Fourth, "for was it not but three years agone that in Philadelphia we resolved to be free? Ay! ay! and every true patriot should remember the day with praise and thanksgiving."

"And you were there too," said Mercy Weatherbee, his niece, a slender bright-eyed girl of 18, "ah, how good it must be to have been there that day! Do tell me about it, Uncle Isaacs."

The old man's eyes kindled. "Ay, I was there with Sherman. Staunch friends have we been for years; and although the delegates sat with closed doors, and I was not permitted to enter, yet when Sherman came to our rooms the night before, he took me by the hand and his voice was husky. I said: "What is it, Sherman? Is God with us?"

"'God's will be done,' he answered solemnly, 'ere the sun sets tomorrow night the thirteen colonies will declare themselves free. But not a word of this, Weatherbee, till it is over. The people are excited beyond control.'

"All that night I lay awake, and the next day I, with the countless patriots around me, surged against the statehouse doors during the long hours, waiting—waiting—waiting. At last the word was given and the old bell rang out the news. Old as I am, I threw up my hat and shouted for joy with the rest. And oh, girl, you should have heard the cheering that day. The shouts ring in my old ears yet. When Sherman came out I fell in his old arms and wept for joy. How little I thought when I marched with Washington and Braddock in '54 against the French, that I would yet see the day when I would hate the English power as I then hated the French!"

The old man was becoming reminiscent. Mercy recalled him to present events. "And how long did you stay in Philadelphia, Uncle Isaac, with our good Roger Sherman?"

"I came away soon, child," he answered—"as soon as I knew that everything was settled, and that our brave men would fight until they died for the liberty they had shown to be ours. Ay, lass, it was a proud day for me when Roger Sherman took me by the hand and presented me to Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry—the young man from Virginia, who said that he should have either liberty or death—Richard Henry Lee, and John Adams and Samuel Adams from Massachusetts colony; and I, althouga not a delegate, could say with the men from Connecticut county—Sherman, Huntington, Williams and Wolcott—that the Connecticut men from New Haven colony would stand by the Declaration of Independence forever. Ah, that was a proud day for me! I came home soon, all the long journey from Philadelphia; but my heart was so light that I realized not its hardships."

"Those were indeed stirring times which tried the hearts of men," sighed Mercy, "but the end seems yet far off. I was but a little child in Boston when the English officers searched our home with their 'Writ of Assistance.' I remember how my father and brothers resisted, but it was of no use. They had the king's authority."

"Ay, the king's authority!" repeated the old man bitterly. "Always the king's authority. And it was but six years agone that your brother was fired upon and killed; ay, murdered in cold blood the day the British soldiers dared fire upon the men of Boston!"

"Ay, and had I been a man I would have avenged his death!" exclaimed the girl warmly, "and father swore that he would. Poor father!" she added, the fire dying out of her voice.

"Say you not 'poor father,' lass; but rather rejoice that his death was so glorious. For was he not one of the seven martyrs of the 19th of April? Perhaps the very first that fell at Lexington that day. And were not he and your two brothers engaged in the 'tea party' when the British thought to pacify us by taking off that paltry tax, and wasn't your father the man who replied to Admiral Montague that if he would come out of the house they could settle the bill for the 'Indian caper,' as he called it, at once? Ha! ha! my brother was a patriot, and he died a noble death. Mourn not for him, lass, but rather rejoice that he died so gloriously."

"Ay! ay!" answered the girl catching his spirit. "Thou hast been a father to me since, Uncle Isaac; and well I wot how the news of the death of my father and the other six brought Israel Putnam from this colony, and thy two noble sons, Nathan and Edward."

"I sent them," interrupted the old man; "when I heard the news I gave them my two best horses, and I said: Sons, your father cannot fight, but you must go to Gen. Ward and fight as bravely as I did when I marched with Washington to Du Quesne some twenty years agone."

"And they did fight well," said the girl, proudly. "Thy son Nathan came to home after the battle of Bunker Hill in which thy Edward fell, and as my mother was dead and my brothers in the army he offered me a home here and brought me back with him."

"Yes, lass, I have given one son to my country, and while I pray that the others could be spared, yet I would not mourn deeply if they died for their freedom. All are fighting but Rufus my youngest, and he is in the fort at Black Rock," replied the old man, "but you have been more than a daughter to me, Mercy, since our sons have gone, and we will be more than glad when the war is ended and Nathan returns and you and he are married; for I would like it not to have my home, where we Weatherbee's have lived since my ancestor from England settled here in 1637, pass into the hands of strangers, and it is but right that it should go to my oldest lad, my brave Nathan."

"And he is a brave lad," replied the girl, her cheek mantling with pleasure, "and I fear not but that Nathan will do his duty well. Did he not follow Washington over New Jersey colony in tracts of blood and never flinch? and was he not one of the 2,400 picked men whom Washington chose when he crossed the Delaware and captured Trenton? Ay, it was a terrible night, and Nathan was but thinly clad, but his spirit kept him from freezing, methinks."

"He is a brave lad," said the old man proudly. "He was with him at Valley Forge too, and while many were turning against Washington, my lad wrote me that while he lived there would be one person loyal to George Washington, who of all men is the one to lead us safely through the troublesome times."

"All true patriots must love Washington, methinks," said the girl musingly.

"He was a brave lad in '54, when I marched with him against the French, and the soldiers loved him then as his men do now. But think you not, Mercy, that it is strange that no tidings have come from Nathan these three months? It is more than that, is it not?"

"Nay, not more, Uncle Isaac; but not since he left the army to be a spy in Tryon's army," whispered the girl, and then said aloud: "There are some things, you know, that we cannot say aloud, for no one knows when there is a tory around."

"Ay, a tory spy," growled the old man bitterly, "but I fear not but that Nathan will conduct himself seemly wherever he be. Nay, start not, lass,—if he were dead we should have heard it."

"I fear not that he is dead, Uncle Isaac, but for some reason I am strangely disquieted today. I like not the rumors of Tryon's being along the coast, for it was only last February that he was at Horse Neck and since then he has been in the sound. I can never look at the blue waters of the harbor without fearing to see his murderous sail."

"He is a bold and wicked man, and I shudder much at the thought at what was done in Danbury; but I trust that if he does venture into our quiet harbor that he will meet with a great repulse. Our men are courageous but few; and old as I am, yet would not hesitate but would take my flintlock and march with the militia against him. But, lass, if Tryon was coming here Nathan would have warned us of his approach."

Mercy's heart beat high at the thoughts of her absent lover, and she longed to talk more about him; but the old man grew reminiscent of the early days of the colony. He loved to relate that his ancestor was a firm friend of Theopolis Eaton, and that he had selected the site of their home under the giant elm, which much to the old man's grief had been struck by lightning a few weeks before, and now stood a wreck of its former glory, broken off about fifteen feet from the ground. As he spoke of the early days, his eyes kindled and rising he extended his arm toward the harbor where the blue water sparkled in the July sunshine, and bringing it around in a semicircular curve, he said proudly: "As long as this arm retains its strength it shall fight for this harbor, and these broad lands my ancestor purchased; and shall defend the graves yonder where lay the men who took the bible for the corner stone of their colony, come Tryon when he may!"

The maiden stole away, leaving him to his musings, for their was much to do in their quiet home; for many were the stockings knitted and the blankets woven for the soldiers in Dame Weatherbee's household, as well as in other patriot homes. As the day wore on her heart grew heavy. Unlike her usual quiet self she was uneasy and anxious. Often she stood at the door, shading her eyes in her hand, while her gaze wandered over the quiet waters for a sight of Tryon's sail; but no unwonted sight met her eyes; only the sails of a fishing boat broke its monotony.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows were lengthening, she went to the pasture for the cows. She was returning slowly along, her thoughts full of some impending evil, when her attention was arrested by hearing a low whistle from the top of an elm tree. She paused—the whistle was repeated, and the next moment she heard her name spoken in a low tone: "Mercy, Mercy, art thou there, lass?"

"Yes, it is I," she answered—"but who speaks? for in sooth I can see no one."

"It is thy lover, Nathan; but look around, lass, art sure the coast is clear? No one in sight or hearing? No tories around?"

The girl glanced around carefully. "No, there is no one in sight, cousin Nathan, but why art thou in the tree? surely near thy father's home thou shouldst come in boldly."

"I dare not, lass; but come thou near and I will tell you all, but speak not much, for thy voice is as clear as a silver bell, and can be heard a long ways. Tryon is coming!"

Mercy gave a start of alarm. Her lover continued: "As thou knowest I left Washington's army to be a spy on Tryon's movements, and I remained undiscovered on board his ship until even last night. We touched at Fairfield harbor and on board came John White, a tory, our former neighbor, as you know. He recognized me at once, and spoke to General Tryon. He, the general, came forward at once and said: 'A traitor, a spy! and thou shalt die the death. Seize on him, men, and we will hang him in his own dooryard on the morrow.' But ere the men could seize me I sprang overboard, and as it was dark I escaped their shots. I made for the shore and started for here; and have been since noon in this tree waiting for a sight of you, lass."

"But, Nathan, thou shouldst not have come here where thy life is in danger. Why did'st not hide with friends till thou couldst make for the patriot army?"

"Ay, lass, but I must first warn thee, and know how my parents are. But canst thou not hide me somewhere for the night? For Tryon will leave no stone unturned to find me."

"The old elm, Nathan, that thy father prizes so highly was struck by lightning and broken off about 15 feet from the ground not long ago. Uncle Isaac examined it and found it hollow. Methinks you could hide in that with security, no one knows of it, and our plate has been hidden there for weeks. But art sure thou canst get into it?"

"Sure! of course, lass. Have I not climbed the masts of many a ship, and as soon as it is dark I will hide there, but tell no one of my whereabouts, for these are troublous times; and thou must warn the patriots of Tryon's approach."

"I will, Nathan, at once, but I must leave thee. The good dame, thy mother, will wonder at my long absence. Thy father was saying today that were Tryon to come he would fight with the rest; but take good care of thyself, Nathan, and I will pray that the God who helped Israel will fight with us on the morrow if Tryon comes; for I fear me greatly that his track will be marked with blood and ashes, as at Danbury, ere the morrow's sun sets."

"I fear so, too, lass; but I will make for the patriot army soon, so tremble not for me, but delay not in warning the patriots. I will not enter my father's house for fear of being seen, but will make for the tree. Farewell, and God bless you."

"Farewell, Nathan, and may God protect you! I may not see you again until after the dreaded morrow," she answered sorrowfully.

"And perchance not then, lass, for if the opportunity offers I must escape to the patriot army; but I must rest this night, as I am far too spent for farther travel."

A few more farewells between the lovers, then in the gathering dusk Mercy slipped home. Her heart was very sad, for she feared the worst on the morrow; and her heart misgave her for mentioning the tree as a secure hiding place for Nathan, but when she confided her fears to the old man he reassured her that as the enemy would not suspect of its being hollow he would be more secure there than elsewhere. The old man was greatly excited over the approaching invasion, for well he knew the merciless ways in which Tryon carried on his warfare.

"Our coast in unprotected," he said sadly. "The armies are away and nothing but our own valor can protect us on the morrow; and well I know that they will not find a man prepared unless warning is given then tonight, and I am too old to go among the people myself tonight, as I must fight on the morrow."

"But I can go, Uncle Isaac," said Mercy eagerly; "as soon as the night has darkened I will mount my Gray Bess and at thy bidding I will ride to West Haven and also to Black Rock, and notify all the patriots that they must be prepared."

"Thou art a true patriot, lass Mercy," said the old man approvingly, "and well I wot that thou canst do this as well as Paul Revere did some time ago. But I think it would be well for you to go down the Derby road a piece and warn the men there, and you might ride toward Milford as well; and it would do no hurt if the good people in Montowese were notified too. Art thou good for an all-night's ride, lass? It may be the last thou or any of us can ever do for our country, for ere to-morrow's sun sets we may all be dead, for Tryon has no sparing hand."

"I am ready, Uncle Isaac," she answered proudly, "these are not the times when a woman should sit idly by; but do you and the good dame care for yourselves while I am gone."

"Ay! and we will, lass; but quietly you must go, and notify the loyal people; tell them not where you heard it for it might become known to the tories and they would join in the search for Nathan on the morrow. Tell the captain of the militia to come for me, for I will march with them on the morrow if Tryon comes."

The night was dark and sultry, but it brought no terrors to Mercy Weatherbee as she rode on her royal errand. A quiet call in the dark at the houses; a few words of earnest conversation at the door, and silently as they had come the gray mare sped down the road bearing the young girl with the warning word. Midnight came and went and still she rode. The fort at Black Rock had been notified; the hamlets leading to Montowese received their word, and through the silent streets the gray mare galloped over the bridge leading to West Haven, where on the morrow the militia would make a gallant stand. The gray light of early morning dawned, and Mercy had ridden her rounds, and in the last hour before sunrise she rested near West Haven. Wrapping herself well in her mantle she sat beside her weary horse which cropped hungrily the green grass by the wayside. All West Haven seemed to be sleeping at her feet; but no slumber came to her eyes. She eagerly scanned the gray waters as they slowly brightened into light, and her gaze was rewarded for her eyes caught the first glimpse of Tryon's sail as it came into the harbor. A moment satisfied her that the enemy had come. The next, she had mounted Gray Bess and had galloped toward her home. Her warnings were well heeded, for the 1,500 of Tryon's men which he had dispatched to enter the town by that road met with such resistance from the sturdy militia at the bridge that they were forced to retreat and effect their entrance to New Haven by means of the Derby road.

No time did Mercy lose ere the news was known in New Haven. As the cannon from West Haven boomed out the news, the militia started, and foremost among them, with the same step and valor he displayed in '54, marched old Isaac Weatherbee, and in the same company of gallant defenders marched the venerable Dr. Daggett, a former president of Yale college.

Hastening to her home, Mercy found the dame almost prostrated by the news, and fearing that she would do Nathan more harm than good if she remained there, Mercy prevailed on her to go to her sister's home for the day, while she would stay at the farm and if possible divert any suspicion of Nathan's whereabouts from the British soldiers.

Mercy did not know that half of the fleet had landed on the east side of the harbor; the half commanded by Governor Tryon, who was furious at the escape of the spy, Nathan Weatherbee. The fort was quickly taken, but the little garrison of nineteen men escaped, and hastening to the town joined their brethren in its defense.

Meanwhile Tyron entered New Haven, and rightly conjecturing that Nathan would have made for his home, he lost no time in going to the farm in company with his staff; leaving the men to pillage and burn the town as they pleased. Mercy saw their approach and nerved herself for the trial. Brought up in the stern Puritan faith she never doubted God's ability to aid her in the ordeal if she adhered to the truth, for never in her brief life of 18 years had she told a falsehood, and she could not do it now; but with her implicit faith was her determination not to reveal Nathan's hiding place even at the cost of her own life. It was a stern place for a young girl, but the daughters of the revolution were made of stern material.

Resolved to capture Nathan at all hazards, the governor had closely questioned his tory allies, but could not learn that he had been in the neighborhood; yet the news had gone out that Mercy Weatherbee had warned the police of their approach, and no one but Nathan could have informed her. So reasoned the governor, and as he approached Mercy he said sternly:

"In the name of King George, girl, I command you to tell me what you know regarding the spy, Nathan Weatherbee, who informed you of our approach." Mercy started. So Nathan's presence there was known. Her heart sank within her and she made no reply.

"Come!" repeated the governor, sternly, "tell me where you saw him."

Mercy rallied. She looked the governor in the face as she answered him firmly: "I have not seen him."

"Then how did you know of our approach?" he asked sneeringly, "for I understand that it was you who warned the rebels last night."

"In times of danger the senses of the defenceless are sharpened," she answered evasively.

"No parleying, madam," was his stern rejoinder, "I know that you received your information from him. Once again I demand that you tell me what you know concerning him or your life will pay the penalty."

Mercy's courage rose. "Again I tell you that I have not seen him, but that he warned me is true."

"Ha! I thought she would tell! Now, maiden, will you tell how he could warn you and yet you not see him?" he asked sneeringly.

"But yester e'en when I was returning from the pasture with the cows he called me from the top of yonder elm," pointing to it with her hand, "and in sooth the foliage was so thick that I did not see him," she went on rapidly. "But he told me how he had escaped and he bade me warn the loyal people of your approach and I did so."

"So I perceive; and then I suppose you escorted him to the house or some other place of safety," demanded the governor.

"As I told you before, I have not seen him," she answered earnestly. "I asked him why he dared come here, and told him that he ought to have made for the patriot army; and he said that he would go there at once, for he had important news for Washington."

The governor ground his teeth with rage. "And is this all you have to say, girl? Do you swear that you did not secrete him in this house and that you did not see him, for by my life, if I find that you have lied to me, woman though you be, you shall die."

Mercy never quailed 'neath his angry glance. With a spirit as high as his own she answered:—

"Do what you will with me, Gov. Tryon, but I have told you the truth. Nathan Weatherbee is not secreted in this house and I never saw him either. I told him to escape to the army if he could and he promised me that he would."

She leaned against the tree as she spoke. The governor scrutinized her closely. He believed that Nathan was hidden somewhere on the place, but in the girl's pale face and flashing eye he read her determination to die rather than reveal farther if she knew. Swearing that if found he would be hung in the dooryard, he gave orders for the house and premises to be thoroughly searched, and if not found, for the soldiers to take anything they pleased and burn and destroy the rest. Mercy he ordered to be bound to the tree; without a word she submitted to the rough treatment, her heart too full of anxiety on Nathan's account to care what was done to her. Disappointed and enraged at not finding the object of the search, the soldiers under Tryon's orders destroyed the furniture, after taking what they desired, and departed, leaving the house, the pride of the Weatherbees for a hundred years, a blazing pile, and Mercy closely bound to the tree.

Infuriated at not finding him, the governor gave orders for the town to be thoroughly searched; for, as one of his officers suggested, he might be found with the militia fighting against them.

The broken elm to which Mercy was bound was near the burning house, but fortunately the wind blew the sparks in another direction. The heat was intense; her dress was singed, and the bark became burning hot; but still the tree did not catch fire; if it had both she and Nathan would have been burned alive; for he dared not come from his hiding place, since Tryon had left a sentry to watch for him.

The terrible hours of the 5th of July wore away; the fire died down and a cooling breeze blew up from the harbor and bathed her burning face, but still no help came. Night came at last; a night which was made terrible by burning buildings and the cries of homeless women and children and the revelings of drunken soldiers in the streets.

And in the meantime where was old Isaac Weatherbee? With his aged friend, Dr. Daggett, he had been taken prisoner near Milford and had been exposed to every indignity the brutal soldiers could offer. Resisting to the utmost of his strength he had been robbed and cruelly beaten; and as if that was not enough the two old men had been driven several miles at the point of the bayonet until their strength was exhausted and then left for dead on the road; the old man still rejoicing that in his old age he was still permitted to fight for freedom.

And there his youngest son, Rufus, found them the next day. After the fighting had ceased he returned to his home only to find it in ashes and Mercy swooning by the tree. It did not take long to release her and then to liberate Nathan from his hiding place, who was prostrated by the terrible heat he had undergone while immured in the tree during those terrible hours. There was now no danger of his being apprehended, for the British quietly withdrew to their boats early the following morning, taking with them a number of prisoners and leaving twenty-seven Americans killed and many homes laid waste.

More dead than alive old Isaac was brought to his home, but contrary to expectations he rallied and lived to see Nathan and Mercy married at the end of the war, and also to attend the inauguration of George Washington as president of the United States, where he found that the great general still remembered his former comrade in arms and gave his a hearty greeting.

Of his seven sons but two were living, the rest had been offered up on the altar of patriotism; but the old man did not mourn for them; with Rufus, his youngest, and Nathan, his eldest, he passed his declining years in peace, and often he told Mercy's children the story of her ride the night of the Fourth and how she had been bound to the tree for hours the day of Tryon's raid while Nathan was hidden inside of it. And for many years their descendants talked of the ride of Mercy Weatherbee the night of the Fourth of July, 1779.

And in the passing years New Haven, the beautiful Elm city, has witnessed many Fourth of Julys, but none which has stirred her heart's blood as at the time of Tryon's raid.

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Rupprecht, Louis, 221 Penn ave.

CIGAR MANUFACTURER.
J. P. Fiore, 223 Spruce street.

CONFECTIONERY AND TOYS.
Williams, J. D. & Bros., 314 Lacka.

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
Snook, S. M., Olyphant.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.
Harding, J. L., 215 Lackawanna.

DINING ROOM.
Caryl's Dining Room, 505 Linden.

DRY GOODS.
The Fashion, 308 Lackawanna avenue.
Kelly & Healey, 20 Lackawanna.
Finley, P. B., 510 Lackawanna.

DRY GOODS, SHOES, HARDWARE, ETC.
Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Providence.

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS.
Kresky, E. H. & Co., 114 S. Main.

DRUGGISTS.
McGarrah & Thomas, 209 Lackawanna.
Lorentz, C., 418 Lacka.; Linden & Wash.
Davis, G. W., Main and Market.
Bloes, W. S., Peckville.
Davies, John J., 108 S. Main.

ENGINES AND BOILERS.
Dickson Manufacturing Co.

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

FLORAL DESIGNS.
Clark, G. R. & Co., 201 Washington.

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

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

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

FURNISHED ROOMS.
Union House, 215 Lackawanna.

FURNITURE.
Hill & Connell, 122 Washington.
Barbour's Home Credit House, 425 Lack.

GROCERS.
Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna.
Megargel & Connell, Franklin avenue.
Porter, John T., 26 and 28 Lackawanna.
Rice, Levy & Co., 30 Lackawanna.
Firle, J. J., 427 Lackawanna.

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

HARDWARE.
Connell, W. P. & Sons, 118 Penn.
Foote & Shear Co., 119 N. Washington.
Hunt & Connell Co., 434 Lackawanna.

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING.
Gunster & Forsyth, 327 Penn.
Cowles, W. C., 1907 N. Main ave.

HARNESS AND SADDLERY HARDWARE.
Fritz, G. W., 410 Lackawanna.
Keller & Harris, 117 Penn.

HARNESS, TRUNKS, BUGGIES.
E. B. Houser, 133 N. Main avenue.

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

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTER.
Wm. Hay, 112 Linden.

HUMAN HAIR 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.

MILLINER.
Mrs. M. Saxe, 146 N. Main avenue.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.
Mrs. Bradley, 206 Adams, opp. Court House.

MILLINERY AND FURNISHING GOODS.
Brown's Bee Hive, 224 Lackawanna.

MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES.
Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 131 Wyo.

MODISTE AND DRESSMAKER.
Mrs. K. Walsh, 311 Spruce street.

MONUMENTAL WORKS.
Owens Bros., 218 Adams ave.

PANTS.
Great Atlantic 33 Pants Co., 319 Lackawana ave.

PAINTS AND SUPPLIES.
Jiencke & McKee, 306 Spruce street.

PAINTS AND WALL PAPER.
Winke, J. C., 315 Penn.

PAWNBROKER.
Green, Joseph, 107 Lackawanna.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
Stelle, J. Lawrence, 308 Spruce.

PHOTOGRAPHER.
H. S. Cramer, 311 Lackawanna ave.

PLUMBING AND HEATING.
Howley, P. F. & M. F., 231 Wyoming ave.

REAL ESTATE.
Horatio N. Patrick, 326 Washington.

RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, ETC.
Scranton Rubber Stamp Co., 538 Spruce street.

ROOFING.
National Roofing Co., 331 Washington.

SANITARY PLUMBING
W. A. Wiedebusch, 234 Washington ave.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS.
J. A. Barron, 215 Lackawanna and Priceburg.

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

TEA, COFFEE AND SPICE.
Grand Union Tea Co., 103 S. Main.

TRUSSES, BATTERIES, RUBBER GOODS
Benjamin & Benjamin, Franklin and Spruce.

UNDERTAKER AND LIVERY.
Raub, A. R., 425 Spruce.

UPHOLSTERER AND CARPET LAYER.
C. H. Hazlett, 226 Spruce street.

WALL PAPER, ETC.
Ford, W. M., 120 Penn.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
Rogers, A. E., 215 Lackawanna.

WINES AND LIQUORS.
Walsh, Edward J., 32 Lackawanna.

WIRE AND WIRE ROPE.
Washburn & Moen Mfg Co., 119 Franklin ave.