The Home Reading Circle

THE ACTOR'S DOUBLE.

festations at the Thirty-nine club, and retailing the usual second or thirdhand accounts of deceased ladies and third man, an ordinary, every day in-gentlemen showing themselves to their dividual, had not speken a word to gentlemen showing themselves to their

"It is strange the tricks which our Dr. Macpherson. "I remember once secing a ghost myself, and I can tell you that the sensation is a very curious one. It was a good many years ago, during my examination days, and I had been sitting up until the early hours 'cramming.' Everybody in the house had long since gone to bed, where I ought to have been myself, so I was rather surprised when I glanced up from my book to see somebody sitbeen a few moments before writing. I felt quite startled for an instant. until I recognized the intruder. He was a little hazy, but I could see plainly enough who he was."
"A dead relative?" asked Major Den-

nett, who was a firm believer in the good old-fashioned ghost. Macpherson answered in his peculiar-

No; it was myself. The appearance of seeing one's own ghost is not altogether unusual, I believe."

"Now, I do not think your experience was half so remarkable as one of mine," said Gilbert Dane, the wellknown actor and manager of the How- are related at all, for that happens ard theater, who happened to be there to be my name, and we seem to bear that night. Dane is not a member of a striking similarity to one another." the Thirty-nine, but had come with Macpherson Most of the brain specialist's friends are in the profession, a fact which is perhaps due to the year which he himself spent on the

stage as a young man. 'My story begins prosalcally," said the actor, when we begged to hear it. lost the latch-key with which I let myself into the theater, and took somebody else's to the locksmith's to have a duplicate made. I agreed to call for it the following morning, as was going up town for rehearsal. was living at Putnel then, and we were actively preparing a play which deserved a better fate than it received, is thought and preparation go for anything, for I came near making myself lif over it. I was feeling out of sorts on the morning that I had called for the latch key and when the locksmith swore positively that he had given me the thing already-that less than ten minutes previously I had come in for the key, paid for it, and taken it away with me, I will confess that I lost my temper and stormed at the fellow, but I could not get him to budge a line from his story. He seemed to have an idea that I was playing a practical joke, and the only result of my talking was that I nearly lost my train to Waterloo. It was moving when run for the only compartment of which

the floor was open, near the end of The compartment contained two other passengers, but if I glanced at them at all, I noticed nothing except trat each was pretty well hidden behind a daily paper. I had fortunately bought my own paper before calling at the locksmith's and speedily followed their example. So far, the story is painfully commonplace. Now comes the truly remarkable experience which has stamped the doings of that day indelibly on my memory.

The actor paused to strike a match and relight his cheroot, which he had allowed to go out, and we all watched him in silence, wondering what was coming. Macpherson only had the air of a man who had heard the story be-

"I had become rather interested in my paper," Dane went on, when the eigar was alight again, "and did not notice my companions talking, until one of them started telling an anecdote. Then it gradually dawned upon me that the story he was telling was one that I consider my own particular property, and when I listened it struck me that, the story was being told, not only in my exact words, but also in my own voice. They say that a man does not recognize his own voice-when he hears it in the phonograph, for instance; but that is possibly the fault of the phonograph, and, at any rate, I know that I recognized mine instant-

The story and the voice startled me and it is difficult to describe my feelings when I put down my paper to glance at the narrator." "It was yourself?" asked Major Den-

nett, excitedly, as the actor paused, and Dane nodded.

Yes, gentlemen, I saw seated at the other end of the compartment by the window, opposite his companion, a figure that was an exact fac simile of the reflection which I see in my glass every day when I have dressed for the part of a respectable citizen. It was myself, complete in every detail of face and attire."

"An optical delusion, I suppose?" suggested, and the actor shook his

"No, that was the first idea that occurred to my that I had been working and worrying too much over the new play, and my brain had played me a trick. The unconcerned way in which the third man glanced at me encouraged me in the belief, for the likeness, unless I was imagining it, was enough to attract instant attention. I won-

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

RED ROUGH HANDS Softened and Beautified by Curious Boar.

We were talking about spirit mani- dered whether there was actually man sitting and talking where I saw heard my fac simile: for him, and might, from his expression, have been listening to his anecdote or brains will sometimes play us," said simply thinking. I was relieved when he laughed at the point when 'my double,' as I began to call his companion, came to the joke of the story;

but when he opened his mouth it was only to increase the mystery of the affair, for it showed me that 'my double' possessed my name, as well as my voice, my dress, my face and fig-"I began to wonder then, not wheth or the man at the window was a realting at the table where I myself had ity, but whether I was reality myself,

and it really would not have surprised me if I had looked in a mirror at that moment and found it reflected back a face that was strange to me. strange how quickly a single phenome non will sometimes change all one's fixed opinions on the subject of the supernatural. I felt that I must speak to the men, if only to prove whether was avake or dreaming, and I seized the opportunity of introducing myself offered by hearing 'my double' called by my name. 'Excuse me,' I said, addressing him

but I heard your friend just now call you 'Mr. Dane,' I wonder whether we 'My double' turned and surveyed me through his single eyeglass in exactly the same manner as that with which I should have surveyed a

stranger who addressed me in the train. "I really do not know whether we are related, he said, in the voice I use when I wish to be slightly patronizing. I am Gilbert Dane, of the Howard theater,' and he actually handed me one of my own cards.

There was something in the substantial nature of the familiar bit of pasteboard that brought back a little of my common sense, and relieved me fron the state of stupefaction into which the phenomenon had driven me.

"'Come, this is a very clever trick, said, with a smile which, I am afraid was rather feeble. 'You have certainly succeeded in startling me. Now I should like your own card, so that I may know whom to congratulate on a very clever performance."

"And what did the Mystery do?" inquired, with interest, when the actor

"He did exactly what I should hav done if a stranger addressed me in the same manner. He became angry, and asked me what I meant, and whom I called myself.

"Well, until today I have been in the I reaching the platform, and I had to habit of calling myself Gilbert Dane, of the Howard Theater- I was beginning, keeping as cool as I could, when my double interrupted me, in a ton which I still recognized perfectly as my

"'Well, you had better not do so any more,' he said, sharply, 'or you will find yourself in the hands of the police. I se that you have been imitating my dress, too, which I cannot help, but the use of my name is another thing."

"We had just reached Vauxhall, our first stopping place, as he spoke, and a ticket collector, who knows me by sight came to the door. 'My double' caught

his eye first. "I wish you would tell this gentleman who I am,' he said, and the man an-

swered promptly. " 'Certainly, sir; you are Mr. Dane the actor.

"He looked startled when I asked the same question.

" I should call you a very good imita tion,' he said, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"This was becoming decidedly uncom fortable, and I began to wonder how I could prove to anybody that I was not a very good imitation of myself. The ticket collector's ready acceptance of my double as the real 'Mr. Dane showed me how helpless I should be in an appeal to any one who did not know me well. But I felt that it would not do for two Gilbert Danes to remain at large. The question which one was to surrender the title must be selected at once. It struck me that the easiest way to do it would be to go together to the theater and sumbit the question to the company assembled for the rehearsal. I suggested this course to my facsimile, and he surprised me by accepting it readily. 'I warn you that I shall detain you

when it is settled, and send for the police,' he said in my haughtiest voice "It was what I was intending to do The actor paused to light another

hereot

"And did you both go back?" someody asked. Dane nodded. "Yes, together. The third man left

us at Waterloo," he said. "You may not believe it, but I feel really uneasy as I approached the stage door, and the fact that I had no latch key to open it for myself seemed a calamity. My calmly produced his marched me into my own theatre with the air of a proprietor. Then he closed the door behind him, and changing his voice and manner, suddenly turned toward me and said quietly. 'And now, Mr. Dane, I will puzzle you no more, but apologize for giving you so much trouble, which I hope you will think repaid by the enjoyment of a unique ensation. The fact is that I am very anxious to go on the stage under your auspices, and I thought that this would be the best way to obtain an introduction to you, and at the same time show you a specimen of my acting in the part of your understudy. You will admit at least that I understand the art

'And you gave him an engagement, suppose?" I asked. "Yes; I have always regretted that he

of making up. Now, are you going to

give me an engagement-or to send for

threw it up before the year was up and returned to his former profession, that of a medical man."
"It was he, of course, who called for

the latchkey in the morning?" "Yes; he had been in the shop when ordered it, and the fact finally determined him to carry out the affair, which he had been pondering some

In one of the rooms of the new Corcor-"But he must have haunted you like "But he must have haunted you like a shadow before hand," put in Major Pope Leo XIII, and Andrew Carnegie are hung on a line together. All three are by

HOT WEATHER DYSPEPSIA.

sult was worth the trouble."

Macpherson, who had been sitting quietly in the background, surprised Thousands Suffer from It at This us by replying for his friend:
"Excuse me, Major," he said, " his Season of the Year.

and that, I should hardly think the re-

known ex-Commissioner of Patents But-

ularly.
"How did you happen to be on hand when he got licked," inquired the stran-

'Oh, I played with Ben, and I was gen

At this point in the conversation a friend of Maj. Butterworth joined the

company and called him by name. The stranger heard it, and, coming over to him, remarked:

"Being a Quaker, I thought the old man did wrong to lick Ben, but now I am satisfied the boy richly deserved it."

During Lord Rosebery's term as For-eign Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's last administration, he was often annoyed by an elderly female, who paid him daily visits to get his opinion on matters

no importance to him whatever.Fin-iy, becoming exasperated at the wo-

man, he gave the doorkeepers orders not

to admit her under any circumstances. However, not a day passed that she did

not make an effort to gain a hearing, and on an unusually late visit happened

"Very well, madam," said the urbane

Secretary of State, holding open the door of the vehicle for her, "I beg of you to get

Delighted to be invited to drive with a

important a personage, the talkative lady jumped into the carriage, Rosebery

fore she could expostulate, she heard him saying to the coachman:

"Take the lady wherever she wishes to

to, James, and then home."
Looking out of the window, the now

irate occupant saw her late victim step-ping into a cab.—Harper's Round Table.

While it is well known that Daniel

Webster, in speaking of Gen. Taylor's candidacy for the office of President, pro-

nounced it "a nomination not fit to be made," he never failed to do justice to

the General's military abilities and emi-nent service in the field.

crowds of people who daily beseiged him

domestic retirement, but still I to not

ral," Mr. Webster instantly replied.

nuch more surprising, considering its

ource, was one given by Mr. Webster hough the object of it was not presen

o hear. Some one was speaking of the emarkably beautiful eyes of a handsome

voman, and one young enthusiast said

They remind me, with their long, dark

yelashes, of artillery in ambuscade."
"They should rather be compared to

eat lightning," said another.
"Not so," put in Mr. Webster, with a

perfectly grave face, "for you must be aware, my dear sir, that heat lightning

The procecedings of the Royal Society

f London were not taken so seriously

hundred and fifty years ago as they are now. A sailor who had broken his leg

was advised to send to the Royal Society

an account of the remarkable manner in which he had healed the fracture. He

ild so. His story was that, having fractured his leg by falling from the top of

nast, he had dressed it with nothing but

iar and oakum, which had proved so wonderfully efficacious that in three days

ie was able to walk just as well as before

the accident. This remarkable story nat-urally caused some excitement among the

members of the society. No one had pre-viously suspected tar and oakum of pos-sessing such miraculous healing powers

The society wrote for further particulars

and doubted, indeed, whether the leg had been really fractured. The truth of this

and the humble sailor, who continued to

and with these two applications only. The society remained puzzled for an in-definite period had not the honest sallor

emarked in postscript to his last letter:

"I forgot to tell your honors that the eg was a wooden one."-Harper's Round

vices. The straight part of the stick represents me, and this branch is the Democratic party clinging to me." Somebody asked Mr. Allen how he stood

on the contest over the Democratic posi-tion in the House. "Oh, well," said he, "I haven't been registered yet, and I

think I am on both sides. It reminds me of a man is my county who was running

for the legislature. I met him one day

and said to him: 'Bob, how are you ge ting along with the Prohibitionists?' 'A

right,' said he. 'And how?' said I.' 'Well. said he, 'I drink with the liquor men and vote with the Prohibitionists.'"

The simple artlessness of the Irish buil

appears in these anecdotes, which Cardi-

and Manning used to tell: An Irish w iter, on being asked at what o'cle the first train left in the morning, swered, "You see, sir, the 7 o'clock crain now goes at 8 o'clock, so there isn't no first train at all."

"I got up at 7." said another Irishman,
"and thought it was 8, but on looking
at my watch I found it was 9."

who am riways so tochered when I have to write a letter."

That valet must have been nearly related to the Irishman who, having only one match to light his candle in the morning, struck it over night to make

sure it was a good one.

ever strikes! .- Youth's Companion,

compliment of another

gently closing the door on her, and be

usual quiet way, "but you r .e a mistake there. Any man would have been glad to give a hundred pounds Hot weather dyspepsia may be rec gnized by the following symptoms: Depression of spirits, heaviness and down for the engagement which Dane offered me straight away. It cost me pain ir. the stomach after meals, loss of flesh and appetite, no desire for food, less than flo for my clothes and about bad taste in the mouth, especially in a month of study, and my time was the morning, wind in stomach and not worth £90 a month then, or I bowels, irritable disposition, nervous should not have thought of giving up weakness, weariness, costiveness, headmedicine and taking to the stage." sche, palpitation, heartburn. It is a Herbert Flowerden, in the Pall Mall mistake to treat such troubles with "tonics," "blood purifiers," "cathar-"pills," because the whole trouble Stories Told is in the stomach. It is indigestion or

dyspepsia and nothing else. these symptoms rapidly disap-Of Famous Men. pear when the stomach is relieved, strengthened and cleansed by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They should be taken after meals and a few carried in About a year ago Mr. McKinley, Con missioner of Patents Butterworth, and one or two other gentlemen were traveling, the pocket to be used whenever any pain or distress is felt in the stomach and occupied the same smoking con , art-ment. The conversation turned o the patent office, and one of the grangers They are prepared only for stomach

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are er nquired whether any of the chers had lorsed by such physicians as Dr. Har andson, Dr. Jennison, and Dr. Mayer "Oh, yes," promptly replied Maj. But-terworth: "I knew Ben Butterworth when he was a boy. I have often seen his father give him a sound licking." because they contain the natural di gestive acids and fruit essences which vhen taken into the stomach cause the prompt digestion of the food before it But that can't be the one I mean; his has time to ferment and sour, which is father was a Quaker."
"Yen, ne was a Quaker. But I simply testify to what I have seen. I have frequently seen Ben get a licking. His father licked him once or twice a week regthe cause of the mischief.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are pleas ant to take and unequaled for invalids. children and every person afflicted with imperfect digestion. It is safe to say they will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, full sized packages at 0 cents. A book on stomach troubles and thousands of testimonials sent freby addressing Stuart Co., Marshall,

a famous artist, and they attract much attention. A prominent senator's wife was escorting a visitor from a distance through the gallery the other day, when as they started to go out, she remember d this room and halted.

"You haven't seen the three P's," she explained, and started back with her guest. Reaching the room she pointed o the portraits and remarked on their "The three P's," repeated the visitor.

'I don't understand. Oh, you mean the hree portraits." course not," said the senator' wife, "Don't you see? The president, the pope, and the plutocrat."—New York meet the secretary just as he was bout to enter his carriage, "Lord Rosebery," sold she, breathless-

When the Prince of Wales visited Canida thirty-seven years ego the lumber-men and raftsmen of the Ottawa valley presented to him an address which concluded with the words, "Long may you remain the Prince of Wales,"The lead-ng raftsman, Alan Mason, afterward explained to the prince that this doubtful compliment was no slip of the pen, as might be supposed. "We are perfectly satisfied with the queetn," he said, "and want her to remain on the throne as long as she can." The other day Mr. Mason wrote to the prince seminding bigs of wrote to the prince, reminding him of the incident, and has received the follow-ing reply: "His royal highness perfectly ombers the incident to which you re er. His royal highness greatly appre-lates and thanks you for your kind and oyal sentiments, and he will not fail to take them known to the queen."-Th Tribune.

The gatekeepers of the exposition have strict ideas of duty, which they carry out "to a T." Professor Barnard, the airship man, can testify to this, as he has had a When he made his first ascent several

On one occasion he paid the old soldier delicate and well-deserved compliment, en. Taylor was complaining of the weeks ago he got within eight miles of Nashville, when something gave out and e came to earth. He unjointed his maoon after his accession to the presichine and, packing it into a farm wagon drove to the centennial. He presente-"They interfere," he said, "with my official engagements and violate my mself confidently at the gate and wa opped by the guard.
"Where's your ticket? asked the guard. wish to turn my back upon my friends."
"You never did upon your enemies, gen-

"I don't/ need one," said Barnard, ve a pass."
'Well, where's that?"

"I haven't it with me; it's in my other lothes. You see, when I went up 'I--' "There's no use explaining; you'll have o get a pass."
"But you don't seem to know who
m. I am Barnard, the airship man.

went up from the grounds and left m pass on the inside." 'Why didn't you come down on the i ide? Then you wouldn't have had to suck against me," growled the guard. Despite the long argument which en-quea, Mr. Barnard was informed that he would either have to buy a ticket or climb sack on his wagen load of bamboo sticks and wait for some one to get his pass.

It is said that the little man was fur us, and threatened to use his airship ree of charge just to spite the guard.

Nashville letter to the Chicago Tribune. In his new lecture on the house of con mons Mr. Lucy tells how the late Mr. Biggar had the Prince of Wales and a select party of noble kirds turned out of the house. 'In some way or another,' Jaid Mr. Lucy, "Mr. Chaplin had insured the displeasure of Mr. Biggar, and the latter was not long in finding an order. the latter was not long in finding an op portunity of having his revenge. A few nights later there was down for discus ion business which had reference to th breeding of horses. Just before the mat-ter came on for discussion the Prince of Wales and a following of peers whose faces were well known at Epsom and Newmarket entered the house and took part of the story, however, was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Several letters pased between the Royal Society seats. Mr. Chaplin had not spoken more than half a dozen words when a shrill voice was heard calling the speaker's atassert most solemnly that his broken leg and been treated with tar and oakum. tention to the presence of strangers, For a moment the house sat in awful silence and then the speaker said: 'D I under stand the honorable member to persist in his reference to the presnee of strangers?" 'If you please, sir,' replied Mr. Biggar, with perfect gravity. There was nothing for it but to enforce the usual order and amid a freezing silence, the Prince of Wales, the German ambassador and some of the proudest peers of England were compelled to scuttle."—New York Trib-Private John Allen, of Mississippi, carries a new cane. It is a straight stick with a long and fiexible branch twisted around it. "This stick," says Mr. Allen, "came from the grave of George Washington, and was given to me because I embody all of bis virtues and none of his vices. The straight part of the stick vices. The straight part of the stick

Senator Caffrey is very proud of the length and breadth of the Mississipp riven when it confines itself to its picture frame; Senator Aldrich is fond of des canting on the great "Commonwealth sovereign State" of Rhode Island. other day the heavy downpour and the closeness of the atmosphere in the Rhode Island senator's committee room evolved ome marvelous tales about trout. Sens tor Caffrey spoke of a superlative catchin which he estimated his fish at --ound. Mr. Aldrich went him one bette by putting a certain catch of his down at 41 inches long.

"Where did you catch them?" inquired enator Caffrey, dublously, "In Rhode Island." "Hm!" said Senator Caffrey; "there sn't a river in the state long enough to produce such a fish.

One day the late Daniel W. Voorhee was arguing a case before an Indiana court and was displeased with a ruling. He expressed himself as astonished that man with so limited a knowledge of the law should have ever succeeded so far in beguiling his fellow citizens as to secure heir co mission to sit on a bench for the

An Irish valet, seeing his master fill and waste paper basket with torn-up letters exclaimed, ruefully, "Oh, why did you go for to tear them up? They might have come in so useful for me, rial of causes.
"The court will fine you \$10 for con-empt of court, Mr. Voorhees," said the jurist.
Mr. Voorhees' retort was quick an who am riways so bothered when I have

crushing.
"May it please the court, your honor will have to name a sum far in excess of that if the court wishes to make the fine at all commensurate with the degree of

To be a perfect story it should stor right here. But in the cause of truth it must be recorded that Mr. Voorhees late: apologized and the fine was remitted.

There is an old story of Tom Marshall,

Kentucky, and a fine for contempt It seems the famous lawyer was arguing a case when he was interrupted by the court with the statement that he had unfairly presented the evidence, Marshall of the fairest of men, and or

"It is an outrage!" he cried. "The court has no right to tell me I have perverted evidence."
"Record a fine of \$10 against Mr. Mar-

shall for contempt of court, Mr. Clerk," said the judge." Mr. Marshall promptly borrowed a tendollar bill from one of his brethren of the bar, paid the fine, and then proceeded with his argument us calmly as if he had never been in the least ruffled,

Two lawyers named Brown and Wisc who practiced in a rural county of this state, were quarreling for years. In the county town lived a widow named Bramble, who was not precisely in the class with Ceasar's wife, but who was still ad-mitted to the good circles of the place. She was a clever woman and beautiful, and she had so fascinated Lawyer Wise that he paid her fervid court—not dropping her even when the matrons of th town found they could not well receive her any more, because of the persistent talk against her. What aggravated the case was that Mrs. Bramble was as regardless of the centiment of the town as she was of the wind's direction.

One day Brown, the lawyer with whom the gay Lothario was perpetually quar-relling, wrote and printed in the local pa-per the following lines: There was a man in our town, and he

was wondrous wise; He jumped into a Bramble bush, although

it cost his eyes.
While people were laughing about it the judicial convention came along and Wise was nominated for the bench. Ho was elected, and about the first thing he did after taking his official position was to marry the pretty widow Bramble. The next morning the following quat rain was found pasted on the bulletin board at the door of the court house, where notices of sheriff's sales and such

things were usually posted: And when he found his eyes were out He laughed with might and main,

And picked the pretty Bramble up And started on again. And for that Brown was fined for cor tempt of court. Mr. Brown was just auf-ficiently appreciative of a good joke to pay the fine and let the whole matter

Out in Kansas there used to be an editor of a weekly paper whose name need not be mentioned. He had a quarrel with Judge William Campbell, of the district court of the state, and invariably re-ferred to the court as "bilcamil." He was so persistent with the warfare that friends of the court often urged the em-ployment of a contempt proceeding. But Judge Campbell let the whole matter go until one Saturday night when he me the editor in the postoffice, unexpectedly and before he had time to put his emo ions under centrol he had hammered th editor into a state of permanent and life ong respect.

TRUE COURAGE, THEIRS. Stories of Brave Surgeons Who Nobl

Did Their Duty. the Philadelphia Times. Persons who glorify military operado not always stop to think that they could scarcely be under-taken without the aid of the medical Here are men who must be con sulted at every turn; who constantly suffer toil and anxiety in order to keep the troops at their fighting best, and who, in the day of action, risk their lives as truly as if they were heading column. Blackwood's tells the story of the English surgeon who was mor tally wounded at Maujba Hill, and who yet performed an act worthy to be mated with that of Sir Phillip Sid-

pey on the field of Zutphen. The agony of death was closing in upon him. He had succumbed to his own hurt and weakness, but just at that moment he heard a wounded man shricking in an extremity of pain. That was enough, and he crawled to th spot where the soldier lay, gave hir an injection of morphine and died. During the Ashanti war in 1874, th English force was hotly engaged at Amoaful, and one regiment was gallantly making its way through the bush. Several men had fallen and ev ery surgeon connected with the fighting line was fully occupied, when sud denly two Highlanders appeared, bear ing between them a gallant old of-ficer who had been shot in the neck. The arterial blood was spurting like a fountain from the wound, and the principal medical officer at once recognized the danger of the case,

said he coolly, "he will be dead in five minutes." And though they were at the momen In an open space exposed to almost inevitable death, he stopped short and applied himself to his task. He extemporized a support for the poor fellow's head and laid him down. Then, while the ugly "phit! phit!" of bullets sounded about them, he tied the carotid artery with as steady a hand and as unshaken nerve as if he had

"If that man is not attended to,

been in an operating room, One brave man had done his duty with the simplicity of true heroism and another brave man had been saved for the service of his country.



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Tale of Suffering and Subsequent Relief.

From the Press, Columbus, Ohio.

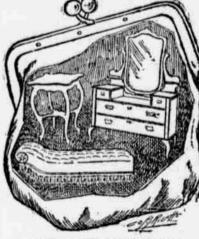
One of the many persons in Columbus, Ohio, who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is Miss Jerusha McKinney, of 50 South Centre Street. Miss McKinney, of 50 South Centre Street. Miss McKinney is well and favorably known, especially in educational circles, as she has been for a number of years a faithful and progressive school teacher.

For some time she has been very ill and the sufferings and tortures endured by her from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Cale the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about ready to refuse the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about tready to refuse the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about ready to refuse the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about ready to refuse the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about ready to refuse the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about ready to refuse the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about ready to refuse the whole box daad been taken my health was so much improved that I was about the proper of the most provided with his request. She said:

"The first indication that I had that anything was radically wrong with me was about three years ago. I suffered the most excruciating pains in different parts of my body and was almost crazed at times. My sleep was disturbed by horrible dreams and I had begun to waste away to almost a shadow. To add to my other afflictions the malady assumed a catarrhal turn and I was soon a victim to that horrible as well as disagnating disease. I consulted the family physician who gave me some kind of an optimal physician who gave me some kind of an optimal physician who gave me some kind of an optimal physician who gave me some kind of an optimal physician who gave me some kind of an optimal physician who gave men some kind of an optimal phy

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