

# The Home Reading Circle

## A FALSE CONCLUSION.

"I envy you, Camilla, more than any woman in the world."  
 "What I have had my troubles, Polly," Camilla replied.  
 Mrs. Bellairs shook her head. "Nothing to speak of, surely."  
 "Well, you know, marrying poor, dear Philip when I was not the least in love with him. Mother insisted, and after all, it turned out for the best. He formed-in fact, he cultivated me, turned me from a raw school girl into a femme du monde, and left me a free woman before my hair was gray. It keeps its color well, don't you think?"  
 "Your hair is still yellow naturally. Though four years a widow you are only five and twenty."  
 "O, don't say 'yellow'-such a delectable color, like a canary-suggestive of a henky nose and sallow cheeks!" protested Camilla.  
 "But you were speaking of your husband."  
 "Yes-poor Philip. He always told me he was consumptive in earlier days, as an inducement to marry him."  
 "Camilla hated herself as she spoke-It was a way she had drifted into under Mrs. Bellairs' influence. Her friend seemed to expect frivolity from her, and smiled appreciatively.  
 "Ah, Camilla, you have everything-youth, health, independence. You are not even burdened with a family, and certainly make the most of life. But sometimes, dear, I think, you know, you are just a little-too-well, too unconventional."  
 "Indeed! Do tell me of my indiscretions; it would be so very interesting." Camilla clasped her hands and tried not to smile.  
 "They are hardly worthy mentioning. I was only thinking of Mr. Wilson."  
 "Mr. Wilson not worth mentioning? Polly. I cannot let you insult my friends."  
 "You know what I mean," murmured Mrs. Bellairs, lowering her voice confidentially. "Six waltzes running, and then a cozy corner for the rest of the evening."  
 "But I went to supper with Mr. Norris."  
 "And ate half a sandwich before running away. Yes, he told me about it afterwards. Of course it is quite excusable that you should like Mr. Wilson, a most attractive man; but his reputation-"  
 "What about his reputation?"  
 "I never care to repeat scandal, but-"  
 "O, stop! I know you are going to tell me something horrid, and I would rather not hear. I wish so many nice people had not had reputations. I am expecting him to tea this afternoon-perhaps you will not care to meet him."  
 "Thanks, dear"-kissing Camilla affectionately-"I always take a hint; it is one of my best qualities."  
 "No, Polly, no; I really did not mean-"  
 But Mrs. Bellairs was already half way down the stairs, confronting Mr. Wilson.  
 "I am almost tempted to stay," she said, shaking her hands; "but an appointment with my dentist."  
 The hall door closed and Camilla found herself alone in the drawing room with Mr. Wilson.  
 "I am glad you have come," she said.  
 "Are you?" he answered. "I almost wish that you were sorry."  
 "Why?"  
 "Because I am going away, and I do not want you to miss me. Camilla, you have made me the happiest man; give me if I should you, but you are the only woman I have ever respected. Nothing evil can touch you. I wish I were more worthy of your friendship."  
 A strange thrill of wonder and joy passed through Camilla. She felt instinctively that over this man at least she had an influence for good, that with him she escaped from the frivolous side of her nature to her real-her better self.  
 "No," she said, "I am not good; but sometimes I feel that it is in me to be good if I would only try myself-give myself the chance. I am so fond of the world and the world's amusements-all my time is taken up with pleasure; and I am not tired yet-not blasé. But lately I have been thinking. My idea may be foolish, and you will call it fastidious, and you will say I am in earnest."  
 "You look sincere," he answered. "I think I shall believe you."  
 "I want to enjoy my life in my own set, among my own people, and I find I cannot do this with a clear conscience; so I have made a resolve, and a very difficult one. I am going to give one year out of my life to God."  
 "How shall you do that-what plan have you formed?"  
 "A simple and at the same time a hard plan. None of my friends is to know where I am or where I go. I just intend to vanish off the face of the earth for 12 months' hard labor. All my little vanities, my extravagances, must be given up, buried, forgotten. One half of London does not care to learn or know how the other half lives. I am going to find out for myself, to settle in the very heart of the East End, dressed as a Sister of Charity, to live and work as such. You made me think of it by saying I had influenced you for good."  
 "I know-I feel that I can influence people, and I have always used this power for purely selfish motives. Now, I am going to try to exert it over poor,

tempted, wretched creatures, to give myself a wider field.  
 A bed sitting room in a cheap lodging, the July sun creeping through a small window, and the rug of Camilla's evening by a deal table.  
 "So it's 'yes,'" she said, with a sigh of relief, "the long, hard year."  
 She folded her letter and added it to a pile at her side.  
 "How strange to be picking up the threads just where I dropped them a year ago. I wonder if I have really been missed-I wonder if my disappearance made any difference to anybody?"  
 She thought over the last twelve months contrasting them with the rest of her life, and as she meditated saw again incident upon incident pass, picture-like, before her eyes.  
 The first difficult struggle, when the absence of little comforts seemed almost like the resting of body and soul, and then the rush of active work among a class of busy workers-morning, noon, night, every hour needed, every minute of importance. The delight, too, of finding herself a power by means of the money she had hitherto spent in the world of fashion, to do about doing good. She remembered the fatigue and horror she experienced when first visiting the squalid scenes where the field of her labors lay. Then a smile, when lives brightened, and men and women seemed happier for her presence; and, last of all, the forgetfulness of self which molded her character and turned her from a butterfly into a woman.  
 But now, stifled by the heat of the slums, and yet with the keen appreciation for enjoyment still flowing through her veins, she was to return to the old life and the pleasurable ways.  
 The pretty house in Wimpole street was to be opened out again for two or three weeks of the heating season, and Camilla would return to the bosom of her friends, to bloom again in the flower-garden of her own world.  
 She got up and moved about the narrow room with light tread and dancing eyes; she laughed aloud at her thoughts; she clasped her hands over her heart, marveling at its rapid beating.  
 "I shall go as I came," she said, "without a word of good-bye to any one. Tomorrow I shall drive away vanishing! I shall hate to be thanked, to listen to gratitude or blessings-it would make me feel a brute for going. I stepped out of my own groove, and I must get back again. The children here call me 'the good fairy'-I will keep up the mystery to the end."  
 Camilla was resting on the sofa, trying to read a novel, when Mrs. Bellairs was announced.  
 She sprang up with a cry of pleasure, and flung her arms around the visitor's neck.  
 "O, Polly, dear," this is nice seeing you again."  
 Mrs. Bellairs disentangled herself from the embrace, greeting Camilla less cordially.  
 "You were lying down, were you not?" she said. "I am afraid that I disturbed you."  
 "I have a headache, but you will take it away. I have so much to talk about I do not know where to begin."  
 Camilla drew a chair forward as she spoke.  
 "What gave you a headache-heat?"  
 "No worry," she said. "Polly, what does it all mean? I've been away only a year, and yet I seem to have lost touch with everybody. Why do people look at me coldly? Ah, I have noticed it, you need not shake your head. Why do they avoid me, as if I were a criminal? Our lives are our own, to do as we please with. One would almost imagine, because I have chosen to absent myself, to go into retirement for a year, that people thought-"  
 But Camilla broke off, as if her sentences were not worth finishing any more.  
 "Well, dear, people will think, and people will talk-there is no stopping them. Your conduct was certainly strange, and, if innocent, misleading."  
 Camilla sprang to her feet, her color making in her cheeks, lips quivering, eyes flashing.  
 "What are you daring to insinuate?" she asked.  
 "I insinuate nothing. What have you to say for yourself?"  
 The retort staggered Camilla. "To say for myself?" she asked.  
 "Yes, to repudiate the scandal." "I don't understand." Her face turned pale.  
 "It is very simple. Last summer your name, unfortunately, was coupled with a certain Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Bellairs, eyeing Camilla sternly; "he went away, you went away-no one knew you were going; he has just returned, you have just returned-in the meanwhile your hiding-place has been kept secret. We may open our eyes, we may look at you as we please, but we do not condemn you, Camilla, because."  
 "Enough! I have been insulted sufficiently. Listen," and a hard laugh broke from her; "I will satisfy your curiosity. While society has been spreading its vile slanders I have been working, slaving, month after month, in the poorest parish in the East End of London. I need not trouble you with details, why I did it, my motives, or what I gained. I think it has taught

me to despise you all. I hope it has." Her voice broke. She turned away.  
 "You a charity worker! My poor Camilla, do not pray, expect us to believe that! For heaven's sake, try and think of something more reasonable."  
 Mrs. Bellairs moved slowly to the door. Camilla faced her defiantly, and tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She was choking, suffocating with indignation. The door opened and closed again. Mrs. Bellairs had gone.  
 The room swam round. Camilla staggered back to the sofa. "O God, to be so misjudged!"-The Sketch.

### FASHIONS AT SARATOGA.

Morning Dresses--Chateaines--Negligé Costumes--Afternoon Display. Batistes--An Evening Dress.

#### Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Saratoga, N. Y., July 16.-The ever-changing panorama of Saratoga life interests the new-comer, or any one fond of noise and confusion; the observation of people, from the stately toilettes affording much amusement to those interested in such matters. Breakfast dresses are comparatively simple-pretty lawns, white plaques, the linen crashes, oftentimes having the jacket lined with blue which shows as the revers turns back. Light-weight wool suits, too, with an Eton or blazer jacket on cool mornings (preferably the latter) and a blue checked or striped, or plaited Liberty silk, or tulle, for the afternoon, are inevitable independent skirt and waist (the arch-enemy to suits) the latter of organdie, lawn, lappet, diamond, green over a color, changeable silk, checked or striped silk, or as a chance white embroidered yokes over a plain dress.

#### VERY HANDSOME.

Large, French gilt enameled chateaines, attached to one side of the waist are a very pretty addition to a plain skirt, and from the clasp hang by separate chains, a tablet, pencil, bon-bon box, mirror, book, or other articles. A change is not unrequitedly made in these articles, as a pen-knife, pen-case, box, court-plaster case or stamp box, may be substituted, and any or all of them are often worn by bicycle riders.

#### EARLY AFTERNOON.

In the lazy part of the day at Saratoga; children play under the trees; lovers seek quiet nooks to talk the "old, old story," and matrons sitting on the hotel verandas discuss various subjects besides fashion, their conversation naturally recurring to the wonderful benefits derived from a new food product, Somatose; which in the shape of albuminous principles of meat in a form most favorable for immediate absorption is to be no condition of exhaustion consequent upon disease, to which Somatose is not applicable, particularly in the case of very young children, or those whose appetite has failed completely, and as this valuable tonic is easily dissolved in milk, tea or water, the patient need not be under an influence of administration. Somatose is especially valuable in maintaining the strength of young mothers, with nursing children.

#### HANDSOME AFTERNOON COSTUMES.

begin to appear towards four o'clock, when gay parties go to Saratoga lake or elsewhere, in a beautiful dress worn by a rosy young woman, was of plaited gray grenadine over gray silk with a yellow silk waist, and a wide black accordeon plaited chiffon scarf almost covered the back, and was brought over the arms up to the bust and tied there with a large bow and ends. A black chiffon scarf with black ends was fastened at the back and black chiffon sleeves were gathered over yellow silk, in Bernhardt style, finished by pearl gray gloves. The hat was a yellow rose straw, trimmed with six gray and black roses, and five or six yellow roses nestled under the brim. A parasol of plaited yellow Liberty silk, edged by a black chiffon ruffle, completed an extremely delicate and refined costume.

#### A BEAUTIFUL EVENING DRESS.

made for a prominent society belle, was of substantial white silk, with a ruffle around the lower edge of the skirt. An upper skirt of white (open meshed) lace had three wide lace flounces, the two upper ones drooping at the front and high at the back. Between these lace flounces were two narrow white net ruffles, edged by white Liberty silk plaiting, headed by plain batiste. The slip, one ruffle falling just a little above the other. The net corsage was a very low round neck, drawn full over white silk and a lace bertha was draped around the shoulders, forming the sleeve at the same time. An elegant white silk sash tied at the back gave completion to one of the most lovely costumes of the season.

#### THE JOKE RILED HIM.

And He Didn't Want the Editor to Win Appreciation in His Family. From the Detroit Free Press.

"Funny thing," laughed the jovial promoter, who was entertaining some of his prospective victims at the cafe. "The maddest man I ever saw was that same smooth-voiced old gentleman that just left us. When I first went to

the Northwest it was as a boomer, and the syndicate I was operating for set me up in the newspaper business. The primary purpose was to attract settlers, sell land and give the friends of my people political control; but to get circulation I had to interest readers all over the country. One scheme in this direction was to run the spiciest personal column that I could put up. There wasn't a man who came to this place that I didn't give a send-off to attract general attention. I wasn't embarrassed by any regard for the facts and avoided unpleasant consequences by using fictitious names or initials.

"One day the same old gentleman dropped down in our midst. It must have been twenty years ago. I pictured him as an idiot, a youth of the courtliest manners and most magnetic qualities. A week later he came into my little office with a look that would cause the average man to take to his heels. His face was colorless and drawn. His eyes glittered and he ground his teeth when he was not talking. He spread a letter in front of me, and then paced the floor. It was a dainty little missive, with the faint odor of violets. It told what the fair writer had read in my paper and how it had filled her with a desire to know such a manly paragon. She sought a correspondence, and asked for a picture. I began to laugh and chaff in order to satisfy my caller. But he furnished the letter in my hand, hit the table with the heel of his shoe, and the writer of that is my daughter, sir!"

#### HELPED WIFE TO A DIVORCE.

An Indiana Lawyer Whose Chivalry Was Always on Tap. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I see by the papers that a St. Louis man has sued himself in a business controversy," said James D. Bothwell, of Vincennes, Ind., yesterday at the club. "This may be a strange incident, but I know of a case that beats it." "Down in my section of the country there is a prosperous young lawyer. When he was a student he fell in love with one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. She is the daughter of a wealthy gentleman, and, although the lawyer had brilliant prospects, the young lady's parents discouraged the match, because, to tell the truth, the girl was in love with the young man. But in spite of parental opposition the couple were married. For awhile everything went well, but the old grudge against the young man still rankled in the minds of the parents, and matters became so desperate with the young husband that he went away. When he returned he found that his wife had sued him for divorce. It was the culmination of her parents' hatred for him. The husband saw the petition and immediately found that it was deficient. He called on his wife, and there was a long interview, during which the matter of the petition came up. He said that his wife was under an influence that had made her determined, so he decided to be manly. 'My dear,' he said, 'you cannot get a divorce on this petition. It is faulty. No court in the world would receive such a plea. Let me help you out, if the woman has set to work and drew up another petition. In it he made himself defendant. It was on this petition that his wife was divorced from him. The divorce broke the hearts of both and they are now living most wretched lives. They love each other, and if the woman has one consolation, it is that her former husband is prospering and growing constantly in affluence and ability. I believe that this couple will be reunited. The young man deserves the fault that his beautiful former wife still bears for him.'

### PAPER DRINKING CUP.

#### A Sanitary Idea with the Advantage of Economy.

A paper manufacturer of Elberfeld, Germany, has recently patented quite a novelty, which has a great future, particularly for advertising purposes. It is a substitute for a drinking glass and may best be styled a cup made of paper. The idea is well executed. The drinking cup is so small that it may be carried in the pocketbook, and it enables the traveler on foot or on a wheel to always have his own clean drinking glass. It is so cheap that it may be thrown away after having been used but once, or when it has served its purpose. These paper drinking cups are of a strong yellow paper, provided with a leather-like surface, and are absolutely water-tight. The outer surface may, of course, be used for advertisements, and while advertisements given away in this shape will probably be of much value, the cost is little more than if the same advertisement had been printed on plain paper. The new cup is also made square and with a cover to admit the selling of ice cream, etc., the boxes being folded away into a minimal space until used.

#### Something Similar.

From the Indianapolis Journal. "Last night I dreamed I was dead," said the drummer from Indianapolis. "And the best woker you up," the drummer hastened to ask. "Pretty much the same thing as what you imply. The brakenian was calling out 'Chicago!'"

#### MAIL OF THE UNPAID TAILOR.

A prominent, distinguished, and a most successful tailor I. With much more than the usual share of fashionable trade. But though at wayside fortune's rule no sour, dyspeptic railer I. It's hard to view with pleasure vast bills that remain unpaid. My customers dislike to settle up-they hate to pay at all-Though when a man owes money, it has always seemed to me, To dodge a tradesman in that fashion's certainly no way at all; It all depends upon the point of view I'm forced to see.

To collect, try as I will, I am sure to find out still, Each customer a strong objection has to pay his bill; He thinks it best of fun Up ten years' bill to run, Paying not the least attention to a letter or a dun.

I've known a man to yearly give away large sums to charity, To patronize with eagerness a most Quixotic scheme; Yet never settle small accounts-just notice Of all debtors' vagaries that surely is the cream. He'd keep a fine establishment and live with great persistency Beyond his income in a manner that was rather rash; But to avoid his bill he'd go a-yachting to a distant sea. And cable me that I might whistle for the blooming cash!

For to pay what one may owe Is the worst of form, and so Each customer a strong objection has to pay his bill; He thinks it best of fun Up ten years' bill to run, Paying not the least attention to a letter or a dun.

### LADIES DO YOU KNOW

DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S Steel & Penroyal French safe and reliable core on the market. Price, \$1.00; sent by mail for 10c. Sold only by Wm. G. Clark, 256 Penn. Ave., Scranton, Pa.

### Hotels and Summer Resorts.

**FERN HALL,** CRYSTAL LAKE, PA.  
 The opening of this famous resort under new management will take place early in June. Situated in the southern corner of Susquehanna county on the shores of beautiful Crystal Lake, Fern Hall is one of the most attractive places in the State of Pennsylvania to spend a few weeks during the heated term. Every facility is afforded for the entertainment of its guests.

**HOTEL LE CHEVALIER** Ocean Grove, N. J.  
 Offers you a special low rate of **One Dollar Per Day**

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 Near the Beach and Promenade. All conveniences and comforts for permanent and transient guests. Excellent table, the best beds, and most approved sanitary equipment. For particulars, etc., address G. W. MATTHEWS, Owner and Manager.

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 Broadway. Noted for two things, COMFORT AND CUISINE. First-class rooms at \$1.00 a day and upward, on the European plan.

**Pure Mountain Air,** Beautiful Scenery, Cuisine Unsurpassed.  
 the table being supplied from Fern Hall farm. Postal Telegraph and Long Distance Telephone service in the hotel. Tally-Ho coaches make two trips daily from Carbondale.

Write for Terms, Etc., to **C. E. ATWOOD, MANAGER,** Crystal Lake, Dundaff, Pa.

**THE MURRAY HILL** MURRAY HILL PARK, THOUSAND ISLANDS.  
 The best located and best furnished hotel on the St. Lawrence river. Accommodations for 300 guests. Opens June 25th, 1897. F. R. WHITE, Prop.

**SPRING HOUSE,** Heart Lake, Pa. U. E. Crofut, Prop.

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 AMERICAN PLAN, \$3.50 Per Day and Upwards. EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.50 Per Day and Upwards. GEO. MURRAY, Proprietor.

**WILLIAM TAYLOR AND SON**

# AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK. I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President. March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M. D.

**Do Not Be Deceived.** Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know. "The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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 Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.  
 THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### Directory of Wholesale and Retail CITY AND SUBURBAN REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS HOUSES.

- ART STUDIO.** F. Santee 638 Spruce.
- ATHLETIC AND DAILY PAPERS.** Reisman & Solomon, 103 Wyoming ave.
- ATHLETIC GOODS AND BICYCLES.** C. M. Florey, 222 Wyoming ave.
- AWNINGS AND RUBBER GOODS.** S. A. Crosby, 221 Lackawanna ave.
- BANKS.** Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Co., Merchants and Bankers', 425 Lacka. Traders' National, cor. Wyoming and Spruce. West Side Bank, 109 N. Main. Scranton Savings, 122 Wyoming.
- BEDDING, CARPET CLEANING, ETC.** The Scranton Bedding Co., Lackawanna.
- BREWERS.** Robinson, E. Sons, 435 N. Seventh. Robinson, Mina, Cedar, cor. Alder.
- BICYCLES, GUNS, ETC.** Parker, E. R., 231 Spruce.
- BICYCLE LIVERY.** City Bicycle Livery, 129 Franklin.
- BICYCLE REPAIRS, ETC.** Bittenbender & Co., 513 1/2 Spruce street.
- BOOTS AND SHOES.** Goldsmith Bros., 304 Lackawanna. Goodman's Shoe Store, 432 Lackawanna.
- BROKER AND JEWELER.** Radin Bros., 133 Penn.
- CANDY MANUFACTURER.** Scranton Candy Co., 22 Lackawanna.
- CARPETS AND WALL PAPER.** Ingalls, J. Scott, 413 Lackawanna.
- CARRIAGES AND HARNESS.** Simwell, V. A., 515 Linden.
- CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.** Blume, Wm. & Son, 322 Spruce.
- CATERER.** Huntington, J. C., 308 N. Washington.
- CHINA AND GLASSWARE.** Rupperecht, Louis, 221 Penn. ave.
- CIGAR MANUFACTURER.** J. P. Fiore, 222 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.** Cary's Dining Room, 505 Linden.
- DRY GOODS.** The Fashion, 308 Lackawanna avenue. Kelly & Healy, 30 Lackawanna. Finley, P. B., 210 Lackawanna.
- DRY GOODS, SHOES, HARDWARE, ETC.** Mulley, Ambrose, triple stores, Providence.
- DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS.** Kresky, E. H. & Co., 114 S. Main.
- DRUGGISTS.** McGarrath & Thomas, 509 Lackawanna. Lorentz, C., 413 Lacka., Linden & Wash. Brees, W. S., Main and Market. Davies, John J., 195 S. Main.
- ENGINES AND BOILERS.** Dickson Manufacturing Co.
- FINE MERCHANT TAILORING.** W. J. Roberts, 129 N. Main ave. W. J. Davis, 215 Lackawanna. Eric Audren, 119 S. Main ave.
- FLORAL DESIGNS.** Clark, O. R. & Co., 201 Washington.
- FLOUR, BUTTER, EGGS, ETC.** The T. H. Watts Co., Ltd., 723 W. Lacka. Babcock G. J. & Co., 115 Franklin.
- FLOUR, FEED AND GRAIN.** Matthews C. P. Sons & Co., 34 Lacka. The Weston Mill Co., 47-49 Lackawanna.
- FRUITS AND PRODUCE.** Dale & Stevens, 77 Lackawanna. Cleveland, A. S., 11 Lackawanna.
- FURNISHED ROOMS.** Union House, 215 Lackawanna.
- FURNITURE.** Hill & Connell, 122 Washington. Barbour's Home Credit House, 225 Lacka.
- GROCERS.** Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna. Magrath & Connell, Franklin avenue. Porter, John T., 26 and 28 Lackawanna. Rice, Levy & Co., 30 Lackawanna. Fieis, J. J., 427 Lackawanna.
- GENERAL MERCHANDISE.** Osterhout, N. P., 110 W. Market. Jordan, James, Olyphant. Bechtold, E. J., Olyphant.
- HARDWARE.** Connell, W. F. & Sons, 115 Penn. Foots & Bear Co., 119 N. Washington. Hunt & Connell Co., 434 Lackawanna.
- HAIRDRESSING AND PLUMBING.** Gunter & Forsyth, 277 Penn. Cowles, W. C., 1507 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, 815 Lacka.
- MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, ETC.** Scranton Dairy Co., Penn and Linden. Stone Bros., 305 Spruce.
- MILLINER.** Mrs. M. Saxe, 145 N. Main avenue.
- MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.** Mrs. Bradley, 296 Adams, opp. Court House.
- MILLINERY AND FURNISHING GOODS.** Brown's Bee Hive, 221 Lackawanna.
- MINE AND MILL SUPPLIES.** Scranton Supply and Mach. Co., 121 Wyo.
- MODISTE AND DRESSMAKER.** Mrs. K. Walsh, 311 Spruce street.
- MONUMENTAL WORKS.** Owens Bros., 215 Adams ave.
- PANTS.** Great Atlantic & Pacific Co., 219 Lacka. Wana ave.
- PAINTS AND SUPPLIES.** Jencke & McKee, 306 Spruce street.
- PAINTS AND WALL PAPER.** Winke, J. C., 215 Penn.
- PAWN BROKER.** Green, Joseph, 107 Lackawanna.
- PIANOS AND ORGANS.** Stelle, J. Lawrence, 308 Spruce.
- PHOTOGRAPHER.** H. S. Cramer, 211 Lackawanna ave.
- PLUMBING AND HEATING.** Howley, P. F. & M. F., 221 Wyoming ave.
- REAL ESTATE.** Horatio N. Patrick, 226 Washington.
- RUBBER STAMPS, STENCILS, ETC.** Scranton Rubber Stamp Co., 533 Spruce street.
- ROOFING.** National Roofing Co., 321 Washington.
- SANITARY PLUMBING.** W. A. Wiedebusch, 234 Washington ave.
- STEAMSHIP TICKETS.** J. A. Barron, 215 Lackawanna and Priebrigg.
- 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, 229 Spruce street.
- WALL PAPER, ETC.** Ford, W. M., 125 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., 115 Franklin ave.

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 Washing Powder  
 Dirty's Worst Enemy!  
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