HOW HE WON HER.

~~~~~~~~~~<del>\*</del>

The poor tutor was alone with her; | cross today-I tomorrow," she said in and though it was in the days when men fought hard battles even against their own kinsmen, if they so thought it was for the right, his heart throbbed just as the tutor's heart might throb today with the difference that he had not learned to count its beats, as our enamored youth, 200 years wiser, have learned to do, in a self-controlled manner eminently conducive to the steadying of that obstreperous organ.

What mattered the great insurrection, the cruelties of Judge Jeffries, and a fugitive patron, with a price upon his head when Love had sought shelter in his heart, and she to whom he had built a shrine was just as far away from him as the width of the

Of what consequence that she was the Lady Gertrude, the daughter of a noble conspirator, and he but a tutor without land or wealth! So he continued his story, looking at his book, as if he were reading therefrom.

"And the poor man loved the rich lady, and he dared not tell her of his love, lest she would scorn him." "Then surely he was fearful at a

nothing, which methinks means he was a coward, Master Humphrey." 'A coward, if 'twere cowardly to

fear the anger of his lady-" "Why should be expect such anger?" "He had naught to offer her but his

"Love were wealth enough! But I am tired of your story. 'Tis not so good as you are wont to tell, Master Humphrey, and 'tis our last lesson," she added very gently.

'You will not miss the lessons?" "No, not my lessons, only the stories -I have loved some of them."

And she moved restlessly in her seat as if she would say more, yet could not find the words.

"But surely my father should be here even now." she murmured at last, The poor tutor turned pale, "You will go with him to Holland?" he said.

"It would be too great a risk to accompany him, but I follow tomorrow, if all succeeds as we have planned. Ah, if they should take him. They have killed the duke. Why are they not satisfled? Poor Monmouth!" "They will not take him!"

'Now at the last moment I am terrified lest things should not go well. Look at the time! He may be here at any moment. Indeed, he should be Then Lady Gertrude rose hastily and

stood-tall even as the young tutor, by her side-with a look of eager impatience on her fair face. "Not yet come, I think," he said. "To

cross the marshes on foot needs indeed an hour." So they stood irresolute, each with

hearts for one another and thoughts for the absent fugitive. "There are learned men in Holland, I am told," stammered the young man,

irrelevantly. "It is so rumored; yet not more than that, there would still be room for another, I am sure, Master Mumphrey!"

Which pretty speech night overpowered the equanimity of Master Humphrey and threw him into a discourteous silence like enough to pique his indeed, felt she had made too bold and had lacked in medesty, since he would vouchsafe no an-"Continue your story, sir," she said,

with marked coldness. "I have no mind for lessons just now." 'There is no more to tell, my lady,' he said.

Then 'tis a poor story."

'Twas a poor man.'

"With a poor spirit!" "Nay, do not challenge him, for he hath an idea 'twere better to be poorspirited than false-hearted."

Why should he be either?" "Were it not a mean thing to harass an unprotected lady and false to be tray the trust of her noble parent, his

life for his country?" To harrass her would be wrong, sir; to betray a trust a worse wrong; yet I cannot see that, if he loved the lady well, he would be doing either of these things.

"Madam, were I, your humble tutor, the poor man, would you still so reason?" "Were you the man, Master Hum-

phrey, I could but be sorry for the "'Tis a fair answer; I crave your pardon! Shall we continue the transla-

"Were you the man in truth, I should be sorry for the lady to have so inconsistent a lover."

"Inconsistent, madam?" "Who will make you love, wherever he may find a ready listener, though fused with his wandering fancies, and in covert language that saves him from a declaration. Pray Master Humphrey, if it be as you declare, that you are this man, convey my sympathies

Now the tutor rose in wrath, and would have gone his way, for without doubt his mistress was making sport of him; but the sound of faint footsteps from behind the panelled wall arrested his attention, and he stood still, considering whether 'twere best to go or

is my father!" said the girl, aware that he alone knew the secret

passage. Then Master Humphrey saw a look of joyful relief rise to her pretty face, and he remembered how brave she had been, how good and noble and fair she was, and how miserable a worm was he: and so lifted his head in the pride of humiliation, as humble-minded folk are wont to do, in such manner that the Lady Gertrude found him as beautiful and arrogant as a king, for all his shabby clothes and slight stature

sudden haste.

"God be with you!" answered the tutor, and he bowed low. The fugitive noble stood in the shad-

ow of the open panelling, and the Lady Certrude, full of apprehension that he should stay too long, strained an ear to catch any ominous sounds from without and drank in eagerly the detailed plans he slowly explained of his own escape to Holland, and her journey tither on the morrow by another

When he ended there was a little silence between them, as with those whose hearts are too full to speak. It was speedily broken, however, by a loud ringing of the great bell, which reverberated from the deserted court yard below through the house. The girl hastened to the casement of the win-

dow and looked quickly out. "There are armed men," she sa'd; 'they have traced you here."

"Wary hounds!" he murmured, with look of grim humor-"to the bole, but not within. Twenty minutes and I shall be beyond the most cunning ferret's scent. God be yith wou, little daughter. Keep them dallying here awhile. Remember, tomorrow at Eallam bridge, by nightfall."

The panel fell back and the Lady Gertrude sat down to her books and made much pretense of mumbling to herself as the old doorkeeper, scarestricken and panting, tumbled into the room with an officer of the king's service at his heels. "Soldiers!" said he. "Ah, good Oliver, what is their will?" said she, not deigning to raise her eyes

from her book. "No harm to so fair a hostess!" exclaimed the intruder.

Whereupon the Lady Gertrude slowly lifted her pretty head and scanned the uncomely countenance and fat proportions of the officer with much delibera-

"Should fairness diminish harm, sir, 'twere a pity there were no more of the quality among his majesty's servants.' "A true, fair one, to a war of words I am here to crave your hospitality whilst waiting for the presence of one who, I am informed, purposes to visit his daughter between the time of noon and midnight. You start! 'Tis now hardly noon. We demand to know in the king's name at what precise hour that interview is to take place."

'Twere well, madam, to save that pretty head; for those who wilfully harbor the treacherous Monmouth's followers can receive no clemency from his most gracious majesty, King James Their life is the forfeit, man or wo man.

"Sir." said Lady Gertrude, after some oments of seeming fearful deliberation. "I await my lord, my father, here within an hour from now; and may God curse you for a coward!"

The fat soldier grinned. The lady's bark was not loud enough, but her bite was, indeed, most easily averted with a threatening whip, as was the way with women; so he sat his broad person down and did all that which he thought would beguile so pretty a shrew from her gretful humor.

Full three quarters of an hour thus breathless soldier that the Earl of Whad boarded a frigate not fifteen minutes since, and-as was related in all seriousness-had doffed his hat in acknowledgment of the flery salute

Wattrupon the fat soldier got up to a fearful rage, and kicked and swore. a gentleman soldier knows well how to do, and snarled aloud that nothing should save the cunning jade from the lively fate of Mistress Gaunt, who, indeed, was burned to death for a lesser misdemeanor.

But the Lady Gertrude lifted up her proud head and said:

"Even so, I shall deem my father's ife most cheaply bought, sir." And she walked out between the file of armed men, who, indeed, were sorry for so brave and fair a creature taken thus roughly a prisoner.

. . . . . . . . The poor tutor sat over his books in the upper room of a small dwelling house, and wrestled with his thoughts till he knew not which was conscience and which the devil, most plaguing him; for the Lady Gertrude had said that love was wealth, yet his rooms betrayed no signs thereof.

He had a little piece of land not far away, from which he acquired a small income; yet withal these things could in nowise be counted riches.

Indeed, no,thought he, when hurled footsteps upon the stair became conere he had time to weigh the matter, Lady Gertrude stood before him.

And then something of a sweet shyness came over her, so that all in a great hurry she set to explaining how she had been taken prisoner by the irate colonel, and how, indeed, she had escaped through the help of a cousin among the officers, who, she avowed,

had once cared greatly for her. Then the boy and girl, for they were not much else, looked into one another's eyes, as they had looked these many past days during the lessons he had set out to teach her; and now there was no table between that he knelt down, and taking both her little white hands in his he covered them with humble kisses, the Which the lady seemed to have no desire to

"So, after all, Master Humphrey, you must needs take care of your pupil still a little while longer. Tomorrow at Ballam bridge at nightfall there will be those waiting to conduct me to Holland, where I think, sir, you told me "I may not see you again. He will you had a mind to follow in search of

further learning. Yet till then I must remain a prisoner here for fear of my DREAM VISIONS, very life," laughed she.

Now, hardly had she spoke than a clamor without sent the blood from his cheek, and fear at last into the dauntless eyes of the Lady Gertrude. "Quick! Within!" said he, and thrust open the door of the narrow chambe and closed it upon her. Then the steady tramp of men's feet echoed upon the winding stair.

"In the king's name!" said a tall officer, as he entered the room, followed by several men at arms. There was a strange look in his eyes as he met the tutor's gaze, and he faltered in his speech whilst repeating the common formula. "There is no one here," answered the

"It is necessary the place should be searched," replied the officer, " and I must warn you that if the prisoner be found, your life will be forfeited without trial, as a traitor harboring those in conspiracy against his majesty's crown.

student, deliberately.

"There is no one here," repeated the tutor.

"Search," said the officer. He had grown pale as the poor youth, who bent with seeming indifference over his books and clung close to his chair as men approached the little door, which opened suddenly from within, as a beautiful youth in a velvet suit. with fine lace ruffs and a mass of brown, curly hair, falling negligently about his shoulders, such as was then the fashion to affect, confronted the officer.

"What noisy matter is this?" said he, haughtily, "Is there no peace even for students, who, loyal to his majesty, claim but the quiet of their chambers peruse the books which tell of mightier deeds than those of the internal wars of a discontented people? Now a look of humor crept into the officer's eyes as he bowed perhaps lower than was necessary to so young

and haughty a youth. "I am grieved to so disturb you, sir," said he, "We have been misinformed, for, apparently, the lady we seek is not here," and he turned upon his feet and departed with his men from the

lowly roof of the poor tutor. "Master Humphrey," said the beautiful youth-and his face was crimson even as the skies after the sun hath set-"you risked being hung on high, Master Humphrey, for me." And there

were tears in his eyes, Then, indeed, did nearly all Master Humphrey's fortitude depart. "Lad 'twere but a paltry thing to risk," said bowed his head as ashamed, and within himself thought:

"Now, indeed, I cannot woo her, for twould be the way of a coward to thus force advantage of a maid's grat-

But the while he was pondering she stole up to him, and he knew not how it happened, but he wooed her just the same.-Pall Mall Gazette.

### HE FOLLOWED COPY.

And the Editor Was Self-Convicted When He Began to Fume Over It. From the Celveland Plain-Dealer.

It was a far Western weekly of the usual type. Its four pages were sorely crowded and the editor permitted nothing to be "leaded," not even his leading editorial. It was the week before Washington's birthday, and the editor had launched forth in a glowing tribute to the memory of the departed. In the midst of it he had inserted two lines from Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," "And lo! Ben Adhem's name and the editor consigned it to the hands of the ancient fossil who set type, read

with considerable personal satisfaction. What was his astonishment, then, to notice in the printed sheet that awaited him the next morning that more than half the Washington editorial was leaded! He hastily called the ancient fossil.

"How does this happen?" he cried, as he pointed to the offending column. "It looks real neat and tasty, doesn't it? First half of the articlesolid and t'other

half leaded. How in thunder did it "Why." said the aged fossil, as he looked over the top of his spectacles,

'it was your own orders, you know." "My orders?" 'Yes, o' course. It seemed kind o funny to me at th' time, but you writ it down so plain I couldn't see no other

way to do it." What do you mean?" "Here, I'll show you th' copy," and the aged fossil was back in a moment

with the written sheets, leafing them over rapidly as he advanced. "There," he said, "you can see for

"Hold on," cried the editor, as he continued to scowl at the paper, "where the dickens is the rest of this quotation? Here, you've chopped it off at 'Ben Adhem's name,' " "There's the copy," said the old fos-

sil stolidly. The editor bent over It. "You notice," said the aged fossil. that you wrote the foreign feller's name-'Lo Ben Adhem's name,' and then you put in 'Led all the rest'-and, by gum, I leaded it, o' course!" And the editor had never a word to

ICED TEA.

say.

Oh, there are drinks and drinks and Enough to drown the sea; But of the multitude, methinks, The best is feed tea.

Oh, come not here with bitter beer, Though foamy or though flat: And do not come with wicked rum, To minimize one's hat.

Off with the glass of carbon gas; It fills me full of ire, And fizzes back along its track, Much like a punctured tire. Freat me no treat of sticky-sweet

Called "cream with pure fruit juices; It leaves a coat upon the throat Too thick for summer uses. But get a tea of such degree

Of Oriental flavor

That for a drop a man might swap His hope of heaven's favor. Then gently pour hot water o'er Its tiny rolls of fragrance, But do not stew as makers do Who feed poor railway vagrants.

And churn it in a shaker; Twill show a broth of creamy froth, And be a blessed slaker. Squeeze o'er the ice a tiny slice

Then cool it nicely, add your ice,

And handle well your sugar shell— Be still, my pulsing heart!

Oh, hear the tinkle and the clink Of winter's cool bequeathing. Oh, gaze into that amber hue, And breathe against its breathing.

And long the memory cherish. Oh, there are drinks and drinks and

Enough to drown the sea; But of the multitude methinks,

best is iced tea.
-J. Edmund V. Cooke, in the Sun.

## TRUE AND FALSE

Curious Stories That Point to Occult Powers of the Mind.

INSTANCES THAT BAFFLE SCIENCE

Vivid Impression Received by Persons in Slumber That Are Not to Be Explained by Ordinary Knowledge. One Dream That Deceived and One That Proved Only Too True.

Writing in the Metaphysical Magazine W. A. Gay narrates this curious "In the latter part of October, 1896, I took the train for Spokane, Wash., leaving Seattle at 9.40 p. m. I was accompanied to the station by my business associate. Our conversation was of the ordinary sort between partners. Nothing was said about the trip or of problematical dangers. I was delighted to find in the smokingoom of the Pullman sleeping-car some congenial friends, with whom I engaged in conversation about the approaching election. Our talk lasted until about 11 o'clock, when we all retired to our berths,

"I had made several trips over the road, and knew its general condition to be first-class. I had no apprehensions; in fact, I was no sooner in my berth than I became drowsy, sinking into a deep slumber. I am somewhat of a profound sleeper, not usually predisposed to dreams which I can afterward recall in my waking hours. However, I slept through the entire night but was awakened suddenly in the morning by a most vivid dream. I bad dreamed that I was on board a train, stowed comfortably away in a Pullman berth: that the cars were about to approach a bridge spanning a river, and that I was awake. It seemed to me that I was warned-from the source the exact nature of which I do not recall-of an impending danger, the only escape from which was by jumping from the train. I thought I refused to jump and laughed at the warning; that the train went slowly on, I noting all the scenes en route; and that we soon came to the approach of a bridge which spanned a large stream of water. I carefully examined the bridge, its approach, and many surrounding details. I thought that, as we neared its centre, a span broke and we were precipitated toward a deep whirling stream of blue water. From the time I was warned to jump, the train beginning to 'slow,' the fences and trees along the right of way, the approach to the bridge, its 'bents,' the water, and the disaster were all most wonderfully real-so real that I awakened with a cry, as I thought the bridge

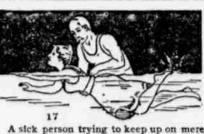
THE VERY PLACE.

"I found myself sitting in my berth shuddering with terror. Everything at first was unfamiliar. The trains was pursuing its regular course and all seemed well. Suddenly I saw a familiar object-a stump, with a log attached. In an instant other familiar objects came in view. At first I could not distinguish them, but in a moment the thought was forced on me that they were the scenes I had beheld in my dream. The engineer had reduced speed somewhat, and familiar scenes and localities became more distinct. At once I passed the place where I was warned to jump and had refused. looked in amazement. I could then jump with safety, as the train was going slowly, but I did not attempt it. I was bewildered. We entered the approach of a bridge-the 'bents' were the same, the train was moving the same, and the water was blue and deep, as in my dream. I was so fright- course) and the singing sounds very ened that I sat in my berth-holding firmly to the bar under the windowpassed safely over to the There were no accidents on t ..... or any subsequent trip,"

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

thus narrated: In 1891, while the late Wiley S. Scribner was recorder of Cook county, Illinois, he had in his can by the badge worn; that of 'Old employ an old gentleman named Speare, who was taken ill and obliged to leave. Mrs. Scribner, who had charge of one department of the office, knew casually of the occurrence, but, as the illness proved a lingering o'clock yesterday to 12 o'clock today one, the man's place was given to another. In an office of two or three hundred clerks, the matter soon passed out of mind.

Some months later, in the murky watches of a Chicago night, Speare suddenly appeared at Mrs. Scribner's bedside, and said, placidly and dis-tinetly: "You see, I am well at last, Mrs. Scribner; and I wanted to tell you that all along the doctors mistook my while the real trouble was blood-poisoning." With a spring, the startled wo-



A sick person trying to keep up on mere stimulating tonics is like any one pretend-ing to swim while supported by a belt. The instant the support is withdrawn down

you go.

Nearly all diseases result from a deep-seated impairment of the nutritive powers which cannot be reached by any temporary exhibitation. The only good that any med-icine can do is to increase your own natural powers of recovery and make you able to

powers of recovery and make you able to swim for yourself.

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carries genuine permanent vitality to every corner of the system.

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Mrs. Ella Howeil, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind. only perfect invigorant for corpulent people.

Mrs. Ella Howeil, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1804 I was taken with stomach trouble-uerrous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was swelled across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to see a change for the better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one bottle of the 'Pleasant Peletts.' I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians who attended me said I had 'dropsy's ad that my disease was leading into pulmonary; onsumption. I had quite a cough, and the home physicians gave me to tode. I have God that my dress permanent."

man, who was fully awake at the time, leaped to her feet, turned on the lights, and gazed wildly about for some trace or explanation of her mysterious caller. All was silent and unchanged in the familiar room, and no sign of any disturbing presence appeared. Then as usual on such occasions, she looked at her watch to note the exact hour; and, rousing her husband, she told him excitedly what she had seen. "You dreamed it, of course," he said, sleeplly; 'but it's odd that the poor old gentleman should disturb your dreams." Then they talked of other things, and soon were fast asleep.

CONFIRMED.

By nine o'clock the next morning when Mrs. Scribner entered the court house, all midnight visions were as far from her thought as garish day with its crowding calls could banish them. As she went down the dingy hall, however, the first person she met said, abruptly: "Mr. Scribner, did you know that Mr. Speare, who used to work in your husband's office, died last night?" Startled and almost terrified as the night vision returned, she answered as briefly as possible, expressing her regret and surprise, and hastened on But, before she had reached the recorder's room, a son of the dead man met her, and, repeating the statement named the hour of death, which preceded by only a few moments the time of her night vision. He also added that at the last moment the physicians in attendance admitted they had been in error in their diagnosis, having treated for erysipelas and overlooked blood-poisoning.

### My First Voyage Over the Atlantic.

Interesting Letter from a Scranton Lady Who Recently Went

large and powerful steamship Lucania lies at anchor in the Hudson river at Pler 40, ready to direct its course over the vast ocean eastward, the host of passengers on board were strangers to me except five, Mrs. Henry Thomas and son Harry and Mrs. John B. Davis and children, Emeline and Amy, all of Scranton. By the way, Mrs. Davis is my companion. We left Pier 40 at 8 a The boat moved so quietly we did not know we had started. After watching the departure of friends, some waving handkerchiefs, others waving large bouquets of flowers, some laughing,

Atlantic Ocean, July 3.-The new,

others crying, we descended to the dining room and partook of an excellent breakfast. Going on deck the weather was all we could wish it to be, the sun shone brightly, the sea calm, and so great was our pleasure that the din ner gong rang long before we expected and train were sinking toward the it. The next thing on the programme was going up on deck; the weather was a continuance of the morning. The main feature of the afternoon entertainment was the approach of a num

ber, probably ten or fifteen, large fish jumping high out of the water, as if playing hide-and-seek. July 4. This is our national holiday, also the Sabbath, which is observed better than we anticipated. They are quite patriotic on our vessel. The English and American flags are draped side by side, and many other decorations indicating a holiday Even the horizon represented our national colors last evening at sunset. We spent the first part of this morn in our salon singing hymns. At 1.30 o'clock we went to first cabin saloon, in which Church of England services were conducted by the purser. At 13 o'clock today we have traveled 502 miles. We spent the greater par of the afternoon down in the steerage listening to the singing. There are some fine voices down there (Welsh, o

sweet on the water. July 5, weather not as pleasant as and waited for death. But " train heretofore; sea rather rough, but I am happy to say that the members of our party are all quite well, and to assure you that we are not lonely, I will give you the number of souls on board; First cabin, 390; second cabin, 430 Another tale more singular still is steerage, 550; crew, 430, making a total of 1610, a floating town and we are able to distinguish every Amer! Glory." Just after tea this evening w sighted the first ship. She saluted and our ship returned the salute. It seemed good to see something to break the monotony of sky and water. From 12

we have traveled 494 miles. July 6-Another night has passed and this is a beautiful morning, one of the finest we have witnessed on the trip, but the officials have a sad duty to preform. During the night a little child of the steerage died and they buried it in the sea this morning. Oh it was something dreadful to behold A box covered with a "Union Jack." which, when taken off revealed a litcase and treated me for erysipelas, the black coffin, which was thrown into the seething water and tossed about a few seconds; then went from sight forever. The words of the poet came to my mind so vividly!

"It matters not, I've oft been told Where the body may lie when the heart h

Make me a grave far out on the les But bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

We spent the greater part of the day on deck making new acquaintances. July 7-Another levely day has dawned with the sea like glass, the ship sailing beautifully, and every one talking and getting ready for the concert this evening. Nothing particular has taken place during the day and the time for opening the concert has arrived and while our people are preparing, the steerage passengers are giving a fine concert. So you can see that we are all happy so far.

July 8-Another beautiful morning. but the vessel is rocking so badly that it is almost impossible to write and much more impossible to keep on our feet, and we are beginning to feel like

"Oh! happy morning when again we see And with our aved ones on the shore we stand."

They are busy getting the baggage ready for Queenstown. They expect to reach there this evening. I shall have to draw this letter to a close in order to mail it on the boat. Hoping to write to you again, I remain, Morfudd.

Bowl Shapes for Centrepieces.

The housekeeper has often been em parrassed by the difficulty of arranging short-stemmed flowers as a centrepiece for her dinner table. The long, tall vases and beakers are of no manner of use. Nor is a bowl much better. The florists, however, will sell perforated wire shapes made to fit over the mouth of any bowl. The shapes rise in the centre and fall away evenly to the side, like the top of a loaf of bread. The perforations are large enough to admit the stems, but keep the heads of the short-stemmed blossoms from falling through to the water

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