

The Scranton Tribune

Published Weekly, No Sunday Edition. By The Tribune Publishing Company. WILLIAM CONNELL, President. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Daily, 50 cents; a month, \$1.50; a year, \$15.00. ADVERTISED AT THE PHOTOGRAPH BY SCRANTON, PA. AN SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TWELVE PAGES. SCRANTON, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

State Treasurer—J. S. BEACON, of Westmoreland. Auditor General—LEVI G. McCAULEY, of Chester. Election day, November 8.

Resolved, That the platform adopted at the National convention of Democracy in 1896 be endorsed fully and without reserve. Plank Second in the Platform of the Lackawanna Democracy, adopted Aug. 24, 1897.

On the Eve of Developments.

The New York Sun assumes that the instructions which Minister Woodford has received from the state department framed by the executive branch of the government, and the message he has to deliver in all the accepted forms of polite and punctilious diplomacy without doubt one of the gravest which the New World has ever sent to the nation that was once the master of more than half the continent. The Sun may have private information on this point. The fact that it has lately desisted from those symptoms of impatience which formerly appeared in its columns, most likely indicates an amount of trust that events will soon vindicate its prophecy.

In this connection interest attaches to the report, to which the Sun was the first paper to give currency, that one of the suggestions General Woodford will make to the Spanish government, as soon as he is recognized by Spain as the American minister, will be the purchase by the Cubans of their freedom, paying to Spain a war indemnity to be guaranteed by the United States. It is known that this proposition has at different times been under consideration by President McKinley, but the curt interview in which Minister de Lome several months ago dismissed it as unworthy of notice by Spain offers small hope of its acceptance now. The more plausible theory is that Spain will reply to the representations of General Woodford, whatever shall be their tenor, as she replied to the pacific overtures of Messrs. Cleveland and Olney, by intimating to this government that the condition of affairs in Cuba is none of its business.

And on the whole this would be perhaps the most welcome reply that she could make; since it would bring immediately to the government of the United States the necessity of either abandoning its moral duty in the premises or proceeding to the fulfillment of that duty without waste of time upon impossible efforts to influence Spain to offer autonomy to Cuba. In that event the conclusion would be reached in short order, and the diplomatic field cleared of a most annoying factor of embarrassment and disturbance.

That the Democratic party needs reorganizing is undeniable. But perhaps the most economical way to accomplish this is to let the party as at present constituted perish and trust to luck to evolve a better one from its remains.

Section 22.

An act of some proportions has lately been made over the twenty-second section of the Dingley law, and Attorney General McKenna is reported to be now considering whether that section is valid. The section follows:

That a discriminating duty of ten per centum ad valorem in addition to the duties imposed by law, shall be levied, collected and paid on all goods, wares or merchandise which shall be imported in vessels not of the United States, or which, being the production or manufacture of any foreign country not contiguous to the United States, shall come into the United States from such contiguous country; but this discriminating duty shall not apply to goods, wares or merchandise which shall be imported in vessels not of the United States, entitled at the time of such importation by treaty or convention to be entered in the ports of the United States on payment of the same duties as shall then be payable on goods, wares and merchandise imported in vessels of the United States, nor to such foreign products or manufactures as shall be imported from such contiguous countries in the usual course of strictly retail trade.

Not to Be Doubted.

The Washington Post deprecates the efforts of the two colored young men, Smith and Bundy, to secure admission to the naval academy at Annapolis. It admits that legally they should stand as applicants on an equal footing with whites; but it contends that from the standpoint of policy, that is to say, so far as the effects of their action shall be reflected in the subsequent condition of their race, they are making a mistake in trying to push in among the whites in the face of existing and deep-seated prejudices against such associations. We suspect that our contemporary takes a circumscribed view of this matter. The negro is not on this continent voluntarily. He did not come here by choice. He is not, therefore, to be forever punished for a situation not of his own creation. The doctrine that his present inequalities in the social relations of the negro with the white must be perpetuated, irrespective of the equal public rights guaranteed to him by the constitution, or in other words, that the essential evil of slavery should survive even through slavery itself, as a legal institution, has been extirpated, is very popular among the whites and the descendants of whites who favored slavery and were responsible for its presence on this continent; but it cannot stand before the bar either of conscience or common sense. Much as it would conduce to our convenience as a people, we cannot much longer shrink our duty in connection with the race problem as it faces us in the attitude of southern whites toward southern blacks. The negro after two centuries of injustice and oppression, is not to be set adrift upon the community as an outcast and a pariah by the refusal of his former oppressors to accept the unpleasant consequences arising out of

transcontinental roads will gain. New England has become the exit toward the Atlantic of the Canadian roads, and Boston and Portland, doubtless, will lose some business which the Canadian lines now bring them. The extreme northwest may have to pay somewhat larger freight rates to the seaboard, and the Michigan Central may suffer in its Canada Southern branch. But if protective measures were all to be abandoned because they cost some sections money, the policy which the country has sustained from the beginning of the republic must be totally reversed. Foreign ships are forbidden to do a coasting trade in the United States for the purpose of securing that trade to our own ships and our own sailors and our own capital. Why are not the men and the money engaged in railroading in the United States quite as much entitled to similar protection?

Thursday's accident on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, unfortunately as it was, calls attention to the comparative freedom of this system from such mishaps. At a time when there might be an inclination on the public's part to pass hasty censure it seems no more than fair to point out that no other railway system in the country has by careful and intelligent management reduced to a lower percentage the liability of its patrons to accident. Scrantonians may feel assured that whatever the cause of the casualty at Elodgett's Mills, no man will be more prompt to profit by the lesson thereof or more vigilant in effecting additional safeguards than General Manager W. F. Hallstead.

Not a Bad Idea.

A "Republican who voted for Lincoln" but is too modest to give his name advances in a communication to the Wilkes-Barre Record the suggestion that in order to free the Republican management of the state treasury from the suspicion which has been excited against it during the past few months the present state treasurer, Mr. Haywood, invite a thorough investigation by persons concerning whose impartiality and thoroughness there would be no doubt in the minds of the people. He formulates his proposition thus:

"Let the party named challenge a complete and searching examination of the assets of the state treasury by a committee composed of such Republicans as Senator Kaufman, of Lancaster, Senator Gobin, of Lebanon, Representative Coray, of Luzerne, and Representative Stewart, of Philadelphia, together with two such expert accountants as they may select. If the treasury is all right a report to that effect by the men named would at once carry conviction to the Republicans of the state and restore the confidence of thousands of good party men. It would give to Candidate Beacom practically the full party vote, which otherwise it would be impossible for him to receive. No one of sense believes that such action as I suggest is necessary to assure the election of Mr. Beacom, but Republicans also feel that his success by a greatly reduced majority would be a stinging rebuke to the party, inasmuch as it would indicate public distrust of Republican integrity."

While it might be objected that such an investigation would be irregular, without specific warrant in law, and in effect a reflection upon the work of the legislative committee which recently conducted an inquiry into treasury affairs, and brought in a report approving the treasury management in every detail, yet in view of the eulogistic comment made in the present state platform upon Mr. Haywood's administration, no less than as a testimonial of his personal willingness to submit his work to scrutiny whenever so requested, Mr. Haywood might do an effective stroke for the party by countering his critics with the very invitation they profess to desire. If we were in his place we should certainly do this and thus effectively cork them up.

In his speech before the Nebraska fusion convention Wednesday, Mr. Bryan stood by his old battle cry of "16 to 1, without asking the aid or consent of any other nation," and what is more, he carried the convention with him. The coming November election Nebraska will disclose to what extent Mr. Bryan's hypnotic influence of last year has survived the falling silver and dollar wheel; but in any event it is already clear to the unprejudiced onlooker that Mr. Bryan himself is a personal factor in American politics who will in future have to be reckoned upon.

Not to Be Doubted.

The Washington Post deprecates the efforts of the two colored young men, Smith and Bundy, to secure admission to the naval academy at Annapolis. It admits that legally they should stand as applicants on an equal footing with whites; but it contends that from the standpoint of policy, that is to say, so far as the effects of their action shall be reflected in the subsequent condition of their race, they are making a mistake in trying to push in among the whites in the face of existing and deep-seated prejudices against such associations. We suspect that our contemporary takes a circumscribed view of this matter. The negro is not on this continent voluntarily. He did not come here by choice. He is not, therefore, to be forever punished for a situation not of his own creation. The doctrine that his present inequalities in the social relations of the negro with the white must be perpetuated, irrespective of the equal public rights guaranteed to him by the constitution, or in other words, that the essential evil of slavery should survive even through slavery itself, as a legal institution, has been extirpated, is very popular among the whites and the descendants of whites who favored slavery and were responsible for its presence on this continent; but it cannot stand before the bar either of conscience or common sense. Much as it would conduce to our convenience as a people, we cannot much longer shrink our duty in connection with the race problem as it faces us in the attitude of southern whites toward southern blacks. The negro after two centuries of injustice and oppression, is not to be set adrift upon the community as an outcast and a pariah by the refusal of his former oppressors to accept the unpleasant consequences arising out of

their long-continued violation of moral law. The whites who made their bed in slavery must now lie in the after effects thereof; and the government which wrote on its highest statute that the colored brother was free should proceed to give effectiveness to that mandate.

A case is reported from Montgomery, Ala., which strikingly illustrates the divergence possible between law and justice when shrewd legal talent is employed to effect the separation. Douglas White, a negro, five years ago killed a woman. He was tried and sentenced to death; a retrial was ordered and the sentence of the second trial was life imprisonment; at a third trial he was sentenced to fifty years' imprisonment; a fourth trial reduced the term to twenty years; a fifth to ten years, and now, after six trials, White stands legally acquitted. And yet there are persons who cannot understand why there is lynch law in this country.

If those who defend the modern use of the injunction as a weapon in the conflict between labor and capital care for consequences, they will not oppose a reasonable restriction of this use by act of congress and the state legislature. It is evident that unless the power of the equity courts in this direction be circumscribed, the whole structure of our judiciary will stand in peril. Those resolutions of the St. Louis labor congress are not important in themselves, but they become important when it is realized that they voice the thought of at least seven American voters in every ten.

The propriety of a general participation by Republicans in today's county primaries should be apparent. The interests of good government in Lackawanna for the ensuing three years call for a free and frank expression of the will of the membership of the majority party.

We notice that the Times continues the name of M. H. Griffin on the Democratic county ticket which it keeps standing at the top of its editorial page. Has not our contemporary learned yet of his refusal to run? An economy amounting to \$20,000 a year has been instituted by Immigration Commissioner Powderly in the running expenses of the Ellis Island station. May the good work continue.

THE KLONDIKE GOLD BUG.

Editors and News.

J. Cicero Simms has shaken the yellow dust from his sun-bonnet and returned to Tacoma. Simms was a high school graduate who came here to teach elocution and the same time show up the virtues of Bacon's never-tear-over-it-all. There has been no call for overalls or elocution in Klondike, and J. Cicero for some time past has been peeling potatoes and broiling ham rinds down at Zeke Woods' all night long in order to pay his passage back to the east. The required number of nuggets were secured last week and Simms took his departure. Before leaving he made a few comments upon the "dense ignorance," as he termed it, of the locality that has no use for summer weight overalls and boy orators. Some of the boys decided that J. Cicero's talents should be recognized and they placed him astride a rail and conveyed him to the outskirts of the city while Henry Epstein marched at the head of the procession playing "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" on the Cornet.

The editor of the "Bug" has been requested to advocate in these columns the formation of a base ball club. We are at loss to know what act of indiscretion the "Bug" has been guilty of in past that should cause such a request to be made to a peaceful and law-abiding citizen like himself. We might perhaps be induced to write editorials in favor of a training school for toughs, we might be persuaded to turn the "Bug" into the organ of the White Caps and Kentucky moonshiners; in fact we could be talked into carrying a razor, but the columns of the "Bug" shall be kept sacred. Don't ask us to open them to the subject of "long drivers," "singles," "baggers," and "lot lot" baseball in the same line, that leads the ordinary reader to believe we are getting foolish. No, sir! We want nothing to do with base ball and its attending evils!

The "Bug" wishes to say a few words in reference to some of the "ad" in another column today. The property offered by the Glacier Park Land company is situated at high and dry, and in the same line, that leads the ordinary reader to believe we are getting foolish. No, sir! We want nothing to do with base ball and its attending evils!

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Jnacchus, The Tribune Astrologer, September 4, 1897.

A child born on this day will notice that the fellow who never had an original idea in his head is usually the first one to yell "plagiarism!"

People who never see any good in the world are usually the ones who spend the most time thinking of themselves.

As the whole human family is not so awfully bad, it's only the fellows who have the money.

Delegate elections promise to be more exciting tonight than the real thing a few weeks hence.

It was unkind in Mayor Bailey to appoint the new park commission just as the leaves are beginning to turn yellow.

Ajacchus' Advice. If you are a candidate, Without a heart of stone, Look out for the delegate Who'll pick you to the bone

Absent-Minded. Professor (after having been absorbed for hours in a pile of rare manuscripts) "Let me see, I was going to do something—that the deuce, I'm going to do, anyway? (After thinking half an hour). Oh, yes, now I remember, I wanted to go to bed."—Elegance Blaxter.

HER POPULARITY. The public raised the critics' praise; She soon became the rage; For 'twas agreed she didn't draw An equal on the stage.

Her stipend was, I've heard it said! A thousand dollars per. And every manager was glad To fix a date for her.

And what, then, was this woman's? What wonder did she possess? It was not histrionic art Nor vocal cleverness.

Nor couldn't act a little bit; Her singing was a crime; But the little fellow had been divorced The sixth or seventh time.

—Cleveland Leader.

Scenic Beauty of Wilderness Park

The dweller or sojourner in Chicago who makes the circuit of his famous park system, beginning at Lincoln park on the north, thence westward and southward through the congeries of magnificent but artificial lawns and greeneries, ending at peerless Jackson park, the site of the lost White City, has indeed a delightful holiday. We have no reason to hope to envy our western friends in this as in other things, but all their lavish expenditure could not purchase a square yard of the display of the finest and most fragrant that he refuses to believe in the existence of the noisy civilization just out of sight beyond the mountain. The appearance on the scene of deer or bear or any other wild denizens of the forest would cause no surprise. They would be the inhabitants, we the invaders.

Take the Elmhurst boulevard to the horse-shoe curve this side of Nay Aug, from the periphery of which you will see your road striking off at tangential angles, looking fascinating at the very threshold. Enter upon it and follow its curving and easy grades down through Spruce swamp by the Williams bridge reservoir. This part of the route is a stretch of firm road which takes the traveler throughylvan solitude, lawns and greenery, and fragrant that he refuses to believe in the existence of the noisy civilization just out of sight beyond the mountain. The appearance on the scene of deer or bear or any other wild denizens of the forest would cause no surprise. They would be the inhabitants, we the invaders.

Williams bridge reservoir will be a joyful surprise to those looking on the graceful sweep of its island shores and gazing into its crystal depths for the first time. Alongside runs a well beaten road, which we follow for a short distance. "The township road," they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest, "it goes straight across the valley and over yonder hill to Scranton." Scranton? We had almost forgotten its existence. Can it be that railroads, mills, streets and all the rest are just over there? Let us see. The township road, they tell us as we leave it and plunge again into the forest