

AN OCTOBER JOURNEY BY THE ONTARIO ROAD

Life, Though Short, is Not Wasted in the Ride.

A TRIP OVER THE HILLS TO NEW YORK

Glimpses of the Harrest Scenery in This Region--The Hudson River at Close Range--Autumn at the Tomb of a Hero--A Drama Which Affords No Pleasure to the Spectator--Facial Massage.

If you have never gone over the Ontario and Western road to New York, you shouldn't put off the trip a day longer than Monday or at least the Monday following. There is a train going at 10.15, and you'd better take it and a lunch and prepare to revel in a succession of scenes such as never were painted on canvas, and that glow in a light that seemingly "never was on land or sea."

It is said that the original Ontario and Western projectors did not make a startlingly profitable investment in planning this railroad. They most certainly succeeded in laying out a route which affords a revelation of more surpassing beauty than can be found in almost any other direction in this region.

It is a long ride. You do not reach Forty-second street until 7.10 p. m., but you have run to catch so many trains, in the past, you have stayed awake all night in order to be able to start and go to New York at a certain hour, have shopped furiously all day and come home forgetting the buttons you meant to buy, and really it might do you good to look out of the window and rest for a few hours without reading the morning paper or going anything else, but allowing the eyes to feast of nature's most gorgeous brush-work beneath the October sunshine.

The landscape is at its supreme height of splendor just now. Along this route maple trees seem to predominate, and as the country is richly wooded almost the entire distance, no words can describe the magnificence of the prospect. The rugged hills and mountains of Wayne county are the first to call forth admiration, and as you reach Fayetteville and Preston Park the glow of color increases, until beyond Liberty the riot of the gold and crimson maple, the sumac's pale rose deepening to carmine, the mingling tender green of beech and the ruddy gloss of oak flame out on every side and the eye is fairly dazzled with the glory of it all.

It is on this trip that you pass through the famous summer resort section of Sullivan, Orange and Ulster counties. More than 17,000 tickets were sold this summer between this region and New York, so popular are the high elevation, the sanitarium and the hundreds of hotels and boarding houses. From the fine elevation near Liberty the scenery in the distance is exquisite. Beyond the hill tops, not far away is situated the famous Sullivan Country club, which recently achieved a new and undesirable distinction by reason of the Christian affair--a murder, in which the murderer is as yet uncaught. In the hill country beyond is the handsome property of George I. Pullman, who visits this, one of his many country places, every summer.

Through the beautiful valley gleams many noted trout streams, "The Beaver-Kill, Mongaup, Neversink, Willowemoc and Little Willowemoc, with the exception on the "we" are the scene of great sport in the season. There are state hatcheries at Rockland, and from these and others, twelve million brook trout have been placed in the streams, besides lake and brown trout. A 125-pound specimen of the latter was caught last spring. You can't shoot deer until after Aug. 1, 1900, but there is much small game.

Soon the foot hills of the Shawangunk mountains begin to appear in their strange, rugged contour and then suddenly, as the train sweeps around a curve, flashes out the Hudson river, blue and sparkling at the track's side; dim and lovely as the mysterious shadow of a dream, as it stretches on beneath the abrupt shadows of the majestic mountains. For many miles after leaving Cornwall you ride close to its margin, sometimes above a little bay bridged by trestling, passing West Point, Stony Point and other noted spots. Then you reach Weehawken and the ride across the ferry in the twilight is not the least pleasant of the journey.

Fortunate are you if Mr. Filicoff will just write to Mr. Webb Harrison, a general and courteous official of the road, and suggest that he come on the train and tell you much of interest as he rides along from Rockland to Middletown. This latter place, by the way, has a monument to a former Scrantonian in the shape of a well equipped electric road running out to Goshen a distance of ten miles. It was built through the enterprise of Captain Will Rockwell, who has since removed to Flushing, L. I.

Of course, if you are the kind of person who always sits with the window shade down and reads industriously on a journey, you won't care particularly for this trip with perhaps the exception of a good lunch at Middletown. But if you have the love of beauty in your soul and feel that too often its plea for recognition is stifled in your haste and worry, you should take the time to enjoy this ride at least once in your life.

This is a delightful time of year to go up the Riverside drive to Grant's tomb. One feels a swift tide of emotion, standing beneath that magnificent marble dome where the sweet October light tints the pale columns above the lattice a delicious lovely blue, and gazing down in the silent circle, where in his somber granite-house sleep the dead hero, a vacant place at his side on the black marble pedestal for his wife. Without, the blue river flows on indefinitely, a violet mist veiling the distance in a Corot-like limning of curve and peak. Never in this proudest memorial in our land seen to such advantage as now in this lingering beautiful autumn with the verdure of summer unfaded and only the tender golden haze over all, and when the white palace, with its classic outlines and noble proportions, seems to rise before the awed gaze with a deeper significance.

If you go to New York don't try to see "The Sign of the Cross." You can't, for it will be taken off next week to make room for "Cumberland" at the Park Street theater, but you don't ever want to see it. I fail to comprehend how any one can endure such a presentation. The public that has crowded the theater for the past few weeks must be exceptionally "bluzy" in its tastes. If there is anything that the average person likes to see in history it is the story of the martyrs. While martyrdom seemed to be a necessary protection against the extinction of Christianity it is not a pleasant theme to sensitive temperaments. It is extremely unpleasant to depict on the stage, and to see it with all the horrible accompaniments of the tortures of the scourge and the red hot irons, is not only objectionable, particularly when it is so realistic as to present a child under the torture screaming in the most blood-curdling, agonizing fashion for several minutes. It is without exception the most horrible play that can be imagined and yet be perfectly proper, decent and no doubt historically correct. I hope it will not come to Scranton even if the people should take to patronizing the theaters liberally.



Top Coats for Fall

At \$8.00

We have a very fine fall overcoat, made of fine all-wool, heavy cloth. Well made--latest cut, full box back, good, substantial linings; shapely lapel and collar, perfect hang--a bargain.

At \$10.00

We have a covert cloth fall overcoat that is exceptional value--from the fact that the cloth is exceptionally fine and the lining is made of the best cheaper times. The description of the \$8.00 coat answers for this one, the two dollars more in price is in the cloth.

At \$15.00

Our Fall overcoats come in several distinct weaves of covert cloths and of different shades. Some are lined throughout with silk, some with only shoulders and sleeve linings silk. Cut and finish is strictly up-to-date. We warn you--you won't pay \$25.00 for a tailor's coat if you try on one of these.

Men's Suits.

You, a very particular man, are led here through an advertisement--you try on a suit. It proves disappointing--collar is too low; coat sags in or bulges out--you throw it off in disgust. My dear sir, did that suit fit you now wearing, made by your tailor, fit you when you first put it on? We alter, same as the tailor does, until it fits.

At \$8.00

Our Men's Suits, single-breasted sacks. Latest cut comes in fashionable all-wool cheviot weaves, checks, plaids and mixtures, and Black Clay (all-wool) worsted, sacks and cutaways. They are honest values--staunch making and are well worth the money.

At \$10.00

Our Men's Suits come in a score of patterns, latest fabrics--cheviots or plaids, checks, etc., blue, black and brown nigger-head cheviot, and Black Clay worsteds. A little higher cost cloth and trimmings than in cheaper suits--but the same perfect fit.

At \$12.00

Our Men's Suits come in a raft of patterns--cheviots, of course--little finer cloth than cheaper ones--perfect fit. Fine worsteds in fancy checks and mixtures. Grey Clay worsteds in sacks and cutaway suits. Black Clay worsted in sacks and cutaways. Compare them with the tailor's \$20.00 suits.

The Youth

The boy on the verge of manhood--that particular fellow who wants to keep abreast of fashion--we won't let him go to a tailor. We have his clothes, too, on the same plan as men's. Tailored with utmost care--newest fabric selections and a fit that's perfect. It's hard to do them justice telling of their merit, so we won't say another word, but come it's a pleasure to show such good suits.

PRICE.

A customer who used to pay \$35.00 for a suit of clothes at a well known tailor's, found the same thing here for \$20.00, and came regularly each season, for we always had his size.

One day he concluded to experiment with a \$15.00 suit, and on his next visit pronounced it as good as he usually wore, "Yes," said the salesman, "and our \$10.00 suits fit just as well."

"I'll try a suit," and after hard use the customer declares it to be the best wearing suit he ever had.

What a wonderful condition of affairs?

FIT.

There are some people who don't believe in ready-made fitting, which the best ready-made really deserves. Why should they? To be sure, there are sizes that fit eight men out of ten (and the ninth with a little altering.); but only the prosperous clothier can afford to keep all sizes in various shapes. You would find it hard to count two clothiers in Scranton who have most of these sizes; we know of none who keep them to the extent we do.

The short of it is this: Unless you have tried on a suit or overcoat of ours you don't know what ready-made is, embracing as it does fitting clothes for tall as well as short and stout forms.

FABRIC.

Thirty years in business has made us quite expert in selecting cloths. But we often select fabrics that we fully believe will make handsome, stylish suits. Sample suits are made; prove so disappointing that some of them are discarded.

Now, if we and the man who spends his entire life with and among cloths, makes such a mistake, what chance do you stand at a tailor's--buying from samples?

The distinct advantage in buying a suit ready-made is the possibility of trying on different styles, different fabrics, until you find just the style, just the fabric, just the fit that suits you. Whatever isn't exactly right we alter--at our risk, same as the tailor does--until it is right.

Boys' Clothes

A Sailor Suit.

\$3.00

Like the picture. A free and easy Suit, one a boy always likes. For boys aged 4 to 10 years. Come in a winter weight--blue serge--with fancy trimmings on the sailor collar and shield.



A Reefer Suit

\$2.50

Like the picture, for boys 4 to 8 years--the popular school suit. Comes in fine all wool chevots, fancy mixtures, plaids and checks and in blue cheviot. The collar is braided and the pants have band and buckle.



Reefers.

\$3.00

Reefer time will soon be here--the time to buy is now. The assortment is full to overflowing with goodness in Reefers in popular fabrics that look nobby and are so warm and comfortable. Ours for small boys have a large sailor collar--for bigger boys an ulster collar if preferred.



Double-Breasted Suit

\$1.98

Worn altogether by boys 9 to 16 years. We offer for school wear this bargain made on purpose to stand the rough wear of out-door sport. We have put in all the wear possible and can recommend these suits. Fancy chevots in colors that won't show dirt easily.



SAMTER BROS.,

Clothiers, Furnishers, Hatters.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

[Under this heading short letters of interest will be published when accompanied, for publication, by the writer's name. The Tribune will not be held responsible for opinions here expressed.]

The Standard Oil Company.

Editor of The Tribune. Sir--It is not often that the writer takes exception to your editorial matter, but your approval of the 12th, inst., of ex-Governor Flower's defense of trusts, calls for a protest against the whole premises as illogical and false. In fact, as the writer is abundantly able to show, if the writer of that apology had known anything personally about what was being written, he never would have taken up the cause of a monopoly so absolutely cruel that it has crushed out the life of thousands of business concerns, oil refineries, etc. Such assumptions are only worthy of a confidence man, and are enough to make a brass monkey smile.

Listen to his logic, that three shoe houses were to combine to reduce prices by economy in labor, etc. Now what if those three houses, by the combined capital, would proceed to organize a dozen smaller concerns, and rob widow and orphan? This is just what the oil octopus has done again and again. Then again he cites another proposition, that the Standard Oil Company has reduced the price of oil. He don't state why. All men know, who care to know the facts

because there is just enough independent manhood still left who have not sold conscience and country for a mess of pottage, or who have not turned dough face for a consideration, in other words, there is competition left to hold them level. It is a slur on the independent manly competitor to give the praise to a leech or a parasite on the commerce of the country and rob the true benefactor. Yes, Mr. Flower's argument falls flat to the ground unless he can prove that the monopoly was conceived, organized and carried on for a public benefaction. This has never been known, and all apologies for monopolies never can prove to the satisfaction of the writer for he knows better by a sad experience.

Here is another of Mr. Flower's ridiculous statements, that in 1872 they took compassion on the dear public and began to make good oil that would not explode. If he had known anything about the matter in question he would know that many years later some of the Standard's agents and one in particular, a director, sent out oil branded 120 degrees, purporting to be 20 degrees higher than when it was 20 degrees below fire test or legal test. This same oil exploded in the bed room where a work-girl of a paper mill was asleep and set fire to the bed on which she lay. This is the concern that poses as a public benefactor.

About 75 per cent. of the oil was so vile and dangerous that the writer had to take an instrument and test the stuff and expose the rottenness of the Standard O., as he own proposes to expose the hypocrisy of their assumption of public

FACTORYVILLE.

Mrs. G. B. Mathewson and family will move to Washington, D. C., about the 1st of November, where Mr. Mathewson is employed by the government.

Samuel Gilmore and Miss Clara Gardner attended the Gardner-Huff wedding at Homedale last Tuesday.

George W. Stanton was slightly injured last Monday by being thrown out of his wagon on to one of the wheels.

Harry B. Reynolds, who was brought home ill from Connecticut, is able to be out again. Sometime this month, before Mr. Reynolds returns to his place of business, he will be united in marriage to Miss Carrie Hall, one of our most estimable young ladies.

Over R. H. Reynolds arrested E. E. Ellsworth in a house of questionable character that stands on the suburbs of this town, last Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock on the charge of desertion. He was taken to Foster, where he has a wife and four children.

The Ladies' Grand Army Republic circle, the Grand Army Republic and Langstaff Hose company, No. 1, will attend, in a body, the unveiling of the sailors' and soldiers' monument at Tunkhannock next Tuesday. They will be accompanied by Keystone band. Langstaff Hose company will be the

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WILD FAMILY IN INDIANA COUNTY.

Montgomery is in a High State of Excitement. Johnstown, Oct. 15.--Montgomery, Indiana county, is in a high state of excitement. A posse of farmers, which was organized last Monday, has captured five of the children of a wild family. They were found asleep in an unguarded forest in a hut that bears every evidence of savage construction.

How many years the family had lived there the authorities cannot determine, but it has been known for some time that very strange people were somewhere living in the woods. Stories are to the effect that they subsisted entirely upon wild fruits and nuts and committed depredations upon fields of grain and garden patches, and that during cold nights they slept with swine. They were in a deplorable condition when captured, and bore unmistakable evidence of savagery.

Farmers who saw them in captivity declare that they acted just like wild beasts. The captives were taken to Indiana, where they attracted curious throngs. They were thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned, and fitted out with clothing and then taken to the Reform School at Morgansville. The father and mother of the children have not been located, but every effort will be made to run them down.