# PERCHANCE TO DREAM.

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By ELLEN MACKBURN

ances liked or disliked, according to their inclination, was a handsome and wealthy widow, endowed with a purse liberally open to most demands and manifesting the fervent interest for many subjects that characterizes our fin de siecle. 'The Mrs. Noel who occasionally confronted her own soul was a deep and narrow nature, influenced by two impassioned affections, and as indifferent to outside sympathies as to shadows that pass. One of these affections was devoted to the memory of her husband, the other was a living love for her only daughter.

Concerning this beloved child the mother's heart ached forebodingly while she drove through the avenues the Champs Elysees in her next brougham, or toiled through various spartments of that fashionable quarter, accompanied by her maid and a house agent. Distracted by an anxiety with watch house-hunting peoplexities had nothing to do, she broke down when, baving admired certain picturesque rooms, she was told that the accommedations for the "suite" were three stalrways higher.

"Go, Rosine," she said to her maid, as she sank into an easy chair, "you surely know better than I what we require. I shall rest here until you re-

Madame does not fear to remain

"Why should I fear," Mrs. No-I demanded wearily. "We have so conscientiously inspected every corner and cupboard that even a ghost could not have escaped our notice. If you are nervous, however, you may lock the outer door." Resine murmured an acquiescent "As madame pleases," the agent uttered a volumble assurance of secure solitude and they departed. Mrs. Noel leaned back in her chair

and shut her eyes. She had often warned herself that anxious days would begin when Laura grew old enough to become interested In lovers, but she had not anticipated that those days would dawn thus swiftly. Laura was only seventeen. A child in spirit, though visibly nearing the lovely verge of womanhood. Mrs. Neel had left her for a holiday visit at the home of a school friend in Scotland, while she made an annual cure at Homairg. Now, six weeks later, Laura's letters were filled with one man's name, and her mistress wrote that a Russian, Count Rufski, possessing a European reputation for fascination, was pursuing Laura with such devotion as she believed no girl could resist.

That a woman should marry among her countrymen was a law of life evolved by Mrs. Nocl from her own brief, hoppy marriage. That Laura's husband should be of her mother's choosing, Mrs. No.1 discovered suddenly to be the law's inseparable codicit. Laura nad manifested a cheerfully resolute will since ever she was old enough to feel a preference. What if her will had already decided for the stranger-a Russian, whose "European reputation for fascination" could not have been acquired with any number of years approximately near to those of this child of seventeen?

Mrs. Noel opened her eyes with a pang so keen that she thrust it aside. once has thus swiftly eclipsed her own. She would not consider such a disaster. She would consider instead the home they meant to make for some years in Paris-here perhaps. This apartment seemed like ly to suit them, she told herself, while her eyes wandered restlessly around the salon, which the agent had bril-liantly illuminated when he had shut out the chill autumn twilight.

Immediately opposite her chair a wide doorway hung with satin portieres framed a smatter yet more charming room, whose delicate blue tints suggested a dainty background for the object of Mrs. Noel's anxieties.

"Just the cozy little don my darling will fancy-Her thoughts broke off as sharply as

though they had been interrupted Before the chimney which faced the

with many satin pillows. A moment since it had seemed the very nest for Laura-now? Was she dazed or dreaming? Whose

slender, white-clad figure lay among those pillows? Whose fair head half turned away toward the chimney? Not Laura's, thank God! Color and outline so mysteriously appeared there was not Laura, nor vision of Laura.

Whoever she was, how did she get there unobserved? An awe that was neither curiousity nor terror possessed Mrs. Nocl as she confronted the picture before her. Whence had it come? Why did she behold it?

Between her and the object of her spellbound gaze the figure of a man in evening dress advanced soundlessly. His back was toward Mrs. Neel as he stepped softly to the side of the sleeping girl. He bent over her. His slender jeweled hands lifted one of the satin

What was he about to do? Did he mean some caressing arrangement of those pillows for the comfort of that fair head?

The sleeper stirred. The bending man. still holding the pillow, glanced across his shoulder, thus turning his beautiful, evil face to the horror-stricken onlooker, and in those cruel, pale eyes his purpose was written-murder!

A cry, shrill with terror, interrupted the fluent amenities of Rosine and the house agent, as he fitted the key into the outer door of the apartment,

. . . . . .

The Mrs. Neel whom her acquaint- | of flying feet along the inner corridor and a heavy fall, "Open, imbecile!" Rosine cried wild-

> "Madame, madame!" The frightened agent flung wide the door, and Rosine dropped on her knees beside the inanimate body of her mis-

> Neither terror nor anguish can long suspend the intense consciousness of such a temperament as Mrs. Noel's. With a strange regard her haggard yes stared up presently at Rosine and

hurriedly summoned "I was tired and I fainted," she murmured impatiently to their enger ques-

"Pardon, madame screamed!" Mrs. Neel frowned and closed her

"A fancy! I was half asleep-a bad dream.

She sat upright resolutely in her chair where they had placed her and smiled a pretty, perfunctory smile. 'A woman's nerves are not to be explained, are they, Madame la Con-clerge?" she said to that stout personwho was yet breathless from her run up two flights of stairs. "You have a handsome apartment here under your

'I hope madame will not allow her fright to prejudice her against it?" "I will try to forget it, and the apartment pleases me, especially the smaller

"Madame la Comtesse always sat there. It was furnished according to her orders."

She was fair, I dare say, to choose much blue?

Fair as a life."
"Why did she leave."

"She died, madame.

'Ah, yes, Suddenly?" Of heart disease, poor, lovely angel!

But madame has doubtless heard the "Partly, I-I--" Mrs. Noel rose, shiv-

ering. "Will you give me your arm to my carriage, monseiru?" she said to the agent. Despite protestations that she could not yet be strong enough for such exer-

tion, she walked downstairs. "Why should I ask her name," she repeated to herself with every feeble "I dreamed, perhaps. Or, if this herrible vision was the truth, I am no aveng r of innocent blood. I am a thaid woman. I am afraid!"

She entered the brougham, while Rosine listened to the agent's regrets neerning madame's ledisposition

"Madame!" the maid exclaimed as they drove away, "it is a small world, is it not? Even this great Paris? The young comtosse who died in that apartment two years ago was the wife of the Comte Rufski, who, Marie writes me is staying in the house in Scotland

where Mile. Laura now visits." During a long moment life seemed slipping from Mrs. Noel's hold. But she clung fast to it.

Now she did know why she had been permitted to behold that vision of a tragedy over which the grave had

God meant her to save her child. Not would she fall His marvelous mercynot though her flesh shuddered and her blood grew cold with horror of what had be n and terror of what might be

Rosine, whose keen eyes little esaped, was well aware that her fragile looking mistress was capable of endurance beyond the power of a far more vigorous physique. She, however, ventured a remonstrance when, after an hour's repose and a cup of tea, Mrs. Noel prepared to keep an engagement at the opera-a remonstrance which

Mrs. Necl was rather late and very pale when she entered the log- of her friends, yet no one guessed that more ailed her than fatigue. Why should they? Does not many an actress play st with sorrowful soul or failing body? And this woman played her role neither for fame nor for daily oread, but for that child-love which archway stood a low couch, heaped God's law had ordained to be the core

of every woman's heart. There was an outburst of talschlevus amusement when she spoke of her letters from Scotland, and the reports

of Laura's conquest. "Laura bas made a brilliant begining, which you must expect to prove an end also, if Rufski is in earnest! He were like, but the pretty creature who is the most irresistible of fortune-hunt-

Why, Laura deserves something "Oh, my dear, he is a good fellow,

oo, and he has established a record s a devoted husband." 'H: is a widower?'

Since two years. She was a Scotch eauty and heiress when he married er, but her fortune vanished in that big Clasgow bank failure soon after their marriage, Rufski, like all Rusians, is an incurable gambler, and invariably 'hard up.' Yet he bore his disappointment heroically, remained harming to his wile, and seemed quite verwhelmed by her sudden death."

She died suddenly?" "He found her lying dead of heart sease one evening when he returned from his club. You are shivering, my Wran this cloak about those pretty shoulders."

Mrs. Noel did not sleep well that

Surely never a woman faced a situation so terrible or so hopeless of human

Friends and kinsfolk would think her mad did she proclaim an accusation of murder founded on such flimsy fabric

# Aghast they paused. There was a rush of a dream. And dared she call that Alaska Gold Dust

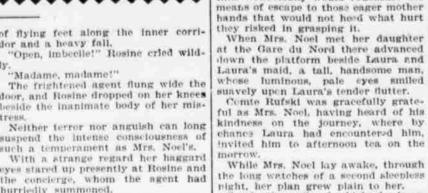
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which she beheld a vision, her madness

would be considered more fully proven.

Even Laura might shrink dismayed

from the mother who sought to sully

her imagination and shatter her hap-

piners with such fantastic herrors con-

he had awakened her heart, had cer-

Fut Laura must be saved. The God who had shown the danger

thus wonderfully would vouchsafe the

tainly pleased her fancy.

Surely the guilt of which she knew the secret must be haunted by such cowardly fears as would be stirred to self-betrayal by the revelation of a knowledge whose source only be su-She was aware of the personal danger she would risk should Rufski's courage resist the test she intended to put upon it. She could not doubt that he would

e at no loss for methods by which to sweep from his path an enemy who menaced him. Yet Laura should be saved. Laura, whose gay chatter, in which omte Rufski's name recurred so ofen, stabbed the mother's resolve with mightler dread than that of her own

Was the child's heart awake? And for whom would it declare? Mother or

Mrs. Noel and her daughter spent the ollowing morning shopping. Laura was apturous over the choice of her first sall dress. Yet she insisted upon having flowers which she had promised Rufski to wear, They lunched at a famous patisserie, whose goods Laura levoured with the reckless ardor of a school girl's hunger. Yet she forgot to finish a favorite game pie while she escanted upon Rufski's skill at a shooting match she had seen in Scot-

They returned to their hotel for "5 o'clock tea," and Rufski did not keep them waiting.

With horror Mrs. Noel beheld him lift Laura's pretty hand to his lips with the long jeweled fingers she had een press down a satin pillow upon-She could not speak in answer to Rufski's graceful greeting, but she

It is mostly with a smile that a wonan leads her "forlorn hope," and the bravest cheer which has led men to sattle and whose echo rings through history lacks something of the heroism of such a smile,

The little group sat about the fire nd drank tea daintily. Laura was gay. Rufski amusing, Mrs. Noel rather si-

Just arrived as two of them were rom Scotland, talk turned naturally to Scotch customs, Scotch characteristics and, by a subtle impulse from Mrs. Noel, to Scotch superstitions.

Rufski and Laura each repeated legends at whose terrors they scoffed. Mrs. Noel grew serious. "I have an unassailable objection to

the credibility of most ghost stories," the said very slowly, There was a curious thrill in her low voice which brought Rufski's eyes to her face from her daughter's, but she

was gazing at the fire. cannot believe that the Maker of the universe would permit the infraction of His laws for the frivolous pur-pose of useless terrorism that seems on the pose of useless terrorism that seems their usual design." she continued. "But one has come to my knowledge recently whose purpose is worthy of God's mercy, and in whose truth I therefore believe

"Mother, how solemn you are!" Laura cried, with laughing incredultty, "You don't really believe a ghost

"Assuredly, as I believe that all sin mes to punishment." "Rufski shrugged his shoulders

"Perhaps madame will deign to convince of his mistake a student of life who has fancied that he discerned sinners 'Hourishing like the green bay tree' of which the bible tells us.' "You shall hear the story, and I think

it will convince you.

Again Rufski's brilliant eyes sought ers, and again hers avoided them. Mrs. Noel was no more liberally endowed with eloquence than are other women of her temperament in this ineloquent generation. But words that burned in the memory of her listener leaped to her lips as she described the solitary woman in the empty apart-ment, the fair vision of secure repose which had so mysteriously appeared before her, and the creeping shadow of murder which destroyed it. Then, without glancing at her silent auditors, she relat d that the names of the actors of this ghostly tragedy had become known to its beholders and that corroborating circumstances and motive were not lacking to link the phantom to reality and to establish its truth.

"A truth the purpose of whose awful revelation will be accomplished," Mrs. Noel concluded in the level volce which had told the whole story. "The woman to whom it was revealed understands its merciful warning of danger to one beloved-a danger to avert which she is prepared to encounter the most pub-lic scandal or the most subile ven-geance—unless her enemy disappears." Through effort that taxed every force

of her being, Mrs. Roel slowly lifted her gaze to Rufski's face. A face from which the mask of control and civilization had been swept away, and which confronted her ghastly with supernatural horror, devilish with the lust of hate, while in his pale eyes stared that look whose recognition banished from her soul any doubt which might perchance in future years have shaken her conviction of his guilt. From that face, those eyes, she recoiled with an involuntary homage of the flesh to the present menace of Death. With a cry Laura flung herself on her knees between her mother and Rufski, as though interposing per own slight

strength before that mother's halfcomprehended danger. Rufski sank back in his chair, hiding his face with his hands. There was silence,

Silence, during which Mrs. Nocl. feeling the clasp of her child's arms, thanked God! Whatever the outcome of this moment's suspense Laura was

saved. Laura's heart had spoken, and its first utterance had been for he., "Pardon, madame!" Rufski murmur-ed at last, pantingly, "A thousand pardons for the scene I make. Your hor-rible story has overstrained nerves sorely shattered by much suffering—" His voice broke down.

He rose unsteadily to his feet. His face was white and quivering, but his eyes had recovered their discretion, and onfessed only the weakness his words

"Will madame forbear judgment on a mediaeval buron used to be in his castle

cerning the man who, whether or not

the absent whom her eloquence has driven to flight?" An instant Mrs. Noel hesitated, An instant, in which her courage touched its highest reach and faltered. Her child was safe. Let him go, with his past, of which she had such strange knowledge, to his future, which she

was powerless to limit or control, "Concerning the absent, monsieur, I am dumb-so long as his absence en-He bowed profoundly, walked swiftly

oward the door, turned there, bowed again, and was gone. "Mother!" Laura Laura cried, clinging "Don't tell me what you meant, or why he went away! I saw him look at you as if-Darling mother, something terrible has come near us, but it has passed. Promise that we shall speak of it again."-San Fran-

## ON THE SUBJECT OF SLEEP.

cisco Bulletin.

Intellectual Activity as It Affects the Need of Steep -- People Who Can Sleep at Any Time and in Any Place. Naps After Meals -- Conditions When the Nerve Cells Shut Up.

rom the New York Sun. "But I cant' sleep," insisted the patient,
"That's nothing," repeated the doctor.
"Nothing! Why, I stay awake all night."
"No, you don't," rejoined the doctor,
"You stay awake part of the time and
dream more of the time that you're
awake, and betin es you sleep soundly."
"Well, you can not it that way if you "Well, you can put it that way if you want to; what I'm after is something that'll make me sleep instead of lying awake, and will keep me from dreaming that I'm awake."

"You're going too fast," said the doctor, "In the first place, how do you know that you need to sleep any more than you do? Lots of people sleep too much for their own good,"

"I've been accustomed to my sever straight hours all my life, and I don't know why I should cut down the allow-

"Some people," retorted the doctor, "come in here and say they've been accustomed to their three square meals a day all their lives, and they don't see why they should have dyspepsia now. There are a lot of possible dangers about too much sleep in the way of causing certain allments, to say nothing of the wear and tear of the nerves brought about by trying to force yourself to sleep more than no ture says, just because you've heard that he normal man spends a third of his life in bed. Why, don't you know that the higher the intellectual rank, the less sleep a man requires? Goothe and Humboldt got along with two or three hours of sleep a day. Napoleon needed only four of five hours, and Kant scoided his pupils for exceeding that limit. Now, you're intellectual."

"And a victim of insomula," added the

"I once saw a Chinaman I admired." continued the doctor. "He was waiting for a train at a station consisting of a you will observe-laid his arms on his knees and his head on his arms, and went at any time and in any place. The l'appears fall esteep when they've nothing else to do. So do all savages. So do RADWAY & CO, 55 ELM ST., NEW YORK

Dogs can fall asleep at any momen foring the day," interrupted the patient, "because they stay awake all night bark-ing, as you'd know if you had ever tried

o keep one in a house in the country, "When you're growing old," continu the doctor, "you may know that your intellect is all right and your powers are unimpaired so long as you stay awake; its only when you feel a constant need of sleep that the decay of the mental facul-ties has set in."

"Then maybe I'm growing young," said the potient. "I used to take a nap after dinner, and now I don't even do that." "A good thing for you," said the doctor, "You oughtn't to sleep after meals." "How about the famous siesta of Latir

"It's all wrong. If doctors wait long enough a case is pretty sure to come along that will tell them what they want. It would, of course, be easier to cut people up and find out the things we want to know as the questions arise, but there are objections to doing that, and so we have to wait until good fortune injur-somebody in that way. So it happen that once a man had his stomach of that once a man had his stomach cut open by an accident, and his doctor made use of him. The doctor learned among other things that the process of digestion became weaker while the man was asleep. The moral is that it isn't well to sleep after meals. Some people feel the need of a map after eating. That is because theh figestive apparatus isn't in good working order, or because they are gluttons. In other case blood needed elsewhere is frawn to the stomach, and the brain is impoverished. That's why seppents and certain other animals go to sleep after orging themselves."

"That may be all right about the other man," persisted the patient, "but in my case it is different. I don't sleep now because I've had a lot of care on my mind." "Maybe that's the reason and maybe it sn't," replied the doctor, "Care works ooth ways. Toward the end of his career Napoleon semetimes could scarcely kee awake at critical moments in the mids of a battle. They said it was his liver, but it wasn't. The same phenomenon was observed among the ancients. A passage vas called to my attention only the other ay from Montaigne's essay on sleep. He escribes the suicide of the Emperor Otho. After having made all arrangements for killing himself, he was so overcome by drowsiness that he fell asleep, and soon was snoring. In the same way, Cato, when about to make away with himself, was overcome by sleep, and once the Emperor Augustus, when engaged in a naval battle, could hardly keep himself awake long enough to give orders." "All that is very interesting," said the stient; "but what has all that to do with

"Everything in the world," answered the octor. "If we only knew what sleep was, I might do something for you that would remely the evil in a direct manner; but unfortunately we don't. We're not even sure that we're anywhere near knowsure that we're anywhere near kno-ing; but we think we are. Do you kno-what the latest theory of sleep is? course you don't. It's only about to years old, and it isn't yet in a conditi for popular consumption. It is too conplicated for me to explain to you; there are too many technicalities and provisional hypotheses and other involved things about it. But the general idea of it simple enough. You know there are su things as nerve cells, don't you? Well, w used to suppose that they were contin-ous and formed a permanent line of comunication for ideas to pass over. Now we find, or, at least, we think we find, that they are only contiguous; that they

connect one with another by means of

priongations. Sometimes they contract and draw in their prolongations, and then

they are as much shut off and isolated as

when he raised the drawbridge, or as two cities are nowadays when a blizzard comes along and blows down the telegraph wires. That is sleep, Sometimes a few of the nerve cells remain connected and exchange ideas; that is what dreams and exchange ideas; that is what dreams are. When you're awake they're all connected, and as you go to sleep they contract and shut off the current. Pretty theory, isn't it? Well, in your case, say, somethin's wrong that prevents the cells, or some of them, from contracting and keeps them excited. So the thing to do is to try to soothe them, and that's what I've been trying to do. Don't worry about I've been trying to do. Don't worry about toting to sleep and maybe in time the balky cells will get calmed down and will contract and then you'll get all the sleep you're entitled to. Try goothing them. And I suppose you expect me to give you a prescription besides all this good adce and wisdom?"
"I believe it's customary," said the pa

ABIDING BY THE VERDICT.

From the Detroit Free Press. It was the judge who was talking. "On of my most peculiar experiences was while I was on the bench down in Pena ylvania. Hunk Wodders was brought iown from the mountains charged with tealing a shoat from one of his neigh bors. I had hunted and fished with the old fellow as a guide and felt sorry to see him in trouble. I asked him if he wanted

'Don't want no trial 'tall,' he replied loggetly. 'I'll jest plead guilty, I hain't got no witnesses or no friends. They'll lst swear I stole that hog an' where'll I But did you steal it, Hunk?"

'Didn't steal rothin'. But I kin take 'I'll eater a plea of not guilty and ap oint a lawyer to defend you. You shall ave a chance to prove your innocence." "I hain't agoin' fer foolin' 'round with to lawyer. I bought that shoat from a eller, an' that's all there are to it.'
"Then I called him to me and whisperd: 'Now honest, Hunk, between man and nan, did you steal that pig?'

'Jist atween you and me, Jedge?" "'No one else shall know a word about "Course I did. That there measly Bill Sims owed me 33 for two years an' 1 jist lifted th' shoat ter get even.' "The case went to trial. The testimony

igninst Hunk was strong and I charge the jury as fairly as I ever did in my life, ut they acquitted him.
"Then Hunk came up to me with flushed face and hanging head. 'Pon my soul, Jedge, I didn't mean fur ter tell you no lle. I thought I stole that shoat, but it 'pears I didn't.'



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platform set down in the middle of no-where out west. We intellectual Caucas-ians fretted and fumed, but my Celestiat merely sat down on one side of the eige of a barrel, rested his feet against the of a barrel, rested his feet against the constraints of the eigenst the position, and the property of the position, and the property of the property of the property of the plant of the plant of the position, and the property of the plant of the p rhoea, Dysentery, internal pains.

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