CHRISTMAS ON THE LIMITED.

FRANK CHAFFEE, In the Magazine of Travel.

It is the twilight time of the busiest, gladdest, most hurried day in all the year—the day before Christmas. The scene is the Grand Central depot, that portal through which, in the morning, pour the countless thousands who are as the sands of the shore in the midst of the great city; through which at night these countless thousands depart, and the city knows not that they have gone. On this evening the crowd is a glad and a merry one, and though there is much pushing and jostling, every one is good-natured, and each has a pleasant word for another; for, indeed, is not this the eve of gladness?—that gladness which is the touch of nature making the whole world kin. In the waiting-room of that road which leads to Chicago, on the edge of the crowd forcing its way through the narrow gateway leading to the Limited train, is a little lady, who, to a keen-eyed observer, shows a notable lack of the holiday atmosphere. She is faultlessly tailor-made as to garbing, she is gloved and booted and hatted in the most exactly correct of the smart styles; and she carries a small handbag which looks as assured and as self-contained as does the little lady herself. She waits until she can pass the gate without being crowded, then shows her ticket, walks through, finds her car, hands her little bag to the porter, saying, "Section number nine," and is presently comfortably seated facing the engine. Altogether a very well-regulated and systematic little lady, but evidently a little lady who either does not know it is Christmas Eve, or, knowing, is for some reason trying to forget it. As the train moves out of the great depot, and the little lady watches the lights flashing rapidly by, two great tears creep out of her beautiful eyes and gleam for a moment on the veil that falls from the jaunty travelling-hat. Soon dinner is announced in the dining car, and the little lady walks calmly through the train, eats her dinner, then as calmly returns to her place. As the porter passes, she glances at the unoccupied section opposite and inquires pleasantly, "Porter, is number ten not taken?" "Reserved for a party at Albany, miss," is the reply. "Then I may sit there for a while and watch the river," says the little lady, and she takes the seat by the window and looks out across the Hudson, and watches the lights coming out one by one along the Palisades. After a time she returns to her own place, takes a novel from her satchel and settles herself to its perusal, but by and by she discovers that it is all about a husband and wife who have become estranged, and then make it all up and live happy evermore, and the little lady signifies her disapproval by closing the book with a vicious bang, and saying, after a moment's thought, "Never!" She then called the porter and had her section prepared for the night. Ere long she had drifted to that land where dreams take possession of us, and whether she would or not her dreams were all about a tall, dark man with merry eyes, which could look severe, and with a pleasant voice which called her Edith; and all through the dream was a little dog, a Skye terrier, for which she did not seem to care at all, but which seemed to have a great deal to do with everything—and then a pleasant voice said briskly, "Porter, is number ten ready?" and the voice somehow seemed to go with the tall, dark man in the dream, and she half woke with a dry little sob, and murmured sleepily, "Never!" and went back to her dreams until the sunshine of Christmas morning came through the curtains, and brought her again to the world of real things. As she emerged from her seclusion to complete her toilet, she discovered that the opposite section had been made up and the occupant had departed, probably to the smoking compartment. A dress-suit case and a travelling-coat were lying on the seat; as her eye was caught by the initials on the dress-suit box her heart seemed to stand still; then she looked hastily at the coat, and gasped, "It is Philip;" then, becoming conscious of her dishevelled condition, she made a frantic rush for the end of the car. When she appeared again she was as fresh and blooming as a rose. Her section meanwhile had been made up, and she settled herself comfortably and gazed out at the beautiful, snow-touched country through which the train was hurrying, and in her eyes was a look of expectancy. Presently she turned, to find a tall, dark man coming down the aisle towards her, and then she heard a voice with a wealth of love in its tones say, "Edith," and the voice was that of the tall, dark man in her dream. Then the pretty face hardened and the bright eyes grew cold and the little head lifted haughtily as she said, "Sir, you have made a mistake."

The tall man paused a moment, looking down at the averted face, and then said, softly, "Edith, will you not come to breakfast with me and talk it over?"

"Certainly not," was the reply, in frosty tones; "I prefer to breakfast alone," and with that she rose, and stalked past him directly away from the dining car. It was humiliating to be obliged to retrace her steps and pass him again, but she did it bravely, trying not to see that he sat with his head pressed close against the window. When, after breakfast, she returned to her seat, her neighbor was not to be seen.

The great train rolled on, and the car wheels whirred and sung their Christmas carol, but to the little lady in section nine they brought no thought of "peace on earth, good will toward men." She had taken another book from her satchel, and appeared greatly absorbed in it. A very dear old lady in the section back of her had been watching all the proceedings, and now, glancing over the shoulder of the little lady, she noted that the leaves of the book were never turned, and she said to herself, with a kindly smile, "Poor children! a lover's quarrel." Soon the book boy came through the train with his armful of books; he paused at section nine, and laid a volume of poems on the seat beside the little lady, as he said, "The gentleman in the smoker said I was to hand this to you, ma'am."

Edith glanced at the book, then out of the window for a moment, then again at the book. She saw that a leaf was turned down, and her hand went slowly out towards the little volume, and the very dear old lady in the next seat looked on and smiled. Edith turned to the indicated page, and found a verse marked, it was part of a poem that the pleasant voice of the tall, dark man had many times read to her, and now it came to her as a message, and this was the message:

"Alas, how easily things go wrong;
A word unsung in a lover's song,
There comes a mist and a blinding rain,
And life is never the same again.

"Alas, how hardly things go right!
A storm may come in a summer night,
The stars will fade in the gloom away,
And the summer's night is a winter's day."

She read the verse softly through, and as the book dropped to her lap, she saw something was written on the fly-leaf; turning to it, she read: "Edith, from Philip, Merry Christmas;" written in the strong, manly hand that had written her so many words of love. If Philip could have come to her then all would have been well; but such is the perverseness of fate, we do not know when to "come back and be forgiven," and in the smoking compartment Philip sat, glowering out of the window, twisting his mustache fiercely, and saying to himself:

"Poor little girl, she is awfully hard with me, and all about a beggarly dog. Confound the beast, anyway; I always did hate little dogs!"

And the car wheels still whirred and sung, and all their song was "Peace on earth;" and at every station the passengers leaving the train, laden with their pleasant-looking parcels, were met and greeted by those who needed them to complete their Christmas circle, and the train hands were greeted by their friends in passing, and every one was happy, and full of holiday cheer, save only the little lady in section number nine, and the tall, dark man in the smoking compartment. Philip made another effort at luncheon time; he came slowly down the aisle, and said: "Edith, shall I get you some luncheon?" The little lady, seeing him approaching, had seized her novel, and, in response to his question, glanced coldly up from its pages, just long enough to say, with extreme frostiness, "Thank you, no."

Philip noticed the book of poems on the seat, apparently untouched; but he gained some trifling comfort from also noting that the novel in Edith's hand was upside down. He returned once more to the smoker, and Edith, throwing her novel pettishly down, sat gazing out of the window. Presently she had the porter bring her a cup of tea, and, just as she had finished it, she felt a light touch on her shoulder, as a sweet voice said: "My dear, don't you want to come and talk to a tired old lady?"

After they had chatted awhile the very dear old lady said: "I have been watching you all day, my little girl, and you must pardon an old lady if she asks you some questions. Is the tall young man your lover?"

"No," said Edith, "I am sorry to say he is my husband."

"Sorry!" said the old lady, "oh, no, my dear, not that; and I am sure he is still your lover as well as your husband; don't you want to tell the old lady all about it? I have had a lot of experience, and perhaps I can help you."

Edith looked into the very dear old face for a moment, and then said: "Oh, thank you so much; yes, I will tell you; but it is too late to help us; I can never forgive Philip."

And then she told to this sympathetic listener the whole story; of her marriage six months before, of her dear little home in New York, of her happy life with Philip until—and here she paused, with a slightly shamefaced expression—well, until she had one day spent an absurd sum for a fancy terrier. Philip had objected, half laughingly, half seriously; then things commenced to go awry; the little dog carried off Philip's slippers, chewed up his razor strap, knocked his silk hat about the floor, and had done a thousand other annoying little things, and every time anything happened Philip was disagreeable, and Edith had retorted, and so the little rift in the lute widened. Then there came a day—and here the eyes of the little lady flashed—when Philip, in a burst of temper, had said: "Edith, either that dog leaves this house, or I do;" and Edith had—in a fine temper, also—answered: "Do as you please; Dandy shall not go;" and Philip had packed a satchel and left, and all that was a week ago. Edith had waited two days, becoming more alarmed and less bad-tempered all the time, and had then paid a visit to a cousin in Brooklyn, where she remained until deciding to go, on the day before Christmas, to her mother, in Chicago. What Edith could not tell, because she did not know it, was that Philip, after three miserable days at a hotel, had returned, penitent and loving, to the little apartment, to find Edith gone, the servant gone, even the wretched little cause of all the trouble gone, and not a word of any sort for him. He had gone back to the hotel; he spent several days arranging business matters, then went to Albany to consult his married sister, who said: "Edith has probably gone home to Chicago; I would go there at once." And that was how both Edith and Philip happened to be passengers on the Limited of Christmas Eve.

The very dear old lady listened without comment, until Edith had finished, then she laughed a merry little laugh as she said, "And so it was all about a little dog; what a very inadequate cause for so much trouble! By the way, my dear, what did you do with the dog?"

The corners of the pretty mouth twitched a little as Edith said, "I gave it to my cousin in Brooklyn." Edith and the very dear old lady looked at each other a moment, then they laughed together, until the tears stood in their eyes, and Edith hastened to say, "You see, it wasn't the dog entirely, it was the principle I was thinking of."

"Nonsense," said the old lady, "you thought of nothing but having your own way; and, from my point of view, you will be a very lucky young person if that fine-looking, manly Philip will take you back at any price. Think of weighing a miserable little dog in the balance against the love of such a man!—why, my dear, I could shake you."

"But," faltered Edith, "do you think a woman should give up everything to her husband?"

"Certainly not," said the old lady, "and no true man will ask her to. You give up much, of course, and you ought to. Sacrifice is the essence of true love, and it is the essence of selfishness as well, because you are far happier in sacrificing to one you love than you are in withholding. Now, my advice is, make it up with your Philip as soon as ever you can, and live happy ever after, and always remember how near your happiness came to going to the dogs. And now, do you realize that it is dusk? Let us go to dinner together."

As they were coming out of the dining car they passed a tall, dark man at one of the tables; the little lady, leading the way, passed him with her eyes straight ahead, but as the very dear old lady reached him she paused for a moment, as she whispered:

"Do not worry, it is coming out all right."

Philip looked his thanks, then turned to his dinner with more hopefulness than he had felt in many days.

A little later Edith and her new friend still sat side by side, talking, and the wheels were singing and humming in merry metre, for the train was making up time.

"We shall soon be in Chicago now," said the very dear old lady; will you speak to him before you leave the train?"

"Oh, I think not," said Edith; and then added, with a little return of the haughty manner, "he must come to me."

The old lady looked at Edith a moment, indulgently, and said, "Don't wait too long."

Soon they were gathering up their small traps, and the train was running into the city. The wheels seemed now to have ended their song, and to be saying, "Well, if you've not had a Merry Christmas it's not our fault; we've sung to you all day long."

Just as Edith was pulling down her veil and drawing on her gloves Philip hurried in, threw his coat over his arm, picked up his satchel, and without a glance at her left the car. Edith looked startled, then turned towards the old lady who, having made a shrewd guess as to Philip's plans, said, "Well, my dear, good-by, and God bless you! I think you may have a Merry Christmas after all; now run along and get your cab," and the very dear old lady watched her tenderly as she hurried out into the busy station. Just as Edith found a desirable-looking cab, she noticed Philip almost at her side, and in her agitation she got into the cab without giving any orders to the driver. Philip stepped quickly up, handed his satchel to the man, saying, "Drive to the Auditorium Hotel," and turned towards the cab.

"But, Philip, my trunks," gasped Edith.

"You darling," said Philip, as he jumped in and slammed the door. And the cab rolled away into the night.

A MALAY'S DEADLY CREESE.

Five Men Killed and Two Badly Hurt in Ten Minutes When He Ran Amuck.

From the Sun.

"In four voyages to the East Indies, two of them to Malay ports, I have seen but one instance of that native performance called running amuck. Fortunately I saw it from a position of perfect safety, but the sight was enough to make me steer clear of all Malays afterward, and any vessel that has them on board," said Erdix Deering, who as boy and man sailed many seas in deep-water ships. "It was in 1865, when I was a boy, on my first voyage, on the ship Harry Warren, which sailed from Boston to India with a cargo of ice. We were lying at anchor in the roads off Madras, unloading our middle-deck cargo into lighters, and a hundred vessels of all nations were anchored about us, discharging or taking on board their cargoes. The ship nearest us, about two cable lengths away, was the British ship Mahratta, which had come from Singapore in ballast with a crew of Malay Lascars. It was one day at noon that, as our crew lay round under the awning in the forecastle waiting for the order to turn to, one of the sailors sitting on the capstan sung out:

"'Hi, mates! Just look over to the lime-juicer! They're having some kind of a rumpus there! See 'em going! I believe it's one of those Malays running amuck!'

"We all jumped to our feet and looked at the Mahratta, and some of us ran up into the rigging to get a better view. From the topsail yard I could see all that was going on on the deck of the British ship. Amidships a Lascar, naked to the waist, was slashing and stabbing at a European officer who had tried to grapple with him, while everybody else in sight on the ship was running fore or aft or taking to the rigging. On the quarterdeck the captain was hurrying two ladies down the companionway into the cabin, supporting in his arms one of them who had fainted. As the officer fell lifeless to the deck, the Malay bounded past him following three sailors who had run aft, along the port gangway, upon the poop. As he ran he swung before him a long, slender knife, its crooked blade curving in and out like the writhings of a snake. He overtook the rearmost man on the poop and cut and stabbed him, as he had done with the officer, until the man fell. Meantime the second man leaped overboard, preferring to take his chances with the sharks and water serpents to remaining on board, and the third man ran across the quarter deck and up into the mizzen rigging like a cat. The man in the water swam for our ship, and some natives in a lighter picked him up ahead of the sharks.

"The Malay left the man he had killed and looked around as if for fresh victims, but he himself was the only living person in view on the decks. He ran fore and aft, searching, but found no one, and he tried the cabin door, but it was closed fast. Then he went to the mizzen rigging and started up the ratlines after the man who had taken refuge there. When the Malay had got as far up as the mizzen top the man he was after took to the topgallant fore-and-aft stay and began to go down it, hand over hand, toward the mainmast. The Malay kept on up to the topgallant cross-trees, and began to follow the man down the stay.

"There was something frightful in the relentlessness of his pursuit. He had got about ten feet down the stay when the captain appeared on the poop with a revolver and began firing at him. One, two, three shots he fired and the Makay kept on down the stay. He was two-thirds of the way to the foot when, at the fourth shot, the arm that held the creese fell helpless by his side, through his hand still clutcher the weapon. He clung to the stay by one and and his feet and kept on down it almost as fast as before. A fifth and sixth shot, and at the last the Malay stopped still, then fell like a lump of putty to the deck, full forty feet below. Whether he was dead when he struck the deck I do not know, but the mate, who must have been watching from his room, ran out from the cabin to where the Malay was with a handspike and made sure work of the fellow before he could rise. Then the Lascars came running from the forecastle and down the rigging, and with capstan bars, belaying pins, and knives struck and thrust at the dead Malay until if he had had a dozen lives in him they would have been hammered out of his body before the officers could restrain the excited sailors.

"Our captain got the full story of the affair from the captain o. the Mahratta the next day. The Malay had been brooding and sullen for days before, though no one knew what his grievance was. On this day as the men were piped to dinner he had gone into the forecastle, got the creese from some place where he had it concealed, and had furiously attacked his mates without a word. They raised the cry 'Amuck! Amuck!' and scattered, but not until three of them had been killed or mortally wounded, and two more of them seriously cut by the creese. Running forward, he had encountered the second mate, and the rest of the affair I saw. Five men dead and two badly hurt by the Malay, and himself killed at the end, was the record of ten minutes' business in running amuck. Malays in mine after this? No, thank you."

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

She Could Not Speak.

"Marie," said the young man in pleading tones, "I love you."

She could not speak.

"Marie," he continued, "you know I am one of the Stypsters. I have standing, wealth, everything to make you happy. Will you be mine?"

She could not speak, but looked at him with a frightened fawn look.

"Marie, why this strange silence? You have led me to hope. Has your love grown cold?"

She could not speak.

"Once more I ask you, will you be mine? Give me one little ray of hope—anything but this heart-breaking silence."

She could not speak, and Clarence, with a "farewell forever" on his lips, dashed madly from the room.

The trouble with Marie was this; She liked Clarence all right—in fact, had been trying to capture him all season, but just before he called she had been taking her afternoon nap and had fallen asleep with her lips partly open. As a result of this the spruce gum which she had in her mouth had hardened and held her teeth together with a vice-like grip.

She could not speak.—New York World.

What He Did.

One of the leading banking firms in Paris, on the recommendation of a London correspondent, engaged an English clerk of the name of S——. For about three years the mans punctuality was altogether unprecendented. He came to his work at 9 in the morning and did not leave the office before the last stroke of 5. Beside, during the whole time he never asked for a holiday.

One fine morning, however, to the great suprise of his superior, S—— blushingly craved permission to absent himself for an hour on the following day.

Next day at 12 he left the office. It was observed that a carriage stood waiting for him at the door. At 1 o'clock he drove up again in the same carriage, and resumed his calculations, as cool and self-possessed as if nothing had happened.

This short absence puzzled the brains of all the employes in the bank. The principal himself, eager to obtain the solution of the enigma, invited his paragon of clerks to dinner. Between two glasses of claret the banker said:

"You will not think me indiscreet if I ask you what you did with yourself in that hour's leave of absence you applied for last Tuesday?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied S——. "The fact of the matter is, I went and got married."—London Figaro.

Her Lucky Windfall.

"What is the most curious transaction I ever had?" said a well known postage stamp dealer.

"Some years ago an old lady called upon me, asking whether I could give her anything for a few old stamps she had had by her since she was postmistress in a certain small country town about half a century ago.

On examination they proved to be some of the very rarest of the old unused British stamps, and as I had a customer for them, I told her that I would gladly give her 30 pounds for them.

"'But what am I to do with all that money?' quleried the old lady in apparent dismay at the sudden possibility of so much wealth.

"'If you like to send for it, I shall be glad to hand it over to any one whom you care to provide with a written authority for the payment,' said I, and to this she agreed with evident relief.

"Accordingly, the next day a man called for the money. Shortly after I heard that he had married the old lady. I wonder whether her lucky windfall had anything to do with it?"—Cassel's Journal.

She Was Prepared.

A certain minister always felt it to be his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take, and the new responsibilities they were to assume. One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman, who had come to be married to a bright-looking young man.

"And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you will fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared," she said, innocently, "Well, if I ain't prepared I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts, and two nice ones, and four brand new feather beds, ten sheets and 12 pairs of pillow slips, four all-linen table cloths, a dozen spoons and a good six-quart tea kettle. If I ain't prepared no girl in this country ever was."—Dundee Times.

Carrying Out Instructions.

There was a young man whose social education had been somewhat neglected, and it chanced that he received an invitation to a church wedding.

The morning of the ceremony found him quite excited, and he started for the church some time before, as he would have said, "the show was billed to come off."

Under his arm he carried a small bundle, and before he had proceeded far he met a friend.

"Hello!" said the friend, "and where are you going all dressed up at this time in the morning?"

"Wedding," answered the young man, briefly and proudly.

"Indeed? Going to do some errands on the way?"

"Certainly not."

"But you are not going to a wedding with a bundle under your arm?"

"Of course I am. That's my present."

"Present! But you don't take your present with you, man. You send it beforehand."

"That's all you know about it. I've got a card right here in my pocket, and the card says, 'Present at the church.'"—Boston Budget.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If the seat has vanished from a strong-framed chair worth retaining, make a "cozy" chair out of it. Saw the legs a little shorter, then take a small cotton rope, and put it back and forth over the front and back round of the seat, then across the same way on the sides. Draw very, very tight, and fasten by tying on the under side. Then made a pretty cushion of silk or velvet, with a deep frill of silk, or of close long fringe, to fall over all sides of the seat from the cushion. Make a separate cushion for the back, and fasten each cushion at the corners with pretty ribbon bows. It will be the chair that everybody but your long-legged brother or husband will want to sit in.

If company comes unexpectedly for lunch, and you are short on dessert, try this: Take the little baking powder biscuits left from breakfast and dip them in cold water; then put in a buttered pie pan, with another over them, in a hot oven. In ten minutes take the biscuits out, spread with butter after splitting them open, and, while they are hot lay on a pretty china plate, and heap each half biscuit with strawberries, over which sprinkle powdered sugar plentifully. Make a syrup of a dozen or two of the berries mashed with sugar and a tablespoonful or two of water, and pour over the "strawberry biscuit;" serve with cream, and they are delicious. The butter must not be that vile thing known as "cooking butter," but the very best, and the biscuit must be thin.

Always remember to hang your gasoline cleansed garments in the sun for an hour or two and the odor will all evaporate. It will hang round them, however, if you put them away without sunning.

You can restore the gloss on morocco by varnishing with white of an egg.

Try borax where you have been using Persian powder. It is said to be quite as effective, and its odor is unobjectionable, because it has none. Buy the powdered article, and use exactly as you would the Persian powder.

The oil in your lamps gets rancid with little use this very warm weather, and smells to high heaven. There is no way to overcome it except to throw the oil out. You can have a can for the old oil, and use it for cleaning purposes. There is nothing nicer for an oiled floor than a rubbing with a well-kerosened rag, after the mopping in clear, cold water has taken up all the dust. Furniture oiled or varnished always comes up shining and bright after a vigorous rubbing with a flannel cloth dampened with soft coal oil. There are a dozen uses you can put the old oil to. Keep your burners clean also, if you would have a bright light and one free from smoke.

Of course, you got soot all over the floor when you took down the stoves. Next time you spill the horrid stuff put a lot of common table salt over the soot and brush gently into a dust pan. You can do it with but little trouble then.

ON TO VICTORY.

Every indication points to a rousing Republican victory for the entire ticket next Tuesday. The party's fighting blood is up at last and that portends a Waterloo for the enemy. But no individual Republican should relax his efforts. This is the chance of a life time to rivet and clinch Republican supremacy in once Democratic Lackawanna.

Made Him Sad.

Weary Watkins—What you lookin' so sore about?

Dismal Dawson—I met a guy today 'at tole me I was really workin' harder bummin' around the country than if I was actually holdin' a job. It may be true, too, fer all I know.—Indianapolis Journal.

In the Shelter of His Family Tree.

Mrs. Fleecem—So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?

Fleecem—Insanity. We proved that his father-in-law once spent two years in an asylum.

"But he didn't, did he?"

"Yes, he was superintendent, but we didn't have time to bring that fact out.—New York Journal.

A NEW TYPE OF STREET CAR.

Many New and Desirable Features of Convenience and Comfort.

From the Springfield Republican.

The new car for use on the green line to Chicopee, which the Wason Manufacturing company is making for the street railway company, is nearly done, and will probably be finished the 20th, when it will be turned over to the street railway, who will fit it out with its electrical equipment. The car represents about the latest and best ideas in the construction for purposes of street transportation. It departs, from older styles in two important points, in its length, and in the deep windows, which if opened with make the car a very pleasant means of summer travel. The body is thirty feet long, and each vestibule is five feet in addition, making a total length of forty feet. The body is five feet longer than that of the last green cars which were built by the company for the Chicopee line, and the vestibules are each one foot longer. The doors are at one side of the vestibule, instead of at the center, as is generally the case, and these doors are thirty-six inches wide, instead of twenty-two inches, a more ordinary width. The seats are of the reversible type. There are on each side eight seats running lengthwise of the car, two of these seats to accommodate three people each, and two to accommodate two each. There are two seats in each vestibule, made of slats like those of an open car. Thus the total seating capacity of the car will be forty-six.

The car will give a better accommodation for smokers with its bigger vestibules with seats. The seats inside will be covered with crimson plush. The interior of the car will be handsomely finished. The ceiling will be decorated a dark brown on a handsome selection of white birch. The windows are eight inches deeper than was the case on the new green cars above referred to. This will make them very light and airy in summer. The ceilling will have five panels, in the middle one will be a group of five electric lights, in the two next groups of three, and in the end panels groups of two. Each lamp is sixteen candle power, and thus the lighting capacity of the car will be 240 candle power. The exterior will be painted, the lower part green and the posts and the upper part old ivory, a shade of cream, and there will be gold decorations. There will be no lettering, and the destination will be indicated by signs. The car will be numbered 202. There will be four thirty-horse power motors, which will give twenty more horse power than the new green cars referred to above. There will be hand and air brakes, and the car will be heated by the consolidated system of electric heat, the heaters attached to the truss plank at the bottom and grated so that there will be no danger of burning clothing. The lights will be of 3-16 plate and in two sashes. The deck lights will be of embossed green. This car is made as a sample, and if it is satisfactory to the company others will be ordered like it.

A POLITICAL POINTER—

If you indorse the free trade and free-silver Chicago platform as the Lackawanna Democracy does, "fully and without reserve," then work and vote for Schadt, Horn, et. al. If you believe in McKinley, protection and prosperity, turn these agents of Bryan down.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANCESTORS.

Some of McKinley's Progenitors Were Natives of York County.

Some of President McKinley's ancestors were Pennsylvanians, according to the York correspondent of the Baltimore Sun. The president was invited to visit the fair now being held at York, but pressing business engagements prevented his attending, though he expressed a desire to be present, especially as some of his ancestors were natives of York county. He promised, however, that he would visit York at some future time. In 1743 David McKinley, an ancestor of the president, entered the latitude of Lower Hallam and selected for his homestead 316 acres on the very highest land in all that wilderness, the summit of which overlooks Chanceford and Lower Chanceford townships, with their grand succession of ridges lying east and west, jutting on the deep-grooved Susquehanna Valley. David McKinley was a weaver. Like all who came with him to the Barrens of York county, he had to struggle courageously against the stern opposition of natural disadvantage. The sickle was his champion reaper, and the flail his steam thresher and the palms of his hands his patent corn sheller. He was a man of energy and public spirit, and the necessity for "big roads" at once claimed his attention. Even before the organization of York county he was engaged in this important movement. He died in the year 1760. John McKinley, was the great-grandfather of President McKinley. He was well-known throughout the lower end of York county. He was also a weaver, and to this he added blacksmithing and distilling. He made frequent excursions to Baltimore, Lancaster and York. John McKinley died in 1779, leaving one son, David McKinley. David was born on the ancestral homestead, on Otter Creek, Chanceford township, York county. James McKinley, grandfather of the president, was a son of John McKinley. Dr. William F. Bacon, a well-known physician of York, Pa., is a relative of President McKinley.

QUICK AND WITTY.

Lord Young is said to be one of the ablest Scotchmen on the Bench or at the Bar. At least, he has a ready tongue One day in September, says Youth's Companion, he was driving into town from his place in the country when he met an acquaintance.

"Hallo!" said the latter, "what are you doing here? I thought all respectable people were— out of town."

"Well," said the other, "have you seen anything to make you alter your opinion? I haven't."

At the time of the general election in 1892 he was visiting at Dalmeny House, and the report came that Lord Wolmer, now the Earl of Selbourne, had been returned for the Western division by a majority of three, over Mr. T. R. Buchanan. Soon the majority was three hundred. He added that Lord —— and Lord —— had voted for Wolmer.

"Ah!" said Young, "that accounts for the two ciphers."

HAIR HUMORS

Itching, irritated, scaly, crusted Scalps, dry, thin, and falling Hair, cleansed, purified, and beautified by warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, and occasional dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollients, the greatest skin cures.

Cuticura

Treatment will produce a clean, healthy scalp with luxuriant, lustrous hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

"How to produce Luxuriant Hair," mailed free.

SKINS ON FIRE with Eczema instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

WHAT DO THE CHILDREN DRINK?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it 15c. a5c. nd 2

Stetson Hats

Have Brains In Them

Yes, there are brains in Stetson Hats—brains in making them and brains in wearing them.

New Fall Styles in Stiff and Soft Hats on sale. It's a wise head that wears a Stetson Hat.

These and Other Good Styles Sold by

CONRAD, 305 Lackawanna Avenue

PUT YOURSELF IN OUR PLACE

And you will realize how easy it is to furnish your home luxuriously with a trifling outlay, a little at a time, and you don't miss it.

BARBOUR'S HOME CREDIT HOUSE

425 LACKAWANNA AVE.

Steam and Hot Water

HEATING

Hot Air Furnaces, Sanitary Plumbing, Gas and Electric Light Fixtures.

ELECTRIC LIGHT WIRING.

THE

HUNT & CONNELL CO.,

434 Lackawanna Ave.

National Supply and Metal Co.,

Dealers in New and Second-Hand

MACHINERY, BOILERS AND ENGINES

TELEPHONE NUMBER 3954.

CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES, PULLEYS AND SHAFTING, SCRAP IRON AND METALS A SPECIALTY. OFFICE, 709 WEST LACKA. AVE.

M. E. KEELEY, Manager, Scranton, Pa.

NEW YORK HOTELS.

EVERETT HOUSE, Union Square, New York.

WM. M. BATES. B. L. M. BATES

An established hotel under new management and thoroughly abreast of the times. Visitors to New York will find the Everett in the very heart of the shopping district, convenient to places of amusement and readily accessible from all parts of the city. EUROPEAN PLAN.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL,

Cor. Sixteenth St. and Irving Place, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN PLAN, $3.50 Per Day and Upwards.
EUROPEAN PLAN, $1.50 Per Day and Upwards.

GEO. MURRAY, Proprietor.

The St. Denis

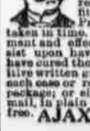
Broadway and Eleventh St., New York. Opp. Grace Church.—European Plan. Rooms $1.00 a Day and Upwards.

In a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis.

The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its homelike atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR AND SON.

MADE ME A MAN



AJAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE A LL Nervous Diseases—Failing Memory, Impotency, Sleeplessness, etc., caused by Abuse or other Excesses and Indiscretions. They quickly and surely restore Lost Vitality in old or young, and fit a man for study, business or marriage. Prevent Insanity and Consumption if taken in time. Their use shows immediate improvement and effects a CURE where all other fail. Insist upon having the genuine Ajax Tablets. They have cured thousands and will cure you. We give a positive written guarantee to effect a cure in each case or refund the money. Price 50 CTS. per package; or six pkges (full treatment) for $2.50. By mail, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of price. Circular free. AJAX REMEDY CO., 19 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Scranton, Pa., by Matthews Bros. and H. C. Sanderson, druggists.