

Characteristics of an American City

Assertions with Reference to the Swiftness of Chicago.

Chicago Letter in the Sun.

The native Chicagoan loves to refer to this place as the "hoss" town of America. Modesty has always been an afterthought with these people. The dominant note in Chicago life today, as in the past, is "Chicago." The want advertisements in the local papers are always calling for "hustlers," and warning away as useless fossils men who have passed their thirtieth year. The commercial spirit, the rush, the style, and the get-there-with-the-best style are peculiarities that most tourists discover without the use of a microscope. All the world has heard how Chicago footpads are busy the year round holding no persons supplied with money and watches. In fact, the "running down" of laggards by teamsters and express drivers who want to be at the head of the procession. Hundreds are killed and maimed and mangled annually by car drivers and teamsters who have no use for slow people. The husband and wife who are in no leisure. Those who can't keep up with the procession are requested to get off the earth.

Lately Kipling came here and was told to go to the Palace Hotel. To his oriental taste this history was over-rough and unrefined, but there he found a huge hall of tessellated marble crammed with people talking about money and spitting about it where. A crowd of people charged in and out of this inferno with letters and telegrams in their hands, and yet others shouted back and forth in a most boisterous manner. "What would Mr. Kipling have said if he had witnessed a horse-drawn carriage in a city where the people rush around on Monday as if they were ashamed of having been idle on Sunday.

CAUSE OF THE RUSH.

One day a confused and frightened Nebraska farmer made his escape from the football rush of the crowds, and entering a Washington street stationer's shop, just off State street, asked: "Where are all these people in the streets running to? It is like a buffalo stampede out on the plains. Has fire broken out round here somewhere?" "No," said the stationer quietly. "Everything's all right here. You see, I guess, a man can see rushing round the corner in State street is hustling to make a dollar, and every woman you see is hustling to spend a dollar."

Recently a tourist said that Chicago's wild-boar reminded him of the mighty pigmy, where every porker, even down to the little pig with a sentimental curl in his tail, was trying to get his snout in the same trough. Amid all this push and scurry there are some funny contradictions. For example, the genuine Chicagoan will run like a sprinter for four blocks to catch a trolley car when he is well aware that another is coming two minutes later. Then when he alights he will waste half an hour discussing the latest political scandal or the probabilities of a fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, before going to his office or going to work. If he hears the bell ring for a bridge to turn, he will run like a quarter horse to get across before it is in the immediate risk of plunging into the river and drowning or knocking others overboard and the moment he lands safely on the other side, will stop to argue the silver question with the first person who will listen to his vagaries. This is the Chicago manner of illustrating the fable-book story of the hare and the tortoise.

EXPECTORATION.

The caustic and reproachful insinuation of Mr. Kipling that Chicago people are addicted to the habit of expectoration in public places is not without foundation. There is probably no other city this side of the Atlantic where authorities would deem it necessary to legislate against expectoration and post warning placards in red and black letters to suppress the habit. This was the greatest reformatory work attempted by Doctor "Bill" Kerr, commissioner of health under Mayor Swift. These large, stungled warnings were tacked up in police stations, cheap lodging houses, street cars, omnibuses, hotel



In the heart of every man and in the soul of every woman there is a desire to be happy. Only he who can only be filled by a child. In America there are too many childless homes. All the love and passion of courtship and all the happiness of the honeymoon turn to bitter dust upon the lips of the wedded couple to whom home there never comes the pater of childish feet.

One cause, more than any other, contributes to making the work of non-procreation, and consequently unhappy homes all over this country. The cause is often the unconscious fault of the wife. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism is unfitted for motherhood, and if she has children it will probably be at the sacrifice of her own life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It banishes the barrenness of the expectant period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It assures the little new-comer's health, and a bountiful supply of nourishment. Thousands of homes that were childless and unhappy now echo with the prattle of healthy babyhood as the result of the use of this marvelous medicine.

When I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine I was very sick. My stomach was so bad that I could not keep anything on it, and I was getting worse. My husband got me two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and he gave me the first bottle. I began to feel better, and I was able to eat and sleep. I took the second bottle, and I was cured. I am now as healthy as a horse, and I can do anything I please. I am a mother of four children, and they are all well and happy. I owe my health and my children to Dr. Pierce's medicine. I can't say enough for it. It is the best medicine in the world for women who suffer from weakness and disease. It is a wonderful medicine, and it is worth every cent of its cost. I can't say enough for it. It is the best medicine in the world for women who suffer from weakness and disease. It is a wonderful medicine, and it is worth every cent of its cost.

lobbies, waiting rooms, stations, suburban trains, public offices, saloons, and court rooms, with a conspicuous prodigality that would have furnished plenty of material for Dickens. But a few years ago, when the "Dull" Bill" Kerr had passed into oblivion, the warning posters one by one have disappeared, and the objectionable habit has not been suppressed. It still rages as an epidemic. Traveling in an American train, Dickens imagined some persons were opening a feather bed in the car ahead and that flying feathers were escaping through the open windows. He discovered, however, that it was only the passengers expectorating. Today not only the men but the business women of Chicago who invariably carry toothpicks between their teeth at the hour of luncheon, make no ado about expectorating in the crowded public thoroughfares.

PISTOLS IN POCKET.

The practice of carrying concealed weapons is a peculiar feature of Chicago that elsewhere in this country. The reasons for this are not far to seek. There is no street, however respectable the neighborhood, in which pedestrians are safe from footpads after nightfall. Magistrates themselves, whose business it is to find out persons for carrying guns, hardly ever venture out without going armed. It is still fresh in the public mind how Justice Jarvis Blume, a west side magistrate, returning home one night from a social function, shot and killed a footpad by whom he was assaulted, having a revolver handy in his overcoat pocket for the emergency. The other day Gabriel Vieilhomme, French vice consul in Chicago, lost \$100 while looking at cable car at Madison and Dearborn streets. With a roll of bills in his hip pocket was a revolver, and the money was inadvertently pulled out when he transferred the gun to his outside overcoat pocket, to be well guarded for any attack. High and low, rich and poor, make it a rule to go armed. The Western cowboy, when he arrives in this city, takes off his belt and shows away his gun out of sight, and he usually has it confiscated by the chief of police who posted constantly by apprehensive citizens who want permits to carry revolvers for self-protection, and requests of this kind from persons of good standing are usually granted. Dr. Thayer and other militant and warlike clergymen have thundered from their pulpits the advice that people should carry arms and shoot down a few of the terrorizing highwaymen as an object lesson. Bank clerks and other business men about like walking arsenals. Recently several business men, led by the young and fiery members of their set, formed a large association upon the platform that each individual member should "save his money and buy a gun. The gun stores and pawnshops do a great trade in revolvers. Many citizens practice the art of shooting from their pockets without displaying their weapon at all. The pistol pocket is a great institution in Chicago. So many street cars have been held up by handouts that for a time it looked as though the companies would have to equip their 16,000 employees with revolvers to protect their harvest of nickels. Judges of the law, and editors who would public opinion in some instances, are compelled, in a frontier town or mining camp, to provide themselves with six-shooters.

CHICAGO'S RIVER.

Unlike the versatile Seine in Paris, the Chicago river is not a favorite for suicides. Lake Michigan has clearer water and is more frequently frequented by those who prefer the water route of exit from unhappy surroundings. The river is nothing more than a filthy canal, a sewer, affording several miles of dockage an anathema, and holding out no inducements to fishermen. A committee from congress is about to investigate the sluggish and future possibilities, and report upon its findings.

The black canal which flows Chicago's lake commerce, seems to have a strange fascination for visitors from other cities and countries. They like to make jokes and epigrams about it. Its fame as a navigable stream has extended far beyond its desert. Foreign tourists come here and look at it with a sense of disappointment, then go away and write about its lack of romance and surfeit of smell. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, when he comes to Chicago to make after-dinner speeches, very often says funny things about this inky river to point a moral or adorn a tale. Justice David J. Brewer prepared for the United States Supreme court made some humorous remarks at the Lincoln anniversary banquet at the Marquette club. The learned legal gentleman used the river as a peg on which to hang his introductory words and to put himself in rapport with his audience. He said:

"In Chicago the sense of smell is never disappointed. Germany may boast of her many-scented city of the stream which courses through your midst sniffs the evening breeze, he chafes the world for a larger variety or a greater intensity of smell. And with a prodigality of enormous wealth and a charity tempered by wisdom, you do not propose to yourselves, or to waste it on the desert air, but to distribute it freely among the dwellers by the banks of the Illinois and in the upper Mississippi valley. The last sentence, of course, referred to the drainage canal. When Leo Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, visited this city some years ago, the tall buildings did not strike him so forcibly as a curiosity as did the composition bouquet of odors furnished by the river. "Wonderful! Marvellous!" he exclaimed, as he held his judicial nose, and his comments were copied throughout Europe. Apropos of the Chicago river, a well-known Lincoln story here the other day, in which the killing of a skunk played the leading part. The river is absolutely devoid of picturesque spots, although one wild scheme recently proposed was to fill it up and turn it into a winding boulevard.

POLICEMEN.

In this city there are 2,600 patrolmen, who in 1897 made 85,000 arrests. Probably the queerest thing about the police force, brought to light by recent

investigations, is the fact that one of these officers, named Murphy, with true Dick Turpin dash and in full uniform engaged in the enterprise of holding up citizens he was sworn and paid to protect, and relieving them of their money and jewelry. Chief Kipling, testifying before a legislative investigating committee, raised a laugh which was echoed from New York to San Francisco by calling this performance an "indiscretion" on the part of his subordinate. In quick return the Chairman of the committee said he called it highway robbery, and that he officer guilty of it ought to be put in the penitentiary. It was one of the bright ideas of this Chief of Police that the best way to "live up things" and improve the value of a dull pair of the town was to let the gambling machinery in full motion, and skin every sucker and countryman who could be caught in a trap.

It is a general rule almost without exception that a policeman who is so unucky as to lose his job in the department either embarks in the saloon business or becomes a silent partner in a gambling establishment. And yet, when on duty, no policeman or detective is ever able to discover any gambling house in operation unless it is in accordance with the will of his superiors, who know how to handle the wires for all kinds of political deals. Every now and then one reads of ex-policemen who have been arrested for highway robbery. They have "learned the ropes," and they call it "easy money" when they get hold of a few dollars in this manner. But of course there are good and brave officers as well as bad and dishonest ones.

DOCTORS.

Doctors are very plentiful in Chicago, although to one who reads official statements from time to time that the health of this city is better than that of any other of equal population, it is a mystery where all the medical men get their clientele. By a recent canvass it is shown that the city has 3,200 physicians, or one for every 400 or 500 persons. Some find it very hard to get any practice; others do not succeed at all. There are single tall buildings in the central district in which 200 or 300 doctors have their offices. In order to create an impression that they have many patients it is no uncommon trick for certain doctors to hire sickly looking men and women to sit around in their respective waiting rooms, and if waiting for professional consultation and treatment. These hirelings are professionally known as "horses," and in some cases they serve several ambitious physicians in one day and make quite a good thing of it. This is the modernized and civilized version of the trick resorted to by country doctors, who would order out their horse and saddlebags and ride furiously out of town a back again in response to an emergency summons. The lawyers have no such ready-made tricks of their own, yet they have tricks of their own. By the latest count there are 4,150 lawyers, and it is safe to say the bulk of the business is done by fewer than 500 of them—that is to say, the bulk of the really profitable and desirable business.

OTHER FEATURES.

There are scores of other peculiarities about this modern Babel with its confusion of tongues. The typical western cowboy can be seen here at his long hair and glory. He floats in with train loads of live stock to the Union Stock yards and is usually well supplied with "hardware" and cash for a rainy time. Stock shippers are a favorite mark of the confidence men, for they are as a rule quick to bite at a tempting bait and have the ready cash to make things interesting. A crowd of 1,000 persons will gather as if by magic in the busiest streets at a moment's notice. The crowd stands and watching the process of hoisting a big iron safe into a building by means of block and tackle. It is all because of the possibility of the rope breaking and the safe falling. These natives will impede traffic and pedestrians in the same way to watch a driver loosen the harness of a horse that has slipped and fallen. When a man falls in a fit or a woman in a faint the crowd always becomes so dense that a mounted policeman or a police constable must be called to scatter it before the distressed can be relieved. The street "barkers" or pullers-in, long confined to the old clo' and pawnshop district on the "levee," are now being driven to the West side, where retail shopping centers in the Adams and Wabash avenue. Both men and women "barkers" are employed by some establishments that try to make

the public believe they are selling gold dollars for fifty cents. Chicago is a den of newsways, and this term may be taken to include old, gray-haired men, bent and wrinkled women, and young, poorly clad girls. The boys and men yell lustily, but the old women and girls make their appeals in the most pathetic manner of beggars with pathetic stories.

IN CONCLUSION.

One distinctive feature here that every stranger is sure to note is the habit of suburbanites who ride into the city in the early morning trains; with one accord they rise from their seats while the train is yet half a mile from its last stop in the downtown station. They stand and surge and struggle toward the doors until the cars come to a standstill, then fight for precedence in getting out. It is true that a thoroughbred Chicagoan will rush into a restaurant at noon and swallow a doughnut or piece of pie and a cup of coffee, while a New Yorker would still be thinking about what he was going to order for his luncheon. Associate Justice Brewer says, thanks to the capacity of the Chicago divorce courts, a Chicago man may have even a thousand wives like Solomon in all his glory, provided he will take them consecutively and not contemporaneously.

Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, himself a Chicagoan by adoption, is credited with having said exultingly that Chicago, the great cosmopolis, "has within its limits more Poles than any city in Poland, more Bohemians than any city in Bohemia, more Germans than any city in Germany, save Berlin, more Irish than any city in Ireland except Dublin, more Italians than any city in Italy, save Naples and Rome." Associate Justice Brewer ventured to add as a suitable climax: "And doubtless more saints and sinners than any place in the universe, save heaven and hell." The chief justice promptly admitted the charge as to the saints, but evidently thought that New York might be a successful rival in the matter of sinners.

FIFTY YEARS AN EMPEROR.

Difficulties About the Golden Anniversary of Austria's Ruler.

On Dec. 2, 1848, Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, and King of Bohemia, though he has never been crowned, succeeded Ferdinand IV., who abdicated, and his coronation took place in Vienna. On Dec. 2, 1898, there will be celebrated in Vienna and probably in Budapest as well, though Francis Joseph was not crowned King of Hungary until June 8, 1867, thirty years ago, the fiftieth anniversary of the coronation of the Austrian monarch, and already, notwithstanding the condition of affairs that prevails in the empire, have the preparations are being made for the event.

Austrian monarchs with a record of fifty years upon the throne are rare in history. Indeed, there has been only one other such since the founder of the house of Hapsburg, Rudolph I, ascended the throne of the empire of Austria and of Germany as well in 1278, more than six centuries ago. Rudolph of Hapsburg reigned only thirteen years, and the one Austrian or Austro-German monarch in the long line better known to the world, Francis Joseph, ruled for more than fifty years was Frederick IV. He was known as the Pacific (possibly the attribute of placidity accounted for his long reign), and ascended the throne in 1493 and retained it until 1550. The condition of affairs in Austria-Hungary at present is not propitious for a very hearty celebration of any political anniversary commemorative of the events of fifty years ago. These were somewhat exciting. An insurrection broke out in Hungary on March 15. An insurrection against the power of Austria among the Italian speaking subjects of the Emperor began one week later; an uprising against the Emperor caused the emperor to flee to the Tyrol. A Magyar surrusion among the Bohemians against the power of the Emperor of Austria began in June, in the city of Prague, and in the autumn of the same year the Hungarian rebellion against the power of the Vienna Government, and the establishment of the Hungarian national Government under Kossuth took place in September. It would seem to be evident enough from all this that in the present excited state of affairs in the Vienna Government, the proposition to have a golden anniversary celebration of events that took place in the tumultuous period of 1848

would be neither timely nor prudent, but to avoid the peril of such a celebration, it is intended by those having charge of the matter to make the anniversary of the crowning of the Emperor a personal celebration merely—the commemoration of an event which was entirely distinct from the other occurrences of 1848.

INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR.

After Many Years, a Colonel Meets the Man Who Saved His Life.

From the Washington Star. A few mornings ago a tall, handsome gentleman, with mustache and hair tinged with gray, walked through the lobby of the Hotel and stopped in front of the newstand. He was about to pick up a newspaper when a little old man with gray, shaggy browsiders got up from his seat in one corner of the lobby and walked over to him. "Isn't this General James R. O'Leirne?" the little man asked. "I am General O'Leirne, sir," was his reply, "and who are you, may I ask?" "Do you remember Major Bell, of New York?" "No," replied the other. "Do you remember him? Well, I have cause to remember him. He saved my life once." "Well, I am that person," said the little man.

Tears came into the eyes of both as they grasped each other's hands and adjourned to a convenient seat to talk over old times. At the battle of Chancellorsville O'Leirne, who was then colonel of the Thirty-seventh New York regiment, was shot through the breast by a bullet that made a hole clear through one lung. Bell, who had been in the same regiment, called to his assistance one of his comrades, and they carried him out of the field of battle. O'Leirne was sent to his home in New York and it was supposed that he could not live long. But under good nursing he recovered and went back into the Union service again. At the time of President Lincoln's second inauguration he was Provost Marshal in the District of Columbia. During the ceremonies on the east side of the capitol, Bell, who was in Washington on a leave of absence, detected a pickpocket pursuing his work in the crowd. He called the attention of a policeman to the man. The policeman arrested the pickpocket and took Bell along for a witness. The hearing was delayed for several days, and in the meantime Bell's leave of absence expired. When he presented the outlawed ticket at the steamer wharf he was placed under arrest for having disobeyed the order. Bell tried to explain, but the rules were fixed and relentless. The case was brought to the attention of General O'Leirne as provost marshal, and he soon saw why he had to be released. "General, I wish you would let me go, as I am anxious to join my regiment," said Bell. "You will be dealt with as a man should be who has dared to disobey the orders of his command," O'Leirne replied sternly. He then issued a new order extending Bell's leave of absence two weeks and accompanied it with a command that he appear at his home in this city. Bell visited the man whose life he had saved, spent a week, and later joined his regiment.

Her Gifts.

High grace, the gifts of queens; and there withal, the gifts of kings. Some wood-born wonder's sweet simplicity; A glance like water brimming with the thrill; Or hyacinth-light where forest shadows fall; Such thrilling pallor of cheek as doth enthrall; The heart; a mouth whose passionate forms imply; All music and all silence held thereby; Deep golden locks her sovereign crown; A round rered neck, met column of Love's shrine; To cling to when the heart takes sanctuary; Hands which forever at Love's bidding be; And soft-stirred feet still answering to his sign; These are her gifts, as tongue may tell them o'er. Breathe low her name, my soul, for that means more. —Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

Advertisements Under This Head \$5 Per Line Per Year.

<p>Physicians and Surgeons.</p> <p>DR. KAY HAS MOVED HIS OFFICE to the Scranton Hotel, Cor. 5th and Washington streets. Telephone: Day call, 513; night call, 413.</p> <p>DR. C. L. FREY, SCRANTON SAVINGS Bank Bldg. 122 Wyoming avenue.</p> <p>MARY A. SHEPHERD, M. D., HOME-OPATHIST, No. 225 Adams avenue.</p> <p>DR. A. THAPOLD, SPECIALIST IN Diseases of Women, 308 Wyoming avenue and Spruce street, Scranton. Office hours, Thursday and Saturday, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.</p> <p>DR. W. E. ALLEN, 52 NORTH WASHINGTON street.</p> <p>DR. L. M. GATES, ROOMS 207 and 208 Board of Trade building, 10th and 11th streets, 2 to 4 p. m. Residence 309 Madison avenue.</p> <p>DR. C. L. FREAS, SPECIALIST IN Rupture, Truss Fitting and Fat Reduction. Office telephone 133. Hours: 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 9.</p> <p>DR. S. W. LAMOREAUX, OFFICE 234 Adams Avenue, 1213 Michigan street. Diseases, lungs, heart, kidneys, and genito-urinary organs a specialty. Hours 1 to 4 p. m.</p> <p>W. G. ROOK, VETERINARY SURGEON, 117 Wyoming avenue, Scranton. Telephone 2679.</p>	<p>Lawyers.</p> <p>FRANK T. OKELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Room 5, Coal Exchange, Scranton.</p> <p>D. B. REFLOQUE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, negotiated on real estate security. Mears building, corner Washington and Spruce streets.</p> <p>WILLARD WARREN & KNAPP, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, 1213 Michigan street, public building, Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>JAMES H. TORREY, ATTORNEY AND Counselor-at-Law, Rooms 43 and 44 Commonwealth building.</p> <p>FRANK E. BOYLE, ATTORNEY AND Counselor-at-Law, Burr building, rooms 12 and 14, Washington avenue.</p> <p>JESSUP & JESSUP, ATTORNEYS AND Counselors-at-Law, Commonwealth building, Washington avenue.</p> <p>ALFRED HAND, WILLIAM J. HAND, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS, Commonwealth building, 1213 Michigan street.</p> <p>JAMES W. OAKFORD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Rooms 514, 515 and 516, Board of Trade building.</p> <p>B. F. KILLAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 306 Commonwealth bldg., Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>JAS. J. HAMILTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 44 Commonwealth bldg., Scranton.</p> <p>EDWARD W. THAYER, ATTORNEY, Rooms 14 and 15, Republican bldg.</p> <p>JOSEPH JEFFREYS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 7 and 8 Burr building.</p> <p>L. A. WATERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 423 Lackawanna ave., Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>C. R. PITCHER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Commonwealth building, Scranton, Pa.</p> <p>PATTERSON & WILCOX, TRADERS, National Bank Building.</p> <p>C. COMEGYS, 21 SPRUCE STREET.</p> <p>A. W. BERTHOFF, Atty., 319 Spruce St.</p>	<p>Detectives.</p> <p>BARRING & McSWEENEY, COMMON-wealth building, Interstate Secret Service Agency.</p>	<p>Architects.</p> <p>EDWARD H. DAVIS, ARCHITECT, 24th Street, 2d Commonwealth building, Scranton.</p> <p>E. L. WALTER, ARCHITECT, OFFICE rear of 609 Washington avenue.</p> <p>LEWIS HANCOCK, JR., ARCHITECT, 435 Spruce St., cor. Wash. ave., Scranton.</p> <p>FREDERICK L. BROWN, ARCHITECT, Price Building, 125 Washington avenue, Scranton.</p> <p>T. I. LACEY & SON, ARCHITECTS, "Traders" National Bank.</p>	<p>Dentists.</p> <p>DR. I. O. LYMAN, 225 N. WASHINGTON avenue.</p> <p>DR. F. L. M'GRAW, 305 SPRUCE street.</p> <p>DR. H. F. REYNOLDS, OPP. P. O.</p> <p>DR. C. C. LAUBACH, 115 Wyoming ave.</p> <p>WELCOMB C. SNOVER, 43 LACKAWANNA avenue. Hours, 9 to 1 and 2 to 5.</p>	<p>Secs.</p> <p>G. R. CLARK & CO., SEEDMEN AND Nurserymen; store 14 Washington avenue; green house, 130 North Main avenue; store telephone, 782.</p>	<p>Hotels and Restaurants.</p> <p>THE ELK CAFE, 15 AND 17 FRANKLIN avenue, 2d floor, reasonable. P. ZIEGLER, Proprietor.</p> <p>SCRANTON HOUSE, NEAR D. L. & W. passenger depot. Conducted on the European plan. VICTOR KOCH, Proprietor.</p>	<p>Wire Screens.</p> <p>JOS. KUETTEL, REAR 25 LACKAWANNA avenue, Scranton, Pa., manufacturer of Wire Screens.</p>	<p>Printing.</p> <p>THE TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO., North Washington avenue—Lino-type composition of all kinds quickly done. Facilities unsurpassed in this region.</p>
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No Fake

"Want" advertisements are to be found in the "Want" columns of THE TRIBUNE.

"Want Ads" in The Tribune Cost One Cent a Word

(Except Situations Wanted, which are free of charge), and are worth the price.

They Bring Returns.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Schedule in Effect Nov. 25, 1897.

Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows:

7:30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West.

10:15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3:12 p. m. daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Pittsburg and the West.

5:00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

J. B. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass. Agent.
J. H. THOMPSON, General Manager.

Central Railroad of New Jersey

(Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.)

Stations in New York—Foot of Liberty street, N. R.; South Ferry and Whitehall street.

Anthraco coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT FEB. 29, 1898.

Trains leave Scranton as follows:

For Reading, Lehigh, and Allentown, 7:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

For Lakewood and Atlantic City, 8:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8:20 (express) a. m., 1:20 (express) with Buffet parlor car, 3:20 (express) p. m. Sunday leave Scranton for Pottsville, 7:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. Arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 7:15 p. m. and New York 7:45 p. m. For March Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington and points South and West via Bethlehem, 8:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

For Reading, Lehigh, and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., Sunday, 2:15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 4:00, 8:10 (express) a. m., 1:30 (express) p. m. Buffet parlor car p. m. Sunday, 4:30 a. m.

Leave Scranton, 7:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., making close connections at Pottsville, Reading, and the West, North and South.

Washington and way stations, 1:30 p. m. Tuesday.

For Northumberland, Pottsville, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Hazleton, and Danville, making close connection at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6:00, 10:05 a. m., and 1:35 and 6:10 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 6:05 and 11:10 a. m., Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3:35 and 8:30 p. m. For Kingston, 12:45 p. m.

Fullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket timetables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, District Passenger Agent, depot, ticket office.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

Del., Lacka. and Western.

Effect Monday, Nov. 21, 1897.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 7:00, 8:15, 8:30 and 10:05 a. m.; 12:50 and 2:30 p. m.

Express for Allentown, Trenton, Philadelphia and New York, 7:00, 8:15, 8:30 and 10:20 a. m., 12:50 and 3:30 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3:45 p. m. Tuesday.

For Northumberland, Pottsville, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Hazleton, and Danville, making close connection at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6:00, 10:05 a. m., and 1:35 and 6:10 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 6:05 and 11:10 a. m., Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3:35 and 8:30 p. m. For Kingston, 12:45 p. m.

Fullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket timetables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, District Passenger Agent, depot, ticket office.

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