THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

Well, really now, this is awfully ! good of you, Miss Polly, taking pity on poor devil like me. Have a chair, will you?" and Roderick hospitably swept a pile of papers from the single phair his stuffy little office contained.

"Thanks, said Polly demurely. "It grieves me to see"-with a severe bending of her pretty brow-"that you are not quite so commodiously domiciled as you have led your friends to believe. Indeed, I fail to observe the costly statue, or the curtained recess which hid a painter's masterpiece, or the bric-a-brae which adorned your special sanctum, or the fardiniere of how,

"Oh come, now, don't be hard on a fellow if he tried to cheat the world a little with his optimism, but I found a

parallel for every parable. "Parable is a very mild expression," put in Miss Polly, "I call it lies."

The Bible name sounds better," he suggested, mildly, "and more approprinte, besides I can illustrate every assertion. For instance"-he pulled uside the curtain before his one wincow-"this is the curtained recess, un-Is he not as much mine as he is snug fedge here, from which I look down upon my costly statute; there it is-old Ben Franklin, shedding his behigh presence over that dingy square. Is he not as much as mine as he is yours or Mr. Smith's next door? That's sociological light to view it in; and the painter's masterpiece is a lit-tle further on, but visible to the naked The shimmer of the bay is exquisite in the sunlight and on dull and murky days it is Corot at his best; it niight be a Turner just now, it is such brilliant dash of color, And the bric-a-brac, I assure you, Miss Polly, that broken-nosed June on the shelf just over your head is a marvel of the

"And the exotics," murmured Polly, how can you account for them?" "My greatest treasurer!" he an-

nounced, pushing a single flower pot in view, "This if a spring of rose geranium that a certain young lady dropped from her hair last Christmas at the Carringtons' ball. Are you sat-

"No. All those half-truths are worse than Hes"-with a queer little catch in her voice, then with a sudden change-

"I've come to eat my funch with your it's dreadfully improper, I know, but," small that I sighed for more spacious ling fairies quarters. Are you sure your clients will not interrupt us?"

"I think I may assure you sufety on that score.

"Very well, then, I shall spread the feast," cried Miss Polly, springing up and grasping a fat black bag, which had nestled unnetleed in her lap, "Reneve your ink and quills from your desk into the recess, also the legal cap and these heavy tomes of juriswith withering scorn, "Is that the way you spend your time, Roderlek

'Only in my leisure moments," he

"Do you know," said Miss Polly, T've been thinking it over calmly and deliberately and I've come to the conclusion that progress and poverty don't pull together at all. Theoreticalit's all very well to strain a point and say they do, but coming down to facts," with a smart thump of her closed fist on the desk, "it doesn't work. The grindstone of poverty has moud." no more in common with the giant strides of progress than-than"-

You with me," suggested Roderick. She sent a reproachful glance acrosthe dosk the where he sat in the ra

"Can't you be impersonal for just two minutes?" she asked. "I like to generalize wide of the mark and narrow down gradually and logically to my objective point. It is such a mistake to think that all women jump at conclusions. The new woman is above

in women." he said, in an emphatic tone of approval. She shook her head, "No, we haven't

"You must be the very newest thing

peached the superlative yet." "We! Then you are one in the ranks?"

"Certainly," cried Polly, looking distinctly offended, "You don't suppose I have come here for nothing?"



pretty or atsuffers from general ill-health. The the eyes, the hair and the carriage will tell the story when a woman is ailing. It is impossible for a woman to be in good gen-eral health when some local trouble is continually magging at her nerves and disar-ranging the natural functions of every organ of the body. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-scription is the best of all medicines for women who suffer from local weakness and disease peculiar to their sex. It acts directly on the delicate and important gans concerned. It makes them strong, althy, vigorous and elastic. It allays in-munition, heals ulceration, soothes pain, tones and builds up the nerves and ban-ishes the usual discomforts of the expec-tant months. It makes baby's advent easy and slunost painless. It enables every organ of the body to perform its natural functious without unnatural interference from a pain-tortured nervous system. corrects all irregularities. A woman who is made well in this way will recover her natural beauty of form and feature and her natural amiability of character and temper.

Thousands of women have testified to its merits. An honest dealer will not urge a substitute for a little extra profit. Mrs. Eachel Clark, of Houlton, St. Croix Co., Wis., writes: "I am in good health since I have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I gave birth to a 12% pound boy last June. He is aix months old now and weighs 30 pounds."

How to preserve health and beauty are told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advises. It is free. For a paper-covered copy send 21 onle-cent stamps, to cover mailing only; cloth binding, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I thought-I flattered myself that the pleasure of my society had something to do with it.'

"Nonsense!" She flushed up to the oots of her prety hair. "Don't be foolish, Roderick. I came here with a purpose; do be serious. "I am," he assured her, 'perfectly,

now to the purpose.' "Oh, well," biting into another sweet biscuit, "let us discuss things first."

"What things?" "How provoking you are! Why, progress and poverty if nothing better suggests itself; we'll get the point some-

"The first point you spoke of?" questioned Roderick.

"Well, then, fire away."

"Thanks; your elegant invitation puts ne quite at my case. I will 'fire away.' You see, Roderick, poverty is relative as most things are, of course; the absence of money means the absence of so much more, not only the material necessities of existence, but the finer fibres of the soul and mind, which crave -not luxury-but careful and judicious nutriment. Can you follow my flight?

'You soar high; it is hard work." "Keep up as best you can-I'm com-

"Presently: have patience. The handful of very rich do a vast deal for the great army of the very poor, although they don't get half enough credit for ft, but that kind of universal beggary is not the sort I mean. It is the genteel poverty that is the bitter foe to progress. Too proud to beg, too honest to steal-its votaries stand apart in dumb suffering and fail to grasp the He smiled at her eagerness; it was

a bitter, rather hopeless, smile, "Are you the discoverer of the prom-

ised land for such hapless mortals?" There is no promised land unless we go in a body and seek it. If our class of poor were only kinder to one an other, more confiding and less suspic lous in their intercourse. If they would only stand shoulder to shoulder-why what an army of workers we should

"Chimerno, Miss Polly, we can't set the world revolving the other way, else the delinquent clients would step backward into my anxious clutches."

Polly opened her eyes. "Why, I thought your creed was

"Well, it is, with reservations, 1 don't believe in fairy tales, however, even though told by the most bewitch-

"Roderick, I wish you wouldn't talk that way: it hurts." "I beg your pardon."

"And shakes my resolution to say what I have come to say, You wouldn't have me go away without that, would

denly lost her tongue. She sat staring at Roderick's masterplece-a goracous prudence and "The Heavenly Twing," bit of turquoise bay dotted with white-Winged snilboats.

But Miss Polly seemed to have sud-

'ride is a very selfish thing," she re marked at length, apropos of nothing. "That depends," said Roderick.
"It has done a great deal of mis-

chief," insisted Polly. "Only in the sense that one can have too much of a good thing sometimes. "Yet proud people are not often happy.

He reflected gravely: "I give you the inside track of the argument there." "Roderick, I am afraid you are

"Perhaps."

"And unhappy." eNot now.

Miss Polly changed her tack. "Don't you think if people want mething very much they should ask it-if-if it is so within the bounds reserve?"

Asking and getting are two very different things. It's well worth risk-

ing, I should say." "And-and suppose-for the sake of urgument-that-there were two people a man and a woman-of the genteel poor class who want something, say, for instance, each other more than anything else in the world," she stopped, a little scared look in her wistful eyes, but he was allent, so she went

"Suppose the man's pride stood up like a gaunt, grim ghost and said: 'No. you cannot marry this woman. You must let your youth drag on in unloved loneliness because you are struggling and poor. You must have no one to help you-it would be unmanly.' If this were really so, would it be right for the woman to suffer and be silent?

He was forced to answer her. "That would be her only course," he

said slowly. "That may be your 'old woman' with he meek brow and head bowed to adversity's blast. We new ones know better. We are not going to let our chances of happiness slip through our fingers for mere form. Roderick, do you hear me?" There was low entreaty in her tone.

He had risen and turned away from er; his broad figure shut out the

"Roderick," she entreated, "won't you speak to me?"

Still there was no answer. "Roderick," with a break in her dice, "don't you love me after all?" Her face had grown suddenly coloress; her lips trembled and she was obliged to blte hard on a biscult to keep back the tears of mortification.

The new woman was making a huzardous experiment. He wheeled around and looked at her

effantly. "Well suppose I do-what then?" But he reckoned without his host, Such an admission set Miss Polly on her feet again. She laid down her dscuit and, leaning both clows on the desk, nodded across at him with a determined air,

"Roderick will you marry me?"

"I have only a woman's reason-I von't. Let us talk about something

She rose and came around to him so swiftly that he could not escape her.

she stood beside him with her two hands held out in supplication. "Couldn't we pull together for a while until you are able to go it alon?

"Jack Penrose is coming in here, Pol--for heaven's sake go-"Not until you say yes," said Polly, that it does not always receive.

seeing her advantage and holding it AMERICAN MAGIC will all her feminine will. "Polly, I implore-" "Then say it," cried Miss Polly, IN THE FAR EAST aughing hysterically.

It is now two years since Roderick married the new woman, and the new-

at woman lies cooing in her cradle.-

ODDEST OF RAILROADS.

How the "Rock-a-Bye-Baby" Was

Built by Jersey Farmers. The Rock-a-bye-baby railroad of New

Jersey is probably the most remarkable

n a swamp a mile or so from Morris-

the Jersey Central at White House, An

old farmer, in speaking of it, said it

began at no place and ran to nowhere.

He was not far wrong. But the road

has an interesting history, and the

managers of it are making that history

The section through which the road

runs had been without railroad facil-

itles until this road was built, and the

farmers and villagers along the route

always felt that they were badly treat-

Sloan, of the Delaware and Lacka-

wanna rallroad, had held out hopes

that he was about to build a branch

for these good people, but Mr. Sloun's

promises never materialized. Indeed,

he so tried with the hopes and ex-

sectations of these people that at one

ime he was regarded with so strong

hatred that it would have been un

afe for him to appear in that section

When the hope that Mr. Sloan would

something for them had been aban-

oned the country people got together

ind concluded to have a railroad of

their own. This determination resulted

No road was ever before built as this

as. The farmers not only supplied the

apital, but they did the work of con-

truction and the engineering as well.

Each farmer did the grading through

his place and furnished from his wood

lot the cross-ties. For this and the right

of way he was pald in stock and bonds.

The bonds were given as compensation

and the stock was thrown in for good

neasure, or as "lantappe," as the Cre-

The method of locating the road was

intensely interesting. There were two conditions that had always to be met.

The line had to go through each farm

ust as suited the owner. Then, again,

he line had to be so placed that there

hould be no cutting that could not be

done with a plow and no filling that

ould not be made with scrapers. This,

which is cometimes spoken of as moun

tainous, it will readily be seen that

here conditions compelled a very fre-

stept change of grades, some of them

fearfally steep, and a great many

But the road was finally built, some

wenty-five miles of it, the iron and the

folling stock being supplied by confid

ng persons, who took bonds in pay-

For some reason or another-lack of

erminal facilities, very probably-the

ond did not earn enough to meet the

interest charges. The bonds held by the farmers only nominally drew in-

terest, but those who had taken bonds

for second-hand railroad iron and

wheezy locomotives were very hard-

their pound of flesh. They cried out

with such clamor that the poor Rock-

a-bye-baby was put in the hands of a

receiver, and for a time the projector

relieved of the strain and responsibili-

There could not have been muck

noney in the receivershift. for it soon

ame to an end, and the road was sold

the premoter of the road showed his

and all his property was in the hands

of an assignce, who was managing it

for the benefit of creditors, he pur-

chased the Bock-a-bye-baby road, and

has since operated it.

The chief business of this promoter.

besides managing the politics of Hun-

terdon county, had been in cattle at

Jersey City. He has not been a rival

of Armour exactly as a wholesale

butcher, but he was in the same line.

The road was for a time run by the owner's sons, but I believe there are

now some others of the country folk

The conductor sells tickets at the

tation and then punches them on the

cars. He is a most accommodating

cross-road where a passenger wishes

to get on or off. The train consists

usually of a combination passenger

and baggage car and one or more

The engine is a wonder. It wheezes

most painfully, and always seems on

the verge of breaking down or blowing

up. When a steep grade is encounter-

ed the engineer goes at it with a rush

If he get; to the summit safely, all well

and good; if he stalls before getting

to the top of the hill, he backs the train

a mile or so and then tries again. It

s a matter of record that a whole day

has been consumed in this kind of

But to return to the conductor. He

a sad-looking chap, but he is re-

ourceful and not without humor. A

while ago two of his passengers had an

argument which could not be settled

n an ordinary way, as words were in-

dequate and insufficient. When blows

became inevitable, the conductor stop-

The men get off and went for each

other, not according to prize-ring rules,

but in utter defiance of them. They

mashed and scratched and wrestled,

Finally they fell and rolled over and

wer until they landed in a ditch. The

muddy water cooled their anger and

They re-entered the train, and the old

ngine, with a shrick of pain, moved

The passenger compartment of the

me car the company owns is not luxur-

ously upholstered, but the conductor

thought it was too nice for the mud-

nade them go into the baggage car.

overed heroes of the fight. He then

The chief station between the ter-

mini of the Rock-a-bye-baby is Mend-

ham, a village seven miles from Mor-

ristown. In the old days before the

farmers had built their road, which

Although this railroad is very ridic-

lous it has done Morristown a spien-

Delaware and Lackawanna could do

and the price of coal. This is no long-

er the case. The rock-a-bye baby fixes

he price of both. Morristown con-

sumes at least 25,000 tons of coal each

year. Coal now sells there at a \$1 :

on less than it used to. Morristown

people, therefore, save in coal alone

\$25,000 a year. This is a good deal of

money and the little railroad is de-

erving of a consideration from them

s it pleased in the matter of freights

ceess from her.

they quit, each having had enough.

official, and will stop his train at any

employed.

game.

ped the train.

under foreclosure proceedings.

Like Shylock, they wanted

Though he was bankrupt

urves, some remarkably abrupt.

is in a hilly country, a country

ithout a strong bodyguard.

the Rock-a-bye-baby.

For twenty-five years Samuel

nore interesting day by day.

ommon carrier in the world. It starts

Chicago News.

NECROMANCER BALDWIN'S EX-PERIENCES IN THE ORIENT.

He Puts to Flight a Crack Hindoo Magician and Causes the Chinese Empress to Think Him a Devil. Mikado Not Rattled-Love Scrape He Got Into with a Princess.

own, and, running through Morris, From the New York Sun. comerset, and Hunterdon counties, joins

"I confess," said Professor Baldwin, showman, who has given seances in magic, thought reading, legerdemain, and the like in almost all the countries of the civilized and uncivilized worlds, "that I have not a very high opinion of the much-talked-of Eastern magic. Some of the tricks done by the Indian fakirs may appear miraculous enough to us, although they are in reality quite simple, but, on the other hand, many of our old famillar stand-bys astonish the Orientals far more. For example, there is a well-known trick requiring only a little knowledge of tementary chemistry for its performance which I have played before various strange audiences, always with great success and sometimes with rathr surprising results. If you put a few drops of a very simple chemical nixture on a garment the whole thing will burst into flame in exactly three minutes without giving any warning except to the eye of the initiated, and to him only when he keeps a very careful watch.

"Well, some ten years ago, when Sir James Ferguson was governor of Bombay, I was performing in Simla. After one of my shows I was introduced to Sir James, and we fell to talking of Indian magic. Sir James was a believer; I was a skeptic. He declared that he could produce men who would convert me. I accepted the challenge. The trial was to take place in ten days, when I was to dine at Government house. By this time Sir James said be could procure the most celebrated magicians in the province, with whom he would confront me. Well, the time came, I repaired to Government house, when there was assembled a big crowd of officers and civilians and their wives, in fact, all the wealth and fashion of Simla, waiting to see the discomfiture of the American braggart. There were also present some half dozen fakirs, or Yoghis, or whatever you choose to call them, solemn-looking individuals with long beards and nails, and not overclean, and for clothes, white bandanas wound round them. The Indians went through the old familiar tricks, the mange tree, stabbing the boy in the basket, etc., the mysteries of which I was able to explain away well enough to

THE FUN BEGINS.

"After my rivals had got through with their work I took the governor sside and told him that I would make all the Indians strip to the skin and run out of the house if the company could stand it. Sir James told me te go ahead. 'We don't think nothing of naked niggers here,' he said. Now, I was familiar enough with the Indian character to know that unless you carry matters with a high band they will thing nothing of you. I acted accordingly. Through the medium of an officer, who acted as interpreter,, I revited the leading magician through all

"I asked him what he mant by showng such childish rubbish to his excellency, the representative of the empress, and ended by telling him that would blast him with fire from heaven unless he went down on his knees incontinently and applogized. The Indian smiled contemptuously at me and made some remark, at which my interpreter laughed, but refused to translate t. As well as I could gather, it was in obscene expression, signifying that was 'talki g through my Straightway I preteneded to fall into a towering rage and, reeling out a long riginarole, waved my hands above my head and invoked the wrath of heaver to burn him up. The magician looked a little startled, but maintained an attitude of Incredulity and contempt. Of course the rigmarole was meaningless but while I was vociferating a little native servant of mine had sneaked up behind and poured a few drops of the chemical I have spoken of above upon the garment of each of the magiclans. Then I waited with my watch in my hand.

A SHEET OF FLAMES.

"Just as the three minutes expired 1 stretched up my hands above my head and made another invocation. At the same moment the bandanas burst into sheets of flame. With a howl the Indians tore off their garments-the bundana comes off easily-and fled stark naked and screaming out of the house down the street, and finally out through the gates of the town into the open country. My triumph was complete. The company was dumbfounded and even the governor was puzzled. I kep him guessing for a week before I explained to him. In the meantime I sent out after the discomfited magic lans and ordered them to return and apologize. They did so, prostrating themselves before me most abjectly, and naming me the king of all magicians. I soothed their injured feelings a little, telling them that their magic was very good in its way, but warning them not to attempt to impose upon their superiors. Then I gave them each a small gratuity and sent them away, humbled but fairly satisfied.

"This same trick will serve to exemplify some of the differences in charicter and intellect in the Chinese and Japanese. Some time after the incident related above, I visited Pekin. where I played before the empress and court. The empress' mother, you must know, is the real ruler of China. Well, at the end of the performance I set a man's clothes on fire in the manner I have explained. The Chinese courtiers ere one and all astounded and terrifled. Even the empress, clever woman as she is, was upset. 'No man did this, she said. 'It is the work of a devil. Take the man away. Do not hurt him, Load him with presents; but let me never see him more,' I took my presents and departed with all the speed s no longer theirs, Mendham found could. I got out of the city, too, for knew that if the people once knew that I was under the ban of the empress' displeasure, my life would not lid service. Before it was built the be worth an hour's purchase.

THE JAPANESE WAY. "When I performed before the 3.". kado in Tokio my experience was very different. When my victim's clothes

took fire, the Mikado applauded. "'Very good,' he said, stroking his chin and smiling 'excellent; but you must show me how you do it.' Of course I was not going to give the thing away at once. I put up a respectful bluff, declaring that it was

EDDIE BALD

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION CYCLIST, Writes:

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for some time in my training, and would cheerfully recommend it to all athletes."



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"Johann Hoff's Malt Extract was recommended to me by

Mr. Nat Butler, and I find it an elegant appetizer and muscle builder. I can recommend it highly to all cyclists and athletes." EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Solo Agents, New York

en granted such power and that I might not reveal it to others. The Mikado continued to smile. course,' he said, 'of course, you must not reveal these secrets to the common run of mankind; but between us

-you are a king of magic: I, too, am sovereign.' "I was much pleased with the diolomacy of the answer, furthermore thought it would be wise on my part to accede to the request of so powerful an individual. I explained the trick in full. The Mikado was delighted and

rewarded me handsomely. 'In another country where I tried same game, the results were likely to have been more serious. It was the capital of a native province of further India, and my principal spectators was an exalted princess. The indy-she was about fifteen years old. but, of course, fully matured, was delighted with my fire. After the performance she summoned my wife and me to her presence and held

'Prince of magic,' she said, 'your power is mighty. You could destroy my enemies and make me the mightest in the land.

"I bowed and said nothing. 'Your person,' she went on, 'is agreeable to me. You shall be my husband and we will rule over this country." I was dumbfounded. I explained to

her that I had a wife already. She waived the objection aside. "The law of this land,' she said. allows a man six wives' Then she came up to Mrs. Baldwin and put her arms around her neck. 'I think' she said, that we two could rule the har-

EMBARRASSING.

'I was at my wite' end. I knew that I rebuffed the lady she would order guard to stick a dagger in my back. thought a little and finally devised a plan. After expressing my gratitude and new-born love I told her that we must make a great festival of the marringe, and that in a far-off town I had ise for the purpose. To obtain it, however, it would be necessary that I hould go to where it was, in order to sign some papers.

The princess was not quite pleased. She bade me go and leave my wife a a hostage. This did not sait me, to I explained that it was my wife's sig-

ature that was required. To this she replied that my wife should go and I remain behind. This as hearly as bad, so I took her aside and told her that my wife was a very leafous woman and that if I was not ith her she would revenge herself by running off with the money, Finally the princess gave us leave to go and fetch the money with strict injune flors that we make baste back. That was all I needed. I got out as quickly s I could. On arriving at a coast town, where there was a British resident, I told him my story. He swore leeply and fervently.

"'A nice mess,' said he, 'you have got me into. Now at every ship that touches at this port I shall have a horde of the princess' people looking for you, and threatening the town with all kinds of blood and murder." he evolved a plan. 'Got out of this as quick as you can,' he said, 'and when cou arrive in British territory get the outhorities to make out a deed certifying your death. Put this in a large officand have it mailed to your princess, I neted on his advice, and have never seard of my royal would-be bride

PERSIAN RULER'S JEWELS.

Fabulous Worth of the Gems in the Peacock Throne Room.

From the Illustrated Magazine Who has not heard of the Persian jewels-their story, their number, their priccless worth? When the doors were unlocked and I was taken into the peacock throne room, I found myself surrounded by a mass of wealth anequaled in the world. Nowhere are such treasures, but nowhere also is there such an accumulation of rubbish. 4 will, however, dismiss the rubbish and refer only to the treasures. each side of the room were chairs entirely covered with sheeted gold, and at intervals were tables of gold, nailed. I shaddered to note, with the commonest of black-headed tacks. At the far end of the room was the

conder of the world, the peacock threne. Whether it is one of the seven thrones of the great mogul and was brought from Debi. I don't know: but it is certainly the neast costly ornament that the eye of man can look upon. I inspected it mest carefully, It is entirely of silver, a great camp bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is incrusted from and to end and from top to bottom with diamonds. At the back is a star of brilliants that makes you blink. The rug on which the shah sits is clued with preclous stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. could keep on writing about the day zling beauties of the throne of the king of kings, but I never could get be yand declaring it to be a superb jewel. Some people have valued it at £5,000,-000. Its real value is between £2,000,-

,000,000, £3,000,000, But though the penchek throne is the magnum opus of the Persian crown jewels, it by no means extinguishes the magnificence of the other treasures. Who can attempt, however, to recount the number of bejeweded arms, only to certain favored ones that heav- | royal arms, the flashing aigrets, the

ASK FOR THE B%KLET ON

ROWN GIVES THE OIL

BEST LIGHT # WORLD AND IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY THE

ATLANTIC REFINING CO SCRANTON STATION.

trays piled up with cut and uncut stones and the bowls filled with pearls that you can run through your lingers like a handful of rice? Every one has heard of the Daria-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, sister diamond to the Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light. Fivery one has also heard of the Globe of the World. made by the late shah, of seventy-five pounds of pure gold and 51,336 gems he sea of emeralds, Persia of turquoises, India or amethysts, Africa of rubics, England and France of diamonds-and valued at £247,000.

FARM WAGONS BY TROLLEY Scheme of an Ohio Man to Take Products to Market.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

A great many different schemes have seen proposed and some of them have been tried, for the lessening the work of carting farm produce into town The traction engine is used for that purpose to a considerable extent 1 England, although in America very little hauling is done therewith, again there has been a good deal of taif of laying broad, guttered rails on the common highway for the wheels of the ordinary wagon to run in. This is a rather more popular idea, and has promising future in our country. In ome parts of the United States ther are trolley line reaching out through rural regions and carrying no only passengers, but also a small mail and express service, and in the vicin ity of very large cities one will some imes find that a certain style of lov platform cars are provided by the steam roads for carrying into town the heavy trueles of the market gard eners laden with fresh vegetables. An

now still another plan is proposed, A Toledo man, named Bonner, ha devised a special truck which is designed to run on a street railway and to carry a farm or express wagen. In smuch as the ordinary vehicle would not fit the truck, Br. Bonner thinks it better to have his own wagens as wel is his railway truck. He has taken at a patent on the idea, and has obtained a franchise from the city of Toledo for running his wagons through the streets. As soon as he has man ufactured and sold a number of his special wagons to the express companies in fown and also has a few d his trucks made he will be in a position to take the wagons on the tracks brough such streets as have trolley lines. The trucks are intended to be coupled to a trolley car and are no provided with electric motors of their After the city service is fairly started Mr. Bonner will endeavor to secure rural patronage. Of course, it will be necessary for such farmers a wish to take advantage of his plan to have made the right sort of wagons and to haul them by herse power near enough to town to reach the trolley

But in Ohio there are numerous trolley roads extending from one town to another and attaining a length of ten, fifteen and even twenty-five miles If a farmer only lives along one of these routes he will not need to haul his wagons more than a few rods, Indeed, if he has a switch and side-track and loads his wagons while they stand on the latter he will have an easy task before him. The rapid development of trolley lines through the rural distriets nowadays makes Mr. Bonner's idea an interesting one. There is no telling how far it is likely to becom serviceable to American farmers.

> ---Appropriately Named.

It was on the Southern Pactice train a ew days ago. A group of truveling men-vere talking shop-where they were go-us, what they were selling and all the belos of the trade. I am bound for Trinity, Texas," said

"I never heard of that place," te-arked another, "And, by the way, that a a very posuliar same. Why is it called Because there are only three people in the response .- New Orleans * Times-Democrat

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