NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Bell Skirts-Short Jackets-Coat Effects-Furs-Flaring Capes-Com-

bination Capes-Muffs-Trimmings

New York, Nov. 4.-The proportions

of the fashionable skirt have gradually

narrowed until the extreme is a bell-

shaped affair; glove-fitting around the

hips and expanding into many graceful

ripples at the lower edge. No stiffen-

this model, the circular flounce there

flaring effect. The partial blouse

waist conceals so many defects, is so

comfortable, yet withal so attractive,

opening on tucked or corded white silk,

satin or frilled chiffon guimpes, or those

of spangled net or gathered ribbon,

A RIVAL, HOWEVER,

where the front and collar are equally

seductive, and the guimpe is not neces-

cary. Collars are as high as it is pos-

sible to wear them, usually matching

a guimpe, but independent ones of rib-

bon are very graceful, apparently

wrapped around the throat two or thre-

brooch or fancy pin at one side.

Sleeves are often cut open at the top

and velvet or other trimmings inserted

and sometimes the sides are turned

back, forming a miniature revers. The

in the latter, a lace drapery at the back

edge of the skirt (open up the back)

and laid plain over waist and sleeves

with lace revers is called a "coat ef-

FOR SUCH PURPOSES

lace is woven in a special shape, free

from seams of any kind and in beau-

tiful medallions or floral designs. Very

slik coats with round skirts, are cut

back below the revers, precisely simi-

trimmed to match. A cloth suit coat

usually has a longer skirt cut up at

coat fronts point downwards, sloping

conveying the "coat effect" is fashion-

CREASED INTEREST

ifter C. C. Shayne's opening, and ba-

leading fur, closely followed by ermine or Russian sarfe; mink or Persian

lamb, however; dyed ofter and all the

light furs retain popularity. Medlum-

length capes are edged by ruffles all

around, which give the effect of the

fashlonable flare. Combinations in

capes display the beauties of both furs

to great advantage; as for example, a

seal cape with Chinchilla revers (set

on so full as to produce the labot ef-

THE SAME IDEA

is carried out in a baby lamb cape

bordered with Ermine, or a seal cape

may have a mink yoke edged with lit-

tle heads, or on a mink cape a Persian lamb yoke is stylish. Persian lamb,

scal or baby lamb are used for long,

tight-fittting coats rounded at the

front, flaring at the lower edge, and

as a rule are short and close-fitting,

and nothing is more elegant than a

baby lamb jacket with Russian sable

collr and revers. Shoulder collars are

always handsome and desirable, a very

pretty shape called the "Star" collar

showing five slashes with a cluster of

NEW MIFFS

lamb having yards of black satin'rib-

bon knotted at the top with a cluster

muffs or collars. Inch-wide fur bands

sian sable or ermine will be used to a

great extent this season on evening.

children's out-door garments, impart-

ing that peculiar elegance, second only

dependent neck collars are made so

full that they lie in ripples around the

neck, the collar attached to a garment

however, although very high, is plain

"Mary Howland '-Your inquiry con-

cerning dress bindings is readily an-

flounces are handsomely finished by

the S. H. & M. bias brush edge skirt

binding, a delightful and most timely

improvement on former ideas; because

rounded in a natural curve that fits

without a pucker or wrinkle, and in

consequence appears as a part of the

plets and permanent protection that

in these days of long or demi-trained

describe will make a "crush boit"

steel slides and a buckle or clasp used

to keep the ribbon in narrow folds

One slide at back, one at either side

five-inch wide ribbon is appropriate.

and the clasp in front. Any kind of

"Amy Houston"-You can make a

very fashionable front by tucking

white mousseline-de-sole, and running

on two or three rows of fine black lace

insertion between the tucks, or very

narrow gathered black satin-ribbon al-

tion is stylish Cherille cord is in great

McMUNN'S

Fannie Field.

ternating with white on a thin founda-

'Kittie Blanchard' - The ribbon you

skirts is so extremely desirable.

swered. In choice gowns, circular

around the throat.

with very high collars.

fect) forms a beautiful contrast.

ARE A SUBJECT OF IN-

handsome velvet, brocaded or chen-

that they are not easily displaced.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune,

Notes and Answers.

The Jack of Spades.

Martha had seen him before she commenced to dream. There was some thing singular about those dreams of

was the awfullest thing," she said one morning, when recounting to us the wild vagaries of her brain, which had been repeated every night for more than a week. "I thought I was a ting all clone in a dark room when a little old woman came and spad before me with the jack of spades, 'Martha Harrison, Martha Harrison,' she said, just like that," and Martha pitched her voice in a high, shrill key; "there," and she held the card still closer to my face, 'is the ruler of your destiny. He is young and dark and handsome. Your brother, Dr. Joseph Harrison, is striving to bring about a matrimonial alliance between you and a friend of his whom you have never seen, but you are spirited and must rebel against being traded off in such a heartiess manner. The Jack of Spades belongs to You will meet him soon under very pseuliar eigenestances. Do not avoid him, whatever happens. Look

My husband looked grave. he said. 'I am surprised that you should insinuate that I am trying o trade you off. I certainly hope dat when you and my friend meet may care for each other, but I have too much love for my only sister to force her into a marriage that ould be distasteful to her. As for the Jack of Spades-

He paused and speered contemptu-

That night Martha and I went to the opera. The house was crowded from gallery to crehestra. There was but one unoccupied seat in the parquet, so far as we could see, and that was the one directly in front of Martha. In the beginning of the third act, just as Carmon was lamonting the fact that, however often she might cut the eards, spades would appear as the harbinger of her frightful doom, a man came quietly down the aisle and sat down in the vacant chair. We were too much preoccurded with the scene on the stage to pay any attention to him at first, but when other actors came in and broke the spell east over us by the wonderful Carmen we involuntarily ave some thought to the late arrival. He was young and dark, and ludging by his profile, of which I had an excellent view, he was decidedly handsome. It took Martha but a moment to recognize him as the materialization the ideal of her areans, and when she routized the significance of his coming in at that tragic moment she gree quite bals and drew closer to my side, is themine frightened at the approaching destiry which this man

"It is the Jack of Snades," she whispered, tenefully, and I nodded and pressed for hand reassuringly. "Carmen" had I-m little attraction

for me after that, and cone at all for Martine, our mines being intent, in degrees varying according to our interest in the ense, on the man in front of us. He went out at the end of the third net and Martha leaned over and name and libretto. Instend of checking his overcoat he had brought it into the theater with him and upon going out he had left it byitig across the back of the chair. It was folded so as to leave one of the pockets exposed, and from it was protrading one corner of a letter. In the confusion that reigned throughout the parquet during the intermission each person was apparently oblivious to the ctions of another and, under cover of ber bundkerchief Marthe steatchily abstructed the paper from the pocket and around for a moment, then cautiously unfolded the letter. The first thing our axie rested on was the back of a playing eard. She turned it over and ve were looking at the jack of spades. Martha was trembling violently, but in response to my entreaties not to make a scene she controlled herself sufficiently to read the letter. There was one page of heavy white paper on which several sentences had been written with a peacil in a large, business-like hand. Martha rend it aloud:

You are the Jack of Spades. This is the best card in the deck. You will succeed in whatever you undertake It will be useless for people to resist Your will is law.

The orchestra struck up the prefude to the fourth act and Martha bastily



man may have a nerve of steel and a heart as tender as a mother's. Of all the specialists in the world, there probably are not two that have as wide an experience in the treatment of women's diseases as Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consult-ing physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. With the assistance of his staff of able physithe assistance of his staff of able physicians, he has prescribed, in the past thirty years, for many thousands of women. Dr. Pierce is pre-eminently a sympathetic physician. Perhaps more than any other man in the profession he realizes the hardships of woman's work, and the disadvantages under which she labors because of the weak, delicate and susceptible structure of the feminine organism. His immense practice in diseases peculiar to women forced upon his recognition the fact that women would never take the proper care of their would never take the proper care of their health, so long as that care required the repugnant "examinations" and "local treatments" insisted upon by nearly all physicians. After years of study he invent-ed a remedy now known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription that is an absolute Favorite Prescription that is an absolute and unfailing cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of diseases peculiar to women. This wonderful medicine cures in the privacy of the home, and does away with the necessity for obnoxious "local treatment." It imparts health, strength, vigor and clasticity to the organs distinctly feminine and fits for wifehood and mother

In paper covers, 21 one-cent stamps; cloth binding, to cents extra. Dr. Pierce's Com-mon Sense Medical Adviser. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It would never have happened if [slipped the letter back into the pocket.] The young man returned a few moments leter and from then until the end of the opera Martha watched him as one in a dream.

During the next half-hour there was a mighty crush in the aisles and foyer of the great theater, and it was fully twenty-five minutes after the operation stars were given their last ovation before we found ourselves on the pave ment, ready for our carriage. Martha had made up her mind to try to keep close to the Jack of Spades on our way out, but even before reaching the foyer people had crowded in between us and him. The mist of the early evening had changed into a steady downfall of mingled rain, sleet and snow, but even after reaching the slippery street Martha heritated about going home.

"It is sheer nonsense to stay here longer, Martha," I remonstrated, as 1 drew behind a granite column for shel-"We might as well hunt for the proverbial needle as to look for him

'Very well," she returned, disconsolately, "have the carriage called. I'm ondy.

I gave our carriage number to the anager of the livery.

"No. 53," he called out, loudly. "Ab. right here, madam," he added in the same breath. "One of your party has already entered the carriage, I believe." "One of our party?" I said in sur-"That cannot be. There are only two of us-myself and she," and

close beside me. "No gentleman?" he asked, doubt-

"No. My husband could not accompany us. We came alone. Pray let us go at once. I am chilled to the bone. "Let me see your check again," he sald, addressing the driver.

Our own coachman had been ill for few days, and as he had been unable to get out my husband had, at the last moment, secured the services of a driver employed at a livery in our neighborood. I had given the man but a casual glance as we got in and out of the carriage, but little as I had seen of him and muffled up as he was in rain-coat and hood, I recognized him at once as the man who had driven us to the opera. He produced his check again, It was No. 53.

"That's all right," said the manager, but there is something wrong here. The gentleman who is now in the carcheck which had been given him before we came up, "and it is also No. 52 Now, if you three people didn't come together how are you going to explain

By that time Martha and I had grown quite angry as well as perplexed, and we were about to step into the carriage in spite of the arguments of the manager, when suddenly a man thrust his head out of the window and exclaimed, testily:

What's the matter out there? Are ou going to stand there parleying all night? I want to get home some time between now and morning."

utterance to a little cry of dismay. The dectric lights at the entrance of the eral minutes, but at that instant they flashed up brightly and I could distinguish the features of the man who had taken possession of our carriage. It was the Jack of Spades.

"The matter is," said I, not waiting for the manager to explain, "that you have made a mistake and have got into our carriage. You will greatly oblige us by getting out at once.

Martha gave my hand an admonitory ttle squeeze at that, but I was cross and was not to be diverted from my purpose.

We, like yourself, are very anxious to get home," I added, sharply. "I beg your pardon, madam," he said in a voice from which all trace of anger had disappeared and whose depth and music would have thrilled even me had not been in such a congealed state as to require something more substantial than melody to thaw me out. "Pray allow me to suggest that I think it is

carriage is No. 53."
"So is mine," I cried, excitedly, "Then," said he, "the only way to prove who is entitled to ride home in his vehicle is to put the case in the hands of the driver. Let him say which f us he brought to the opera tonight. He hastily alighted and stood beside

"James-ah-is that your name,

"Yes, sir." "James, did you bring me to this heater about 10 o'clock this evening?"

"Yes, sir." I started forward with an exclamaion of disgust and Martha looked as abe were about to swoon 'And you were given a check whose

number was 53, were you not?" Yes sir. That will do. Madam, your wit-

"James!"I fairly screamed, "didn't ou bring us-me and my sister-in-law

the opera house tonight?" The man slowly looked us over from head to foot, then said, thoughtfully: "I don't remember anything about it, ax'am, and it seems as if I'd have ome recollection of it if I brought you,

The imperturbable coolness of the ascal fanrly took my breath away. "Very well," said I, with fine sar-asm, after a moment's consideration, thank heaven Martha, we are in a large city, where cabs and carriages are plentiful. We are not dependent upon No. 53, even though it is our own and is decorated with my husband's nonogram, and if we can't find a conveyance anywhere we have always the street cars to fall back on. And even f they have stopped running on the north side we can walk. We live only eight miles out and there is nothing that lasts while walking to a heavy

That villainous Jack of Spades bit his under lip as if trying to repress smile of ridicule which our helpless ondition had called forth.

storm like thin slippers. Come on, my

"I could not think of so discommedng you, madam," he said gallantly. My carriage- yes mine, for the monogram is mine, as I could prove by my own coachman were he here-he is sick, poor fellow, which explains my baving a strange driver tonight-is at your disposal. James shall take you home first. As for myself, it matters not if I ride all night and all day to-

I be permitted to accompany you as shall be far more comfortable in he carriage than on the street or in the corner drug store. Step in, mafam. I am sorry to have kept you watting so long."

I was about to protest against being ompelled to travel such a distance with the mysterious stranger, but Martha interposed. "Remember what the little old wom-

an said," she cautioned. "I was to meet blm under very peculiar circumstances and was not to avoid him, no matter what happened. Let us go. We will accept your offer, sir," she said, turning to him with dignity. "Come,

The Jack of Spades assisted us into he carriage, then after hastly giving the driver some directions, which I ould not hear, he sprang in after us and we were off, leaving the manager of the livery looking after us in a dazed, bewildered way as though he builf suspected we were three ghosts who were out for a carnival on that stormy night.

We had left the downtown district and had crossed the river going north pefore I remembered that I had not told the strange man where to take

"Where are we going" I asked, anxiously. "I forgot to give you our "By George, that's so," said he, re-

gretfully. "I forgot about you and old him to take me straight home. But perhaps we live in the same direction. My home is on Greendale ave-I indicated Martha, who was standing

"Greendale avenue?" Martha and I ried in unison. "So is ours,"
"How fortunate!" said the Jack of Spades, with a short laugh of exultation. "That simplifies matters for all of us. What is your number, please?

Mine is 1167. "Elleven hundred and sixty-seven?" Martha and I chorused again. "Why, hat's ours, too.'

"Really," he exclaimed, with unconealed interest, "That is still more ortunate." Martha rested her head against my

shoulder and in the stillness that reigned in the carriage for a short while after that, I could almost count the tumultuous throbbing of her heart. It was very late and quite dark, for that portion of the city through which we were passing was poorly lighted at best, but a few yellow rays fell into our carriage now and then as we passed a gas jet on a corner and by their dim light I could see that our companion was studying us even more intently than I was studying him. So he lived at 1167 Greensdale avenue. I ould hardly credit the statement, for we had been occupying an apartment there for the last three years, and although I was not personally acquainted with the occupants of the other flats I had learned to know most of them by sight and I was quite sure I had never seen any one there who resembled Martha's Jack of Spades, Having learned a few things about this man who seemed to have reached the superlative degree of mystery. I was Martha clutched my arm and gave determined to learn something more. "My husband," said I, after a somber

silence, "is Dr. Harison, If you live at 1167 Greendale avenue you have probably heard of him." "Yes, I think I have," he said; "although I am not sure, as I have lived there but a little while."

"Are you on the second floor?" I hazarded wildly. "No," said he, "on the third floor," Then after a short pause he added:

"Flat D?" I answered, "Great heavns, man, that cannot be! I live in flat

He and Martha both started bolt upright then and we three sat looking at ach other through the darkness in a sort of terrified stupefaction. None of us spoke again until the carriage stopped before 1167.

"Ab, here we are, ladies," said the Jack of Spades, blandly, when he came to a realization of where we were. He offered us his assistance in alightng, a courtesy which I respectfully dedined but which Martha, feeling that she in a measure already belonged to you who have made the mistake. My

him, accepted anathetically. Then he gave his commands to the driver. "You know where to stable the horses," he said, concisely. "We all

Then, before I was fully aware of what was happening to me, he had bidden us good-night and had hurried up the steps and into the house.

"Come on, quick," said I to Martha, It will not do to lose sight of him

The elevator at 1167 Greendale avenue did not run after midnight, and the only way of reaching the upper floors between the hours of 12 and 6 was to climb the stairs. Our strange ompanion was already half way up the first flight when we entered the lower hall. Again I urged Martha to Martha. hurry, but, although we increased our speed to the best rate we were capable f on an up-grade, it was apparent that he Jack of Spades was leaving us behind. We were still at the foot of the second stairway when he reached the top and withdrew into the shadows on the landing. I listened for his footsteps on the flight of stairs leading from our apartment to the floor above, but there was a tense quietude reigning there and it was evident that he was going no farther. I had reached the middle of the stairs when I hear! a low, grating sound like the turning of a key in the lock. A second inter I ame in sight of our own door and at that instant it swung rapidly on its hinges and closed with a gentle little flick that was scarcely audible at that short distance. I cried out then, and, literally clearing the remainder of the stairway at one bound, commenced to beat on the panels of the door with both my hands. Martha, with more presence of mind, rang the bell. It tween you and him, with the driver for eemed an eternity before any one came to let us in, alchough it was in reality but a few seconds, as Joseph was still sitting up studying over a difficult case. He professed complete ignorance of the stranger whom I had just seen enter We searched our rooms thoroughly but could find no trace of

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brink Habit; also nervousness and melanscholy caused by over-indulgence.
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Wm. 41. Clark, 126 Pann Ave. Scenstan, Pa morrow. The only favor I ask is that Wm. G. Clark, 326 Penn Ave., Scraston, Pa

him, and, although we sat up until daylight talking over our strange advent-ure, none of us could hit upon an ex-

It was two weeks before Martha reamed again. The little old woman came to m again last night," she said drearily. "One of the upper corners of the card was torn off. I wonder what that

means.

That afternoon we saw the Jack f Spudes. Martha and I attended a reception given at the art institute by a prominent painter. Late in the day we found ourselver comparatively alone before a peculiarly fascinating little sketch in black and white. It represented a game of cards among a priest, a soldier, a peasant and a boy. The priest had out the pack and the horror that overspread the countenances of all four when they saw that spades vas the trump card was so admirably epicted that it was departed to us and an uncomfortable creepy sensation began to steal over me, warning me lively corner of the gallery. Sudden-ly, upon looking up. I saw the Jack of Spades standing close by Martha's

"I trust I am not intruding ladies, he said very softly, "I am very sorry I have had no opportunity of seeing you since the night of the opera. There were no serious effects I hope, from he damp and cold?"

said I brusquely, "Other things have given us far greater concern than the weather. Where did ou go that night?" "Clara," Martha put in, deprecat-

ingly. "Where did you go? he repeated, not heeding the interruption. went home of course, where did you

"Home," said I, to "Flat D." "Really," said he languidly, "this is too absurd to talk about. Let's discusse art. Isn't that a wonderfully realistic thing, that little card scene in black and white? It seems as though there are some people whom spades are bound to follow throughout life. I am one of those persons, but to me they mean nothing but good. But I

fear I am annoying you. I will detain you no longer." There was a hurried good-bye to me. swift, keen look at Martha and he was gone again as quickly and as si- lar to a gentleman's dress coat. Fronts lently as he had come. While talking must be very elegant and sleeves he had moved around in front of us and had stood for a moment with one hand resting on the extenuation of the back, while in a third style, the the window sill. Martha and I stared at the doorway through which he had at the back, and thus it may be dipassed in mute surprise, then, realiz- vined that anything and everything ing that there could be no chance of pursuing him we turned to the window He had left a scrap of paper lying there. Martha snatched it hastily. It was a small leaf that had been twice folded and turned down at the corner.

It was addressed to her. "The little old woman was wrong, he wrote. "My will is not law, inexorable and unalterable. Were it so indeed, I should not go away without enowing you. Last night she came to me again with the queen of diamonds and that is you. The upper left-hand corner was torn off the card. Do you know what that means? It means that we shall never see each other again. I am called away. Good fortune awaits me where I go. I trust the same may come to you. Above all, do not think of me. Our romance is ended. Yours sincerely, "The Jack of Spades."

Then, for the first time in her life, Martha fainted. She was very ill for wo weeks after that and it was more han a month before she was able to resume her old place in our home. "Martha," said my husband,

morning in early May, "I have just re-ceived a letter from my friend, James Holter. He is ready to visit us now, You must think no more of my old plans, Martha. I have given up the idea entirely. On the contrary, I shall try to find the Jack of Spades for you. If he is worthy you may have him. Do you dream any more?"

mink tails on the shoulders and at "No," said Martha, "and please, Joeph, do not try to find the Jack of the front. Spades. I'm glad your friend is coming. He will be company for me." are large at the lower part, sloping inward to the top (where the hands

Martha and I were greatly disappointed in my husband's much-talked- are inserted) an illustration in baby of friend. He might have been exceptionally learned, as Joseph declared, but he did not look it, and he might of Russian sable tails at either side. have been the handsomest man in the Broad white satin ribbon bows are world-another bit of my husband's used with excellent effect on mink fulsome praise-but I could not see him in that light. To my mind he seemed of Alaska sable, mink, Persian lamb, very ordinary person, indeed. I told stone marten, Hudson Bay sable, Rus-

Martha so. "You are right," said she. "I can't see for the life of me why Joseph dinner and reception dresses, hats or should find him so interesting." "Martha," said I, presently, "doesn't

seem familiar in some way. Doesn't to an entire fur garment. New, inhe impress you as some one whom you have seen before?" Martha blushed. "I-I don't know."

she said. "Well, I feel that way about it," said r. "I may be losing my senses, but omehow he reminds me of the Jack of

Spades." "Oh, Clara!" "Yes," I went on, mercilessly: "his voice is the same and his eyes are the same. To be sure, this Mr. Holter is not so tall nor so dark nor so hand-

some as the Jack of Spades but they look very much alike for all that." "You come across those striking resemblances once in awhile," said dress fabric, while affording the com-Six months afterward Martha dreamed again.

"I saw the little old woman last night," she said to me one morning, and she had a brand-new Jack of which is the novelty in bolts. Three Spades. What do you suppose that means?"

The next day her engagement to Mr. Holter was announced to the immediate friends and relatives. A few evenings later Joseph and I were discussing he coming wedding.

"My dear," said I, abruptly, after a short pause, "I can't help but think that you know something about the Jack of Spades." "I?" exclaimed my husband, in asonishment.

"Yes," said I, "you. I have thought

a great deal about that little experi-

you had given him, and you let him

to lock before admitting Martha and

suspect it."

out at the back door, which you stopped

Joseph's amazement, whether genu-

"O-o-oh," he groaned, "what an in-

ine or feigned, was boundless

ence of ours and I have decided that Classed. there can be but one explanation. "lan't that new neighbor of yours rathe entric?" inquired the commercial trav-James Holter came to town unexpectedly and that little comedy at the opera "No." answered one of the village's was a preconcerted arrangement beprominent citizens "He ain't rich enough to be called 'eccentric,' He's just a plain crank."—Washington Star. an accomplice. When he came up the stairs shead of us that night he let himself in with your latchkey, which

me. It was you who instigated that maneuver at the Art institute. Nothing would have been easier than for is a proparation of the Drug by which its injurious effects are removed, while the valuable medicinal properties are retained. It possesses all the sedative, anodyne and anti-spasinodic lowers of Opium, but produces no sickness of the stemmen, no vomiting no contiveness, no headache. In acute nervous disorders it is an invaluable remedy, and is recommended by the best physicians. iim to dye his hair and moustache and darken his face and 'make-up' his features and you had an the details of Martha's dreams for him to work on. Mind you, Joseph, I don't say positively you did those things, but I strongly

FERRETT, Agent,

genious argument! How brilliant you SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS are, Clara! You women will be the death of me yet."

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homeless and hopeless have arisen in every city by their tircless labors.

By no means the least service they render helpless humanity is their dispensat on of medicine. Their experience among the sick, and their anxiety to be of assistance to them, soon lead them to know the most efficient and safe remedies. It would be impossible that so popular and valuable a remedy as Pe-ru-na could have escaped their attention. Many latters have been received from institutions of this kind praising the benefit that Pe-ru-na has been to them. Following is a letter recently received by Dr. Hartman: ST. VINCENT'S ORPHAN ASYLUM,

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Dr S. B. Hartman: "Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's 'Fe-ru-na' as an excellent remedy for the influenza, of which we then had several cases which threatened to be of a serious character. "We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Pern na has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, coughs, colds and bronchitis. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

of Collingrilla Tex., writes: Thave been using Pe-ru-ra for cough I have had for some time. It has completely cured me. yond doubt baby lamb is the season's and I do heartly leading fur, closely followed by ermine recommend it to those suffering from Mr. G. W. Aringe

coughs and colds, I a will pre'se Peru na forever.

Mr. Joseph Kirch enstiner, 87 Croton street, Cleveland, O. "We hav used Perru-na for

family medicine, During the whole of

that time we bay

physician, Our fam-

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