UNMAKING LOVE.

CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

My dear fellow, suddenly I saw that | my rescue, as it does to everyone's if she loved me. I saw it in her eyes, they only wait long enough. There as the saying is. Imagine my con- was a new play, the great situation in sternation, I am by no means insensible of the great good mck of a man supposed to be a light and unsubstanwho is loved by a good sort of woman, that woman, demonstrating quite with though quite capable of not pretending to envy him. But this wouldn't everybedy was talking about it. On do at all. She was the prettiest girl this occasion conversation was general there, and I had gravitated toward her beauty as a matter of course, I always pick out the prettiest face and go straight for it mechanically. Of course, I often don't arrive; there may obstacles and I am quite content acted quite differently in the second to make a how to the next Venus, It scene, where she could have describe would be a real shock to discover that there was a degree, a possibility between what I had achieved and what I had abandoned, that I was paying my homage to a star of less bril-Hancy than necessary. The fact is, I have quite enough of reason and ideas and intellect generally when I am at work, and we are all of us eternally applying some principle, and that's philosophy. When I join the ladies all care about is to have my eye and ear agreeably stimulated, not because they are capable of making me think, though I don't say they are, but because at those times I want amusement, not instruction. That's why I'm so severely logical about feminine charms of person and feel a personal loss when I worship at a shrine of 90beauty power, instead of 100. However, I am not often in this dilemma, as nature doesn't cut things so fine.

Well, what was I to do? As I said, it wouldn't do: she had no ideas; there was nothing for me to cling to. We might have gone on like that for the rest of our lives, I admiring her beauty and she existing beautifully. don't think I was to blame; I faced the question fully and honorably ac-

quitted myself. I never sought her society; but when we met I certainly did enjoy her musical small talk; she had a charming voice. I don't know what we talked about. I can't remember her saying anything worth remembering, and I certainly didn't attempt to converse. There was a string of questions and answers, just like a royal commission, and each as romantic. But the whole thing, her face, her voice, her easy chat, the frou frou, was a perfect holiday for me and I felt some of the acquiescence of sleep without any of its unconsciousness. I am a utilitarian person, but I never reckoned the time wasted. The sunshine warmed my fallow mind and made it stronger to bear more drastic impressions. It strikes me now that the disengagement which I displayed may have looked like patience to her ingeniousness and that there might have been a trace of gratitude for the implied compliment, though all the thanks were certainly on my side. However, it came about, it did come about, Of course, I might be wrong; in that case it wouldn't matter what I did, but I knew I was not wrong. At any rate, I elected to assume that I was right,

first place, this was practically inconvenient. Like other people, I am tethcred in the shallows of circumstance. And secondly it smacked of the heroic, of which of course, I have a horcor. I was afraid, too, that she would take a feminine pleasure in feeding a sentiment for the absent, and my obvious policy was to discourage, not inflame, her imagination. Externally I had to maintain the old attitude, but it would have been a false pretense to do se with the old nonchalance, I took the first opportunity of denying myself, "Have you been to see the pictures?" "Not L" I replied.

Clearly, I couldn't run away. In the

and I had to do something.

"What do you mean? Don't you like beautiful things?"

"Only when I am looking at them, and even then I am haunted by the fear that I am wasting time, and might be more profitably employed.

"More profitably?" storing up sources that will last-facts, thoughts, goods, money, anything but fancles."

You are coming out in a new light?" she said. "A new darkness, you mean," I re

plied. I suppose you are what is called a dark horse," she rejoined.

We both laughed, and she went away

Next time I managed to startle her We were talking of the newest novel, 'Romance," I said, "is all very well, but it mustn't be contemporary.

It into bygone days in as large quantities as you like; but the tale of today, which deals with us and our friends pught only to encourage gober business principles. She ought to have retorted: "Such

as answering a fool according to his folly," or by referring to the fact that most fiction was designed to stave off bankruptcy, quite in accordance with my theory. But she only said: 'Don't you think we want a change

from our every day life?"
"I don't," I said, "because my chief amusement consists in watching other

"I didn't know you were such a critic I hope you haven't reckoned me up. "The critic," I said, "shuts one eye in order to get a better view; the synic purposely puts on glasses which fion't fit him; the philosopher sees one thing with one and the opposite with

"Have you got a better view?" she

"I have no view or views," I said. "I am the plain man who is supposed not to exist. Now, the plain woman-" "I know lots," she said, "and very nice they are."

"What a pity it is." I said, "that only women can understand women. That's why it is that men never really make them good companions. We think too highly of them; for instance, we think that they are all beautiful."

"But you know better all the time?" "Of course we do in practice, but the theory is a good one all the same. It is an attempt to take their own view, to put ourselves in their place for a moment. The fact is that very few men take any interest in individual wo men. It is the sex that they think about-the whole lot at once; it's so like a school book; I hate anything

"Tea?" I said. "With pleasure," said she, smiling for the first time; and we went off togeth-

Well, we were getting on, but still

it was the heroine, who was universally out design her love for her husband: and some genius remarked that the only objection to the woman was that she was so hopelessly old, she was al ways relapsing into weaknesses of this sort: there was no strength in such character, a strong woman would have

> with honor. A well-groomed youth, sitting rext to her, remarked pointedly that if she did love her husband, you know, that made all the difference. She said, if wives didn't love their husbands it was

> their (the husbands') own fauit. "Quite so," I said, "if they will persist in being satellites instead of hav-ing an orbit of their own, in playing Damon and Pythias instead of Darby and Joan, they can't expect that the wear and tear of their society can be made good, unless they allow the proper interval: for the worn and torn to discover that other people can't continuously please, either."

"That's a nice view to take of mar-ried life," se said. "I know you don't

"Unfortunately," I said, "the experiment can't be made, or you'd see."
"What should I see?"

"Well, something, I fancy, would as onish you. The fact is, I don't think any one has understood matrimony before me, and I've had no experience of it. It has long been recognized as fatal to love, if it exists, and more or less apt to produce it, if it does not, just as there are places which give you neuralgia if you don't take it there and cure you if you do. But I don't think love has anything to do with the matter; that's detail important enough in the early days of meeting, but not comparable to the bargain which is th essence of the business?"
"The bargain—" she almost gasped.

"Yes," I said, "the bargain. The he says: I must have feminine society. I must have the female point of view al ways there whenever I want it; my place, I can't rely on their punctuality and then at any moment they may lapse into seriousness, think hard of and the mischief is done. Beside, they know you; they never give you a Now, matrimony at its best must be between people who don't know one another, and who never will, That's the great secret. It's the only chance of a revelation. It is the only hope of getting anything read into you and then learning the lesson yourself. especially anything high, noble or not ommonplace. There is no room for love here. That discolors such a union -such a contract, if you like-with all the pageantry of the rainbow; it is trade. Since then the value of anthravery natural, a pleasant sight, but it effects nothing. On the other hand, nized that at the close of business in the she says: I am fired of this kind 1898 the deposit had been reduced by of life-I want something new, What- not less than 1,000,000,000 tons. ever I like in my present existence can practically keep; he will make a new woman of me. Really, what she wants, too, is a trusty companion; if out, because she is in a new world. So at all sure, when I come tothink of it, amy may not, after all, be the greatest

secure the requisite amount of absentecism. at my own paradox, but she was quite erious, gradually maturing to grave. "Don't you agree with my theory of

a bargain now?" "Well," she said, "there must be give and take, of course, but I-I think I

prefer the old fashion." "It is the old fashion I am pleading for," I said. "At least, it is what I believe and hope; of course, we never must be so. Marriage is an agreement for occasional companionship on terms,

and very strict terms." "Oh, dear," she said, with a genuine how horrid!"

"Anyway," I went on, "that's the that there is nothing in this life which of the anthracite age. Now see, when niture, a fashionable 'at home,' school- ninety years in reducing 1,500,000,900 comfort, so why not marriage?"

I was just going on, "If ever I have a sides, she had clearly lost her interest, ng of 'at homes,' are you going to the Idyls"" I asked.

She said she was. "Don't you think that kind of hospitality is a mistake? "Well, of course, it isn't a dance, but

what sort do you prefer? "Where each sticks to his or her kind: he foregathers with his bachelors, and she, like Jephthah's daughter, with the maids of her youth till they desert; the two tributaries ought never to mix at the matrimonial confluence like Dr. Dombey's party."

"Then, how about seeing your friends

"You oughtn't to want to see them all at once; the frequent, though not unlimited meeting of husband and wife ought to be enough for the purposes of companionship; all other friends are superfluous. Indeed, society is to be recommended as a means of avoiding them. Good cutting acquaintances are

"What a queer idea! What a prosect for the woman! What do you think is to be her fate in this scheme? "Singleness," I said, "tempered by a husband,'

Who may turn out-" she went on. "Who may turn her out," I said. She laughed artifically and went off. In three weeks I heard she was engaged to the well-groomed youth .- Pall Mall Gazette.

Omdurman.

From the National Review. Certainly the first glance gives an im-pression of squalor, because no one stares Well, we were getting on, but still show openly any evidence of wealth or I didn't see the end. Chance came to comfort; and those who built fine, large

houses invariably surround them with a squalld mud wall ten to twenty feet high, against which the poorer people and slaves built lean-to huts on the outside. But walk in, and you perceive at once that these Tarisha Basgaras, whose childhood must have been passed in tend-ing their flocks in the open, and in wet and dry weather, had a very good idea of luxurious comfort and wide verandaed houses. Building went on pressently ouses. Building went on incessantly,

each emir outbuilding the other.

The crowning effort was the khalifa's own masonry wall, which he built to in-close, as within a prison, all his fighting emirs, his special soldiery, armory and grain stores. This is a solid wall four feet thick, fitteen feet high, over three miles in length and with only five door-ways in it. It is margineous built soll. ways in it. It is magnificently built, and the labor of bringing the blocks of hard stone and morter from a distance must have been prodigious. It took the whole population, working from sunrise to sun-set, over three years to build, and it is not quite completed, as there is a gap of 100 yards left between the khalifa's house and the Beit el Amona (arsenal). Yet, having built this wall, and know-ing full well that, after Firket, we meant to come on, he did not put up a banquette inside-so his men could not shoot at us from behind this veritable

NO ANTHRACITE AFTER 2063.

Interesting Calculations by a Lackawanna Valley Operator.

Scranton Letter in the S "Of course," said a Lackawanna valley coal operator, who has a turn for statistics, "it won't make a great deal of difference to us what kind of fuel people then on earth will be using, but you may set it down for a fact that posterity won't broil its chops nor toast its shins by the heat of anthracite coal ater than the year 2063. I have figured it all out and know what I am talking

mbout. "Everybody knows, or ought to know that there is no anthracite coal worth speaking about outside of Pennsylvania, and only in this favored corner of Pennsylvania, at that, Now, the boundaries of the anthracite coal area are defined with such mathematical certinty that, basing my calculations on known or estimated depth, dlp, thickness, and extent of the coal de posits I am able to figure out that before any anthracite coal was taken from our mines we had the neat little storage there of 13,000,000,000 tons to draw

anthracire coal trade was born in 1820, and, the market demand being then as much as one ton a day, the ous; operators then in the field sent 365 tons from Carbon county, down the Lehigh and Delaware rivers, to supply that demand. Then, in 1822 Schuylkill county began to deluge the country with anthracite, and threw something like 1,500 tons on the market that year, In 1829 the Delaware and Hudson Canal company began tearing up the coal veins on the northern boundary of the field in Luzerne county, and sent own womankind won't do. In the first to New York all of 7,000 tons in tweive months. These three counties marketed 350,000 tons in the ensuing ten years, but during the ten years followme-the very thing I want to avoid, ing that decade they sent out over 5. 000,000 tons. At the end of thirty years they had taken out of the mines and sold 25,000,000 tons. At the beginning of the civil war there had been but 80,000,000 tons removed from the original deposit, leaving a hole in the big bile under ground something like what a mouse hole in a cheese would be in comparison. But with the coming of the war anthracite began to boom, and in ten years 20,000,000 tong more were mined and sold than had been handled in all the forty preceding years of the cite coal has been so generally recog-

imagine a diagram to repre ent the 13,000,000,000 tons that we started out with devided into lots of 500, 000,000 tons each, or one twenyt-sixth the has any qualities they must come of the whole. Two of these lots or squares in the diagram would show the what each demands is to be developed hole we have been seventy-eight years and made the most of; really, I'm not in digging in the pile, so that you can ee what there is left for future re that an enlightened system of polyg- quirements. According to that, it looks as if posterity would be pretty well encouragement to man to advance to fixed for anthracite, after all., doesn't his highest ends. At any rate, it would it? There are twenty-four sections left which say at seventy-five years apiece. ould carry anthracite fuel along for I could hardly refrain from smiling 1,700 years to come. But, unfortunate ly for posterity, we are using more than 30,000,000 million tons a year at present ourselves, a percentage of inrease which enables me, basing my calculations on the natural necessities of the future, to figure with ease that on the first day of January, 1910, another section of the diagram would be marked off, showing the total of 1,500,-000,000 tons would have been removed know, because those in the secret never from the original deposit of coal. That tell us. But common sense tells us it will leave still the comforting pile of 11,500,000,000 tons. But just see how posterity will get away with that tre

mendous heap of coal! "I am willing to give posterity the sigh. "I dare say you are right, but benefit of any possible doubt on the subject of the future increase in the use of anthracite, and will stop at an ype, and so it ought to be. Idealize it average annual output of 75,000,000 tons is much as you like, but remember from the year 1910 until the last year may not be idealized-crime, dress, fur- the year 1910 comes we will have been impecuniosity, even bourgeoise tons of anthracite coal to ashes and cinders. Then posterity gets in its work and in a great deal less than when I reflected that such a twice ninety years will have exhaustparting shot would be too crude. Be- ed the pile. Eleven billion five hundred million tons of coal, used at the So I trailed off anaemically. "Talk- rate of 75,000,000 tons a year, will last only 153 years and three months, and, taking all things into consideration, posterity will therefore carry its coal scuttle to the bin for the last time, say, about April 1, 2063."

BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

There never was a grandma hair so

He whispered while beside her chair he And laid his rosy check, With manner very meek,

Against her dear old face in loving mood There never was a nicer granding born; know some little boys must be forlorn, Because they've none like you. I wonder what I'd do

Without a grandma's kisses night and noon and morn?" There never was a dearer grandma, He kissed her and he smoothed he

snow-white hair; Then fixed her ruffled cap. And nextled in her tap, While grandma, smiling rocked her ald arm chair.

When I'm a man what things to you I'l horse and carriage and a watch and

ring.
All grandmas are so nice.
All grandmas he kissed her And grandwas give a good boy every-thing."

Before his dear old grandma could reply This boy looked up, and with roughsh eye Then whispered in her car That nobody might bear:

Bay grandma, have you any more mine -Nebraska State Journal.

A REGULAR UTOPIA

LIFE THERE IS LIKE A CON-TINUOUS DREAM.

South Sea Hospitality Is Boundless, and Tahiti Would Be a Perfect Paradise for the American Tramp If He Could Ever Get There - Flowers, Fruits, Lovely Girls and Accomplished Cooks Among the Delights of Tahiti.

from the New York Times. The earth is God's footstool so wise

en wrote. If it is, then the little island of Tahiti is the golden tassel on the footstool. On this favored paradise in the far Pacific landscape and life merge into a delicious dream, and both are impressionist. Neither will submito photography or the pen. Years of study cannot itemize the picture. To those who have visited this coralreefed spot there lingers forever in the emory a soft, sweet haze of shifting ight and shade-a wilderness of happy silence and evertasting case.

Think of a generous reef-bound expanse of clear, transparent water, it whose limp depths swim myriads o finny dwarfs dazzling the changing colors of the dying dolphin. Below them a garden of coral-the roses of the sep-blossoming in a thousand tints, A long, low stretch of beach, bordered by tall coconnut trees, paims and ever-blooming bushes. Long rows of cheerful cottages, almost hidden by he spreading branches of the brendfruit trees. Tall mountain peaks, rising until they are lost in a lacework of clouds. Brawny men darting here and there in fruit-laden canoes, and bevies of dark-eyed girls strolling idly along the sward, That is Tahiti as seen from the side of the incoming ship the most exquisite, fascinating and gorgeous spot on the face of the earth. No one ever went to Tahiti without enving with a pang of regret, and I can join in the score of writers from Charles Warren Stoddard to Robert Louis Stevenson, who have visited its shores, and say that a few months spent in its sunshine and in the hospitality of its people can never, never

LOCATION.

m forgotten.

Tahiti lies somewhere in that myserious part of the South Pacific where wo days are rolled into one in order o set aright the conventional calendar; where tomorrow becomes today with a subtle charm that is almost overwhelming. You go there by a little white brig from San Francisco, which skims over the waters of the west, taking up the best part of a month before landing you in this world of idlenese and peace.

Life in Tahiti is the nearest apwoach to the idea; of all the world, Outside of its principal city, Papeete, which is the commercial center of all the islands in the Society group, of which Tahiti is one, the natives pass their days in a listless dreaminess, at peace with themselves and all the world. Fancy being in a land where money is spurned. I once had the au-dacity to offer a Tabitian a dozen dollars for staying at his home, cating his food and talking him nearly to death. revealing to his untutored mind the wonders of the United States, and to my surprise he threw it to the ground, having been greatly insulted. If those we board with over here would only go. Walk into his plantation, and up get insulted as easily as that! The only payment that a Tahitian wants for his hospitality is for the person to

whom it is offered to accept it. THE TAHITI GIRL.

Much more than has been written has seen heard about the lovely Tahiti girl. Tall, languourous, with the modesty of a Castilian: walking like a queen in her Mother Hubbard gown and her flower-wreathed hat (with these two articles the attire of the Tahiti girl ends), with her long black hair, glisening with cocoanut oil, hanging to ter waist, she is one of the most attractive of her sex. Besides many peronal charms that might turn the head of an anchorite, she possesses the most attractive gifts. Her eyes are black her countenance is expressive, and though the warm sun has tinged her cheeks with a hue of brown, her complexion is as clear as the sky above Best of all, she owns her own little home, where roses always bloom and the bread-fruit tree and tare plant grow in profusion. A certain acreage of land surrounding it is hers also, and she is absolutely independent and can do exactly as she likes-and she does, Every night in Papeete scores of girls and men come down the byways leading to the market place, where they ongregate to sell their strings of flowers and shells, and to join in the daily estivities. Finished with their evening meal, they come to gossip, dance and make merry. Around the great fountain, throwing its silver bubbles to the big red stars, they chant their soulful music to the walling strains of an accordion. Bursts of bibulous hilarity come from the Spanish-like edifices that surround the market place. Shy damsels promenade with the visiting Europeans, the officers of the French the array of municipal officials and their own brawny lovers, exchanging the same old secrets that have been handed down through the mystery of ages. PASSES IN MELODY.

So the evening passes in melody, drink and love. Then the curfew on the little white Catholic church tells that the hour of ten has come, and the great mass of merrymakers suddenly stop their buzzing pleasures and silently file down the long lanes along the beach and through the cocoanut groves to the rows of thatched cottages. Red and radiant, the mellow moon fills the air with a magic light. The dead over the pallid sea. One by one the lamps go out, the mosquito nets are

the first time will find himself in a surrounding the feast. The head of the land entirely unlike any other place in family thanks God in fervent words for troduction there is barred. In Papeete, in this far-away isle-and then a blackof course, where the seat of government eyed girl passes around with an arm is situated, and where the foreign consuis reside, a certain form of society ers, and crowns each one before th and dress is kept up which somewhat meal is served. Knives and forks are recembles our New York forms. But practically unknown. With a rib of nuts grow and the vanilla and coffee curried prawns spread out on a leaf. plantations thrive in the sun, there is with a chicken wing, a slice of tarwhere the visitor banishes his foreign and a collection of tropical fruits await tion before visiting a Tahitian. Just I for the unfavored.

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and tell his boy to stand by and fan away the robust mosquito. He will get you young cocoanuts to drink and grapes that would pale those of Ham burg hothouse fame, and when you have been refreshed he will show you to your room, and tell you to lay your American clothes aside, and to dress in Tahiti fashion. This consists of sugar-cane hat, a white shirt and a pareu-a piece of colored print abou four feet square, which is wound around he waist. Once in Tabiti garb the charm of Repauno Chemical Co's EXPLOSIVES

Tahiti begins to dawn. Once in this garb, lying under a leafy mango tree, istening to the brook murmuring soft y as it winds its way through the underbruch to the sunlit sea, watching the deep red flowers drop from the branches of the faruna, and hearing the plaintive song of a Tahiti maiden orn to waste her time away-and you don't care if the expansion treaty reaches to the stars or if Buffalo Bill is elected president. The subtleness of he warm fresh air and the odor of the ever-blooming flowers seem to drive all thoughts of worldly affairs away. It is glory of absolute contentment-uness you are bitten by a centipede.

## FOOD AND EATING.

Various are the menus which the na tive host will prepare. He has no stove out does his cooking in an oven made hot by stones. A layer of these stones is placed on the ground, and the edbles placed on them, generally a sucking pig, several chickens, bread-fruit party and tare plant. These are covered with stones and a fire is built around them. over so as to clasp it down, and when the fowl is served up juicy and hot it looks as if it had died a peaceable death.

Fish is generally eaten raw, with a limes. The idea may seem barbarous, but the dish is very palatable; still, it silence filled with the heavy perfume must be remembered that the fish is broken only by the unceasing pound- | caught around Tahiti, where the sea is ing of old ocean against the barrier of transparent for many fathoms, are difcoral, sending a hollow, rolling boom ferent from the fish of the dull, green Milwaukee Sentinel, then the leading Rwaters of the Atlantic Tables there are unknown, and the

spread around the bedsteads, and Tahiti is asleep.

The American who visits Tahiti for sit on mats (tailor fashion, if possible). The conventionality of in- the bounty-a custom never forgotten ful of wreaths of red and yellow flow out in the districts, out in the deep the succulent porker in one hand and valleys by the rivers, where the cocon- a small raw fish in the other, some customs and becomes a native. It is ing their turn, and the unflecked tables not customary to wait for an invita- of Delmonico's become a feasting place

## WDER

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FERRETT, Agent, 372 Pearl St., New York

### The Query Brought Forth a Query from the Milwaukee Journal.

Sometoimes ambitious men within it party tried to measure their strength with that of the 'boss," as he was called for a long series of years. One of these cases 1 remember righ well. Captain When the stones are removed the din- Eithu Enos, of Waukesha wanted to ner is cooked to a turn. A chicken is always roasted without its head and claws being removed. The head is laid on the breast and the claws are drawn that he could not have the appointment. The doughty coptain swere that he would have it "in spite of the boss and his little one-horse. Madison regency," thus dis closing his hand. The boss told him go ahead and see how he wouldn't get i and the captain went as far us he com sauce made of grated cocoanuts and of course he falled, and the boss ther limes. The idea may seem barbarous, used the fallure as an illustration of the folly of trying to get along without the aid of the machine.

Along about thus time a fellow named Alex Botkin came un from Story's Chi-cago Times and took a position on the sublican paper of the state. Keyes was affeged by Botkin to have taken occasion "To Captain Ellinu Enes, Wankesn., Wis.: Are you a peer or a vassal?"

Enos sent this response to Keyes; "To Colonet Elisha W. Keyes, Madisor Wis.: Yes, st.; what the h- are you?"

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