

The Scranton Tribune
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Another issue of the fiftieth and meanest newspaper in existence was yesterday allowed by the police to be hawked broadcast throughout Scranton notwithstanding that the law specifically prohibits the distribution of obscene literature. Can the same municipal authorities who recently snapped up with eagerness an itinerant peddler of indecent pictures, having neither friends nor pull, not only permit but by acquiescence encourage the rotten prostitution of journalism practiced defiantly by the blackmailing Scrantonian?

Liberty That Pays.
That the people of Scranton should hold the harmless delusion of proprietorship in the D. L. & W. railroad seems not natural to those who have been conversant with the history of the road. People in other towns along the line of those who have been connected with it during its late history can hardly appreciate this feeling. Its original reason for existence was to connect Scranton with the outside world—to furnish an outlet for its natural and manufactured products, coal and iron. While in its growth it has reached out to other (less important) cities, such as New York and Buffalo, Scranton and vicinity have still remained the same source of its great carrying trade and the foundation of its financial success. Scranton has also been the practical headquarters of the management of the road and its leading officials have been a part of Scranton's growth and the people of Scranton have thus come to feel a personal interest in the D. L. & W. not felt toward any other road. While all the roads within reach of Scranton either enter or have close connections with Scranton and some, as the D. & H., handle a great many passengers, coming and going, yet none of them takes the place of the D. L. & W. as the road of Scranton.

It is but natural, then, that our people should have a lively interest in all that transpires in the management of the road and possibly a feeling of jealousy and resentment toward any move that takes from Scranton her long held importance in its management. These thoughts were brought to mind by the appeal for help by the ladies of the Home for the Friendless due partly to the failure of one of their usual sources of revenue—the annual excursion which the railroads, usually the D. L. & W., centering here carried for them free of charge. These ladies knew that whatever might be the result of their negotiations with other roads they could depend upon Mr. Hallett's helping them out, that underneath his brusque exterior there beat a heart in sympathy with their philanthropic labors. Nor was Mr. Hallett lacking in business sagacity in granting their requests, for he was but cementing more closely the feeling of personal interest of this community in the D. L. & W. railroad, which reflected itself in old business kept and new business won. A few carloads of freight, he realized, would soon repay the cost of motive power in hauling the annual excursion for the Home. He also knew that in furnishing this motive power he was paying but a small part of what was really due to the Home for its care of the widows and orphans made by the relentless grind of the wheels of commerce.

It ought to be possible to secure from the new management a willing acceptance of these judicious views.
Ten thousand officers have already expressed their willingness to join General Otis and his forces at Manila. Now if a few privates can be secured there is no question that the war can be quickly ended when the showers are over.
The Protectorate Proposition.
Mr. Bryan's Columbus speech indicates that after much casting about to find some form of opposition to expansion which will not subject its sponsors to the charge of cowardice he has discovered the fitting campaign cry, to wit: "Let us give the Filipinos the same assurance of independence that we have given to the Cubans. Let us assure them of our intention of establishing a stable government which, when established, will be their government, not ours. Let us assure them that we shall stand by them like an elder brother and say to other nations, 'Hands off. Let this republic work out its destiny!'"

This sounds well and reads well. Put in Mr. Bryan's best style, surcharged with his undeniable magnetism and launched with every appearance of disinterested philanthropy, it ought to be good at each utterance for two or three fine rounds of applause, with now and then a tiger added. Among persons more given to sentimentality than to discretion, the idea of a full-fledged Filipino republic generously backed by Uncle Sam, who assumes the entire responsibility before all the other nations, but exercises over the protegee itself no function of actual control, will obtain many devotees. A year and a half ago most of us thought that way about Cuba. Our sympathies were aroused. Our imaginations were touched. We had heard loud talk of a Cuban republic and we came near swallowing the deception, bait, hook and line. When the president and some of his level-headed advisers pointed out the propriety of making through inquiry before giving recognition to Cuban independence or intimated that the development in Cuba of a stable government capable of an independent existence was not yet an accomplished fact or even a proximate possibility, we laughed them to scorn or grew indignant at their fancied cold-bloodedness. Today, in the light of subse-

quently acquired knowledge, we perceive not only that the chief executive and his advisers knew what they were talking about, but also that the pledge upon which we based our intervention in Cuba, however beautiful in spirit, was practically a mistake, and had fettered our own hands and fed native suspicion and distrust without bringing in any manner the slightest compensating advantages. It was a pledge in no sense releasing us from our obligations under international law; it could have been made with equal propriety and far better judgment after we had got Cuba ready for independence, and its immediate effect under existing circumstances is to paralyze the industrial recovery of the island which will not take risks on the uncertain duration of American control, and set to plotting every ambitious schemer who pictures in Cuban independence a political license to gain wealth without work.

Unfitted though they be for the independence we proclaimed so generously but so prematurely, the Cubans are one people, racially unified. Not so with the Filipinos. There we have to deal with thirty to forty different races exhibiting every conceivable variation in human conditions. If we have found out the error of our way in Cuba let us not, with open eyes, make a similar though ten-fold grosser error in the Philippines. Let us drop sentiment and get hold of the facts before committing ourselves before the eyes of mankind to a specific and unalterable policy. There is no need of any pledge beyond what has already been given by our history and our conduct. We have not gone for conquest and we are not meditating a despotic sway; but let us keep both hands free to deal with the problem's details as they shall arise, recollecting all the while that the quicker the Filipinos show capacity for self-government the sooner relief will come from our unsought but now inexorable responsibilities.

The new call for troops in the Philippines offers able-bodied men the opportunity to become travelers and heroes at the same time.
That Guatemalan Incident.
Some time ago, according to the facts at hand, a certain John B. Richards, of Louisville, Ky., with a partner named Harris, visited Guatemala to look for mining claims. They took with them surveying and other instruments and they succeeded in discovering a valuable claim, which they were proceeding to secure under the established forms of Guatemalan law, when they were suddenly seized, their instruments confiscated, they themselves imprisoned and after a short incarceration for reasons not stated they were forcibly deported, Richards being put on board a slow freight steamer which landed him penniless and almost naked in New Orleans.

When arrested Richards sent the following letter to the United States minister to Guatemala, W. Godfrey Hunter: "I am arrested, and do not know even the cause. I am ordered to leave the country by way of Port Barrios. I am not to be permitted to go by way of Guatemala city or to see any one. I have committed no crime in this or any other country. If the government has any charge against me I demand a dictionary and trial. I beg you to see that I get justice, and nothing more." To this Minister Hunter replied: "I have received your telegram of yesterday relative to the order for your expulsion. The authorities claim to have proof sufficient to justify the order." Richards still claims to know of no reason whatever for his treatment save the supposed desire of a certain Guatemalan of influence to possess Richards' property; and it is stated that Richards is highly indorsed as a man of veracity and integrity.

The Washington papers on Friday contained this announcement: "Secretary Hay has sent instructions to Minister Hunter to investigate promptly the case of Richards, of Louisville, Ky., and if the circumstances justify such action, to demand proper redress. The action of the United States government will depend upon the result of Minister Hunter's investigation. The gunboat Vixen, which is now patrolling the coast of Central America, will probably touch at Livingston and aid the minister in his investigation." If reports are true, Hunter needs somebody to aid him. In addition to the indifferent tone of his reply to Richards' appeal, as quoted above, Hunter stands under other suspicion. The Washington Post says editorially: "It has been frequently asserted, on what we have reason to regard as good authority, that American citizens can seldom receive the smallest protection at the hands of their minister, and are compelled in every case of outrage or oppression to appeal to the British vice consul, Mr. Scott, who invariably rights their wrongs. Indeed, we learn that Mr. Scott is an American by birth, but had to change his nationality in order to take refuge under the British flag. He found it impossible to live in Guatemala as a citizen of the United States." These statements we give at their own value. The state department does well to look into them and to use for the purposes of the inquiry other eyes than those of Minister Hunter. If they are found to be false no harm will have been done by running them to earth. If they are found to be true, Guatemala should be made to pay for the outrage a sum in compensation so large and to offer apologies so abject that the incident will have exemplary virtue throughout the Latin-American states.

By the time the automobile gets within reach of the class that now rides bicycles it is probable that automobilists of today will be sailing over our heads in air ships.
Golf, like every other popular game or fad, has its enemies. The game is sneered at by persons who claim that it is nothing more or less than the plebeian amusement known as "shinny," and players and their uniforms are ridiculed by the critical who have never indulged in the pleasures of the links. Of all amusements of the present age, however, it seems as though golf was the one deserving of the most encouragement. Unlike the enthusiastic "cyclist, who runs down pedestrians

on the streets and is at times the worst kind of a nuisance, the golf player is seldom seen save when journeying to and from the distant cow pastures, where he delights to chase the little balls over hill and dale. Golf players are, as a rule, quiet people who do little damage save on occasionally knocking each other on the head with the driving sticks. Golf is not an intricate game. It is easily understood, and when once understood offers an incentive for people who are dying by inches for the want of exercise that should be appreciated. By all means let golf receive encouragement.

If Secretary Alger knew how his daily refusals to resign are damaging the president's reputation for aggressiveness, maybe he would let up.

A Biography That Instructs.
The beginnings of a career like that brought to a close last week through the death of Robert Bonner are of permanent interest. It is possible that some of our readers are familiar with the details of Mr. Bonner's start in life; those who are not should know that Bonner came to these shores a poor Irish lad with some capital, on land, was only one sovereign. He secured employment as a "devil" in the Hartford Courant office at \$25 a year and his board soon after his arrival and remained with that paper from 1827 to 1842. "A large part of these years," says the New York Sun, "he worked nineteen and twenty hours a day. At first he made fires and swept out the office, but by working overtime and watching the journeymen he soon outstripped the other apprentices. He learned to set type, to make up forms and to feed and operate presses. He also wrote for the paper before the end of his service, and when he left Hartford he was not only a master of printing, but also a general newspaper man of considerable attainment."

Mr. Bonner went from Hartford to New York city to take a place as proofreader and assistant foreman on the Evening Mirror. After working at the office all day, Bonner at night wrote letters for the Courant, at first using a fictitious name. His letters were so good that the editor of the Courant made a regular place for them, found out the identity of their author and helped him to make similar arrangements with other papers. For the Mirror Bonner made a specialty of artistic displays, first in headlines and then in advertisements. This was the means of securing for him an offer to take mechanical charge of the Merchant's Ledger, a small business paper, which Bonner afterward bought and turned into the New York Ledger of fame. The later achievements of Mr. Bonner are well known—how he hoisted to almost miraculous figures the circulation of the Ledger by hiring the best contributors to be had for love or money, printing as neat a paper as ingenuity could devise, advertising its merits with startling originality combined with liberality, and keeping faith scrupulously with every person who had dealings with him; how he became a millionaire, noted alike for love of mankind and love of horses, and how in his death thousands of persons in every part of the English speaking world felt a sense of personal shock and loss.

But it was the beginnings that counted; the hard work, the willing spirit, the keenness to study and improve. These are the lessons his example sets before us.
Judge Hornblower, as his address before the Bar association showed, is an earnest and sorrowful anti-expansionist, but his assumption that "the time for repining is past, that the deed is done, that the Rubicon is crossed" and that "we are in the position of a man who has adopted a family of orphans, for whom it is too late to consider whether he was wise to do it, who cannot undo it, even if he has to thrash them into love and obedience and to neglect his own children to care for adopted ones" is substantially correct, excepting the last clause.

Those Cubans who have asked the president to use part of the free ration fund in the purchase for Cuban farmers of farm implements and harvest seed are on the right track. A worker helped toward self-support is worth a dozen idlers kept idle by misplaced charity.
It will probably be necessary for Admiral Dewey and others to keep in the background for a time until Mr. Harriman, the "only American golf champion," has had an opportunity to become accustomed to his laurels.

Admiral Cervera has been formally acquitted of the charge of treason growing out of his defeat at Santiago; but he remains guilty of having had to serve a rotten lot of so-called superiors.
General Leonard Wood wants \$10,000 for the purchase of suitable text books for the Santiago schools. Here is a chance for some wealthy citizen to perpetuate his memory.
The government has resumed the sending of canned roast beef to Cuba, but it is safe to wager that this time the beef is not embalmed.
Colonel Bryan says he talks too much. For once we can agree with him.

WOMAN'S WEAPON.
"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a charming girl.
She dropped her lashes coyly
And stroked a vagrant curl.
Then consciously she murmured—
"This resound upon his pen—
'I have a strong suspicion
Her weapon is a pout.'"

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a lover true.
He turned him to a maiden
With eyes of heavenly blue.
His velvet lips were parted,
All innocent of guile;
And eagerly he answered:
"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"
I asked a poet then.
With sudden inspiration
He seized upon his pen.
"O, I could name a thousand!"
He cried in accents clear;
"Her woman's surest weapon,
I grant you, is her pout."
—Philadelphia Times.

Everyday Facts in Newspaper Making

From an Address by Albert E. Hoyt, of the Albany Argus, before the New York Press Association.
WHAT are some of the charges and criticisms most commonly made against newspapermen and newspaper makers? We are told that newspapermen make mistakes—mistakes of the type, inaccuracies in statement, blunders as to facts; and, as liberal suits occasionally remind us, "mistake is a very common word in the dictionary." We are also told that the "sensationalism of the press" is a great and growing evil; some would have us believe that even the best intentioned newspapers are more or less laff in hue.

To the first indictment, that newspapers make mistakes, defendant pleads guilty, and asks that there be called as witness on behalf of complainant some one who makes no mistakes. Typographical errors are particularly exasperating—I suppose because they are usually so trivial; it is the little things that count. Consider the difference in size between a mosquito and a regiment of infantry; yet many a man who would face a regiment with the utmost calmness will go all to pieces and keep the Recording Angel busy for a week, just because a tiny mosquito is singing a bit of lyrical music to him. It is just so with the typographical error; the only difference being that you can't shoot away a typographical error or appeal to the letter feelings of its business end with the broad side of a book. It is the little things that hurt.

"So, naturalists observe, a flea
A smaller flea than he on prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed ad infinitum."
Some typographical errors are merely ludicrous; others would move strongly to tears, testators to drink, Job to anger. There is human, to forgive, unusual. The line of type which gets into the paper bottom-side up is the one line every body is sure to see; the word misspelled, the sentence with a wrong word or two in it—well, an editor would never begin to suspect how many readers he has misled that sort of thing happened. The question is, how do typographical errors occur? Why do they occur? Why doesn't somebody get up a law against them? Most of the daily newspaper offices of the present day use typotype machines, so called because they set type by the type, and not by the letter, as it used to be set by hand. Now when there happens to be a wrong word or letter in a line, in resetting that line there is always a chance that the linotype operator will set two or three new mistakes. It sometimes happens especially when the hour of going to press is near at hand that there is no time for the proofreader; so it goes into the paper with all its typographical errors uncorrected.

But consider, for a moment, how great is the opportunity for typographical errors in a daily newspaper. In a newspaper column of minion type (a size of type commonly used in news composition) there will be 200 lines, averaging seven words to a line, in each line there will be an average of something like 32 letters and six spaces, making thirty-eight times to a line that the linotype operator must strike the keys of the typewriter-like keyboard arrangement he has in front of which moves and "sets" a letter or a punctuation mark, a figure or a space. Suppose that in an eight-page, fifty-six column, paper there is an average, taking the dull with the busy seasons, of say 22 columns of advertising, and something like 20 columns of straight news typesetting every day, exclusive of "heads." News compositors work at the linotype machine eight hours, much of which, especially the latter half of it, is done "on the jump." A rapid man can set 40,000 "ems" and an average man 20,000 to 25,000 "ems." That is to say, in setting 20 columns of news type, containing 6,000 lines, the operator makes a total of 228,000 single impressions upon the keyboard, and makes another 4,000 to 6,000 "ems" per hour. These figures are not exact, but they approximate accuracy near enough to convey to the general public an idea of the situation. Is it so unheard-of a thing if in half a dozen of those 228,000 letters there are typographical errors? If one or two of those 6,000 lines of news type get turned upside down by the foreman in the final rush of lifting the type into the "forms" and hurrying a page to the stereotyping room, is it unparadiseable?

Is a newspaper to be judged by one or two things, or by general aims and tendencies? What is sensationalism? What is news? What ought to go into the paper? What ought to be left out? One man would say that he cares nothing for local happenings because he already knows all about them; but another says for nothing at all, such as an account of what he already knows of and is interested in. Some do not care for telegraphic news; some think that a newspaper with no advertisements would be the ideal paper; some would omit the sporting page, and others would eliminate reports of sermons. If the makers of a newspaper were to accept all the suggestions received as to what should be omitted, because too sensational or otherwise, would there be anything left, except a consciousness of rectitude and a reverence? Once upon a time a woman in society gave one of those grand affairs which the society editor calls a "function." All the papers reported it fully; one paper reported it in especially great length, and in glowing terms recounted the charms of the hostess, and the elegance of the affair. Afterward she was heard to complain to her friends of the growing evils of newspaper notoriety, and "for her part she wished there was a law against such newspaper reports as the one in question." This was the more interesting, in view of the fact that the aggrieved lady had written that particular article herself, every dot, dash and comma, every gushing adjective was her very own.

The newspaper is merely a picture of life, drawn with more or less skill by men neither better nor worse than the average of their fellows. When you pass from general to particular, every paper must be, in its dominating tendencies, either good or bad; hot or cold, not lukewarm; not "betwixt and between." Newspapers are like eggs; there are good ones, and bad ones, but no such thing as a "pretty fair" egg, or a pretty fair newspaper. The newspaper is not unlike the little girl who had a little curl right down in the middle of her forehead; when she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was bored.

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE'S SPEECH.

From the Boston Globe.
In an address at Fall River Wednesday night Captain Sigbee, of the Texas, told the following story illustrative of the fact that naval men made no pretense at being orators:
"it is a very difficult situation for me," said Captain Sigbee, "to be required to make a speech, and I am in the situation of the old sailor who was very fond of tea, and was devoted to the people who served it. But this old sailor had no society manners, and had never attended an afternoon tea. He was afraid of the ladies, but in some way he was forced to go to an afternoon tea. He went almost in despair, and when he got back to his ship his mates said:
"'Brown, did you go to the tea?'
"'Did you?'
"'How did you feel there?'
"'I felt like a sperm whale doing croch- et work.'" (Laughter and applause.)
Nevertheless, Captain Sigbee makes a very able address.

OUR INDIAN PROTEGES.

From the New York Sun.
There are, approximately, 250,000 Indians in the United States, and the larger number of them maintain such tribal organizations as exempt them from the operation of the ordinary laws of this country. They have their own governments, tribunals and trial regulations, enjoy exemption from taxation, jury duty and military service, and have the benefit of the various provisions made in treaties from time to time whereby the United States government assures them certain lands, an certain amount of subsistence and in some cases cash payments. From the foundation of the government until the present the Indians have cost the federal government the sum of about \$200,000,000 in disbursements, the average amount of which is now about \$6,000,000 a year.

ALL SERENE.

From the Philadelphia North American.
Belle—"But don't you think she has a little indiscreet in allowing him to kiss her?"
Dolly—"Oh, no; she had looked up his financial standing that afternoon."

PERSONALITIES.

Captain Andrews has again sailed across the Atlantic in a 12-foot skiff.
Estimated on the basis of his tax payments Marshall Field, of Chicago, is worth \$5,000,000.
Russell Sage has given \$1 toward caring for the neglected cemetery in which his parents are buried.

Cecil Rhodes, the "King of South Africa," is disposed to regard matrimony as a hindrance to business. Hence, when one of his secretaries married he was forthwith got rid of, but as some amanda the eccentric millionaire sent him a check for \$25,000.

Ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, says of Richard Croker: "He is the noblest, the most straightforward and the cleanest public man I ever met. Richard Croker is setting for the young men of our great country an example of purity and spotless integrity as a public man." Mr. Hogg is evidently a humorist.

A friend of ex-Secretary of State Day says of him: "His brain is a cabinet of facts. It contains, as it were, a thousand drawers, each properly labeled, so that he can get at what he wants at once. He can talk well and with authority of anything—in crops, drainage, engineering, general science, law, art and literature."

Mark Hambourg, the Russian pianist, who comes to this country for the first time next winter, will make his debut at the first concert of the New York Philharmonic society on December 5; Leonard Jackson, the American violinist, who has been playing with much apparent success in Europe, will also be heard at one of these concerts first. So will Petchnikoff, the violinist.

REXFORD'S.

SCRANTON, July 10, 1899.

Boxes soiled and some of the pieces tarnished. That's why Rogers & Bro. silverware will be sold at prices one-third or one-half below regular. For instance:
\$2 fish knives, \$1.
\$1.75 fruit knives, 90c for 6.
90c sugar tongs, 48c.
\$1.75 berry spoons, 95c.
75c butter knives, 50c.
Lots more.

THE REXFORD CO.,
132 Wyoming Ave.

Star Automatic Paper Fastener
Fastens papers in a jiffy, feeds itself and improved in every respect. Prices lower than ever. We are still selling the Planetary Pencil Sharpeners. The only sharpening device which never breaks the lead. On trial in your office for 10 days free of charge. We have numerous other novelties in office supplies, together with a large line of Blank Books and Typewriter's Supplies.

Reynolds Bros
STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS.
Hotel Jermyn Building.
FOR \$10
A Twenty-Year Gold-Filled Gase With a 15-Jeweled Waltham Movement. Both Guaranteed

The Best Watch in the Whole World for the Money.
MERCEREAU & CONNELL
130 Wyoming Avenue.



THE LONG GREEN
Lawn around the house, or the little patch of grass in the dooryard, require constant attention to look beautiful. Don't borrow your neighbor's lawn mower which you find isn't sharp, and then say sharp things about it which makes your wife sad. But come in here and buy a lawn mower that will cut like a razor and runs as easy as a bicycle. The labor saved will amply repay you for the small outlay. And such things as Pruning Shears and Grass Clippers that will give satisfaction are here too.

GUNSTER & FORSYTH,
225-227 PENN AVENUE.

Luther Keller
LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, Etc.
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The Hunt & Connell Co.
Heating, Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Electric Light Wiring, Gas an Electric Fixtures, Builders Hardware.
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DUPONT'S POWDER.
Selling, Blasting, Sporting, Smokings and the Repano Chemical Company's
HIGH EXPLOSIVES.
Selling Fire, Clay and Explosives. Room 101 Canal Building, Scranton, Pa.

AGENTS
T. H. FORT, - Pittston.
JOHN H. SMITH & SON, - Plymouth.
W. E. MULLIGAN, - Wilkes-Barre.

FINLEY'S
One Week Devoted to
Shirt Waist Selling
At Reduced Prices!

In order to get our stock of Colored Shirt Waists down to normal proportions, we have made a general reduction of from 15 to 25 per cent. all along the line and our entire stock is now at your disposal at tempting prices. The new prices apply on all

Cambric, Percale Scotch and French Gingham, Corded Gingham and Colored Pique Waists,
And we venture to say that no more attractive line is shown this season. The following numbers you will find exceptional value:

Percale Waists Reduced to 43c., 65c., 75c. and \$1.00
Value for
65c., 85c., 90c. and \$1.25
Gingham Waists \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75
Value for \$1.50, \$1.85 and \$2.00

510 and 512 LACKAWANNA AVENUE

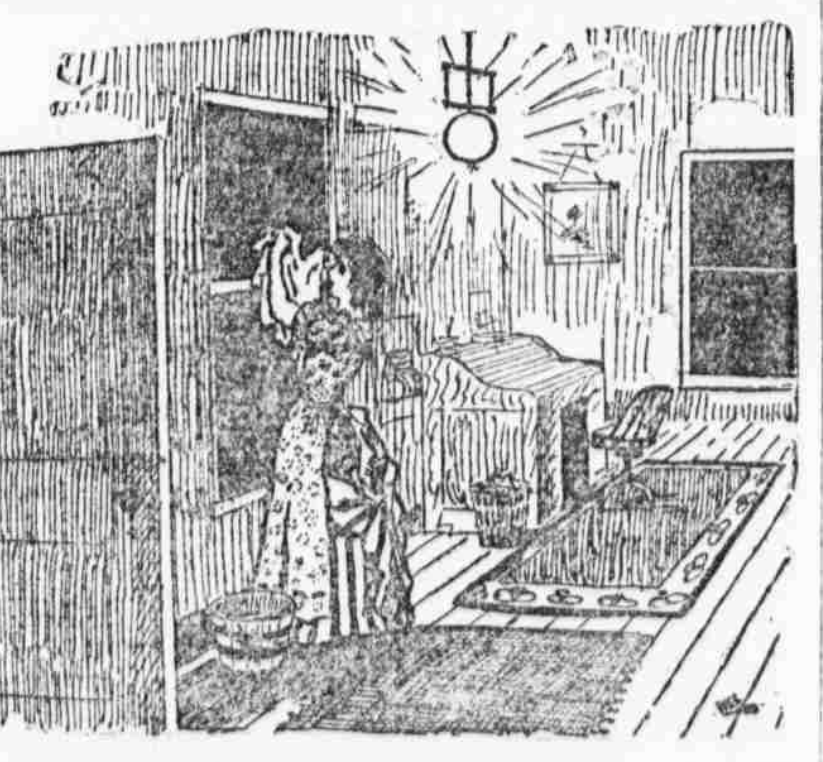
THE MODERN HARDWARE STORE

We've Talked Alaska...
REFRIGERATORS for ten years, for we have a good ice saving, food saving, trouble saving, refrigerating story. The saving of ice by using our Alaska, will soon pay for the Refrigerator. Special prices this week.
FOOTE & SHEAR CO.
119 N. Washington Ave.

The Hunt & Connell Co.
Heating, Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Electric Light Wiring, Gas an Electric Fixtures, Builders Hardware.
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JOHN H. SMITH & SON, - Plymouth.
W. E. MULLIGAN, - Wilkes-Barre.



My complaints were bad taste in mouth, dizziness, foul breath and headache, but after taking Ripans Tabules according to directions, I am perfectly well. I am 37 years old.

A new style packet containing TEN RIFANS TABULES in a paper carton without glass is now for sale at once. It is a very convenient and safe way of carrying them. The packet is made of a material which is not only fireproof but also proof against moisture, and is so made that it will keep the tablets perfectly dry and safe for use. The packet is also so made that it will keep the tablets perfectly dry and safe for use. The packet is also so made that it will keep the tablets perfectly dry and safe for use.