The Scranton Tribune

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When space will permit, The Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics but its rule is that these must be signed, for publication, by the writer's real name.

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1899.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

State.

Justice of the Supreme Court—J. HAY BROWN, of Lancaster.
Judge of the Superior Court—JOSIAH R. ADAMS, of Philadelphia.
State Treasurer—LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES E. BARNETT, of Washington.

County.

Commissioners—JOHN COURIER MORRIS, of Scranton; JOHN PENMAN, of Olyphant.
Auditors—WILLIAM E. JOHNS and ASA E. KIEFER, both of Scranton.
Election day, Nov. 7.

Dewey's opinion of Otis seems to be corroborated by all the collateral evidence.

Take Notice!

DURING THE past week we have tolerated in silence the coarse abuse poured out without provocation by the blackguard of the Scranton Republican upon two gentlemen prominent in the publication of this paper. Neither Congressman Connell nor Postmaster Ripple is unfamiliar with this kind of vituperation, but lest present silence should be misconstrued, we now take occasion to say in their behalf:

If J. A. Scranton courts a comparison of records, either political, commercial or personal, he can have all he wants of it. If he wishes to involve the ticket claimed by him as a factional property in a destructive war of factions, he must settle that with the nominees and their friends. We are not particularly anxious to enter into personal journalism nor to embarrass the fall campaign, but if forced to drastic measures in self-protection, we shall endeavor to provide interesting literature for the perusal of whom it may concern.

This is not a threat nor is it a challenge. It is a notification that the limit of patience has been reached and that beyond that limit lies war without compromise.

Diplomats who are endeavoring to restore peace in South Africa are now confronted by the announcement that Rudyard Kipling has decided to go down there and engage in writing poetry.

Rowdyism's Sponsors.

THE REMARKS, copied from the Scranton Truth, upon the disreputable exhibition made by the followers of the Scranton-Fellows-Moir Spite league at Tuesday's county convention in hissing Judge and County Chairman E. N. Willard for the exercise of the right of free speech under a courtesy of the floor voted unanimously by the convention, represent an unbiased verdict of condemnation, to which exception cannot be taken. When men of Judge Willard's years and work and worth are insulted on the floor of the convention of a political party they have helped to found, or sneered at by beardless upstarts as representatives of the silk-stocking class for no other offense than having dared to differ in a matter of opinion from the hoodlum element, there may well be pause for reflection.

It is true the tactics of the hissers are simply a natural development of the methods and literature of the Fellows-Scranton-Moir Triumvirate, exemplifying the spite, venom and petty meanness of their teachers. When men like Joseph A. Scranton can wantonly and maliciously vilify citizens of prominence in his paper and he thought smart for doing so, although the language that he uses would in many instances put to blush even his brazen-faced and foul-penned pupils, the libelers of the Scrantonian, it is not to be expected that his ignorant political dupes could enter the company of gentlemen without imitating the indecencies of their instructors. When blatherskites like John H. Fellows, notorious for political impudence, hypocrisy and gall, can go about among the people misrepresenting the political characters of men who have done more good for the party and for the people than ever entered his narrow mind to dream of, much less appreciate; and when lightweights like James Moir can pompously strut about uttering high sounding pledges of political purification while under dark-lantern cover prostituting the police force of the city to vent personal spites or accommodate personal whims, it need not be considered strange that their actions should make irresistible appeal to the anarchistic spirit which showed up in its true light in Tuesday's rowdyism.

Is this the kind of leadership for the Republican party of Lackawanna county? If so, may heaven help the party!

In his Pittsburg speech the other day Dr. Swallow, it is said, was very much subdued in manner. This may be an indication that the doctor proposes to put his anti-expansion theories in practice.

According to an estimate printed in the Sun, the railroads entering New York city are incapable of carrying more than 445,000 persons in a single day and the steamboats 25,000. That journal estimates that not more than 1,500,000 persons from out of town will see the Dewey celebration and it alleges that the total hotel accommodation of Manhattan and Brooklyn is for 2,250,000 persons. If we deduct from this total the number of resident guests it will be seen that even 1,500,000 strangers would exhaust the hotel room. Those who have not engaged sleeping accommodations in advance had, therefore, better not plan to remain over night in New York on Friday or Saturday.

The Sultan of Sulu evidently was not born yesterday. When visited by a party of American newspaper correspondents, who were the first Americans to hold a personal audience with him, the sultan wrote, in Arabic: "This is to certify that I am like a brother to the Americans and want to know if they will treat me the same." He is obviously a believer in reciprocity.

Some of Dewey's Opinions.

THE Philadelphia Press prints an interview with Admiral Dewey which bears upon its face evidences of genuineness. Because the real opinions of this man are of exceptional interest we quote from the remarks ascribed to him:

"Do I think the Filipinos are fit for self government? Well, no; not just now. They probably will be in a little time. They are a very queer people—a very queer mixture. Many of them are quite civilized and good people, but I do not think they are fit for self-government just yet. But when I say that, I must add at the same time that they are more fitted for it than the Cubans, that they are a better people than the Cubans in every way. I do wish however, that the whole business was settled, and I think that after a little the Filipinos will take kindly to us. Of course, like all Malays who have had educational advantages, they are wonderfully capable of imitative construction and are admirable artisans when trained."

As to General Otis: "The last thing that I told Otis when I left Manila was this: 'You're trying to do too much.' He's down there wearing himself out and more than once I have told him that if he did not give up some of his work or come home he would die there in a year. And I believe it, too. General Otis is an unusually painstaking man, and he is not only Governor General and directing the movements of the army in the field, but he is working with might and soul at everything that comes to his notice in the way of putting down the rebellion and bringing order out of chaos in the islands. It is altogether too much work for one man, although Otis has some exceptionally able lieutenants. With the new troops being hurried to him and our comparative familiarity with what we have to overcome there, I think that the outlook is a cheering one."

With reference to the leader of the Filipinos: "He is only of average intelligence and ability. The brains are back of him. In Manila he is held at his true worth, and there they know who is responsible for what successes, if any, that have attained the efforts of the Filipinos to rebel against our government. Aguinaldo was only a clerk in the navy yard at Manila before he took the field against the Spanish. The men who actually have the most influence among the Filipinos are a number of lawyers, unquestionably able men."

Two miscellaneous opinions: "I'm glad to see any newspaper men. They had a splendid lot of men at Manila and no matter what I told them they never misquoted me or betrayed any confidences. And there never was a place they would not go when the fighting was on. * * * Neither by inclination nor by training am I fitted to hold the office of president of the United States. I have lived a sailor and shall die one."

In speaking of the Archbishop of Manila, who before Dewey went there, had branded American sailors as "the scum of the earth," the admiral told this story:

"The archbishop became a good friend of mine in time and we passed many a pleasant hour together on the Olympia. I remember very distinctly one day when he turned to me on the quarter deck, and pointing to the crew mustered forward, said: 'Admiral, you must be a proud man to know that you have command of such a fine body of men and to know that they respect and love you.' I answered that our ship was only one of many on which the same relations existed and where the crews were made of just the same fine chaps. The archbishop was very quiet for a moment, and then said with every show of feeling: 'Admiral, they are not the scum of the earth. I have seen other ships of every nation but I have never seen what is shown me on the American warship.' I called to one of the men and asked him, 'How much do you get a month?' 'Eighteen dollars,' he said, with a salute. That's more than a whole ship's crew gets on board a Spanish man-of-war. Why shouldn't we have the pick of the earth? Didn't these men show it the way they fought at Manila, and haven't they shown it ever since? The archbishop was not the only man who was won to admiration by the bravery and splendid appearance of our men. They all liked us, all of them. But they were distrustful of us after 300 years of Spanish rule and tyranny. They thought we meant to do them good, but they were not sure; and well, it's too long a story to tell now. It's bound to come right, though."

No man can read these utterances without entertaining a higher opinion than ever of the man whom all America is about to honor.

Circus poster journalism is outdoing itself in New York these days.

The Secret of It.

MEN BEFORE Admiral Dewey's time have been brave, capable and discreet and yet have not become heroes. What is the secret of the tremendous, the unprecedented outpouring of popular tribute to this naval officer?

There are many contributing causes—the glory of a successful fight; the uniform dignity yet unaffected kindliness of his nature; his simplicity, candor and self-poise—but back of all and above all is the fact that he and the forces under his command put the American flag higher in the estimation of all mankind than it had ever been before and added to American prestige, opportunity and duty the largest chapter ever written as a consequence of one great event. He appeals to the imagination as the successful pioneer in the inevitable pushing out of American power and authority into the great theater of future world politics and giant developments—the Orient. He has opened a new world to American enterprise and civilization.

The work which he so auspiciously begun will never be undone. The flag that he has lifted up high shall remain high and sovereign for all time.

Three years ago there were, in the month of August, 269 deaths in Havana due to yellow fever; two years ago, 121. Last August, under American sanitary conditions, the deaths from this disease numbered 10. Results like this are bound in time to commend American rule to intelligent Cubans.

It has remained for the Bismarck, N. D., Tribune to suggest the crowning feature of the Dewey celebration. That journal proposes that Russell Sage be made to distribute five cents' worth of caramels among the crowd.

The enthusiastic writers who insist that Admiral Dewey is once more upon his "native heath," must have an idea that the Olympia has been beached somewhere along the Jersey coast.

Some of the newspaper portraits of Mrs. Potter Palmer, called out by the marriage of her niece to Prince Cantacuzene, are Lydia Pinkhamish in appearance.

Princess Cantacuzene-Speransky is doubtless congratulating herself that she did not marry a man with an uneuphonious name like Prince Ranjitsinhji.

It will be necessary for Captain Dreyfus to pin on a Dewey badge if he expects to receive passing mention in the papers this week.

When Dewey is greeted by Richard Croker, then, indeed, will greatness focus.

DEWEY STORIES.

Dewey as a Sport.

When the admiral has leisure for it he enjoys athletic sports, and while his fleet was at Hong Kong a short time before war with Spain was declared, he became much interested in a boat race. The event had been arranged between a crew from the Raleigh that had won several victories and a crew from the Olympia that had never raced before. The crews of both cruisers were much excited over the prospective contest, but the boys from the Raleigh were the favorites in the betting. A few days before the race was to come off a certain Mr. Harper, a popular hotelkeeper at Hong Kong, boarded the Olympia loaded with money which he wanted to bet on the Raleigh's crew. The sailors of the Olympia were timid and asked odds that Harper would not give. It so happened that Dewey wandered along the deck at this time. The men stood at "attention" and the admiral inquired what was the trouble.

"Well, you see, sir," said one of the men, "this man is betting on the Raleigh's boat and we want bigger odds, as our boat never raced before."

Harper here interposed with some remark to the effect that the Olympia's boat might be as good as the Raleigh's, even if she had never raced before.

"Might be," repeated the admiral indignantly, "might be. Why, hang it, man, I never bet nor do I encourage betting, but I'll lay you fifty dollars that she is not only as good but better."

This was the signal for such cheering as made Dewey flush to the roots of his hair, and his enthusiasm found so swift an echo among the men that before ten minutes had passed Mr. Harper was compelled to call a halt. When the race came off the Olympia's boat won, to the delight of Dewey and his crew. Mr. Harper promptly paid his bets and departed sorrowfully.

That evening the admiral called the racing crew into his cabin, and after congratulating them on their victory, presented them with the $50 of his bet, the fifty he had won and the fifty he had bet, "for," he said, "if it had not been for you I would have lost it anyway." And cutting short their thanks with a pleasant laugh, he shook hands with them all and bowed them out.

Dewey's Quiet Nerve.

A member of the Army and Navy club, while recalling reminiscences of the admiral, said:

"I was with him when he was executive officer of the Colorado, and I remember one incident which shows the manner of man he is. We had a fine crew, some of them as powerful men as I ever saw. Four or five of them went ashore one day and came back fighting drunk. The order was given to put them in irons, and it was found difficult to carry out the order, for the men were dangerous. Dewey was notified of the situation. He was writing a letter in his room at the time. He went to the place where these giants were, and he told them to come out and submit to the irons. They did not stir. Then Dewey said quietly to an orderly: 'Bring me my revolvers.' When in possession of the revolvers Dewey called again upon the men to come out and they did not move. Then he said in the same quiet tone: 'I am going to count three; if you are not out here with your hands held up on the third count, you won't come out of that place alive.' He counted one, then he cocked the revolvers and counted two. We all expected to hear the report, for we knew that Dewey meant what he said. The men knew it, too. They stepped out just in time to save their lives, and held up their hands, and they had been partially sobered by their fright and the moral effect of Dewey's glance. Dewey went back to his room and finished the letter he was writing."

Respectfully Declined.

While Captain Dewey was in command of the flagship Pensacola of the European squadron, in 1885, a number of sailors went on shore at Malta and engaged in a street brawl. The next morning the captain of the port came out to the Pensacola to complain to Captain Dewey of the actions of his sailors.

"What can I do?" asked Dewey.

"Why, your men raised a riot on shore, and you can assist me in arresting and punishing them," was the reply.

Captain Dewey expressed regret for the occurrence, but said that he did not see how he could aid the captain of the port, who, with a show of anger, retorted:

"You certainly can parade your crew before me in order that the rioters may be identified."

Looking aloft, and pointing to the Stars and Stripes waving at the masthead, Dewey made reply:

"The deck of this vessel is United States territory, and I'll parade my men for no foreigner that ever drew breath."

His Devotion to His Men.

Although a thorough disciplinarian, Dewey loves his men, and his devotion to them was made apparent when disaster came to the old Mississippi in 1863. Dewey was then a lieutenant. He was the last man to leave the vessel, and was hardly out of swimming reach of the ship when the magazine exploded. Dewey could have escaped easily, as he was a bold, powerful swimmer, but he was too unselfish to thing of himself as long as any of his comrades were in danger. Not far from him he spied a seaman who was trying his best to keep above water after his right arm had been paralyzed by a bullet. Dewey struck out for him and gave him a lift till they reached a floating spar. Then the wounded man was towed ashore in safety.

—All from the New York Sun.

Emulated Hannibal.

When Admiral George Dewey and his younger sister, now Mrs. Mary P. Greely, were small children together in Montpelier, Vt., they read an account of Hannibal crossing the Alps. According to Max Bennett Thrasher, who relates the incident in Self Culture, the boy was strongly impressed with the story, as, in fact, he seems to have been with almost anything pertaining to war. Just back of the state house is a high and very steep hill, at that time probably bare of houses, since even now only a very few have been able to perch upon its slopes. Fitting himself and his sister out with such impediments as he thought suitable one winter day, and naming the high hill the Alps, young Dewey started to cross them, he being Hannibal and his sister the army. It was cold, and the ground was covered with deep snow, but the endurance of the army did not give out until she had become so chilled that she was sick in bed for a week afterward as a result.

Between Admiral Dewey and his sister existed a sympathy of the most intimate nature. In one of his letters to her after the battle of Manila he said: "Just a line to thank you for your kind letter, and also for your prayers for my safety. Perhaps they did help. Who knows?"

CURRENT VERSE.

World, Wise Old World.

World, wise old world,
What may man do for thee?
Thou that art greater than all of us,
What wilt thou do to me?
This glossy curve of the tall grass spear—
Can I make its lustrous green more clear?
This tapering shaft of oat, that knows
To grow erect, as the great pine grows,
And to sway in the wind as well as he—
Can I teach it to nod more graciously?
The lark on the mossy rail so high,
Wary, but pleased if I keep my place,
Who could give a single grace
To his flute note sweet and high,
Or help him find his nest hard by?
Can I add to the poppy's gold one bit?
Can I deepen the sky, or soften it?
—Edward Rowland Sill.

A Scandal.

Through many years its course it ran
To smirch the honor of a man;
And in the night of death's dark gloom
It came a knocking at his tomb.
But when the sun of truth shone out,
It faded with the mist of doubt;
Of this man's honor all then read,
And he was praised—but he was dead.
—William Sydney Hillyer, in the New York Home Journal.

The Family Man.

When eager nips the frosty air
And bleak is autumn's breeze,
The poet sings of russet woods
And harvest views that please;
But, oh; then careworn family man,
No song is in his soul—
He turns but from the iceman's bill
To run up one for coal!

And when the surely shortening days
Mark summer's certain flight,
The poet sings of evening snug,
And home's serene delight;
Yet still the luckless family man
No comfort sees—alas!
For all this means that he must pay
A bigger bill for gas!
—St. Louis Republic.

The Sun Clock on the Floor.

A cosy little school house
Stood under a big tree,
And the little school within it,
Was droll as droll could be.
No time-piece was upon the wall,
No watch the teacher wore,
Each child could tell the hour
By the sun-clock on the floor.

The teacher was an ancient mite,
Her hair was touched with gray,
She held that folks too often
By pride were led astray;
And simple thrift and virtue
She taught the choicest lore—
Her favorite object lesson,
The sun-clock on the floor.

And when, as oft it happened,
The day was clouded o'er,
When dusty, dull and useless lay
The sun-clock on the floor,
She knew the wooden clock at home
Would soon be on the stroke,
When the nearest farm-house chimney
For noon began to smoke.
—T. G. Osborne, in Western Teacher.

Town and Country.

God made the undiscerning earth,
The earth it brought forth trees;
God also made discerning man,
And man made factories;
And so the factory and the tree
Are parts of Nature's plan;
Both man-made mill and earth-made tree
Should please the God-made man.
The bobolink's song and the motorman's gong
Are parts of one refrain;
And so is the crash of the cataract,
And the rattle of the train.

The cattled hills and the towered town,
The wood-path and the alley,
The world-thronged streets whose
streams are men,
And the rivulet-threated valley—
These all are the equal home of the man
Who loves the human brood;
The home of the man who loves the world
And calls the whole world good;
The robin's strain in the backwood lane
To this man's ear is sweet;
And so is the rhythmical pulse of the pave
With its tread of a thousand feet.

He loves to see the pine-tree grow
And see the warehouse loom,
And see the steamboats throng the wharves
And see the buckwheat bloom,
For towns grow up beside the streams
As oaks grow on the hills,
And mills spring up like growing corn
And homes like daffodils.
The breath of the fields its worship yields,
Like prayer it rises high;
And the smoke from a thousand chimney-tops
Is incense to the sky.
—Sam Walter Foss in Leslie's Weekly.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The nineteenth century closes with the year 1900. Immediately after midnight, therefore, of Dec. 31, 1900, is when the twentieth century begins. In other words, it begins with the first second of the first hour of the first day of January, 1901.

The twentieth century will open on a Tuesday and close on a Sunday. It will have the greatest number of leap years possible for a century—twenty four. The year 1904 will be the first one, then every fourth year after that to and including the year 2000. February will three times have five Sundays: in 1929, 1948 and 1976.

The twentieth century will contain 36,525 days, which lacks but one day of being exactly 5,218 weeks. The middle day of the century will be Jan. 1, 1951.

Several announcements are made of changes to be inaugurated with the opening of the new century. The first of importance is that Russia will adopt the Gregorian calendar. This will be done by omitting thirteen days, the amount of error that will have accumulated after the close of February, 1900. The Russians will then write Jan. 1, 1901, instead of Dec. 19, 1900, or rather, instead of both, according to the dual system now in vogue in that country and in Greece. The other important announcement is that it is not at all unlikely that the astronomical day, which now begins at noon of the civil day, will begin with the civil day at midnight. The present method of having the astronomical day to begin twelve hours after the beginning of the civil day is apt to be confusing. On the other hand, to have the former begin at midnight, just when astronomers are often busiest, will be to them somewhat inconvenient.—Scientific American.

THE HISS IN POLITICS.

From the Scranton Truth.

The philosophic mind, that one would naturally look for under such a mild and unexciting method of making nominations as that introduced by the Crawford county system, was not manifest in Tuesday's meeting of Republican return judges, otherwise the disgrace of hissing such a prominent, venerable and energetic member of the party as the Hon. E. N. Willard would not have been indulged in.

Judge Willard's service of forty years in the party harness, which he pleaded pathetically, or his announcement that he was about to retire from active political life, did not suffice to shield him from the sibiliant insults of his unfriendly auditors. He told them that he was anxious only for the good of the Republican party; that he had stood shoulder to shoulder with their fathers in fighting the battles of Republicanism; but because he could not give his indorsement to the new system he was cried down.

This was simply shameful. Had Judge Willard been addressing a convention of the opposition party he could not have been treated worse than he was treated yesterday "in the house of his friends." Of the merits of the Crawford county system, properly applied, there can be no doubt; still its advocates and supporters must show that they are in favor of fair play themselves if they expect to receive fair play from those who take exception to their views. Indeed it is the apparent element of fair play in the system that has commended it to impartial minds. If distinguished men like Judge Willard see fit to take issue with it they should, at least, be listened to with respect.

The hiss is not a convincing argument in politics, or out of it; and it is but a short distance from the species of coercion, that would deny free speech, to that which would deny the exercise of a free vote at the ballot box. It is right and proper that those who contend for the Crawford county system should do so strenuously; but they should also do so decently and in order, and not by recourse to the tactics of thoughtless hoodlums.

The Crawford county system has not shown itself so strong in Lackawanna that it can play the tyrant by offering insult to Judge Willard or any other prominent Republican. There is another tribunal to which its work must be submitted before it is completed, namely, that of the ballot box, and it is necessary that it should show itself worthy of public confidence and respect, if it hopes to win the popular approval of the voters whose verdict is far more important than the action of return judges or conventions.

The Psychology of a Dream.

Percy—I dreamt last night that you and I were married! What is that a sign of?

Ethel—Why, that is a sign you were dreaming!—Puck.

A Paradox.

To crack this little problem
Is harder than a nut,
A woman's gown comes higher
The lower it is cut. —Life.

Ornamental Parquet Floors and Borders.

Ornamental Floors, such as we offer have been in use in Europe for generations. They are no experiment.

It is safe to consider that no outlay will so furnish and enrich a dwelling as these ornamental floors. They are cheaper than carpets.

Floors laid and finished in best manner.

Fine line of patterns to select from.

Estimates furnished and all work guaranteed.

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You Cannot Think

No matter how hard you try of a better place to buy your office supplies and stationery than at our establishment. We carry our lines as near complete as possible. We cater for the up-to-date trade and if its a good thing in office wants WE HAVE IT. We still put the planitary pencil sharpener on trial in any office for ten days free of charge. Our line of Stationery and Engraved work is as dainty as ever and wish you to inspect our lines.

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STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS, Scranton Pa.

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Heating, Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Electric Light Wiring, Gas an Electric Fixtures, Builders Hardware.

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Econmical Gas Heaters.

"Oswego" Heaters consume a small amount of gas, but will heat a room quickly, as they have large radiating surface. We have several sizes.

FOOTE & SHEAR CO.
119 N. Washington Ave.

Luther Keller

LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, Etc.

Yard and Office
West Lackawanna Ave., SCRANTON, PA.

For years I have suffered with what I supposed to be dyspepsia and what has always been called so by physicians who have treated me. It is peculiar, inasmuch as it comes on periodically every year about October and lasts for two or three months in spite of all the medicines I take and then goes away, apparently having worn itself out. The symptoms are a sense of distress and heaviness in the chest amounting to agony at times, and while not exactly a pain, is more distressing even than pain, as all the time I suffer so my spirits become depressed and my appetite is poor or capricious, and even when I feel like eating the dread of the agony it will cause keeps me from it. During the spells I usually suffer also from constipation and flatulence. This year the attack came on earlier than usual about the middle of July), and feeling that I could not stand the combination of heat and dyspepsia I looked around for something that might relieve me. A copy of a pamphlet about Ripans Tabules happening to be brought to my notice, I thought I would try them, and after taking two 5-cent boxes I find my symptoms much relieved, and while I still suffer somewhat at times the distress is neither so constant nor so acute, and I have no doubt that in a few days I shall have entirely recovered. I find the "tabule" form much more agreeable to take than any liquid and can heartily recommend them to any who suffer from any form of indigestion or dyspepsia. I am twenty-nine years of age and have been troubled with the symptoms above described for at least six years at intervals. I am a stenographer and typewriter by profession, and my trouble is doubtless aggravated by the sedentary life I am compelled to lead.

WANTED—A case of bad health that RIPANS will not benefit. Send five cents to Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials. RIPANS, 10 for 5 cents, or 12 packets for 48 cents, may be had of all druggists who are willing to sell a standard medicine at a moderate profit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word RIPANS on the packet. Accept no substitute.

FINLEY'S

AUTUMN LINEN SALE

This annual sale has been somewhat delayed on account of several of our "Finest Numbers" in damask—being delivered later than we expected—but now they're here and are well worth waiting for, as you will attest on an inspection of our line. Never have

Table Linens

been handsomer than now, and this importation contains some of the "Choicest Designs" in "Fine Double Satin Damasks," that have ever been produced. We have Napkins to match all of our Finest Goods—generally in 5/8 and 3/4 size. Special prices will prevail on all numbers of

Table Damasks and Napkins....

A special feature of this sale will be the finest exhibit of Hand Embroidered Squares, Tray Cloths, Pillow Shams and Bureau Covers—in pure linen—that we have ever handled.

510 and 512 LACKAWANNA AVENUE

FOR $10

A Twenty-Year Gold-Filled Case With a 15-Jeweled Waltham Movement.

Both Guaranteed

The Best Watch in the Whole World for the Money.

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130 Wyoming Avenue.

Heating Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Plumbing and Tining.

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HENRY BELIN, JR.,
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