The Inn

TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT BY BOERSIONER.

IKE ALL forest inns situated in the Alps, at the foot of glaciers, rocky and barren passes which cleave the white summits of the mountains, the Schwarenhach inn served as a refuge for the voyagers who followed The Gemmi pass. Pend-

ing six months it was open, occupied by Jean Hauser's fam-Hy, then, so soon as the snow that heaps in drifts and fills the dales renders the decent to Loeche impractical, the women, the father and the three sons all depart, leaving the old guide, Gaspard Hari, the young guide, Ulrich Kunst, and Sam, the St. Bernard, to

guard the place Two men and a dog remain until spring in this prison of snow, having nothing before their eyes but the vast, white declivity of the Ralmhorn, surrounded by pale, glistening summits; enclosed, blocked, shrouded beneath the snow that towers about them, enveloping, pressing, crushing the little habitation, toping the roof, banking the walls as far up as the windows and walling the door.

It was the day the Hauser family was returning to Loeche, winter was coming on and the descent was becoming perilous.

Three mules started in advance taden, with bags and baggage, led by the three sons. Then the mother, Jeanne Hauser, and her daughter, Louise, mounted on a fourth mule and followed the lead.

The father then came, accompanied by the two guides, who were escorting the train to the brink of the descent. They first made the circuit of the little lake, now frozen, a the bottom of a great cavern in the rocks, which exended as far as the front of the inn, then they followed the dale, smooth as sheet of linen and dominated on all

sides by mountains of snow.

The sun's rays poured down upon this shining, white glacial desert illuminating it with a flame blinding and cold. Not a sign of life in this sea of peaks; not a movement in this immeasureable solitude; net a murmur dis-

turbed the deep silence. Gradually the young guide, Ulrich Kunsi, a tall Swiss with long limbs, moved ahead of Pather Hauser and old Gaspard Hari to join the mules carrying the two women.

The youngest looked at him as he approached, appearing to beeken to him with her trustful eyes. She was a little blonde peasant, whose milkhued cheeks and light hair looked as though they were blanched because of

long solourns amid snow and ice As he reached the animal that carried the girl he placed his hands upon the animal's rump and slackened its pace. Mother Hauser spoke with him, reiterating with infiinite details all the recommendations for the hibernations. It was to be his first winfor up there, while old Harl had already passed fourteen of them under

the snow in the Schwarenbach inn. pearing to comprehend, gazing constantly upon the young girl. From time to time he responded; "All right, Mme. Hauser," but his thoughts seemed far away and his placid countenance remained impassive.

They arrived at the Daube lake whose long, frozen surface lay perfectly flat at the bottom of the vale. To the right the Daubenhorn showed its black, pointed rocks near the enormous moraines of the Loemmern glacier which everlooked the Wildstru-

As they approached the neck of the Gemmi, where the descent to Loech begins, they suddenly perceived the imposing horizon of the Valais Alps. from which they were separated by the deep, immense valley of the Rhone.

It was a multitude of summits. white, uneven, crushed and pointed, shining beneath the sun-the Mischael, with its two horns, the mighty Wissehorn, the ponderous Brunnegghorn, the lofty and redoubled Cervin pyramid, the man-killer and Dent-Blanche, that monstrous coquette.

Then below them in an immeasurable cavern at the botto of an awful abyes they perceived Loeche, whose houses looked like grains of sand thrown into an enormous crevasse, which closed and terminated the Gemmi, opening again far away upon the Rhone

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The mule stopped at the beginning of the path, which, 1% a serpent, turned in and out, marvelously, fantastically, along the right of the mountain down to the almost invisible little village lying at the foot of the lofty elevation. The women dismounted into the snow. The two old men joined

them "Well," said Father Hauser, "adieu; be of good cheer until next year my friends. Father Harl echoed: "Until next

The men embraced one another Then Mme. Hauser in turn proffered her cheeks, the young girl doing like-

When it was Ulrich Kunsi's turn to give the parting salutation he murmured into Louise's ear: "Don't for-

get us away up here."
Her reply, "No," was so low that he divined rather than heard it. "Well, adieu," repeated Jean Hau-er, "and good health to you."

And, passing in front of the women, e began the descent.

The three soon disappeared at the first turn of the road. And the two men turned toward the Schwarenbach inn.

They walked slowly side by side without speaking. That setted it; they were to remain alone face to face for four or five months.

Then Gaspard Hari told his experence of last winter. He spent it with Michel Canol, now too old to be of service, for an accident pending the long solitude is quite imminent. They were not lonesome, however; it was all in becoming reconciled to the situation during the first day. Then one ended by creating some sort of diversiongames and other pastimes.

Ulrich Kunsi listened with downcast eyes, following in thought those who were descending toward the village through all the festoons of the Gemmi Presently they caught sight of the inn, scarce visible, so small was it-s dot at the foot of the colossal wave

As they opened the door, Sam, the big, curly dog, leaped around them. "Well, my son," said old Gaspard, we haven't a woman with us now; it's time to prepare the dinner; you peel

the potatoes. Both of them, seated upon stools, onsumed their soup.

The following morning seemed long o Ulrich Kunsi. Old Hari smoked and spat around the fireplace, while the young man looked through the window at the replendent mountain facing the tavern. He went out in the afternoon, go-

ing over the road be had traversed the lay before, searrhing the imprints of the mule's hoofs, the mules that had carried the two women. Then, when he reached the neck of the Gemmi, he lay flat upon his stomach, at the edge of the abyss and gazed down upon Loeche.

The village, in the rocky pit, was no vet shrouded, although pines, which protected the town, was quite near it. Its low houses resembled from on high, paving stones on a

That little Hauser girl was now there in one of those gray domicites. which one? Ulrich Kunsi found himself too far to distinguish them separstely. How he would like to go down

there while there was yet time! But the sun had disappeared behind the great cyme of the Wildstrubel. The oung man returned to the inn. Fath-Harl was smoking. When he noteed the return of his companion he roposed a game of cards. They took ats facing each other at either side of the table.

They played-a simple game called a long time, then, having

upped they went to bed. The days that followed were parallel with the first-clear and cold, without more snow. Old Gaspard passed his afternoon on the watch for eagles and other rare birds that ventured upon the icy summit, while Ulrich returned regularly to the neck of the Gemm! gaze upon the village. Then they played cards, dice, dominoes, winning and losing trifles in order to render the ames interesting.

One morning Hari, the first to rise alled his companion. It was snowing. The flakes, large, light and serried, descended swiftly. They resembled a white foam and fell silently upon them and around them, shrouding them little by little under a thick and surd nattress of white moss. This lasted ur days and four nights. It was necsgary to detach the door and the winlows, to bare a passage and to hew otholds in order to reach the top of this powdered ice, which twelve hours f frost had made harder than the

ranite of the moraines. They lived like prisoners, scarce venturing outside of their domicile. They divided the household duties, which they performed regularly. Tirich Kunsi washed and scrubbed and had charge of the general cleaning. "Twas ne, also, who chopped the wood, while Gaspard Hari looked ofter the fire, and cooked. Their work, regular and monotonous, was diversified by protracted games of cards or dice. They never quarreled, both being of stoic temperament. They never even displayed impatience or Hi-humor; wither did they utted a peevish word. ince they had resolved to be resigned rading this hibernation upon the gum-

nit Sometimes old Gaspard shouldered his gun and went in search of a chamis. From time to time he killed one. Twas then a feast of fresh game in

the Schwarenbach inn. One morning Gaspard departed for his purpose. The therometer registthis purpose. ered 18 below zero. The sun not havng risen, the hunter hoped to surprise some game around the Wildstrubel. Ulrich, being left alone, remained in oed until 10 o'clock. He was naturally a late riser, but he dared not indulge his penchant in the presence of the old guide, who always arose betimes.

He breakfasted slowly with Sam who also passed his days and nights sleeping before the fire. Then he felt distrustful, even frightened, because of the solitude and he felt the need of the daily game of cards just as one desires to indulge a habit become inveterate Then he went out to meet his companion, where return he expected at

The snow had leveled the great valley, filled the crevasses, obscured the two lakes, capouched the rocks, leav-

Вххххххххххххххххххххххххххххх ing between the lofty summits but a ast vat-white, smooth, blinding, ley. It was three weeks since Ulrich had been down at the edge of the abyss where he gazed down upon the village. He would go there previous to climbing the slopes leading to the Wildstrubel. Loeche was now also under the snow and the houses were not discernible.

being covered by this white mantle. Then, turning to the right, he reached the Loemmern glacier. He moved forward with his mountaineer's stride, triking with his ferruled baton the now that was as hard as a stone. And black and moving det far away upon this Immeasurable sheet.

As he approached the edge of the glacier he stopped, deliberating whether or not the old man had really taken this road: then he walked along the ravines with a quicker, a more nervous stride.

The day was ending, the snow caught the tinted bue of the horizon, a dry, freezing wind whistled brusquely over the crystal surface of the snow. Ulrich emitted a sharp, vibrating, prolonged appealing ery. His voice was over the immobile and profound waves over the billows of the sea; then it was ilenced and no response was heard.

sunk behind the cymes, which were still purpled by the reflections from the gray and the young man was seized with fear. It seemed to him that the silence, the cold, the solitude, the hi-bernal lethality of these heights would penetrate him, would stop and freeze of him an icy, inert being. He began to run, speeding toward the inn. The old man, he thought, had returned during his absence, had taken a different path and would mostly likely be seated before the fire with a dead chamois at his feet.

Presently he caught sight of the inn. Cirich hurried forward and opened the Sam leaped toward him, but Gaspard Hari had not returned.

Dazed, Kunsi looked around the room is though he expected to find his companion hidden in a corner. Then he reignited the fire and made the soup, noping to see the old man enter at any moment.

From time to time he stepped out to e if Hari were coming. The night was here, the pallid night of the mountains, the pale night, the livid night, with the last fine, yellow streak, ready o disappear behind the summits at the extremity of the horizon.

Then the young man stepped back, sat down, warmed his feet and hands, onjuring up, the while, all manner of ceidents.

Gaspard might have broken a leg, fallen into a hole or made a misstep and dislocated his ankle. He might be lying at full length in the snow, stiffned, benumbed with cold, in terrible distress, lost, crying, perhaps for help, crying at the top of his voice in the silent night.

But where? The mountain was so ast, so craggy, so perilous in that vicinity, especially in this season, that it yould require ten or twenty guides to earch continuously for eight days to find a man in this immensity.

Ulrich Kunsi, nevertheless, resolved o start out with Sam if Gaspard Harl did not return by 12 or 1 o'clock.

He made his preparations. He put two days' food in a bag, buckled on a pair of climbing irons, uled alpenstock and the hatchet which was used to hew footholds in the ice Then he waited. The wood crackled

n the fireplace, the big dog snored in the light of the flames; the clock, with the regularity of heart-beats, ticked in its case of sonorous wood.

He walted, listening intently, shiverng whenever the light wind grazed the coof and the walls.

He was startled when it struck midlight. Then, shivering and chilled, he placed a pot of water over the fire in order to have a cup of hot coffee beore starting out. As the clock struck one he arose,

coused Sam, opened the door and started in the direction of the Wildstrubel. For five hours he scaled the rocks by the means of the climbers, cutting footholds in the ice, making headway constantly, although at times out of breath, clinging to the end of his rope, while his dog remained at the botom of an incline too steep to ascend. It was about 6 o'clock when he reached one of the summits where Old Gaspard frequently came in search of chamois. He waited for the break of day.

The sky began to whiten above his nead. Suddenly, from some invisible a strange light illuminated orusquely the vast ocean, extending for one hundred leagues in every direction. of pale cymes. One would have said that this vague light emanated from the snow itself and suffused the space between earth and heaven. Little by little the highest summits in the distance became tinted with a rosy, fleshcolored hue, and the red sun appeared from the rear of the ponderous Ber-

Ulrich Kunst started off again. He noved forward like a hunter, bent, vatching for footprints and other signs, saying to the dog: "Look for him, Sam,

ook for him!" He again descended the mountain, ooking long and keenly into every cavern and at times shouting a loud, rolonged tone which quickly died away in the dumb Immensity. Then he placed his ear to the ground. Thinking he heard a voice, he hurried forward, shouting anew, but hearing nothing he sat down, exhausted, in depair. Toward noon he ate a luncheon, browing some food to Sam, who was also tired out. Then he continued the search.

As night came on he was still walking, having now covered fifty kilometers. As he found himself too far from the tavern to reach it that night, specially as he was too fatigued to irag himself further, he made a hole in the snow and threw himself in it. with the dog beside him, both rolled in blanket which he had brought with They lay there close to each other, the man and the beast, endeavoring to warm their bodies by the contact, chilled to the marrow neverthe-

Ulrich searcely slept, his mind haunted by visions, his bones shaking with cold

'It was nearly daylight when strose. His limbs were as rigid as bars of iron, and he felt terribly depressed. Whenever he fancied he heard sound, his heart beat so violently that he almat sank to the ground in the emotion.

The thought came to him that he also, would die of cold in this solitude, and the terror of such a death whipped up his energy, aroused his vigor.

He now descended in the direction of the lnn, stumbling along in a semisomnolent state, followed, at a dis-

tance, by Sam, who was hobbling on three legs.

It was 4 in the afternoon when they

arrived at Schwarenbach. No one was there. The young man built a fire, tok some food and fell asleep, so worn out that he could think of nothing. For a long, long time he slept, but suddenly a voice, a cry, a name, "Ulrich!" aroused him from the slumber. Had he dreamed? Was it one of those sinister appeals that traverse the dreams of restive souls? No. he heard it still, this vibrating cry which had entered the ear and pene he searched with his piercing eyes the black and moving dot far away upon nervous fingers. Assuredly some one had cried, had called "Ulrich!" Some one was there, near the house. There could be no doubt about it. He, thereopened the door and shouted, "Is that you, Gaspard?" at the top of

bore a pallid hue. The wind now stirred, the icy wind that pengtrates stones and deals death to every living thing upon these abandoned heights. It passed in sudden wafted in this deathly silence far away gusts, more blighting and far more deadly than the firey blasts of the of ley foam, like the cry of a bird desert. Ulrich again shouted: "Gaspard! Gaspard! Gaspard!"

his voice. There was no response, not

a sound, not a murmur, not a stir-ab-

solute silence. It was night. The snow

He listened. All was silent upon the He started off again. The sun had mountain. Then he was seized with an overpowering terror, He re-entered the inn in a bound, closed and barred horizon, but the valley's depths grew the door. Then he fell into a chair trembling like an aspen leaf, certain of having been called at the moment his comrade's spirit had severed from the flesh. Of this he was as sure as one is sure of existing. Old Gaspard his blood, stiffen his joints and make Harl had been agony somewhere for two days and three nights, in a hole, in one of those deep, white ravines whose whiteness is more sinister than the gloom of caves. He had been in agony for two days and three nights and he had just died with his companion in his thoughts. His soul, as it became liberated, flew toward the inn, where Ulrich slept, and it had called him by virtue of that mysterious and awful preregative which the souls of the dead who haunt the living possess. It had called, this soul without voice, to the soul of the sleeping mounaineer; it had uttered its final farewell, or its reproach; or, perhaps, its malediction upon the man who had not searched sufficiently, conscientiously.

Ulrich felt it to be there, near, very ear, behind the wall, behind the door which he had just locked. It hovered about like a nocturnal bird that grazes an illuminated window with its wings And the young man, lost, terrified was ready to cry out in agony. He wanted to fly from the tavern but he dared not cross the threshold. No, he did not dare, and would never dare, since the phantom would remain night and day around the inn so long as the terrestrial remains of the old guide vere not found and interred in the sacred earth of the cemetery.

The day dawned and Kunsi gained ome composure when the sun appeared. He prepared a repast, made soup for his dog and then remained eated in a chair, motionless, his heart lacerated at the thought of the old man lying in the snow,

When the night shrouded the mountain in darkness he was assailed by new terrors. He now walked in the dark kitchen, which was but faintly lighted by a candle's flame; he walked from one end of the room to the other, with long strides, listening, expecting to hear the terrible cry of the other rolled a long, thin, strong cord around day to again pierce the mournful si-his waist, examined carefully his fergether alone-the pitiful fellow-alone, as no man had ever been before. He was alone in this great desert of snow. Alone, 2,000 meters above the inhaltited plane, above human habitations, above stirring, noisone, palpitating ife. Alone amid the frozen summits! He was goaded with a mad desire to fly, no matter where, no matter how, He would, if necessary, throw himself into the abyss to get to Loeche. But he dared not open the door even, positive that the other (the deceased) would stop him so that he (the departed)

> would not remain alone up there, either. Toward midnight, exhausted with walking, dejected by anguish and fear, he finally fell into a stuper upon a chair-he feared the bed as one fears

haunted spot. And, suddenly the strident cry of the other evening pierced his ears- a cry so piercing that Ulrich threw out his arms to ward off the spirit. He fell to the floor, upon his back, overturning the chair.

Sam, aroused by the noise began to owl as dogs howl when they are frightened, running about the house, trying to locate the danger. He snifed under the door, gnarling, his hairs oristling, his tall distended.

Kunsi, crazed, jumped to his feet, and grasping the chair by one of its legs, he yelled: "Keep out! Keep out! Keep out, or I'll kill you!" And the dog, excited by this threat, barked furiously at the unseen enemy, who defied his master.

The cut is after an old painting of a man gambling w Death with his s a stake. the man stands his good angel striving to save him.

This game with ife as the stake is he every day game Behind the player stands the good angel Nature, striv-

n Death's the man who turns to Nature and lets her help him may yet save himself. Medical science knows this, and its highest authori-ties affirm that the utmost medical skill

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Sam gradually ceased barking and returned to the hearth, but he re-mained restive, his head raised, his eyes glowing, and he growled incesenntly

Ulrich in turn recovered his senses but as he felt ready to faint with terror he went to the cupboard in search of a bottle of brandy. He emptied sev eral glasses in rapid succession. His ideas became vague; his courage rea burning fever coursed turned: through his veins He are very little the next day and

drank more alcohol, and for several

days he was as drunk as a beast. soon as he thought of Gaspard Harl he would reach for the bottle and drink until he fell to the floor drunk. he remained there upon his face dead drunk, snoring, his limbs sprawling But scarcely did he recover from th effects of the wild, fiery liquor than the cry, always the same, "Ulrich!" shot through his cranium like a bullet and he would stagger to his feet, clutching ome object to prevent him from fall ing, calling upon Sam for help. And the dog, which, like his master, seemed be growing mad, would throw him self against the door, scratch it with his paws, gnaw it with his long white teeth, while the young man, with the collar of his coat turned up, his head thrown back, drank as though he were taking a refreshing drink of cold water after a long journey, the brandy

drowned his thoughts, his recollections and his consuming terror In three weeks he had drunk all the alcohol. But this prolonged debauch stupefied his terror, which which, when awakened nnew, was the more indomitable as Ulrich was unable to control himself. His mania, inten sified by a month's drunkenness and increasing constantly in the scleme solitude, gimleted him. He moved ut and down in the apartment like an animal in a cage, putting his ear to the door, expecting to hear the other there and defying him with that wall between them

in long, deep draughts, which again

Then, exhausted, he would fall into a doze and presently hear the voice which would make him jump to his Finanty one night he, like cow ards who are at bay-fell upon the door and opened it to see the one who was calling, determined to silence him

A gust of wind struck him full is the face, chilling him to the bones; h slammed the door and pulled the bolt. without noticing that Sam had Jumped outside. Then shaking with cold, h wood upon the fire, in front o which he took a seat, warming his half-frozen body. But suddenly he was startled. Some one was whinning and scratching the wall.

He yelled, mad with fear; "Go away from here" The response was a long, dolorous, plaintive whine.

Then terror seized the little samity eft him. He repeated: 'Go away from here" looking about wildly for a corner in which to hide. The other still whining moved around on the outside rubbing up against the wall. Ulrich jumped toward the oak buffet, which was full of crockery and provisions, and, lifting it with superhuman strength, he dragged it to the door, making a barricade of it. Then, gathering up all the other furniture-the mattresses, the mats, the chairs-he piled them up against the window, just as one does when one is besieged by

an enemy. The one on the outside now howled lugubriously and the young man responded in almost similar tones.

And for days and nights they howled. The enemy in the snow constantly moved around the inn scratching the wall with a force which threatened to EUROPEAN PLAN. demolish it, the other, within, followed all these movements, ever on the qut vive, his ear pressed against the stones answering the dismal appeals from without with horrible, cries.

He awoke without the remotest rec-ollection of what had taken place: without an idea, without a thought, as if his head had been evacuated during this long, deep sleep. He was hungry He took some food---

It was spring. The Gemmi pass became ascendable. The Hauser family was preparing to take possession of the

So soon as they reached the top the women mounted their mules and began talking of the two men whom they expected to find presently.

They were surprised that neither of the men had not come down a few days ago, when the route was already traversable, to give an account of their ong hibernation.

The Inn, still covered with snow, was finally sighted. The door and the window were closed; a little smoke was issuing from the chimney. This allayed Father Hauser's uneasiness. Coming nearer, he saw, upon the threshold, th skeleton of an animal, broken and gnawed by eagles-a skeleton lying upon the side.

They all examined it. "Why, that must be Sam," said Mother Hauser, She called: "Hi, Gaspard! Gaspard!" A cry from within replied, a rancorous ery which one would have said was mitted by some beast. Father Hauser repeated: "Hi, Gaspard!" ery, similar to the first, was heard,

Then the three men, the father and the two sons, tried to open the door Impossible. From the empty stable they took a long beam and handling it a battering ram they hurled it with all their strength. The wood creaked, ceded, the panels flying in splinters. Then a great noise shook the house and they saw, within, back of the fallen buffet, a man standing erect with hair falling to his shoulders an i with a beard which covered his chest, his eyes glowed, his body was covered with a mass of rags.

They did not recognize him at all, but Louise Hauser cried: "Mother, it is Ulrich!" The mother then perceived that it was Ulrich, although his hair was white. He let them approach, he allowed

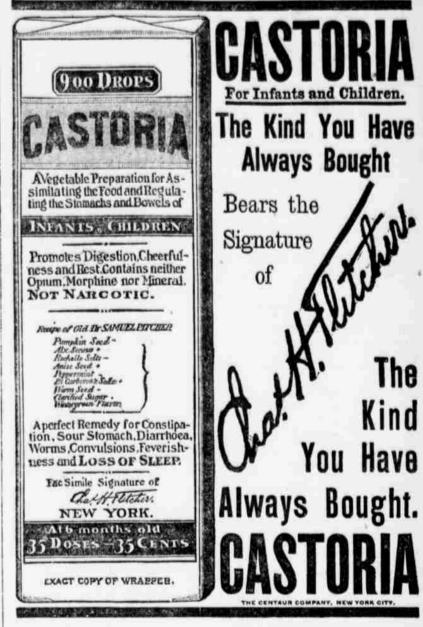
It was necessary to bring him to Locche, where the doctors pronounced him mad. What became of his companion was never known. Louise Hauser was sick unto death that summer, suffering extreme lan-

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Merchants' & Mechanics' Bank, 420 Lack.
Third National Bank, 118 Wyoming.
West Side Bank, 109 N. Main.
Lack. Trust & Safe Dep. Co., 404 Lacka.
Traders' Nat. Bank, Wyom. & Spruce.
Dime. Dis. and Dep., Wyom. & Spruces BOOTS AND SHOES-WHOLESALE.

Goldsmith Bros., 301 Lackuwanna. CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM-WHOLESALE. Williams, J. D. & Bro., 312 Luckawanns

FRUITS-WHOLESALE. Wegman Fruit Co., 11 Lackawanna. GROCERS-WHOLESALE Kelly, T. J. & Co., 14 Lackawanna. HARDWARE AND MINE SUPPLIES Hunt & Connell Co., 43t Lackaw inna.

HEATING AND PLUMBING. Howley, P. F. & M. T., 221 Wyoming DARNESS AND TRUNKS. Fritz, G. W., 410 Lackawanna. BUILDERS' HARDWARE, STOVES, ETC.

Lackawanna Hardware Co., 221 Lacka. BEDDING, SPRINGS, ETC. The Scranton Bedding Co., 600 Lacks. HARDWARE, STOVES, ETC. Leonard, Thos. F., Lackawanna ave. BAND INSTRUMENTS AND PLANOS. Finn & Phillips, 138 Wyoming.

FURNITURE AND CARPETS. Protheroe & Co., 134 Washington. LUMBER AND PLANING MILL Ansley, Joseph & Son, 801 Scranton. DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY Mercereau & Connell, 307 Lackawanna.

MEATS AND VEGETABLES. Carr. T. E. & Son, 213 Washington. GRANITE MONUMENTAL WORKS. Owens Bros., 218 Adams. LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS. Security Eldg & Sav'gs Union, Mears Bldg CRACKERS, CAKES, ETC. Nat. Biscuit Co. (Scra'n Branch), 20 Lack.

CARRIAGES AND HARNESS. imrell, V. A., 515 Linden. PAPER AND BUTCHER SUPPLIES. Uthman Paper Co., 225 Spruce. BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE. vens, F. D. & Co., 22 Lackawanna.

Weston Mill Co., Lackawanna ava. MACARONI AND VERMICELLE. assese Bros., 99 Lackswanna ave. DEWELERS AND OPTICIANS-WHOLE Levy, N. B. & Bro., Traders' Bidg. BUTTER, EGGS, FLOUR, HAY, ETC

FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN.

Easterle & Co., 131 Franklin. Babcock, H. F., & Co., 116 Franklin. JEWELERS AND WATCH MATERIAL Phillips, Geo. & Co., Coal Exchange. WINES AND LIQUOR. firos., 216 Lackawanna LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Northwestern Mutual Life, Mears Bidg.

LAW AND COLLECTION. Oken & Dunn, Coal Exchange, Yocum, Geo. C., Connell Bldg. BICYCLES AND PHOTO SUPPLIES. Florey & Brooks, 211 Washington.

OVERALLS, UNDERWEAR, ETC. Harris, S., 222 Penn ave. LUBRICATING OILS AND GREASES. Maloney Oil Mfg. Co., 141 Meridian. OIL, PAINT AND VARNISH.

Maloney Oil Mfg. Co., 141 Meridian. STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS. Prendergast & Gelpel, 207 Washington, FUNERAL DIRECTORS. Tague, P. W., 113 S. Main.; Residence 112 Price, William, 135 S. Main.

DRY GOODS, SHOES AND GROCERIES

McCann, P. J., 441 N. Main.

