

A Fatal Mistake

N view of the fact that there are but two living characters in this brief narrative, it will not be necessary to use names. One other character-a dead person-enters into the recital, and she, too, may be without a name.

It was nearly two years after this woman's death that He and She, the living principals of this tale, were married. The dead woman had been hiz wife and She had known her for years -indeed, the two women had been schoolmates together, and after the first wife's death She was the first to go to him with a consolation that brought surcease in that moment of heart-torn grief, when the future seemen to hold nothing for him. For a good many weeks the two were seen together or casionally. She felt that the death of her most intimate friend made it duty to show small attentions to the bereft husband, and once in awhile the little deserted home was brightened by a bunch of flowers that came from from the hands of her dainty garden back of the old-fashioned house, just a few rods down the lane.

All at once, just at a moment when his friends were wondering that a husband's grief could be so deep and lasting. He began to go down the country way between the two houses and spend an hour on the broad back porch that faced the garden of old-fashioned roses that were cared for through the cool of the morning and evening by the quiet folk who had been so much to him to his time of grief. There was comfort here and remembrance, and sometimes remembrance is not so bitter when there is a faint gleam of hope

That was what He thought as he grew fond of leaning back in the easy, split bottom chair of that simple home one evening after another, until, at length, "the folks" began to go into the house earlier than they did at first, leaving him out there alone with her. Neither spoke of the dead woman for a good many weeks. Then, one night. after they had come back from a long stroll, when He had said one or two things that She seemed surprised to hear, She said just before the parting:

"If you don't mind-tomorrow-weyou and I-will go up there-to the cemetery, you know, and put some flowers on-on her grave."

gave a little start, bowed his head, and said nothing. She went on: "It has been a year-a year tomor-

He put out his hand, and turned his head away. She stopped, and, after an awkward hesitation, he said, in a

"Yes, I had forgotten. We will go tomorrow.

That night, sitting with the dead woman's picture in front of him, he thought it all over. He thought of the thousard qualities of heart and mind the wife of his fancy-his very life and presence and heard her speech and, putting out his hand, hers seemed to rest within his own broad willing palm For a long time-hours, perhaps-he sit there, and then, when he got up from his chair, he saw, by a strange chance, a picture of the other wo in another part of the room. As he looked, the dead face seemed to ery out to him. By degrees, he took courage, and, picking up the two photographs, he laid them side by side. Only for a moment he looked. Then, with an imprecation, he grasped the portrait of the Hving woman and tore it into bits that were flung into the black, unused fireplace.

"She shall not go with me tomer. row!" he exclaimed, and the empty room echoed the words back to him so strangely that he started. "It is my grief-not hers-my remembrance-not hers," he cried, and again the walls repeated his words.

But the morning rarely keeps the rledges of the night. When he arose, after a brief, but refreshing, sleep the sun filled the room. The prst thing that exught his eyes was the photograph of the dead wonden, and then he remembered. He looked over into the fireplace, and saw the bits of her." paper that were once her piccare.

'I was foolish," he said, slow'y slowly, and then, before dressing over and pleased up all of the bits, and, sitting down, he did not move until were together again-pasted on a sheet of cardboard. After the muciliage was dry, he took the jained photograph and put it in the pocket of

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

What they are depends mostly on the Most anything is good to eat if a man is roperly, healthily hungry.

Every man is properly hungry at more or



ntervals if he s healthy. Corned beef taste better to a healthy, hungry man than terrapin and pale de foi f a dyspeptic ent of eati: of the stom-

properly there accumulates in them undigested, fermenting, putrid, blood poisoning matter. The appetite cannot be healthy till this is removed. A machine will not run if it is all clogged up with dist. The stomach cannot appropriate food unless it is clean, and so healthy hunger cannot come. The stomach cannot be clean if the liver and bowels do not dispose of the food passed along to them. If poisonous, effects matter is allowed to accumulate and congest the liver and bowels more or less of it into the blood, and is carried all over the body. Is it any wonder that it makes

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It restores lost appetite and vitality,
builds healthy flesh and muscle, changes sickness to health, misery to happiness.

John A. Calloway, Esq., of No. 218 26th Street, Columbus, Ga., writes: "I had catarri for four years and also liver and kidney trouble. In 1894 I was working at night and I broke out in humps all over and when these left, the skin pecled off. My eyes were sunken and I had pimples and brown spots on my face. Now these are all gone, and I believe I am entirely well. I have a good appetite, but before I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" I had no appetite at all. Now I am like a child-ready to eat at any time of the day or night."

one of his coats-next to his heart. It was late that afternoon when he she came back from the little of the wife and friend already more beautiful than artifice could make it, for nature had not been neglectful, and it seemed that over this mound, of all others, her gifts were scattered with lavish hand. So the lit le bunches of plucked roses were pat about the headstone, and these two went home-to her home.

"Won't you come in?" she said gently, as they reached the front of the house. The man stood in silence. The empty basket dropped to his teet, and he looked away from the woman who stood in front of him. Then, moved by impulse, he turned and grasped her hands in his, and held them, in spite of a struggle that followed a slight noise from within the

"I feel easier now," he said, "and I want you to forgive me. Some day I am coming here-six months from now, perhaps, and ask you is be my wife-to take her place in my lonely

heart. May 1?" She had been expecting such a question, but not in couple with such a confession. She was dazed by it all, and the only thing she could do was to follow him to the door, and as he pressed her for an answer, say yes, with her lips, while her heart said no. "Bless you," the man murmured. "You have made me very happy. Goodbye.

It was a year and a week from this day that he and she stood before the minister of their church. It was cailed a good match in the town. They time that it did not seem possible that there could be a mistake. After the little dinner to a few friends, the two went away on a little journey to the city-as light of heart as if neither had never met more than a school-

In less than a month the long neglected home at the other end of the lane had taken on a new appearance. There were flowers about the place again, and a late vine was on its way above the door that for two seasons had felt the unbroken rays of the summer sun. People noticed, as people will, that he had taken on a contented appearance. "How soon we are forgotten," chaftered an old gosand others echoed it as they talked of the happy pair. One day, six months after the wedding, she chanced to read a poem that brought a new and unsuspected terror to her heart. These were the stanzas:

What, though she lieth mute on yonder Though tyy green and showy eglantere

Have held in loving feld, through many a year. that had made the wife of his youth Her quiet grave, I fear her-I fear her

soul. He closed his eyes and felt her He loved her once. Ay, though he hold And sear my lips with kisses burning

sweet. No touch of mine may make his life replete. For man's first love is oftentimes his last.

The seeds of suspicion grow in shallow soil. From this chance poem one after another circumstance came back to the suddenly inflamed mind until a torrent of terrible thought drove the young wife almost to desperation, Then she became calmer, and proceeding on a foundation that had not a fact in its structure, she deliberately planned to test her husband's devotion, That evening when she met him at the gate with a kiss that he always said was the subject of all his day-time thinking, she was so quiet that he asked, as they walked arm in arm toegther up the cinder, rose-lined path if anything had gone wrong.

"No," she answered, softly, "but I've been thinking of something serious." "Whether your preserves will turn out right?" he laughed.

The look that she gave in response was sobering. "Nothing like that," she went on, calmly. "It's about-about-

She watched for some effect, and she saw it. He started and paled.

"Why, dearest, what-what---"I have only been thinking," she said "that we should not forget-forget her so; that we should go up-up there, like we did once before."

"Together?" he asked. "Yes. Why not?"

"Why, I don't know," he said, "but it teems strange, somehow-I don't know just why; but let's not go together." "I wonder when he goes?" thought that night as she prepared to retire. Surely she knew how all of his time had been spent, but she must have been deceived. In this state of mind ess distinct she fell asleep. When she awoke the first light of the morning was creening through the vine-covered windows. She instantly remembered the horrible events of the night before, but now they did not seem so bad. She would wake him with a kiss and confess her mind, just as he had done long before. Then she went to his room. It was deserted. She looked hurriedly about the house. He was not there. The truth came to her in an instant. She was surprised that he could have gotten away on other mornings and back again without her knowledge. She wondered, too, as she slipped into her light wrap and hat that the neighbors had not observed and whispered it to her. In such a state of mind she hurried along the lane, not speaking to the surprised villagers, who started after her as she went on up the bill in the direction of the graveyard. When, at length, she got to the stile over which people usually passed, she concluded that he might see her as she reached the top. So she went around to a place where the fence was old and broken. Here she could get through, she thought, un observed. Passing through the weeds and tall grass just on the outside of the cemetery, she caught sight of a figure over on the other side of the graveyard. It was her husband. In her excitement she had miscalculated her position, and here, on the street side of the fence, she could see the neglected grave. He stood by it with his hands clasped back of him. bunch of flowers rested on the headstone, and there seemed to be many on Ridge Row, adjoins Nay Aug Park beautiful ones growing all over the mound. While she watched, he fell on

front of his face, he remained motion-

less for a minute or two. Then he got

grass and waited until her husband had passed down the road and out of

The man felt better for his morning's experience. He felt that he had done nothing wrong, and that he had repaired a neglect. Singularly enough, nature had kept up her kind ministrations, and the grave was as well tended as it had been nearly two years before. The husband thought that he had felt his last doubt-that the living woman was as much to him now as the first had ever been, and that his conscience would never again allow a division of his consideration. He was, indeed a happy man, as he walked into country cemetery, walking slowly and his own open doorway and called cheer-in silence. They had found the grave fully for the wife of his home. He looked through the house, into the yard

and up and down the roadway.
"It's funny," he thought, "She doesn't often go out so early in the morning." As he stod at the gate one of the neighbors called to him: "Your folks are up early. Nothin'

wrong, I hope." "Nothing at all."

"Didn't know but what you was sick. Saw your wife goin' up, toward the folks just now,"

The man at the gate didn't hear anything more. He was thinking. It was strange that he had not passed her. He thought of the night before, and as the events of the evening passed through his mind he went back to the house for his hat. He picked it up from a table in one of the rooms, and as he did so a bit of paper fluttered to the floor. But it was only a newspaper clipping of verses and he tossed it back and hurried out and on up the hill in the direction of his wife's home. As he proceeded he saw a crowd on ahead at the cemetery, and men were hurrying to and fro in such an unusual way for that quiet place. He kept on, Pretty soon a man came up to him, and, putting his hand on his shoulder, said: "It's awful," and another and another had toined him, until he was the center of a crowd, all moving to the little

Cemetery.

He found her there, lying across the flower-decked mound, with a small pistol that he had given to her clasped pistol. Heavy Jones.

Edwardstale—Islae Dougaton, Ars. Daniel B. Thomas.

Plymouth—Rev. J. Davis, Edith Jen-kins: Junior, Heavy Jones.

Nanticoke—Miss Olwen Jones. pistol that he had given to her clasped in her right hand, and on her temple had known each other for such a long there was a small red spot. He staggered over to the form of the woman and put his arm about it.

The constable started to take him away, because the coroner had not come, but the crowd kept the official back, for who had a better right than he to touch the dead? The man grasped the small white hand that held the pistol and gently loosened the fingers that clung to it. Then, in an instant, and before anybody realized what he was about, he put the muzzle to his own forehead, and, the coroner, when he came, prepared a verdict in two cases instead of one.-St. Louis Republic,

DUNMORE DOINGS.

glarized-An Unique Entertaintainment Planned.

The little boot and shoe repairing shop on Chestnut street, conducted by Pasquale Demarco, presented a sorry sight yesterday morning when the proprietor opened the door preparatory to resuming work for the day. Boxes and accumulations of several months were scattered promiscuously about the interior, but the repairing

tools, several pairs of boots and shoes and some other job vak could not be found. After diligent search the cobbler was obliged to lock up the shop and start cityward to endeavor to purchase tools. Who the party or parties who broke into the shop and abstracted the contents are there ems to be no knowledge of, but it is thought that the chicken stealing and other depredations on Bunker Hill and this theft can all be traced to the

AN UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT. A most unique entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Epworth league of the Methodist Epis-

opal church Friday evening next in the church parlors. The amusing caption. "The Reason has been given to the evening's entertainment, which will consist of a skit in which a number of young ladies and gentlemen who fill be arranged in pairs on the platform and will endeavor to tell in poetic verse the reason why they are unmarried. Amusing climaxes will form an interesting part of the readings,

will be served. OTHER ITEMS.

The funeral of the little child of Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis, who died Saturday morning, occurred yesterday afernoon at 2.30 o'clock, services being held at the home on South Blakely street. Interment was made in the orest Hill cemetery.

The contest for the blcycle, which has been attracting some attention, be closed tonight. The affair was to have been closed Saturday evening, but was postponed owing to the absence of George Wenzel, of the South Side, one of the contestants.

The concert in the First Presbyterian church last evening was well attended and proved interesting and entertaining to the end.

A representative of the Smead & Wills Heating and Ventilating company arrived in town yesterday and will endeavor to adjust the difficulties arising from the bad ventilation in No. 4 school building.

PERSONAL MENTION.

been the guest of Mr. William Crane, of Cherry street, for the past week, returned home yesterday, Miss Clara Prisbey, of Mill street. visiting acquaintances in South

Canaan. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, of Grove street,

are rejoleing over the arrival of a baby Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Letchworth and son, Bertle, are nome from a week's

stay at Dundaff with friends. The Rev. James Hughes, late of South Africa, will deliver his lecture on "The British-Boer War" in South Africa on Thursday evening this week in the Baptist church, Dudley street Dunmore, at 7.45 o'clock. Admission,

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C. C. Ferber, Trustee, up and walked in the direction of the | ** Phone 1022. 296 Connell building.

CONVENTION OF YOUNG PEOPLE

BEING HELD IN THE FIRST WELSH BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sessions Yesterday Morning, Afternoon and Evening-Addresses by Rev. D. D. Hopkins, of Scranton; John M. Evans, of North Scranton; Rev. J. E. Davis, of Plymouth; David J. Davis, West Scranton; Miss Margaret Vaughan, Ashland, and Miss Cora Roberts.

The semi-annual convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of Northeastern Pennsylvania was held in the First Welsh Baptist church, South Main avenue, yesterday. Three sessions were held, the morning hours being devoted to the business of the convention. In the afternoon ad-dresses were delivered by Rev. D. D. Hopkins, of Scranton; John M. Evans, of North Scranton, and Rev. J. E. Davis, of Plymouth. Last evening the programme was varied with music and addresses, the latter being delivered by David J. Davis, of West Scranton; Miss Margaret Vaughn, of Ashland, and Miss Cora Roberts, of North Scranton.

The morning session was opened at 10.30 o'clock with devotional exercises, led by the president, T. T. Edvards, of South Wilses-Davre. Joseph Lloyd, of Wilkes-Barre, read the scripture lesson and John C. Richards, of Taylor, offered prayer. The committee on credentials, Rev. Jacob Davis, of Ply-mouth; John C. Richards, of Taylor, and David J. Davis, of Scranton, reported the following delegates present: Lee Park-Harriet Morris; Junior,

Edith Evans. Edwardsdale-Isaac Doughton, Mrs.

Warrior Run-Emma Hopkins, Ashland-Margaret Vaughn. Lansford-Rev. J. T. Griffiths. Taylor-Lucy Powell, Bessie Phillips,

John C. Richards.
Pittston-Mrs. Thomas Vaughr, Mrs.
Thomas Williams, Alexandria Martin;
Junior, Abel P. Beynon.
Parsons-Laura Beyan, Howell Jones.
Wilkes-Barre-Rev. Hammond, Jo-

eph Lloyd. South Wilkes-Barre-Kate Thomas

Annie Jones, Thomas Morgans, Jessie Olyphant - Jennie Phillips, Phoebe

James, North Scranton-Cora Roberts, John J. Hughes, George Davis, Tydyil Reese, West Scranton-Sa'ah Mere'li'h, War-garet Jones, Luther Lewis, W. B. Mor-gan; Junior, Mary Stanford.

EDUCATIONAL FEATURES. The report was accepted and the minutes of the last convention were an-Shoe Store of Pasquale Demara Bur- proved as read. The committee on bylaws reported progress. A communication from State Secretary C. A. Walker, of Bellewood, relative to a tax on the membership was read, and laid on the table. A motion prevailed that the convention recommend the several churches to adopt the educational features of the National Union's Christian Culture course. A communication was read from Dr. E. E. Chivers, of Chi-engo, relative to the Christian Culture

course, which was received and filed. Another motion was passed that every society report at the annual convention in Edwardsdale in May next regarding the progress made in the Christian Culture course. Several bills were presented and ordered pald. The Union heartly endorsed the paper, "The Open Door," published by Williams, of Parsons, and voted to make it the official organ of the union, as a means of communication among the different societies of the union. The meeting was afterwards adjourned, and dinner was served in the church by the

local society. At 2 o'clock, the afternoon session began with a song service, led by Hugh Williams, of Scranton, and Mrs. Thomas Vaughn, of Pittston, conducted the votional exercises, Rev. D. D. Hopkins, paster of the church, welcomed the delegates in behalf of the Scranton societies, and the response was made by Isaac Doughton, of Edwardsdale, The feature of the afternoon was an address on the "Consecration of Ability." by John M. Evans. of North Scranton. The address, in part, was as follows:

CREATURE OF GROWTH.

"Man is a creature of growth Under After the entertainment refreshments favorable circumstances, he may grow and advance forever. As a creature of growth, his end is symmetry of being. To realize this, there must be a perfection of parts. These parts may designated as the factors of man's abil-The truest consecration of this ability would consist of these factors. The best method then is the unfolding of one's self into these harmonious

blending of nowers. "To realize this perfection of parts, man must have the right ideals and be governed by healthy principles. The best supplement to any ideal is a true system of education. The truest consecration of ability is its perpetual increase for the highest aims in life. And further, it is the giving of the actual self to attain the ideal self. It is not sacrifice, but devotion, and the object then is better personalities in better society. The advance of society is the increasing liberty and power of the individual, and therefore a more varied and richer life for all."

The closing feature of the afterno was an address on the work of the national convection at Richmond. The delegates were entertained at supper in Miss Kelly, of Philadelphia, who has the church by the members of the Welsh Baptist society.

The evening session becan at 7 o'cleck with a song service and devotions, led by President Edwards, and the Junior society of the West Scranton church sang two selections. Miss Margaret Vaughn, of Ashland, gave an address on "Christian Stewardship." She

spoke, in part, as follows: "We are told there are a great many changes in the world of religious thought, but Jesus has not changed. and what we need is to keep close Him. We are all stewards, and God is our master. He has committed unto us His goods and they should be used in His service. We are all held accountable for all He has given us and some day we will be asked to give an account of our actions.

THE FAITHFUL STEWARD.

"The faithful steward of God is he who does his bidding in the right way. and uses his money, time and talents as the Master would have him. It is required of a steward that he be found faithful, and let us be faithful and use our talents as Ged would have us use his knees, and, clasping his hand in city. Lets ranging in price from \$500 them. There are many opportunities to \$800. For further particulars call for doing good and we all have a great account to render; lot us serve God I diligently, faithfully and zealously. Let I managers of the union to the society of the entire winter. One of the great- ber 26,

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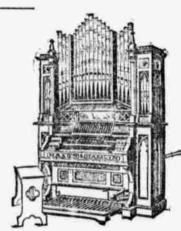
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us also make the most of the passing hour, for it is all we can call our own for the night cometh when no man can

work." quartetite composed of Misses Elizabeth and Barbara Lewis, Messrs. John Evans and William Hughes, sang pleasing selection, and Miss Cora Roberts of North Scranton, read a paper on "Failure and Success," The bstance of her composition was along

the following lines: Whether we fail or succeed in our Christian work or life depends entirely on our relation to Jesus Christ. As a traveler depends on his guide, an army on its general, so the Christian depends on Christ. 'The very first lesson we ought to learn is this: 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in

vain that build it." To succeed we must not be enumored with our own ideas and methods, but always follow God's beaten path and prescribed ways. Self directed ef- denta of the Welsh Baptist society, who fort in christian work of any kind will made a stirring patriotic address. not and cannot succeed. The lesson to us is clear and may we all learn it well and never forget it. Whatever we do in life our success in it is not of chance. One of the essential things to success in christian work is to be in touch with Christ, and our labors should be performed cheerfully and willingly.

ALWAYS PATIENT.

"We must always be patient and not ret about results, as they come slowly. Fretting often spoils the work already done and make us unfit to do proceedings, and this evening and tothat which is necessary to carry on the work until the time comes to gather in the fruit. Don't pluck the truit before it is ripe. Do as God does and success will be yours. We must also have faith in ourselves, our methods and above all faith in God, and we must successfully live a christian life In order to succeed in christian work." Miss Roberts' address was followed by a pleasing tenor solo by John Evans, and President Edwards pre- spend five full days in the metropolis. sented the Scranton society with the prize banner offered by the board of one of the gayest and most interesting

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white silk and on one side in gold letters is the inscription, "Prize Banner,

Church." On the reverse side is the motto of the union, "Loyalty to The session was closed with a selection by the Juniors. Commencing at 10 o'clock this morning the Welsh Baptist association will convene and continue their sessions until tomorrow evening. The meetings today will be devoted to business

One - - \$1- N. Y.-11-21-99-5.

morrow preaching services will be

This means that for one fare plus one dollar the Lackawanna railroad will sell on November 21, 1899, from Mt. Morris, Ithaca, Oswego, Utica, and all intermediate points, tickets to New York and return, permitting the holder to This week of November 21 will be

selling the highest number of tickets est football games of the year, that beat the annual excursion in proportion tween Columbia college and the Carto the membership. The prize was accepted by David J. Davis, vice presitan Field on November 25. Columbia college recently defeated Yale on the gridiron. Its eleven is the only aggre-The banner is made of purple and gation of football players outside of the "Big Four" that ever scored against The Carlisle Indians have de-B. Y. P. U. For Christ and the feated some of the best college football teams in the United States.

At the theater this week will be a particularly brilliant one. Among their attractions will be the following: May Irwin in "Sister Mary"; Julia Arthur in 'More than Queen"; the Alice Nielson Opera company in "The Singing Girl"; Julia Marlowe in "Barbara Freitchie"; Virginia Harned in "The Song of the Sword": John Drew in "The Tyranny of Tears"; Mrs. Fiske in 'Becky Sharp"; Richard Mansfield, William

Gillette, the Kendals, Annie Russell, Anna Held, William H. Crane and others.

The city itself will be an attraction as has already donned its holiday dress. The tickets at one fare plus one dollar for the round trip will be sold on November 21, and must be used for the going journey at or before midnight of that date. They may be used for the return journey on any train leaving New York before midnight on Novem-