A Coffee Machine.

"DID YOU think of it, dear?" my wife asked me one morning over the breakfast table. "Father's birthday is day after tomorrow. What present are we to give him this year? Have you made up your mind?"

I was deeply interested in my paper, reading the report of our latest cause celebre, a murder trial, and not paying attention to her remarks, I answered absent-mindedly:

"Ten years State's prison."

"W-h-a-t?" a startled expression coming into her eyes. "Drop that nonsense," she retorted, hotly, "and give me a sensible answer if you can."

I put the paper away and looked up, noticing for the first time that she was in a temper, and remembering the foolish remark I had made.

"Pardon me, darling," I begged, remorsefully. "You know well enough that I couldn't have meant the words in good earnest. I was so very deeply engrossed in the district attorney's address to the jury that I became somewhat confused. Overlook it, and be friends! But to the point. What are we to give the old gentleman? A nice pocketbook?"

"Would that not be like throwing out an indelicate hint?" she replied, somewhat pacified.

"H'm. I don't know! Well, then, how about a morning cap of red, white and black, with a large tassel?"

"He has one."

"Or a comfortable house coat?"

"No, no! I tell you what: a 'self-actor machine!" she exclaimed triumphantly; "just the thing."

"A what?" I queried, shaking my head incredulously. "Heaven defend us! What kind of a thing did you say, and what in the world is he to do with it?"

"You know, dear"—Anna was all excitement now—"how fond father is of good coffee. How he scolds the cook for not making the beverage to his liking (what does she know about making coffee, anyway)? Not long since I saw in Mrs. Faber's house a newly-invented self-actor-extraction coffee and tea machine. I tell you this is exactly what father wants!"

"So that is it. A coffee machine! I thought it was a sewing machine or some such thing. What did you call it? A 'self-actor-extraction-and-so-forth-machine? What a monstrous name! How dreadful!"

"But practical, unspeakably practical, I tell you. You pour the water into the boiler, and then some coffee into a little bowl above. Then you light the alcohol beneath. The heated water is by means of a glass tube led from the boiler into the bowl. The boiler's weight diminishes as the water lessens. The latter therefore raises itself a trifle, thus releasing a spring attached to the cover of the alcohol lamp, which falls upon the lamp and extinguishes the flame. Do you understand?"

"Not the least bit," was my energetic response. But my wife went on as though it mattered little whether I understood or whether I did not understand.

"And as soon as the boiler has cooled off, the beverage in the bowl, as the result of the pressure of the outer air—do you understand, now?"

"No!" I exclaimed more energetically than before, but with the self-same result; for my better half kept on just as if I had replied "yes" instead of "no!"

"As the result of the pressure of the outer air the now ready coffee runs by means of a sieve and the identical tube back into the boiler below. Then you can empty it into cups at your convenience," she concluded deliberately. "I find that a wonderfully simple procedure."

"Yes, surprisingly simple, my dear," I said doubtingly. "See here, wifey, I think I shall have to take another course in physiology and technology before I would be equal to comprehending the raising of the tube by air pressure and the dropping of the lamp cover as the result of the escape of heated water. And you really intend giving such a what-do-you-call-it machine as a present to your father? I am quite sure I don't care; but I bet your father will be displeased, simply because he will not be able to make head or tail of so complicated a thing."

"You have always fault to find with my propositions," she pouted sensitively; "always. But I take the bet. What is it to be, for a kiss?"

"A kiss! As though an every day affair like that were an object for a wager."

My wife laid the index finger of her right hand on to her little nose, her favorite attitude when in a reflective mood.

"The other day," she said, "I noticed a splendid brooch in S.'s shop window; just the thing."

"And I a rocking chair at F.'s such as I always longed to possess," I added. "It is a bargain. Rocking chair against brooch. If your what-do-you-call-it-machine does its duty, you will get your brooch; if not, you are bound to buy me the chair. Shake on it!"

"All right," my wife acquiesced in a triumphant tone.

She really purchased the extraction machine, which, to judge from appearances, was a pretty neat and brightly polished little affair. The birthday arrived and we solemnly assembled in her father's house and handed him the present, but he looked rather surprised.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "just look at this! A filtering machine. Did you ever! I must confess I like the idea, for our city water is not very clear and the supply is poor. It may come in handy."

"What are you talking about, my dear father?" my Anna interrupted excitedly and in an almost angry tone, "you do not really mean to say that you think our love is so trifling as to buy you a filtering apparatus for a birthday present?"

The old man looked from one to the other of us, embarrassed.

"God forbid," he said feelingly, "that I should think so ill of my dear children, but, perhaps—yes, I know, that's it; one of the newly invented patent electric night lamps, eh?"

I grinned. Anna looked daggers at me.

"It is a new coffee machine, father, dear," said my wife's sister Fannie, whose head is always full of mischief. "You throw the beans in on one side and 'cafe au lait' already made flows out on the other. Plain as daylight."

"Fannie, my child," said I, with all the dignity I could muster, "please go and bring some hot water and the necessary ground coffee, and give us a chance to demonstrate to father the utility of this wonderful machine."

Fannie did so. In the meantime the old man walked several times around the table shaking his silvery locks and casting suspicious glances at the complicated thing before him. He looked positively frightened.

"Say, Otto," turning to me with an anxious face. "I hope that thing will not explode? We read every day dreadful stories about these new fangled patents in the papers. Please be careful, children, I beg of you."

"Why, father, the whole proceeding is so very simple," my wife pleaded, defending her present, "just read what it says here! I take the water"—taking the vessel with the hot water from Fannie—"and pour it into the boiler, like this, see, just so. Aw!" she suddenly cried out. She had scalded her fingers.

It was my turn now. "Please step aside," I said, going up to the table, "let me try. You will injure yourself worse with your experimenting. Hand me the water, Fannie; that's it, thank you, dear! And now I'll light the lamp. Zounds, the stuff won't burn!"

"It is prepared non-inflammable alcohol for medicinal purposes," said father.

"Well, then, send for some that will burn," I cried, out of patience, after I had wasted a dozen or so matches in the vain attempt to ignite the lamp.

"I know what I am going to do. I am going to sacrifice my bottle of eau de Cologne," Fannie exclaimed magnanimously, "what is the difference?"

She ran off and pretty soon returned with the odorous fluid, emptying it into the lamp after I had poured out the "medicated" alcohol.

The cologne burned all right, and pretty soon a low, melodious singing could be heard, showing that the machine was beginning to do its work. My wife's countenance was all aglow. Now she was happy, only father looked still anxious-like and worried.

"Children, better not go near it," he admonished, "only yesterday three little girls were terribly scalded, you know."

Pretty soon the steam seethed inside the machine, the cover fell upon the lamp and the flame was extinguished. I looked sideways at my wife with a gela.

"According to the receipt," I said, maliciously, "the coffee ought to be done now, but I fail to smell the usual aroma. Do you?"

Just then the water in the boiler began seething and bubbling stronger, and a stream of water shot out of the latter into the glass tube and thence into the bowl on top.

"My, how nice," exclaimed my little 8-year-old brother-in-law Fred, gleefully. "For all the world like a waterfall."

My wife was disgusted. She turned pale from subdued excitement and anger. "What can this mean," she said, "something must be wrong?"

"I think your self-actor-extraction machine is suffering from internal troubles. There is altogether too much internal business," I ventured to remark dryly. "I dare say, you are beginning to make up your mind where the best rocking chairs are for sale, eh, dear?"

My wife looked as if she were considering whether it would be the better policy to fall in a fainting fit into my arms or to declare herself vanquished and pay the bet, while her dear father continued shaking his head until the tassel on the top of his cap swung to and fre like a pendulum.

"Well," he at last remarked, "this is the funniest apparatus I ever saw. Where is the coffee?" when suddenly Fannie, in her usual impulsive way, cried:

"What a set of fools we all are! We forgot all about putting some in."

Sure enough. A napkin had been accidentally thrown over the ground coffee brought in by Fannie, and during the prevailing excitement of expectancy nobody had given it a thought.

My wife was delighted. Her machine was to be redeemed after all. After favoring me with another annihilating look the second act of the drama began. Not a single word was spoken. We were awaiting developments.

Again the seething and bubbling sound, and even the aroma of steaming coffee filled the room. The brown fluid could be seen passing through the tube, and exclamations of surprise and gratification escaped the lips of those present. Anna was all smiles and sunshine.

"I trust," she said to me mischievously, "that you have not forgotten the address where to buy that brooch we were talking about yesterday."

Even father nodded satisfied and pleasantly.

"This is a practical machine," he mused complacently, pouring out the first cup of the brown beverage, "and what an aroma, but rather an odd sort of smell. Strange, isn't it? What does it smell like?"

The old man lifted the cup to his lips and tasted the contents. With a jerk he set it down again upon the table, making a wry face.

"I'll be ——. I ask your pardon, but that stuff has a positively wicked taste; monstrous, abominable! Fie! What the dickens does it taste like?"

He expectorated several times and pressed his hands to his stomach as if nauseated.

"Just like eau de Cologne, father," I suggested, "a very disagreeable smell, don't you think? A trifle odd when taken with coffee, but you will undoubtedly get used to the taste when you once become familiar with the machine."

"For shame, husband," said my wife, "how mean of you! Undoubtedly Fannie has accidentally spilled a drop of eau de Cologne into the boiler while filling the lamp. Where is the harm? It is a bit unpleasant, it is true, but that's all there is to it. We will have to try again, for the machine works all right, of that we ought to be convinced now."

"Hold!" objected father, lifting his hand with a protesting gesture toward the coffee machine, "no more of this monkey business. I would rather that Anna make us all a cup of coffee now in the old-fashioned way, and later you may continue your experiments as long as you like. The machine is just splendid children," he continued, "and I thank you heartily for your thoughtfulness in giving it to me, but there is something strange and odd about it to which I must get used first, and that takes time for a man of my age."

"Before we go any further with it," I added, "let us tell the girl to give it a thorough cleaning. Lottie," to the cook—"take this machine into the kitchen and scald lamp and boiler with hot water and soda or some such stuff.

The girl went off with her burden. Shortly after we were startled by a loud report, followed by frightened screams from the kitchen and by a sound of falling and breaking pieces. Something told me that again it was that ill-fated machine. I opened the kitchen door. Sure enough the girl in a dark corner had stumbled with her burden and the self-actor-extraction-coffee-and-tea machine lay broken on the floor. The poor, frightened girl sobbed, Fannie scolded, my wife wrung her hands in despair; I bit my lips underneath my busy mustache, and father looked pleased and relieved.

"Never mind, children," he said, "it is best so. I take this for a sign from above. Providence has interfered. I am conservative in my ideas, and am therefore not overfond of the present era of machinery. Stop crying, girl"—this to the cook—"and brew a good cup of coffee for my company. And now no more about the matter. I do not wish to have my birthday spoiled."

"How about our bet, Anna?" I asked my wife.

"You have lost that," she quickly responded. "The machine was in perfect order, if only—"

"Yes, if only it had not been so imperfect! No, my dear this time you have lost and not I. You had better get ready to go for my rocking chair!"

"What bet are you quarreling about, you two?" asked the old man.

I told him all, and called on him to decide who had won.

"Both of you," was his diplomatic opinion, which created another controversy between Anna and myself. Meanwhile Lottie appeared with the coffee, made in the "old-fashioned" style, and the conversation drifted into other channels and soon became general.

On the following morning, however, there appeared a messenger in our dwelling, delivering a rocking chair for me, a splendid piece of furniture, by the way, and exactly five minutes later another messenger came bringing a brooch for my wife, a veritable little gem. To each of the two presents was fastened father's visiting cards with the inscription: "This is my revenge for jeopardizing my life with your self-actor-extraction-coffee-and-tea machine."

"Say," I remarked to my wife, comfortly stretching myself in the new rocking chair, "you seem to have been in the right, after all, for your self-and-so-forth machine has proved itself to be very practical, indeed—in its results."—From the German.

IT MATTERS NOT

How Sick You Are or How Many Physicians Have Failed to Help You.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will Cure You if a Cure is Possible.

Doctors are not infallible and there are many instances where they have decided a case was hopeless and then the patients astonished everyone by getting well and the sole cause of their cure was Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. A case in point is that of James Lettuce of Canajoharie, N. Y., who writes:

"Some years ago I was attacked with pains in my back and side that were fearful in the extreme. I could not control my kidneys at all and what came from them was mucous and blood. I was in a terrible state and suffered intensely. A prominent physician of Albany, N. Y., decided that an operation was all that would save me. I dreaded that and commenced to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I felt better almost instantly. When I had taken about two bottles, the flow from the bladder was much cleaner, the pain stopped, and I was saved from the surgeon's knife and am now well."

Dr. W. H. Morse, the famous physician of Westfield, N. J., has this to say of this great medicine:

"I have known it to cure chronic inflammation of the kidneys, where the attending physician pronounced the case incurable."

No form of kidney, liver, bladder or blood disease, or the distressing sicknesses so common to women, can long withstand the great curative power of this famous specific. Its record of cures has made it famous in medical circles everywhere.

It is for sale by all druggists in the **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular $1.00 size bottles—less than a cent a dose.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Rheum Cream cures Old Sores, Skin and Scrofulous Diseases. 50c.

THEATRICAL.

"The Climbers."

"The Climbers," one of Clyde Fitch's best efforts, which was made famous by the splendid company surrounding Amelia Bingham when it was presented in New York, was seen at the Lyceum Saturday afternoon and night.

John E. Kellerd was featured in the cast which was altogether the most evenly balanced and the most generally meritorious seen at that theater this season.

The members of the company looked and dressed the parts and gave to Mr. Fitch's lines the meaning he intended they should have.

"The White Slave."

That the charming qualities of Bartley Campbell's time-honored melodrama, "The White Slave," do not diminish with age has been demonstrated by the immense audiences which have attended nearly every performance given by the new "White Slave" company this season. This is said to be due partly to the fact that the play has had a long rest and that the management has put it before the public in truly spectacular garb and equipped it with a better scenic investiture than has ever been seen in any former presentation of the play.

At the Academy for three night, commencing tonight. Matinees Tuesday and Wednesday.

Kathryn Osterman at Dixie's.

Kathryn Osterman, who will be the leading attraction at Dixie's theater this week, will be assisted by a talented company in the rendition of a one-act comedy entitled "The Editor." Other acts will be given by Pauline Moran and her pickaninnies; Terry and Elmer, who appear in a laughable sketch, "The Dancing Missionary"; Collins and Hart, and others. Matinee today.

"King Dodo."

No comedy opera in years has won such universal commendation as "King Dodo" the new and now reigning success. It is filled with bright and catchy lines, and music of the most melodious order. The book is by Frank Pixley and the music by Gustav Luders.

It is a treat to hear so many pleasing numbers in one evening and to listen to comedy above the usual low comedy of today. "The Sultan of Sulu," "The Prince of Pilsen" and "Peggy from Paris" are among the successes touring the states and if "King Dodo" is given the reception his royal majesty deserves Harry Savage will surely include our city in his regular yearly visit. Patrons of the Lyceum will do well to secure seats well in advance as the King will be crowned on Wednesday and Thursday nights and Thursday afternoon. Diagram opens this morning at 9 o'clock.

"A Fight for Millions."

Malcolm Douglas' big melodrama, "A Fight for Millions" will open a three night's engagement at the Academy Thursday night. The play will be one of the heaviest of the season's productions, and many novelties in stagecraft will be introduced, among which is a sub-marine boat dasing at full speed along the bottom of the Hudson river.

Mr. Douglas is co-author with Palmer Cox of the famous Brownie spectacle. Matinees Friday and Saturday.

The Sembrich Recital.

Not satisfied with offering the music lovers of Scranton and vicinity the opportunity of hearing one of the greatest musical artists in the world, Mme. Sembrich, Mr. Hand has added an additional treat to the patrons of the concert at the armory Oct. 21. Arnold Lohmann, of Wilkes-Barre, the well known violinist, has been engaged to appear in two numbers. This will be Mr. Lohmann's first appearance in this country after a three years' course of study under one of the great European artists and fellow pupil of the great Kubilek, Anton Vitek, the director of the Prag Conservatory of Music of Berlin and leader of the famous Berlin Philharmonic orchestra, one of the greatest musical organizations in the world.

Mr. Lohmann had the honor of playing in this orchestra for some time which is unusual for so young an artist. A large part of Mr. Lohmann's time while abroad was spent in Berlin though he traveled considerably with Herr Vitek in Holland and Germany, and all who heard him at such times were unstinted in praise of his wonderful work and predicted a great future for him. Mr. Lohmann's large circle of friends up and down the valley are all on the tip-toe of expectancy to hear him again and Mr. Hand is to be commended for giving them such an early and excellent opportunity of judging of his progress and advancement. The diagram for sale of seats is now open at Powell's music store.

STAGE NOTES.

Clyde Fitch's royalties on "Lovers' Lane" are said to have amounted to $80,400.

Kirke La Shelle has selected St. Louis as the city in which to make the first production of "Checkers," as that is the native heath of the author, Henry Blossom.

E. H. Sothern is reported to have broken the one-night stand record last week, his receipts being in the neighborhood of $12,000.

Aubrey Boucicault made his first appearance in support of Henrietta Crossman last week playing the part of Edward Rostyn in "The Sword of the King."

The New York verdict of Ethel Barrymore is that she is splendid in the one-act piece, "Carrots," but only so-so in "The Country Mouse."

Klaw & Erlanger will look after the future work of Dan Daly. A musical comedy is being prepared for him, and a prominent comic opera star will be in his support.

Duse opens her season in this country at Boston October 21. Her advance sale opened last Monday, the first day bringing in $2,000. Several boxes were auctioned off and brought $50.

David Belasco has decided to star Blanche Bates this season in a Japanese play called "The Darling of the Gods." Robert T. Haines will be Miss Bates' leading man. The piece will shortly go into rehearsal.

Vice Versa with Perkins.

During his career in Wall street George W. Perkins has probably managed more and larger syndicates than many a banker has in a lifetime. He is very fond of bananas and generally eats some for his noontime luncheon.

The other day he was standing in front of a fruit peddler's cart selecting some large, ripe examples of the fruit, when a friend of his came along and hailed him.

"Hello, Perk," he said, "is the syndicate going into bananas?"

"No," replied Perkins, laughingly, "but the bananas are going into the syndicate."—New York Times.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—Cut out the pictures appearing on this page each day, draw a pencil mark around the hidden object, save them until Saturday, then send them or take them to The Tribune office in an envelope addressed to "Puzzle Department." Enclose in the envelope your name, age and address. The boys and girls who correctly mark the six pictures appearing during the week, and whose answers are first received, will have their names published in The Tribune Monday morning.

Last Week's Puzzle Solvers.

1. Minnie Huester, 815 Cedar avenue. Age, 10.
2. Margaret Louise Evans, Taylor, Pa. Age, 5.
3. Genevieve Shea, 423 Stone avenue. Age, 11.
4. Margaret Dale, 129 West Market street. Age, 9.
5. Walter L. Harris, 138 Mifflin avenue. Age, 9.
6. Helen A. Humiston, Elmhurst, Pa. Age, 7.
7. James Lighthody, Jermyn, Pa.
8. Mumford Crossley, Starucca, Pa. Age, 6.
9. Madeline Schrader, 91 Columbia avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Age, 8.

Find two more donkeys.

Solutions for Last Week's Puzzles.

Monday, Oct. 6—One is under the lady's right arm, the other between horse's forelegs and fence.

Tuesday, Oct. 7—The shepherd is in the lower right-hand corner near the logs, the dog in back of the woman.

Wednesday, Oct. 8—One Indian is in back of his chief, the other one's head is above the log.

Thursday, Oct. 9—One is between man's feet, the other in back of girl's head.

Friday, Oct. 10—One is in front of the crouching cat's paw, the other on her right side.

Saturday, Oct. 11—One man's head is between her left shoulder and the basket, the other between the man and the goat.

Do Good—It Pays.

A Chicago man has observed that, "Goood deeds are better than real estate deeds—some of the latter are worthless. Act kindly and gently, show sympathy and lend a helping hand. You cannot possibly lose by it." Most men appreciate a kind word and encouragement more than substantial help. There are persons in this community who might truthfully say: "My good friend, cheer up. A few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will rid you of your cold, and there is no danger whatever from pneumonia when you use that medicine. It always cures. I know it for it has helped me out many a time." Sold by all druggists.

THE TRIBUNE'S "WANT" DIRECTORY.

WANTS, FOR RENTS, FOR SALES — Only Half a Cent a Word.

No Order Accepted for Less Than 10 Cents.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, REAL ESTATE — Only Half a Cent a Word.

For Rent.

FOR RENT—Furnished house; ten rooms; steam heated; centrally located. 332 Madison avenue.

FOR RENT—Half new double house; 900 Prescott avenue; all improvements. Apply 625 Prescott avenue.

$18—For Rent—Ten-room house; excellent neighborhood; all modern improvements, on avenue. Apply to R. P. Hamilton, 426 Spruce street.

FOR RENT—New house, corner Linden and Colfax; all conveniences. Inquire 805 Marion street.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Fine diamond ring ½ carat, $30; one carat ring, $80; 1¼ carat ring, $90; 1½ carat ring, $95; 1⅝ carat ring, $100; 2 carat ring, $150. Address X., P. O. Box 93.

HORSE, WAGON and harness for sale cheap for want of use. 1419 Capouse avenue.

FOR SALE—One hot air furnace, three mantels. Charles D. Sanderson, 136 Wyoming avenue, Scranton.

JUST ARRIVED with a carload of horses, weight 1,100 to 1,500; good workers and drivers; also several closely matched teams. Can be seen at 334 Raymond court. F. M. Cobb.

FOR SALE—One hot air furnace, three mantels, gas chandeliers. Charles D. Sanderson, 136 Wyoming avenue, Scranton, Pa.

FOR SALE—Town Topics Gold Mining Co. stock; 40c. share; will be advanced to 50c. share on Oct. 15th. Charles D. Sanderson, 136 Wyoming avenue, Scranton, Pa.

FOR SALE—About 20 feet of desk counter, surmounted with glass front and two openings, lower portion nicely panelled, with drawers and shelves underneath. May be seen at the office of The Tribune.

For Sale or Rent.

FOR SALE OR RENT—New house on Columbia avenue; eight rooms and bath, gas, furnace, modern plumbing. Terms reasonable. Ralph E. Weeks, 119 N. Washington avenue.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The 3-story brick building, with boiler house attached, and long row of sheds for horses, wagons, etc.; also railroad switch suitable for manufacturing purposes; lately occupied by the Clothe Tobacco Co. B. M. Winton, Room No. 505, Mears Building.

Furnished Rooms for Rent.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room, strictly private, modern improvements, steam heat, for gentleman only. Inquire up stairs over Building Association. Mrs. E. Kraft, 236 Adams.

FOR RENT — Three newly furnished front rooms, heat, gas and bath. 300 block, Washington avenue. Address X., Tribune office.

Money to Loan.

ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY TO LOAN—Quick, straight loans or Building and Loan. At from 4 to 6 per cent. Call on N. V. Walker, 314-315 Connell building.

Miscellaneous.

THE MODEL LAUNDRY, Dunmore, launders shirts at 8c. each and collars and cuffs at 1½c. each.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be opened in the office of the City Recorder by the Director of the Department of Public Works, at 3 o'clock p. m., on Monday, October 20, 1902, for the construction of a lateral sewer in Meridian street, from the Third district main sewer to the alley leading across the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad in the Fifth ward. All in accordance with the plans and specifications on file in the Bureau of Engineering. Each bidder shall enclose with his proposal, cash or certified check in the sum of one hundred ($100.00) dollars as a guarantee to execute a contract if awarded the same. In case the bidder to whom the contract shall have been awarded refuses or omits to execute a contract for the work in accordance with plans and specifications therefore within ten (10) days from the date of the award, the enclosure accompanying his proposal shall be forfeited to the use of the City of Scranton.

Bidders will be furnished with proposal blanks at the Bureau of Engineering and no others will be accepted.

All proposals shall be filed with the City Controller at his office in the City Hall, Scranton, Pa., not later than 2.30 o'clock p. m., on Monday, October 20, 1902.

The city reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN E. ROCHE, Director,
Department of Public Works.
Scranton, Pa., October 10, 1902.

Branch WANT Offices.

Want Advertisements Will Be Received at Any of the Following Drug Stores Until 10 P. M.

Central City—
ALBERT SCHULTZ, corner Mulberry street and Webster ave.
GUSTAV PICHEL, 650 Adams avenue.

West Side—
GEO. W. JENKINS, 101 South Main avenue.

South Scranton—
FRED L. TERPPE, 729 Cedar avenue.

North Scranton—
GEO. W. DAVIS, corner North Main avenue and Market street.

Green Ridge—
CHARLES P. JONES, 1557 Dickson avenue.
F. J. JOHNS, 920 Green Ridge street.
C. LORENZ, corner Washington avenue and Marion street.

Petersburg—
W. H. KNEPFEL, 1017 Irving avenue.

Dunmore—
J. G. BONE & SON.

Help Wanted.

WANTED—Young man or young woman to do office work and make themselves generally useful. A knowledge of fire insurance is desirable and if possible applicant should live at home. Address with references, B. B. B., Tribune office, Scranton, Pa.

WANTED—Agents to sell tea and coffee to consumers. Positions permanent. Grand Union Tea Co., 311 Lackawanna avenue.

Help Wanted—Male.

WANTED—A porter and boy to build kitchen fires at the St. Charles.

WANTED—Young man for office work; state age, experience. Collier, care of Tribune.

WANTED—Young man to act as porter at 424 Lackawanna avenue.

Help Wanted—Female.

WANTED—Experienced lady shoe clerk. State salary expected. Address, Clerk, Tribune office.

Agents Wanted.

LARGE CORPORATION wants energetic General Agent for this county. No books, insurance, or canvassing. Acquaintance with merchants and manufacturers necessary. Permanent. Bond. State age, experience, references first letter. Address, Suite 572, No. 1001 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Situations Wanted.

SITUATION WANTED—At light housework in small family. Address A. M., 1336 Von Storch avenue.

Real Estate.

BUFFALO DESIRABLE ACREAGE
LOTS CASH OR EASY TERMS
NEAR THE MAMMOTH
LACKAWANNA STEEL PLANT
AND TWO BEAUTIFUL PARKS.
GEO. T. ROBINSON,
72 Erie Co. Bank Bldg.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
REAL ESTATE

Lost.

LOST—Yesterday afternoon at the Thirteenth regiment camp grounds, a lady's hunting case watch attached to a black fob. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to Rice, Levy & Co., 20 Lackawanna avenue.

PROFESSIONAL.

Certified Public Accountant.

EDWARD C. SPAULDING, C. P. A., 23 Traders' Bank Building. Old 'phone 1861.

Architects.

FREDERICK L. BROWN, ARCH B., Real Estate Exchange Bldg., 126 Washington avenue.

Civil and Mining Engineers.

H. L. HARDING, 815 CONNELL BLDG.

STEVENSON & KNIGHT, 726 Connell building.

Dentists.

DR. C. E. EHLENBERGER, PAUL'L building, Spruce street, Scranton.

DR. C. C. LAUBACH, 115 WYOMING ave

Fire Insurance.

SCHLAGER & CO., 401 Connell Building.

Patent Attorneys.

PATENTS in all countries of the Globe.
The only licensed and equipped patent solicitor in the city. No charge for information on patentability; over ten years' experience.
Replogle & Co., Mears Bldg.

Hotels and Restaurants.

THE ELK CAFE, 125 AND 127 FRANKLIN avenue. Rates reasonable. P. ZIEGLER, Proprietor.

SCRANTON HOUSE, NEAR D., L. & W. Passenger depot. Conducted on the European plan. Victor Koch, Proprietor.

Scavenger.

A. B. BRIGGS CLEANS PRIVY VAULTS and cess pools; no odor; only improved pumps used. A. B. Briggs, proprietor. Leave orders 1109 North Main avenue, or Elcke's drug store, corner Adams and Mulberry. Both telephones.

Wire Screens.

JOSEPH KUETTEL, REAR 531 LACKA. ave., Scranton, mfrs. of Wire Screens.

Miscellaneous.

MEGARGEE BROS., PRINTERS' SUPPLIES, envelopes, paper bags, twine. Warehouse, 159 Washington avenue.

THE WILKES-BARRE RECORD CAN be had in Scranton at the news stand of Reisman Bros., 406 Spruce and 501 Linden; M. Norton, 322 Lackawanna ave.; I. S. Schutzer, 211 Spruce street.

Business Opportunity.

STOCK AND WHEAT TRADERS without delay. Write for our special market letter. Free on application. S. M. Hibbard & Co., members N. Y. Consolidated and Stock Exchange, 44 and 46 Broadway, New York. Established 1884. Long Distance 'Phone 2188 Broad.

LEGAL.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Huntingdon Water Supply Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 319 Connell building, Scranton, Pa., at 3 o'clock p. m. on Monday, October 13, 1902, for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
FRANK R. STOCKER, Secretary.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

In Effect June 1, 1902.

Trains leave Scranton for New York—At 1.50, 3.20, 6.05, 7.50 and 10.10 a. m.; 12.40, 3.40, 3.55 p. m. For New York and Philadelphia—7.50, 10.10 a. m., and 12.40 and 3.55 p. m. For Gouldsboro—At 6.10 p. m. For Buffalo—1.15, 6.22 and 9.00 a. m.; 1.55, 6.50 and 11.10 p. m. For Binghamton, Elmira and way stations—10.25 a. m., 1.05 p. m. For Oswego, Syracuse and Utica—1.15 and 6.22 a. m.; 1.55 p. m. Oswego, Syracuse and Utica train at 6.22 a. m. daily, except Sunday. For Montrose—9.00 a. m.; 1.05 and 6.50 p. m. Nicholson accommodation—4.00 and 6.15 p. m.

Bloomsburg Division—For Northumberland, at 6.35 and 10.10 a. m.; 1.55 and 6.10 p. m. For Plymouth, at 8.10 a. m.; 3.40 and 9.05 p. m.

Sunday Trains—For New York, 1.50, 3.20, 6.05, 10.10 a. m.; 3.40 and 3.55 p. m. For Buffalo—1.15 and 6.22 a. m.; 1.55, 6.50 and 11.10 p. m. For Elmira and way stations—10.25 a. m. For Binghamton and way stations, 9.00 a. m. Bloomsburg Division—Leave Scranton, 10.10 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.

Lehigh Valley Railroad.

In Effect June 15, 1902.

Trains Leave Scranton

For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R., at at 7.41, through Parlor Car and Day Coach Carbondale to New York and 9.47 a. m., with L. V. Coach Carbondale to Philadelphia, and 2.18, 4.35 (Black Diamond Express), and 11.49 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 1.58, 9.17 p. m.

For White Haven, Hazleton and principal points in the coal regions, via D. & H. R. R., 7.41, 2.18 and 4.35 p. m. For Pottsville, 7.41 a. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, via D. & H. R. R., 7.41, 9.47 a. m.; 2.18, 4.35 (Black Diamond Express), 11.49 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 9.38 a. m.; 1.58, 9.17 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.35 a. m. and 1.55 p. m.

For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 12.02 p. m.; 3.28 (Black Diamond Express), 10.41, 11.49 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 12.02, 9.17 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping car on Lehigh Valley Parlor cars on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt., 26 Cortland street, New York.
CHARLES S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., 26 Cortland street, New York.
A. W. NONEMACHER, Div. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

For tickets and Pullman reservations apply to city ticket office, 69 Public Square, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

READING SYSTEM.
Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Corrected to September 16, 1902.

Stations in New York, foot Liberty street and South Ferry, N. R.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, White Haven, Ashley, Wilkes-Barre and Pittston at 7.30 a. m., 1 p. m. and 4 p. m. Sunday, 2.10 p. m.

Quaker City Express leaves Scranton 7.30 a. m., through solid vestibule train with Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Philadelphia with only one change of cars for Baltimore and Washington, D. C., and all principal points south and west.

For Avoca, Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, 1 p. m. and 4 p. m. Sunday, 2.10 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., 7.30 a. m. and 1 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg via Allentown at 7.30 a. m., 1 p. m. and 4 p. m. Sunday, 2.10 p. m.

For Tamaqua and Pottsville, 7.30 a. m.; 1 p. m. and 4 p. m.

For rates and tickets apply to agent at station.

W. G. BESSLER, Gen. Manager.
C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Schedule in Effect June 16, 1902.

Trains leave Scranton—6.38 a. m., week days, through vestibule train from Wilkes-Barre. Pullman buffet parlor car and coaches to Philadelphia, via Pottsville; stops at principal intermediate stations. Also connects for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and for Pittsburg and the West.

9.47 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

1.42 p. m., week days, (Sundays, 1.58 p. m.), for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3.38 p. m., week days, through vestibule train from Wilkes-Barre. Pullman buffet parlor car and coaches to Philadelphia via Pottsville. Stops at principal intermediate stations.

4.35 p. m., week days, for Hazleton, Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen. Mgr.
J. B. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Delaware and Hudson.

In Effect June 14, 1902.

Trains for Carbondale leave Scranton at 6.44, 7.26, 8.36, 10.13 a. m.; 12.05, 1.12, 2.11, 3.36, 5.29, 6.27, 8.24, 9.15, 10.01 p. m.; 12.18, 1.38 a. m.

For Honesdale—6.44, 10.13 a. m.; 2.11 and 5.29 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre—6.28, 7.41, 8.41, 9.47, 10.52 a. m.; 12.05, 1.12, 2.15, 3.28, 4.35, 6.10, 7.38, 10.11, 11.39 p. m.

For L. V. R. R. Points—7.41, 9.47 a. m. 2.18, 4.35 and 11.49 p. m.

For Pennsylvania R. R. Points—6.38 9.47 a. m.; 1.42, 3.38 and 4.35 p. m.

For Albany and all points north—7.36 a. m. and 3.56 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For Carbondale—8.56, 11.31 a. m.; 1.11, 3.16, 5.52 and 9.17 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre—9.38 a. m.; 12.03, 1.38, 3.38, 6.52 and 9.17 p. m.

For Albany and points north—3.56 p. m.

For Honesdale—8.56 a. m.; 11.31 and 3.52 p. m.

W. L. PRYOR, D. P. A., Scranton, Pa.

Erie Railroad—Wyoming Division.

In Effect September 15, 1902.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points, also for Hawley and local stations at 7.20 a. m. and 1.25 p. m.

For Honesdale and White Mills at 1.25 p. m.

Trains arrive at Scranton at 10.38 a. m. and 9.15 p. m.

New York, Ontario and Western.

Time table in effect Sunday, Sept. 22, 1902.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS.

Trains.	Leave Scranton.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Cadosia.
No. 1	10.30 a. m.	11.10 a. m.	1.00 p. m.
No. 7	6.10 p. m.	Ar. Carbondale 6.40 p. m.	

SOUTH BOUND.

Trains.	Leave Cadosia.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Scranton.
No. 8		8.50 a. m.	7.25 a. m.
No. 2	2.15 p. m.	4.00 p. m.	4.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS ONLY, NORTH BOUND.

| Trains. | Leave Scranton. | Leave Carbondale. | Arrive Cadosia