

Between Trinket and Ruby.

THE little Countess Jacqueline was presented at court that evening. A stir of more than usual curiosity greeted her entrance. There were whispers and knowing smiles and little astonished shrugs as she passed beside De Marche down the Gallery of Mir-

The King, with an odd, amused surprise upon him, was pleased to be gracious, and presently, when the dance opened, he led her out.

All was new to Jacqueline: the gay music; the brilliant scene; the King's smile, like a flower from its sheath she bloomed out of her convent-bred silence and timidity. Youth's elasticity thrilled her veins, the rhythmic motion was a delight: in many eyes she read that she was charming, charming, and the news was sweet. Yet for all their joyous brightness a very pretty diffidence lingered in her eyes, and she spoke with blithesome naivete. His Majesty was

entranced. And further entertainment was preparing for him. In a pause of the dance whispers drifted outside discreet bounds to his ears, thus:

"Oh, plain as a slap in the face, Madame la Duchesse, is bone of con-tention, is she not?" 'So," laughing, "you call his Majesty

a dog?" "But a king, though he be a dog, may not cross swords with a count: he sends lettre de cachet, or banishment."

"And which this time?" "Banishment, with sarcastic alternative that he bring a wife to court." "Ah. ah! And-presto-he brings

"And dances vis-a-vis with Madame la Duchesse, "A spirited little play, on my soul! that, bark you, the end is not yet. Have you looked at the little wife?"

"A tempting bit of a witch. Ma fol, I believe you are right. She has the two dogs in leash."

The little Countess stared up at her mariner. Is it true?" she questioned, like

child in fright "I am most auxious to know, madanswered Louis. He had shot a finitless glance of fury in search of the tattlers and turned to meet her

eyes with a laugh. Your majesty thinks such a tale anausing? "That depends upon the Countess

Jacqueline. His glance held smiling admiration grown too bold, and a quick resenting color swept the girl's face. But the music led on again and she stepped forward to meet the clasp of her husband's hand. She looked up at him. His majesty, with the duchess's fair fingers in his, peered askance to watch De Marche meet those startled, questioning young eyes, and swiftly two of the tattler's discoveries were indersed. To king and

their glances were the crossing of swords. going home that Jacqueline's mute

count Madame la Duchesse was become

passee. For from his wife's eyes De

question was answered by another. "What is it," asked De Marche. learning fast."

"Not, I hope, to be unkind." 'Ah' who teaches me?'

"Do you give your captives no quarter, little one?

"Captives!" cried the girl turning or him passionately: "captives, that what you have made of us." The king," said De Marche, dryly

"Is a most fascinating man." "He is a most rude man," remembrance striking the color back to be

"The king rude!" cried Marche, and smiled as he bent to wrap her furs closer: "I must take great care of you little countess. There is not such an-

other critic in this court of France." It was the business of De Berry, chief of police, to know everything; and he attended to the matter as far as was humanly possible. Amid weightier affairs he found diversions in the eclipse of Madame la Duchesse. He even found some sympathy in his austere nature for the courage with which she held up her handsome head and the smile of contempt that she dealt the forgetfulness of her late worshipers. At the next salon he sought a moment's tete a-tete with her.

The Countess De Marche," he said. "is in great trouble. She has lost her betrothal ring, the great Marche ruby. Is that very bad luck?"

"Oh, extremely"; she was looking far down the vista, of brilliant groups, where Louis, infinitely bored, was taking a slow pinch of snuff. "The luck does not depend," asked De Berry, "upon who gets the gem?" The tone drew her eyes.

"You have traced it?" alertly. But De Berry only shrugged and looked down at the king.

"Cruel," said the Duchess, with her pretty laugh. "Do you never tire of your burden of secrets?" 'Yes. Sometimes I give one away.

Listen, now," softly, "why do you not help the little countess?" Madame glanced across swiftly to where Jacqueline held the count, late

her own. "Help her?" frowning: "she "She is only a baby and toys please her, for the moment; but-there are other moments.

'And which of us has not those other moments, monsieur?" "Ah, yes; but one must shield such

a baby. "Well," sharply.

"She has been made jealous for he husband." "It's an excellent beginning," said

But she has struck back, the naughty little witch, and-given a gift to the king.

The ruby! What a mad freak!" "Most unhappy. For if she wins smile from his majesty she cannot hold it. He is too bowed at other little

feet, poor man." Madame lowered her fine eyes and tapped one of the little feet. The ghost of a smile touched her lips. 'And the count?" she asked.

"He does not know. She is already most anxious about the time when he shall know."

"She should get back the ruby." "True, and get-the count. Only you

can help her. "Oh, most dreadful man! Can you speak in nothing but riddles?" would forgive the count," said

DeBerry, "and fly with him if she were jealous enough." "Go away," said madame, laughing. "I am afraid of you."

dinal, who had been quizzically watch-

ing him.
"Plotting a rescue for madame?" he said. "I but hinted, your eminence, others."

"Excellent. And the little countess?" Both looked over to the little coun-She was chatting gayly, ra-

"She will go the way of the others," De Berry said, gruffly. But the cardi- faltered Jacqueline

nal shook his head. Now the great ruby had fallen and hidedn itself behind one of the king's shoe buckles. It was handed up to him with a gay jest. "I saw the little countess curtseyed

Your majesty's smile must very low. always be fatal." "But this," answered his majesty,

is a man's ring." "True. But your majesty may have noticed," with a grin aside, "that the marriage was somewhat histy; and De

nothing less than the famous ruby could serve his bride-elect." "And nothing less," added another, could speak so eloquently from the king's shoe."

"A rare triumph," put in a third. "The little countess is a witch." Louis tucked the ring into his pocket She has her season for punishing De and, seizing her hand, he shut the ruby Marche," he said, laughing softly. You may be silent about this matter. gentlemen, and-send De Berry to me."

At which the courtiers stood a bit aghast, for even the rockiest conscience may have its spots of qualm when a king looks black at another man. "A clumsy ruse," said De Marche.

"It is as well," brusquely, "that you understand. The appointment comes through me because refusal-" "You were to hint that refusal means

the Bastile, Monsieur De Barry" "I was to hint that. "And if I accepted, and my wife goes

with me?" "His majesty would say," with low cred eyes, "that she cannot be spared from attendance on the queen, who has taken a fancy to her.

fish?" "I need have. Wheels sounded in the court yard. little countess was just back from a must; so, finding no other way, she ran drive. She was thinking that even the shadows here were lighter than those about the convent. Her face was radiant with the crisp winter air and the

joy of life "It is very sad," De Berry murmured

"Psham!" thought than the words "I defy the king and all his court to soil her lightest thought. But," with a fierce in-Marche had looked into the king's and drawn breath, "if there's danger I'll take her away. A large bit of the earth is outside the rule of Louis de Bourbon.

I'll take her away.' "Tis a pity," dryly, "that you told

"Ah, well, there is no danger. The chief went down the room with bent head, and came back. "The countess's ring," he began, and

"Ab. yes. Have you trace of it?" "A slight-trace of it. But, Monsieur Comte-

"Do not set your heart upon-"Upon the ruby?"

Yes?"

"Upon anything De Marche looked him in the eye. d you good day, monsieur," he said. Then he went to Countess Jacqueline and told of the sudden journey and

tood silent. "And you do not wish it?" questioned facqueline.

"Am I not leaving you " 'Also Madam la Duchesse.'

"Ah, you have been told that al eady' 'Already."

you forgive his folly, little countess?"
"Poor trinket!" sighed Jacqueline. Has it still the great rival, or has he, o, found something different?

"He, too. We are rivals again."

The little countess flushed hotly. 'And you go away?" she said. Shall I tell my great rival that I am

fraid to go away?" "Would it be true?"

"Never!" At this she reached out her hands in swiftly and drew them to his lips. pray your God keep you. little one." "And you." breathed Jacqueline; she

had not forgotten him his trinket, yet her heart was throbbing so she could game after the deal had gone around not well speak, and De Marke smiled. He should have been far from Versailles by nightfall, yet the duchess. resting after her seventh dance, discovered him coming up the great stair-She had chosen her seat against yours for keeps now." i heavy portiere because its tints made more perfect the sheen of her dress and hair; but she smiled with new zest pot on a straight, and the four of

on finding the little countess in the shadows of the other side. A cautious finger beckoned De Marche. "Not gone yet?" "I have come back."

'A magnet here?"

"A magnet. Can you direct me," glancing eagerly about, "to Countess Jacqueline?

You are in haste?" "Pardon, yes, in haste," "One would say so," pouting. rue lover's haste.

'A true lover's haste, madam. You "Fie, fie, monsieur le count, 'tis century old to be in love with one's

"Pray help so aged a man with your young eyes. 'Poor feeble men!" with a little bit-

ter laugh, "you are always wanting eyes. And I am to help you see-the oman you love?" "The Countess Jacqueline, ves."

From behind the portiere came the swish of silken skirts flying away. The duchess listened.

"Excellent!" she cried, and broke into a ringing laugh. "Not quite what De Berry expected, but 'twill serve." De Marche stared, then, with a curt low, turned away.

Now, there were conveniently about Now, there were conveniently about refrigeration must be admitted to out- in the world for myself. Ever since I readiness with which I learned, and inside the train, and extended about out the king some few with tact enough to rank even active exercise. The capacity first heard of the telegraph, I was fast remarked one day that I wouldn't re- car length on either side of the coherer.

Obeying her, he came upon the car- help his occasional escape from the boredom of royal etiquette. dullest of his court could read his eye when it rested on the Countess Jacqueline. So when she hurrled away to an that one lover safe is better than two antercom opening from the second grand salon, only Louis followed. She was flushed and trembling, and he

thought it was his coming. "Ah," he cried gayly, "always hiding! diant. There was still a throng about Have you no heart, little queen of witches?"

"Is your majesty collecting hearts?" "I seek one to match a gem that has been given me," and he held the ruby

under her eyes. "Given?" she gasped, "given?" "Was it not?" "No, no, sire!" in distressed embar-

rassment. "How could it be given? It vas given me." The king laughed. He thought that ie understood. "You need not be afraid of anyone,

e said, "when you give it to Louis,"

She stood silent, but faced him Marche having a choice taste in jewels, proudly. "Come," he urged, "take it back, hen. What will you give in exchange, ittle witch, for my ruby?"

"Your majesty jests with me."
"No, on my soul, no!" drawing near-"You shall have back the ring for smile and a coronet for another. Come, smile on me, queen of witches,

inside.
"There must be happiness in the heart," murmured Jacqueline, trying o draw back, "before it can be shown on the lips."

"And cannot your heart be happy, little flinty one, with a ruby and oronet and-a king?" "Not with the world," answered the ittle countess, "unless-

"Unless--?" "Unless he, too, were happy." "He!" cried Louis, "What the king?"

"The count." Disgust at this was nowise diminished by a step on the threshold. Releasing he unwilling hand, Louis turned sharply to face De Marche; not, however, to meet his eyes. They were upon the

Countess Jacqueline, The first impulse had been to fly, for had she not confessed wonders which "Death, man! Have you the blood of he must have heard? But the many hangings bewildered her, he stood in the only way of escape. She paused De Marche looked down from a near to look at her shyly, and then there ful freedom in which he bounded and window and beckened De Berry. The was no more will to fly, but hide she sailed from limb to limb. Pitfalls are

to his arms. Still when she spoke it was in keen eproach.

"You decided to be afraid?" "No, no," said De Marche, "I decided to be afraid of nothing, and hold you-

They had utterly forgotten Louis, who took snuff and swore softly, and finally retreated. But he had his rare intervals of grace, and a saving sense of humor, that Louis de Bourbon; there came no lettre de cachet-no more exile

As for Madame la Douchesse, her little day held its sunshine a bit longer. -Supringfield Republican.

Fatal Superstition or Whatever It Was, the Man Died. A curious example of the power of just been told me by a man whose

name is too well known to mention. He

tells the story as his reason for refus ing to play cards these days: "Several years ago," says he. "I was a member of a house party at a clubnouse in the mountains of Pennsylania. One evening a man who made his home at the clubhouse suggested a game of poker. We made it a fivehanded game, the ideal number for a poker game, I think, and we adjourned

to the man's room to play. Besides the man who suggested the game the party was made up of his wife, who sat at his left; a lady from Washington. who sat at his right; one other man and "Hear me, little one. There was a myself. The man-I'll call him B-was oor stupid fellow reaching after a trin- a jovial fellow, with not an ounce of ket. He thought he wanted it. The superstition in his make-up, so far as hief attraction, I think, was that he I knew. We played for an hour or so, had a great rival. Taking a way to- and the deal came around to the Washward this trinket he came upon some- ington woman. She shuffled as prettily thing different, indultely different. He as any woman I ever saw, but as she has forgotten all else in the world. Can gave the cards a fillip, the four of spades flew out of the pack and fell to the floor at the feet of the man to

> she said, laughingly: 'You oughtn't to have picked that card up. It's the death card. It fell in your room, at your feet, and you picked

up bad luck when you touched it." "B laughed, but from that minute h began to lose. I was surprised to see how badly he took his bad luck, for we were playing penny-ante, five cent limit very pretty loyalty and he bent and he couldn't lose but a few cents, no matter what cards he held. 'The Washington woman, bantered him a great he grew actually peevish. Later in the several times, it came to him, and again the four of spades fell at his feet as

he shuffled the pack. Washington woman. 'The death card's

'Worse and worse,' laughed the "B didn't speak, drew one card and bet all the chips he had. He won the spades was in it. I never knew whether it was the one card he had drawn that time or not, for he got up from the table and refused to play any more. joked him about 'cold feet' and about quitting as soon as he had made his stake back, but he didn't take it in good part. He left us all feeling in decidedly uncomfortable. Just at daylight his wife aroused the house with her frantic screams. B was found dead in bed, and I firmly believe he died of fright. The doctor said heart disease, but I'm convinced that the worry over that foolish four of spades brought on the attack of heart failure. I always deny that I'm superstitious, but perhaps I am, for since that evening I've never

AIDS TO APPETITE.

been able to bring myself to touch cards

again."

Cold Air Stimulates Desire for Food and Helps Digestion. What to Eat. The German inventors of a portable

ranted to effect a mechanical promotion of appetite.

That claim is founded on the experience of all but the most far-gone dyspeptics; still, in a list of digestive stimulants, re-

of assimilating large quantities of food Structure and the structure of the struc at short notice increases with distance from the equator. Jack Frost is the pat-ron saint of gluttons, and the gastronomic exploits of a puny Laplander would amaze the tall Texans who have carned their right to roast beef by a fifty-mile

allop.
About two years ago Dr. R. C. Meurice of Toulon, France, published an account of his experiments with artificially cooled air, "inhaled as a tonic, with invariable success, for the relief of asthma and simulations but with a flar respiratory difficulties but with a still more remarkable effect upon the function of the digestive organs." After breathing the intensely cold air currents of an "evaporator" (in an ice factory) for half an hour, a pug dog manifested a rayenous appetite. Of three dyspeptics two were cured in a week; the third could not altogether overcome his dread of cold draughts, and entered the refrigeration vault with his face partly muffled, but was benefited to the exbeing able to digest sundry vlands with-

In a climate like that of Calcutta no gymnasium could be relied upon to lessen the risk of a surfeit. The natives stick to their Lenten fare the year round, and foreigners have to adopt similar habits or leave the city to brace up their sysem in the highland sanitarium of Dar-

Exercise alone would not but there is no doubt that frost alone sus-tains the digestive vigor of the sluggish Greenlanders, who pass six months of the year in dug-outs. After the end of October they often skulk in their dens for weeks together, drowsing away their days like hibernating bears, but awake in the eleventh hour with appetites sufdelent to gobble the rations of twelve

Mexican cowboys. The time will come when our houses will be artificially cooled in midsummer as effectually as we now heat them in winter, and in that millennium of thermal comforts, spices will become almost superfluous. Ketchups will be superseded by cold waves. Instead of opening a mus-tard bottle Epicurus will open a pat-ent refrigerator and turn on the requisite amount of digestive tonics.

THE LATE NIAGARA FALLS.

Protest Against Its Forcible Wedding to Utilitarian Purposes.

From the Toronto Globe. Civilization is passing over the face of the continent as resistlessly as the movement of the glaciers, denuding it of forests, slaughtering its wild animals and birds, obliterating every touch of natural beauty, degrading the of nature's handiwork, straightening out streams, squaring ponds and bays, leveling hills and valleys, and diverting cataracts to power tunnels. Even the cataract of Niagara will soon be chasing its tail in a turbine wheel like a caged squirrel, as far degraded from the grandeur of its majestic plunging over the precipice into the roaring gorge as the squirrel with worn toenails and denuded scalp is degraded from the fascinating and graceopening for Niagara as traps are set for the squirrel, and in a little time the once majestic water will be running an ndless race in the revolving cage. We have not yet reached that pitch of civilization in which the bronze that perpetuates beauty and power is melted and rolled into shoe-pegs and wipdowfasteners. But hope springs eternal. Already we have learned to destroy the mapproachable and irreparable works of nature that they may grind pulp and run street cars. And progression is the aw of the race. If the destruction of the Ningara cataract can make a town grow up that grew up somewhere else before or would otherwise have grown up somewhere else, if it can so modify the struggle for existence that some will be able to lie a little longer in the morning while others will have to rise little earlier, the achievement will be halled as a success. But how about the property rights of those who have sugestion over a superstitious mind has gone over the cataract in barrels and through the whirlpool in fool-killers? That is the only claim or protest which can have any legal standing. The fame | \$ of those who went over the falls or brough the rapids will disappear with the cataract itself, and their prospects &

as magazine writers and fall fair at-

tractions will be blighted forever. They

will certainly assume grounds for legal

action on account of the destruction of

the value of their property without

compensation. The men who have bought cameras or invested in merry-go-rounds may also eel that they will have claims for There may be some symlamages. pathy even for the few who like to hear he roar of the cataract and feel the presence of its majesty. But to avoid legal actions, or at least mitigate dam- 🕷 age claims, it would be a stroke of genius to make provision for certain Niagara days in all future concessions. It would be a splendid thing to be able to announce that the Niagara Falls would be turned on from 8 a. m. till 10.30 p. m. on a certain date, when exher left. He picked it up for her and cursionists would have an opportunity of seeing the great wonder of nature in its original condition. Of course it would destroy all revenue from skating rink, stone quarry and other franchises n the bed of the river, but that loss might be no greater than the loss through damage claims if no provision were made for an occasional Niagara day. If all future concessions contain a stipulation that once a month the tunnels be closed and the great river made to pour over the American and deal about the unlucky death card, till Horseshoe Falls, there could be periodical Niagara days, and the glory of the barrel and boat heroes and heroines would remain undimmed. We could even organize a Niagara Old Boys' association. At present the people who ginning of my experience in the telesaw the falls before the gorge was profaned by trolley lines are afraid to visit the place for fear the picture in their minds would be irreparably daubed and spotted. But with a regular Niagara day arrangements might be made for the suspension of all concessions. The cataract could also be turned on to welcome and honor distinguished visitors. But, in spite of all these advantages, the value of the wasted power and the river bed concessions will no doubt outweigh all arguments in favor of permanent Niagara days. Macaulay foresaw the destruction of Britain and the taked fisherman washing his nots in the Thames. The cataclysm may come in another form, and instead of the the work to do, so I hardly had time barbarian fishing in the river of ten to be homesick. After my life on the thousand masts, we may see the man wearing factory-made diamonds runing his automobile along the ledge

ROBERT CLOWRY'S BEGINNING.

over into the gorge.

President Western Union Worked Six Months Without Pay. The December Success contains

interesting interview with Robert C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph company, in which symmasium advertise their aparatus as a he tells of the struggle of his early life. substitute for drugs and spices." war- Of his first position. Mr. Clowry said: Of his first position. Mr. Clowry said: "I had been living with my mother on a farm in Will county, not far from Joliet, and, having reached the age of fifteen. I thought it time to start out operator. He was surprised at the in the world for myself. Ever since I

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cluated with its workings, and at that time my chief ambition was to be able to send a message over the wires. "'What kind of work do you want to do?" the operator asked me. I replied that I didn't suppose I was capable of doing anything but carry messages, 'Well,' he said, 'we don't pay boys anything the first six months; but, if you want to work, you will have a chance to learn the business. When you're in the office you can easily pick up the knack of operating the keys. and, eventually, you'll get an office of

your own. "I hadn't expected to earn any mone; at first, so I told him I was ready to begin work at once. That was the be graph business.

"But, if you received no money fo six months, how did you live in Joliet during that time?" I asked Colonel Clowry "I was able to earn money by doing

various odd jobs around town, and of course my expenses were very low. For a while I used to get my own meals. I had learned to do plain cooking at home, and it was no hardship for me to fry an egg or broil a piece of steak. Joliet was a very small town in 1852, and I had never been accustomed to luxurious living at home. had to work long hours at the office, farm, Joliet was a regular metropolis in my eyes and I found much to interest me. Of course, I was discouraged where once the Niagara torrent plunged at times. I was very young to be away from home and dependent on my own resources, and it was only natural that I should occasionally get the blues. But for the most part I was wrapped ip in my work and occupied with ambitious plans for the future.

Were you able to learn telegraphy a short time?"

"Yes, it seemed to come natural to ne. I always liked mechanics and didn't rest until I knew the function of every key and lever connected with the instruments in the office. Within two months, I was able to send and receive a message, and in four months I was quite as expert as the regular readiness with which I learned, and

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main a messenger long. This encouraged me, of course, but I had not the least idea how soon I should be given an office of my own."

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