One dozen of the genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT gives as much strength and nourishment as a cask of ale, without being intoxicating. It is highly beneficial for use at meal time for convalescents, weak children and ladies, and as a general tonic for the weak and debilitated.

Insist upon the genuine JOHANN HOFF'S, which must have the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" on the neck label.

Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York.

She Could Speak Italian.

Toward 6 o'clock the other afternoon, just when the residents of that neighborhood were homeward bound, a half grown Italian boy, chattering and crying by turns, was making his way slowly through Fiftieth street, not far from Sixth avenue. He stopped often, looked up and down in a bewildered way, and talked and gesticulated, ending each tirade with a burst of tears. Persons stopped and listened sympathetically, divining that he was lost, but nobody seemed able to suggest a way out of his dilemma.

Presently a young woman, one of the natty sort, who take to shirt fronts and short cutaway jackets, approached. Like the others, she noticed the lad, and, like them, she stopped. He at once began his harangue, looking hopelessly at her. She replied in his own tongue and the lad's face grew radiant. Rapidly he went on talking, she listening calmly and without effort. When he had done she took out a tablet, and, tearing off a leaf, wrote something at the boy's dictation.

Then she turned to a boy standing near who was intensely interested. "This little fellow," she said, "wants to go to Harlem to this address. He got put off a Fifty-eighth street train at Fiftieth street and came to the street instead of going on. Won't you take him back and see him aboard a Harlem train?"

And thrusting a coin into the guide's hand and the address in readable American into that of the Italian she hurried away, followed by musical phrases from the rescued boy, which were presumably not maledictions.—New York Times.

How a Woman Pulls Up an Awning.

"How would you pull up an awning?" a man abruptly asked his wife.

"An awning?" she replied. "Why, very much as you would, I suppose." That's funny," said the man reflectively. "I was riding on a Brooklyn street car yesterday afternoon when I saw a woman on a piazza pushing away at an awning rope. If I were lifting an awning I'd reach as high as I could on the rope and pull straight down like a sailor, but this woman kept her hands almost at a level of her waist and pushed the rope down a few inches at a time."

"Why, of course," said his wife. "She couldn't raise her arms above her head—her dress would't let her. Dresses won't unless they are made for tennis or unless they are tea gowns."

"H—m, well," said the man, still more reflectively. "Haven't I read something about somebody who called this the woman's century? It seems to be the century of woman's clothes."—New York Recorder.

Dramatic Libraries.

Manager Augustin Daly is credited with having the very finest dramatic library in the United States. Mr. Daly is in love with his library, and is credited with not caring what a precious tome costs him so long as he secures it.

Mr. Thomas J. McKee is the owner of an extraordinary dramatic library, which differs from the Daly collection in the rich profusion of dramatic programmes, portraits and photographs that supplement it. In the matter of old play bills alone this collection has been cited at times as the most remarkable collection in the world.

Manager A. M. Palmer owns a fine dramatic library, and that in the possession of the Dunlap society, organized to preserve mementoes of the stage, is assuming the proportions of a notable collection. Lawyer J. H. V. Arnold, an enthusiast in books, has gathered together some of the rarest specimens of play bills and dramatic tomes.—New York Sun.

He Saved His Clothes.

While a large party, among whom was an elderly Scotch professor, was shooting on the moors in Perthshire it suddenly began to rain. There was no shelter in the neighborhood, and the sportsmen made the best of their misfortune by sitting down and getting drenched. But the professor, as soon as the shower began, wandered off, and was not seen during the hour the rain fell. When it ceased he reappeared, and to every one's surprise there was not a drop of rain on his clothes.

The wet sportsmen were annoyed as well as surprised, thinking he had discovered a place of shelter. But the professor was reticent, and it was with difficulty that at last they persuaded him to tell how he had managed to keep dry. "Directly the rain came on," said he, "I stripped and sat on my clothes till it ceased."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sally Friddly's Strange Powers.

Sally Friddly keeps behind her closet door a tow linen towel. It has hung there for forty years all told.

Now, when Sally Friddly wants a neighbor's cow to yield to her own milk pail she puts into said pail a silver dollar—it may be the rare dollar of 1804. Then she goes to the tow linen towel and repeats some such jargon as this:

The milk for her,
The cream for me.
Saw, Brownie, saw.

Or "Saw, Daisy," or any name her neighbor's cow may possess.

She always gets the cream. She is very considerate and does not take milk from one cow oftener than once in every two or three weeks. This enables everybody to fare alike.—Chicago News.

Savage money has an advantage over ours because it is used both for ornament and coin, so that savages literally have all they possess on their [illegible]ks. One need not look far to find some [illegible]nnant of the custom among the highly civilized.

The importance of microbes to the growth of plants has been practically demonstrated by M. Laurent, of France, who obtained only one-fourth as much buckwheat from sterilized mold as he did from soil swarming with bacteria.

LITERARY PARASITES.

PEOPLE WITH WHOM TRAINED WRITERS HAVE TO CONTEND.

Marion Crawford Tells About the Competition Against Which Newspaper Men Find It the Hardest to Struggle. Qualities of a Reporter.

After cutting a score of pages he began to look for the editor's letter. The volumes had been sent him for review, and were accompanied by the usual note, stating with appalling cynicism the number of words he was expected to write as criticism of each production.

"About a hundred words apiece," wrote the literary editor, "and please return the books with notices Monday at 12 o'clock, at the latest."

It was Thursday, and there were six volumes to be read, digested and written about. George made a short calculation. He must do two each day—Friday, Saturday and Sunday—in order to leave himself Monday morning as a margin in case of accident. Six books, 600 words, or rather more than half a column of the paper for which he wrote. That meant five dollars, for the work was well paid, as being supposed to require some judgment and taste on the part of the writer.

There was of course nothing of much importance in the heap of gayly bound printed matter, nothing to justify a serious article and nothing which George would care to read twice. Nevertheless the exigencies of the book trade must be satisfied and notices must appear and editors must find persons willing and able to write such notices at prices varying from fifty cents to one dollar apiece. Nor was there any difficulty about this.

George knew that the pay was very good as times went and that there were dozens of starving old maids and hungry boys who would do the work for less and would perhaps do it as well as he could. Nor was he inclined to quarrel with the conditions which allowed him so short a time for the accomplishment of such a task. He had worked at second class reviewing for some time and was long past the period of surprises. On the contrary, he looked upon the batch of publications with considerable satisfaction.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A JOURNALIST.

The regularity with which such parcels had arrived during the last few months was a proof that he was doing well, and it seemed probable that in the course of the coming year he might be intrusted with more important work. Once or twice already he had been instructed to write a column, and those were white days in his recollections. He felt that with a permanent engagement to produce a column a week he should be doing very well, but he knew how hard that was to obtain.

No one who has not earned his bread by this kind of labor can have any idea of the crowd that hangs upon the outskirts of professional journalism. A crowd not seeking to enter the ranks of the regular newspaper men, but hoping to pick up the crumbs that fall from the table which appears to them so abundantly loaded. To be a professional journalist in America a man must in nine cases out of ten begin as a reporter. He must possess other qualifications besides those of the literary man. He must have an iron constitution and untiring nerves. He must be able to sit in a crowded room under the glaring gaslight and write out his impressions at an hour when ordinary people are in bed and asleep.

He must possess that brazen assurance which sensitive men of taste rarely have, for he will be called upon to interview all sorts and conditions of men when they least expect it, and generally when they least like it. He must have a keen instinct for business, in order to outwit and outrun his competitors in the pursuit of news. Ever on the alert, he must not dwell upon the recollections of yesterday lest they entwine themselves into the report of today.

Altogether the commencing journalist must be a remarkable being, and most remarkable for a set of qualities which are not only useless to the writer of books, but which, if the writer possessed them, would notably hinder his success. There is no such thing as amateur journalism possible within the precincts of a great newspaper's offices, whereas the outer doors are besieged by amateurs of every known and unknown description.

PARASITES OF JOURNALISM.

In the critical and literary departments the dilettante is the cruel enemy of those who are driven to write for bread, but who lack either the taste, the qualifications, or the opportunities which might give them a seat within, among the reporters' desks. Cruelest of all in the eyes of the poor scribbler is the well to do man of leisure and culture who is personally acquainted with the chief editor, and writes occasional criticisms, often the most important, for nothing. Then there is the young woman who has been to college, who lacks nothing, but is ever ready to write for money, which she devotes to charitable purposes, thereby depriving some unfortunate youth of the dollar a day which means food to him, for whose support the public is not already taxed. But she knows nothing about him, and it amuses her to be connected with the press and to have the importance of exchanging a word with the editor if she meets him in the society she frequents.

The young man goes on the accustomed day for the new books. "I have nothing for you this week, Mr. Tompkins," says the manager of the literary department as politely as possible. The books are gone to the Vassar girl or to the rich idler, and poor Tompkins must not hope to earn his daily dollar again till seven or eight days have passed. His only consolation is that the dawdling dilettante can never get all the work, because he or she cannot write fast enough to supply the demand. Without the spur of necessity it is impossible to read and review two volumes a day for any length of time.

It is hard to combine justice to an author with the necessity for rushing through his books at a hundred pages an hour. It is indeed important to cut every leaf, lest the aforesaid literary manager should accuse poor little Mr. Tompkins of carelessness and superficiality in his judgment, but it is quite impossible that Tompkins should read every word of the children's story book, of the volume of second class sermons, of the collection of fifth rate poetry, and of the harrowing tale of city life, entitled, "The Bucket of Blood; or, the Washerwoman's Revenge," all of which have come at once, and are simultaneously submitted to his authoritative criticism.—Marion Crawford in Homemaker.

Pathetic Death of a Regimental Pet.

A famous regimental pet in days gone by was Black Bob, a horse which belonged to the Eighth King's Royal Irish Light dragoons—now hussars. Black Bob was foaled at the Cape, his dam being an Irish mare, his sire a Godolphin barb, and he became the favorite charger of Rollo Gillespie, colonel of the Royal Irish. The heroic Gillespie fell at Kalunga (1814), and after that affair Black Bob was put up at for auction, "with his saddle and housings still spotted with the blood of his gallant master." Gillespie was greatly beloved by the Royal Irish, and they determined not to let his charger go out of the regiment. The upset price was 300 guineas, and an officer of the Twenty-fifth Light dragoons bid 400 guineas, but the Irish troopers subsequently subscribed 500 guineas among themselves, and so Black Bob became their property.

Black Bob was indeed "made much of" by his new owners. He always marched at the head of the regiment, and could distinguish the trumpets of the Eighth from those of any other corps. It is said that he was particularly partial to the air of "Garryowen," always pricking his ears when the band struck up the national tune. At length, when the Eighth were ordered home, circumstances rendered it imperative that their "pet" should be sold, and Black Bob was bought by a civilian at Cawnpore, to whom the Irish troopers returned half the purchase money on his solemnly undertaking that the old horse should pass the remainder of his days in comfort.

As days passed by, and Bob saw no more the familiar uniforms and heard no more the trumpets nor the voices of his old comrades, he began to pine away, refusing his corn and any other food that was offered him, so his owner had him turned out into a paddock. But the moment he was free Black Bob jumped the bamboo fence and galloped off to the cantonments of the European cavalry. Making for the parade ground the old horse trotted up whinnying to the saluting point, and on the spot where he had so often taken post with Rollo Gillespie on his back, watching the squadrons of the Royal Irish defile past, Black Bob fell down and died.—London Art Journal.

America's Oldest Masonic Lodge.

The Pennsylvania Gazette of December 8, 1730, contains the earliest printed notice of Free and Accepted Masons in America. In November, 1734, Mr. Henry Bell, at that time residing in Lancaster, Pa., wrote to Dr. Thomas Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, as follows: "As you well know, I was one of the originators of the first Masonic lodge in Philadelphia. A party of us used to meet at the Tun tavern, in Water street, and opened a lodge there. Once in the fall of 1730 we formed a design of obtaining a charter for a regular lodge, and made application to the grand lodge of England for one, but before receiving it we heard that Daniel Coxe, of New Jersey, had been appointed by that grand lodge as provincial grand master of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. We therefore made application to him and our request was granted."

When Benjamin Franklin succeeded Humphrey Murray, in 1733, as worshipful master, he was the editor and printer of the Pennsylvania Gazette, and the following announcement appeared in the columns of his own newspaper: "Philadelphia, June 27, 1734.—Monday last a grand lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons was held at the Tun tavern, on Water street, when Benjamin Franklin, being elected grand master for the year ensuing, appointed John Capp to be his deputy, and James Hamilton, Esq., and Thomas Hopkinson Gent were chosen wardens. After which a very elegant entertainment was provided, said the proprietor, Thomas Penn, the governor and several other persons of distinction honored the society with their presence." This paragraph was reprinted in several of the London papers at that time.—Philadelphia Press.

She Introduced Herself.

A round faced, thrifty looking German woman presented one of Uncle Sam's checks at the cashier's window in the subtreasury in Wall street, and placing an old fashioned leathern pocketbook on the little glass shelf waited complacently for her money.

The cashier's assistant looked at the check and at the woman, and in a business-like way said: "You will have to bring somebody to identify you."

"Yah, das ist mine," said the woman with a genial smile.

"But I don't know you," said the young man persuasively. "Can you not bring somebody to identify you?"

"Yah, das ist mine," repeated the woman serenely.

"You don't understand," said the cashier's representative. "This check is made payable to Wilhelmina Heckshausen. I am not acquainted with you, and I cannot pay you until you bring somebody to identify you—I mean to introduce you."

"Ach Introduction? Oxcuse me. I forgot dat. Mister Cashier, I was Wilhelmina Heckschausen. Now, you please, gif me dat money."

The woman was so obviously honest and the amount of the check was so small that the cashier paid it without further question.—New York Times.

How to Tell Whether Bathing is Injurious.

A person can easily determine with one indulgence whether or not open air bathing is hurtful to him. If circulation is speedily restored after he has left the water; if his skin is well reddened, and he is soon well warmed up and as strong and "lively" as when he took his first plunge, then he may properly assume that his bath has done him good. If, on on the other hand, his skin continues cold and clammy for fifteen or twenty minutes, notwithstanding the brisk rubbing he gives himself, and for an hour or more afterward he is weak, dull and languid, then he may be tolerably certain that there is something wrong with him which forbids cold bathing.—Boston Herald.

The Gallery God as a Critic.

The gallery god is the best critic of melodrama. The essential feature of good melodrama is thrill, and he always thrills at the proper time and is not afraid to manifest the same. The thrill may extend down stairs, but somehow the atmosphere down there is not so highly charged with enthusiasm, or else the high priced patrons are averse to showing their feelings, so they thrill in silence if at all and weep under the pretense of wiping their eyeglasses. Not so the gallery god. He is outspoken in his praise or condemnation. He knows a good point when he sees it, and he is not afraid to say so. Moreover, if the melodrama does not come up to his standard, which is pretty high, he never goes again.—Washington Post.

In a Japanese Theater.

A Japanese audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot or make any hideous and inconvenient noise. They merely rise to their feet and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends, and the play is forthwith tabooed.

WEAK MEN YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE

Great English Remedy,

Gray's Specific Medicine

IF YOU SUFFER from Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Spermatorrhea, and Impotency, and all diseases that arise from over-indulgence and self-abuse, as Loss of Memory and Power, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and an early grave, write for a pamphlet.

Address GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $ per package, or six packages for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of money, and with every $5.00 order WE GUARANTEE a cure or money refunded.

On account of counterfeits we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper, the only genuine. Sold in Scranton by Matthews Bros.

Scientific Eye Testing Free

By Dr. Shimberg,

The Specialist on the Eye. Headaches and Nervousness relieved. Latest and Improved Style of Eye Glasses and Spectacles at the Lowest Prices. Best Artificial Eyes inserted for $3.

305 SPRUCE ST., op. Old Post Office.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1893.

The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co., in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitles it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."

MEGARGEL & CONNELL

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

SUPERLATIVE AND GOLD MEDAL

The above brands of flour can be had at any of the following merchants, who will accept THE TRIBUNE FLOUR COUPON of 25 on each one hundred pounds of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour.

Scranton—F. P. Price, Washington avenue Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. P. Price, Gold Medal Brand.
Dunmore—F. D. Manley, Superlative Brand.
Hyde Park—Carson & Davis, Washburn St. Gold Medal Brand; Joseph A. Mears, Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Green Ridge—A. L. Spencer, Gold Medal Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative.
Providence—Conner & Chappell, N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand; C. J. Gillespie, W. Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Peckville—Shaffer & Keiser, Superlative.
Jermyn—C. D. Winters & Co. Superlative
Archbald—Jones, Simpson & Co., Gold Medal.
Carbondale—B. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand.
Honesdale—I. N. Foster & Co. Gold Medal.
Minooka—M. H. Lavelle
Taylor—Judge & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative.
Duryea—Lawrence Store Co., Gold Medal.
Moosic—John McCrindle, Gold Medal.
Pittston—M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal.
Clark's Green—Frace & Parker, Superlative.
Clark's Summit—F. M. Young, Gold Medal.
Dalton—S. E. Finn & Son, Gold Medal Brand.
Nicholson—J. E. Harding.
Waverly—M. W. Lilas & Son, Gold Medal.
Factoryville—Charles Gardner, Gold Medal.
Hopbottom—N. M. Finn & Son, Gold Medal
Tobyhanna—Tobyhanna & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand.
Gouldsboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand.
Moscow—Gaige & Clements, Gold Medal.
Lake Ariel—James A. Bortree, Gold Medal.
Forest City—J. L. Morgan & Co., Gold Meda

P. P. P.

PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT AND POTASSIUM

Makes Marvelous Cures in Blood Poison Rheumatism and Scrofula

P. P. P. purifies the blood, builds up the weak and debilitated, gives strength to weakened nerves, expels diseases, giving the patient health and happiness where sickness, gloomy feelings and lassitude first prevailed.

For primary, secondary and tertiary syphilis, for blood poisoning, mercurial poison, malaria, dyspepsia, and in all blood and skin diseases, like blotches, pimples, old chronic ulcers, tetter, scald head, boils, erysipelas, eczema—we may say, without fear of contradiction, that P. P. P. is the best blood purifier in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cures in all cases.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition, due to menstrual irregularities, are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood cleansing properties of P. P. P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Aug. 14th, 1893.—I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was affected with heart disease, pleurisy and rheumatism for 35 years, was treated by the very best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, tried every known remedy without finding relief. I have only taken one bottle of your P. P. P., and can cheerfully say it has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases.

MRS. M. M. YEARY, Springfield, Green County, Mo.

Pimples, Blotches and Old Sores Catarrh, Malaria and Kidney Troubles

Are entirely removed by P.P.P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium, the greatest blood purifier on earth.

ABERDEEN, O., July 21, 1891. Messrs. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: DEAR SIRS—I bought a bottle of your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and it has done me more good than three months' treatment at the Hot Springs. Send three bottles C. O. D.

Respectfully yours,
JAS. M. NEWTON,
Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

Capt. J. D. Johnston.

To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I suffered for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known remedy but in vain, until P. P. P. was used, and am now entirely cured.

(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON, Savannah, Ga.

Skin Cancer Cured.

Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin, Tex.

SEQUIN, TEX., January 14, 1893. Messrs. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: *Gentlemen*—I have tried your P. P. P. for a disease of the skin, usually known as skin cancer, of thirty years' standing, and found great relief; it purifies the blood and removes all irritation from the seat of the disease and prevents any spreading of the sores. I have taken five or six bottles and feel confident that another course will effect a cure. It has also relieved me from indigestion and stomach troubles. Yours truly,

CAPT. W. M. RUST, Attorney at Law.

Book on Blood Diseases Mailed Free.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

LIPPMAN BROS. PROPRIETORS, Lippman's Block, Savannah, Ga

WEAK MAN CURE YOURSELF IN TWO WEEKS.

Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when I will send you FREE the prescription and full particulars of a new certain remedy that is a complete cure for NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOST MANHOOD and IMPOTENCY in old or young men. Cures in TWO WEEKS I send this information and prescription absolutely FREE, and there is no humbug nor advertising catch about it. Any druggist can put it up for you as everything is plain and simple. All I ask in return is that you will buy a small quantity of the remedy itself of me, all ready for use, but may do as you please about this. All letters sent sealed.

T. C. BARNES, Lock Box 331, News Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

Before and After Using.

Sex-ine Pills RESTORE LOST VIGOR

New discovery. Will brace you up in a week. Sold with WRITTEN GUARANTEE to Cure Nervous Debility, Loss of Sexual Power in either sex, Involuntary Emissions from any cause. If neglected, such troubles lead to consumption or insanity. $1.00 per box by mail, 6 boxes for $5. With every order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Address FRAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, cor. Wyoming Ave. and Spruce St., Scranton, Pa.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

MANHOOD RESTORED! "NERVE SEEDS." This wonderful remedy guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infirmity, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. $1 per box, 6 for $5, by mail prepaid. With a $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Address NERVE SEED CO., Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale in Scranton, Pa., by H. C. SANDERSON, Druggist, cor. Washington and Spruce streets.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS,

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale by C. M. HARRIS, Druggist, 127 Penn Avenue.

MOOSIC POWDER CO.

Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bld'g,

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MINING and BLASTING

POWDER

Made at the MOOSIC and RUSHDALE WORKS.

Laflin & Rand Powder Co.'s

ORANGE GUN POWDER

Electric Batteries, Fuses for exploding blasts, Safety Fuse and Repauno Chemical Co.'s High Explosives

SCIENTIFIC HORSE SHOEING

AND THE TREATMENT OF LAMENESS OF HORSES.

To these branches I devote especial attention every afternoon.

Office and forge at the BLUME CARRIAGE WORKS, 115 DIX COURT, SCRANTON, PA.

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All kinds of Laundry work guaranteed the best.

Good Men Deserve Good Clothes

SO

DO GOOD BOOKS

ONE of the strong points of THE TRIBUNE'S equipment as a first-class printing establishment is the fact that it has a superb Bindery, thoroughly supplied with up-to-date machinery and managed by skilled workmen. For neat work promptly done and at prices that are fair and square, it has no superior in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

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THE TRIBUNE will promptly preserve any of the art series purchased by its readers at prices especially moderate. It will make special rates on the binding of any or all parts of the

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And do the work so thoroughly that you will simply be delighted.

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YES OR NO

A Well-Known Physician, Who, Among Other Things, Is Noted for His Frankness.

No one ever heard Dr. E. Grewer use the phrase "I think" in his practice. The doctor is one of those frank, fearless, honest, positive men who never hesitate to say yes or no, as the case may require. "I can cure you" or "I cannot cure you," is his invariable decision after examination, and to this fact fact is attributable his remarkable record without failures. But it would be strange indeed if the doctor were not a more than usually successful practitioner. He has been surgeon-in-chief in more than one of the largest hospitals of this country, was lately Demonstrator of Physiology and Surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical College in Philadelphia, has been elected an honorary member of the Medico-Chirurgical Association, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, etc., and is still a close student. A man with such a record could not fail to be a successful physician under any circumstances, but when backed by cautious, conservatism in expression, or, to use a more popular phrase, the "be-sure-you're-right-then-go-ahead" system, it would be more than strange if failure overtook him.

You can consult Dr. Grewer any day at Rooms 5 and 6,

Temple Court Building

311 SPRUCE ST.,

from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m. Consultations free. Those suffering from Nervous Diseases are guaranteed a cure. For such there is the cheering word "Yes," as failure is unknown in the doctor's treatment.

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This bank offers to depositors every facility warranted by their balances, business and responsibility.

Special attention given to business accounts. Interest paid on time deposits.

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PROMPT, ENERGETIC, CONSERVATIVE and LIBERAL

This bank invites the patronage of business men and firms generally.

Seeds and Fertilizers

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