



CHAPTER XIII.

After all, it is true that the unexpected always happens. In my unraveling of the Fen Inn mystery I never for a moment expected to find that Francis was alive. I was even ignorant that Felix had hidden round the back way of the house, and as my room was over the front door I had not heard his arrival. Under these circumstances it was easy for me to make the mistake and think the dead man was Francis, particularly as I was misled by the marvelous resemblance between the brothers, and moreover, saw the pearl ring on the finger of the corpse. My mistake was a perfectly excusable one, and I had been confirmed in such erroneous belief by the adult fashion in which Francis, for his own safety, kept up the deception.

Now I knew the truth—that Francis was alive and Felix dead—yet as regards the name of the man who had committed the crime I was still quite in the dark. Rose Gernon knew, but it was questionable whether she would confess, even to save her own skin. Either she or Strent was the guilty person, as none other was in the inn at that time. Strent had vanished, but no doubt she knew his whereabouts. The question was whether she would tell.

"Oh, she'll tell where he is, right enough," said Merrick, to whom I put this view of the matter, "especially if she is guilty herself."

"You don't think she is the criminal, Merrick?"

"There is no reason why she should not," he replied argumentatively. "She had every reason to hate Felix. He had promised to marry her, and she was engaged to Olivia. Quite enough reason there for a jealous woman such as she seems to be."

"But she wanted Felix to kill his brother, so that she might force him to marry her."

"Yes, but that little arrangement did not come off. My idea is that she saw Felix when he arrived at the inn and asked him straight out if he had arranged to marry Olivia. She would hear of the engagement while passing through Marshminster on her way to the inn. No doubt Felix had about the matter, and she lost her temper. It may be that she did not intend to kill him, but having the poisoned arrowhead in her hand had forgot how dangerous it was and threw herself on him. He put out his hand to keep her off, and so was wounded. Then he died, and she was terrified at what the consequences might be, and Strent left the inn."

"But what about her blackmailing Francis?"

"She guessed what Francis had done and saw a chance of securing her aims by putting the murder on him. He had so compromised himself by his foolish actions that of course he was afraid to denounce her."

"Still, why did she want to marry him? She loved Felix, not Francis."

"It's my opinion she loved neither of them," said Merrick dryly, "and simply wanted to marry for respectability."

"Do you think she will denounce Strent?"

"She'll denounce any one to save herself."

"Won't you come and hear her confession, Merrick?"

"Not I. A respectable practitioner like myself has no business to be mixed up in such criminality. Hitherto I have been the sleeping partner in this affair, and you have carried through my ideas exceedingly well. Continue to do so and then come and tell me all about it."

"Very pleasant for you," I grumbled, "but I have all the hard work."

Merrick laughed and pushed me out of the door. He had a dozen patients waiting and could spare no more time. He said one last word before I left.

"Oh, by the way, Denham," said he, lifting a warning forefinger, "don't you trust that Rose Gernon in the least. I've been making inquiries about her, and she has a black record—about the worst in London, I should say."

On my way to Jernyn street I wondered how he had gained this information. A specialist of Merrick's standing does not go round making inquiries about loose characters. Yet I knew he spoke the truth. His faculty for learning things was marvelous. Decidedly, Merrick should have been a detective. His opinion about Rose Gernon coincided with mine. One had only to look in her face to see what she was.

At Jernyn street I found Francis eagerly waiting my arrival.

"I've sent down to the Marshminster police," said he quickly, "and instructed them to drag the pool near the Fen Inn."

"I am afraid you'll get into trouble over that, Brerly."

"I don't care," said Francis doggedly. "I have been a coward too long. Had I trusted you and told all there would not have been this trouble. If the police arrest me, they can just do so, and I'll leave it to you to see me through."

"I hope we'll learn the truth from Rose today."

"It's possible, but not probable. She'll lie like the devil, whose daughter she is."

"I'm not too sure of that. If she is guiltless, she'll be only too anxious to save her own neck. Why should she risk her liberty for the sake of this man Strent? Who is he?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Then we'll make Rose tell today or have her arrested."

"There is not sufficient evidence against her," objected Francis.

"Yes, there is. I'll take the risk of all that. Before Rose Gernon leaves this room she has to confess the truth. It's your only chance of safety."

"But you don't believe I killed Felix?"

"I don't, but the police may. You forgot how highly suspicious all your actions have been. Rose knows you

have been passing up your brother and will be sure to make capital out of it."

"You'll see me through, Denham?" he said, taking my hand.

"You can be sure of that," I answered, shaking it heartily. "I won't rest till you are safe and the murderer of your brother is in jail."

"Who killed him, do you think?"

"I don't know, but Rose does, and we'll make her tell."

We discussed the matter extensively, but neither of us could come to any conclusion. When the clock struck noon, Rose Gernon, true to her appointment, walked into the room. Without waiting for an invitation she sat down in a chair and scowled at me.

"That man of yours is outside," she said savagely. "He's been following me about everywhere and watching my house all night. Perhaps you'll ask him to go away."

"That depends on the result of this conversation. You're not out of danger yet, Miss Gernon."

"I am not aware that I was ever in danger, Mr. Denham. Are you going to accuse me of killing Felix?"

"I might even do that unless you tell the truth."

"Oh!" said she with a sneer, "is that your game, sir? Then suppose I do tell the truth and say you killed Felix?"

"You're quite capable of doing so, but no one would believe a wild tale. I had no reason to kill Felix Brerly."

"Then what motive had I for so doing?"

"That's best known to yourself," I answered tartly, weary of all this fencing.

"It is waste of time talking like this," interrupted Francis. "You must be aware, Miss Gernon, that you stand in a very dangerous position."

"Not more so than you do yourself," she replied, with superb insolence.

"Pardon me, I think otherwise. By your own confession you went down to the Fen Inn to assist my brother in getting me out of the way. You said that last night before two witnesses—Miss Bellin and Mr. Denham."

"I did not intend that any crime should be committed."

"Perhaps not. Nevertheless my brother is dead, and you know how he died."

"I know the cause of his death, but I do not know who killed him."

"If you know one thing, you must know the other."

"I do not. When Felix arrived, he showed Strent and I an arrowhead which he said was poisoned."

"Is this the arrowhead?" I asked, producing it out of a thick piece of paper.

"Yes. Where did you get it?"

"I found it in the ashes of the fireplace, where you threw it."

"That is not true," said Miss Gernon angrily. "I did not throw it into the fireplace. I never even had it in my hand. The idea that it was poisoned frightened me."

"Pray go on with your story, Miss Gernon."

"I see you don't believe me," she flashed out defiantly, "but I am telling exactly what took place. Felix said he was going to kill his brother with the poisoned arrowhead. I told him I would have none of that sort of thing; that I only consented to play the part of a waiting maid in order to deceive his brother into a meeting. I said Francis could marry Miss Bellin, and he was to marry me."

"And after that?"

"He jeered and said he intended to marry Miss Bellin. Then I grew angry and struck him."

She was in real earnest, for her mouth was set, and her hands were clenched, not a pretty sight by any means. I remembered Merrick's idea and conceived that it might be possible the woman before me had killed the man who flouted her—not intentionally, but in a fit of blind rage.

"You struck him with the arrowhead?" I hinted.

"No, I didn't. He had laid that down on the table. I struck him with open palm and said if he killed his brother I would denounce him to the authorities as a murderer. Then he would go to the scaffold instead of the altar with Miss Bellin."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing at first. Then I saw a look pass between him and Strent, and they seemed to understand one another. Felix said he would return to Marshminster and let his brother marry Miss Bellin. I did not then know he had been passing himself off as you."

"If I had, I would have guessed he was lying. As it was, I thought he spoke the truth and kissed him. Then I went to bed."

"And afterward?" said Francis, seeing she paused.

"Well, I never saw Felix again till he was dead."

"In the morning?"

"No. An hour after I left him, Strent knocked at my bedroom door and asked me to come down. I guessed by his voice he was afraid, so dressed hurriedly and came down stairs. Felix was lying dead by the table. I could not see Strent and went to look for him. He was out at the back door mounting Francis' horse. I asked him where he was going, and he said Felix was dead, and he did not want to stay in order to be accused of the crime."

"Did he say he had killed him?"

"No, nor had I time to ask him. He went off at a gallop and left me alone with the body. I was horribly afraid, as I thought you or Francis would wake up and accuse me of the crime. Besides I could not account for my presence in that house without suspicion, so I put on my hat and cloak and fled to Marshminster."

"How did you fly?"

"No, nor had I time to ask him. He went off at a gallop and left me alone with the body. I was horribly afraid, as I thought you or Francis would wake up and accuse me of the crime. Besides I could not account for my presence in that house without suspicion, so I put on my hat and cloak and fled to Marshminster."

"How did you fly?"

"No, nor had I time to ask him. He went off at a gallop and left me alone with the body. I was horribly afraid, as I thought you or Francis would wake up and accuse me of the crime. Besides I could not account for my presence in that house without suspicion, so I put on my hat and cloak and fled to Marshminster."

"How did you fly?"

"No, nor had I time to ask him. He went off at a gallop and left me alone with the body. I was horribly afraid, as I thought you or Francis would wake up and accuse me of the crime. Besides I could not account for my presence in that house without suspicion, so I put on my hat and cloak and fled to Marshminster."

"There was a trap and horse in which Strent and I had brought provisions to the inn. I harnessed the horse and drove back to the Marshminster. There I returned it to the owner and went back to London by the early train."

"What became of Strent?"

"I don't know. I have never set eyes on him since."

"Do you think he killed Felix?"

"Yes, I believe he had a row, and he killed him. But he did not admit it."

Francis and I looked at one another. The whole business was so queer as to be hardly believable. Nevertheless we saw Rose Gernon had told the truth.

"What made you come to me?" asked Francis.

"I thought you had escaped from the inn and wished to ask you what had become of your brother's body. Then I saw you were the clothes of Felix and guessed the whole game."

"Particularly as you listened to my theory at the Fen Inn," said I.

"Yes," she answered quickly. "It was your conversation which put the idea into my head. I saw that Felix had passed himself off as Francis, and afterward Francis acted the part of Felix."

"You wished to marry me," said Francis, whereat Rose laughed.

"No, I tried that game on to get the whole truth out of you. I wished you to admit you were Felix, for he had promised to marry me. However, you did not fall into the trap. And now," she added, standing up, "I have told you all. May I go?"

I consulted Francis with a look. He consented mutely.

"Yes," I said, also rising, "you may go, but my detective will still watch you."

"For how long?"

"Till Strent is found," she said, tossing her head. "You are wrong. Till I met Strent at Marshminster I never saw him before, nor do I know where he now is. Take off your bloodhound."

"When Strent is found," I persisted, "not till then."

She looked wrathfully at me and rushed out of the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Ticket Sellers Make Money.

"How is it that ticket sellers on a small salary can afford to live so well?" repeated the veteran theatrical man after me.

"Why, my boy, it is simple enough. Stand in the box office of a large theater any night and you will understand it. You see, a large part of the seats are sold within half an hour before each performance. That means the handling of a great deal of money in a very short time. In the rush a great many people are bound to get excited and forget all about how much money they have and how much change they should get back. Their carelessness is the ticket seller's gain. Not that he does anything wrong or that there is anything approaching cheating."

"For instance, an excited man rushes up to the window after the curtain has gone up, throws down a ten dollar bill and asks for five seats. He should get back two dollars and a half in change. But as soon as the tickets are handed him he grabs them and rushes into the theater. Another man behind him shoves the bills to one side and demands the best seats in the house."

"This happens once or twice in the course of the night, and that is the reason why ticket sellers have a much better income than most folks suppose."

"Ticket selling for a circus is still more profitable. I have a man who once offered a large royalty for the privilege of running the ticket wagon of a big circus."

"Of course the ticket seller only turns over to the managers as much money as sold tickets call for. The rest he keeps, for he has no way of knowing who it really does belong to. Of course, if the circus one makes it and goes to claim it, he always gets it back, for, as I have said, there is no intention to be dishonest."

Couldn't Find the Lake.

A German, who wished to know the geography of this country, fell into the mistake so common to Europeans, of not appreciating the rather large scale on which nature has dealt with us in the matter of area of land and water.

Near Concord, Mass., is Walden pond, the little body of water near which Thoreau lived alone in a hut for about two years. His most famous book is entitled "Walden." It purports to be an account of his life in the hut, and ranks with the masterpieces of American literature.

Not long ago a German professor, engaged in studies of America, received from Washington a large map of the continent. Soon afterward, in writing to an eminent American professor and historian, the German scholar said he had looked all over the map without finding Walden pond. This seemed to him an amazing omission.—Youth's Companion.

The Karoo Bush of South Africa.

The Karoo bush provides against drought by roots of enormous length, stretching under ground to a depth of many feet. At the end of a ten months' drought, when the earth is baked brickdust for two feet from the surface, if you break the dried stalk of a Karoo bush three inches high you will find running down the center a tiny thread of pale, green liquid tissue still alive with sap.—Fortnightly Review.

CURES OTHERS.

To purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and thereby invigorate the liver and digestive organs, brace up the nerves, and put the system in order generally, "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal.

DYSPEPSIA IN ITS WORST FORM.

ERVIN DIERBERG, Esq., of Gettysburg, Pa., writes: "Only those who have had dyspepsia know what it really can be. What such a case needs is a tonic, and I have found in your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Felix' on hand when getting down from an active summer's vacation, to quiet student life, to every one whose suffering is of the nature that mine was." Sold everywhere.

Why Not You?

Although I can now claim, if any one can, that I have a cast iron stomach, I always keep your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Felix' on hand when getting down from an active summer's vacation, to quiet student life, to every one whose suffering is of the nature that mine was." Sold everywhere.

Small Brother.—That young man who comes to see you now always brings me candy.

Sister.—Well, if he does you needn't tell everybody. What do you do with it all?

Small Brother.—Sit under the sofa and eat it.—Good News.

Getting Him a Pleasant Birth.

Mr. Howard—Lillian, what shall we do with George? He is a good servant, but he goes out so much.

Small Brother.—Can't you get him a position in the postoffice as an outgoing domestic mail?—Harper's Bazar.

TROTTER BEATS PACER.

FAMOUS MATCH FOR \$10,000 AT A DISTANCE OF TEN MILES.

Six Miles Were Covered in Fifteen Minutes, Fifty-five and One-half Seconds, When the Running Horse Quilt—The Trotter Made the Tenth Mile in 2:30.

My mind wanders back through an interval of years to a day in the long ago, before the majority of the present generation of racemasters were born, and to a race that was at that day sensational, and one that would tomorrow draw such a crowd as would fill the coffers of the association giving it as they were never before filled.

The race was at ten miles (not ten heats, as it is now), for a purse of \$10,000, and the horses that measured strides were the trotter Prince, driven by the late Hiram Woodruff, and the pacer Hero, handled by the renowned George Spicer. The meeting took place on the old Centreville course in the fall of 1888. I can remember the day quite distinctly. The weather was fine, the atmosphere clear, cool and bracing. Within the grounds and in the trees and on knolls surrounding were assembled fully 10,000 persons, who came from far and near to see the event that had been held in lively anticipation for months.

Among the throngs that packed the stands and overflowed the lawn were politicians of national prominence, lawyers of great repute, solid men of business, sporting men pure and simple, and even clergymen, and ladies (God bless 'em). And what would you say today to see men at the track dressed in swallow tail coats, with wide expense of shirt bosom, and cravats that could in an emergency be used as table covers. That was the way we dressed in 1888, and the wide brimmed hats worn then would appear ludicrous now.

THE FIRST TWO MILES.

The race was called about 3 o'clock. The track was in excellent order, and the horses appeared in superb condition. The crowd, we say now, to the minute. Hero was the favorite, and \$100 to \$75 was staked on him, probably to the amount of \$40,000 or \$50,000, in those days considerable money.

The judges called the drivers up to the stand and stated the conditions of the race and cautioned them in much the same manner sometimes practiced nowadays regarding a violation of rules, and then they were given the start, the pacer having the pole and leading round the first turn. In my mind's eye I can see the racers plainly as though it were but yesterday instead of nearly forty years ago.

On the backstretch the pacer waited for the trotter and let him come alongside, it being apparent at this early stage that Spicer did not intend to go any faster than Hiram would make him, at the same time keeping the latter on the outside all the way round, thereby making him go a greater distance in the race. They kept side by side until they reached the lower turn, when Hiram pulled in behind Hero and waited until he reached straight work on the homestretch, while he came out, and the two came to the stand with the wheels of their saddles close together as it was possible to get them without touching. The first mile was done in 2:44.

On the second mile Hiram, seeing through Spicer's tactics, began to crowd him. The pace of both horses now became accelerated, and it was evident that Hiram intended to force his adversary to a break-down, believing presumably that a horse would prove the better stayer. Spicer kept the pacer well in hand, and would not go any faster than he was absolutely compelled to. The trotter again fell in behind on the lower turn, and again made a brush at the homestretch, the pair coming to the stand head and head. The time for this mile was 2:36.

HOW THE RACE WAS WON.

On the third mile Woodruff pursued the same tactics as in the two preceding miles, only putting on a little more steam, which compelled the pacer to add a little more pressure, and away they dashed around the upper turn and down the backstretch at a killing pace. They came to the stand on even terms in the third mile, Hiram exclaiming to a friend as they passed, "I've got him, sure." Time, 2:31.5.

The fourth and fifth miles were run in precisely the same manner, both horses coming to the wire like a team. The time for the fourth mile was 2:30 and the fifth 2:27. On the sixth mile the trotter became the favorite, any amount of money being offered on him, without takers. He took the pole on the first turn, in spite of Spicer's efforts to force the pacer to extend himself, and the latter began to show symptoms of distress. He struggled bravely, however, but the trotter opened the gap at every stride. At the half mile pole he was fifty yards in front, without the slightest abatement of his speed; but on the lower turn Hiram let him up, took it more moderately up the homestretch, coming to the line in 2:45, having performed the six miles in 15:51, an average of less than 2:40 for the six miles.

When the pacer reached the stand it was evident he had enough, and he was stopped at the wire. A more exciting race, as long as it lasted, I have never seen.

The trotter was then slowed to an easy pace, and it was unnecessary to drive him up and he was walked to the wire. He was jogged the next three miles, keeping as fresh as possible for the last mile, his owner having a wager of \$500 that he would make the tenth mile in less than three minutes. The time of the seventh mile was 2:48, the eighth 2:45 and the ninth 2:43, but he was let out trotting again, his wire and started to decide the wager, dashed off at an astonishing rate of speed, which he kept up throughout the mile, performing the distance in 2:30—the greatest feat ever known.

How many horses are there in training today that can trot six miles in less than sixteen minutes, jog along three miles further and then wind up by doing a mile in 2:30? Who are they?—Judson Jay in New York Sun.

Reading Character by the Nose.

"You can almost tell a person's character from the nose alone," remarked Professor Oppenheim. "All great men have great noses. The Greek nose, which has no protuberance, is straight, argues great sense of aesthetics, of beauty, but no character and no power of contention. 'Large nostrils show courage. People of fearless disposition breathe freely and freely. All the fiercer animals have dilated nostrils. The drooping nostril shows historic talent. If the nose also droops it denotes a tragic power, and if only the nostril the capacity is marked for the interpretation of comedy."

"Where the nose is thin at the bridge it shows generosity, while a nose that is thick at the bridge argues acquisitiveness. When it is uplifted like the petal of a flower the person is inquisitive. A projecting nose argues a disposition to investigate. It is a sign of the person, as it were, and wants to scent out things."—London Cor. New York World.

A Quiet Time.

Small Brother.—That young man who comes to see you now always brings me candy.

Sister.—Well, if he does you needn't tell everybody. What do you do with it all?

Small Brother.—Sit under the sofa and eat it.—Good News.

Getting Him a Pleasant Birth.

Mr. Howard—Lillian, what shall we do with George? He is a good servant, but he goes out so much.

Small Brother.—Can't you get him a position in the postoffice as an outgoing domestic mail?—Harper's Bazar.

Third National Bank of Scranton.

ORGANIZED 1872.

CAPITAL, \$200,000
SURPLUS, \$250,000

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

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

WILLIAM CONNELL, President.
GEO. H. CATLIN, Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. PERK, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
William Connell, George H. Catlin, Alfred Hand, James Archibald, Henry Reim, Jr., William E. South, Luther Kaiter.

SPRING HOUSE

HEART LAKE, Susquehanna Co.

U. E. CROFT, Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE is strictly temperance, is new and well furnished and OPEN TO THE PUBLIC THIS YEAR ROUND. It is located midway between Montrose and Scranton, on Montrose and Lackawanna Railroad, six miles from D. & W. E. R. at Alford Station, and five miles from Montrose; capacity, thirty-five; three minutes' walk from R. R. station.

GOOD BOATS, FISHING TACKLE, &c., FREE TO GUESTS.

Altitude about 2000 feet, equalling in this respect the Adirondack and Catskill Mountains.

Fine grove, plenty of shade and beautiful scenery, making a Summer Resort unequalled in beauty and cheapness.

Dancing pavilion, swings, croquet grounds, etc., Cold Spring Water and plenty of Milk.

Rates, \$7 to \$10 per week, \$1.50 per day. Excursion tickets sold at all stations on D. & W. lines.

Porter meets all trains.

Seeds and Fertilizers

Large Medium and White Clover, Choice Timothy and Lawn Grass Seeds

Guano, Bone Dust and Phosphates for Farms, Lawns and Gardens.

HUNT & CONNELL CO.

N. A. HULBERT'S City Music Store,

21 WYOMING AVE., SCRANTON.

STEINWAY & SON, DECKER BROTHERS, KRAMER & BAUER.

PIANOS

Also large stock of first-class

ORGANS

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, MUSIC, ETC., ETC.

MOOSIC POWDER CO.,

Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bld'g, SCRANTON, PA.

MINING AND BLASTING POWDER

Made at the MOOSIC and RUSH-DALE WORKS.

Laffin & Rami Powder Co.'s ORANGE GUN POWDER

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

ALL KINDS OF BOOKBINDING

THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE BOOKBINDING DEPT.

For Delicacy, For purity, and for improvement of the complexion, nothing equals Pezomax's Powder.



From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1888.

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

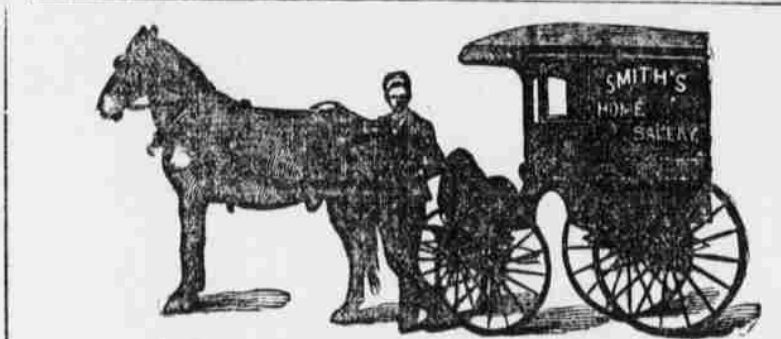
WHOLESALE AGENTS

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. Moore, Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Green Ridge—A. L. Spencer, Gold Medal Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative.
Providence—Foster & Chappell, N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand; J. Gillespie, W. Market street, Gold Medal Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
Perryville—Schaffer & Kiser, Superlative.
Jernyn—G. D. Willetts & Co., Superlative.
Archbald—Jones, Simpson & Co., Gold Medal.
Carbondale—B. S. Clark, Gold Medal Brand.
Honesdale—L. N. Foster & Co., Gold Medal.
Jincks—M. H. Lovell.

Taylor—Judge & Co., Gold Medal; Atherton & Co., Superlative.
Dunmore—Lawrence Store Co., Gold Medal.
Moosic—John McCreindle, Gold Medal.
Pittston—M. W. O'Boyle, Gold Medal.
Clark's Green—Francis & Parker, Superlative.
Clark's Summit—F. M. Young, Gold Medal.
Barton—S. E. Finn & Son, Gold Medal Brand.
Nicholson—J. E. Harding.
Waverly—M. W. Miles & Son, Gold Medal.
Factoryville—Charles Gardner, Gold Medal.
Hobbsport—N. M. Finn & Son, Gold Medal.
Toiyahanna—Toiyahanna & Lehigh Lumber Co., Gold Medal Brand.
Gouldsboro—S. A. Adams, Gold Medal Brand.
Moscow—Gale & Clemens, Gold Medal.
Lake Ariel—James A. Bortree, Gold Medal.
Forest City—J. L. Morgan & Co., Gold Medal.



LOUIS B. SMITH Dealer in Choice Confections and Fruits.