### THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-MONDAY MORNING. APRIL 2. 1894.



CHAPTER III.

Night comes, and the streets of the old town grow more quict. Men have cheered themselves hoarse, and intense excitement has wearied everybody. An even 50 men have signed the roll, and more will come in tomorrow. The recruiting office has been closed by the removal of the table and the departure of the captain. With that officer we have little to do. With the man in citizen's clothes who assisted him we have much. Let me introduce to you as he sits on the veranda of the village inn Duke Wyle, 25 years of age, a bachelor, the only son of ex-Judge Wyle, the nabob of the village and county. The young man has been educated for nothing in particular. He has done nothing in particular since he left college.

'Duke? Oh, Duke's all right," was the roply to any half meant criticism. "The old man's got plenty of money, and Duke is his heir. Good boy, that Duke. Likes to hunt and ride and is a little wild, but he'll steady down after a bit. Den't you worry about Duke!' And when the news of war came found the excitement his nature When the volunteer companyfull, he was to be its first lieuten-Eo and Royal Kenton were ac-111 ances, but not friends. In the be-410 r they had been attracted toward gin per, and there was promise of eac close macy. But no two men can love L ime woman and be friendsig less than enemies. Eoth be anyi dent callers at the old manwere fre sion standing at the head of the long street, in which resided the widow and daughter of the late Hon. John Percy, one of Virginia's oldest and wisest senators and statesmen. If Marian favored either one, if she was interested in any one of her numerous callers, no sien of encouragement had been given. Kenton and Wyle were only two out of twenty, and yet it seemed to be generally understood that she would altimately favor one or the other.

"Hooray! Hooray! We uss will be in Washington in less'n 30 days!" It was the voice of Steve Brayton

shouting as he drew near. "You there, Steve?" called Wyle as the enthusiastic volunteer was swinging his hat and making ready for another

"W'at's wanted, lootenant?" "Come up here!".

"Doggono my hide, but I want to git down that and hey a fout so had that I cau't stand still!" growled Steve as he

are very busy waiting for war news, and we have sort o' decided to leave the matter to you boys. You'll find he's a Yankee spy, and you'll probably want to use him rough, and if we were along we'd be obliged to protect him. Yoa'd better get about a dozen of the boys together and give Mr. Yankee a call tonight. Talk right up to him and let him see that you know all about him. Perhaps he's found out all the Lincoln government wants to know and is ready to go north. If he says he'll go, give him half an hour to pack p and walk hun down to the train, which goes past at 11 o'clock.

"I see. But s'pose he says he won't go?' "Tar and 'eathers, Steve-tar and

feathers will make him change his mind! "They will, fur shore, and we uns

will giv him tar and feathers! Yo' ar' sartin he's a Yankee?"

"Of course.

"Means to fight agin us?"

"Of course. You are not going to flunk out, are you 'Steve Brayton never did flunk in all

his life, and he ain't goin to begin now,

'But what?'' impatiently demanded Wyle, who was in a harry to begin pro-

"Seems like we orter hev some sort o' beginnin. He un drawed up them papers far me and didn't make no charge, and I don't want to jump in on him all of a sudden. Seems like I orter be sorter civil and decent at fust and find out

what he un's doin or means to do." Steve Brayton, I'll scratch your name off the roll this very night! You ain't got the sand to make a soldier!" "Shoo! Don't yo' he so flustrated!

Hey yo' got that roll with yo'?"

"Good! Hand it over." "What do you want of it?"

"I've dun get a plan, I'il take that paper along. I'll git Ike Baxter, Bill Taylor, Tom Henderson and six or eight mo', and we'll find that Yankee. When we've found him, I'll be civil and decent and say: 'Folks is a-tellin that yo' un is a Yankee spy, and that yo' un is

gwine to skip out fur the north purty quick. How does yo' un constanduate?" 'What do you mean by that?" asked Wyle.

"That means how does he un stand. Is he un for the south or north? If he un's fur the south, let him put his name right down that to be one of us. If he un's fur the north, we uns will cum back

for tar and feathers." "Steve, you've hit it-hit it plumb exclaimed Wylras he rose up to asked Marian as Steve pulled off his shake hands. "You've got the idea exhat and shifted about in a nervous way. actly. Put that there paper right at "N-nuthin, ma'am, nuthin 'tall!" he him! If he's for us, he'll sign; if he's replied as he backed off. "That is, we agin us, he won't. Get your men tojest considered that we'd better call gether and start out right away." and-and" "We uns will find out all about it in "Did you want to see any one here?" an hour, lootenant, and doggone my hide "Why don't you un tell her?" exif I ain't so check full of fout that Fyaclaimed like Baxter as he pushed himgot to holler! Hip, hip, hooray! Aim self forward. low, boys, and giv' it to 'em heavy!'' "Waal, ma'am, we uns cum yere to

paper which had arrived ball an hour before, when Royal Kenton was annonnced. He was received in a manner

to let him know that his presence was welcome, and conversation turned at once to the all important question. After it had continued for a time Mrs. Percy suddenly observed: "Mr. Kenton, we were speaking of you this afternoon and were agreed that your position was at least embar-

rassing. "Which means," he smilingly replied, "that you have been wondering which side I would take in this contest."

Mother and daughter looked at him with considerable eagerness, but with-

out reply, and he continued : "No doubt I ought to be ashamed of the fact that I have lived to be 24 years of age and have taken no interest in politics. If all others were clear on this question, I could soon decide it for myself. Here we have some of the ablest men of America contending that no state is bound to the Union by any constitutional law, while others equally wise advise war as a penalty for secession. We have no precedent to guide us. No state was forced into the Union. If the people of any one state believe that separation would be a benefit, how can we deny her right to withdraw? And yet

no state has a moral or legal right to imperil the welfare of the general government." "1 cannot speak for the south, but for Virginia only," said the mother. I know little of politics, I am content

to leave the question to the statesmen of our state. I have no bitterness of sectional feeling." "You are from Rhode Island, Mr.

Kenton," observed the daughter. Yes. "But you came here to make your home with us. The state has adopted

you, so to speak. "Yes." "You have become a voter here, You

have no intention of returning to the with? "None whatever."

"Then you amust stand on the same datform we do. You must stand by your state. "He has doubtless given the subject actions thought," said the mother in

iones meant to gently reprise and the laughter for her eagerness, "I have indeed," answered Kenton,

'and it seems to me that''. At that moment a colored girl appeared at the door and beckoned to

mother and daughter in an excited way und whispered; "De sogers hev cum fur de Yankee, an dey's gwine to do sunthin awful to him! Dey wants he un to cum outdoahs right smart!"

"Soldiers? What soldiers?" asked Marian. 'Why, dem soldiers dat's paradin up in down an makin sich a fuss! Dar's

ober a hundred of 'em aroun de house!' 'And they want Mr. Kenton?' "Yes'm-want him right bad. I

ward 'em talk 'bont tar and fedders!'' Whispering to her mother to entertain their caller, the girl excused herself and bassed down the hall and out at the ront door. Just as she opened it Steve Brayton was reaching out to ring the hell. Behind him were a dozen or more

"Well, what is wanted?" quietly

#### HE LIT OUT.

A New Version of the Departure and Return of the Wayward Son.

1 am reminded of a certain willful boywe have all either known or been just such a one-an aggrieved, unappreciated boy, who grew to dislike his own home very much, and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. So he brooded sullenly over his disheartening surroundings and limitations; and of course knowing the outside world would afford him advantages never to be found at home, he lit out one morning before breakfast, and climb ing over the back fence and bitterly shaking his fist at the woodpile, he "vanished imself away" down the turnpike. Yes; he had at last put into execution his long muttered threatenings. He had run away

His parents, at the discovery of his flight, bore up first rate-especially the father. Possibly he had been a much abused boy himself some time, and divined that even then his wayward son was disporting him self in the delights of the swimming hole -where in reality he was, a where he stoically remained throughout the day save at one famishing interval in which he sneaked far enough away to raid a neighboring orchard. The other boys went home at dinner time-but he, alas he had no home!

At least he tried to think these very words, and with very biting irony, but his lip trembled frequently that long, long feverish afternoon, and there was getting to be a knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot in his throat that seemed to hurt worse

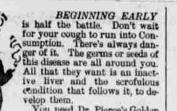
when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opin-ionated sort of a pain. But he wrestled with it and swallowed at it until aimost dark; then, with the last straggling crowd of his companions, he moved torpidly in toward home, or rather oozed that way, with a loathful, hesitating, reluctant, late election-returns characteristic, somewhat heightened perhaps by the inward resolve of chopping an armful of wood as he went in by way of the kitchen. And he did this, but the hired girl, who was washing the supper dishes, made no comment of any

He ranged through the pantry with ap-parent carelessness, but the cupboard was locked. He went out to the porch, where, at least, the pump met him kindly and shook hands with him, and he drank long and deep to their more enduring acquaintance. The back yard, in the settling gloom was lonesome, but it looked good, and the lightning bugs, against the grapevines, blinked at him with a kind of sallow glad ness over his return. His heart was soft-ening. He walked thoughtfully to the rain barrel at the corner of the house and peered in at the few faint stars reflected there. Then, moved by some strange im pulse, he washed his feet.

He then went into the house and on straight into the room where sat his parents by the evening lamp. The father was intently reading the paper, the mother in tently sewing. Neither looked up at his entrance, even reproachfully, and neither spoke. The boy drew a long, quavering

sigh, and sat down on the remote edge of a chair. All was still in the room for a long time-very still; but everything seemed so kind and restful and old fash toned and homely and kin to him! Only if somebody would say something-or come and box him, anyhow!-anything Why, Lord bless 'em, wasn't he there, ready to gratefully accept anything from them? But that silence! If the clock would only strike and drown the whisper ing, sifting sound of the katydids outside in the dewy grass,

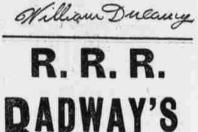
From afar off, down some alien street, he heard the faint halloo of the boys at their nightly game of "town fox" with no desire whatever to be a participant in their sport-no, never again in the world! He just wanted to stay in of nights-right there at home-always. He coughed-hoarsely, too-and shifted his positionbut no vaguest parental notice or solicitude in response-no word-no look. Oh, it was very still. He couldn't just remem ber any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. And he felt that he himself must break it; so, summing every subtle artifice of seeming nonchalance to his aid, and gazing pensively at the cat curled in its wonted corner of the hearth at last he spoke out airly and said, "I see you've got the same old cat."-Indianap olis Journal.



etadition that follows it, to de-velop them. You need Dr. Pierce's Goldan Medical Discovery, now, to thoroughly purify your blood, build up sound, firm, honest fiesh, and make every weak spot It's a certain remedy for the earlier Commution. stages of Consumption

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strong.



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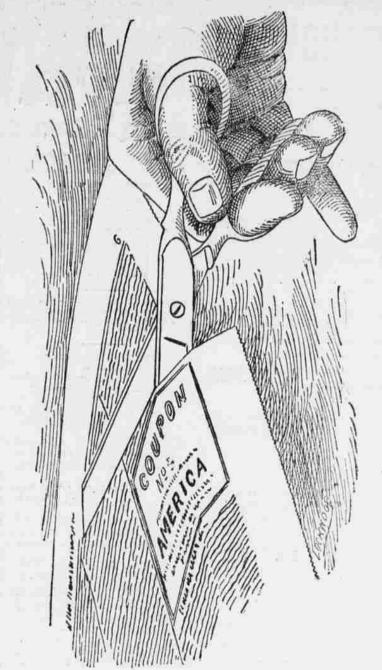
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"Say, Steve, do you know there's a Yankee tond ust

came along down the veranda. "What's up, hostenant? Hain't dun gone and got word that them ar' Yankers is goin to give up without a fout, hev ye?"

'No. There's no news this evening? Sit down.

"Whoop! I'm powerfully minded to sot out by myself and git that befo' the fussin is all over I" exclaimed Steve as he hesitated to take the chair pushed at him by the other's foot.

"Sit down! You'll get there soon mongh without any extra hurry! Say, Steve, do you know there's a Yankee among us-a regular, full fiedged Yankee right hero in this town?"

'Lordy, no! Has he un cum dewn to captur' we una?"

"Ho is here as a spy, Steve—as a spy "Ho is here as a spy, Steve as a spy to let "Warted be north what we are dering deeply. Ecocated at the north, doing. You fellers are not very bright. or you'd have got onto him without my telling."

Shoo! A Yankee spy right yere in his hest, and she rather liked him. this town? Hey yo' seen him with yo'r Own eyes?

"I have."

"And yo' kin name him?" "I can. Do you know Lawyer Wil-Bams?'

"I reckon." "Do you know Aman in the office with him-fellow named Kenton?"

"I do, fur suah. He drawed up some papers fur me awhile ago. Purty nice Bort of a feller, I take it."

"Didn't you know he was a Yankee?" "Not"

"Well, he is. Any one will tell you that he came down here from the north only about a year ago."

But he cum to go inter bizness."

"Yes, but he's a Yankee, and they are all alike-all down on us about the nigger, and all want to make us eat dirt.

"Shoo! Jest w; to walk right over us and tread us as o the ground, ch?" "That's it, and he's one of them. No one knows how many letters he's sent

off in the last two weeks. He probably sent one today, and they know in Washington just what we are doing here." 'But what's he doin yere if he's a

Yankee spy?" persisted Steve. "Seems like I've heard they hang spice." "And they'll hang him if he stays

long enough! I'm thinking he'll get all the information he can and then sneak for the north and enlist in the Yankee army. "Shoot What's yo'r idea, lootenant?"

"I think somebody ought to wait on him and give him warning to leave the arguments. The talk of a southern contown at once. If he refuses to go, I federacy did not appeal to her patriotreckon we can scare up enough tar and ism. Her pride and patri atism belonged feathers to give him a cost." to Virginia first of all. Virginia's weal

"Doggone if, lootenant, but yo' are dead right! Yo'n the captain orter jest walk right up to him this very night!" of which we have written the widow "Well, you see," observed Wyle aft- Percy and her daughter were eagerly

er some hesitation, "the captain and I scanning the columns of a Richmond

CHAPTER IV. The average writer of fiction describes

olicid after her and called:

shine again!"

"Yes, we uns cum to see that Yankee!" added Ike. every southern man as wearing long, "You mean Mr. Kenton?" queriea black hair, a wide brimmed hat and a Marian. fierce mustache. The southern woman

"That's it! They say he's a Yankee is pictured as tall and stately, with spy, and it's our dooty to hev a little black eyes and raven tresses. Marian talk with him?" Percy was a true child of the south, and "Who says he's a Yankee spy?"

tee somebody," continued Steve.

yet she had hazel eyes, brown hair and "Rechon it was Duke Wyle, ma'am, was petito in figure. As she passed the and he orter to know, - He's goin to be ragged little darkies in the street they first lootenant of our company, yo'

know. "Golly me, but dar goes Miss Sun-"And Mr. Wyle told you that Mr. Kenton was a Yankee spy, did he?" de-Of sunny disposition, charitable in manded Marian as her eyes flashed and thought and deed, respected by all, she her breath came quickly. had dignity without haughtiness, was a

"Yes, ma'am, queen among girls without arrogance. "Steve Brayton, yo' un's a fool!" call-It every other girl of the south was ar-guing for and enthusiastically applanded a voice from the crowd-the voice of some one who knew that Wyle was a ing the right of secession and wearing

the toy Palmetto flag, Marian was the caller at the house. exception. Not that the momentous "He dun told me so, and it's left fur us to find out!" continued Steve, who events were lightly passed over, but bewanted to square himself.

"And you want to question him?" asked Marian. she had formed strong friendships and "As a dooty, ma'am, as a dooty to found hosts of friends. She had seen ti e Virginny, Can't hev no Yankee spy Yankee at home, at his worst 'and at

about yere, yo' know. We hain't got That a general election, such as had nuthin agin him as a man, but if he un's spyin on us that's different. Will yo' been held so often before, should result please call him out?" in turmoil, bloodshed and separation the could not understand. Politicians "No! Three of you can come in and

defended the secession of South Caroquestion him!"

Steve Brayton, Ike Baxter and Tom Henderson followed her into the house, while the others crowded up on the veranda to wait for what might happen. "Mr. Kenton, some callers to see you," said Marian as they entered the parlor, and he rose up, with a puzzled

look on his face. Steve Brayton had broken the ice and recovered from his embarrassment. He did not propose to do any talking.

Kenton was either for or against. The quickest way to ascertain was to present the enlistment paper. He took it from his pocket, extended it to the young law-

yer and said : "Mr. Kenton, some folks around yere ar' talkin that yo' un's a Yankee spy. Will yo' put yo'r name down on

this paper?' "I will, and I'll go with your company whenever it is ready to go!" was the prompt answer as he drew a pencil from his pocket and wrote his name, which was the fifty-third on the roll.

"Well, Steve, is it tar and teathers?" he asked as the crowd came up the steps "Does that look like tar and feathers?" replied Steve as he handed out the paper and pointed to the name of

"Golly me, had dar goes Miss Sunshine again!" Royal Kenton. ling, but she was not wise enough to sift "What, he volunteered in this company!"

their sophistry from their constitutional "Exactly." "Did you threaten him ?"

"Not a threat! Reckon we'd better make him second lootenant, eh?" But Duke Wyle did not answer. He

sat and stared at the name and was dumb with amazement. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Changed Methods of Attack.

There is no question that the gun is master in the gun armor light. Armor has been driven from the complete covering of the broadside to narrow belts and isolated gun stations, and now it seems that the water line belt is likely to go This latter change is not due so much to increased gun power as to change in the composition of the batteries, the introduc tion of high explosives and Improvements in ship construction tending to lessen the danger of sinking if pierced at the water line

It is not proposed to change materially the total weight of armor carried, but the weight of water line belt armor is to be distributed among the gun stations, loading tubes, conning tower, engine hatches, pro tective deck, and in the form of light side armor three to six inches thick, to prevent shells containing high explosives-nitro glycerine, melinite and similar compounds -from penetrating and exploding between decks. So far as known at present comparatively thin armor is sufficient to cause all the violent explosives to burst before penetration.-New York Herald.

Saved from Death by Music. A London merchant rejoices because he tried music as a medicine. His boy, 6 years old, was dying with typhoid and was quite insensible, with no appearance of being able to live through the night. Knowing his son's fondness for music, the father procured a large music box and caused it to play, with the result that the child's attention was aroused and bis life saved by the reaction .- Arkansaw Traveler.

Henry VIII cropped his beard close, but his daughter Elizabeth was fond of hairy faces. The style of beard we see in the portraits of Shakespeare was her "particu har weakfless." Essex, Leicester and Ral eigh all courted the "maiden queen" with peaked "goatees" attached to their chins.

As a lighthouse illuminant gas has been found to possess the following advantages over oil: Its facility for increasing the power on the sudden occurrence of a fog. absence of the necessity of trimming, and power to make instantaneous transitions from light to darkness, and the converse.

There isn't a library, a reading room, h museum, an art gallery or anything of that character open in Washington after dark. Such a dearth of places for improving recreation is not found in any city of 50,000 people as Washington with its 200,000 population presents

SURRENDER.

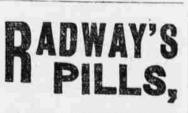
As when a blowom first awakens, dear, And, called by heaven's mighty Alchemist, Unfolds the fragile leaves the wind has kissed Before the great eye, strong and crystal clear, And lets the ardent sun draw near-So all my life has bloomed, I what, In perfect love too mighty to resist, O noblest woman, whom I most reverse

I of 'm you a life; it's good and ill, The' not in haste or careless disarray, But as the highest tribute-only meet. You may not take the gift. 'tis as you will, Yet must I bring you this, my all, kay

My manhood's strength and promise at your feet. -Georgia Roberts in Fittsburg Bulletin.

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