6



of her parents she had held the proud

one other place in the world she would

merry bells jingled and the steam spont-

ed rhythmically in four evanescent

streams from their nostrils, and the foot-

limitless black shadow settled down

slowly over the sea and the land. There

was a growing flush in the east which

might herald a coming moon, and a fad-

ing glow in the west which betokened a

exceedingly sketchy and incomplete.

denly moves laterally and almost stops

with terrific abruptness, narrowly es-

"Hi! whoa, there! What the dence"-

out in the snow, running beside them.

clinging to the bridle. A plunge, a snort,

a shiver, a great jingling of the bells,

and the sleigh had come to a standstill.

the doctor, persuasively stroking the

frightened animals, while his two com-

bank, struggled out into the road and be-

"Whoa, Polly! Gently, Dolly!" said

upon the frosty air.

On went the spirited horses, while the

CHAPTER II. A HALT IN THE ROAD.

of which accomplishment he was called "You are an artist," said the man on an artist. He was enabled to keep up the front scat of the sleigh, turning this nonlucrative pursuit and to satisfy about that he might talk more easily the craving in his soul for counterfeiting with the young man who sat beside the the beautiful by a comfortable annuity pretty girl on the rear seat. "You are which he had inherited from his grandin artist. What do you think of the mother. Ellen Maxey was 24. Since the death

workmanship of this?" He had taken from an inner pocket a mall leather case, which he now passed though exacting position of her brother's n his companion. When the young man housekeeper, than which there was only ad brought to light the contents, he held in his hand a medallion, set in a have been better satisfied to occupy. jeweled frame-a medallion upon the convex surface of which was graven the attractive features of a handsome woman. The work was so delicate, the sitting so rich, the effect of the whole so ex- falls beat time on the hard crust. The quisite that the artist involuntarily uttered a cry of pleasure.

"Why, this is really admirable, Lamar! Who is it? Where did you get it?" The man on the front sent answered in a voice as celd and unemotional as a departed sun, but these were but poor voice could well be:

torches for a wayfarer groping in the "Inasmuch as this is the woman dark, and the stars overhead, obscured whem I am to marry, I thought a tolerby a pale mist, were puny candles ably fair counterfeit of her face would be interesting to my friends," gloom.

The pretty girl, who had been admiring the dainty valuable, became, as he spoke, somewhat pale.

"Oh, " she said in a constrained, conventional way, "this is Mrs. Forsythe?"

'Mrs. Forsythe,'' assented the man on the front sent.

'She is very pretty," said the girl in the same tone.

As she spoke she put the medallion quickly into the hand of the young man

who sat beside her and averted her head, "Another choice," exclaimed the man on the front seat in a brisker tone, glancing at a fork in the white road which the fleet horses were rapidly approaching. "Shall we take the inland road direct or go by the roundabout sea road? We shall see more life by the first way, but we shall have better sleighing

capes overturning, trembles, jorks, snaps and plenty of cold wind by the second. in every joint and moves ahead again. Which shall it be?" "Which shall it be, Ellen?" repeated Dr. Lamar was on his feet, and his the young man to the pretty girl. strong arms were reining in the frightened horses. In another minute he was

'It makes no difference to me." "Then let us have the sea road and

the sleighing. We are in no hurry, and a little cold won't hurt us." "Jacta est alea. The sea road it shall

be. !! The sleighing party was now within

eight miles of the city, the location of noses of the trembling and greatly which was marked by a vague glow in the wintry sky. Gradually the laughter | panions, who had jumped into a snow had ceased and words had become infrequant. The bells on the horses jingled | gan to put themselves to rights. merrily as ever, and the rapid hoof beats

"Now, what the douce do you suppose

## THE SCRANTON TRIEUNE-TUESDAY MORNING. JUNE 5, 1894.

beach," he said hurriedly. "I could, by beach," he said hurriedly. "I could, by looking up, just see it between me and the sky—something which flutters in the wind. Maxey, you had better take Miss Ellen back to the sleigh. We need This is Always the First Thing th, a rope and a lantern at once. I will run to the house we just passed. I shall re-Doctor Asks. turn immediately." No doubt of that, if he maintained the pace at which he set off. JUST WHY HE DOES IT Miss Maxey declined to go back to the "I am not a coward!" she said. The Latest Utterance of Modern "Something is suffering. Until it can Science on the Twin Ouestion of be relieved, my duty is here. Hark, Ju-Digestion and Disease. lian! I hear it again.' Yes, again and again and again ere the good doctor reappeared. It rose and Why does the doctor look at your foll like the pulsations on the beach beongue ? Because the condition and color of low as the wind carried it, sometimes dying away into silence, sometimos he tongue is one of the indications of the state of the stomach. welling up into loudness-a strange, Because ninety-nine out of one hunforlorn sound to be listening to in a ired complaints are simply results lonely place after dark. There was (and therefore symptoms) of a disor-

Ils fon tu

nly need to know what they mean.

headache and sleepiness; a yellowish

breath; weariness and languor; the

ulping up of wind or gas; unnatural

ritability and fret uness; dry skin;

Being pre-digested, Paskola nourishes

Paskola dors not sicken and tear

It is a food containing the nutrient

principles of other foods-condensed, pre digested, immediately assimilable,

Being a pre-digested food (-xactly

what was needed) it solves the problem

and leaves Nature repair her own ma-

Just see what Paskola has done for

WESTON, N. J., March 6, 1894. The Pre-digested Food Co., 30 Reads

GENTLEMEN: I have commenced apon my third bottle of Paskola today.

'ermit me to say that it is simply won

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realized when suffering from dyspep-

ia, indicestion, faint stomach and

initiar affl.ctions but upon the general

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I have been treated by three very

good physicians and one specialist in

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enced in their costly treatment the

Accept this as my heartfelt acknowl-edgement and truthful estimation of

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Sincerely and respectfully

essant as lemonade.

chinery.

others:

st., New York.



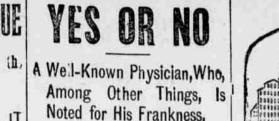
it made an impression like nothing one could name. It did not seem to be a human cry. It did not seem like the utterance of a dumb animal-a sound that was neither a mean of pain nor a cry of Miss Maxey hid her face in her broth-

"Will the doctor never come?"

midst of the flush in the cast and sent a glimmering pathway down across the sea. They would have light enough anon. The moon was rising. Then came the sound of voices and footsteps hurrying up the road, and here were Dr. Lamar and two strangers with ropes and

from the little knot of men who now gathered upon the edge of the bluff. She saw them holding a consultation and making calculations. One of them laid down near the treacherous, ice clad edge of the bluff flat on his face, and crawled to the very verge, so that he might look over. A lantern on the end of a rope was then let down. After a few minutes it was drawn up. The man arose. Another, the smallest of the group, now submitted himself to be made securely fast to the end of the line and was lowered over the edge. Two of the men at the rope

the greatest discovery of this enlight-



No one ever heard Dr. E. Grower use the phrase "I think" in his practice. The doctor is one of those frank, fearless, hon-est, positive men who never hesitate to any yes or no, as the case may require. "I can care you" or "I cannot cure you," is his invariable decision after examina-tion, and to this fact fact is attributable his remarkable record without fallures. But it would be strange indeed if the doc-tor were not a more than usually success. But it would be strange indeed if the doc-tor were not a more than usually success-ful prectitioner. He has been surgeon-in-ohief in more than one of the largest hos-pitals of this country, was lately Demon-strator of Physiology and Surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical College in Philadel-phia, has been elected an honorary mem-ber of the Medico-Chirurgical Association, is a graduate of the University of Penn-sylvania, etc., and is still a close student. A man with such a record could not fail to be a successful physician under any circumatances, 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, dered digestion. Before treating you the loctor must know what the stomach has to say. Part of that tale the tongue tells him There plenty of other signs which on may recognize for yourself. You to use a more popular phrase, the "be-sure-you're-right-thon-go-abead" system, it would be more than strange if failure overtook him. A sense of weight and pain in the stomach, chest and back after eating:

color of the eyes and skin; spells of diz-You can consult Dr. Grower any day at iness; head hot and extremities cold bad taste in the mouth and foul Rooms 5 and 6.



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Those suffering from Nervous Diseases heat and cold; aching of the back and are guaranteed a cure. For such there is The remedy is not drugs but diet; the new pre-digested starch food called the cheering word "Yes," as failure is unknown in the doctor's treatment.

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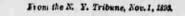
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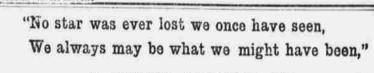
## The Flour Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 81.-Fhe first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by tha 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."

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of flour or 50 on each barrel of flour.
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Lyde Park-Carzon & Davis, Washington avenus I Gold Medal Brand, J. soph A. Meara Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Green Ridge-A L.Spencer, Gold Medal Brand.
J. T. McHale, Superlative.
Providence-Fenner & Chappell, N' Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Olyphant-James Jordan. Superlative Brand.
Olyphant-James Jordan. Superlative Brand.
Carbondo-B, S. Chark, Gold Medal Brand.
Minoska-M, H. Lavella



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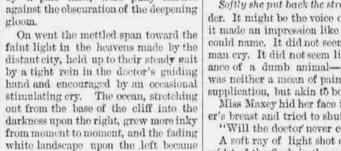
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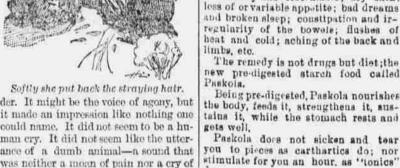
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sleigh.

Still the four spouting clouds of steam and still the merry jingling of bells All at once there is a break in the rhythm of the hoof beats. From a steady, onward, arrowlike flight the sleigh sud-

stood on the other side of the wall, with their feet braced against it. The third stood as near the edge of the cliff as he | ened age. dared and eased the line over the rocks. He listened for the voice of the man at the end of the rope and repeated his instructions to the men on the other side of the wall.



supplication, but akin to both. er's breast and tried to shut it out.

A soft ray of light shot out from the

lanterns Miss Maxey stopped back several paces

on the hard crust came to the ear through the biting air in the same inspiriting pulsations, but for all that it was cold riding after sundown along the sea road, with the bitter breath from the darkening ocean full in the face.

Every moment the fences and hedgerows were becoming more indistinct, and the dreary white landscape between the observers and the fading streak in the horizon, where the sun had lately been, was rapidly losing all significance or intelligibility as a prospect. Truly Dr. Eustace Lamar had forgotten the flight of time in his enjoyment of the exhilarating sport, or he had sadly miscalculated the distance. Not that there was anything to be dreaded in the ordinary course of events of a ride in the pale starlight or under the mellow rays of the moon. The road was a good one, and very soon it would be well lighted. And if the three pleasure seekers were a trifle cold they could console themselves with the comforting reflection that there was a cheerful fire waiting for them in the agreeable sitting room of the uppermost flat at 20 Ballavoine place. It was not | ily alarmed." an elaborate affair, this abode of Julian Maxey, the artist, but it was a pleasant, interesting and certainly on a cold night like this a very comfortable and desirable place in which to be.

Perhaps it was not owing altogether to the cold that an unwonted silence had failen upon the occupants of the sleigh. Pretty Ellen Maxey, the artist's sister, who sat beside her brother on the rear seat, had dealt a deathblow to the conversation whan she ceased to take part in it. But she was not asleep, and her face, protected from view by abundant wraps and the growing obscurity, had gradually settled into an expression at once wistful, pathetic and resigned.

Maxey, whose power of observation was not wholly a matter of eyesight, had become annoved and solicitous, but he took pains not to betray this fact.

As for philosophic, middle aged, handsome Dr. Lamar, the prime cause of the whole trouble, he was sapremely unconscious of any unhappiness on the part of his friends. He sat bolt upright all by himself on the front sent, his hands busy with the reins and his attention apparently completely absorbed in scanning the road as far as he could see in front of his swift team. The truth is that Dr. Lamar had blunderingly and unwittingly touched upon a topic excoolingly disagreeable to his friends behind him when he mentioned his approaching marriage with the wealthy Widow Forsythe.

If Dr. Lamar had only known how fine and handsome he appeared in his pretty neighbor's eyes, it would have astonished him a great deal, and he would have been henceforth very much more discreet in his remarks. If pretty Ellen Maxey had imagined how well her keen and penotrating brother had gaessed her secret, andoubtedly she would have dissimulated a great deal of glee and merriment in a despairing endeavor to have thrown him off the scent, for the heart beats proudly in the breast of a girl like her, and this was such a secret as she would wish might die with her.

They were all young. The doctor was the eldest, and he had barely reached den and trampled all about us. There 40. He was a brilliant young man who had made something of a name in the publication, and whose practice was already established on a firm besis.

Julian Makey was 28. He had painted soveral hundred very unsuccessful pic-

made those horses shy so?" "There is something back there on the road, I am very positive," said Maxey.

"And I-I thought I saw somebody jump over the fence and run across the field," added his sister.

"What you saw on the road were the old settees on the edge of the cliff probably," said Dr. Lamar. "You know the Somerset summer hotel is just back of us here, and in the warm weather there is a row of seats just above the bathhouses by the roadside. I noticed what I took to be the gangway leading down to the beach just before the horses jumped."

"No, no. What I saw was in the middle of the road," insisted the artist. "But it's only a minute's work to find out." He turned back.

The doctor ejaculated: "Pshaw, what does it matter? We're wasting time!" "No; I am sure there's something

wrong!" exclaimed Miss Maxey. "Wrong!" echoed the physician. 'What an idea! You surprise me, Miss Maxey. I didn't know you were so eas-

"I was right," called the voice of Maxey a little tremulously. "See this." They dimly saw him standing in the road outlined against the sky, holding up a shapeless something to their view.

"What is it?" "A woman's shawl."

Miss Maxey cried out in alarm: "We must go back at once. I know something is wrong. I felt it before we reached it.' "Absurd!" exclaimed the doctor.

But Miss Maxey did not wait to hear the comment. She had already rejoined her brother. The doctor saw them apparently kneeling in the snow, as though examining the surface. Then they separated. One went toward the fence which divided the road from the adjoining field, the other in the direction of the low wall which disjoined it from the narrow strip of ground between it and the edge of the cliff.

"Dr. Lamar! Dr. Lamar!" There was no mistaking the tenor of this cry or its imperative nature. For the first time the physician felt a vague sensation of dread. He hastily made the horses fast to the fence and went back up the road. He saw that both figures had come together now on the other side of the wall near the edge of the bluff.

He came up with quick steps. "What's the matter? What is it?"

"Listen!" The waves washed lonesomely on the rocks below. The night wind sighed in its dismal rounds. The breath of the listeners came quickly and audibly. There were no other sounds.

"I hear nothing," said the physician, "but the wash of the sca." "Hist! What's that?"

A faint cry, rising on the wind, mys-

terious, indescribable! "A child!" cried the doctor, "or a

dog!" "Whatever it be, it has fallen over

the cliff," said Maxey. His sister shuddered, but her voice was very calm. . "You forget the footsteps and the man I saw jump over the fence and run away. The snow is trod-

has been a struggle here where we are standing. I am afraid for what you will medical world by a secent remarkable find down there. Stay with me, Julian, and let the doctor go down."

The doctor went down, and in a little while he came back again.

"There is something caught on a sures. Their merit, however, was plain- point of rock between here and the

"Lower! Lower! A little more Stendy! Hold fast! Now, pull! Stendy! Pull! Once more! Now! again! Stop!" Breathless, excited, Miss Maxey started forward. The man at the verge was already upon his breast, carefully reaching down to steady the delicate burden. Again that strange, weird cry, louder and near at hand, a flutter of garments tossed by the wind, a final pull upon the rope, a gasp and a struggle, and a motionless object was laid down in the trampled snow. Everybody was bending over it, Miss Maxey among the first. The lanterns were held close down.

Softly she put back the straying hair from the face that she might look upon it, and she saw the features of a young woman not so old as she by several years and dark and beautiful like herself. The face was very pale, and it was slightly scratched and braised, but there was no blood upon it. There was something strained and unnatural in its appearance. but through all the hurshness of the expression, all the ghastliness and pallor, the delicate charm of a classic outline, the regularity of dainty features, asserted their presence still.

Miss Maxoy saw all this with an added pang at her sympathetic heart. Somehow the very human thought that these things made the pity of it the greater obtruded itself even into Miss Maxey's sensible reflections. She sat gazing into the unconscious countenance alone, for the others had left her. The attention of all the men were taken in the task of drawing up him who had gone down to the rescue, and who had been left on the point of rock beneath.

The long lashes rested on the white thecks of the motionless form in Miss Maxey's lap, but the girl seemed to be in a stupor rather than a faint. Perhaps she was dving with the cold. Sympathetic Miss Maxey pressed the unconscious head against the fur lining of her cloak and sought to chafe the hands. She found them enveloped in thick gloves, and then she noticed that the unfortunate creature was well and warmly clad. Her clothing was of a modest and unpretentious character, but at the same time it did not indicate poverty.

"What a terrible thing!" exclaimed Miss Maxey in a burst of sympathy.

As she spoke the long lashes lifted. The dark eyes looked for an instant full into her own, and then there came into the face a vague expression, a some-thing, rather, that had not enough of in- Atlantic Refining telligence in it to be called an expression, as if fear had laid the mold of his unsightly features against hers and stamped his image there forever. And from the tremulous lips came forth that strange, low utterance that was neither a moan nor a plea, not a human sound exactly, nor suggestive wholly of a dumb animal in distress.

"Poor child!" It was the voice of Dr. Lamar, who was bending over Miss Maxey's shoulder. "What a misfortune! This is a very serious matter, a very serious matter indeed!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

it is believed that ordinarily pearls are formed by the deposit df a secretion of the mollusk around a particle of sand or other foreign body which has found lodgment ACME Oil, the only family safety within its shell, but instances have been known where very small fishes have got into an oyster and have been enveloped in a beautiful nacreous covering, being thus transformed into pearls themselves.

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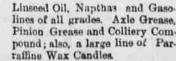
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