

In the big red omnibus that was

slowly toiling over the dusty road sevcral passengers were making their way from the railway station to the hotel at Lake Sablon. Two of them were women of mature years, whose dress and bearing betokened lives of ease and comfort. Another was a lovely brunette of less than 20, the daughter evidently of one of these ladies, and an object of loving pride to both. These three seemed at bome in their surroundings and were absorbed in the packet of letters and papers they had just received at the station. It was evident that they were not new arrivals, as were the other passengers, who studied them with the half envious feelings with which newcomers at a summer resort are apt to regard those who seem to have been long established there, and who gathered from the scraps of conversation that they had merely been over to say goodby to friends leaving on the very train which brought in the rest of what we good Americans term "the busload." There were women among the newly arrived who inspected the dark girl with that calm, unflinching, impertinent scrutiny and half audibly whispered comment which, had they been of the opposite sex, would have warranted their being kicked out of the conveyance, but which was ignored by the fair object and her friends as completely as were the commentators themselves. There were one or two men in the omnibus who might readily have been forgiven an admiring glance or two at so bright a vision of girlish beauty as was Miss Renwick this August afternoon, and they had looked, but the one who most attracted the notice of Mrs. Maynard and Aunt Grace-a tall, stalwart, distinguished looking party in gray traveling dress-had taken his sent close to the door and was deep in the morning's pa-

the station. Laying down the letter she had just finished reading, Mrs. Maynard glanced at her daughter, who was still engaged in one of her own, and evidently with deep interest.

per before they were fairly away from

"From Fort Sibley, Alice?"

"Yes, mamma, all three—Miss Craven, Mrs. Hoyt and - Mr. Jerrold. Would you like to see it?" And, with rising color, she held forth the one in

"Not now," was the answer, with a smile that told of confidence and gratifleation both. "It is about the german, I suppose?"

we should not be there-says it is to be | the colonel said of him''the prettiest ever given at the fort, and that Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Craven, who are the managers for the ladies, had asked him to lead. He wants to know if we cannot possibly come."

"Are you not very eager to go, Alice? I should be," said Aunt Grace, with

sympathetic interest. "Yes, I am," answered Miss Renwick

reflectively. "It had been arranged that it should come off next week, when, as was supposed, we would be home after this visit. It cannot be postponed, of course, because it is given in honor of all the officers who are gathered there for the rifle competition, and that will be all over and done with today, and they cannot stay beyond Tuesday next. We must give it up, auntie," and she looked up smilingly, "and you have made it so lovely for me here that I can do it without a sigh. Think of thatan army german-and Fanny Craven says the favors are to be simply lovely. Yes, I did want to go, but papa said he felt unequal to it the moment he got back from Chicago, day before yesterday, and he certainly does not look at all well. So that ended it, and I wrote at once to Mrs. Hoyt. This is her antwer now."

'What does she say?" "Oh, it is very kind of her. She wants me to come and be her guest if the colonel is too ill to come and mamma will not leave him. She says Mr. Hoyt will come down and escort me. But I would not like to go without mamma," and the big dark eyes looked up wistfully, "and I know she does not care to urge papa when he seems so indisposed to going."

Mrs. Maynard's eyes were anxious and troubled now. She turned to her sistor-in-law:

"Do you think he seems any better, Grace? I do not."

"It is hard to say. He was so nervously anxious to get away to see the general the very day you arrived here that there was not a moment in which I could ask him about himself, and since his return he has avoided all mention of it beyond saying it is nothing but Indigestion and he would be all right in a few days. I never knew him to suffer in that way in my life. Is there any regimental matter that can be troubling him?" she asked in a lower tone.

"Nothing of any consequence whatever. Of course the officers feel chagrined over their defeat in the rifle match. They had expected to stand very high, but Mr. Jerrold's shooting was unexpectedly below the average, and it threw their team behind. But the colonel didn't make the faintest allusion to it. That hasn't worried him anywhere near as much as it has the

others, I should judge." "I do not think it was all Mr. Jerrold's fault, mamma," said Miss Renwick, with gontle reproach and a very becoming flash. "I'm going to stand up for him, because I think they all blame him for other men's poor work. He was not the only one on our team whose shooting was below former

"They claim that none fell so far below their expectations as he, Alice. You know I am no judge of such matters, but Mr. Hoyt and Captain Gray both write the colonel that Mr. Jerrold

did no better," was Miss Renwick's

had been taking no care of himself whatever and was entirely out of form." "In any event, I'm glad the cavalry "I did not know she was there. She

loyal response. "You remember the evening we rode out to the range, and Captain Gray said that there was the man who would win the first prize from Mr. Jerrold-that tall cavalry sergeant who fainted away-Sergeant McLeod. Don't you remember, mother? Well,

he did not even get a place, and Mr. Jerrold beat him easily. Something in her mother's eyes warned her to be guarded, and in that indefinable but unerring system of feminine telegraphy called her attention to the man sitting by the door. Looking quickly to her right, Miss Renwick saw that he was intently regarding her. At the mention of Fort Sibley the stranger had lowered his paper, revealing a bronzed face clean shaven except for the thick blond mustache and a pair of clear, steady, searching blue eyes under heavy brows and lashes, and these eyes were very deliberately yet respectfully fixed upon her own, nor were they withdrawn in proper confusion when detected. It the contest and returned in some sense

"What letters have you for the colonel?" asked Mrs. Maynard, coming au

of defeat to her mother's face.

"Three-two of them from his devoted henchman, Captain Chester, who writes by every mail, I should imagine, and these he will go off into some secluded nook with and come back looking blue and worried. Then here's another, forwarded from Sibley too. I do not know this hand. Perhaps it is from Captain Armitage, who, they say, is to come back next month. Poor Mr. Jer-

"Why poor Mr. Jerrold?" asked Aunt Grace, with laughing interest, as she noted the expression on her niece's pret-

"Because he can't bear Captain Armitage, and'-

"Now, Alice," said her mother reprovingly, "you must not take his view



"Now, Allce," said her mother, "you must not take his view of the captain.' "Yes. He thinks it outrageous that of the captain at all. Remember what

> "Mother," protested Alice, laughing, "I have no doubt Captain Armitage is the paragon of a soldier, but he is unquestionably a most unpleasant and ungentlemanly person in his conduct to the young efficers. Mr. Hall has told me the same thing. I declare, I don't see how they can speak to him at all, he has been so harsh and discourteous and unjust." The color was rising in earnest now, but a warning glance in her mother's eye seemed to check further words. There was an instant's silence. Then Aunt Grace remarked:

> "Alice, your next door neighbor has frightened him."

Surely enough, the big, blue eyed man in tweeds had disappeared. During might never have suspected what a brute this brief controversy he had quickly and noiselessly let himself out of the open door, swung lightly to the ground | not tell you I was coming! 'You would and was out of sight among the trees.

"Why, what a strange proceeding!" said Aunt Grace again. "We are fully a mile and a half from the hotel, and he means to walk it in this glaring sun."

Evidently he did. The driver reined up at the moment in response to a suggestion from some one in a forward seat, and there suddenly appeared by the wayside, striding out from the shelter of the sumacs, the atbletic figure of the stranger.

"Go ahead!" he called in a deep chest voice that had an unmistakable ring to it-the tone that one so readily recognizes in men accustomed to prompt action and command. "I'm going across lots." And swinging his heavy stick, with quick, elastic steps and erect carriage, the man in gray plunged into a put an end to it. wood path and was gone.

"Alice," said Aunt Grace again, "that man is an officer, I'm sure, and | friends and advocates at times. I never you have driven him into exile and lonely wandering. I've seen so much of them when visiting my brother in the old days before my marriage that even in civilian dress it is easy to tell some of them. Just look at that back and those shoulders! He has been a soldier all his life. Horrors! Suppose it should be Captain Armitage himself!"

Miss Renwick looked genuinely disressed as well as vexed. Certainly no officer but Captain Armitage would have had reason to leave the stage. Certainly officers and their families occasionally visited Sablon in the summer time, but Captain Armitage could hardly be here. There was comforting assurance in the very note she held in her hand.

"It cannot be," she said, "because Mr. Jerrold writes that they have just heard from him at Sibley. He is still at the seashore and will not return for a month. Mr. Jerrold says he implored Captain Chester to let him have three days' leave to come down here and have a sail and a pienic with us and was told that it would be out of the question."

"Did he tell you any other news?" asked Mrs. Maynard, looking up from her letter again, "anything about the german?"

"He says he thinks it a shame we are to be away and-well, read it yourself." And she placed it in her mother's hands, the dark eyes seriously, anxiously studying her face as she read. Presently Mrs. Maynard laid it down and looked into her own; then, pointing to a certain passage with her finger, hand-

ed it to her daughter. "Men were deceivers ever," she said, laughing, yet oracularly significant.

And Alice Renwick could not quite control the start with which she read: "Mr. Jerrold is to lead with his old love, Nina Beaubien. They make a capital pair, and she of course will be radiant-with Alice out of the way." "That is something Mr. Jerrold failed

to mention, is it not?" Miss Renwick's cheeks were flushed, and the dark eyes were filled with sudden pain as she answered:

was to have gone to the lakes the same day we left, ' "She did go, Alice," said her mother, "but it was only for a brief visit, it

seems. The colonel was not at their cottage when the omnibus reached the lake. Over at the hotel were the usual number of loungers gathered to see the new arrivals, and Alice presently caught sight of the colonel coming through the park. If anything, he looked more listess and dispirited than he had before they left. She ran down the steps to meet him, smiling brightly up into his

worn and haggard face. "Are you feeling a little brighter, papa? Here are letters for you.'' He ok them wearily, barely glancing at the superscriptions.

"I had hoped for something more," he said and passed on into the little frame house which was his sister's summer home. "Is your mother here?" he asked, looking back as he entered the

"In the north room, with Aunt Grace, papa," she answered, and then once more and with graver face she began to read Mr. Jerrold's letter. It was a careful study she was making of it this time, and not altogether a pleasant one. Aunt Grace came out and made was Miss Renwick whose eyes gave up some laughing remark at seeing her still so occupied. She looked up, pluckily smiling despite a sense of wounded pride, and answered:

"I am only convincing myself that it was purely on general principles that Mr. Jerrold seemed so anxious I should be there. He never wanted me to lead with him at all." All the same it stung, and Aunt Grace saw and knew it and longed to take her to her heart and comfort her, but it was better so, She was finding him out unaided,

She was still studying over portions of that ingenious letter when the rustle of her aunt's gown indicated that she was rising. She saw her move toward the steps, heard a quick, firm tread upon the narrow planking and glanced up in surprise. There, uncovering his close cropped head, stood the tall stranger, looking placidly up as he addressed Aunt Grace:

"Pardon me, can I see Colonel May-

"He is at home. Pray come up and take a chair. I will let him know. I-I felt sure you must be some friend of his when I saw you in the stage," said the good lady, with manifest and apologetic uneasiness

"Yes," responded the stranger as he quickly ascended the steps and bowed before her, smiling quietly the while. 'Let me introduce myself. I am Captain Armitage of the colonel's regi-

"There! I knew it!" was Aunt Grace's response as, with both hands uplifted in tragic despair, she gave one horror stricken glance at Alice and

rushed into the house. There was a moment's silence. Then, with burning cheeks, but with grave eyes that looked frankly into his, Alice Renwick arose, came straight up to him and held out her hand.

"Captain Armitage, I beg your par-

He took the extended hand and gazed earnestly into her face, while a kindalmost merry-smile lighted up his

"Have the boys given me such an uncanny reputation as all that?" he asked, and then, as though tickled with the comicality of the situation, he bevanished. It think your vehemence has gan to laugh. "What ogres some of us old soldiers do become in the course of years! Do you know, young lady, I I was if it had not been for you? What a blessed thing it was the colonel did never have given me this true insight into my character.'

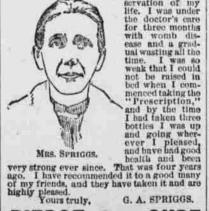
But she saw nothing to laugh at and would not laugh. Her lovely face was still burning with blushes and dismay and full of trouble.

"I do not look upon it lightly at all," ne said. "It was unpardonable in me to-to"-

"To take so effective and convincing a method of telling a man of his grievous sins! Not a bit of it. I like a girl who has the courage to stand up for her friends. I shall congratulate Jerrold and Hall both when I get back, lucky fellows that they are!" And evidently Captain Armitage was deriving altogether too much jolly entertainment from her awkwardness. She rallied and strove to

"Indoed, Captain Armitage, I do think the young officers sorely need would have knowingly spoken to you of your personal responsibilities in the woes of Mr. Jerrold and Mr. Hall, but since I have done so unwittingly I may as well define my position, especially as you are so good natured with it all." And here, it must be admitted, Miss Renwick's beautiful eyes were shyly lifted to his in a most telling way. Once there, they looked squarely into the clear blue depths of his and never flinched. "It seemed to me several times at Sibley that the young officers deserved more consideration and courtesy than their captains accorded them. It was not you alone that I heard of." "I am profoundly gratified to learn

Long Savannah, James Co., Tenn. DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir-I think your "Favorite Prescription" was the pre-servation of my life. I was under



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OR MONEY RETURNED.

that somebody else is a brute," he answered, trying to look grave, but with that irrepressible merriment twitching at the corners of his mouth and giving sudden gleams of his firm white teeth through the thick mustache. "You are come to us just in time, Miss Renwick, and if you will let me come and tell you all my sorrows the next time the colonel pitches into me for something wrong in B company I'll give you full permission to overhaul me for everything or anything I say and do to the youngsters. Is it a bargain?" And he held out his big, firm hand. "I think you are-very different from

what I heard," was all her answer as she looked up in his eyes, twinkling as they were with fun. "Oh, we are to shake hands on it as a bargain? Is that it? Very well, then."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEAUTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

Judic Chollet Thinks a Woman May Be Both Pretty and Truly "Advanced."

Now that the chief questions in regard to the higher education of women have been settled there are several minor points which, trifling as they may seem to be, are yet worthy of consideration, and one of these is this: Is intellectual development materially assisted by the sacrifice of personal attractions, or, if they are too marked to be entirely concealed, by showing



JET BONNET.

Unless an ascetic style of dress is of real physical assistance to the brain, like plenty of sleep and wholesome food, there seems to be no reason why a course in the higher mathematics should involve a renunciation of ruffles or why a firm grasp of social science cannot be secured while the hair is becomingly arranged. Yet some of our eleverest women proceed on the assumption that beauty and knowledge, like youth and crabbed age, cannot live together, and since these women are so intellectual and have studied so much they must have some unanswerable argument to support the theory, although they have not taken the trouble to advance it.

A seeming inconsistence lies in the fact that the same women admire without a qualm of conscience beauty in a work of art, a plant or a landscape. They will take pains to hang a picture in the best light, place a flower in a vase which sets off its loveliness and direct their friends' attention to some particularly picturesque phase of a familiar view. Why is not personal beauty to be equally appreciated?

This sort of self immolation on the altar

of science has been a grievance with the laity, especially men, for many years, and no doubt is an influence, although possibly a small one, toward the continuance of that illogical prejudice against the cultivation of a girl's intellect which clings so tenaciously to existence. We like to see pretty people even if they are stupid. If we must take our choice between the pretty and the clever ones and care not to have them combined in one class of individuals we will almost always choose the pretty ones, if you please. The intellectual woman who sacrifices her hair will feel no interest in the bonnet of which a sketch is given, for it is a flippant arrangement suited to surmount only waves and curls. It consists of a small jet crown trimmed with beaded velvet made into bows, ends and rosettes. The front is ornamented with three black ostrich plumes. There are no strings. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Very Improbable.

"In early days," remarked Mr. Barnard, "an old fellow named Bennett came to Butte county from Kentucky, and when I was a boy I often heard him tell with all earnestness a story that he believed to be true. He said that when a young man be lived in Virginia, and as stores were scarce it was customary for farmers to cut scythe handles from the woods. They would select a very crooked sapling and trim it up to suit their purpose. By some misfortune he broke a scythe handle and went in search of a new one. At last he found a little, weakly tree that was crooked, and in a few minutes had cut it down and trimmed it up. When trimined it was so crooked that it refused to lie still, and began to roll end

"Bennett tried to stop it, but it eluded him and passed out of sight. Twenty years later he emigrated to Kentucky, and while out in the woods one day he heard a peculiar noise in the underbrush near him. Going in the direction from which it came he discovered the scythe handle, worn down to one-fourth its original size, still rolling. It had crossed the Allegheny mountains and was on its way toward the Mississippi river. The old man protested to the day of his death that the story was absolutely true, and would grow angry if any one doubted it."-San Francisco Call.

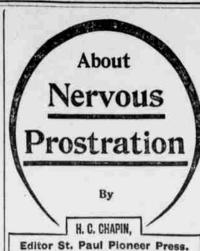
Roman London.

It is impossible to determine exactly the site of the London forum; it is only probable that there must have been one. We may, however, infer from evidence too detailed and minute to enter upon here, that the forum stood upon the oldest part of Roman Loudon, viz., south of Cornhill and east of the Mansion House. It is by no means certain that there was a forum. But an inscribed tile seems to show that the seat of government of the province was at London. Those, however, who consider the latter importance of Roman London can hardly believe that it had no public buildings. At first an insignificant town, although a port of some trade, for more than two centuries it controled the exports and imports of the entire island. Its wharves were filled with animation, its harbor with ships of burden. All the authorities point to London as a center of commercial activity.-Walter Besant in

His Bitter Reflections.

Young Litchart-What's the matter, old boy? La grippe? Dyspepsia? Crossed in love? Tell a fellow, it will do you good. Old Harcless-Neither, dear boy. I'm simply out of patience with the ways of Providence. Look across the street. There's a yellow dog that would be dear at a nickel. He's got too much hair-thick as a rug on his head. Look at me; worth a million, and just fourteen hairs between my collar button and my eyebrows.-Pittsburg Bul-

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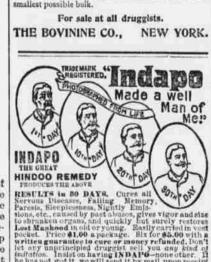
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From the N. Y. Tribune, Nov. 1, 1892. The Flour

Awards

"CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—Fhe 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, Croaby Co. in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolia. 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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J. T. McHale, Superlative.
Frovidence-Fenner & Chappell. N. Main avenue, Superlative Brand.
Olyphant—James Jordan, Superlative Brand.
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