THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

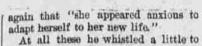


CHAPTER VIL

It was hard to tell, save for a certain deliberateness of speech and a color a little more pronounced than that of a himself and smiled bitterly. Then, all Spanish woman, that Mrs. Frank Ar-mour had not been brought up in Eng-burned them all. He again tried to put land. She had a kind of grave sweetness and distant charm which made her notable at any table or in any ballroom. Indeed it soon became apparent that she was to be the pleasant talk, the interest of the season. This was tolerably comforting to the Armours. Again Richard's prophecy had been fulfilled, and as he sat alone at Greyhope and read The Morning Post, noticing Lali's name at distinguished gatherings, or, picking up The World, saw how the lion hunters talked extravagantly of her, he took some satisfaction to himself that he had foreseen her triumph where others looked for her downfall. Lali herself was not elated. It gratified her, but she had been an angel, and a very unsatisfactory one, if it had not done so.

As her confidence grew (though outwardly she had never appeared to lack it greatly) she did not hesitate to speak of herself as an Indian, her country as a good country and her people as a noble if dispossessed race-all the more so if she thought reference to her uationality and past was being rather conspicnously avoided. She had asked General Armour for an interview with her husband's solicitor. This was granted. When she met the solicitor, she asked him to send no newspaper to her husband containing any reference to herself, nor yet to mention her in his letters

She had never directly received a line from him but once, and that was after she had come to know the truth about his marriage with her. She could read in the conventional sentences, made simple as for a child, the strained politeness and his absolute silence as to whether or not a child had been born to them, the utter absence of affection for her. She had also induced General Armour and his wife to give her husband's solicitor no information regarding the birth of the child. There was thus apparently no more inducement for him to hurry back to England than there was when he had sent her off on his mission of retaliation, which had been such an ignominious failure, for the humiliation of his family had been short lived, the affront to Lady Haldwell out his hand and said ironically: "Well, out his hand and said ironically: "Well, father-in-law, it's about time we had a been human if they had failed to enjoy big talk, isn't it? We are not very intheir daughter-in-law's success. Although they never perhaps would quite recover from the disappointment concerning Lady Agnes Martling, the result



"Brother, what have the matter behind him for the present, knowing that he must face it one day, grave, and staving off its reality as long as possible. He did his utmost to be philosophical and say his quid refert, but it was easier tried than done, for Jacques Pontiac's words kept rankling in his mind, and he found himself carrying round a vague load which made him abstracted occasionally and often a little reckless in action and speech. In hunting bear and moose he had proved himself more daring than the oldest hunter and proportionately successful. He paid his servants well, but was sharp with them. He made long, hard expeditions, defying the weather as the hardiest of prairie and mountain men mostly hesitate to defy it. He bought up much land, then, dissatisfied, sold it again at a loss, but subsequently made final arrangements for establish-

ing a very large farm. When he once became actually interested in this, he shook off something of his-moodiness and settled himself to develop the thing. He had good talent for initiative and administration and at last, in the time when his wife was a feature of the London season, he found his scheme in working order, and the necessity of going to England was forced

upon him. Actually he wished that the absolute ecessity had presented itself before. There was always the moral necessity, of course-but then! Here now was a business need, and he must go. Yet he did not fix a day or make definite arrangements. He could hardly have believed himself such a coward. With liberal emphasis he called himself a sneak, and one day at Fort Charles sat down to write to his solicitor in Montreal to say that he would come on at once. Still he hesitated. As he sat there thinking Eye-of-the-Moon, his fatherin-law, opened the door quietly and en-tered. He had avoided the chief ever since he had come back to Fort Charles and practically had not spoken to him for a year. Armour flushed slightly with annoyance. But presently, with a touch of his old humor, he rose, held timate for such close relatives."

The old Indian did not fully undermour's speech, but he said, "How!"



principal food of my father, May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by

was Bovinine and milk,

daughter? He was about to reply to the chief when the trader entered the room hurriedly with a newspaper in his hand. He paused abruptly when he saw Eyeof-the-Moon. Armour felt that the trader had something important to communicate. He guessed it was in the paper. He mutely held out his hand for it. The trader handed it to him hesitatingly, at the same time pointing to a paragraph and saying: "It is nearly two years old, as you see. I chanced upon it by accident today." It was a copy of a London evening

paper containing a somewhat sensational account of Lali's accident. It said

that she was in a critical condition. This time Armour did not ask for brandy, but the trader put it out beside him. He shook his head. "Gordon," he said presently, "I shall leave here in the morning. Please send my men to

AND CROOKED HOUS

The trader whispered to him: "She was all right, of course, long ago, Mr. Armour, or you would have heard." Armour looked at the date of the paper. He had several letters from England of a later date, and these said nothing of her illness. It bewildered him; made him uneasy. Perhaps the first real sense of his duty as a husband came

home to him there. For the first time he was anxious about the woman for her own sake. The trader had left the "What a scoundrel I've been!" said Armour between his teeth, oblivious for the moment of Eye-of-the Moon's pres-

ence. Presently, bethinking himself, he turned to the Indian. "I've been debat-ing," he said. "Eye-of-the-Moon, my wife is in England, at my father's home. I am going to her. Men have lied in thinking I would do her any injury, but, but-never mind, the harm was of another kind. It isn't wise for a white man and an Indian to marry, but when they are married-well, they must live as man and wife should live, and, as I said, I am going to my wife-your daughter."

To say all this to a common Indian whose only property was a half dozen ponies and a couple of tepees required something very like moral courage, but, then, Armour had not been exercising moral courage during the last year or so, and its exercise was profitable to him.

at that moment by \$5,000 or so.

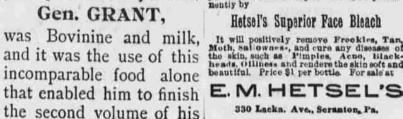
TO BE CONTINUED.

The Waiter in a Fog.

A Gentle Hint.

A Successful Test.

BAD COUGH, SPIT UP BLOOD, -- CONSUMPTION.



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able for young and old. Large Medium and Bovinine is endorsed by more than 25,000 physicians.

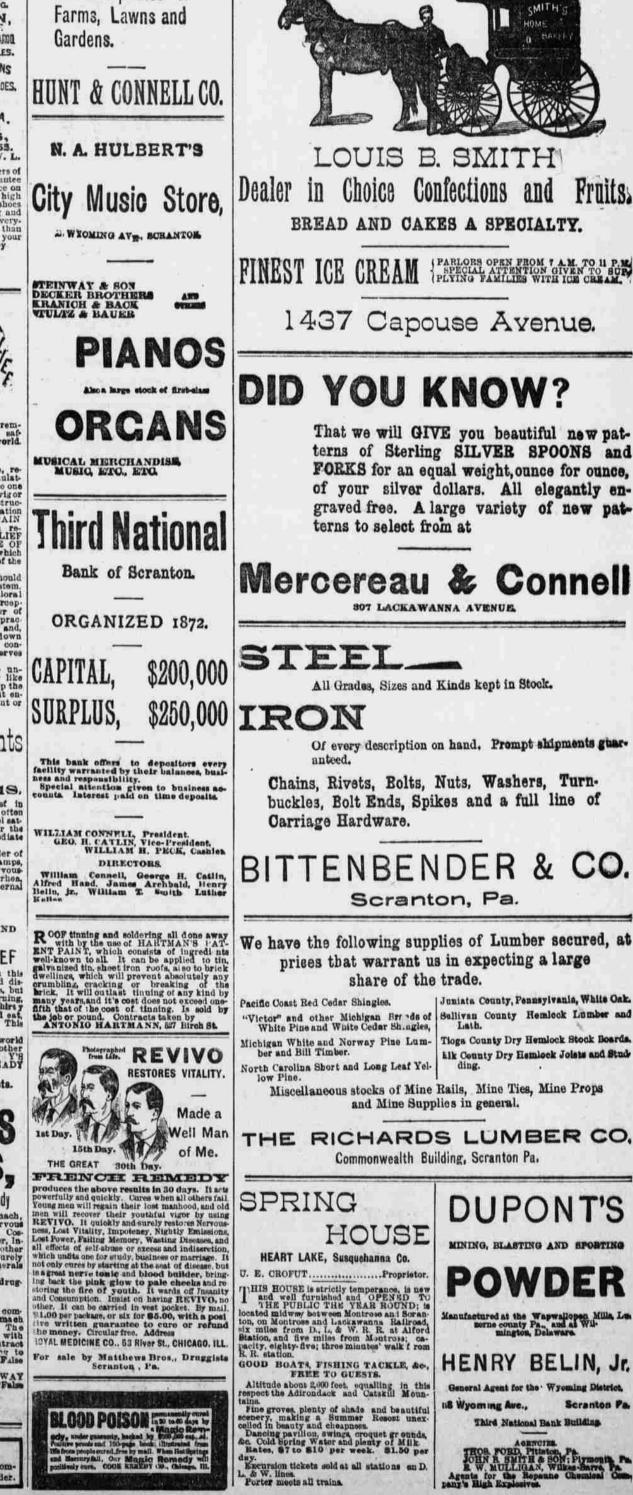




Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take NO RISKS, and will allow he new wheat fully three months to mature before rinding.

This careful attention to every detail of milling has laced Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above all ther brands.





was so much better than they in their cheerfullest moments dared hope for that they appeared genuinely content.

To their grandchild they were devotedly attached. Marion was his faithful slave and admirer, so much so that Captain Vidall, who now and then was permitted to see the child, declared himself jealous. He and Marion were to be married soon. The wedding had been delayed owing to his enforced absence abroad. Mrs. Edward Lambert, once Mrs. Townley, shyly regretted in Lali's presence that the child or one as sweet . was not hers. Her husband evidently shared her opinion from the extraordinary notice he took of it when his wife was not present. Not that Richard Joseph Armour, Jr., was always en evidence, but when asked for by his faithful friends and admirers he was amiably produced.

Meanwhile Frank Armour across the sea was engaged with many things. His business concerns had not prospered prodigiously, chiefly because his judgment, as his temper, had grown somewhat uncertain. His popularity in the Hudson bay country had been at some tension since he had shipped his wife away to England. Even the ordinary savage mind saw something unusual and undomestic in it, and the general hospitality declined a little. Armour did not immediately gness the cause, but one day about a year after his wife had gone he found occasion to reprove a half breed, by name Jacques Pontiac, and Jacques, with more honesty than politeness, said some hard words and asked how much he paid for his English hired devils to kill his wife. Strange to say, he did not resent this startling remark. It set him to thinking. He began to blame himself for not having written oftener to his people-and to his wife. He wondered how far his revenge had succeeded. He was most ashamed of it now. He knew that he had done a disbonorable thing. The more he thought upon it the more angry with himself he became. Yet he dreaded to go back to England and face it all-the reproach of his people, the amusement of society, his wife herself. He never attempted to picture her as a civilized being. He scarcely knew her when he married her. She knew him much better, for primitive people are quicker in the play of their passions, and she had come to love him before he had begun to notice her at all.

Presently he ate his heart out with mortification. To be yoked forever to-a savage! It was horrible! Their children? It was strange he had not thought of that before. Children? He shrugged his shoulders. There might possibly be a child, but children - never! But he doubted even regarding a child, for no word had come to him concerning that possibility. He was even most puzzled at the tone and substance of their letters. From the beginning there had been no reproaches, no excitement, no railing, but studied kindness and conventional statements, through which Mrs. Armour's solicitous affection scarcely over peeped. He had shot his bolt and got-consideration, almost imperturbability. They appeared to treat the matter as though he were a wild youth who would yet mend his ways. He read over their infrequent letters to him; his to them had been still more aim; has to them and been shill more infrequent. In one there was the state-ment that "she was progressing favor-ably with her finglish," in another that "she was riding a good deal."

and reaching out his hand for the pipe offered him lighted it and sat down, smoking in silence. Armour waited; but, seeing that the other was not yet moved to talk, he turned to his letter again. After a time Eye-of-the-Moon said gravely, getting to his feet,

"Brother!" "that when you are in an alehouse where Armour looked up; then rose also. everybody smokes you cannot possibly The Indian bowed to him courteously; recognize the person sitting next to you. then sat down again. Armour threw a leg over the corner of the table and distinguish the customers?" waited.

"Brother," said the Indian presently. "you are of the great race that conquers us. You come and take our land vers. and our game, and we have to beg of you for food and shelter. Then you take our daughters, and we know not where they go. They are gone, like the down from the thistle. We see them not, but his pockets. you remain. And men say evil things. There are bad words abroad. Brother, the witty artist. what have you done with my daugh-

word or two on my shirt cuff.' "See, here is a bit of chalk," was the Had the Indian come and stormed, amiable rejoinder .- Supplement Illustre. begged money of him, sponged on him or abused him he had taken it very calmly. He, in fact, had been superior. At a small town in Kent a gentleman But there was dignity in the chief's employed a carpenter to put up a partition, manner; there was solemnity in his and had it filled with sawdust to deaden speech; his voice conveyed resoluteness the sound. When it was completed the and earnestness, which the stoic calm gentleman called from one side to the of his face might not have suggested, carpenter on the other: 'Smith, can you hear me?" and Armour felt that he had no advan-Smith immediately answered "No, sir." tage at all. Beside, Armour had a con--London Tit-Bits." science, though he had played some rare tricks with it of late, and it needed About 450 B. C. the Indians first intro more hardihood than he possessed to duced the present system of writing from face this old man down. And-why face left to right; previous to that date from him down? Lali was his daughter, right to left prevailed. blood of his blood, the chieftainess of one branch of his people, honored at There is a saltpeter cave in Burton county, Ga., that is overrun by millions of least among these non ravages, and the bats, and has been so ever since the first old man had a right to ask, as asked settlement of the country.

another more famous, "Where is my daughter?" Any part of the body which is supposed His hands in his pockets, Armour sat to be especially susceptible to cold or "delicate" is too often the point selected for an extra thickness of clothing. silent for a minute, eying his boot as he swung his leg to and fro. Presently he said: "Eye-of-the-Moon, I don't think In 1838, at the siege of Herat by the Per-I can talk as poetically as you, even in sians, Mahmoud Shah had a heavy bronze my own language, and I shall not try, gun cast in his camp, and when the siege was raised the gun was sawed to pieces and but I should like to ask you this, Do taken back to Tcheran. you believe any harm has come to your

daughter-to my wife?" The longest canal in the world is claimed The old Indian forgot to blow the toto be the one which extends from the fronbacco smoke from his mouth, and as he tier of China to St. Petersburg. It meassat debating, lips slightly apart, it came ures in all 4,479 miles leaking out in little trailing clouds and Breechloading guns were invented by Thornton & Hall, 1811. Breechloading gave a strange appearance to his iron featured face. He looked steadily at Armour and said: "You are of those cannon were used by the Turks in 1553. who rule in your land"-here Armour protested-"you have much gold to buy CURES OTHERS and sell. I am a chief"-he drew him-

<image><image><image> the straight tongue. It is cowards who lie. Speak deep, as from the heart, my brother, and tell me where my daugh Armour could not but respect the chief for the way this request was put, but still it galled him to think that he was under suspicion of having done any bodily injury to his wife, so he quietly persisted, "Do you think I have done

Lali any harm?" "The thing is strange," replied the other. "You are of those who are great among your people. You married a daughter of a red man. Then she was yours for hess than one moon, and you sent her far away, and you staid. Her father was as a dog in your sight. Do men whose hearts are clear actso? They have said strange things of you. I have that I may say to the tale bearers. 'You

self up-"I am poor. We speak with

ter is."

Montreal, and Eye-of-the-Moon was the A PAIN REMEDY. richest chief in British North America

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