

400-402 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton.

THE FAIR

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Great :- Alteration :- Sale :- Continued

We Mention a Few of Our Prices for This Week:

Table with columns: BARGAINS, Regular Price, Alteration Price. Lists various items like Linen finish Toweling, Apron Gingham, Indigo Blue Calico, etc., with their respective prices.

FOR BARGAINS

THE FAIR

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The Tenant OF THE Narrow House

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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CHAPTER IV.

Frank Ames' Discovery.

In the afternoon of the following day the body of Charlotte Warren was committed to the tomb.

Detective Mulligan—whose total lack of Irish characteristics suggested that he could find another name for himself by looking in his family Bible—held what he called a conference, after the funeral. Nobody else was present. He opened the discussion by remarking to himself that Charlotte had any woman he ever knew for keeping a secret.

"Never did I see a corpse that had less to say," he remarked. "She walked a considerable distance through the snow, and got her dress and her shoes wet, and then she partially dried them before a hot fire. Her dress is scorched a bit, and that's all I know about what she did in this town."

The fire he surmised to have been that which had burned in the room where Ned Ames' body, or at least his coffin, had lain on Thursday night. But that was guesswork. He had failed to find any trace of the girl's presence in or about the Ames house. If she had approached the house in the usual way, her footprints had been obliterated by those of the crowd that had attended the funeral. If she had approached in any other way, he could not find out what it was.

There was also the puzzle of the weapon which had made such a peculiar wound. He had searched the Ames house twice openly and once secretly and had failed to find anything in it which would answer the requirements of the case.

By careful questioning of Horace Riddle he had located the spot in the woods where the boy had seen Ned Ames—or thought he had seen him—but the detective had not succeeded in getting a clew at that point which would guide him a single inch in the direction which the hunted criminal had taken.

It must be remembered that the capture of Ned Ames was desired for a double reason. Mulligan had been pursuing him for weeks as one of the shrewdest active operators in a league of high-grade thieves which had given the Boston police no end of trouble. Even if innocent of the murder, the young man's liberty was forfeit to the law. In view of these facts Mulligan decided to try it again in the woods, on a somewhat different "lay."

of the bloodfound in his heart, and would yet track the criminal down. The clergyman grew impatient whenever Mulligan was out of his sight. He wished to know every new fact the instant it was brought to light. Only by concentrating his mind upon the problem of detection could he keep his grief within bounds. Blessed is he who has work to do at such a time. Early in the evening Frank Ames called upon Mr. Warren, whom he found pacing his study in eager expectation of a visit from the detective. Frank brought painful news. His mother had not rallied from the shock of the terrible scene at the grave. On the contrary, her endurance had been so seriously overtaxed that, at her time of life, the gravest results were to be feared. She lay ill, and had relapsed into a merciful unconsciousness of her sorrow. In Dr. Maxwell's absence there was no competent physician in Williston, and it had been necessary to telegraph for one who lived in the Junction. He had not then arrived. There never is any lack of good nursing in a New England town, however, and Samuel Ames had found abundant help for the bedside of his wife.

On hearing this news, the clergyman thought it his duty to go at once to Mr. Ames' house. Frank remained with Anna Warren. At such a time, when the whole village fairly thronged with excitement, it may not be a matter for wonder that Frank Ames displayed agitation. Yet Anna, who was at tremendous nervous tension herself, could not help remarking upon the condition of her companion. The pallor of his face was heightened by his heavy brows and black mustache. His hands trembled. He paced the little parlor in the manner of one tortured by the most harrowing thoughts.

"The sight of you," said Anna, "makes me regard myself as a marvel of self-control."

He wheeled about suddenly and faced her.

"And the sight of you," he said, "makes me lose what little self-control I had before."

His tone frightened her. She asked him with a trembling voice what he meant by that.

"Anna," he said approaching her, "we have been friends a good many years. I remember you almost from the day you were born, and I have watched you grow year by year into the beautiful woman that you are tonight. How have you regarded me?"

"I'm afraid not," he replied, while his lips quivered. "Upon my word I do not understand you," cried the girl. "If you could see my heart—but there, I frighten you. Yet I can't help it. I have that to say to you tonight which demands that both of us should be stronger than human flesh and blood can be. Something has happened; something that you do not suspect—any more than I did a few hours ago. I believe that it gives me an opportunity such as a thousand lives, if I might live them one after another on this earth, would not bring—the opportunity of serving you in an emergency involving awful risks and the most harrowing difficulty."

He spoke wildly, yet with such evident, deep purpose that the girl was startled into calmness. There is such a possibility, though few there be who are ever called upon to know it by actual experience.

"Tell me exactly what you mean," she said, and the steadiness of her tone amazed him. "You love Robert Maxwell?" "You love Robert Maxwell?" "I am to be his wife."

"I know that, but in this modern life it means but little. Do you love him enough to do him any service that one human being can do another? Do you love him as I love you? Stop! This is no time to evade and disguise the truth. Hear me out. When I tell you what I propose to do for my disclosure will have to be made. You will know that no motive of human conduct save love alone is strong enough to account for it. I have said it, and there is an end. And now for him. Does your love answer the test?"

"I believe," said the girl firmly, "that there is nothing he could ask of me that I would not do."

"He cannot ask it. You must do it without the asking. You must serve him at your own cost, and at your own risk, and at once."

"What does he require of me?" "Surely you must suspect."

"I cannot guess your meaning."

"Where is he now?" "You know well enough. He is in Boston doing his best to solve the mystery of my sister's death."

"Can you believe it? Do you not see that his sudden departure is a flight? Not a word! You must hear me. Who resisted to the utmost the opening of that coffin? Who has been most diligent in casting suspicion upon my brother? Who, at the disclosure of the secret of that grave which so nearly closed over the most horrible of crimes, was the first to leave this place? Already the detective suspects him, but it has been reserved for me to find the absolute proof of his guilt."

He spoke with such appalling thoughts. "The sight of you," said Anna, "makes me regard myself as a marvel of self-control."

Again the awful calmness settled upon her. "I know now what you mean," she said. "You have discovered strong evidence of Robert's guilt—enough, doubtless to satisfy you. In connection with the old slander that joined his name with my sister's ruin, and supported by the strange fatality of his conduct, you think that conviction would follow. You have doubtless discovered what I know, namely, that his whereabouts on Thursday night cannot be proven, because he was driving alone on the road that leads toward Lincoln. So the case stands, and you propose to me that you will hide the evidence which you possess if I will promise to marry you, as the price of it."

He bowed his head. "What is your evidence?" "If it is conclusive, have I your promise?" "If it is conclusive to whom?" "To you."

"I am to be judge and jury—to condemn and sentence myself?" He winced, but recovering himself instantly, answered firmly: "Yes; I trust wholly in your word."

"You have it. Now for your evidence. I have no fear of it."

"Wait! All you have heard. You know that I suspected him from the first. Besides that, I believed that my brother had really died and that his



"Come," she said, "I must see it."

body was in the coffin that I brought here with me. I think there is no doubt that these facts will be established on investigation. You must know I had some evidence of his death before I left Boston. Against it is only Horace Riddle's story, which you know to be worth nothing.

"The case stood thus with me, and I was confronted by the problem of the disappearance of my brother's body. I believe—in fact, I now know—that it was taken from the coffin and your sister's substituted. Her full story I cannot pretend to read, but the detective will do that. My attempt was to find my brother's body, and I have succeeded."

To say that Anna Warren heard this statement with calmness would be to pass the bounds of reason. Her heart seemed to stop. Even a woman may doubt, though ordinarily she is spared that misery by the absence of logic.

This disclosure removed Edward Ames from the field of conjecture. The man whom she had believed to be guilty had proven an alibi measurable only by the distance between this world and the next. Having been mistaken in what she held to be practically certain, her faith in all things was shaken—which is the way with women at such exceptional moments. But faith reasserted itself. As yet she had had

no proof. The mere finding of the body could not convict her lover. Yet she shuddered at the question which she must ask next, and her lips moved almost without sound.

"Where was it?" "In the old Maxwell house on High street," he replied. "It is there now."

Her face was like a mask of white marble. She put her hand on his arm. "Come," she said; "I must see it with my own eyes."

(To be continued.)

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine

—A tonic for ladies. If you are suffering from weakness, and feel exhausted and nervous; are getting thin and all run down; Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.

Advertisement for CUSHING'S MENTHOL INHALER, featuring an illustration of the product and text describing its benefits for various ailments like colds and headaches.

Advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE, highlighting the quality and durability of the footwear.

Advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE, featuring an illustration of a man's face and text about the shoe's construction and price.



TO OVER-TAXED BRAIN WORKERS

And all who suffer from Nerve Strain, Nervous Debility, Errors of Youth, etc., read the symptoms calling for treatment by a specialist: Disorders of Sleep, Nerve Strain, Morbid Habits, Nerve Exhaustion, Pressure and Pain in the Head, Sensitiveness of the Stomach, Incapacity for Methodical Mental Work, Weakness of Vision and a Feeling of Pressure in the Eyes, Depression of the Mind, a Feeling of Anxiety, Sensation of Tingling, General Hotheadedness, Poor Appetite, Constipation, Poor Circulation, Nervous Palpitation, an Unaccountable Dread of Fear, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Excitable, Constant State of Irritation, etc., etc. If you have these symptoms or a majority of them, see a Specialist at once.

Advertisement for DR. W. H. HACKER, a specialist in Nervous Diseases, with contact information for his office.

Advertisement for NERVE SEEDS FOR WEAK MEN, featuring an illustration of a man's face and text about the product's benefits.

Advertisement for DR. RODRIGUEZ'S SPANISH TREATMENT, featuring an illustration of a man's face and text about the treatment's effectiveness.

AMUSEMENTS

Advertisement for THE FROTHINGHAM TONIGHT, featuring the Baldwin Brothers and the White Mahatmas.

Advertisement for ACADEMY OF MUSIC THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, featuring Charles Frohman's Company.

Advertisement for THE NEW BOY AND JAS. T. POWERS, featuring a management team and performance details.

Advertisement for DAVIS' THEATER WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, featuring Ellinwood's Players.

Advertisement for PRISONER FOR LIFE, featuring a realistic melodrama and a troupe of players.

Advertisement for MISS LILLIAN BAYER in New Songs, featuring Mr. Harry Burns in New Specialties.

Advertisement for DUPONT'S MINING, BLASTING AND SPORTING POWDER, featuring a large illustration of the product name.

Advertisement for HENRY BELIN, Jr., featuring a list of agents and contact information for various locations.