

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 goods like Linen finish Toweling, Apron Gingham, Indigo Blue Calico, etc., with their respective prices.

FOR BARGAINS

THE FAIR

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Two Highwaymen

By DAVID WECHSLER.

(These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities.)

CHAPTER II.

We rode on and on through the darkness. At first my excitement was so great as to render thought impossible; moreover the riding was of the roughest, and I had all I could do to keep my seat. But gradually as I began to grow more accustomed to my situation, I was overtaken with a most dreadful mistaking. The rider had hitherto seemed like enough to Dick, for I had known he would do his best to change his voice; and as for his foolish robbery, it was just a piece with his natural love



Imagine My Distress.

of mischief. But now I began to feel certain that some impostor had taken his part; that I had eloped with another man—and him a common highwayman. Imagine my distress! I could conceive of no method of extricating myself from the position; a sense of blank helplessness came over me, and I could do no more than cling tightly to the highwayman and await the event.

We had ridden some miles, when he suddenly drew rein and dismounted, landing me lightly beside him.

"Upon my soul!" he said, "there is a pretty adventure! Heaven knows that I had always a passion for the unusual, or I should still be a humble usher in Bynmaster academy. But, tell me, what am I to do with you?"

an ungallant, yet I protest that I do not like my share in this adventure. Kias me, sweet, and then fancy that I am old and very wise, and take my counsel, which is: that you permit me to conduct you back to some place near your home. And yet I would not wish a braver sweetheart!"

And then, moved by the kindness of his words, and his pleasant voice, I lost command of myself and burst into foolish weeping.

"Sir," I said, "I am altogether at your mercy. I have done that which will shame me the rest of my days. But, indeed, I thought you were another, my sweetheart, whom I should have married tomorrow."

I fancied he spoke less gaily than before; perhaps he had not hoped altogether that I would take his sage advice. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "then my good fortune is but another theft to my account? I do not understand. You were to have married your lover tomorrow, and yet you entreat a stranger, and a highwayman at that, to carry you off? This is the maddest of adventures."

"Sir!" I said, "my uncle stands to me in the place of father and mother." The highwayman chuckled. "Poor child!" he said, and softly stroked my hand, which, it seems, he had been holding for some minutes. "Poor child!"

"He would have me marry one whom I do not love, and I began to fear that presently he would overcome me, and compel—"

"The old hunk!" cried the highwayman. "You shall marry whom you choose. Nay, I withdraw my foolishness. It is here again you shall be Mistress Arthur. Believe me," he added with a pretty conceit—"believe me, there are many who will envy you."

"But, sir," I interrupted, "you forget what I have told you. Of late I have been closely guarded, and before the night is here again you shall be Mistress Arthur. Believe me," he added with a pretty conceit—"believe me, there are many who will envy you."

"I could not endure his jesting. "Sir," I said, "I am in your hands, and it is small wonder you find my plight only laughable. I have made myself a show for all the country to laugh at. Never a pedlar here but will be singing ballads in a se'nlight about this that I have done tonight. Yet I could believe you kinder than most. I entreat that you will help me."

ly along the rough track, which was then the only road across the great moorland. I saw a sudden movement on the part of my companion, and perceived that he was fingering his pistols as he stood silent in the darkness.

"Not that!" I cried, entreatingly. "There will be need of an explanation of some kind," he said; "perhaps you will undertake it. I confess I have not a sufficient gift of words, and am a little inclined to doubt whether

your sweetheart will be in the mood for explanations. Doubtless, as a gentleman of the road, he will ride armed."

"The sound of hoofs grew nearer. He was silent now, and listened most attentively to the approaching sound. Presently the rider was quite near."

"Dick!" I called. "Dick! all's well, and I am in the company of a friend of yours and mine."

A moment later he was upon us, and sure enough he held a pistol in his hand. He jumped from his horse in an instant and came to me; but it was the highwayman who spoke first.

"Sir," he said, "I see by the pistol you carry that you take a very proper view of the situation. And yet I believe that everything may be explained. If you will consult the lady—"

"Dick," I said, "this gentleman is a friend. He took me with him, very much against his will, because I asked that he would take me; and I did that because I thought he was you. You know our plan. He is—"

"You forget," said Dick doggedly, "you forget the little matter of the money and jewels you have stolen."

least the uncle can do is to give you the lady in return for his goods. For, though perhaps you do not guess it, you have shown some bravery tonight."

"Indeed," I cried, "I shall do no less. Dick, we will go back; and I promise you shall marry me when you will, and with his consent. Do you not see it?"

"He ought to do so," said Dick, grudgingly. "I suppose we must thank you, sir."

"Oh!" said the highwayman, lightly, "there is no need of thanks. Here are the jewels and the purse. But first"—he opened the purse and extracted some scraps of paper—"I promised to liberate certain poor debtors, and that promise I must keep."

"Farewell!" he cried, and vanished into the night. Nor did I hear of him again until he was hanged two years afterwards for a daring robbery.

At least there was one who wept at the news of his death—and she a happy wife.

(The End.)

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