

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.

THE FAIR

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FOR BARGAINS

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THE FAIR

Settled Out of Court.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

(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 III.

"Let me introduce Captain Forrester to you," said Miss Cavallo. "He has been good enough to bring me my lace scarf which I thought I had lost. I am so glad to get it again."

The head, observed: "What an elegant man, my dear, quite a swell! Why he is gone upon you, Angy! To think of his coming all this way! Mark my words, he has fallen in love at first sight! I suppose he is rich! He has the air of being rich. You must be careful dear, but not too stand off--"

Angy smiled with a far-away look in her eyes. "I suppose he likes to amuse himself," she said, very calmly. "He



"Pray for My Success," She Added.

"No; I am rather a bird of passage, but I shall make some stay in town just now."

"Indeed!" returned Mrs. Bartlett, blandly. "Then perhaps you would give me the pleasure of your company to a small and early gathering, on the 10th, a conversation in short, mixed with music. We have some literary and artistic friends coming, and I hope to have a genial and intellectual evening."

"Thank you! I shall be very pleased to come," returned Forrester, joyously. "Music has enormous charms for my savage breast."

"Very glad you can join us! My young friend here is good enough to promise her valuable assistance, and one of my inmates plays the violin admirably. I endeavor to make my modest mansion a social center of an improving description." She smiled and nodded to Forrester as if taking him into her confidence, while Forrester caught a surprised look in Miss Cavallo's speaking eyes.

"She did nothing, I should accept," he said to himself. "I dare say the company will be a dainty creature should be plunged into a set of Bohemians, as I suspect she is. By Jove! the carriage in her head is a sort of patent of nobility." Here his reflections were broken by the tinkling of a rather cracked bell.

"Pray join us at our frugal lunch," Captain Forrester, said Mrs. Bartlett in an ultra elegant tone. Forrester glanced at Miss Cavallo's eyes said "don't," and therefore replied: "Thanks! I seldom indulge in luncheon and I have an engagement in town, so I must say good morning; by the way, do you ever go to the theater?"

"Oh! we delight in the drama!" said Mrs. Bartlett. "Indeed! Then I shall send you a box or stalla at the Criterion next week. I have some interest there," returned Forrester, which was true, so far as L. S. D. always has interest.

"Dear me, how very nice!" exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett. Then Forrester bowed himself out. So soon as the door had closed on him Mrs. Bartlett, with a knowing shake of

doesn't seem a bad sort of man--very English, I suppose, at least I never met anyone quite like him before."

"Tip-top style, my dear, take my word for it. But I am glad he didn't stay to lunch--cold shoulder of mutton is sweet eating, but it looks ragged. Come along, I am desperately hungry."

This interview fanned the incipient flame which was already more than smouldering in Forrester's decidedly impressionable heart. He had a great weakness for ladies' society and was equally liked by them. His amourettes were legion, but left little trace on his elastic nature.

There was something, however, in the steady but gentle composure of Angela Cavallo which exercised an extraordinary fascination upon him--perhaps it was the charm that strength has for weakness, but, besides, his amourettes were stirred and stung with a keen desire to rattle that profound quiet of hers by the breath of

emotion--the sweet tremulousness of shy liking.

"I dare say I shall make a fool of myself, I generally do, and women take these passages much more seriously than we do. I fancy that girl could be desperately in earnest--if she cared for a man, and how delicious to be cared for by her! She looks better without her hat than with it. She is certainly a gentleman, but her surroundings are not exactly aristocratic. Of course, I'll not let things go too far; as soon as I make my arrangements here I'll go on to Scotland. As to this claimant that Dixon talks of, I don't fear much on that score."

Such were Forrester's reflections as he rolled eastward to his hotel. "Did you return the scarf personally, or by post?" asked Dixon a day or two after, with a twinkle in his keen eyes.

"Oh, personally, of course! That was mere politeness."

"And where did you find her?" "In person with a respectable elderly female, whose house is, she informed me, an intellectual and artistic center."

"Indeed! Well, don't try too much centralization!"

Forrester laughed and changed the subject.

"Good evening," she said, giving him her hand. "Thank you very much for these beautiful flowers; they give me so much pleasure."

"Then I am amply rewarded," he replied, gazing at her with undisguised admiration. She met his eyes with the same look of amusement he had noticed before.

"I am going to sing," she said. "Will you take care of this for me?" handing him her bouquet.

"Certainly," offering his arm.

"Oh! I must take M. Dupont's! He manages many concerts and wants to hear me sing," and she turned to a very stout gentleman with a head like a blacking brush and stiffly-waxed moustache. "Pray for my success," she added, in a low tone, and, to Forrester's disgust, she walked off with M. Dupont, speaking to him in French with much animation.

The song was an English ballad. It was given with much expression, and received with applause. As soon as Miss Cavallo rose from the piano the Frenchman approached and spoke to her earnestly for a few moments. She listened with evident interest, a brighter sparkle coming into her eyes and lightening up her face. When there was a pause in the talk Forrester approached and offered her his arm, which she accepted and returned to her seat.

"I suppose your fat friend was properly enchanted with your delightful song," he said.

"Ah! that would be too much to expect from so potent a personage! But he was encouraging. He wants to see me and speak of business! He manages many concerts here. I am afraid it is rather late for any engagements this season. Perhaps next year I may be more fortunate."

"And if you find nothing to do?" "I shall return to Paris," she replied. "Paris is your home?"

vealed the future to those "young men and maidens" who sought him at intervals during the evening.

There were no stately waiters in broadcloth to oppress the company with sense of the unfitness of things; a couple of active maids with fresh white caps and aprons flitted about, but otherwise the male guests did the waiting themselves with cheerful alacrity, and among them none were more active and unremitting in his attentions than Forrester.

Most of the guests had assembled when he arrived and he was cordially greeted by Mrs. Bartlett, who was attired in black velvet with a court-like plume of white feathers in her cap, and some really splendid diamonds (Irish) sparkling round her neck.

"Here's your friend Capt. Forrester, my dear!" she said over the shoulder of one of a group of men, who, parting at the hostess's words, revealed Miss Cavallo, whose eyes met Forrester's with a laughing look as if she were amused at his coming. She was very simply dressed, still in black, which showed the snowy whiteness of her neck and arms, and her thick fine hair of red gold without any ornament whatever. Forrester's bouquet lay in her lap, and she was in the act of drawing off her long gloves. Forrester was conscious of a sudden desire to expel, by no gentle means, all the long-haired and queerly dressed men who surrounded her. One or two were in correct evening attire, but none looked like men of Forrester's world.

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"Yes, it has been for the last four years."

"You ought to see something of England before you leave it. By the way, will you and Mrs. Bartlett come and see Wyndham in 'David Garrick,' on Tuesday?"

"Oh! I shall be charmed to go. I think Mrs. Bartlett is disappointed. Here they were silenced by a general 'Hush' as a slightly disheveled young man stood up to recite. The two men sang a duet; a piece on the violin followed. Then Miss Cavallo played an accompaniment for a lady with a brilliant but rather piercing soprano voice. There was a good deal of spirit and ability in all these performances, and Forrester found himself everywhere amused, though rather impatient at having so little conversation with the fair girl who attracted him. Mrs. Bartlett, however, was most attentive to her favored guest, introducing him to various smiling dames, for whom, however, he found difficult to invent conversation. At last he was revived by the approach of Miss Cavallo, who said: 'Would you like to have your fortune told?'"

"There is a wonderful man downstairs who is, Mrs. Bartlett says, quite infallible. I want to hear my fate, too."

"I suspect I have found mine!" said Forrester, smiling. "Nevertheless, I should like to see if this wise man will corroborate my suspicions. Come, then!"

(To Be Continued.)

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