

400-402

Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton.

# THE FAIR

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Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton.

## SPECIALS FOR MONDAY, FEB. 18.

**250 Pieces, 18-inch wide Toweling, linen finished - Our Price, 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 4c**

**250 Pieces Heavy Cream Shaker Flannel, - - Our Price, 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 4c**

**250 Pieces Apron Gingham, best quality, Our Price, 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 4c**

**250 Pieces Unbleached Sheeting, 1 yard wide, - - Our Price, 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 4c**

**250 Pieces American Light Shirting Prints, - - Our Price, 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 4c**

**250 Pieces Atlantic A Sheeting Our Price, 4<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> 8c**

**250 Pieces Hill Muslin, bleached, Our Price, 4<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> 8c**

### Sheetings---Extra Good.

**5-4 Unbleached, 8 1/2 c., Bleached, 10**

**8-4 " 12 c., " 13 1/2**

**9-4 " 13 1/2 c., " 15**

**10-4 " 15 c., " 16 1/2**

**1 Case Cashmere, all colors, 36-in. wide, worth 25c. yard, Our Price, 15c**

**1 Case Cashmeres, 36-in. wide, worth 35c. yard, - - Our Price, 22c**

**40 Pieces Velveteen, all shades, worth 50c. yard, - - Our Price, 35c**

**32 Pieces All-Silk Velvet, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25, - - Our Price, 82c**

**109 White Bed Spreads, extra size, worth \$1.00, - - - - - Our Price, 59c**

**100 Chenille Table Covers, worth 98c., Our Price, 50c**

**100 doz. Bleached, 1 1/2 yds long, Turkish Towels, worth 29c. - - Only 15c**

### Table Linen.

**25c. and 20c. Quality, - - Only 18c**

**39c. " " " " 28c**

**50c. " " " " 38c**

**69c. " " " " 48c**

### SPECIAL SALE LADIES' - MUSLIN - UNDERWEAR ALL NEW GOODS.

**25c. and 20c. Quality - at 19c**

**50c. " " " " at 35c**

**60c. " " " " at 50c**

**75c. " " " " at 58c**

**74c. " " " " at 75c**

**\$1.50 " " " " at \$1.00**

### WINTER GOODS Shawls, Blankets, Comfortables, Millinery, Underwear, Furs, Etc., At about One-Half Price.

**50 doz. Gent's Unlaundered Shirts, worth 50c., - - at 35c**

These are linen bosom and cuffs, double back and front.

**Gents' Linen Collars - - - 8c**

**Gents' Linen Cuffs - - - 10c**

**MONDAY ONLY.**

### TO CLOSE OUT.

**24 Ladies' and Misses' Jackets, worth \$10.00 and \$12.50, Only \$5.00**

**19 Ladies' and Misses' Jackets, worth \$15.00 and \$18.00, Only \$7.50**

**13 Ladies' and Misses' Jackets, worth \$20.00 and \$25.00, Only \$9.00**

**27 doz. Ladies' Wrappers, indigo blue, worth \$1.25, - - Only 85c**

**500 doz. Misses' Ribbed Fast Black Hose, sizes 5 to 9, seamless, worth 19c pair, Special 10c**

**500 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, worth 5c. each, - - - Our Price, 2 1-2c**

### THOUSANDS OF YARDS OF RIBBONS.

**5c. Quality at - - - 2 1/2c**

**10c. " " " " - - - 5c**

**19c. " " " " - - - 11c**

**25c. " " " " - - - 13c**

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## The Hollow Ruby.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

(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 I.

Meryon awoke with the issue of an interesting dream in doubt. Terah had admitted that she loved him; the prince had seemed disposed to hear reason; but just then the purple and gold heraldic horns which formed the central device of his highness' state banner detached itself from the surrounding embroidery and flew viciously at Meryon's head. He heard Terah's voice raised in warning, and saw two black mountains at the verge of a desolate plain, smoldered from each other by a rugged delf. The sun was setting behind the mountains—and he awoke.

"You're a sight for sore eyes! Did anyone ever tell you that you look surprisingly like the divine Princess Terah—God bless her! Maybe only an artist who has painted your portrait as often as I have could see it in your present rig; but put on one of her dresses and anyone would know it. The funny thing is that neither she nor you resemble the prince; but Terah's mother, if she were asked \* \* \* however, there's no fathoming the mysteries of oriental—diplomacy." "Honored lord!" murmured the boy, in a tone of half frightened remonstrance, but smiling still. He knelt and placed the tray upon the divan beside his master. Then taking a cigarette from the enameled box on the tray he put it daintily between his lips and

He yawned and glanced at the long silver chain by which a lamp of pierced brass depended from the ceiling. A ray of sunlight from the east window rested on it—by which token he knew it was about nine o'clock.

The room in which he lay was beautiful and—as the bedchamber of a modern young American—singular.

Lafly and of good size. It was rather narrow for its length. Polished marble of tender hues paved the floor, the central part of which was depressed several inches below the ends, and in a basin in the depression leaped and fell the slender jet of a fountain. A high dais glowed with oriental tiles colored like fading sunsets, and the walls above were hung with tapestries stained as with crushed roses and violets. Higher still was a wide border of dark brown wood exquisitely carved, and above this the four windows, a foot high by four times that width. Silks of mellow tone draped the ceiling.

Along three sides of the south end of the chamber extended a broad divan, part of which served Meryon as a bed. Here and there about this dim, lovely room stood vases of wrought bronze and fine porcelain. Within reach of his arm was a triple gong on a carved wood stand, with a hammer hanging by a silken cord. Meryon struck thrice upon this graceful instrument, and three soft notes of an octave's interval tingled on the air. As they subsided the portiere was pushed open, and a graceful figure entered, bearing a tray with coffee, cakes and cigarettes.

"Had the figure been fully draped, you would have taken it for that of a girl, so refined and beautiful were the aquiline features and the shaggy cloud of soot-black, fine-spun hair, which fell on the shoulders. But the supple body, naked from the waist up, was that of a boy of twelve or fourteen, tawny as fine bronze. Girl round his loins was a skirt of dark blue peshawar stuff, with silver lines running through it and a silver fringe, and about his neck a double necklace of delicate silver links hung half way down his breast. Black as night were the great eyes which met Meryon's blue ones, and radiant the smile of greeting which revealed his flashing teeth.

"The ensuing dialogue, though carried on in an oriental tongue, shall for the sake of uniformity be here given in the English equivalent.

"The top of the morning to you, Ebal, my beauty!" said the American.

"Tanush Sent You This"



my lad," he said, taking the bad and kissing it. "Don't you be scared, I'm looking out for you, and I'm wiser than a thousand such old mules as Hatpha. I talk openly to you because I love you, and Senuah is our confidante because she's your sister and the princess' favorite maid—and there's no one to take her place. But I can hold my tongue when I see fit. And when the time comes—here he bestowed upon the youth a wink of great significance. "I'll take you along with us to America and make your fortune. Well, now, be off, my beauty, and leave me to drink my coffee and meditate!"

"But I may help my lord to dress later!" asked Ebal, reluctantly retiring from the fascinating presence.

"When I'm ready I'll hit the gong. There—Allah—H—Allah Bismillah! Clear out!"

As Ebal vanished with a smile and a sigh, Meryon fell upon the bed with amorous rapture. It faded badly, as buds are apt to do, in the course of time. After smiling and kissing it till it looked as if ruined by premature dissipation, the lover ended by devouring it, petals, calyx and all, as if by incorporating it with his bodily substance to mystically bind to his own the goal of his beloved. Then he drank his coffee and took counsel with himself.

He was an American artist in search of the beautiful, whose devotion to his art was proved by his possessing a fortune that made him more than independent of the world. He had brought good letters of introduction to the prince of the kingdom, and had confirmed his welcome by painting a capital full-length portrait of his host. Great favor was his; a suite of rooms in the palace, and servants for his exclusive behoof. The prince was not only at all times accessible to him without ceremony, but could not get enough of his society. During his two months' sojourn he had made a lot of valuable studies, in many of which Ebal, in all poses and costumes, or with no costume save his own boyish beauty, was the center of his interest. This was all very well.

But aids for insatiable human nature and malicious fate! One day toying to a concentration of accidents which cannot here be detailed he met face to face and unpreparedly the only daughter of the prince, Terah the beautiful. It was all up with him in a moment, and his oriental fancy seems to have been no less captivated by the fresh complexion, handsome features and red hair of the occidental stranger. They loved each other at the first intention, as surgeons say. Just as young people used to do in the golden prime of the good Haroun Alrashid. Ah! humanity cowers in this old world yet, as we shall see!

Meryon had the tact to cover his face with his hands, and the presence of mind to look through his fingers. The princess rejected her veil not so hastily as to prevent a quick, artist glance from catching a rapturous impression of her dusky grace and glorious eyes. Fat old Hatpha, with pendent cheeks flapping, bustled up in vast perturbation and whipped the princess out of the lady's sight as fast as he could. But Senuah, following, threw over her shoulder an arch glance which her America would have passed for a wink of sympathetic intelligence. Mischief was afoot.

Then followed intrigue. One afternoon the back part of the booth of Museddin, the jewel-merchant, contained a new apprentice, with huge urban and voluminous drapery, whose blue eyes wandered from his work as

Terah entered, and never left her face during the half hour she chattered with the jeweler over the price of a ring—which, on the other hand, she would never have looked at twice, had she not been stealing a thousand glances at the back part of the shop! Again, from a mesherie-screened window chartered

for the purpose, who glowed invisibly and impassioned while Terah, her divine countenance not ten inches from his, debated interminably with Senuah as to whether they should turn to the right and visit the confectioner, or to the left to the silk mercer's; while Hatpha, the unsuspecting, stood in the shadow hardly, with mind at ease because, forsooth, the street was empty. Empty!—and all the while Terah's soft finger tips were being kissed ravenously through the lattice-work, and when at last the debate with Senuah came to an end, folded back doors about a love-note designed in the most gloriously extravagant terms! No name was signed to that note, but perhaps the princess didn't therefore wear it in her bosom until—paradoxical as it may seem—it got worn out, and means had to be devised to furnish her with another!

Yes, here in the heart of the guarded orient, and under the shadow as it were of the low-string, was this love affair carried on, until this very morning of the rosebud. How was it to end? Ah, how indeed!

"No doubt," Meryon said to himself, "coupling with an oriental princess, the noses of her father and the head which isn't the easiest thing in the world—I never said it was! But a bonanza like that is worth a risk. The boldest way is the best; bribe Museddin again; wait with the horses at the back doors in the alley; she comes in to buy a new ring; frightful row in the street at the front between two camel-drivers; Hatpha mounts guard at the door; Terah slips into a rear room and a suit of boy's clothes and so out at the back, mounts, and we're off! Give us ten minutes' start, and they'll have feet steeds that follow; quoth young Lechniv! That's the programme. Sorry to play such a game in the poor old prince, but that is the fault of the oriental system—and oh, my soul! what an armful of heaven she is!"

He caught up a pillow and viciously pressed Terah to his heart. Like other lovers he was sometimes constrained to wreak himself on his imagination.

"I quite pity Hatpha, too," he said, when he came to himself. "but in the bright lexicon of my youth there's no such a word as getting bested by any



He Met Face to Face the Only Daughter of the Prince.

tumble-down, earringed, dew-lapped, pot-bellied old nondescript like that—I guess not! I'll go down and interview Museddin as quick as I can get my clothes on."

He reached for the gong, but ere he could strike it the curtains parted and in sprang Ebal, evidently in a fright.

[To Be Continued.]

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