

WE REMOVE APRIL 1st NEXT

TO 134 WYOMING AVENUE,

The store at present occupied by J. Lawrence Stelle, Music Dealer, and propose to enter our new premises with a brand new stock in every detail. In order to effect this desired end, we begin today a

GREAT THIRTY-DAY CLEARING SALE

Of our entire stock. No need to say anything about quality. The goods we offer were not bought for cheap sale purposes, and therefore carry our guarantee just the same as if they had been bought in the regular way and at regular prices. Thirty days is a very short time in which to close out such a large stock as we carry; but We'll Set the Pace for Rapid Selling by quoting prices that in many cases would surprise the manufacturers who sold them to us. But figures outweigh talk in such an important occasion, and we ask your attention to the following, as an example of what we are doing throughout the entire stock:

China and Porcelain.

Pretty Decorated Tea Sets, 56 pieces, good ware.....	\$2.98
A 100-piece Dinner Set, nicely decorated and very attractive.....	5.90
China Dinner Set, 102 pieces, fine ware, richly decorated, up to date in style.....	19.50
6-piece Decorated Toilet Set, good ware, full size.....	1.79
10-piece Toilet Set, handsomely decorated, and of good quality.....	2.24

The bargain story would just be as interesting supposing we went through every item in these great departments.

Lamps, Cutlery, Etc.

Banquet Lamps, very handsome, central draft burners, rich silk and lace shades, etc.....	\$ 2.75
Decorated Vase Lamps, shade to match, and a good burner.....	74c
Rogers' Triple Plated Knives or Forks, positively the very best goods; latest designs, per dozen.....	2.98

Our Lamp stock embraces every desirable make and size known to the trade, and there is not an item in it that has not shared equally in the general mark down.

Glassware, Etc.

Light Blown Tumblers, engraved 8 lines; not seconds, but perfect goods.....	40c. per doz
Glass Tea Sets, four pieces, comprising Sugar Bowl, Spoon Holder, Butter Dish and Cream Jug.....	19c
Glass Tea Sets, four pieces as above; perfect imitation of cut glass, and very handsome.....	29c
Glass Fruit Nappies They cost more at the Glass Works.....	20c. per doz
Fancy Glass Peppers and Salts, Nickel Screw Tops, plenty to pick from, at.....	3c

Our stock of Fine Glassware is unrivaled in Northeastern Pennsylvania for variety and extent. Touch it at any point you will and you'll find the reductions in keeping with the prices just quoted.

WEICHEL & MILLAR, CHINA HALL,

WYOMING BLOCK, SCRANTON. OPEN EVENINGS.

Between Scylla and Charybdis

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.

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

II.

[Date Undecided.]

They were not adventurers of the vulgar type—that is, adventurers in the sense of holding a different social position from that which they assumed. They were gentlemen of good family; but fortune hunters to whom the income was of more account than the woman, and who made pretense of a love they did not feel. For Gerald's somewhat brutal attitude of command was love-making in his way—a way analogous to that of the savage who first knocks his intended wife senseless and then carries her off to his own hut in the bush—his conquest, lover, wife and victim all in one.



He Spoke to No One Else.

She had her choice between the two. In Gerald she would find a spirit of domination that would crush her to the earth—a materialistic, unpoetic kind of nature that would leave her soul as arid as the parched sands of the Libyan desert—a tyrant, a master, a conqueror. In Giulio di Siena she would have fidelity, intrigue, jealousy, and what to an English woman, accustomed to much open-air exercise and absolute freedom of movement, would be practically incarceration. In the princess she would have a mother-in-law who would rule her with a rod of iron, and make her her agent as a daughter—who would persecute her to become a Catholic; who would ridicule her English ways and feign her nationality; who would make up for her husband's neglect by a system of espionage which would not leave her one shred of spontaneous freedom, and who in all of whose persecutions here, and glacial barriers there, would be joined by her married daughter, La Contessa Maria del Sole (who would repeat and exaggerate all that her mother might say or do). Of the two the balance of unhappiness would be on the side of the Italian, but neither man would treat her well, and in a marriage with each alike would be her misery.

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good.

Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

question directly addressed to him, and then he answered in monosyllable, and his voice was more like a bear's growl than ever before. If it were the baron who spoke to him, on any subject independent of the matter in hand, he contented himself with a reply that effectually put a stop to all such advances; for this time, at least. He was more unpleasant than could have been believed, as the princess said in her pretty broken English, and so far as he could, he spoiled the day's pleasure for all concerned, anxious as he was to punish all and sundry for the infraction of that undesired association. For this, too, as for some other things, the baron owed him more than one; and in his own mind resolved to pay his debt with interest.

terest. The only difficulty was: How could he pay that debt? The Englishman was stronger than he, and braver. And stabbing him in the back, in the dark, was not apparently very feasible. The way from the Schloss led down to the valley by a road cut in the side of the mountain. A mass of rock and unscalable escarpments rose sheer from the path above—a precipice with eternity at the bottom fell sharply down below. The road was full of these acute angles and hazardous curves so well known to continental travelers—angles and curves which were veritable death-traps and where the marvel was that anyone should escape with his life. Two half-broken, loosely-harnessed horses, mainly guided by the voice of a

voluble and vociferous coachman, who held his reins as slack as a bunch of ribbons in a collon, were the locomotive agents of the carriage, in a transit where the chances of disaster were as numerous as there were flowers on the broad ledges of inaccessible rocks. Yet tragic occurrences was as rare as the passing of a herd of chamois or a fight between an eagle and a vulture in the sky. Rains had washed away some of the edges, both of the cliffs above whereby the road was strewn with stones that rolled as the horses stepped on them, and of the center line against the sharp decline below. Still, they had gone up in safety in the morning and they supposed they should come down in safety in the afternoon. The horses, if loosely handled and not broken according to our ideas, were familiar with the road, and the coachman, for all his outlandish methods of driving, knew his work.



He Stopped Them in The Plunge.

Something startled them. The horses, used to the road as they were, sure-footed and as a rule trustworthy in their own wild way, suddenly broke loose and took matters in their own keeping. Disobedient bit and bridle they tore down the steep incline, the shouts of the terrified driver maddening them still more, and the hand of Gerald Froisher on the rein of no avail. They had taken the bit between their teeth, and their teeth were strong. The danger was imminent. They were close to the worst bit of the road, where the most careful driver, doing all he knew, could never be quite sure of safe steering. Now as things were destruction seemed inevitable.

"The princess shrieked and flung her arms abroad, calling on the saints and adding to the horror of the moment by her ungovernable terror. The young baron was in a state of collapse. Almost fainting, speechless, motionless, his eyes closed, his form drooping, he lay as if half dead. Ida sat perfectly still, her eyes wide open as if she were watching how things would go; and Mrs. Brand, looking into vacancy, moved her lips in silent prayer. The carriage swayed from side to side and one wheel hung over the abyss, when Gerald leaped from the box and at the risk of his life somehow managed to secure the bride of the off horse, and his sheer force of strength stopped him in the plunge and flung him back on his haunches. His grasp missed would have sent them all to the bottom of the abyss together. As it was they were safe, through his gallant action gallantly performed; and however unpleasantly his temper might have been he had undoubtedly saved them all from destruction.

But the contempt with which he grasped the baron by the shoulder and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat!—the driver meanwhile having got to the head of his horses, with whom he was reasoning and arguing, shouting out the error of their ways and the folly as well as wickedness of which they had been guilty; the superb tone of disdainful superiority with which he said: "Come, baron, pull yourself together like a man! Your precious life is in no danger—no thanks to you for yourself or the others. You were not too frightened, I can see," he added, turning to Ida and speaking with more genuine admiration than he had ever yet shown to her. "You are English and know how to face danger with courage!"

"It is well to be without nerves," sobbed the princess. "We southerners have susceptibilities which you cold northerners want."

"They are inconvenient things at

times," said Gerald, significantly. But now the baron had recovered and could take part in things as they were. "I can face a bullet," he said, quite as significantly. "Where my mother and the signorina are concerned I confess I lose my head. Had I been alone you would have seen a different man."

"Possibly," said Gerald, with a sneer. "Meanwhile the man we have seen has not contributed much to the safety of the ladies for whom he professes so much regard. We can judge of the unseen only by the seen."

"We will speak of this again," said the baron, with meaning lightly touching his own breast.

"At your pleasure," said Gerald, measuring him from head to foot with eyes that spoke more than lips could have done. It was as if they had said: "Reluctant to meet you? I, the crack shot of the African wilds and the Indian jungles, afraid to face a nerveless coward like you?"

All that evening the Englishman waited for the challenge which never came. When dinner was over he strolled about the hotel gardens and made love to Ida in his domineering, trenchant way. But the baron and his mother did not appear. They had been at the table d'hotel dinner where Gerald had almost insulted the young man—where Ida had been now cool and now sorry as her mind dwelt now on her young lover's cowardice and now on his charms. But after dinner they

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