

THE BUSY WHIRR AND HUM OF BUSINESS

Day in and day out, tells with a more emphatic voice than any words could, that the intelligent buyers of Scranton

APPRECIATE OUR REMOVAL SALE BARGAINS

And why shouldn't they? Go to any importer, go to any factory or pottery in the country, and they won't attempt to match our present selling prices, no matter in what quantities you buy, therefore prudent economy dictates buying now. With such figures as these before you, who is strong enough to resist the temptation to participate in the present bargain plunder?

CHINA AND PORCELAIN.

We have opened a few crates more of the \$2.98 tea sets, 5.90 dinner sets, and \$1.79 and \$2.24 toilet sets, which were oversold early in the week, and which were fully described in the Monday's issue of The Tribune. They cannot remain long in stock, and those desiring them had better get a move on.

NEW ITEMS.

Fine English Porcelain Decorated Dinner Set, under glazed and illuminated with gold. A very handsome 112 piece set at \$12.75. These are Alfred Meakin's celebrated goods. We need say no more. A few fine China Dinner Sets (not many) are still on hand. At \$19.50 the value is simply superb. As dainty a China Tea Set as any person could desire, with quaint and delicate decorations in blue, \$11.50. Actually worth about \$30. After Dinner Coffees. All sorts of pretty and unique styles 19c. up. Real China Cuspidors, richly decorated and new shapes, 39c. Toilet Sets at less than they cost to make. No end to the assortment.

GLASSWARE, ETC.

Hundreds of our 19c. and 29c. Tea Sets (creams, sugar, butter and spoon holders) have been sold. Stock is getting light. Come early. Fine light blown barrel shape, engraved 6-line Tumblers, 48c. per dozen. Were 75c. Handsome half gallon imitation Cut Glass Pitchers, 19c.

GLASSWARE, ETC.

Water Sets, hand engraved, 6 tumblers, 1 pitcher and tray. Pretty imported goods at 99c.

Hand painted and gold illuminated raised decoration Water Sets, 12 glasses, pitcher and tray, and lovely as a poem, \$1.48.

Austrian Chromatic Glass Water Sets, 3 colors and gold, hand painted, \$2.14.

Imitation cut glass Berry Sets, 9-inch dish with 6 individuals, 43c. Rich imitation cut glass Berry Sets, 9-inch dish with 12 individuals 97

We've only touched on our glassware. Hundreds of other things await your inspection and prices are just as low all around.

LAMPS.

Handsome Vase Table Lamps, with decorated shades to match, and A1 burners, 74c., 90c. and \$1.45. Central Draft Lamps, the best burner made, handsome vase base, with decorated 10-inch shades, \$2.15.

BANQUET LAMPS. Elegant designs, central draft burners, silk and lace shades, \$2.75.

Besides this line we have a magnificent range of Banquet Lamps in high art designs in brass, bronze, gold gilt, onyx, etc. No end to the assortment, and prices lower than you dream of.

HANGING LAMPS--In chandeliers, shade lamps, hall lamps, etc., at figures which are sure to make you smile. We don't want to carry one of them with us to our new quarters, no, not one.

SILVERWARE.

Rogers' highest grade triple plate Knives and Forks, \$2.98 per dozen. Handsome 5-piece quadruple plate and gold-lined Tea Sets, large size, best goods made, \$18.75.

Four-piece quadruple plate Tea Sets, a wonderful value, \$9.74. Children's Silver Plate Mugs, our regular fine goods, 89c.

Triple Plate Pickle Castors, 99c. Triple Plate Butter Dishes, 73c.

Touch us at any point throughout our Silverware Stock, and you'll find our prices just as interesting.

BRIC-A-BRAC, ETC.

Japanese sugars and creams, 15c. per set. China decorated vases, per pair, 24c. China Chocolate Pots, very handsome, 98c.

Our Haviland China, real cut glass, and general Bric-a-brac goes at a big sacrifice, and the assortment is excellent. No need to quote figures on such goods. Connoisseurs are invited to call.

WEICHEL & MILLAR'S GREAT REMOVAL SALE

WYOMING HOUSE BLOCK,

WYOMING AVENUE, SCRANTON, PA.

EIGHT MINUTES OF THREE



A DETECTIVE STORY

(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.

In my case I suppose that something did, for I got up and wrote a letter to Mrs. Prineveau in which I told her that I accepted the case and would do the best I could for the accused, and that it looked like a hopeless affair. In response to this I received a note of thank, including a crisp five hundred dollar bill as a retainer fee. That the pale face of the man's wife had determined me is not unlikely, for it came back to me in the night with the strangest persistency and the same unwarranted look of trust in the gray eyes.

The trial was set down to come on about the first of May, and there was about a month's time to get ready for it. I wasted about a week in the conviction that all I could do was to dispute the evidence inch by inch, and in the last resort show that Clarkson was given to emotional aberrations and was at times irresponsible. But whenever my mind reverted to the matter that miserable woman's face rose up with an awful reproach in it, and then I fell to excusing myself to myself as if I had not done right.

One morning, with an entirely inexplicable impulse, I went down to the

place in Varick street. I found Mrs. Clarkson lying in one room on the third floor of a dimly lit barracks, with two extraordinarily beautiful children, scantily but tidily dressed, playing about the floor, and occasionally asking when papa would come back. She had taken in some kind of needle work--button work, which showed me. She had to cover the iron frames of the buttons with silk, and arrange them on a card, for which she got twenty-five cents a dozen, and by the utmost industry could never quite make two cards a day of a dozen buttons each. Her finger ends were black with needle marks. She looked weary and sick, but she did not complain. Nothing that ever I had encountered in my experience as a lawyer or as a man so moved my sympathy as this woman. Instinctively I knew that she had been gently bred; that she had loved a worthy man and this was her penalty for continuing to love him. I knew that she would cling to him through all misfortune and be the last to leave him when his doom came. I felt myself treating her with a fine courtliness that was inspired by respect, the respect we always feel for something that is a little above our human range.

It was difficult to pull myself out of this mood and come down to the practical business of a lawyer, but it was necessary.

"Mrs. Clarkson," I said, "it is necessary that we look at this matter in the most cold-blooded way. We have got to make the effort to save your husband honest on almost every side by all possible legal difficulties, and shut into one or two miserably narrow courses. I have got to prove an alibi or establish his insanity."

"Do you mean by insanity that you will admit that he committed the deed in a mad fit?"

"Perhaps that would be the most judicious course, and then throw ourselves on the sympathy of the jury and the mercy of the court."

She shook her head with a sad dignity. "He did not commit the deed," she said.

"Perhaps not. That may be a moral certainty with you. But a lawyer must have facts. How are we to prove that he did not?"

Her answer startled me a little. It was said calmly, and as if she saw no difficulty about it.

"Have you some one else in your mind?" I asked quickly. She hesitated a moment and then said: "No, but there must be some one else. Is that not your first and only task?"

She was standing in front of me. The two beautiful children were clinging one on either side to her dress. She reached down and put her hands on their heads. It was a lovely group of innocence, and made a touching appeal. "I feel sure that you will do it," she said.

When I came away, I felt that in some way my client had been a failure. I had meant to place the obdurate facts

before her and ask her to assist me in working out the alibi or establishing her husband's insanity. I had looked upon both suggestions with a dignified contempt and asked me to find the person who really committed the deed.

I made up my mind that I was to get no practical assistance from the wife, and in my extremity I sent for Amos Daryl, who was then employed in the secret service in Washington.

I had not seen him in several years, but he owed his position to me and he was the only detective I knew for whose abilities I had a profound respect. Luckily he was able to get away, and he came to New York promptly to see me.

Daryl was a great, burly, raven-haired fellow with a child's simple-mindedness; one of those men who deceive you completely in appearance and manner. He might easily have been mistaken for an Adirondack guide on a visit to the city. But he was well known to the police authorities and most of the criminal lawyers.

He listened to me as I went over the details of the affair, and I don't think he spoke once till I told him what Mrs. Clarkson had said, then he smiled, put his long hands in his pockets, and stretching out his intermingled legs remarked: "A good idea."

"I have told you all that there is to it. What is your opinion?"

"My opinion is that Mrs. Clarkson suspects some one else and hasn't told you. Give me a card to Mrs. Prineveau, and three or four days' time."

Just before he left, he said: "You'd better give me a card to Mr. Greve, while you are about it. I want to see that bullet, and I shall have to get an order from him."

my pen and wheeled round, "you've come back a little sooner than I expected. Have you got anything to say to me?"

"Not much."

He said this with his aggravating vacuity, and stopped. One hand was thrust into his pocket, the other supported his head in an easy, indolent sprawling position.

"I suppose you have made up your mind; it is a waste of time trying to save that man. Well, I about made up my mind to that myself, some time ago."

"Do you mind telling me how you got into this case?" he asked.

"As that is a private matter and you are not disposed to take any share in the case, I don't see why I should make you a confidant."

"Did Mrs. Prineveau ask you to defend Clarkson?"

"Ah! Mr. Greve told you?"

"Then, Mrs. Prineveau?"

"Mrs. Prineveau would not talk to me. I scared her."

"Scared her? You must have lost your tact."

"No, I haven't."

"Look here, Daryl," I said, a little nettled. "You are one of the cleverest men in a particular line I ever met. This whole thing is in a nutshell. Either that man Clarkson shot Mr. Prineveau or he didn't. If he didn't shoot him he must have been somewhere at the time. He says he was drunk and if so some one must have seen him at some resort far away from the scene of the crime. It's a plain piece of work to find out the man's resorts and get hold of the persons who saw him there on that day. That's all there is to it, and I don't mind telling you that I haven't a bit of faith in the task, but there's a chance."

Daryl did not say anything for a moment. He worked his big fist in his pocket mechanically, and looked down at his heavy boots as if he were at a complete loss. Presently he said, drawingly: "Yes, that would be a waste of time."

"Then you have made up your mind that Clarkson is guilty?"

"No--o. I've made up my mind he is innocent."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes--s. Saw his wife, too."

"And he convinced you that he was innocent?"

"No--o. His wife convinced me."

I laughed. "You're more susceptible than I supposed," I said. "She would have convinced me, too, if I hadn't kept my wits about me."

Daryl threw his head back and pulled at his iron-gray whiskers a moment.

"I think I know who committed that Murder."

Then he said in a schoolboy way: "I think I know who committed that murder, old fellow."

"Do you? Who?"

"Mrs. Prineveau!"

If he had told me that he thought I had committed it, I don't think I could have been more astonished. I gave an incredulous start. "I wish you'd give me the facts upon which you have built that quick and pardon me for saying it--that preposterous conclusion."

"I haven't got a single fact yet," he replied. "I'll look for the facts if you like, later on."

"What in heaven's name then have you got to warrant such a conclusion?"

"Kinder get the truth. It's different from facts. Can't foot it up, but you feel it all the same. I allers prefer it to facts--to begin with, for the facts kinder fit into it, easy like."

"I got up and took a turn or two. My mind did not easily adjust itself to this possibility. Daryl reached out his long arm and played with the paper weight on my table contentedly."

"Amos," I said, "I don't know what to make of this, and I think that you ought to tell me exactly how this notion got into your mind."

He toyed with the paper weight, and did not look at me. I could see that he was somewhat at a loss how to explain himself.

"Well," he finally said, "I ain't good at tracking my own notions, as you call 'em, but I don't mind saying in a general way that the truth slips into some people's systems without their knowing how. As a rule it's a woman's system, and ten to one it's a woman like Mrs. Clarkson. Why, if her husband had murder on his clothes she'd smell it over night. She knows every turn of his big lubberly heart. She knows he hasn't killed anybody, and I'd take her word for it. A woman knows a lot of things that a man don't."

"Yes," I said, "she knows how to play on a man's susceptibilities."

"Mrs. Prineveau don't want to play on my susceptibilities, does she? You saw her, and talked with her, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"And she struck you as a conscientious, self-respecting, kindly old party, didn't she?"

"She certainly impressed me as a woman who had nothing to conceal and was anxious that justice should be tempered with mercy."

"Very cool, and collected, and dignified."

"Most assuredly."

"Well, when she met me, she gave a start. 'Who brought you into the case?' she said. 'Not you, madam, of course,' says I, and she gave a little twitch. 'I wanted,' says I, 'to take a look at that bullet.' She snatched at the back of the chair, and laid in a big breath. 'You had better go to my lawyer. I don't think he will let you see it.' 'I'm not sure that he has it, madam,' I said. 'I have seen it, and it was never made for a pistol barrel.'

"Say, old fellow, that's a woman, and she'll beat up the old if we don't use a woman's tactics. She just braced herself and began to act, but it was too late. 'Ah,' says she, 'you have some new theory in the case, or some new light. I wish you would go to my lawyer with it and if you wish any material assistance why you can come to me afterwards.'

"I call that simply prodigious; she says to herself: 'Here's a dangerous man. I'll get Mr. Greve to handle him and I'll handle Mr. Greve, and I'll throw out a hint of money at the same time.'

Then Amos Daryl struck the paper weight that he held in his hand emphatically on the table, and turning round, said: "My friend, that woman had no sooner clapt her eyes on me than she understood the truth, and the truth was this: that somebody had advised that she couldn't hoodwink me. I tell you, a woman's thinking apparatus is lightning sometimes."

"I sat down in front of Daryl. 'You amaze me,' I said. 'Suppose you turn to the facts now. The bullet was not made for a pistol barrel.'

"No. The pistol is a little French plaything. There are not twenty-five things better here. But it was made at a French factory where the cartridges are all moulded. The bullet from Mr. Prineveau's body was not moulded. It was cut from a piece of lead and shaped with an instrument. You can see the marks of a fine file on it if you use a glass."

"But," I observed, "the bullet entered Mr. Prineveau's side through his clothing, the hole was found in his vest. It must have been fired from that side, and Mrs. Prineveau was on the other side."

"See here," said Daryl, getting up suddenly. "I don't mind being a little rash just for once, and I'll bet you a trip ticket to Florida, where you can see my little orange grove, after this case is decided, that Mr. Prineveau didn't wear the vest with the hole in it when he was killed in the carriage. Have you been up to Sixty-sixth street and Fourth avenue to look the ground over?"

"No."

"Well, I have. It was 5 o'clock when Mr. Prineveau was killed, and there was a steady stiff wind blowing from the northeast with plenty of snow, but it was light enough to see Westward across the open lots to the Fifth avenue. If there had been anybody within a thousand feet the coachman or Mrs. Prineveau could have seen him. To suppose that a little French pistol could have carried further than that straight to Mr. Prineveau's heart is one of those yarns that would make a marine sick. My dear fellow, I've talked

more today than I have in six months. But Mrs. Clarkson was dead right when she said the thing to do is to prove that some one else committed the crime."

"Can we do it?"

"We can find that person, but to prove it--well, to tell you the truth, I don't believe we will, for that person is as clever as four lawyers and eight ordinary detectives, and has had the start of us for a year or more."

"Where are you going now?"

"I'm going over to take some things to that woman in Varick street. I don't believe she is comfortable, and I'm dead sure she hasn't any friends. I'll see you in the morning with some facts, if I run across 'em."

[To Be Continued.]

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[To Be Continued.]

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 Mental Work, Weakness of Vision and a Feeling of Pressure in the Eyes, Depression of the Mind, a Feeling of Anxiety, Sensation of Buzzing, General Bodily Weakness, Poor Appetite, Constipation, Poor Circulation, Nervous Pains, an Unaccountable Tremor or Fear, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Excitability, Constant State of Unrest, etc. If you have these symptoms or a majority of them, see a Specialist at once.

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