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AND HER GOLD RING .

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CHAPTER L.

One of the first things which Comfort remembered being told was that she had been named for her Aunt Comfort who had given her a gold ring and a gold dollar for her name. Comfort could not understand why. It always eemed to her that her aunt and not she had given the name, and that she should have given the ring and the dolfar, but that was what her mother had told her. "Your Aunt Comfort gave you this beautiful gold ring and this gold dollar for your name," said she.

The ring and the dollar were kept in Mrs. Pease's little resewood work box, which she never used for needlework. but as a repository for her treasures. Her best cameo brooch was in there, too, and a lock of hair of Comfort's baby brother, who died.

One of Comfort's chiefest delights for her. Aunt Comfort and her mother had each thought that it was foolish to

who were all well grown, and Aunt Comfort feared she might have larger

shouldn't be able to get that ring |

But when Comfort was 8 years old she was very small for her age, and she could actually crowd two of her fingers, the little one and the third, into the ring. She begged her mother to let her wear it so, but she wold not. 'No," said she, "I shan't let you make yourself a laughing stock by wearing a ring any such way as that, besides you couldn't use your fingers. You've got to wait till your hand grows to it."

So poor little Comfort waited, but she had a discouraged feeling sometimes that her hand never would grow "Suppose I shouldn't be any bigger than you, mother," she said, "couldn't I wear the ring?"

'Hush, you will be bigger than I am; all your father's folks are, and you look just like them," said her mother con-clusively, and Comfort tried to have faith. The gold dollar also could only impart the simple delight of possession for it was not to be spent. "I am going to give her a gold dollar to keep be side the ring," Aunt Comfort had said.

"What is it for?" Comfort asked was looking at her gold ring and gold sometimes, when she gazed at it shin-dollar. When she was very good her ing in its pink cotton bed in the top of mother would unlock the rosewood box | the workbox. "It's to keep," answered and let her see them. She had never her mother. Comfort grew to have a worn the ring; it was much too large feeling which she never expressed to anybody that her gold dollar was somehow like Esau's birthright, and somebuy a gold ring that she could out- thing dreadful would happen to her if "If it were a camellan ring I she parted with it. She felt safer, bewouldn't care," said Aunt Comfort, cause a "mess of pottage" did not "but it does seem a pity when it's a sound attractive to her, and she did So the ring was not think she would ever be attempted bought a little too large for Comfort's to spend her gold dollar for that.

moreover, favored her father's family, early as most of the other girls, because she lived three-quarters of a mile from the schoolhouse and had many sore throats. The doctor had advised "Why, I've seen girls 8 years old with her mother to teach her at home, and all up herself in one hard hand. "I'd fingers a good deal bigger than yours, she could do that because she had been she said. "Suppose Comfort a teacher herself when she was a girl. Comfort had not been to school one on her finger after she's 8 years old day before everybody in it knew about what a pity 'twould be, when it's real her gold ring and her dollar, and it happened in this way; She sat on the

bench between Rosy and Matilda

"Don't You Cry," She Whispered.

Stebbins, and Rosy had a ring on the middle finger of her left hand. Rosy was a fair, pretty little girl, with long, light curls, which all the other girls ad- it. mired, and begged for the privilege of twisting. Rosy at recess usually had one or two of her friends standing at her back twisting her soft curls over their fingers. Rosy wore pretty gowns and aprons

too, and she was always glancing down to see if her skirt was spread out nicely when she sat on the bench, Her sister, Matilda, had just as pretty gowns, but she was not pretty herself. However she was a better scholar, although she was a year younger. That day she kept glancing across Comfort at her sister and her black eyes twinkled angrily. Rosy sometimes sat with her left hand pressed affectedly against her pink cheeck, with the ring finger bent slightly outward, and then she held up her spelling book before her with her left hand, and the same

ostentatious finger. Finally Matiida lost her patience, and she whispered across Comfort Pease "You act like a ninny," said she to Rosy, with a fierce pucker of her red lips and a black twinkle of her eyes. Rosy looked at her and the pink spread softly allover her face and neck but she still held her spelling book high, and the middle finger, with the

ring wiggled at the back of it. "It ain't anything but brass neither, whispered Matilda.

"It ain't," Rosy whispered back. "Smell of it." Rosy crooked her arm around her face, and began to cry. However, she cried quite easily, and everybody was accustomed to seeing her fair head bent over the hollow of her arm several times a day, so she created no excitement at all. Even the school teacher simply glanced at her and said nothing. The school teacher was an elderly woman who had taught school ever since she was sixteen. She was called very strict, land, the little girls were all afraid of her. She could ferrule a boy just as well as a man could. Her name

cess, she pushed Charlotte Hutchins cut them all off if I was your mother." when Rosy rolled her scared blue eyes up at her she only laughed grimly, and

Now Miss Hanks just looked absently at Rosy, weeping in the hollow of her blue gingham arm, then went over to the blackboard and began writing in fair large characters. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," for the scholars to copy in their writing books. The temptation and the opportunity were too much for Comfort Pease. nudged Matilda Stebbins and whispered in her ear, although she knew that whispering in school was wrong T've got a real gold ring," whispered

Matilda turned astonished eyes upon "You ain't."

"Who gave it to you?" "My Aunt Comfort, for my name."

"Were you named for her?" 'Yes, and she gave me a real gold

"Matilda Stebbins and Comfort Pease, stand out on the floor," said Miss Tabitha Hanks, sharply. Comfort gave a great jump. The teacher had been standing at the blackboard, with her back toward them, and how had she seen? Never after that did Comfort feel quite safe from Miss Tabitha's eyes; even if they were on the other side of a wall, she could not quite trust

"Step right out on the floor, Matilda and Comfort," repeated Miss Tabitha, and out the two little girls stepped. quite pale. Matilda looked very sober, but her black eyes gave a defiant flash when she was out on the floor and saw that her sister Rosy had lowered her arm and was looking at her with ger tle triumph. "You see what you've got because you called my ring brass," Rosy seemed to say, and Matilda gave a stern little nod at her, as if she re plied: "It is brass."

Poor little Comfort did not feel much sustained by the possession of her real gold ring. It was dreadful to stand out there facing the school, which seeme

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needful.

Mrs. KENYON WILLIAMS, May 21,1894. Cave Springs, Ga. Similar letters from other

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she tried to be impartial. Once, at re- red gown and gingham tire, in her lit- red cheeks and her black hair was in tle stout shoes, which turned in for two glossy braids, crossed and pinned and Sarah Allen, who were twisting very meekness; with her little, dang-Rosy's curls, away and gathered them ling hands, which could not wear the ed by her mother's shell comb she had gold ring, and her little shamed face let her wear to school that day. She and whispering lips, and little vain had come out to recess without her said she with a sharp little tug, but heart, which was being punished for hood to show it.

They stood on the floor until recess. to it," explained Matilda, to whom Com-Comfort felt so weak and stiff that she fort had slyly whispered the whole could scarcely move, when Miss Hanks | story. said, harshly: "Now, you can go." She cast a piteous glance at Matilda, who | girl, and Comfort held up her little immediately put her arms around her hand, pink and cold. waist and pulled her along to the entry where their hoods and cloaks hung, girl, and she adjusted her shell comb. "Don't cry," she whispered; "she's awful strict, but she won't hurt you a | big girl in an audible whisper. mite. She brought me a whole tumbler of current jelly when I had the mea- than other folks," said another big

"I shan't whisper again as long as I live," half sobbed Comfort, putting on der and redder. Rosy and Charlotte

"I shan't either," said Matilda, "I riously, only Matilda stood firm. never had to stand out on the floor be-fore. I don't know what my mother cried. "She has got a gold ring." will say when I tell her."

The two little girls went out in the snowy yard, and there was Rosy, with Charolette Hutchins and Sarah Allen. and she was showing them her ring. It was again too much for sensible little



She Has Got a Gold Ring," She Cried.

the floor, "Rosy Stebbins, you are a great ninny, acting so stuck up over that old brass ring," she said. "Comforse Pease has a real solid gold one, and she don't even wear it."

Rosy and Charlotte Hutchins and Sarah Allen all started at Comfort "Have you?" asked Charlotte Hutch-ins, in an awed tone. She was a doctor's daughter and had many things that the other little girls had not, but' even she had no gold ring-nothing but carnellan.

"Yes, I have," replied Comfort, blush "Real gold?" asked Rosy, in a sub dued voice.

Some other girls came up, some of the older ones, with their hair done up, and even some of the boys towering lankily on the outskirts. Not one of these scholars in this county distret school fifty years ago had ever owned a gold ring. All they had ever seen were their mother's well-worn wedding cir-

"Comfort Pease has got a real gold ring!" went from to the other.

DANT INDIMINANI IGNIT at the back of her head, and surmount-

"I call it a likely story," said anothe

"The Pease's don't have any more

and Sarah were looking at her cu-

[To Be Continued.]

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