



# Great Special Sale

—AT—

# THE FAIR

400-402 Lackawanna Ave.

—FOR THE—

# BALANCE OF THE WEEK



## Toxin

By OUIDA.

(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 V.

When three of the clock chimed from the belfry of St. Mark she averted him alone in her favorite room, clothed in white with a knot of tresses at her breast; she was full of gladness; she looked at herself in the many mirrors and saw that she was as fair as the fair June day.

"How beautiful our lives will be!" she thought. "Poor little dead child! It was his little hand joined ours. Perhaps he is an angel of God now, and will be always with us."

She heard the swish of gars at the water-stairs below; she heard steps ascending the stairs; she heard the voice of her head servant speaking. It was he! She put her hand to her heart; it beat so wildly that the leaves of the roses fell; she crossed herself and murmured a prayer; such happiness seemed to merit gratitude.

Through the vista of the ante-chambers came the figure of a man. But it was not that of Andreis.

Damer came up to her with his calm, expressionless face, his intent eyes, his hair of authority and of indifference.

"You expected the Prince Andreis," he said to her. "I regret to tell you, madame, that he is unable to keep his appointment with you. He has taken the disease of which that child on the barge died this morning. He has what the vulgar call diphtheria."

probably he will in a few days," said Damer. "I will leave Stefano with you and take your message. I shall soon return. Meanwhile your man knows what to do."

Stefano was the valet.

The eyes of Andreis followed him from the room with longing and anguish. He was not yet so ill that the apathy of extreme illness dulled his desires and stilled his regrets. Both were intense as life still was intense in him. He would have risen and dragged himself to the Ca' Laranegra; but as he had said he feared the infection for her which would be in his voice, in his touch, in his breath, in his mere presence.

"She loves me, she loves me," he thought, and he like a coward, like a knave, must be untrue to the first meeting he had promised himself.

"Why is it," he thought, as the tears welled up under his closed eyelids, "that our better, kinder impulses always cost us so much more heavily than all our egotisms and all our vices?"

If he had left the little child underneath the barge to drown, would it not have been better even for the child? The little thing had only suffered some eighteen hours longer through his rescue.

"What did you tell her?" he asked, breathlessly, when Damer at last returned.

"I told her the truth," replied Damer, as he placed the thermometer under the sick man's armpit. "You have worried and fretted; your fever has increased."

"What did she say?" she is not angry—offended?"

"Who can be so at the misfortune of disease? Of course she knows that you have incurred this misfortune through your own folly."

"Did she say so?"

"No; I am not aware that she said so. But she no doubt thought it. She bade me tell you not to agitate yourself."

"Was that all?"

"She added for her sake," said Damer, with a cold, slight smile. He was truthful in what he repeated; he scorned vulgar methods of misrepresentation and betrayal. The heavy eyes of Andreis gleamed and lightened with joy.

"Thanks," he said softly, and his hot hand pressed that of his friend.

"I will write to her," he added. "You can disinfect a note."

"Yes. But do not exert yourself. Try to sleep."

He crossed the room and closed the green wooden blinds; he gave an order to Stefano, and dipped his hands in a disinfecting fluid; then he sat down and took up a book. But he could not read.

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"Will His Mother Soon Be Here?"

read. He saw before him that blanched, frightened face, which a little while before had been raised to his as the voice of Veronica had cried to him: "Save him! You will save him! You have so much knowledge, so much power. You will save him for my sake!"

He had promised her nothing; he had only said briefly, in the language of people who were fools, that the issue of life and of death was in the hands of Deity. He had promised her nothing; in his own way he was sincere. Up to that time he had done everything which science and experience could suggest to combat the disease.

He called in a second medical man of the town and two sisters of charity to replace Stefano, who grew alarmed for his own safety and would no longer approach the bed.

"Send for my mother," said Andreis, in his choked voice.

"Certainly," answered his friend; but Damer telegraphed only to the Andreis palace in Palermo, and he knew that it was unlikely she would be in that city in the summer heats of the end of June.

It might be forwarded or it might not; Italian households are careless in such matters.

The disease which had fastened on Andreis was not one which waits. But when he murmured once and again, "Send for my mother" Damer could, with a clear conscience, reply: "I have telegraphed."

The day wore into night, and the night waned into dawn. All the animation of Venetian life began again to awake with the whirr of the pigeons taking their sunrise flight from dome and cupola and pinnacle and gutter. To the sisters of charity their patient seemed better; to the surgeons of the city also; Damer said nothing

Andreis drew his pencil and paper to him and wrote feebly: "Veronica?"

Damer read the name.

"She came to see you an hour or two ago," he answered. "But I could not allow it. Your illness is infectious."

He spoke in his usual brief, calm, indifferent manner. Andreis sighed, but it was a sigh of content; he was half asleep; he turned on his pillows and drew the little note which he had hidden under them once more against his cheek.

"He will sleep himself well," said the nun.

"Let us hope so," replied Damer; but she heard from his tone that he did not share her belief.

It was now 11 o'clock.

"Go and rest," he said to her. "You need it. I and his servant will watch tonight. If there be any necessity I will summon you."

"Will his mother soon be here?" asked the sister, whose heart was tender.

"I believe so," replied Damer.

He lit a candle and approached the bed. Andreis smiled faintly. He could not speak.

"Let me see your throat," said Damer.

He saw that the nun had spoken truly; the fungus growth was wasting; the false membrane was shrinking; there was a healthier look on the tongue. He set the lamp down and said nothing.

"Is he not better?" said the sister, anxiously.

"Perhaps," he replied. "If there be no reformation of the false membrane he may be saved. Go, my good woman, and rest while you can."

She went, nothing loth, to her supper and her bed. Damer was alone with the man who trusted him and whose mother trusted him.

"Man cannot control circumstances," he thought, "but the wise man can assist circumstances, the fool does not."

Once it had suited him to save that young man's life; now it suited him to end it.

One action was as wrong or as righteous as the other. It was an exercise of power, as when the monarch grants an amnesty or signs a death warrant. Who blames the monarch who does but use his power? The prerogative of superior reason is higher than the prerogative of a monarch.

His professional conscience would have shrunk from giving the disease, but it did not shrink from making death certain where it was merely possible. He did but add a stronger poison to that which nature had already poisoned.

Men slew their rivals in duels and no one blamed them; who should blame him because he used the finer weapon of science instead of the coarser weapon of steel? He did but carry out the doctrine of the laboratory to its just and logical sequence.

What he felt for Veronica was not love, but passion, and not passion alone, but the sense of dominion. He knew that the fair creature shrank from him, but submitted to him. All the intense instinctive tyranny of his nature longed to exercise itself on her, a beautiful and patriotic thing, so far above him, so fragile and so fair. He knew that he would never possess her or command her except through fear; but this would suffice to him. The finer and more delicate elements to love were indifferent to him, were, indeed, unknown. They had existed in Andreis, whom he had despised; but in his own temperament they could find no dwelling-place.

"Late at night and early at dawn messengers came from the Ca' Laranegra. Damer replied to all inquiries: "It is impossible to say what turn the disease may take."

Andreis had written at intervals various pencilled notes to her; indistinct, feebly scrawled, but still coherent. He pointed to each when it was written and looked at his friend with suppliant eyes. He could not speak for the false membrane filled his throat. Damer had taken each note.

"To Countess Laranegra?" he had asked.

Andreis gave mute assent. Damer had carried each note to the next room, read it, then disinfecting it, then sent it to its destination. He was of too proud a temper to use the usual small arts of the traitor.

Once she wrote in reply.

"I cannot see, my eyes are too weak," Andreis scrawled on a scrap of paper. "Read it to me."

Damer opened and read it aloud. It was short, timid, simple, but a deep love and an intense anxiety spoke in it. Andreis took it and laid his cheek on it with a smile of ineffable peace. It seemed to give him firmer hold on life.

Damer sat by the bedside and watched him.

He believed that he would recover.

Andreis slept, his cheek on the little letter, as a child falls to sleep with a favorite toy on his pillow.

In the dark Damer was told that a lady who was below in her gondola desired to see him. He descended the stairs prepared to find Veronica Laranegra. She was veiled; he could not see her features, but he knew her by the turn of her head, the shape of her hand, before she spoke.

"You come for news of the prince?" he said, coldly and harshly. "I can give you none. The disease is always uncertain and deceptive."

"Let me see him! Oh, let me see him!" she murmured. "I came for that. No matter what they say. No

matter what danger there be. Only let me see him!"

"That is wholly impossible," replied Damer, in an unchanged tone. "Why do you come on such errands?"

"Who should see him if not I? Who are you that you should keep me from him?"

"I am a man of science whose duty it is to protect you from yourself. Go home, madame, and pray for your betrothed. That is all that you can do."

"Why does she love him?" thought Damer. "Like to like. Fool to fool. Flower to flower!"

From his soul he despised her, poor, lovely, mindless, childlike creature! But her voice turned his blood to flame; the sound of her weeping deepened his scorn to hate; the touch of her unloved hand was ecstasy and agony in one. He loved her with furious, brutal, unsparring passion, like lava under the ice of his self-restraint. He stood in the twilight and looked after the black "He shall never be yours," he said in his heart. "Never—never—never! unless I die instead of him tonight!"

[To Be Concluded.]



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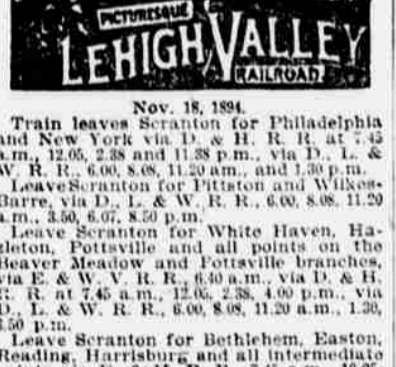
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Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7:45 a.m., 12:05, 2:35 and 11:25 p.m. via D. L. & W. R. R. 6:00, 8:05, 11:20 a.m. and 2:30, 4:00, 11:25 p.m. via D. L. & W. R. R. 6:00, 8:05, 11:20 a.m. and 2:30, 4:00, 11:25 p.m.

Train leaves Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. at 7:45 a.m., 12:05, 2:35, 4:00, 11:25 p.m. via D. L. & W. R. R. 6:00, 8:05, 11:20 a.m. and 2:30, 4:00, 11:25 p.m.

Train leaves Scranton for Tunkhannock, Tawanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. at 7:45 a.m., 12:05, 2:35, 4:00, 11:25 p.m. via D. L. & W. R. R. 6:00, 8:05, 11:20 a.m. and 2:30, 4:00, 11:25 p.m.

Train leaves Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, St. L. & N. W. R. R. at 7:45 a.m., 12:05, 2:35, 4:00, 11:25 p.m. via D. L. & W. R. R. 6:00, 8:05, 11:20 a.m. and 2:30, 4:00, 11:25 p.m.

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## RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

**Central Railroad of New Jersey.**  
Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.  
Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.  
DAILY TABLE IN EFFECT MARCH 25, 1895.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:45, 2:05, 3:30, 7:25 p.m. Sundays, 9:00 a.m., 1:00, 2:15, 3:10 p.m.

For Atlantic City, 8:20 a.m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8:20 (express) a.m. and 12:45 (express) p.m. Buffet parlor car, 3:05 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2:15 p.m.

For Northampton, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8:20 a.m., 12:45, 2:05, 3:30 (except Philadelphia) p.m. Sunday, 2:15 p.m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8:20 a.m., 7:45 p.m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8:20 a.m., 12:45, 3:00 p.m. Sunday, 2:15 p.m.

For Pottsville, 8:20 a.m., 12:45 p.m.

Returning from New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9:10 (express) a.m., 1:10, 2:30, 3:30 (express) p.m. Buffet parlor car, Sunday, 4:30 a.m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 8:05 a.m., 2:00 and 4:30 p.m. Sunday, 2:07 a.m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in accordance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. F. RAILLWAY.  
Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

## Del., Lack. and Western.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1:40, 2:50, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a.m.; 12:15 and 3:20 p.m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a.m., 12:15 and 3:20 p.m.

Washington and way stations, 3:55 p.m. Tothanna accommodation, 6:10 p.m.

Express for Northampton, Lehigh, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Danville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12:30, 2:35 a.m. and 1:24 p.m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 8:05 a.m., 2:00 and 4:30 p.m. Sunday, 2:07 a.m.

Richmond and way stations, 12:37 p.m. Binghamton, Washington and the South, Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6:05 p.m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica and Richfield Springs, 2:35 a.m. and 1:24 p.m.

Albany, 2:35 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1:24 p.m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South. Northumberland and intermediate stations, 4:00, 5:30 a.m. and 1:30 and 6:07 p.m.

Scranton and intermediate stations, 8:08 and 11:20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3:30 and 5:52 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to L. Smith, city ticket office, 325 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

## DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, July 30, all trains will leave Scranton for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2:35, 5:45, 7:00, 8:25 and 10:10 a.m., 2:35, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:25, 9:10 and 11:20 p.m.

For Fairview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7:00, 8:25 and 10:10 a.m., 12:00, 2:30 and 5:15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondack and Montreal at 5:45 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7:40, 8:40, 9:30, 10:40 a.m., 12:00, 1:17, 2:34, 3:40, 4:40, 5:55, 7:00, 8:11 and 11:25 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Fairview at 9:45 a.m., 12:30, 1:17, 2:40, 5:55 and 7:45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4:54 and 11:25 a.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2:15, 8:04, 10:05 and 11:00 a.m., 1:10, 2:15, 3:15, 4:05, 5:05, 7:00, 8:05 and 11:15 p.m.

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**

**CURES Billiousness. CURES Billiousness. CURES Billiousness.**

Direct Proof.

My wife has been troubled with Liver Complaint and Pallidation of the face for over a year. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters she is almost entirely well. We truly recommend your medicine.

GEORGE W. SNYDER, Montpelier, Williams Co., O.

**Gilmore's Aromatic Wine**

—A tonic for ladies. If you are suffering from weakness, and feel exhausted and nervous; are getting thin and all run down; Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. Mothers, use it for your daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanhood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.