

400-402
Lackawanna Avenue,
Scranton.

THE FAIR

Special Sale This Week.

THE FAIR

1 Case Heavy Cream Domet Flannel,
Sale Price, 24c.

1 case light Spring Shirting Calicos,
Sale Price, 24c.

1 bale heavy unbleached, yard wide, Sheet-
ing, Sale Price, 34c.

1 case blue, brown and fancy Apron
Ginghams (best) Sale Price, 34c.

1 case Indigo Blue Calico, best quality,
Sale Price, 34c.

1 case new spring Dress Ginghams, 12c.
quality, Sale Price, 74c.

1 case Hill Muslin, bleached, yard wide,
Sale Price, 44c.

1 case new spring fancy Sateens, worth
12 1/2c., Sale Price, 9 1/2c.

We beg to call your attention to the fact
that we have Special Bargains in every de-
partment not advertised.

400-402
LACKAWANNA AVENUE
SCRANTON, PA.

THE FAIR

GRAND DISPLAY OF
FINE MILLINERY

At Dry Goods Prices.

CALL AND SEE OUR STYLES

LATEST STYLES IN

Ribbons, Laces,
Embroideries,
Jet Trimmings,
Handkerchiefs,
Gloves, Hosiery,
Muslin Underwear,
Infants' Wear, Etc..

AT OUR WELL KNOWN LOW PRICES.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT

NEW SPRING

SUITS, CAPES, SKIRTS,

LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS,

LADIES' SILK AND FANCY WAISTS.

At Very Low Prices.

SOLE AGENTS IN SCRANTON FOR

THE W. B. CORSETS AND
THE P. N. CORSETS.

TRY A PAIR.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or
Money Refunded.

PRICES, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25 AND \$1.50.

400-402
Lackawanna Avenue,
Scranton.

25 pieces new Cashmeres, 36-inch wide,
worth 25c. yard, Sale Price, 19c.

18 pieces Cashmeres, 36-inch wide, worth
39c., Sale Price, 25c.

27 pieces Cashmeres, 40-inch wide, all
wool, worth 50c., Sale Price, 39c.

100 pairs Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long,
worth \$1.50, Sale Price, 95c. Pair.

70 pairs Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long,
worth \$2.50, Sale Price, \$1.55 Pair

50 pairs Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long,
worth \$3.75, Sale Price, \$2.85 Pair

9 pieces Table Linen, bleached, un-
bleached and turkey red, worth 45c.
to 50c. yard, Sale Price, 33c.

500 dozen Towels, extra large, worth
22c., Sale Price, 12 1/2c.

Just received a new and complete line of
Gents' Furnishing Goods.

400-402
LACKAWANNA AVENUE
SCRANTON, PA.



These short serial stories are copyrighted by Bacheller, Johnson & Bach-
eller, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with
their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities.

CHAPTER III.

"Not seen him? Why my dear sir, there's no question of it. It's certain absolutely. The evidence is positive. The fact of the threats and of the body being found treated so is pretty well enough, I should think. But that's nothing—look at those footmarks. They've walked along with him, one each side, without a possible doubt; plainly they were the last people with him in any case. And you don't mean to ask anybody to believe that the dead man, even if he hanged himself, cut off his own hand first. Even if you do, where's the hand? And even putting where's the hand? And even putting aside all these considerations, such a complete case in itself, the Fosters must at least have seen the body as they came past, and yet nothing has been heard of them yet. Why didn't they spread the alarm? They went straight away in the opposite direction from home—there are their footmarks, which you've not seen yet, beyond the gravel."

Hewitt stepped over to where the patch of clean gravel ceased, at the opposite side to that from which we had approached the brook, and there, sure enough, were the footmarks of the brothers leading away from the scene of Sneathy's end.

"Yes," Hewitt said; "I see them. Of course, Mr. Hardwick, you'll do what seems right in your own eyes, and in any case not much harm will be done by the arrest beyond a terrible fright for that unfortunate family. Nevertheless, if you care for my impression it is, as I have said, that the Fosters have not seen Sneathy today."

"But what about the hand?"

"As to that I have a conjecture, but as yet it is only a conjecture, and if I told it you would probably call it absurd—certainly you'd disregard it, and perhaps quite excusably. The case is a complicated one, and if there is anything at all in my conjecture, one of the most remarkable I have ever had to do with. It interests me intensely, and I shall devote a little time to following up the theory I have formed. You have, I suppose, already communicated with the police?"

"I wired to Shopperton at once, as soon as I heard of the matter. It's a 12-mile drive, but I wonder the police have not arrived yet. They can't be long; I don't know where the village constable has got to, but in any case he wouldn't be much good. But as you see, your idea that the Fosters can't be suspected—well, nobody could suspect your opinion. Mr. Hewitt more than myself, but, really—just think. The notion's impossible—fifty-fold impossible. As

side the victim and the brothers?" I said.

"Yes, I do. But hark; there is a vehicle in the road. Can you see between the trees? Yes, it is the police cart. We shall be able to report its arrival to Mr. Hardwick as we go down."

We turned and walked rapidly down the incline to where we came from. Mr. Hardwick and his man were still there, and another rustic had arrived to gaze. We told Mr. Hardwick that he might expect the police presently, and proceeded along the gravel skirting the stream, toward the lower part of the road.

Here Hewitt proceeded very cautiously, keeping a sharp lookout on either side for footprints on the neigh-

boring soft ground. There were none, however, for the gravel margin of the stream made a sort of footpath of itself, and the trees and undergrowth were close and thick on each side. At the bottom we emerged from the damp on a small piece of open ground skirting a lane where the stream fell into a trench. Hewitt suddenly pointed on another footmark. He was unusually excited.

"See," he said, "here it is—the right foot with its broken leather, and the corresponding left foot on the damp edge of the lane itself. He—the man with the broken shoe—has walked on the hard gravel all the way down from the source of the stream, and his is the only trail unaccounted for near the body. Come, Hewitt, we've an adventure on foot. Do you care to let your uncle's dinner go by the board, and follow?"

"Can't we go back and tell him?"

"No—there's no time to lose, we must follow up this man—or at least I must. You go or stay, of course, as you think best."

I hesitated a moment, picturing to myself the excellent colonel as he would appear after waiting dinner an hour or two for us, and decided to go. "At any rate," I said, "if the way lies along the roads we shall probably meet somebody going in the direction of Rathbury. But what is your theory? I don't understand at all. I must say everything Hardwick said seemed to me to be beyond question. There were the tracks to prove that the three had walked together to the spot and that the brothers had gone on alone, and every other circumstance pointed the same way. Then, what possible motive could anybody else about here have for such a crime, unless, indeed, it were one of the people defrauded by Sneathy's late company."

"The motive," I said, "is, I fancy, almost extraordinary—indeed a weird one; a thing as of centuries ago. Ask me no questions; I think you will

be a little surprised before very long. But come, we must move." And we wended our pace along the lane.

The lane, by the bye, was hard and firm, with scarcely a spot where a track might be left except in places at the sides, and at these places Hewitt never gave a glance. At the end the lane turned into a by-road, and at the turning Hewitt stopped and scrutinized the ground closely. There was nothing like a recognizable footmark to be seen, but almost immediately Hewitt turned off to the right, and we continued our brisk march without a glance at the road.

"How did you judge which way to turn then?" I asked.

"Didn't you see?" replied Hewitt. "I'll show you at the next turning."

Half a mile further on the road forked, and here Hewitt stopped and pointed silently to a couple of small twigs, placed crosswise, with the longer twig of the two pointing down the branch of the road to the left. We took the branch to the left and went on.

"Our man's making a mistake," Hewitt observed. "He leaves his friends' message lying about for his enemies to read."

We hurried forward with scarcely a word. I was almost too bewildered by what Hewitt had said and done to formulate anything like a reasonable guess as to what our expedition tended, or even to make an effective inquiry—though after what Hewitt had said, I knew that would be useless. Who was this mysterious man with the broken shoe, what had he to do with the murder of Sneathy, what did the mutilation mean, and who were his friends who left him signs and messages by means of crossed twigs?

"We met a man, by whom I sent a short note to my uncle, and soon after we turned into a main road. Here, again, at the corner, was the curious message of twigs. A cart wheel had passed over and crushed them, but it had not so far displaced them as to cause any doubt that the direction to take was to the right. At an inn a little further along we entered and Hewitt bought a pint of Irish whiskey and a flat bottle to hold it in, as well as a loaf of bread and some cheese, which we carried away wrapped in paper."

"This will have to do for our dinner," Hewitt said as we emerged.

"But we're not going to drink a pint of common 'whiskey between us?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"Never mind," Hewitt answered, with a smile. "Perhaps we'll find somebody to help us—somebody not so fastidious as yourself as to quality."

Now we hurried—hurried more than ever, for it was beginning to get dusk, and Hewitt feared a difficulty in finding and reading the twig signs in the dusk. Two more turnings we made

each with its silent direction—the crossed twigs. To me there was something almost weird and creepy in this curious hunt for the invisible and incomprehensible, guided faithfully and persistently at every turn by this now unmistakable signal. After the second turning we broke into a trot along a long, winding lane, but presently Hewitt's hand fell on my shoulder and we stopped. He pointed ahead, where some large object, round a bend of the hedge, was illuminated as though by a light from below.

"We will walk now," Hewitt said. "Remember that we are on a walking tour, and have come along here entirely by accident."

We proceeded at a swinging walk. Hewitt whistling gayly. Soon we turned the bend and I saw that the larger object was a traveling van, drawn up with two others on a space of grass by the side of the lane. It was a gypsy encampment, the caravan having apparently only lately stopped, for a man was still engaged in tugging at the rope of a tent that stood near the vans. Two or three sullen-looking ruffians lay about a fire which burned in the space left in the middle of the encampment. A woman stood at the door of one van with a large kettle in her hand, and at the foot of the steps below her a more pleasant-looking old man sat on an inverted pail. Hewitt

swung toward the fire from the road, and with an indescribable mixture of glouch, bow and smile addressed the company generally with "Koooshto bock, pals!"

[To Be Continued.]

He pointed ahead.

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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, 9:15, 11:20 a.m., 12:45, 2:00, 3:05, 5:00, 7:25 p.m. Sundays, 9:00 a.m., 1:00, 2:15, 7:10 p.m.
For Atlantic City, 8:20 a.m.
For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8:20 (express) a.m., 12:45 (express) with Buffet parlor car, 3:05 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2:15 p.m.
For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8:20 a.m., 12:45 p.m.
For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8:20 a.m., 12:45, 5:00 p.m. Sunday, 2:15 p.m.
For Pottsville, 8:20 a.m., 12:45 p.m.
Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 8:10 (express) a.m., 1:10, 1:30, 4:30 p.m. Sunday, 8:40 a.m., 1:10, 1:30, 4:30 p.m. Sunday, 8:40 a.m.
Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9:00 a.m., 2:30 and 4:30 p.m. Sunday, 8:40 a.m.
Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.
H. P. FOSTER, 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, 6:40, 2:50, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a.m., 12:55 and 3:50 p.m.
Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a.m., 12:55 and 3:50 p.m.
Washington and way stations, 3:55 p.m.
Tobacco accommodation, 6:10 p.m.
Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Danville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12:10, 2:35 a.m. and 1:24 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.
Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.
Binghamton and way stations, 12:37 p.m.
Nicholson accommodation, at 5:15 p.m.
Binghamton and Schuylkill Express, 6:05 p.m.
Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica and Richfield Springs, 2:35 a.m. and 1:24 p.m.
Utica, 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, 6:00, 9:55 a.m. and 1:50 and 6:07 p.m.
Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8:00 and 11:20 a.m., Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3:50 and 5:15 p.m.
Fullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.
For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 325 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

Nov. 15, 1894.
Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7:45 a.m., 12:00, 2:30 and 11:20 p.m., via D. & H. R. R. 8:00, 8:08, 11:20 a.m. and 1:50 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D. & H. R. R. 8:00, 8:08, 11:20 a.m. and 1:50 p.m.
Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Lehigh Valley and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V. R. R. 8:40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7:45 a.m., 12:00, 2:30, 4:00 p.m., via D. & H. R. R. 8:00, 8:08, 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 3:50 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7:45 a.m., 12:00, 2:30, 4:00, 11:20 p.m., via D. & H. R. R. 8:00, 8:08, 11:20 a.m., 1:50 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Danville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, via D. & H. R. R. 12:10, 2:35 p.m. and 1:24 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.
For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R. 8:40 a.m., 1:10, 1:30, 4:30 p.m., via D. & H. R. R. 8:00, 8:08, 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 3:50 p.m.
Fullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & H. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Suspension Bridge.
ROLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila. Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6:35 a.m. and 8:24 p.m. Also for Elmira, Buffalo, Hawley and local points at 6:35, 9:45 a.m. and 3:24 p.m.
All the above are through trains to and from Homestead.
Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6:40 a.m. and 8:41 p.m.

NEW YORK AND ONTARIO WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

North Bound.				South Bound.			
Loc.	Day	Time	Loc.	Day	Time	Loc.	Day
Scranton	Mon.	7:00	Scranton	Mon.	7:00	Scranton	Mon.
Scranton	Tue.	7:00	Scranton	Tue.	7:00	Scranton	Tue.
Scranton	Wed.	7:00	Scranton	Wed.	7:00	Scranton	Wed.
Scranton	Thurs.	7:00	Scranton	Thurs.	7:00	Scranton	Thurs.
Scranton	Fri.	7:00	Scranton	Fri.	7:00	Scranton	Fri.
Scranton	Sat.	7:00	Scranton	Sat.	7:00	Scranton	Sat.
Scranton	Sun.	7:00	Scranton	Sun.	7:00	Scranton	Sun.
Scranton	Mon.	7:00	Scranton	Mon.	7:00	Scranton	Mon.
Scranton	Tue.	7:00	Scranton	Tue.	7:00	Scranton	Tue.
Scranton	Wed.	7:00	Scranton	Wed.	7:00	Scranton	Wed.
Scranton	Thurs.	7:00	Scranton	Thurs.	7:00	Scranton	Thurs.
Scranton	Fri.	7:00	Scranton	Fri.	7:00	Scranton	Fri.
Scranton	Sat.	7:00	Scranton	Sat.	7:00	Scranton	Sat.
Scranton	Sun.	7:00	Scranton	Sun.	7:00	Scranton	Sun.

All trains run daily except Sunday, & figures that train stop on signal.

For rates via Ontario & Western, purchasing tickets and save money. Write to the West.

W. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

Burdock Blood Bitters
CURES Biliousness.
CURES Biliousness.
CURES Biliousness.

Direct Proof.
My wife has been troubled with Liver Complaint and Fatigue of the heart for over a year. Her case I tried 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. GENEVIEVE BLAKE.

Regulates the LIVER.

My wife has been troubled with Liver Complaint and Fatigue of the heart for over a year. Her case I tried 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. GENEVIEVE BLAKE.

Regulates the LIVER.

REVIVO
RESTORES VITALITY.
Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT 30th Day.
produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will retain their manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores nervousness, Loss of Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Loss of Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion which unite one for many, business or marriage. I not only cure by starting at the seat of disease, but I am a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bring back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restore the fire of youth. It wards off rheumatism and consumption. Based on having REVIVO, I can say it can be carried in vest pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a post free written guarantee to cure or return the money. Circular free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 83 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale by Matthews Bros., Druggists, Scranton, Pa.

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