

400-402 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton.

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THE FAIR

Specials for This Week.

THE FAIR

2 case plain Toweling, linen finished, worth 5c. yd, Only 1 1/2c
1 case Check Apron Gingham, best quality, worth 6c. yd, Only 2 1/2c
1 case light American Shirting Prints, worth 6c. yd, Only 2 1/2c
1 case latest styles Dress Calicoes, worth 7c. yd, Only 3 1/2c
1 case latest styles Dress Gingham, worth 10c yd, Only 4 1/2c
1 case Dress Goods, "Serge," all shades, worth 25c. yd, Only 15c
1 case Dress Goods, fancy (quite new), worth 29c. yd, Only 19c
1 case 36-inch Cashmere, all shades, worth 39c. yd, Only 25c

1,000 dozen Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs, worth from 5c. to 8c. each, Only 2 1/2c
50 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 19c. to 25c. each, Only 10c
500 dozen Ladies' Hose, warranted fast black and seamless, worth 19c. a pair, Only 10c
1 case Children's Hose, fast black (ribbed), sizes 5 to 9 1/2, seamless, worth 9c. a pair, Only 10c
75 dozen Ladies' Kid Gloves, Foster hooks, all shades, worth \$1.00 a pair, Only 71c
50 dozen Ladies' Fancy Hose, Tans, Reds, etc. (seamless), worth 25c. a pair, Only 12 1/2c
100 dozen Ladies' Silk Taffeta Gloves, all sizes, worth 25c. a pair, Only 19c
190 Ladies' Silk Umbrellas, 26-inch, worth \$1.50, Only \$1.09

1 case Ladies' Spring Ribbed Vests, worth 25c. each, Only 12 1/2c
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Spring Vests and Pants, complete line just received, Only 49c
1 case M. C. Corsets, special bargain, worth \$1 a pair, Only 50c
Sole agents in Scranton for W. B. Corsets and P. N. Corsets, \$1 quality, on Only 75c
Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Chemise, Drawers, Skirts, Night Gowns, Corset Covers, 75c. and 85c. quality, on Only 50c
Boys' Suits, spring stock just received; Prices, 98c. to \$3.75 Suit; fancy and Velvet Suits for small boys a specialty.
Boys' Shirt Waists, 500 dozen Outing Flannel, indigo blue and light calico, Special line at 25c
BOYS' KNEE PANTS. 200 Pairs, 25c. Quality, at 19c. 200 Pairs, 50c. Quality, at 35c. 100 Pairs, 75c. Quality, at 55c.

25 dozen Gents' Fancy Striped Laundered Shirts, sizes 14 to 16 1/2, worth 75c., Only 49c
100 dozen Gents' Fancy Outing Shirts, worth 69c. and 75c., Only 49c
500 dozen Gents' Seamless Half-Hose, worth 12 1/2c. a pair, Only 7c
2 cases Gents' Merino Shirts and Drawers, in white and gray, worth 39c., Only 25c
OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT THE FINEST IN SCRANTON, at REGULAR DRY GOODS PRICES.
CLOAK DEPARTMENT. - Ladies' Capes, all the latest styles, From \$2.00 to \$25.00 Each
100 Ladies' All Wool SKIRTS, worth \$5.00, Special \$2.98
25 Ladies' all silk SKIRTS, worth \$15.00, Only \$9.00

250 dozen all Linen Towels, 1 1/4 yards long, worth 25c., Only 12 1/2c
90 dozen all Linen Towels, 1 1/2 yards long, extra wide, worth 39c., Only 25c
20 pieces Table Linen, assorted, bleached, unbleached and turkey red, worth 39c., Special 25c
150 Chenille Table Covers, size 6-4, worth \$1.25, Special 79c
150 Chenille Table Covers, size 4-4, worth 89c., Special 45c
SPECIAL NOTICE Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Lace Collars, Ladies' Fancy Ties, Jet Trimmings, Jewelry, Pocketbooks and Notions of All Kinds Reduced 25 Per Cent. for This Sale.

400-402 LACKAWANNA AVENUE SCRANTON, PA.

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CHAPTER III.

Weymouth now bathed himself of his two sleeping companions, and especially of the mysterious occupant of the curtained bed. He leaned over and took the bottle from the hearth and pretended to take a long drink. He saw the curtains move again and felt that there were eyes behind them. The house was very still, there was a dull droning of wind in the chimney. Weymouth smacked his lips and whistled another bar of his tune. "I'll soon see who you are lying there ready to rob me, or to open the door to those who will," he said under his breath as he reached for the guttering candle that stood on the mantel shelf. With the bottle still in his other hand he went to Rogers and tried to wake him, insisting that they must soon be starting, and loudly offering the encouragement of more drink or more pay, as if he were possessed by a besotted man's generosity. Rogers was in a stupor, not asleep, and presently Weymouth crossed the room to the other bed; but one thing meanwhile had been made plain. The candle had shone into the dark corner of the ceiling and revealed what his eyes had anxiously sought for as he sat waiting with forced patience by the fire. A wide board had been nailed from one heavy beam to another of the ceiling, making a shelf into which something was crowded that dropped over the edge in unmistakable folds; to make sure he reached to touch it and his hand was entangled among the cords of a new net. There was only one thing to do; a man did not wish to frighten an old deaf and crippled body, but a careful look would do no harm, and though his heart thumped for the first time, he

There was a moment of hesitation, and Weymouth lifted the becaped head and held the bottle to the lips. The attack was so sudden and unexpected; the watcher was, for some reason, not ready to declare himself or to provoke an open quarrel; the light was dim, and with much choking and spilling the liquor went down an unwilling throat. As the peaceful figure with its grandmotherly cap recognized the bitter dram and rose with fury, a straight blow from Weymouth's fist and two or three more that followed, laid the disarranged headgear back among the pillows, and stunned its wearer into harmlessness. Then Weymouth pulled the net from his shelf, after dropping the bottle as if it had fallen from a tipsy man's hand, and catching the stout tongs from the fireplace, he hurried to the window and opened it softly. It looked far to the ground, but he hastily pushed out the loose armful of the net and heard them drop softly; then, fastening a stout twist of the end about the bars of the tongs and bracing them across the corner, he got out of the window, let himself down, let go the window-sill, and lowered away down by stretching loops and tangles, bumping and swinging like a pendulum against the stone walls until he came to the ground. It was a breathless beginning of a most uncertain journey, yet while Weymouth sat for a moment on the narrow ledge of rocky ground the freedom and freshness of the winter night seemed sweet enough, after the damp and chill of the room he had left. Such is human nature, the alternate prey of fear and careless pleasure. Weymouth could hear no footsteps, he could see but dimly the steep road above at his right, below, the hill was steeper still, and looked perilous as he started to find his way down. Even a man who is bold at heart feels at the instincts and stealthiness when he is a hunted man, the prey instead of the pursuer. At this instant there came a faint sound from the roadway close by. There was something moving. There was the least sound like a hiss, and then one pebble was tapped against another as he still crept downward. His heart seemed to stop—a gust of wind caught the light net and swished it to and fro against the house. He flattened himself against the ground and clutched the sod with his fingers, then he dropped one foot slowly over the edge to find the shelf below. The burden of the wallet hindered him so that he longed to get rid of it. Suddenly he heard an eager whisper: "This way! Come this way! Weymouth!" The dim shape showed itself plainly now above him. A woman knelt at the wall above, reaching down to give him a hand whose touch he well knew. He quickly found his footing now and was helped up the steep scramble and stood with her in the road. "Come, come," she urged in a whisper, "they will be seen after us! 'tis for your life!" As they reached the low ground the light figure that fitted before Weymouth led him into a path that ran low down on the landward side of the dyke, which must have been made partly by cuts and partly by men who shielded themselves from the fierce north winds



Get Out of the Window and Let Himself Down.

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.

of winter which blew across the water. Two figures could easily have been seen in the smooth path that ran along the dyke top, but here they were sheltered and the silent guide took a slower pace as they passed some thickets of osiers. Once she stopped and motioned to him and crept up the dyke side. Weymouth followed, and they saw that they were nearly abreast of the fishing smack or smulliger if such she were. There was a boat just leaving her, a lantern was held for an instant over the side and then was hidden again. Weymouth looked back at the house on the height; they were now perhaps half a mile away. There were no lights in the windows, even in that which he had left, but by this time the wretched guttering candle would have melted and sucked itself into extinction. Without a word they both stepped back to the path again, and ran on until the leader turned from the dyke across a wide ditch which was bridged by some unsteady planks. The meadow was wet under foot, they lost and found again a narrow causeway that led among the upland fields and presently stopped to take breath beside an overgrown hedge. "Be still," said the woman, anxiously, for Weymouth forgot everything except that they were lovers. "Speak softly" and she moved away a little, but still left her hand in his. "A voice carries far in this mist; we are not out of danger yet." She was panting for breath; they had come nearly a mile at a fine, steady pace for the most part. There was a fainting in Weymouth's ears as he shifted the strap of his pouch to the other shoulder; to see her agin was worth whatever might befall. "Twas a hard day's ride," he said, boyishly, "and here I'm on the road again." "Is a mercy, then," said the woman, roughly, but the mother that is in every wife has mercy for the boy that is in every husband, and she and Weymouth were lovers, and so she began to pity him. "I brought a bit of bread and cheese, dear, here in the most part. There was almost forgot it, but don't stop to eat it now. 'Twas poor housing for you, God pity me!" He had left her stern and cold two days before, and the wistful love she now betrayed was more to Weymouth than any danger, past, present, or to come. It must be that she had forgotten her unkind decision, but at the first word of an eager question she left his side and hurried up the long slope. The heavy leather pouch chafed and lamed its carrier's side, but worse than that, unhappy forebodings took the place of his heart. The whole adventure seemed unreal, danger and assistance were both alike strange events, a play which developed itself before his eyes. Weymouth was light-headed for the moment, and neither his own safety nor the gold's appeared to be important, while the whole happiness of his life was at stake. A mile or two away the old inn stood up against the dark sky like a dismal prison. There were lights about it now, as if there were some stir and excitement. The escaped man drew a long breath and hastened forward to overtake his companion. "What shall I do?" he asked. "I have no horse, and I must reach Bristol by dawn. I have spent my life with horses, but this one was like a brother. Well, I must leave him to their mercy. They should have been in Bristol now, for the sailing of ships." "You were led astray," said she,

speaking over her shoulder as he walked close behind. "By whom, then?" "By Rogers; they have trusted too long at the bank; he has been waiting his chance, and has been in league with—these people," she faltered. "Let us make haste." "I thought you meant to halt the vessel," said Weymouth. "They could have set round in Bristol!" "Do you not see that the wind has fallen?" answered his companion.



She Left Her Hand in His.

"Folks have been dropped overboard from that craft before now. The Severn is deep and wide enough to hide many a man with a stone fast on his neck." Abain they walked on for some time without speaking, but at the foot of a long ridge of land with a hedge at the top, she stopped once more and whispered in his ear. "We must do something bold now," she said; "that is the road above us." Weymouth stood like a soldier waiting for his orders. "There is an inn close by us at the path's end. 'Tis no palace, yet not a den of thieves like that," and she pointed back to the shore. "To let you escape may bring down the law on our heads. If they have not seen some one here already, they will do so soon. They will not let you get away so easily," she said, faltering again. "No one has escaped yet, yet who could tell tales," and she sobbed in spite of herself and led him take her into his arms. Her strength had broken at last. "Promise me something," she said, and he promised in love and pity. "When is my shame and doom," she may say, "it is a honest man. They are my own people, my nearest kin, these murderers and thieves. But they are going to America, their passage is already taken. Next week all will be at an end. Let them go free; they took me an orphan and bred me up kindly. 'Tis as good as any banishment. I have promised to go with them; it is my only hope and prayer to help them save their souls by honest living in a new country." She was wild and piteous now with her kisses and entreaties. "Oh, my man, I cannot be your shame!" she cried like one whose nerves were ailing and whose distress was more than could be borne. "You do not know—

you do not know; 'twas worse with them while I had gone away." "Then I must follow you," said the troubled man, trying to comfort her. "You are more than ever the wife for me." Her face shone in the dark with whiteness; she stood before him and pushing him back with a firm hand her manner wholly changed. "Listen to me"—she stopped a moment while they both heard a horse's tread coming along the highway. "Whatever horse that may be, if the rider stops at the inn you must be ready to take it and ride on." She rapidly told him to find his way where the road divided just beyond and they hurried together up the last steep rise of ground. The horse was coming at a gallop. "Good heavens! I believe it's my own," said Weymouth, ready to rush out in the middle of the road. The low building of the inn was opposite and there were lights in the windows. They stood under the eaves of a bushy hedge as the rider came up and stopping his horse, gave a call. The quick-witted woman pushed Weymouth under the ivy top and ran out and caught the bride.

"He came by the fields! Look in the inn kitchen!" she said aloud, triumphantly. "I'll mind your horse, quick now!" she insisted, and the rider leaped to ground, pleased at an ally, and had hardly opened the inn door when Weymouth, safe in his own saddle, rode away free as a bird down the Bristol road. [To be concluded.]

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Constipation. Acts On the Bowels.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT 30th DAY. FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days.

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Del., Lack. and Western. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD. Commencing Monday, day July 23, 1895, a new train will arrive at Scranton station.