

400-402 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton.

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THE FAIR

Specials For This Week.

THE FAIR

1 case Bleached Toweling, linen finished, Our Price 1 1/2c

1 case heavy Cream Shaker Flannel, Our Price 2 1/2c

1 case Amoskeag Check Apron Gingham, Our Price 2 1/2c

1 case Indigo Blue Dress Calico, Our Price 3 1/2c

1 case new fancy Dress Prints, Our Price 3 1/2c

1 case new Spring Dress Gingham, Our Price 4 1/2c

1 case light styles Dress Ducks, Our Price 6 1/2c

25 pieces all Silk Velvet, worth \$1 a yard, Special 59c

NOTICE.

Fancy Silks, Surah and China Silks, etc., All Special Prices Monday

LACE CURTAINS. 50 Pairs worth \$1.25, at .88 50 Pairs worth 1.75, at 1.18 50 Pairs worth 2.25, at 1.60 50 Pairs worth 3.00, at 2.20

CHENILLE TABLE COVERS. 100 size 4x3, at .45 100 size 8x4, at .79 100 size 8x4, at 1.75

WHITE BEDSPREADS. 50 Spreads worth \$1.00, at .69 50 Spreads worth 1.25, at .88 50 Spreads worth 1.50, at 1.19 50 Spreads worth 2.00, at 1.40

LINEN GOODS. 20 pieces Barnsley Crash, worth 10c. yard, Our Price 6 1/2c

12 pieces Table Linen, bleached and unbleached and Turkey red, worth 35c. and 39c., Special 25c

12 pieces Table Linen, all kinds, assorted, worth 50c., Special 35c

100 dozen Towels, very large, worth 25c., Our Price 12 1/2c

100 dozen Towels, extra fine, worth 39c., Our Price 25c

HANDKERCHIEFS. 500 dozen Ladies' Fancy, worth 5c., Sale at 2 1/2c

200 Ladies' Lace Edge, worth 10c. Sale at 5c

100 dozen Ladies' Embroidered, worth 19c., Sale at 10c

100 dozen Ladies' Embroidered, worth 25c., Sale at 12 1/2c

250 dozen Gents' Colored Borders, worth 12 1/2c. to 15c., Special on Monday 8c

200 dozen Gents' Fine Suspenders, all kinds, worth 25c. to 29c., On Monday 19c

1 case Gents' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth 39c., Monday 25c

1 case Gents' Jersey Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, worth 50c., Monday 39c

Special.—200 dozen Ladies' Foster hook Kid Gloves, blacks, tans, browns, reds, etc., sizes 5 1/4 to 8 1/2, worth \$1.00 a pair, Monday 66c

500 Ladies' 26-inch Silk Umbrellas, worth \$1.50, Monday \$1.10

LADIES' RIBBED VESTS.

1 Case worth 10 cents each, at 5c 1 Case worth 15 cents each, at 10c 1 Case worth 25 cents each, at 12 1/2c 1 Case worth 39 cents each, at 25c

NOTIONS.

5-cent Soap only 3c 5-cent Machine Oil only 3c 5-cent Brushes only 3c 5-cent Pins only 3c 5-cent Safety Pins only 3c 5-cent Sewing Silk only 3c 1-cent Hairpins, 5 for 3c And all other Notions in same proportion.

250 dozen Boys' Knee Pants, worth 25c. to 39c. a pair, Our Price 19c

150 dozen Boys' Knee Pants, worth 50c. to 69c. a pair, Our Price 39c

500 dozen Boys' Shirt Waists, Indigo blue Calico, light fancy Calico and Outing Flannel, worth 25c. and 35c. each, Monday 19c

75 dozen Ladies' Wrappers, indigo blue and fancy prints, worth \$1.00, Sale 59c

100 Ladies' Capes, navy blue, black, tans, etc., worth \$5.00, Monday \$2.75

50 Ladies' Silk Capes, black only, worth \$6.50, Monday \$3.98

50 Ladies' Silk Capes, jet and lace trimmings, worth \$8.98, Monday \$5.98

250 Ladies' Skirts, navy blue and black serge, worth \$6.00, Monday \$3.98

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MILLINERY DEPARTMENT ON MONDAY.

2 cases Corsets, white and drab, M. C., worth \$1.00, Sale Price 50c

25 dozen Ladies' Sateen Shirt Waists, worth \$1.00, Monday 50c

400-402 LACKAWANNA AVENUE SCRANTON, PA.

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Storm Driven

By "THE DUCHESS," Author of "Holly Bawn," Etc.

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

CHAPTER II.

As she turned to leave the bridge two figures on the path below attracted her attention. They are the young girl with the invalid mother, and the tall, stalwart, honest-looking Englishman. At a point that commands a view of the lovely valley spreading below, they come to a standstill, and Mrs. Allingham, a little fascinated, lingers to watch them. Is this going to be a happy marriage? The man looks very much in earnest, but the girl—

of pity for her lover, knows at once that her eyes, her thoughts, all belong to the owner of the footsteps that are now distinctly to be heard coming up the path behind them.

Impelled by a sort of queer curiosity she leans forward to see what the man is like that this young creature can presume to marry. Is this going to be a happy marriage? The man looks very much in earnest, but the girl—

At this moment the girl turns and looks eagerly backward upon the path she has just traveled. All at once her face has brightened and just as suddenly the man at her side seems to sink into insensibility. She has no longer a thought for him. Clare, with a sense

of a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting. The Triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE is cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away. They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation, and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations. PILE TUMORS, however large, in the rectum, are removed without the perils of cutting. STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting. STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is cured in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send one cent in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, New York.

MOTHERS and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all the ills of childhood of its tortures, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

Mrs. Don A. Gerrard of Oakley, Oregon Co., 77th, writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am a mother now that I have been six years. Your Favorite Prescription is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."

"Yes,—yes," says the girl, in her soft, low tone.

"Ah! In the mean time"— "Good bye."

"No, no. Au revoir!" "The little play is over. He has gone back to the carriage waiting for him on the lower road, from whence, no doubt, he had seen her, and the other two have turned the corner and gone on, in ominous silence. Clare gets lowly to her feet. That child and that man! What a devil he is! He has evidently kept her in ignorance of his marriage, and to let her love him, not knowing.

Again she seems to remember, and stops suddenly, as if stabbed to the heart. Oh, God! What is she doing? Well, well, well! We must all sow, we must all reap, and if that girl chooses to fling away her life, what is it to her?

Something, however, it must be, because all the way back to the hotel, under the scented leaves, and with the growing night wind blowing upon her, the child's pure, lovely face is ever with her. So might her own face once have looked, before they sold her to the highest bidder!

Her heart softens. Yes; she will speak to the girl tonight—will warn her. She will do one good deed before she dies. But if the doing of it should betray her! No; no fear of that. He had said he would not be back until the day after tomorrow, and by that time she will be far away. Oh, that it were farther!

The evening has grown late, and all the lights of heaven are resplendent. Scarcely a sound can be heard, save the calm rushing of the river down below, and the sigh of the wind in the trees.

Above, the "Gilded sickle of the new made moon" leans over the pale lamp of the evening star.

is shining brilliantly. On the terrace stands Mrs. Allingham, holding the girl's hand closely in her own.

"Give up that man, Amy. He is unworthy. Why do you let him make love to you? Oh, how hard it is to explain—to you—who do not know the meaning of the word! But the real thing, real love, is all purity, believe me."

"There is Mr. Borthwick," goes on Clare, eagerly. "He is in love with you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Allingham, I," with frightened, pretty eyes, and a rising color, "I have found you again, you see. I told you I should. You—how bold, how certain, the voice is—'have not quite forgotten me.'"

"Oh, no, Mr. Prendergast." So, he has changed his name (a little notorious at present) lest it should frighten this pretty filly from his web. Mrs. Allingham's lips, even in her deep agitation, curl involuntarily. Then all at once she remembers something. She shrinks as if from herself, and her face grows whiter. What about his and her name?

you, you little white flower of a child, to dream of accepting the love of a thing like that. Why, he would crush the life out of you, and then—leave you."

"Oh, it is horrible! It isn't true," says the girl. "It is true! Do you think I don't know?"

"Know! How can you know?" "Because," Mrs. Allingham's brow contracts. "I know just such a man as he is."

There is such bitterness in her tone that the girl feels awed by it, to the extent of forgetting her own troubles for the moment.

"I—I'm afraid you have not been happy," says she, timidly.

Mrs. Allingham breaks into laughter, low, but mirthless. Then she restrains herself.

"Not very, but that's neither here nor there. The question now is your happiness. You will wonder why I care about it; but I was only a child like you, when—and—well, I would not have you live the life I lived. And yours will be worse, mind you, if you listen to that man; for mine was, in level, the other would degrade you—oh! with a touch of pain. 'I can't bear to speak more plainly. Can't you take what I say, and believe in it? I tell you I speak from a most melancholy point.'"

Her eyes are full of tears. How can she save this silly child, without being brutally direct?

"Oh, you have suffered!" cries the girl, in a low tone. The tender mounting moon has cast its rays upon the tears that are trembling to their fall in Mrs. Allingham's beautiful eyes. Amy, with a sudden movement, goes to her, as if to cast her arms around her, but Mrs. Allingham, with a swift gesture, puts her back. Who is she that she should let innocent arms encircle her?

"We must all suffer," says she, coldly. "It is to save you from unnecessary suffering that I now speak. You can heed me or not, as you like. But I felt it my duty to warn you."

"What I think," says the girl, a little thrown back upon herself by that sharp repulse, "is, that you misjudge Mr. Prendergast. To me he is kind—very kind, and a little defiant, 'mamma thinks him charming.'"

"It," with a faint sneer, "shows great discrimination on your mother's part. 'He is very kind to her, too. He quite studies her.'"

"Mrs. Allingham makes a little impulsive gesture. 'It is a pity she does not study him,' with a touch of indignation. 'If your mother sometimes forgot herself and thought more of you, it would be better both for her soul and body. I tell you, Mr. Prendergast is no fit associate for you.'"

the world's jargon, honorable misery, whereas yours"— "I—I don't think you understand Mr. Prendergast," says the girl, nervously. "Don't! Then, almost fiercely: 'Are you mad, child? Can't you see the difference between these two men. One would raise you to his own fine level, the other would degrade you—oh! with a touch of pain. 'I can't bear to speak more plainly. Can't you take what I say, and believe in it? I tell you I speak from a most melancholy point.'"

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"Mamma does not think so," says the girl, with a little soft, offended air. "She likes him, and—so do I!"

"Yes?" Mrs. Allingham laughs derisively. The time has come for that denouncement she would have avoided. "His wife doesn't," says she.

There is a long silence. Then a little gasping sigh from the girl, breaking on the evening air, brings them both back to the present. Mrs. Allingham's heart is full of remorse. Yet what else could she do. She has tried everything—and— "I told you he was a brute," says she.



"Here He Is!" Whispers She.

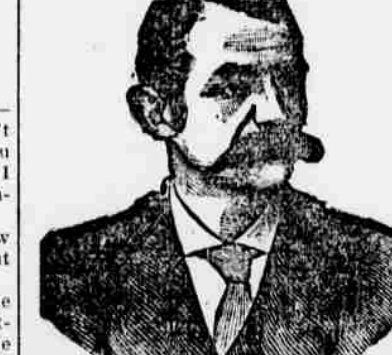
She lays her hand on the girl's shoulder and shakes her gently. "There now, you know! Give him his conge at once—and your heart, if you can, to Mr. Borthwick. He will treasure it."

"As she speaks, a shadow falls across the moonlit terrace. "There he is," whispers she, looking for you—waiting for you. Go to him."

The girl starts uneasily. Then, seeing herself discovered, moves straight to where the tall Englishman is standing, hesitating as to whether he shall go to her or not. The last Mrs. Allingham seen of them is satisfactory. The girl's head is downcast, indeed, but she has let her hand be impressed by Borthwick, who looks as if he would keep it against all odds, to the end of time.

(To be Continued.)

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CAUTION

TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

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