

# A DEFIANCE TO BACKWARD SPRING

Our Daring Offer and Bold Dash for Patronage Will Bring a Host of Buyers.

## FIVE DOLLARS

Secures choice of 500 ALL-WOOL Men's Summer Suits, sold elsewhere at \$10.00 and \$12.00; every color and design, including Black and Blue Undressed Worsteds. Remember our guarantee goes with every Suit, as to color, wear and fit.

Large stocks of Clothing are piled up, the tables groaning underneath its weight; so we start this unheard-of cut and slash NOW, when the people will buy new Spring Suits, to attract people from every walk of life, from every town, village or hamlet in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

We must move this tremendous mass of modern merchandise—NOW.

We defy any house, no matter how glaring their advertising may seem, or how plausible their reasons for a sale may be, to come within 50 per cent. of our price.

## We Deal in Facts, Not Futures



## TEN DOLLARS

Secures choice of 500 Men's All-Wool Summer Suits, made to retail at \$15.00 and \$18.00.

We have grown great and big in doing the square thing. We cut the price of Men's Spring Suits in half, in thirds, at a time when you are getting ready to don a new Suit of Clothes. The Suits include elegant Black Clay Worsteds, durable Serges, Brown and Black Thebets, beautiful Tweeds, neat effects in Worsted and Cassimeres and Cheviots. Every one brand new, of this season's make and style.

Stylish dressers desirous of having "Up-to-Date" Spring Clothes--this is your chance. It is our loss and your gain. We are to determined to

## MOVE OUR STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING--NOW.

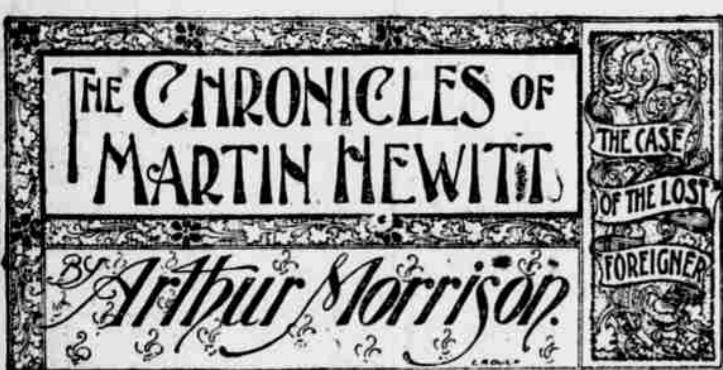
You cannot equal our values. True values need but to be seen to be recognized.

MAIL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE CAREFUL AND PROMPT ATTENTION.

# COLLINS & HACKETT,

Leaders in the Clothing Trade of Scranton.

—220—  
LACKAWANNA AVE.



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 II.

At a sign from Hewitt the loaf was removed. Then Hewitt pulled the small table closer to the Frenchman, and pushed the pen and sheets of paper toward him. The manoeuvre had its result. The man looked up and down the room vacantly once or twice, and then began to turn the paper over. From that he went to dipping the pen in the inkpot; and presently he was scribbling at random on the loose sheets. Hewitt affected to leave him entirely alone, and seemed to be absorbed in a contemplation of a photograph of a police division brass band hanging on the wall; but he saw every scratch the man made.

At first there was nothing but meaningless scrawls and attempted words. Then rough sketches appeared of a man's head, a chair or whatnot. On the mantelpiece stood a small clock, apparently a sort of humble presentation piece, the body of the clock being set in a horseshoe frame with crossed whips behind it. After a time the Frenchman's eyes fell on it, and he began a rude sketch of it. That he relinquished, and went on with other random sketches and scribbles on the same piece of paper, sketching

hastily across his last scratch, he dropped it, and with a great shudder turned away again, and hid his face by the fireplace.

Hewitt turned at once and seized the papers on the table. He stuffed them all into his coat pocket, with the exception of the last, which the man had been engaged on, and this, a facsimile of which he sketched, he studied earnestly for several minutes.

"Good Day," Hewitt said pleasantly to the Young Man.

"My Dear Sir: I meant to lunch with you today, but have been kept. I expect you are idle this afternoon, and I have a case that will interest you—perhaps be useful to you from a journalistic point of view. If you care to see anything of it, call away at once to Fitzroy Square, south side, where I'll meet you. I will wait no later than 3.30. Yours, M. H."

I had scarce a quarter of an hour, so I seized my hat and left my chambers at once. As it happened, my cab and Hewitt's burst into Fitzroy from opposite sides almost at the same moment, so that we lost no time.

"Come," said Hewitt, taking my arm and marching me off, "we are going to look for some stabling. Try to feel as though you'd just set up a brougham and had come out to look for a place to put it in. I fear we may have to persuade some person with that belief presently."

"Why, what do you want stables for? And why make me your excuse?" "As to what I want the stables for—really, I'm not altogether sure myself. As to making you an excuse—well, even none. But come, here are some stables. Not good enough, though, even if any of them were empty. Come on."

much worn and frayed. So that he must be in the habit of carrying a watch, and it is gone."

"Yes, and everything else, too, eh? Looks like robbery. He's had a knock or two in the face—notice that?"

"I saw the bruises and the cut, of course; and his collar has been broken away with the back button—somebody has taken him by the collar or throat. Was he wearing a hat when he was found?"

"No."

"That would imply that he had only just left a house. What street was he found in?"

"Henry street, a little off Golden Square. Low street, you know."

"Did the constable notice a door open near by?"

The inspector shook his head. "Half the doors in the street are open," he said, "pretty nearly all day."

"Ah, then there's nothing in that. I don't think he lives there; by the bye, I fancy he comes from, more in the Seven Dials or Drury Lane direction. Did you notice anything about the man that you are a clue to his occupation, or, at any rate, to his habits?"

"Can't say I did."

"Well, just take a look at the back of his coat before he goes away—just over the loins. Good day."

As I have said, Hewitt's messenger was quick. I happened to be in, having lately returned from a luscious lunch when he arrived with this note:

ous case. The man's a Frenchman, discovered helpless in the street by a policeman. The only thing he can say that has any meaning in it at all is 'Je la nie,' and that he says mechanically, without in the least knowing what he is saying. And he can't write. But he got sketching and scrawling various things on some paper, and his scrawls, together with another thing or two, have given me an idea. We're following it up now. When we are less busy, and in a quiet place, I

shouldn't think so," he said doubtfully; they're mostly shop people as wants all the room themselves. My governor couldn't do nothing, I know. Those 'ere two stables ain't scarcely enough for all 'e wants as it is. Then there's Barket, the greengrocer 'ere, next door. That ain't no good. Then next to that there's the little place as is to let, and at the end there's Griffith's at the butter shop."

"And those the other way?"

"Well, this 'ere first one's Curtis', Euston road—that's a butter shop, too, an 'e 'as the next after that. The last one up at the end—I dunno quite whose that it is. It ain't been long took, but I 'bieve it's some foreign baker, I ain't ever see anything come out of it, though, but there's a 'ouse there, I know—I seen the food took in."

Hewitt turned thoughtfully away. "Thanks," he said, "I supposed we can't manage it, then. Good day."

(To be Continued.)

"Good Day," Hewitt said pleasantly to the Young Man.

will show you the sketches and explain things generally; there's no time now, and I may want your help for a bit, in which case ignorance may prevent you spoiling things, you clumsy ruffian. Hello! here we are, I think."

"We had stopped at the end of another stable yard, rather dirtier than the first. The stables were sound but inelegant sheds, and one or two appeared to be devoted to other purposes, having low chimneys, on one of which an old basket was rakishly set by way of owl. Beside the entrance a worn-out old board was nailed, with the legend, 'Stabling to Let,' in letters formerly white, on a ground formerly black."

"Come," said Hewitt, "we'll explore."

"We picked our way over the grassy cobblestones and looked about us. On the left was the wall inclosing certain back yards, and on the right the stables. Two doors in the middle of these were open, and a butcher's young man who, with his shiny bullet head, would have been known for a butcher's young man anywhere, was wiping over the new-washed wheel of a smart butcher's cart."

"Good day," Hewitt said pleasantly to the young man. "I notice there's some stabling to let here. Now where should I inquire about it?"

"Jones, Whitfield street," the young man answered, giving the wheel a final spin. "But there's only one little place to let now, I think, and it ain't very grand."

"Oh! what is that?"

"Next but one to the street there, a chap 'ad it for wood choppin', but 'e chucked it. There ain't room for more'n a donkey an' a barrow."

"Ah, that's a pity. We're not particular, but want something big enough, and we don't mind paying a fair price. Perhaps we might make arrangements with somebody here who 'as a stable."

The young man shook his head.



### DR. E. GREWER,

The Philadelphia Specialist, and his associated staff of English and German physicians, are now permanently located at

Old Postoffice Building, Corner Penn Avenue and Spruce Street.

The doctor is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, formerly demonstrator of physiology and surgery at the Medical-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia. His specialties are Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases.

**DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM**  
The symptoms of which are dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and women, ball rising in throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily startled when suddenly spoken to, and dull distressed mind which unites them for performing the actual duties of life, making happiness impossible, distressing the action of the heart, causing flush of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, melancholy, the easy company, feeling as if tired in the morning, when retiring, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thought, depression, constipation, weakness of the limbs, etc. Those so affected should consult us immediately and be restored to perfect health.

**Lost Manhood Restored.**  
Weakness of Young Men Cured.

If you have been given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined. He cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Scrophulous Old Sores, Catarrh, Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Deafness, Tumors, Cancer and Cripples of every description.

Consultations free and strictly sacred and confidential. Office hours daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sunday 9 to 2.

Enclose five 2-cent stamps for symptom blanks and my book called "New Life."

I will pay one thousand dollars in gold to anyone whom I cannot cure of EPILEPTIC CONVULSIONS or FITS.

DR. E. GREWER,  
Old Post Office Building, corner Penn Avenue and Spruce Street,  
SCRANTON, PA.

### DUPONT'S

MINING, BLASTING AND SPORTING  
**POWDER**

Manufactured at the Wapwallopen Mills, Lackawanna county, Pa., and at Wilmington, Delaware.

**HENRY BELIN, Jr.**  
General Agent for the Wyoming District,  
118 WYOMING AVE., Scranton, Pa.  
Third National Bank Building.

### WELSBACH LIGHT

Specially Adapted for Reading and Sewing.



A Pure White Steady Light and Very Economical.

Consumes three (3) feet of gas per hour and gives an efficiency of sixty (60) candles.

Saving at least 33 per cent. over the ordinary Tip Burners.

Call and See It.

### HUNT & CONNELL CO.,

434 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.  
Manufacturers' Agents.

### Moosic Powder Co.,

Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bld'g, SCRANTON, PA.

### MINING and BLASTING POWDER

MADE AT MOOSIC AND RUSHDALE WORKS.

Latin & Rand Powder Co.'s  
**Orange Gun Powder**

Electric Batteries, Fuses for exploding blasts, Safety Fuse and Repanno Chemical Co.'s High Explosive

**ROOF TINNING and SOLDERING**  
All done away with by the use of HARTMAN'S PATENT PAINT, which consists of ingredients well-known to all. It can be applied to tin, galvanized tin, sheet iron roofs, also to brick dwellings, which will prevent absolutely any crumbling, cracking or breaking of the brick. It will outlast tinning of any kind by many years, and it's cost does not exceed one-fifth that of the cost of tinning. Is sold by the job or pound. Consultation by

ANTONIO HARTMANN, 25 Birch St.



# 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.

### MEGARGEL & CONNELL

Wholesale Agents.