

# A DEFIANCE TO BACKWARD SPRING

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

### FIVE DOLLARS

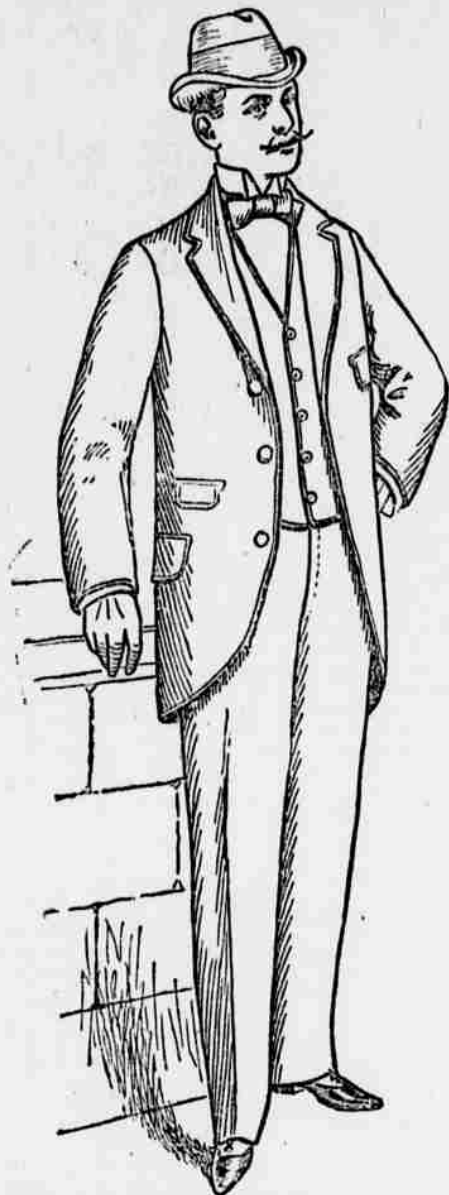
Secures choice of 500 ALL-WOOL Men's Summer Suits, sold elsewhere at \$10.00 and \$12.00; every color and design, including Black and Blue Undressed Worsteds. Remember our guarantee goes with every Suit, as to color, wear and fit.

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.



(Copyright, 1895, by Irving Bacheller.)

CHAPTER V.  
The Emperor had committed himself to my care. The Emperor was dead. Those were the two thoughts which clanged in my head until I had no room for any other ones. He had come with me, and he was dead. I had done what he had ordered when living. I had avenged him when dead. But what of all that? The world would look upon me as responsible. They might even look upon me as the assassin. What could I prove? What witnesses had I? Might I not have been the accomplice of these wretches? Yes, yes, I was eternally dishonored—the lowest, most despicable creature in all France. This, then, was the end of my fine military ambitions and of the hopes of my mother. I laughed bitterly at the thought. And what was I to do now? Was I to go into Fontainebleau, to wake up the palace, and to inform them that the great Emperor had been murdered within a pace of me. I could not do it—no, I could not do it! There was but one course for an honorable gentleman whom Fate had placed in so cruel a position. I would fall upon my dishonored sword and so share, since I could not avert, the Emperor's fate. I rose with my nerves strung to this last pitious deed, and as I did so my eyes fell upon something which struck the breath from my lips. The Emperor was standing before me.

"more," he cried, and, after a pause: "The shadow has passed me forever. Then he bent forward and laid his hand upon my shoulder. "You have done very well, my young friend," said he. "You have lived up to your reputation." He was flesh and blood, then, this emperor. I could feel the little palm that rested upon me. And yet I could not get over what I had seen with my own eyes, and so I stared at him in such bewilderment that he broke once more into one of his smiles. "No, no, Monsieur Gerard," said he. "I am not a ghost, and you have not seen me killed. You will come here and all will be clear to you." He turned as he spoke, and led the way toward the great beech stump. The bodies were still lying upon the ground, and two men were standing beside them. As we approached, I saw from the turbans that they were Rousten and Mustafa, the two Mameluke body servants. The emperor passed when he came to the gray figure upon the ground, and turning back the hood which shrouded the features, he showed a face which was very different from his own. "Here lies a faithful servant, who has given up his life for his master," said he. "Monsieur de Gondin resembles me in figure, and in manner, as you must admit." "What a delirium of joy came upon me when these few words made everything clear to me. He smiled again as he saw the delight which urged me almost to throw my arms round him and to embrace him, but he moved a step away, as if he had divined my impulse. "You are unhurt?" he asked. "I am unhurt, sire. But in another minute I should in my despair—" "Fut, fut!" he interrupted. "You did very well. He should himself have

been more on his guard. I saw everything which passed." "You saw it, sire?" "You did not hear me follow you through the wood, then? I hardly lost sight of you from the moment that you left your quarters until poor de Gondin fell. The counterfeit emperor was in front of you, and the real one behind. You will now escort me back to the palace." He whispered an order to his Mamelukes, who saluted in silence and remained where they were standing. For my part, I followed the emperor with my pelisse bursting with pride. My word, I have always carried myself as a hussar should, but Lasalle himself never strutted and swung his dolman as I did that night! Who should clink his spurs and clatter his sabre if it were not I--I, Etienne Gerard--the confidant of the emperor, the chosen swordsman of the light cavalry, the man who slew the would-be assassins of Napoleon. But he noticed my bearing, and turned upon me like a blight. "Is that the way to carry yourself on a secret mission," he hissed, with that cold glare in his eyes, "is it thus that you will make your comrades believe that nothing remarkable has occurred. Have done with this nonsense, monsieur, or you will find yourself transferred to the sappers, where you would have harder work and duller plumage." That was the way with the emperor. If ever he thought that any one might have a claim upon him, he took the first opportunity to show him the gulf that lay between. I saluted and was silent, but I must confess to you that he hurt me after all that had passed between us. He led on to the palace, where we passed through the side door and up into his own cabinet. There were a couple of grenadiers at the staircase, and their eyes started out from under their fur caps. I promise you, when they saw a young lieutenant of hussars going up to the emperor's room at midnight, I stood by the door, as I had done in the afternoon, while he hung himself down in an armchair, and remained silent so long that it seemed to me that he had forgotten all about me. I ventured at last upon a slight cough to remind him. "Ah, Monsieur Gerard," said he. "You are very curious, no doubt, as to the meaning of all this." "I am quite content, sire, if it is

your pleasure not to tell me," I answered. "Ta, ta, ta," said he, impatiently. "These are only words. The moment that you were outside that door you would begin making inquiries about what it all means. In two days your better officers would know about it, in three days it would be all over Fontainebleau, and it would be in Paris on the fourth. Now, if I tell you enough to appease your curiosity, there is some reasonable hope that you may be able to keep the matter to yourself." He did not understand me, this emperor, and yet I could only bow and be silent. "A few words will make it clear to you," said he, speaking very swiftly and pacing up and down the room. "They were Corsicans, these two men. I had known them in my youth. We had belonged to the same society--Brothers of Ajaccio, as we called ourselves. It was founded in the old days, you understand, and we had some strict rules of our own which were not infringed with impunity." A very grim look came over his face as he spoke, and it seemed to me that all that was France had gone out of him, and that it was the pre-Corsican, the man of strong passions and of strange revenges, who stood before me. His memory had gone back to those early days of his, and for five minutes, wrapped in thought, he paced up and down the room with his quick little tiger steps. Then with an impatient wave of his hands he came back to his palace and to me. "The rules of such a society," he continued, "are all very well for a private citizen. In the old days there was no more loyal brother than I. But circumstances change, and it would be neither for my welfare nor for that of France that I should now submit myself to them. They wanted to hold me to it, and so brought their fate upon their own heads." "These were the two chiefs of the order, and they had come from Corsica to summon me to meet them at the spot which they named. I knew what such a summons meant. No man had ever returned from obeying one. On the other hand, if I did not go, I was sure that disaster would follow. I am a brother myself, you remember, and I know their ways." Again there came that hardening of his mouth and cold glitter of his eyes. "You perceive my dilemma, Monsieur Gerard," said he. "How would you have acted yourself under such circumstances?" "Given the word to the Tenth Hussars, sire," I cried. "Patrols could have swept the woods from end to end and brought these two rascals to your feet."

He smiled, but he shook his head. "I had very excellent reasons why I did not wish them taken alive," said he. "You can understand that an assassin's tongue might be as dangerous a weapon as an assassin's dagger. I will not disguise from you that I wished to avoid scandal at all cost. That was why I ordered you to take no pistols with you. That also is why my Mamelukes will remove all traces of the affair, and nothing more will be heard about it. "I thought of all possible plans, and I am convinced that I selected the best one. Had I sent more than one guard with de Gondin into the woods, then the brothers would not have appeared. They would not charge their plans or miss their chance for the sake

of a single man. It was Col. Lasalle's accidental presence at the moment when I received the summons which led to my choosing one of his hussars for the mission. I selected you, Monsieur Gerard, because I wanted a man who could handle a sword, and who would not pry more deeply into the affair than I desired. I trust that in this respect you will gratify my choice as well as you have done in your bravery and skill." "Sire," I answered, "you may rely upon it." "As long as I live," said he, "you will never open your lips upon this subject." "I dismiss it entirely from my mind, sire. I will efface it from my recollection as if it had never been. I will promise you to go out of your cabinet at this moment exactly as I was when I entered it at 4 o'clock." "You cannot do that," said the Emperor, smiling. "You were a lieutenant at that time. You will permit me, captain, to wish you a very good night." (The End.)



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 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, hair falling 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 afflicts them for periods of 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, fire easy of company, feeling as tired in the morning as 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, Scrofula, Old Sores, Catarrh, Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Deafness, Tumors, Cancers 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.