



400-402 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton.

# THE FAIR

400-402 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton.

TO The Fair FOR BARGAINS.

## SPECIAL BARGAINS MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1895.

TO The Fair FOR BARGAINS.

100 pieces Bleached Twilled Toweling, Monday - **13c**

100 pieces heavy cream Shaker Flannel, Monday - **23c**

100 pieces Merrimac's Light Prints, Monday - **23c**

100 pieces heavy, yard wide, Sheeting, Monday - **33c**

100 pieces Calico, indigo blue, best quality, Monday - **33c**

100 pieces Cashmeres, yard wide, (all colors) 25c. quality, Monday - **15c**

**GREAT BARGAINS IN TABLE LINEN, TOWELS, DOTTED SWISS Lawns and Bedspreads.**

500 dozen Gents' Seamless 1/2 Hose, worth 10c. a pair, on Monday 6 pairs for - **25c**

50 dozen Ladies' Seamless Hose, fast black, worth 12 1/2c., Monday - **8c**

40 dozen Ladies' Fancy Wrappers, worth 98c., Monday - **59c**

**MILLINERY.** Ladies' Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats at less than one-half price.

5,000 yards Japanese Wash Silks, for Shirt Waists, worth 50c. yd., Monday **29c**

**GREAT BARGAINS IN NOTIONS, FANS, JEWELRY, POCKET Books and Laces.**

100 dozen Gents' Unlaundried Shirts, 50c. each, Monday only - **29c**

40 dozen Ladies' Black Silk Mitts, extra good, worth 39 cents Monday - **20c**

25 dozen Ladies' Wrappers, worth \$1.50, Monday - **\$1**

**FLOWERS.** 25c. Quality at 10 Cents. 50c. Quality at 20 Cents. 75c. Quality at 29 Cents. \$1.00 Quality at 40 Cents.

Lace Curtains, Lace Parasol Covers, Lace Pillow Shams Reduced **25 per cent.**

**GREAT BARGAINS IN RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS, UMBRELLAS, Parasols, Etc., on Monday.**

100 dozen Gents' Handkerchiefs worth 12c. Monday 4 for - **25c**

200 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, worth 5c. and 8c. each, Monday **2 1/2c**

8 dozen Ladies' Duck Suits, worth \$5.00, Monday - **\$2.75**

Boys' 50c. Shirt Waists and 50c. Knee Pants, on Monday - **35c**

**ALL DRESS GOODS REDUCED 35 PER CENT To Close Out.**

**GREAT BARGAINS IN BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT On Monday.**

50 dozen Gents' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, worth 39c., Monday - **25c**

90 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 25c. Monday - **12 1/2c**

**Ladies' Capes. Ladies' Skirts, Ladies' Suits At Less Than Half Price.**

**FULL LINE OF Children's Dresses At Prices That Will Surprise You.**

5,000 yards all-silk Velvet, worth \$1.00 yard, Monday - **50c**

10 gross best quality Buttermilk Soap, 4 cakes in box, for **10c**

50 dozen Children's Lace Caps, worth 23c., Monday - **10c**

15 dozen Children's Lace Hats, all colors, worth 49c., Monday **25c**

2 cases Corsets, sizes 18 to 30, drab and white, worth 50c. Monday - **35c**

25 dozen Ladies' assorted Night Gowns, worth 98c., Monday - **50c**

50 doz. Ladies' Chemise and Drawers, assorted, worth 50c., Monday - **35c**



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### CHAPTER II.—THE MAN ON THE MUIR.

Indeed, it is no shame to a man to have fear in his nature. It is, I will believe, born in a man's blood; and he hath no more to do with it than with who was his father. Yet mark the great crying that there has been in all ages about brave men and valiant men, and men that have never known fear. Yet what credit is there in such like? They cannot help it more than I can help having an eye that had a cast in it if such like I had, or red hair, or nose turned up at the end like that of a wild Elirionach. Yet such men come to honor, and their sons inherit it. For this also is the folly of the times.

We rode out of Edinburgh, passing the gates without question, for Sir James was a man in good odor with the government. We had a bitter winter's day for our journeying, and we had trouble enough to keep warm; yet with wrappings of foreign fur and a flask of French brandy we managed to shut out the cold. Also our hearts were somewhat cheered, and our converse grew more heartsome.

Thus making merry, to the extent even of singing a catch or two which Sir James had learned in the old wars, and which I heard for the first time, though not wholly with approval, yet with tolerance, we came to a place called Cockmuir, a wild and solitary place, shut in between hills that have no living thing upon them. No heartsome reek of habited house was to be seen. The place was in the midst of a great wilderness, and it needed the crowing of the black cock and the nicker of the grouse to make the silence endurable. But even these were wanting that bitter day of gray skies and gripping frost.

Just as we had gotten fairly to the midst of the moor there rose up before us a man, or rather, as it might be, we came suddenly upon him. He was standing stock still, as if he had been meditating, looking away toward the hills of Lammermuir. But at the first sound of our horses' feet overtopping the brae, he turned and showed us the pallid countenance of a young lad, bitten blue with the winter winds, and with his black clothes hanging about him as though his limbs had been so many barren tree-branches. I knew him at a first glance. It was James Renwick, of Minnith, whose mother was some kin to mine, being also on the estate of Drumlanrig, where the Douglas's is the father of us all.

It so happened, by mischance, that Sir James was putting back his flask of strong waters into the breast of his coat at the moment when Mr. Renwick turned him about. I wished that it had not been so; but nevertheless, I gave

him greeting, for he had been a child when I was a young lad, and our folk were, as I have said, some manner of kin.

Then I asked him how he did and that in a pleasant way. But he stood looking at me with eyes so sunken and such a best countenance that I wished such a best countenance that I wished we had come some other way.

"I'm not James," I said. "For this is Sir James Standfield, of New Milne, a good man; and one that, though a magistrate, is no ill-wisher to the folk of the hill."

"Ah, John Bell," said young Renwick, at last, looking my kindly speech no more than the tune of a bird while thing, "is that indeed you? Your friends for whom you left us have elad and comforted you well. There are no fine foreign coats on the muirs, and the huge distill not the brew of French brandy. Doubtless ye have made a fine exchange, and the wide throat that took the Tert at a gulp will soon swallow a fat benefice. But there are other spirits abroad that you will yet have to reckon with."

"James," I said, peacefully, "not thus was your father wont to speak of me, when I drove home the eye in the even from the braes at the town-end of Minnith."

"No," said he, "that may be; but since then the kye have been in many a man's corn beside my father's, honest man."

And I knew that he meant to cast up to me that I had joined the persecuting party. For the ordinary cry among the hill-folk, by which they passed on the word of warning the one to the other

when the horse soldiers were out, was "The kye's in the corn!"

"Ye prate of honest men," said Sir James, speaking to Mr. Renwick for the first time; "but take notice that there are other honest men in the realm that are no rebels, but bide quietly at home, wishing ill to none, and who grudge, forbye, an ora sheep no more to a hill body than a can of ale to a red soldier."

James Renwick bent his eyes on Sir James, and for a moment looked through him.

"Fair man," he said, gently, "poor man! I rede ye turn about your bridle-rein and ride back the way ye came, or the bed that ye shall lie on shall be darker than the milk of the night that comes fast upon us, and colder than the linen sheet that Janet Johnson has spread for ye at the Wauk-Miln."

"Man!" cried Sir James, fiercely, shaking his bridle-reins at the field-preacher, "what ken ye of Janet Johnson? And why speak ye the name of my son's concubine, that is to me as the name of the enemy of mankind?"

"That evil woman has not crossed the step of my door for years—na, nor shall na while I live!"

So cried Sir James at his voice's pitch.

James Renwick shook his head wearily.

"The message is not of me nor from me," he said. "I speak as I am bidden. Your light-o'-loves I reck nought of. But I wish you well; and I warn you from riding further, for the powers of darkness are abroad this night and it is their hour. Turn your horses about, and never draw rein till ye are safe within the walls of Edinburgh."

"Ye speak as a foolish person," said Sir James, severely; "this night I bide in mine own house and sleep in mine own chamber, with this honest man and law-abiding minister of the gospel to keep me company."

And with that he rode off and I rode after him. Yet often and after I looked back, and there in the fading light of that bleak and ankly afternoon, I saw the fanatic preacher stand as we had left him, gazing lonesomely up at the hills as though he looked and saw a vision upon them.

Sir James Standfield rode bravely away, as set on his own intent as a man that has taken the bit of his fate between his teeth and rides whither he will, against his better knowledge.

"The ranting and fanatical knave," he said, over his shoulder, "to speak to me of warnings and concubines. I will e'en apprehend him and have him sent to the seafoad."

Of which I knew well he had no small intention.

But as we neared home and the night settled about us, methought that Sir James Standfield rode not so hastily nor looked so eagerly for the lights of his house.

Ever he found some new excuse to loiter, and showed me his own various improvements, together with the weaving mill and the wauk mill, which he said had been set up by one Spurway, a good enough man from York-shire, but very new-fangled and conceited in his own opinion.

Then we came to a little thatch house that had a lamp shining in the window.

"Ah," said Sir James, "let us light off here and have a draught for our evening ordinary. This is James Marr's, a very decent man and keeps good ale."

Yet I wondered that he should go buying of ale, well nigh within call of

his own great and well-furnished house. But I could see that the man was ill at ease and like one that strives to put off an evil day.

Nevertheless we lighted down at the change-house and led our horses to the ring of the door post. When we had seated ourselves, Sir James called for ale, and was exceedingly merry, but behind him, with a frowning laugh, there entered a young slattern of a woman, buxom of feature indeed, but with no good or housewifely look in her eyes.

"See, there they stand, Janet," cried he, "and for a great I would send them all to hell, and swing for them in the Grass Mercat."

"Philip," said Sir James, gripping the table to steady himself, for all his mirth had gone from him and left him gray to the lips, "Philip, my lad, I have come to forgive you, and to see gin ye will lead a new life. Dinna-dinna begin by breaking my heart. Send away that woman, that has made ye live like a beast. Think on your wife that greets for ye by her lone—"

What more he would have said I know not, but the woman broke out crying upon him, and he was that he should take her good name, saying that she was an honest man's wife and much else.

"Said ye 'an honest man's honest wife'?" said Sir James. And he looked very direct at her as he spoke.

The woman turned away as if she could not bear the question and the eyes of all that were in the house. She made as though she would go to the bedside by which sat James Marr's wife with her daughter Elsie standing beside her. But they gathered the skirts of their kirtles about them and slipped off into an inner room. So the woman came back shame-facedly to the side of her paramour, who stood brooding over us all, save the Englishman, who slipped contentedly at his ale and smiling in a way that was a vast admiration to me to behold.

It was not, perhaps, the wisest time to give a man advice, but nevertheless, because I knew not whether indeed I should see him again, I rose from my



"Ha, Umphray Spurway."

inherited me—the canting priest, the lying Englishman, and the old hound himself. The devil rive them all! May their cups choke them!"

And with these wicked words Philip Standfield broode upon the stone pavement of the inn. He was a tall young man, but with a face sufficed with passion and blotched with evil living. Behind him, with a frowning laugh, there entered a young slattern of a woman, buxom of feature indeed, but with no good or housewifely look in her eyes.

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band-strings, what are ye concerned in the matter? Do ye understand to whom ye speak?"

Then Umphray Spurway whipped a pair of pistols out of his pocket, and laid them bended on the table.

"There has been enough and to spare of ill talk," he said; "get out of this house without another unevil word, Philip Standfield, or I will make a hole in you, you debauched man and blasphemer of your father. And you, Janet Johnson, shall be whipped at the cart-tail from here to Morham—aya, if I have to lay on the lashes myself!"

So, snarling and counter-snarling, with changed countenances, more like those of beast than human kind, Philip Standfield and the wench went out vowing vengeance upon us all. Then there comes into my tale that night of great fear, which grips me yet in the telling of it. It was a bitter night of frost at the changing of the moon. A horror of great darkness fell upon the earth. Yet there was also, what is not so common on a night of cold, a laughing and wandering wind that whispered by whistles, going and coming uncertainly among the stepped gables of the house of New Milne.

[To Be Continued.]

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For sale by Matthews Bros. and John H. Phelps.

**WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**

**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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**FRINCOE REMEDY** produces the above results in 30 days. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotence, Nightly Enuresis, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unite one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. A word of humanity and consideration. Insist on having REVIVO, or other, it can be carried in your pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a postal note written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 123 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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FOR THE RAPID CURE OF CATARRH OF THE NOSE, THROAT AND LUNGS. It is a powerful and quick cure. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotence, Nightly Enuresis, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unite one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. A word of humanity and consideration. Insist on having REVIVO, or other, it can be carried in your pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a postal note written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 123 River St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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