THE GREAT SALE

-OF THE-

RUNDLE BANKRUPT STOCK

502 LACKAWANNA AVENUE

AT ITS CLOSE

ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE.

NOTIONS, LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING

At Less Than 50 Cents on the Dollar,



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impossible!" She laughed, "he must be he loved her! Ah, that he could show infinitely clever, infinitely unselfish, infinitely energetic, infinitely capable, cool, reliant, brave-and a gentleman!"

The words rang in his memory, They had been spoken at a crowded reception, in a flower scented drawing room. amid the terrible buzz of a hundred high-pitched voices. They had been spoken by a glorious young woman, her chin up, her eyes flashing, her face radiant, the whole intensity of her nature in each cadenced word. They had been spoken at the end of a short, halfflippant conversation-and, indeed, had suddenly ended it-for the girl had looking brother seemed to make himburst away, as it were, from the nar-rowness of flippancy, and given him a sudden flash of her soul. It was quite vesit, the brother had obtruded his fat impossible to do more than look his face between them. Miss Armitage admiration at her radiant face. Her had betrayed a slight feeling of loatheyes dropped from his ardent gaze, ling for this same "brother," he thought eyes dropped from his ardent gaze. Another man came up with several well-dressed ladies. Harold Burnett quietly left the room and took his departure from the crowded function, then at its height. He had met Eleanor Armitage only

a few weeks before. In his capacity as dramatic critic on a great New York daily, he had bestowed a few words of discriminating praise on the young English actress who had taken the town by storm, in her fresh and beautiful interpretation of Camille. She had sent for him at her hotel and thanked stage," he adds, "and men and women He had met her brother-a curious, flabby, pale Englishman. This af- life play, if a play, is Chinese, not ternoon he saw her at a fashionable re- modern. It is long drawn out-vague, ception, where her English beauty purposeless, unwieldy. It has no be shone amid the flower garden of the pretty American girls.

He saw, and he realized that he saw -with the eyes of a lover. It amused him to perceive a thrill of delight, when, in the crush at the door, he overheard a hardsome, impulsive girl say to another, "Eleanor Armitage, the actress, is perfectly ideal—she is lovelier off the stage than on. • • • She is took his hat and stick from a servant, jous manner, who was standing near the to overhear an elderly gentleman say to another, "Oh, she's English and she's pretty and wears good clothesand so New York has gone crazy over her, of course. It's a way New York beem to find some new charm in Miss

He strode off, down the avenue to his club and dined alone, with a mild fly. pint of warm Burgundy-so that he contemplation of her-the girl who woman hater-you were in love. Your

"A perfect woman-nobly planned,"

BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE. | one woman who filled his dreams, night "The man that I admire-he is quite and day; the magnet of his thoughtsit worthily, earn her gratitude still further as he had begun to do by praise in the face of the critics. To praise her now was to join in the ruck-no credit in her blue eyes! no, nor in his own grey ones! Ah, that he could show himself a man, and perform some deed of heroic effort for her!

After dinner he avoided his friends, and strolled out into the starry night before the performance, to be alone with his cigar-and thoughts of her And then it was that the phantasm of her cool, smooth, fat, yet dissipated -he had detected a look of pain in he face as he entered. Ah, this brother, this brother!-how could such a sot have had the same parentage as his goddess? Then he remembered Cain and Abel, and laughed, threw away his cigar, and drew near the well-lighted theater where his goddess was playing.

AT THE PERFORMANCE.

Shakespeare says that "Life's a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage!" "All the world's a He had called once or twice are but players," etc. The glittering hous generalities are only partly true. The ginning, no middle, no end, no art. It has incidents, escapades, formless bits of incident, sometimes it has plotsbut plots and villains are growing unnewspaper men he knew. "For ex-

> box office. "For example? Well?" answered the manager, impatiently. "Burnett-you Armitage every day." "As I was saying," said Burnett stif-

"To whom? I should say, Burnett, if wits are so often wool gathering late-

but, ah, so high, so pure, so cold, so Purnert straightened himself up above the "depravity of love!" The quickly. "For example, Mr. Manager,

escort (a handsome young chap), did from the balcony. When the entr' acte arrived and the lights went up, they caught sight of his severely bald head. As he distinctly left home that day for Boston-we have the true incident of comedy, the note of which is always surprise-as Mr. Lightfoot, for some reason, hates his wife's handsome young cavalier, and has forbidden him the house. The first act was already over and was out of the theater; for the second act, Mr. Lightfoot came down and greeted them freezingly, and Madame went suddenly home with her husband. The third act occurred, you see, at the "palatial" home of the Lightfoots-a stormy scene, I believe tears, recriminations, reconciliation-"Ugh." growled the manager. "It

makes me tired to think of any more plays-cne's enough!" Burnett turned absently toward a row of Miss Eleanor Armitage's photo-

graphs in a gilded frame. A bilssful thing, indeed, to love at actress-and as one runs to read the postered features of one's beloved in every shop and bar room! To see one's sweetheart staring from every fence and street corner-and how infinitely galling to see her-the "inimitable daubed with a moustache, by some infamous street gamin, or treated in some barbarous fashion by some local wit! A sensitive "star" will, at the time of an engagement, keep severely within doors (how many do so!) The star's lover will best remain in obscurity also, and avoid shocking his

Harold Burnett, who had the run of the theaters, for he was the prince of her from a laughing courtesan to a nun critics, the maker or marrer of theatrical fame, nodded to the doorkeeper, and strolled listlessly in to a seat, given him by the usher, in front. He heard the orchestra play with a feverish sense of anticipation. He saw the curtain rise. He saw Miss Armitage enter with that loping, graceful step of hers, and say to Nannine, in a stilled

"Tell them to have supper ready; Olympe and Saint Gaudens are coming

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine

-A tonic for ladies. If you common in our well ordered communitare suffering from weakness. in a play," said Burnett, as he entered and feel exhausted and nerthe lobby and modded to one or two yous; are getting thin and all ample," he said aloud, turning to the run down; Gilmore's Aro-And the anger he felt as he manager, a sad little man with a nerv- matic Wine will bring roses to your cheeks and restore you to flesh and plumpness. are a good friend to us these days. You Mothers, use it for your I threw my reason to the winds, my daughters. It is the best regulator and corrector for ailments peculiar to womanshould not be disturbed in his silent I didn't know you to be an incorrigible hood. It promotes digestion, enriches the blood and gives lasting strength. Sold by Matthews Bros., Scranton.

while the curtain was up and the lights | jealousy of the Paris-rural Armand, | love chain! All his intimate knowledge were down, that Mrs. Lightfoot and her | the ardent "French true lover," Gen- of New York, all his acquaintance with tle reader, pray pity the wretched lover net see Mr. Lightfoot grinning down of an actress! How much his nerves for he was under 30—he had held to his at them with a decidedly satanic leer are called on to endure! high ideals of womanhood. A favorite

THE FIRST ENTR' ACTE. As the curtain descended at the end of the first act he found himself be-

hind the scenes. Miss Eleanor Armitage hurried off the stage (an elegant set drawing-room scene), where now, for the twentieth from folly, time, she had so admirably fainted in



"No! from Dearer Than a Brother."

the dance with Armand (Mr. Wickersham). She was dressed in one of Worth's most charming creations-a audacity. Au revoir; I am going to white costume du bal-her diamonds, make a call. Can I do it in ten minthough chiefly paste, gave none the less utes?" brilliancy to her appearance. As she stepped into the wings, her maid quickly adjusted about her shoulders a light cloak, which, of some dark material, enveloped her to her feet, and changed At the same moment Burnett made his bow, and a call boy delivered a telegram into her hand. It was marked

Rush." She opened it quickly. Burnett was rather a fine-looking fellow, tall, athletic, an ex-college oars man. His face was intelligent and kindly-at the same time full of decision. He looked especially well in evening dress. As it was rather warm he hung his light overcoat over his arm. He watched Miss Armitage's face light up with pleasure as she read the dispatch, which she immediately crumpled in the palm of her gloved hand. He stood pulling at the ends of his dark mustache, vaguely wondering from whom the message had come. She noticed his ill-concealed look of in-

quiry, and smiled. "From a man?" he asked carelessly.

"A man, she nodded, laughing. "Why He looked into her eyes. There was a girlish espieglerie, an exquisite flavor in what she said and did, which gave her, to him, an irresistible charm. Her hostess at a tea that afternoon had quoted a famour actress who had said, I felt that I must go on the stage; so modesty to the dogs, all the law and gospels to those that needed them, and plunged!" After the laughter had subsided at this speech Eleanor Armitage had said simply (during a little pause), "I threw away nothing. I-rather-do my Bible."

the Green Mountain valleys, turned ment looking after her carriage the stage and the people on it-so far, high ideals of womanhood. A favorite sister had died, and lay buried up there in the little cemetery beneath the shadow of the old Vermont mountains. Ah, that sweet, gentle spirit of purity, loyalty and honor-it clung close to Harold Burnett still, in the crowded

city wherever he went. It kept him He was glad, as he believed that Eleanor Armitage was worthy of his sainted sister. The telegram tonight jarred on this sensitive impression a little. Her manner, too, puzzled him. "From your brother?" he asked, as

her maid brought her bonnet. She glanced quickly at him. "No, not from my brother-from one learer than a brother."

His eyes betrayed eager inquiry, and there was a note of half-amused vexation, as she said hurriedly to the mes senger, "Call me a cab instantly, at the stage door." "I thought, your brother not being

"He does not always come to th "When he does not come, will you not allow me to take his place?" He

spoke very seriously.

She laughed merrily, "You are amusing, my friend. In you there is such a combination of innocence and-and-

"You can do anything," he laughed,



He Found Himself Walking in the Direc tion Her Carriage Had Taken.

following her down to the stage ennot think me a prude-I began to study trance and putting her into her carriage, which had quickly driven up. Harold Burnett, who had come down to the city from New England, from and the coupe rattled quickly away one of those white little hamlets which down the stony street.

"What an odd caprice," he thought. dously. (Puff from his cigar.) She jumps into her carriage, as if in answer to it, and is off, and, I declare, it's all rather queer." Then he laughingly quoted Chimmie Fadden's fine remark. rather queer." Everything goes wat Miss Fanny does-see? Dat's right!" So, with him he said to himself, "Everything Mis-Armitage did must be right."

A moment later he found himself involuntarily walking at a nervously swift pace in the direction her carriage had taken.

[To Be Continued.]





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