

400-402 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton.

THE FAIR

400-402 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton.

CLEARING SALE!

Monday, July 22nd, Our Great Sale Day.

CLEARING SALE!

DON'T MISS THIS SALE. EVERY ARTICLE IN THE HOUSE REDUCED DURING THE GREAT CLEARING SALE AT THE FAIR.

500 pieces bleached Twilled Toweling, worth 5c, a yard, clearing price, 14c

150 pieces Cream Shaker Flannel, extra quality, worth 7c, yd, clearing price, 24c

225 pieces Light Shirting Prints, best quality, worth 6c, yard, clearing price, 24c

2 bales heavy Brown Sheeting, yard wide, 9c, quality, clearing price, 4c

2 cases heavy bleached Muslin, yard wide, 8c, quality, clearing price, 44c

20 pieces unbleached heavy Sheeting, 2 1/4 yds wide, worth 21c, yd, clearing price, 104c

18 pieces Table Linen, bleached and unbleached, worth 50c., 69c. and 75c. yard, clearing price, 39c

11 pieces Table Linen, unbleached and turkey red, worth 25c., 29c. and 35c. yard, clearing price, 19c

200 doz. Turkish Towels, extra size, worth 21c. each, clearing price, 10c

39 pieces Cashmere, 1 yard wide, worth 25c. and 29c. yard, clearing price, 14c

LACE CURTAINS.

3 1/2 yds long, worth \$1.50, at \$.69
3 1/2 yds long, worth 3.00, at 1.50
3 1/2 yds long, worth 5.00, at 2.25
3 1/2 yds long, worth 7.50, at 3.00

CHENILLE TABLE COVERS.

4-4 worth 75c., at 39c.
6-4 worth \$1.50, at 75c.
6-4 worth 2.25, at \$1.00
8-4 worth 3.98, at 1.98

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

25c. Teck Scarfs, ONLY 17c
50c. Teck Scarfs, 37c
25c. Suspenders, 17c
50c. Suspenders, 37c
35c. Shirts and Drawers, 20c
50c. Shirts and Drawers, 37c
10c. Socks, 5c
19c. Socks, 10c
25c. Socks, 17c
50c. Unlaundried Shirts, 29c
75c. Unlaundried Shirts, 55c
69c. Night Shirts, 44c
75c. Night Shirts, 55c
15c. Handkerchiefs, 7c
25c. Windsor Ties, 12c
50c. Overalls, 37c
15c. Celluloid Collars, 8c
30c. Celluloid Collars, 15c

NOTICE PRICES.

LADIES' AND MISSES'

Capes, Suits, Skirts
Wrappers, &c.,
REDUCED TO
50c. on the Dollar
TO CLOSE OUT.

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS.

\$1.00 Kid Gloves, ONLY 59c
1.25 " 79c
12c. Ladies' Hose, 8c
15c. " 10c
19c. " 12c
25c. " 18c
12c. Misses' Hose, 8c
15c. " 10c
25c. " 18c
25c. Ladies' Mitts, 18c
50c. " 37c
12c. Ribbed Vests, 8c
25c. " 18c
5c. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 2c
10c. " 5c
18c. " 12c
25c. " 18c
50c. Corsets, 29c
75c. " 44c

LADIES' AND MISSES'

Muslin Underwear,
White Shirt Waists, Infants' Wear,
LACE CAPS, ETC.,
AT
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

BOYS' CLOTHING

REDUCED TO ONE-HALF
TO CLOSE OUT.

50 pieces Japanese Wash Silks, 39c. quality, at 25c

1,000 dozen Soap Buttermilk, special per cake, 22c

RIBBONS REDUCED, LACES REDUCED, VEILINGS REDUCED 35 PER CENT.

250 lbs. Feathers, worth 65c. lb., to close out 37c

MILLINERY.

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS
At Less Than One-Half Price.

BOYS' SHIRT WAISTS.

25c. Quality at 18c
39c. Quality at 29c
50c. Quality at 35c
69c. Quality at 44c

50 pieces Silk Velvet, all colors, 75c. quality, at 35c

1,000 doz. Sewing Silk, all colors, 50-yard spools, special 22c

FANS, JEWELRY,

POCKETBOOKS, Etc,
REDUCED 25 PER CENT

300 lbs. Feathers, worth 89c. lb., to close out, 59c

MILLINERY.

FLOWERS, FEATHERS AND RIBBONS
At 25c. on the Dollar.



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I got up about half-past seven, and, after dressing hastily, went down stairs. Phillips had not appeared, and I hesitated awhile as to whether I should awaken him, deciding finally in the negative. Mary, of course, did not leave her room. At last the clock struck nine. I went up to the detective's door and listened. Evidently he was not moving, so I knocked--gently at first, then more decidedly; but without re-



The Man Was Dead.

sponse. Finally I ventured to try the door, only to find that it was locked on the inside. I now began to pound vigorously, listening, from time to time, until at last, thoroughly frightened by the persistent silence, I put my shoulder against it and forced it open. Phillips was lying on the bed, apparently in a very heavy slumber, although the daylight was streaming through the window. His lips were parted and his cheeks seemed slightly flushed. I spoke to him, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

Then I recoiled with sudden horror. The man was dead--rigid--cold as stone, and had evidently been dead for many hours. The shock of this discovery was so great that, for a few moments, I was utterly unable to think connectedly. Little by little I began to realize the full extent of the calamity, and regret for what seemed to me the catinction of our best hope to learn the truth as to my brother's murder, was mingled with a deeper regret that the strain of my interests had been, the last straw to break down an overworked and useful life. Pervading all was the consciousness of a possibility too horrible to contemplate. There was nothing to do, however, but notify the authorities, and, before the day had passed, the house was again thronged with coroner, physicians, constables and jurymen.

examined. He had evidently prepared himself for bed as usual; his clothes were laid carefully over a chair, and he had passed away in his sleep apparently without a struggle or pang. I breathed a sigh of heart felt relief when the investigation disclosed no evidence of violence, and the verdict was rendered accordingly: "Death by heart failure occasioned by exhaustion and overwork."

My brother's funeral had been set for the following day, and I confess to something of a mental struggle as to whether I should at once acquaint the local authorities with Phillips' discovery. Skidmore, the village constable, was the last to leave me and, as he did so, he took occasion to intimate that the solution of the murder had been pretty accurately arrived at, and that without the aid of "no highfalutin city detective."

"What do you mean?" I asked quickly. "Oh! nuthin' much," he replied. "Only we've found out that that feller Ralph was seen a walkin' up 'er road in this direction 'bout five o'clock that mornin'."

"Who saw him?" "Billy Gough," I reckon he don't know much, but he knows enough not to be fooled on a feller that's bin 'round here as long as Ralph has."

With this parting shot, the local Hawkshaw took his departure, leaving me inconsiderately perturbed at his information. I had begun somehow to feel satisfied of the innocence of the young collegian. A knife thrust was the last method a man like him would adopt, and it seemed to me to bring the crime closer to the Italiens with whom my brother had quarreled. Whether this impression originated within myself or whether I felt unconsciously that Phillips' conclusions were tending in that direction, I do not know. Still, I could not deny that this last bit of testimony was very material as circumstantial evidence. To be sure, Billy Gough was hardly half-witted, but, as the constable said, he know Ralph well enough not to be mistaken on a question of his identity.

more's parting remarks, a surmise which proved to be correct. "What did that man say to you?" she asked, coming close.

I told her in a few words, intimating as I did so, a hardly felt doubt as to the reliability of Billy Gough's statements. "He was perfectly correct, nevertheless," she said, after a short hesitation. "I went out about 5 o'clock to meet Jack by appointment and to arrange to go away with him. I met him on the road, and he walked as far as the gate with me. It was almost 6 o'clock, and Jack went back to the village. He did not come even as far as the house, and I know he could not have killed father. As for your New York friend who was trying to fix it on him--"

"Mr. Smith, may I have a few words with you at once?" came a voice from the stairs. My niece started at the sound and darted into the library.

"Certainly, Inspector," I answered. "Can I trouble you to come up here?"

I mounted the stairs hastily, and Ransom drew me into the room, closing the door behind us. His face was more than serious.

"Here is a sealed letter addressed to you," he said. "It is Phillips' handwriting. I found it in the escrow."

Utterly astonished at this new development, I took the envelope from him and mechanically opened it.

"Parlon me," I said. Then I read as follows:

"Dear Sir--Realizing that my life must terminate very shortly, I take occasion to commit to writing a brief summary of the discovered facts as to your brother's murder."

"He was killed by a knife thrust inflicted from behind over the right shoulder. This happened in his own room, or, at least, in the house, and the murderer was a man admitted by appointment. The charred letter in the grate was doubtless the communication asking for the appointment and must have advanced strong reasons to obtain one at such an hour. Let us suppose that it came ostensibly from one of the railroad gang and offered to disclose, for a consideration, and under conditions insuring secrecy, the directions given by some officer of the company to his subordinates to delay the work and to harass Mr. Smith as much as possible in retaliation for his persistent hostility. Your brother, feeling as he did, would have been only too glad to get such information on any terms, so he destroyed the letter, as was doubtless stipulated for, rose, dressed, admitted his alleged informant secretly, took him to his room, was stabbed, partly undressed and dressed again, carried out while it was yet dark and placed or thrown into the cut, care being taken that his skull should be fractured as to apparently account for death. Then the murderer, having wrapped up the garments through which the knife passed, took them away with him. Much of this is in the nature of a recapitulation of facts you already know. It is the simplest thing in the world to see that the murder was not committed by your niece, your servant or by Mr. Ralph. The first could not have carried the body to the railroad cut, and neither of the others could have obtained an appointment at such an hour. Ralph, moreover, would never have used a knife, though I admit that, assuming the local theory of an early morning walk, a quarrel and a blow on the head, things would look very black for him. On the other hand, Anderson's clumsy lie was merely an ignorant man's way of trying to bring to justice one whom

he believed had murdered his master and whom you and Miss Smith were shielding.

"Let me now go a step further than we have gone together and add that it is perfectly clear that Robert Smith was killed by an agent of the Mafia, in revenge for the insults he offered that society. This theory not only sup-



"What Did That Man Say to You?"

plies an ample motive, but it also accords fully with the method of killing and the overwhelming evidence pointing to a deliberately planned assassination. Moreover, every first class detective must be familiar with the fundamental principles of the great secret organizations, and those of the Mafia make it certain that language such as your brother used would have infallibly marked him as a victim. The work was not done, however, by any man whom Mr. Smith had ever known in communication, much less had trouble. The rule is that, after death has been decreed by the branch before which the case is tried, notice is sent to some branch located at a distance, one of whose members--an entire stranger to the matter--is then selected by lot to act as executioner. Some member, then, of the Mafia was doubtless in the gang that heard your brother's trade, made report of his words, and the result followed.

"Now let me inform you of a conclusive piece of evidence which one of those chances against which no criminal can guard has placed in my hands. Otherwise the task of detection would be well nigh hopeless; but, as it happened, your niece and Mr. Ralph were walking along the road very early in the morning and met the assassin coming from the direction of the house with the tell-tale bundle under his arm. Mr. Ralph would doubtless recognize him again. Add to this the fact that the man is half Italian by birth and spent much of his early life among the peasantry of Sicily, and I consider that I have sufficient evidence in hand to cause his arrest.

"There are reasons, however, why such a proceeding is inadvisable and why a different course will serve the ends of justice almost equally well. As you know, I tried by every means in my power to avoid an assignment to this case, but, seeing the finger of fate in my being compelled to undertake it, I determined that my professional standing at least demanded that I should pursue it exactly as I would any other, by the same means and to its logical conclusion. I do not think that I allowed myself to be influenced by any knowledge not coming to me as an investigator, and the result shows that a

clever offender can rarely be a match for an equally clever detective. Whatever else I may have been, my reputation as a conscientious and able official remains without spot.

"Finally, I have, by the use of a vegetable poison known only to a very few persons in Sicily, administered justice and avenged the law. Should you ask how a man of my intelligence, education and calling, could lend himself to such an act, I will only say that I was a wild boy of 15 when I joined the Mafia, and that disobedience to its commands meant certain death. Then, too, you must remember my Italian blood, and that we do not look at some things as do the northern races."

"JOHN PHILLIPS."

There is little more to tell. When Inspector Ransom had read the above paper we both concluded that it ought not to be made public, unless necessary to clear an innocent man; and that contingency did not arise. My disclosure of the knife wound and the testimony bearing upon the time and place of the murder, together with my niece's relation of the causes and details of John Ralph's movements, served to divert suspicion to some one of the Italian workmen and there, with the aid of the police, all clues were lost. Ralph was discharged and, several years later, married my niece.

"I will only add that I have told you this story to avert the night of anxious hours and relying upon you as gentlemen to regard the facts related as strictly confidential. Do you think me justified in calling it 'A Remarkable Case?'"

(The End.)

TO BE READ IN SUMMER.

Facts About Temperature Which Will Give One the Cold Chills--The Coldest Record Known.

The science of chemistry, like that of geography, has its chemical north pole. Four hundred and sixty-one degrees below the freezing point lies a mysterious specially indicated degree of cold which science has long been exploring toward, and wondering what may be the conditions of life in the degree of absolute cold. By many it is supposed to be the normal temperature in interstellar space. The efforts to reach this degree have been many and ingenious; the equipment of the explorer being, not boats and tinned meats, but all the resources of chemistry. Professor James Dewar, a canny Scot of the Royal Institute, London, has reached 400 degrees and has come back with the announcement that in this generation no one can go any farther. In doing it he incidentally liquefied oxygen gas and froze nitrogen and air. These two dainties are not likely to come into common use because they cost \$500 a gallon and have to be kept in chemical jeweler's cotton of carbonic acid gas. It is a pale blue liquid, exceedingly lustrous and magical, but it behaves very well and when the tremendous pressure is withdrawn it evaporates quietly as water in a tea kettle. Some of the tricks liquid oxygen will play with other chemicals are amusing. If a tube containing it be lowered into mercury vapor, the mercury will freeze and coat the tube like a mirror. If lifted into the air it will freeze all the vapor near it and precipitate a miniature snowstorm. Alcohol will freeze, with a desperate sputter, as if frying, and remain in crystals, if a few drops be poured into the tube. When the ice crystals are taken out, it requires a long time to thaw them so the alcohol

will burn. You know how water acts if thrown onto a red hot stove? Well, liquid oxygen behaves the same way if poured into a plate the temperature of the room. It dances and fries and sputters as if in pain, and finally boils away into vapor. A drop on the skin makes a sore worse than a burn. A small quantity poured into a basin of water will freeze a cup for itself, and then float around and boil in its own vessel. Some of its magnetic properties are still more remarkable, and it is the most perfect insulator yet discovered if it could be controlled.

Red oxide of mercury turns yellow when cooled to 400 centigrade; sulphur, white; iodine in alcohol, white, as does also the deep red ferric chloride. It seems to have but little effect on bacteria. You can kill any bacillus known by boiling it, but freezing it at a cost of \$500 a gallon only makes it live over. This is good news for poor people.

Professor Dewar has made nearly 100 gallons, at a cost of \$50,000, which is cheaper than an arctic excursion and more comfortable for the explorer.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

How a Pompous Little Person Was Kindly Handled.

A very self-important little man of the kind who gaze at the public buildings with the keen glance of one who has money invested in them, and who regard public officials with the piercing glance which counsels them to earn their money or account for themselves, approached a tall policeman the other day with indignation glistening in his eyes.

"I demand to know," he said, in a firm voice, "why I am forced to remain on this side of the street when my business calls me to the other?"

The policeman looked a trifle startled for a second or so, but recovering himself, he replied:

"Well, who's keepin' you from goin'?"

"The traffic, sir, the traffic of vehicles; yet pedestrians are supposed to have the right of way."

"Well," gruffly responded the officer, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What are you waiting for? Askin' is fare," "Sir," replied the gentleman, "is the usual time allowed for emotion, for poetic feeling?" And they waited till the ten minutes were up.

"That will be harder."

"You are a public servant in the public pay, and at the call of the public. I therefore demand a safe passage for my person across this thoroughfare. It is your duty to see that my demands are complied with."

The big policeman looked at him for a moment in a quandary, then, seeming to solve the problem, he said, with a wink in his eye:

"A safe passage you want, is it? Well, you shall have it!"

And, before the responsible citizen could divine his intention, he picked him up, tucked him under his arm and was dodging between the horses' heads across the street. The little man had not recovered his breath before the bluecoat dropped him on the opposite pavement, and started back again.

WHAT CAUSES DEATH.

Different Theories Account for the Fatal Effects of Cold.

Technically there is no such thing as freezing to death, though the result is just the same as if there was. A man so unfortunate as to be overcome by the cold is found lying down in the snow, dead. Now, according to the doctors, he died either of apoplexy or coma, or of paralysis of the heart. Sometimes

the surface blood is congealed in the veins and there is this great pressure on the brain. This induces the "irresistible sleepiness" that, if once yielded to, proves fatal. Sometimes a blood vessel is found burst in the brain when the pressure became too great. This is apoplexy, pure and simple.

Again, people have been found standing upright, the machinery of life having stopped instantaneously from paralysis of the heart. Again, where the temperature falls much in the night, old people have often been found dead in their beds, though not frozen, and the verdict of "death from old age" given. In reality the old person might have lived years longer, but the sudden change in the temperature made too large a demand on his vitality.

EXHAUSTED THE LIMIT.

A well-known artist, who spends several months of the year in Venice, tells how, the morning after his first arrival in the "water-log" city, he hired a gondola in order to see the sights. Having passed under the Bridge of Signs, and reached the spot rendered memorable by the mournful history of Marino Faliero, the gondolier took out his watch and politely said: "We rest for ten minutes here." With that he lighted his pipe. "What are you waiting for?" asked the artist. "Sir," replied the gondolier, "is the usual time allowed for emotion, for poetic feeling?" And they waited till the ten minutes were up.

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or women who, though they have perfect health, with all it implies--a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be turbance, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nerve-cure at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy especially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict women at this time. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she looks well and she feels well. In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.



"WOMAN'S ILLS."

Mrs. W. E. BATES, of Zanesville, Franklin Co., Ohio, writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am now in excellent health, and I hope that every woman who is troubled with 'woman's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

