THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE --- SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

The youth turned toward him so fierce ly that the corporal threw up a knee and an elbow like a boy who expected to be cuffed. to be cuffed. The girl pleaded with the captain. "You won't hurt him? Will you? He don't know what he's saying. He's wounded, you know. Please don't mind him?"

"I won't touch him." said the cau "I won't touch nim," said the cap-tain with rather extraordinary earnest-ness. "Don't you worry about it at all. I won't touch him!" Then he looked at her and the girl suddenly withdrew her fingers from his

10

arm.

The corporal contemplated the top of the stairs thd remarked without sur-prise: "There's another of 'em com-

An old man was clambering down the An old man was clambering down the stairs with much speed. He waved a cane wildly. "Get out of my house, you thieves! Get out! I won't have you cross my threshold. Get out?" He mumbled and waged his head in an old man's fury. It was plainly his inten-tion to assent them

And so it occurred that a young girl became engaged in protecting a stalwart captain, fully armed, and with eight grim troopers at his back, from the at-tack of an old man with a walkingstick.

to be saying to himself that there un-fortunately were times, after all, when one could not rely upon the most reliable wounded, while I have no weapons and A blush pased over the temples and brow of the captain and he looked parof men. When he returned to the group he found the captala bending over the girl and saying: "Why is it that you ticularly savage and weary. Despite the girl's efforts he suddenly faced the us to search up-stairs?" head was buried in her ds. Locks of her hair had

the girl's efforts he suddenly faced the old man. "Look here," he said distinctly. "We came in because we had ben fighting in the woods yonder and we concluded that some of the enemy were in this house, especially when we saw a grey sleeve at the window. But this young man is wounded and I have nothing to, say to him. I will even take it for granted that there are no others like him up-stairs. We will go away leav-

escaped from their fastenings and these fell upon her shoulders. "Won't you tell me?" '''All save the captain and the youth The corporal here winked again at the man next to him. "Because—" the girl moaned. "Be-cause—there ain't anybody up there." The captain at last said timidly: "Well, I'm afraid—I'm afraid we'll have

by stephed (race

continually repeated: "Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry!" The youth in grey maneuvered to glare into the captain's face first over one shoulder of the girl and then over the

12

122

she no longer knew how to keep

"Oh, Harry He Was Good to Me."

balance, but those fingers-he held his arm very still. She murmured: "Oh,

Harry, don't! He was good to me! In-deed he was!" The corporal had come forward until

he in a measure, confronted the youth in grey, for he saw those fingers upon the captain's arm and he knew that

sometimes very strong men were not

[Copyright 1895, by Irving Bacheller.]

PART III.

he found the captain bending over the girl and saying: "Why is it that you don't want us to search up-stairs?"

"Have mercy upon me." These two stood regarding each other.

The captain's foot was on the bottom step, but he seemed to be shrinking. He wore an air of being deeply wretched

Suddenly the corporal said in a quick

All turned their eyes swiftly toward the head of the stairs. There had ap-

peared there a youth in a grey uniform. He stood looking coolly down at them. No word was said by the troopers. The girl gave vent to a little wall of desola-

on. "Oh, 'Harry!" He began slowly to descend the stairs

His right arm was in a white sling and there was some fresh blood stains upon the cloth. His face was right and death-ly pale, but his eyes flashed like lights.

slowly down toward the silent men in

he halted and said: "I reckon it's me you're looking for." The troopers had crowded forward a

trifle and, posed in lithe, nervous atti-tudes, were watching him like cats. The

captain remained unmoved. At the youth's question he merely nodded his

The young man in grey looked down

And is that any reason why you should

At this sentence, the girl intervened,

The youth came on in his quiet, erect

at the girl and then, in the same even tone which now, however, seemed to vibrate with suppressed fury, he said:

ead and said: "Yes

insult my sister?"

Six steps from the bottom of the flight

girl was again moaning in an ut-y dreary fashion as the youth came

and ashamed There was a silance

The girl's he rossed hands. crossed

The corporal looked after his captain with an expression of mingled amaze-ment, grief and philosophy. He seemed to be saying to himself that there un-

him up-stairs. We will go away leav-ing your damned old house just as we found it. And we are no more thieves """ "The girl sprang to her feet again and said in his stoled tone: "I don't sup-

found it. And we are no more thieves and rascals than you are." The old man simply roared: "I haven't got a cow nor a pig nor a obteken on the place. Your soldiers have stolen everything they could carry away. They have torn down half my fences for firewood. This afternoon some of your accursed bullets even brake my window-panes." Implored him with her hands. She looked deep into his eyes with her glance which was at this time like that of some unconscious little fingers. The of the fawn when it says to the hunter: girl was leaning against the wall as if

broke my window-panes!" The girl had been faltering: "Grand-pa! Oh, grandpa!"

The captain looked at the girl. She The captain looked at the gift, she returned his glance from the shadow of the old man's shoulder. After study-ing her face a moment, he said: "Well, we will go now." He strode toward the door and his men clanked docidely after him. At this time there was the sound of harsh cries and rushing footsteps from

tain looked back. She had remained there watching him. At the bygle's order, the troopers standing beside their horses swung briskly into the saddle. The lieutenant said to the first sergeant: without. The door flew open and a whitiwind composed of blue-coated troopers came in with a swoop. It was headed by the licutenant. "Oh, here you are," he cried, catching his breath. one of the windows. He cantered from his position at the head of the column and steered his horse between two We thought-hi! look at the girl?

The captain said intensely: up, you fool!" "Shut The men settled to a halt with a clash and bang. There could be heard the dulled sound of many hoofs outside of

the house. "Did you order up the horses?" in-

quired the captain. "Yes, we thought-"" "Well, then, let's get out of here,

interrupted the captain, morosely. The men began to filter out into the open air. The youth in grey had been hanging dismally to the railing of the stalrway. He now was climbing slowly up to the second floor. The old man was addressing himself directly to the

erene corporal. "Not a chicken on the place," he cried, "Well, I didn't take your chickens, did 1?

No, maybe you didn't, but-" The captain crossed the hall and stood before the girl in rather a cul-prit's fashion. "You are not angry at me, are you?" he asked timidly. "No," she said. She bestered

At this sentence, the girl intervened, desperately, between the young man in grey and the officer in blue. "Oh, don't Harry, don't! He was good to me! He was good to me, Harry-indeed, he was." erect ing at the captain, and apparently have summoning all his will power to combat "No," she said. She hesitated a mo-ment and then suddenly held out her hand. "You were good to me-and I'm -much obliged." fashion until the girl could have function to combat have summoning all his will power to combat hand, for the captain still remained with his foot upon the first step. She

The captain took her hand and then he blushed, for he found himself unable to formulate a sentence that applied in any way to the situation. She did not seem to need that hand for a time.

He loosened his grasp presently, for he was ashamed to hold it so long

"Get Out of My House, You Thioves!"

without saying anything clever. Al

last with an air of charging an in-trenched brigade, he contrived to say: "I would ratherr do anything than

His brow was warmly perpiring. He

had a sense of being hideous in his dusty uniform and with his grimy face. She said: "Oh. I'm so glad it was you instead of somebody who might have —might have hurt brother Harry and

He told her: "I wouldn't have hurt

He walked toward the door past the

old man who was scolding at the van-ishing figure of the corporal. The cap-tain looked back, She had remained

"Williams, did they ever meet be

"Well, say---" The captain saw a curtain move at

"The squadron trampled slowly past.

He evidently had something enor-

mously important to say to her, but it seems that he could not manage it. He

der at the girl. The captain studied a pine tree. Th

"Why, no-'taint possible. You-you

"Well, good-bye," he said at last. "Good-bye!"

frighten you or trouble you."

'em for anything!" There was a little silence.

"Hanged if I know."

"Well, good-bye!"

"Good-bye." They shook hands,

flower beds.

we will. "Never?"

are a-Yankee"

grandpa!

"Oh, I know it, but-" Eventually he continued: "Well, some day, you know, when there's no more fighting, we might-" He observed that she had again withdrawn suddenly into the shadow so he said "Well, good-bye?" When he held ber fingers she bowed her head and he saw a pink blush steal over the curves of her cheek and neck. "Am I never going to see you again?" She made no reply. "Never!" he repeated.

she made no reply. "Never!" he repeated. After a long time he bended over to hear a faint reply: "Sometimes—when there are no troops in the neighborhood -grandpa don't mind if I-walk over as far as that old oak tree yonder—in the afternoons." fternoons.

It appeared that the captain's grip

The captain wheeled his norse vio-lently and upon his return journey went straight through a flower-bed. The girl had clasped her hands. She beseeched him wildly with her eyes. "Oh, please, don't belleve it. I never walk to the old oak tree. Indeed, I don't. I never worke there it walk to the old oak tree. Indeed, I don't. I never-never-walk there." The bridle dropped on the bay char-ser's neck. The captain's figure seemed limp. With an expression of profound dejection and gloom, he started off at where the leaden sky met the dark green line of woods. The long-impend-ing rain began to fall with a mournful patter, drop and dron There was patter, drop and drop. There was

At last a low voice said: "Well-I might-sometimes I might-perhaps-but once in a great while-I might walk to the old tree in the afternoons."

The end.

WHAT COLLEGE GIRLS EAT. The Interesting Showing Made by

School's Kitchen Record.

A feast of reason and flow of soul do A reast of reason and flow of soul do not satisfy the modern college maid, as the housekeeping records of the Balti-more Woman's college show. For this year contracts have been made for 23-000 pounds of beef, 12,000 pounds of mutton, 9,000 pounds of poultry. 4,000 pounds of pork and 3,000 pounds of veal. Four thousand five hundred dozen of eggs will also be used. Large quanti-ties of fish and oysters, which are purergs will also be used. Large quanti-ties of fish and oysters, which are pur-chased week by week and not contract-ed for yearly, 14,000 pounds of sugar, 125 barrels of flour and 3,000 pounds of crackers, 1,200 pounds of coffee, 100 pounds of tea, 120 pounds of chocolate and 650 gallons of ice cream have been ownerd ordered. Some of the other items include 7,800

Some of the other items include 7,800 pounds of butter, 5,600 gallons of milk, 3,000 pounds of lard, 475 bushels of po-tatoes, 150 cans of canned vegetables and 160,000 pounds of ice. Fruit, gro-ceries and other vegetables are pur-chased as they may be needed. These amounts are required to feed 300 girls. he inventor.

Only a Step.

"Girls certainly develop into women with alarming rapidity," said the Mana-yunk philosopher. "In these days it's only a step from the pantellette to the pantaloon."

seems that he could not manage it. He struggled heroically. The bay charger with his great mystically solemn eyes looked around the corner of his shoul-der at the girl. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieved Me of Agontzing Pain in 20 Minutes and Was the Means of Saving My Life, Says Mrs.

John Jami son, Tora, Ont.

girl inspected the grass beneath the window. The captain said hoarsely: "I don't suppose-I don't suppose-I'll ever see you again!" Tora, Ont. "About three months ago I was attacked with nervous heart trouble. The pain was so severe I could hardly breathe. I could get no relief and feared that I could not live. I saw advertised in the Tara Leader Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and im-mediately procured a bottle. I secured perfect relief in side of 20 minutes and firmly believe it was the means of saving my life." ever see you again." She looked at him affrightedly and shrank back from the window. He seemed to have woefully expected a re-ception of this kind for his question. He gave her instantly a glance of appeal. She said: "Why, no, I don't suppose my life." If your heart flutters, palpitates or tires

I hold her with a surer spell, Beyond her magic, and above; If hers be love, I cannot tell, But mine is love. —Arthur Symons. out easily, it is diseased, and treatment should not be delayed a single day. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves al-most instantly, and will effect a radical

HOW WE GO TO SLEEP.

The Sight Is First to Leave and the Sens of Feeling Is the Last to Depart-The Sense of Touch in Some Persons Is Never Absent. Cincinnati Medical Journal.

Cincinnati Medical Journal. "Order is Heaven's first law," and the truth is manifested even in the process of going to sleep. When a man drops off to sleep his body does not do so all at once, so to speak. Some senses be-come dormant before others, and al-ways in the same order. As he be-comes drowsy the eyes close and the sense of seeing is at rest. It is quickly followed by the disappearance of the sense of taste. He next loses the sense

It appeared that the captain's grip was very strong, for she uttered an ex-clamation and looked at her fingers as if she expected to find them mere frag-ments. He rode away. The bay horse leaped a flower bed. They wer almost to the drive when the girl uttered a panic-stricken cry. The captain wheeled his horse vio-lentiv and upon bis return towneave want hypersensitive people it is hardly ever dormant. Even in their case, however, dormant. Even in their case, however, there is no discriminating power or sense of what touched them. This sense is also the first to return upon awakening. Then hearing follows suit, after that taste, and then the eye be-comes able to flash impressions back to the brain. The sense of smell, oddly enough, though it is by no means the first to go, is the last to come back. The same gradual foss of power is ob-served in the muscles and sinews as well as in the senses. Slumber begins at the feet and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciourness is com-

of Ideas.

The man who invented the brass spring fingers one sees on lamps for holding the chimney in place got for a long period a royalty of \$50,000 a year.

A former official of the Chicago and Northwestern rallway patented, June I, 1886, a thousand-mile ticket which possessed so many advantages that it has been adopted by many western roads. Several years ago he resigned his place and is now living on a royality of \$20,000 a year. Recently a pat-ent has been granted on a new whistle used principally by bicyclers and made on the principle of the fog whistle. The inventor has received for some time past \$5,000 a month.

Among musical instruments for general use the autoharp has perhaps made the most money. The first one was patented in 1882. The organette, with perforated paper shects, is an-other of the money-making musical in-struments named by the New York sun as having returned a fortune to

WHITE MAGIC.

Against the world I close my heart, And half in pride and half in fear, I said to Love and Lust: Depart; None enters here. A gypsy witch has glided in, takes her seat beside my fire; Her eyes are innocent of sin, Mine of desire.

She holds me with an unknown spell, She fold me in her heart's embrace; If this be love I cannot tell; I watch her face.

Her sombre eyes are happier Than any joy that e'er had voice; Since I am happiness to her, 1 too rejoice.

And I have closed the door again, Against the world I close my heart; I hold her with my spell; in vain Would she depart.

Antisfaction maranteed or money refunded. Price, bo etc. This free at Druggies. Registered mail to const. I. D. CUSHIA BA: Incre Rivers, Bid, U.S. 4 CUSHIMA. ANY B MENTHOL The surgest and safest remedy for Rheum, ed Sores, Burns, Cuts. Wenderful rem-dy for FILES. Fride, ES etc. at Drugs. Itch. Sail Inst or by mail prepaid. Address a shove, BAL M H. Phelps.

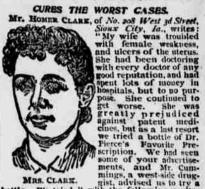
A HARD-WORKING WOMAN ner or later suffer

worn-out feelings, or a sense of weight in the abdomen, drag-ging down sensations and dizziness. It will 1 all come to an end with Dr. Pierce's Fawith Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescrip-tion for it's wo-man's special tonic and ner-vine; it restores her strength; reg-ulates and makes a new woman of her. Uterine debility, ir-regularity and inflammation are most of-ten the cause of the extreme nervousness

regularity and inflammation are most of-ten the cause of the extreme nervousness and irritability of some women—the medi-cine to cure it is the "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce. All the aches, pains and weak-nesses of womanhood vanish where it is faithfully employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is therefore just the medicine for young riths inst entering womanhood for young girls just entering womanhood and for women at the critical "change of

FAVORITE -PRESCRIPTION

CURES THE WORST CASES.







brain, when unconsciousness is com-plete and the whole body is at rest. This is why sleep is impossible when

MONEY IN INVENTIONS.

the feet are cold.

Some of the Fat Things Obtained by Men

DR. PIERCE'S

MRS. CLARX. MRS. CLARX. bottle. We find scen mings, a west-side drug-rist, advised us to try a bottle. We tried it with the following results: The first bottle did her so much good that we bought another, and have continued until she



VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply incomparable as a data purifying fear, unequiled for the satis, and without a strai for the acrest. Abadiately mean and delibering mean cannot. At denoting, price 25 Centra. G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, O,

REMOVAL SAL

About Oct. 15 we expect to occupy two stores in the Williams Building, corner of Linden street and Washington avenue.

We Are Now Offering Our Entire Stock of

at considerably less than cost to save expense and damage in moving. We quote a few prices for your consideration:

REGULAR PRICE.	REGULAR PRICE.
30-inch Ingrain Papers, 25c. per double roll, - 50c.	E. P. Roe's Novels, 65c. per volume, - \$1.20
Gilt and White Blank Papers; 10c. to 25c., 25c. and 50c.	Scott's Novels, 12 volumes, \$2.75, \$5.00
Barnes, Carter & Arnold's Inks, 35c. per quart, - 65c.	10 pounds Foolscap Paper, 99c., \$2.00
Barnes, Carter & Arnold's Inks, 20c. per pint, - 35c.	10 pounds Legal Cap Paper, 99c., \$2.00
Falcon Pens, 30c. a gross, 65c.	Typewriting Paper, 49c. per ream, \$1.00
Dickens' Novels, 15 vols., one-half calf. \$11.98 per set, \$18.00	Writing Tablets, Letter, Packet and Note "sizes"
Waverly Novels, 12 vols., cloth, \$3.99 per set, - \$7.25	reduced from 15c. to 8c.

Family and Teachers' Bibles at Half Price GAMES, BUILDING BLOCKS AND PLAYING CARDS GIVEN AWAY.

The Greatest Sacrifice of Stationery, Wall Paper, Pictures, Frames, Books and Art Goods and the finest display ever made in the city. Open evenings.

PRATT'S BOOK STORE, ACKAWANNA AVENUE, SCRANTON, PA.