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WEEK & CORN.

ARCHBALD

An adjourned meeting of the borough council was held on Friday evening. The members present were President Lane and James Gilmartin, Douglas Padden and McGlynn. A number of bills were approved and ordered paid. The suit of Mr. Staples of Jermy, against the borough, which was at the September term of court and which the council decided to appeal, was considered at this meeting. It was unanimously decided to pay Mr. Staples the amount of his claim, \$100, and costs of suit and discontinue proceedings. A resolution revoking a right of way over Laurel street given to the Lackawanna Valley Transit company fifteen months, was also introduced and gave rise to considerable discussion. It was at length decided to defer action on it until the next meeting. The right of way given to the Transit company was never used and they ask to be relieved of it in order to avoid the payment of state tax.

John F. Boland, of Main street, is the latest candidate for official honor. Mr. Boland will ask the nomination of school director from the First ward and his friends think he will make a hard fight. On Saturday next Mr. M. P. Cawley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cawley, of Pine street, will be ordained to the priesthood. The dignity will be conferred in the cathedral at Buffalo by Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, bishop of that diocese. Mr. Cawley received his clerical and theological education in St. Bonaventure's college and seminary at Allegany, N. Y., and he made an exceptionally good record in all his classes. His many friends in this valley will be glad to learn that his ambition is to be a priest and he will be glad to know that he will be spared to labor in his chosen field.

Mr. B. N. Kennedy, of Olyphant, called on friends here on Sunday afternoon. Mr. M. E. Sanders, of Scranton, was down on Sunday.

OLYPHANT.

At the age of twenty-five years, Jonah Child, of Scotch creek, died Saturday afternoon at 8 o'clock, and was buried in the Presbyterian church, officiating was made in the Union

How the Brigadier Played for a Kingdom

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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RYNOPSIS. [After the disastrous retreat of the Army of Napoleon from Moscow, Brigadier Gerard was sent through German territory, nominally friendly, but really hostile, to raise troops in France. On his way he has observed with some dismay the black looks of the hostile peasants, who in one place drank a mysterious toast to the letter T. A little later he is warned of his peril by a terrified man hidden by the roadside. "It means death to me if I am seen helping you," the man had said. "Death! From whom?" asked the brigadier.

"From the Turenburgs. From Lutzwitz's night-riders," replied the fellow. Soon after the brigadier meets a French officer, almost expiring from a mortal wound—indeed, he dies before he has finished what he sought to say, yet succeeds in transmitting a message from Napoleon's own hand, to be delivered, at any hazard, to the prince of Saxe-Feinstein, at Hof. On this mission Gerard proceeds, and however, at a small inn by an accident to his horse, he is started by a woman's cry, and hastens to her aid. He discovers her to be the Countess Palotta, so she says, mistreated because of her friendship for the French. She completely wins his confidence, and by a ruse succeeds in robbing him of his precious papers. "Terribly sorry," she says, "but I have no choice. The nature of the message, and rapids on, resolved to deliver it by word of mouth. But at the Hof he is denied access to the prince. The princess, however, meets him; and in her he recognizes the proud beauty who had betrayed him. Breaking past her, he goes straight on, and finally he forces his way into the great hall where the prince is sitting in the presence of his full council.

"I bear a message to the prince of Saxe-Feinstein," he cries. "The man beneath the dais raised his head, and I saw that his face was thin and wan and that his back was bowed as though some huge burden was balanced between his shoulders. "Your name, sir?" he asked. "Col. Etienne Gerard, of the Third hussars."

"Every face in the gathering was turned upon me, and I heard the rustle of the innumerable necks and saw countless eyes, without meeting one friendly one among them. The woman, black with rage, and with her hair waving with many shakings of her head and darts of her hands into the prince's ear. For my part, I threw out my chest and curled my moustache, glancing around in my own debonnaire fashion at the assembly. "They were men, all of them, professors from the college, a sprinkling of their students, soldiers, gentlemen, artisans, all very silent and serious. In one corner there sat a group of men in black, with riding coats and breeches, and their heads to each other, whispering under their breaths, and with every movement I caught the clank of their sabres or the clink of their pistols. "The emperor's private letter to me informs me that it is the Marquis Chau St. Arnaud who is bearing his dispatches," said the prince. "The marquis has been foully murdered," I answered, and a long silence followed. "I spoke, many heads were turned, and I noticed, toward the dark men in the cloaks. "Where are your papers?" said the prince. "I have none."

"A fierce clamor arose instantly round me. "He is a spy. He plays a part!" they cried. "Hang him!" roared a deep voice from the corner, and a dozen others drew up the shout. For my part I drew out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead from the fur of my pelisse. The prince held out his thin white hand and the tumult died away. "Where, then, are your credentials, and what is your message?" he asked. "My uniform is my credential, and my message is for your private ear."

He passed his hand over his forehead with the gesture of a weak man who is at his wits' ends what to do. The princess stood forth, and again she whispered in his ear. "We are here in council together, some of my trusty subjects and myself," he said. "I have no secrets from them, and whatever message the emperor may send to me at such a time concerns their interests no less than mine."

There was a hum of applause at this, and every eye was turned once more upon me. My faith, it was not until I was one thing to address 800 hussars and another to speak to such an audience on such a subject. But I fixed my eyes upon the prince, and tried to say just what I should have said if we had been alone, shouting it out, too, as though I had my regiment on parade. "You have often expressed friendship for the emperor," I cried. "It is now at last that this friendship is about to be given to the world, and I will reward you as only he can reward it. It is an easy thing for him to turn a prince into a king, and a province into a power. His eyes are fixed upon you, and you, though you can do little to harm him, you can ruin yourself. At this moment he is crossing the Rhine with 200,000 men. Every fortress in the country is in his hands. He will be upon you in a week; and if you have played him false, God help both you and your people. You think that he is weakened because a few of us got the chilblains last winter. Look there!" I cried, pointing to a great

man who was dark down there by the stables and I was peering round for the ostler when suddenly my two arms were seized from behind. There were hands at my wrists and at my throat, and I felt the cold muzzle of a pistol under my chin. "Keep your lips closed, you French dog," whispered a fierce voice. "We have him, captain."

"Here it is," "Slings it over his head." I felt the cold coil of leather tighten round my neck. An ostler with a stable lantern had come out and was gazing on the scene. In its dim light I saw stern faces breaking everywhere through the gloom with their black caps and dark cloaks of the night-riders. "What would you do with him, captain?" cried a voice. "Hang him at the palace gate."

"Yes, an ambassador without papers." "But the prince?" "Tut, man, do you not see that the prince will then be committed to our side? He will be beyond hope of forgiveness. At present he may swing round tomorrow as he has done before. He may eat his words, but a dead hussar is more than he can explain."

"No, no, Von Streilitz, we cannot do it," said another voice. "Can we not? I will show you that!" And there came a jerk on the bridge which nearly pulled me to the ground. At the same instant a sword flashed and the leather was cut through within two inches of my neck. "By heavens, Kornek, this is rank mutiny," cried the captain. "You may hang yourself before you are through with it."

"I have drawn my sword as a soldier

and not as a brigand," said the young poet. "Blood must stain his blade, but never dishonor. Comrades, will you stand by and see this French gentleman murdered?" A dozen sabres flew from their sheaths; it was evident that my friends and my foes were about equally balanced. But the angry voices and the gleam of steel had brought the folks running from all parts. "The princess is coming!" they cried. "The princess is coming!"

And even as they spoke I saw her in front of us, her sweet face framed in the darkness. I had cause to hate her, for she had cheated and befriended me, and yet it thrilled me then and thrills me now to think that my arms have embraced her and that I have felt the scent of her hair in my nostrils. I know not whether she lies under her German earth, or whether she still lives in her castle of Hof; but she lives ever, young and lovely, in the heart and the memory of Etienne Gerard.

"For shame!" she cried, sweeping up to me and tearing away with her own hands a gray-haired woman. "You are fighting in God's own quarrel and yet you would begin with such a devil's deed as this. This man is mine, and he who touches a hair of his head will answer for it to me."

They glared enough to slink off into the darkness before those scornful eyes. Then she turned once more to me. "You can follow me, Colonel Gerard," she said. "I have a word that I would speak to you."

I walked behind her into the chamber into which I had originally been shown. She closed the door and then looked at me with the archest twinkle in her eyes. "You are a cunning fellow," she said, "and you will not be so easily won by me. I am a French woman, and you are a German. I will not be your mistress, and you will not be my lover. I am a French woman, and you are a German. I will not be your mistress, and you will not be my lover."

"Be the name what it might," I answered, "I am a French woman, and you are a German. I will not be your mistress, and you will not be my lover. I am a French woman, and you are a German. I will not be your mistress, and you will not be my lover."

"You tell me nothing that I have not seen," I said. "But now that the game is played and won, why should we bear malice? I will say this, that if ever I were to play a pliant as that which I pretended in the inn of Lobenstein, I should never wish to meet a more gallant protector of a true-hearted gentleman than Col. Etienne Gerard. I am a French woman, and you are a German. I will not be your mistress, and you will not be my lover."

"But you took them none the less," I said. "They were necessary to me and to Germany. I know the arguments which they contained, and the effect which they would have on the prince. If they had reached him all would have been lost."

"Why should your highness descend to such expedients when a score of these brigands who wished to hang me at your castle gate would have done the work just as well?" "They are not brigands, but the best blood of Germany," she cried, hotly. "If you have been roughly used, you will remember the indignities to which every German has been subjected, from the queen of Prussia downwards. As to why I did not have you waylaid upon the road, I may say that I had parties out on all sides, and that I was waiting at Lobenstein to hear of their success. When, instead of their news, you arrived yourself, I was in despair, for there was only the one weak woman betwixt you and my husband. She was crying to me to leave you in possession of the field."

"But you will take your papers with you," she held them out to me as she spoke. "The prince has crossed the Rhine now, and nothing can bring him back. You can return these to the emperor and tell him that we refuse to receive them. No one can accuse you of not having lost your dispatches."

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A WORD. HANDKERCHIEFS FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE. A good, sensible Christmas gift is a half-dozen or a dozen Handkerchiefs put up in a nice box. No finer or better collection of Handkerchiefs can be seen than we have gathered together. The line includes many novelties not to be found at any other season of the year.

SOME SPECIALS. 50 dozen Japanese Silk Hemstitched Initial, all letters, at 35c each. 50 dozen Japanese Silk Hemstitched Initial, all letters, extra large size for gentlemen, only 45c each or \$2.50 per half-dozen. A large lot of Ladies' Lawn Hemstitched Initial, put up in fancy boxes of one-half dozen, at 75c a box. Extraordinary value.

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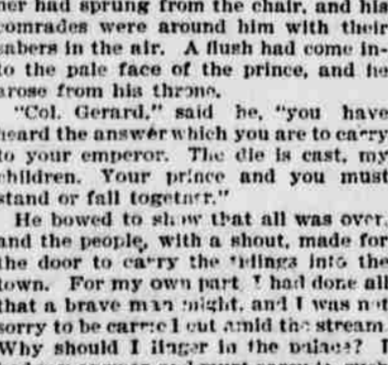
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"It is Kornek!" the People Shouted.



"You Can Follow Me, Col. Gerard."

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Lawyers. WARREN & KNAPP, ATTORNEYS and Counselors at Law, Republican building, Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Accountants. JESUITS & HAND, ATTORNEYS and Counselors at Law, Commonwealth building, Washington Avenue.

Special Notices. NOTICE—THE ANNUAL MEETING OF the Delaware and Hudson Railway Company will be held on Monday, December 17, 1895, at 10:30 a.m., at the office of the Secretary, JACOB F. MILLER, Secretary.

For Sale. A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE, containing 100 acres, nearly all improved, with a good house, barn, and other buildings, situated on the Delaware River, near Scranton, Pa. Price \$10,000. Apply to JACOB F. MILLER, Secretary.

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