THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1895.



[Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bacheller.] STNOPSIS. "It was not given to me finally, "I re-plied, at random.

STNOPSIS. The junior member of a private firm of detectives in New York becomes interested in a deserted house, opposite which he happens to take a room. While watching it during a convalescence from illness, the blinds of one of the windows are opened suddenly, disclosing the figure of a small man who waves his hand and disappears. Three days later the detective receives a mysterious letter, appointing an hour to call. He looks across at the descried house, shading his eyes with the lefter. The figure respears and repeats its slig-nal. That evening the detective arms himself, pushes open the iron gate of the deserted house and enters. "And your instructions?" "Merely to wait for a chance to tell you this." They seemed surprised, and madam made some rapid remarks to the other in a tongue with which I was unfamiliar. Then, moving with a long, graceful step, which made no sound upon the heavy rugs with which the floor was covered. she came in her turn and confronted me. "Why did you come armed?" she de-

PART II.

PART II. There was not a glimmer of light in front of me, but, as I advanced into the passageway, I was distinctly con-actous that I was not alone there. Weakened as I was by my illness, and at the disadvantage under which a man must always be in a place which is both strange and dark. I found my fil for the moment quite ready to turn tail and make a good retreat. I knew well, however, that as great danger (were danger near) would attach itself to such a course as to going forward: so I cursed myself inaudibly for a coward, and, dashing aside the drops of perspiration which had gathered on my face, rached out boldly and gave a resounding rap with my stick upon the of perspiration which had gathered on my face, rached out boldly and rave a resounding rap with my stick upon the nearest wall. At the same moment I detected a soft movement near me, like the swish of a worran's gown. Some-thing gently louched he and I wheeled rapidly about. My left hand instinc-tively sought my trouser's pocket. It was empty. I tried the other. That, too! Both my pistols were gone. For the space of three or four minutes, as it seemed to me. I stood still and breathless, not knowing what next might come. And then, suddenly, a burst of strong light struck me full in the face. A door, against which I should have been brought to a stagd-still in a moment more, opened, and upon the threshold stood the same fig-ure which I had already seen upon two upon the threshold stood the same fig-ure which I had already seen upon two occasions. Blinded for and instant by the sudden illumination, my hand went quickly to protect my eyes. The man who confronted me went through the same performance. He then began to back away from me into the room be-yond, motioning me to follow. Once in-side, with the door closed behind us, he took in either hand a lamp from one of the tables in the room and guided of the tables in the room and guided me up a flight of steep stairs which led from it to the room above. As upon the former occasions when I had seen him, he was without coat or waistcoat, and still wore the cotton nightcan tied he was without coat or waistcoat, and still wore the cotton nightcap tied closely under his chin. A pair of baggy trousers, worn and shiny, completed his attire. I noted that his hands were

his attire. I noted that his hands were discolored with staains of brown and wellow, such as are left by contact with chemicals of certain descriptions. There was a slight, scarcely perceptible limp in his walk, and when he turned toward me I saw that he had recently lost the brow and lashes which proper-ly belonged to his left eye. / No-word passed between us, but now, as we reached the top of the stairs, my guide wheeled suddenly about, and, flashing the light full in my face, stood gazing steadily into it. Then he turned and went on again. muttering audibly to himself: "Three times he has given the sig-

clined to suspect a possible danger, take better care of them." Her voice ceased and she stood close before me, her eyes blazing into mine. "I have seen you somewhere—some-time." she added, slowly. "You will be true either to ourselves or to our enemies. For your own sake, let it be the former!" She took out my pistols from a drawer in the table near which she was standing, and half held typen towards me, when suddenly there pealed through the room the long, shrill quiv-ering of an electric bell. Madam drew back—a revolver in either hand. We stood in silence, staring into each oth-er's eyes. She raised her right hand slowly until the weapon covered my face.

face. "If you have been false," she said, "if you have dared to speak, your own bullet shall repay you."

bullet shall repay you." I bowed a silent answer. The revol-ver followed the bending of my head, down and up. The bell pealed again, this time in two short, quick rings with a distinct pause between. One of the men let fall an oath. The other breathed a sigh of relief. Madam low-ered her weapon and turned to my late ruide. **ruide**

guide. "Unfasten the door," she said. "It is one of us. Perhaps a messenger from the same source, with the letters at last. There was no one to expect. though, but this stranger. What-She changed her speech to the strange tongue she had used previously, for the moment speaking earnestly to her com-nanions. All four stood, listening in She was standing before me, her mag-nificent figure drawn up to its full height, and I arose and faced her before moment speaking earnestly to her com-panions. All four stood, listening in silence. Presently the door opened, and Jackson with his yellow hands pushed a siender, girl-like figure into the room. The small gloved hand, which trembled slightly, went twice across her darkly velled face. The signal was quickly answered, and the four Jackson included, collected in a "I thought it only a proper precau-tion, and one which I habitually take." "Then you should also take care to be less easily disarmed." she proceeded. with some impatience. "How long have four, Jackson included, collected in a little group about the new-comer, leav-ing me for the moment forgotten and

"Why are you here?" one of the men

began, abruptly. "Through no wish of my own," the girl replied. Madam brought one of girl replied. Madam brought one of my pistols carelessly into position, and she shrank back. Again the laughter rippled lightly from madam's lips. "You are a coward still! Always a coward, and the child of a coward!" she said. "Now, once more, why are you here?" The stil made an effort to control her-

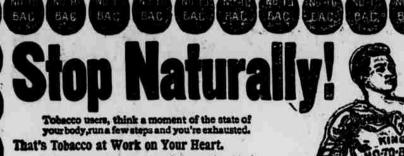
The girl made an effort to control her-"Deliver it." madam impatiently demanded.

manded. I saw through her vell, which she had not raised, that she glanced timid-ly in my direction, before replying. "It is this," she said: "You are to trust no one who comes tonight, or any night, as a messenger, but bring-ing no message."

'If You Have Dared to Speak, Yoar Own

any night, as a messenger, but bring-ing no message." I had thought my danger over, and here it was—just begun! I saw madam turn slowly towards me and as slowly take aim with my own weapon. I saw the three men. Jackson with his yellow hands outstretched, start towards me with fearce oaths upon their lips. I heard the girl who had warned them against me to cry out for fear of mercy, and saw her with a frantic effort throw herself arainst 'madam's white arm. you been waiting for this opportunity to tell us that you have to disappoint us after all?" I told her ten days—the length of time and saw her with a frantic effort throw herself against madam's white arm. Then, as the biting snap of the pistol rang through the place, I covered the space which lay between myself and the door, with a violent effort wrenched it open, and, before madam could get a second aim or the others interfere, had gained the passage and a short relief. I told her ten days—the length of the I had been in the house over the way. "From whom dld you receive the sig-nal?" she demanded. For a moment, as her eyes flashed into mine, something impelled me to throw up the game I was playing and contast my impostorable, but a second confess my impostership, but a second thought nerved me to go on. "It is better." I replied, "even here,

contess my impostership, but a second
interfere, had gained the passage and
a. "It is better." I replied, "even here,
to mention no names."
She shrugged her white shoulder,
slightly. "Your caution is admirable,"
slightly. "Your caution is admirable,"
slightly. "Your caution is admirable,"
more fully. The message announcing
your arrival with the letters we exit pected you to deliver tonight, was received two weeks ago. You have
watched your chance to communicate
with us well, and with commendable
caution. But now that you are here you bring us nothing. Explain, if you please."
I stammered blindly (for I could not stop at it had, at the last moment, been considered unsafe to send the communicate which way matters were tending?,
that it had, at the last moment, been considered unsafe to send the communicate considered unsafe to send the communicate to which here were theologing that it had, at the last moment, been considered unsafe to send the communicate considered unsafe to send the communicate to which way matters were tending?,
that it had, at the last moment, been considered unsafe to send the communicate considered unsafe to send the communicate to which way matters were tending?,
that another message must be waited for a motion for which they were idocovered:
that another message must be waited for a motion for which they were idocovered in that way and they were discovered:
that another message must be waited for a motion for which they were idocuted for a motion for



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muttering audibly to himself: "Three times he has given the sig-nal." I heard him say. "Yet he should not be trusted. They are growing care-less or desperate. They have—" I could not catch the rest of it. A sub-duct murrour of other values reached dued murmur of other voices reached and the mutual of other values reacted me from a room beyond. My guide deposited his lamps upon a table near at hand, and, pushing open the door of this room, again motioned me to enter. Once more the extreme brillancy of the this room, again motioned me to enter. Once more the extreme briliancy of the light, which flooded it struck my eyes painfully, and again, to shield them, my hand went swiftly up. The three peo-ple who were in the room languidly mimicked me, and I began to perceive another light. "Three times he has given the might." by late guide had said. Apparently I had now raised the count to four. It was a handy thing to know, but this knowledge also informed me that, through some misapprehen-ited if this tooked upon by new ac-quaintance as a confederate. Should I be unable to keep up the delusion, it occurred to me that my situation might not be an enviable one, and I began to have an uncomfortable longing for my revolvers. The room into which I had entered was, apparently, the large drawing-room of the house. Rich and heavy draperies hung at all the wir-dows, so arrangell as to carefully pre-vent any ray of light from within be-ing visible from the street, and making the air hot and stifting. This was fur-ther fittensified by the all-pervading oder of Turkish cigarettes. Of the fur regalia of evening dress, the third odor bi Turkish cigarettes. Of the three occupants, two were men in the full regalia of evening dress, the third was a woman whose superb white shoulders fairly glistened above the folds of black and gold lace which out-lined them. All wore half masks of black satin and held cigarettes between line and fingers.

black satin and held cigarettes between lips and fingers. For a moment they scrutinized me with insolent coolness, the taller of the two men taking the cigarette from be-tween his lips and emitting a delicate wreath of smoke which curled and curled into ever widening, swaying fings. We watched it in silence until it had all disappeared, and then, coming forward leisurely, he addressed me: "You may as well sit down," he said. I deposited myself upon the nearest chair. My guide remained standing near the door. Madam of the White Bhoulders tossed aside her cigarette and leaned forward in an attitude of strained attention. The other man fumbled aim-lessly about the mass of papers which littered the piano. My interlocutor had stationed himself upon the stuffed arm of a lounging-chair in front of me.

"You have the correspondence with you?" he said. I answered simply "No"-waiting my

"Then where is it?" he continued.



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id. British Greet: P. FET-gant d., Lopdon. Forrun

that another message must be waited for. Madam regarded me for a momembrance of a door I had noticed at the other end of the massage, when Jackson's first appearance with the lamps had made surrounding objects ment with no attempt toward conceal-ing her suspicion, and I saw her eye flash darkly through the black mask. I stood narrowly watching the three people before me, my back towards the door and both hands behind me grassp-ing the blackthorn stick of which I had kept a jealous hold. As I saw the glances which they exchanged, my hands involuntarily tightened their grasp. At the same moment a touch of cold steel made itself felt against my wrists and a sharp click broke the ment with no attempt toward conceal-

Bullet Shall Repay You.

headlong down the stairs, and madam's volce rang out distinctly. "No struggle," she cried. "Let here be no noise. Stun him and bind him. The police will be upon us." My fingers touched the door. It was fastened like the other. Frantically 1 threw myself against it. It yielded slightly. 'Once more, with all the strength that comes at the need of a desparate man. I put my shouldre to it. The wood creaked—splintered—gave way! A breath of soft night air struck my face. A step more, and, looking up. cold steel made itself felt against my wrists and a sharp click broke the momentary stillness of the room. I tried to separate my hands and formd that they were cuffed. I made no struggle, for I knew in other cases, where I had been the operator and another the vic-tim, that the man who submitted quiet-ity to his fate stood the chance of best treatment from his cantors. I turned my face. A step more, and, looking up, I saw that the stars were shining. treatment from his captors. I turned just in time to see the man with the



Frantically I Threw Myself Against the Docr.

stained hands moving back to his place

stained hands moving back to his place by the door, and then, without a word, brought my eyes back to meet ma-dame's. She let a low, deliciously rip-pling bit of laughter escape her lips. "You take it well." she said. "Now, Jackson, search him!" The stained hands made a rapid exploration of my pockets, but, thanks to the precaution I had taken before starting out, noth-ing of a nature to excite further sus-pleion of my good faith was discovered. The search, however, seemed scarcely to satisfy their fears, for they held a hurried and somewhat excited conver-sation together, wherein the two men sation together, wherein the two men seemed to hold an opinion differing from that of madame. She finally turned from them and commanded the man she had addressed as Jackson, to

man she had addressed as Jackson, to release me. "I have for you a further commis-ing the began; the words falling quickly and tersely from her lips, mak-ing the slightly foreign accent with which she spoke charmingly percepti-ble. "Tomorrow you will take the train which leaves the Grand Central station at ten o'clock for P.—. In two hours you will arrive there. You will be met by a man to whom you will give the usual signal. You will find him awaiting you with a light wagon and a pair of black horses. He will take you to a certain house whither further orders will be conveyed to you within that time, you are at liberty to return. As before, be prompt, be sure, and, as you value your life, be silent. Do not think that a mistake on your part will ease detection, or that a blunder will pass unforgiven. I will return to you your pistols. When next you are inrelease me.

143 43% 102 24% 5% 24% 90 97% 97% 97% 97% visible, returned to me. Turning back, I groped for it blindly, for they had ex-tinguished in their haste one of the lights above, and the other gave but a feeble flicker. The men were rushing headlong down the stairs, and madam's 9 24 1312 inion Pacific. Wabash, Pr. 85¹2 10³8 10¹2 64³8 Western Union . L . S. Leather...... . S. Leather, Pr.... 631. CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE PRICES Op'n- High- Low- Clos-ing. est. est. ing. 38% 59% 58% 58% 59% WHEAT. May OATS. May CORN, January (To be continued.) 1916 1916 19 26 2814

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