STHE SCRANTON TRIBUNE --- SATURDAY, MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1896.



By SIR ROBERT PEEL.

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given?

ful a bit.

you see?

marry her.

toun.

you like," she murmured, "or petty

He clasped her to him. "You poor little soul!" he cried: "and did you im-agine that I was going to be horribly angry with you? Why, you are crying! And for mathing. The states?"

'You aren't angry with me? I am for-

"Forgiven!" laughed Hopetoun. "What is there to forgive?" "I have felt so guilty," she faltered.

"I have been afraid you would think me

so mean! She would, dear-any woman would-but if you don't yourself-"

"Tomorrow," he said, "I shall make a clean breast of it, and we need never

speak of her any more. As things are,

don't see why we should be remorse-

me then. Don't you see, dear; don't

"I see I love you now, at any rate."

said Hopetoun, doggedly, "That is

And for nothing, Kit, nothing!

"It is for you to say what it was.

really fond of me. Kate?"

SYNOPSIS.

<text>

10

PART VI.

He was still intoxicated when he woke next morning. Anxiety as to his position did not oppress him yet. A de clous feeling of excitement throbbed in his veins.

descended early. His room He cooped him, and the freshness air outside harmonized better with his mood. She also was out. He caught a

glimpse of her white frock in the shrub-bery, and overtook her with delight. Good morning, sweetheart," he said.

She blushed with pleasure, and sur-rendered her lips bashfully. "And have you been thinking of me?"

she asked 'So mucht And yet I can hardly

credit my good fortune." No need to set down what they said. It was not until later in the day that Miss Driffingham spoke of Beila, and questioned how he intended to act, and the she declared that he must write

to her at once. She was in fact beginning to tell herself that she had played a shabby part. She wanted to admit it to Arnold, but was loth to humillate herself in his eyes, and when he demurred to sending the suggested letter, and proposed in see and speak to Bella instead, she did not press the point. Hopeteun, who was not a coward, in-

tended calling upon the Carstairs on



Lord Drillington Goes for a Canter.

the merrow, when Bella, who was on a visit to her relations at Morecombe would be back in town. Kate had therefore several hours be-

fore she was required to abase herself before him, and until the time arrived she abando ted herself to the charm, of their new relationship as completely as possible.

sa her doubt obtruded if Never

Hopetoun was condemned to. He was like a spectator to a game of cards, who is also the stake for which the game is played. His deepest interests were in-volved, and yet he could only watch. He landed at the Euston platform at something past five on the following

afternoon, and drove, as on the previ-ous day, straight to the Hampstead house. 'Mrs. Carstairs-they are in?"

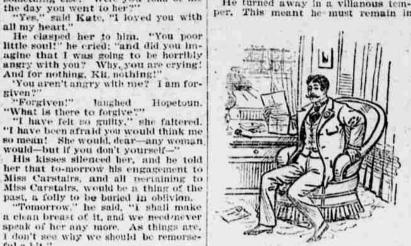
man to bear, and that was what Arnold

"No, sir, they are not coming to-day." "What?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Do you mean to say their return is postoned again?" "Yes, sir. They have not come back.

splite! What do you think of me?" "I shall not say it was either," he said. Hopetoun stared at the little servant's accoust face with resentment. "And when," he inquired, "will they do not wish me to believe you have only been pinying with me-that you aren't be back!

"I can't say, sir, Would you leave any She lifted her eyes and answered him. "Dearest." he exclaimed, "tell me something else! Were you fond of me message "No," he said; "no, never mind-I will

He turned away in a villenous tern



"I Won't," He Said.

Kate Drillingham hesitated a long town indefinitely; to run back to Deer "Arnold," she said at last, "that was court a second time would be too ab-surd. He said as much in the wire he my idea too; this afternoon I also thought that: I thought that if you could answer me as you have. I should

sent again from the Swiss cottage. He told the man to drive him to his be satisfied to allow you to go to her and break off your engagement. But club, where he ordered a cutlet and a pint of claret, and made a pretonse of dining. I can't! I have been considering and

onsidering. I have made you love me. At length, on the principle of any Whether I cared for you the day I saw change being better than none, he got up and walked home. her, or whether I didn't, the fact remains that you were not in love with

It was half-past 12. He mounted heavily to his rooms, trying to persuade

quite enough for me." "No, it is not enough, not enough for you to break it off if she is nowilling. I am not a heroine, no Donna Quixote, but I see quite clearly that our duty is for you to ask her to release you.

and no more. If she woalt, you must "Oh, I am contended," cried Hope-oun. "What woman would insist on holding a man against his win? An adventuress, perhaps, but not-" "I am not so sure," returned his cous-in, slowly, "Frankly-I may say it now-I do not like Miss Carstairs, and have not a very high opinion of her. Her chances of marriages are few, and you may be certain she realizes it. Indeed. I think it quite possible that.

rather than lose you altogether, she would even be pleased to go with you to Canada. If she does hold you to your word, Arnold, you must keep it." "I can't," he declared. "At least I should not marry you

("This," said Hopetoun, inwardly, "sounds like The Complete Letter Writer," But I wish she'd had it typed -I can't make it out!")

--I can't make it out!") "A duty is a duty, and I cannot shirk mine! Arnold, I have awakened to the truth, for since I have been here I have met one who has shown me that I mis-took up own heart-" ("Good Lord." gasped her correspondent)-"Mistook iny own heart when I pledged myself to be your wife. Loving him as I do, I should be acting wrong to you were I to fulfil that misguided promise now. I cannot? I cannot deal you a worse misory than this which you have to bear today-I can-not accent your marital devotion".

BARYTONE AND DONKEY.

<text><text><text> om Tid-Blis.

SELECTED RECIPES.

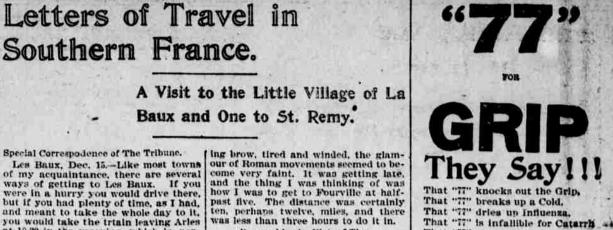
Brandy Cake .- Two eggs, two-thirds of Brandy Cake.-Two eggs, two-thirds of a cupful of granulated sugar, beat thor-oughily together. Add two-thirds of a cupful of sifted flour and beat again. One-quarter cupful of cold water, one-half cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder: beat again. Pinch of said, flavor; beat again. Bake in a loaf, and while hot pour over it as much brandy as it will absorb, no more. Make a rich as it will absorb, no more. Make a rich sustand and pour around it. This is very rich and delicious. Baked Cheese.-One and one-half cup-fuls of grated cheese, one-half cupful of very fine bread crumbs, one cupful of milk, one egg beaten separately, dash of perwhich Les Baux is situated.

very not organized crumbs, one cuping of mike, one egg beaten separately, dash of per-per, pinch of salt. Bake half an hour in a hot oven in a builtered dish. Puffs for Tea.—One cupful of cornstarch, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, four well-beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powler. Bake in gem irons, or pathy tins in a guick oven. along spinning a top in the middle of the road and there was no need to pick out special parts of the road for it, because it is the same its entire length. A walk of about three miles brought me to Les Baux, a village hollowed out of the solid rock. Its gigantic ruined castle was cut right into the crest of the

eaten erns, two the irons, or patty tins owder. Bake in gem irons, or patty tins n a quick oven. Corn Cake,-One sup of wellow corn asal, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream or one cup of milk, and three tablespoonfuls of melt-d butter, one traspoonful of such, a tea-spoonful of sult, two unbeaten eggs. Bake twenty minutes. Apple Marmalade.-Two pounds good moving apples. Three-quarters pound loaf

It was half-past 12. He mounted heavily to his rooms, trying to persuade himself that he was sleepy at last. They were in darkness, and he barked his shins against the furniture, groping for the matches. Presently he found a box and lit the lamp. A final sancke, and then he would really woo the elusive god! He drew forward the tobacco and pipe and stretched his long legs wearlly on the shabby couch. After he had flung himself there and the tobacco was finally aglow he per-ceived that there were some letters by-ing on the mantlepiese, and he debated meatally whether it was worth while rising to get them. Hal one was from Bella, bearing the would know 6efinitely now when she was bringing her visit to an end. Hu to re from, and drawing a chair up to the lamp, commenced to read. What was this? How shockingly she always wrote! CThis," said Hopstoun, inwardiy, "sounds like The Complete Letter Writer." But I wish she'd had it typed —I can't make it out."

enough for the article time charact, Mary per-sons prefer to strain the sauce through a colunder fine enough to keep back the skins before putting it into the moulds. Here is a delicious syster dish that has the merit of being easy to prepare: Put fifty mediumskeed oxieus over the fire in their own liquor and let them come to the holiing point. Then add a tablespoon-ful of butter#a heaping ene—sail and pep-per to taste, a tearpoonful of ismon jules and two tablespoonfuls of very fine crack-er dust. Let it boll up once more, then pour over some small squares of shely browned teast on a bot dish and serve. A pleturesque supper dish is called "The Hidsen Mountain." Beat the white and yolks of six eggs separately; then mix them and beat again, adding five or six thin silces of citron, the cream-a pini-and sufficiently pounded sugar to make it sufficiently sweet. When the mixture is



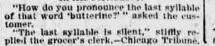
you would take the triain leaving Arles at 16.30 in the morning, which is, per-haps, the slowest train in the world. Its schedule time to Paradon—the slation Resented in the Nick of Time. But as I was sitting there, making uncomplimentary remarks about my-self, I heard the sound of wheels, and Providence, in the shape of a peasant for Les Baux-is forty-one minutes. The distance is nine miles, and even at this schedule time of only twelve miles an hour the train was five minutes late

around a bend of the road. As he came up I assumed a very disconsolate ap-pearance, which it wasn't much trouble to do, and made the remark that it was at Paradon. Arriving at Paradon the trainmen-they are always very obliging in France-pointed out the road to Les Baux, and, bearing in mind their instructions to keep toryons a la very warm. He looked me over finally asked me to get in and ride. You may be sure it didn't take me long to droit" (always to the right) I started off. The day was one of those days so accept. He told me that he had a farm near Mausanne, and I rode with him to that village. We had quite an interestdear to the walker's heart, bright and clear, with not a cloud in the sky to cause any apprehension of a rainy reing chat on the way down the moun-tain, made doubly interesting by the fact that he could only understand about turn. The road lead itself across the plain, through groves of olive trees, to the foothills of the Alpines, among which the plane to diverted.

one word in four of what I was saying, and I could understand about the same proportion of what he said. He landed me in Mausanne, a little country village, at a little past three, Now, a good deal has been said in praise of French roads but only those who have traveled on them can have a true idea of their excellence. They are hard and smooth as an asphalt pave. and from there it was a walk of only five or six miles over a straight and level road to Fourville, which town with the advantage that there are no cracks in them. Walking to Tarscon the other day I passed a child strolling

I reached just as it was growing dusk. From there the little train took me to Arles just in time to bat a dinner at the Hotel du Fourum that made the walters open their eyes. Winford J. Northup,

In Ilis Dictionary.





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ways of getting to Les Baux. If you were in a hurry you would drive there, but if you had plenty of time, as I had, and meant to take the whole day to it.

self constantly and lastly a new terro: came. Had she the right to let Arnold jilt the girl? She could not determine.

As a result, she resolved to leave the decision to the man. She would ex-tenuate nothing, and set naught down in malice. If he could say: "I love you: I don't care what you have done -you are the only woman I can be happy with?" she would be his wife; if he represented her, and said: "It was unwomanty, petty, it was not worthy of you, Kate," nothing should ever induee her to marry him.

The pause in the conversation of the contains became painfully frequent, and woefully prolonged. It was a relief to both when Drillingham broke in upon their tete-a-tete, and then a semblance of cheerfulness returned until dinner time, when Kate said to Arnold: "Afterwards I want to speak to you,come into the drawing-room as son as you can'" Her face was very bale as whispered the words. He wondered If anything was amiss. When he joined her, she was stand-

ing on the hearth-rather a desolate day ure in the big room. It struck him all at once. She did not respond to his smill of inquiry; obviously she was disturbed." Had something happened ""What is the matter?" he asked, "is

anything wrong?" "Arnold." she said, "I have some

thing to say to you-something I owe to you and to myself-and to Miss Carstairs Tto Miss Carstairs?" he echoed.

She nodded. Her lips trembled, and

he looked at her with dismay. "Kate," said Hopetoun, "you are talk-ng mysteriously, uncomfortably, child. What's it all about?"

Arnold, you remember when I went p Miss Carstairs, and didn't tell you?

l remember," he answered. "Well," I did not tell you because I did not the her. I am anxious not to say any-thing in her disparagement, but in justice to myself-to make my explanation clear-1 must say that I found her ungracious, that it did not seem to me sh cared for you as much as she did for nerself. She-she got on my nerves.

"I suspected it, "said Hopetoun, "yes?" "When I left her 1-I made a yow all to myself in the cab. I swore I would

take you away from her." 'What?'

"I swore I would take you away from her-that things should happen just as they have! I've done it, and now I'm ashamed."

She stood looking at the carpet in si-Hopetoun crossed over to her he replied. 'Why," he said; "why, what was your

motive She hesitated. "Say it was vanity, if



cline to take things easily. "She would even go to Canada rather than lose you altogether!" The words recurred to him impressively. He had a presentiment that his mission was going to fail, and the ominous sensation deepened when he rose.

then," said Miss Drillingham, "Come, promise me yeu will de as I beg."

"I would promise you anything you asked of me," he said, reluctantly.

But Hopetoun did not sleep that night

cause of the new doubt that had been

nstilled into his mind. The question barassed him until day-

light stole into the room. Would Miss Carstairs refuse to release him or not?

The more he pondered, the more he was

convinced now that Bella would de-

And so it was decided.

Breakfast was tasteless to him. His train left the Decreourt station at 11, and he spent the interval endeavoring to persuade Kats to reconsider her determination.

She would not listen, or at any rate, she would not heed.

"Gs to town." she repeated, "and speak to her If she consents come back to me If you fail, do not! I don't

want to see you then-it would be bad for both of us." They were hard instructions: he seemed predestined to failure indeed! He stepped into the train gloomity. When he arrived he went into the buf-fet Euston, and had a brandy and soda with a double allowance of bran-dy. He felt better after that, but it dy. He felt better after that, but it chagrined him to reflect that the im-

provement would have evaporated be-fore his hansom reached the house. He halled one, and told the man to drive rapidly. He was dismayed be-yond words to learn that the indies had

not come back from the country yet. They were expected temofrow, the lit-tle servaut said. She would say he called. "Say I will come again to-morrow,"

he said.

He hade the man to stop at the Swiss Cottage station, and from there he dis-

patched a telegram to Deercourt. After he sent it he drove to his rooms, and tried to make himself comfortable there. It was not a successful attempt.

The rain was coming down still. What on earth should he do with him-self? He might have stayed another day at Deercourt as things had turned out: he wished he had turned there instead of wiring. By jove, why should he not do so now!

He caught the afternoon express. and walked in upon her where she was dreaming beside a window. The sum was shining at Deercourt; here every-

thing was bright. she welcomed him with a cry of astonishment:

"You!" "I couldn't stand it." he exclaimed

250 Herkimer avenue: as a professional nurse she has nursed back to bealth many a sufferer. "Disease in all its varied forms have become as familiar "After I had sent off your telegram I went to my place, and suffered an eter-nity of tediousness that lasted at least to her as to the regular practitioner. Her occupation is one that taxes the two hours. You know those eternities! Then this inspiration struck me and strongest constitution, but the fatigue I am! here of long watching and nursing at last brought her to a bed of sickness. Mrs.

He dropped into a low chair, looking

at her. "You did not expect me?" he said. "Indeed no. I even posted on some letters that came for you after you left. 'Arnold I have missed you horribly. I have been imagining all sorts of things.

was glad to get your message-it was thoughtful of you, dear! And was then I wondered what you would do with yourself all day. I hoped you would go to a theater in the evening, or your club; I didn't want you to be lone

'Because ?" "Because I was being lonely enough

for both of us." She had never been more tender, more delightful to him than in this unanticipated prolongation of their suspense. He had, as it were, fallen from the clouds to her this afternoon, and her resolution went down before her surprise. It might be their last day

-how could she be charming enough! "Will you give me some music tonight. Kate? 'She sang to him as he begged, and brillingham came in to listen. He al-ways liked to hear her singing: it re-minded him of one of the women whom he had nearly married—an ideal that had never been destroyed. Hopetoun loved to hear her too, for her voice said much the blue that she away yot trusted

much to him that she never yet trusted herself to speak. When he reflected that his possession of her hung upon another woman's word, his impotence to affect big own destiny framed him. hat his possession of her hung upon mother woman's word, his impotence to affect his own destiny frenzied him. Inactivity is the hardest thing for a N. Y., sole agents. for the U. S.

1 cannot acar you a worse misery than this which you have to bear today—I can-not accept your marital devotion" — C" 'Marital misspeh '" said Hopetoun) "de-votion and give you so poor a thing as that which remains in my power in exchange. Do not ask it of me." ("I won't," he said.) "I beg you to release me from our engage-ment, and to believe that I shall always cherish a deep, sisterly, affection for yon. Do not endeavor to see me, for my deter-mination is unalterable, and discussion would be needless pain to us both. Write me to the Hampstead address. I am re-turning to town the day after tomorrow, but pray, pray don't go there! indeed, i could not bear it, and if you disregard this request I must refuse to listen. That thue may heal your wound and Providence en-rich your career with its manifold bleast-ings is the earnest prayer of your very sincere friend, "Deta Carstairs."

sincere friend, "Bella Carstairs."

"Then." said Hopetoun, staring into space. "she was at home when I called today, and wouldn't see me! Great powers! And I might have known all

this yesterday morning!" When Miss Drillingham came down to breakfast eight hours later at Deer-court she paused on the threshold of the room with astonishment, for a gentleman was waiting for her there who took her in his arms with a boldness that could only mean victory.

Bella signs herself "Carstairs" still, and looks at Mrs. Hopetoun, if she happens to see her, with something suspi-ciously akin to envy. But Arnold looks at his wife with eyes of love and says that no man who has dared to play with fire was ever known to burn himself so pleasantly before. From which it may be argued that they are a happy pair.

thin slices of clitton, the cream-a plat-and sufficiently pounded sugar to make it sufficiently sweet. When the mixture is well beaten put it into a buttered pan, and fry it the same as a pancake, three times as thick. Cover it thickly with jam and garnish it with citton in pointed thin slices, closely interspersed with holly twizs and leaves. Tripe,-Boll it till tender. When cold cut it in pieces four or five inchas square, hour it well, grease the gridfron and boll over a clear five. Lay it on a hot dish and senson, with sail, pepper and butter. To fry it-Lay two or three fluces of sail pork into a spider, and when these are crisp remove them. Dip the pieces of tripe hot beaten egg and roll in fine bread trumbs and fry brown. Little Almond Patties,-Blanch one, half pound of almonds, dry them on a dish in the oven and chop them fine, theat the whites of three eggs to a slift froth, add the yolks of two eggs and beat again, then sith in a cup of powdered sugar, add most of the almonds, reserving a few to scatter over the tops. Line little pattle pans with yult paste crumbs and bake, while very hot tip out the crumbs and bake, while very hot tip out the crumbs mea-almonds over the top and bake in a slow oven half an hour. Feaming Sauce_Rub together till very

Foaming Sauce,—Rub together till very light one spoonfd of flour, two of builter and four of sugar. Sur in one-half pint of boiling water. Let it first boil up, add half a glass of wine or brandy and a little nutmeg. Lunch Cakes.-One round of butter

Lunch 'Cakes.—One pound of butter beaten to a cream with one pound of sut gar. eight eggs worked into this cream one at a time, add two pounds of four, and work it all to a paste with half a pint of mlik. Flavor with essence of lemon, fill out is paper hooss, garaish a dust of sugar, and bake twenty min-utes in a good oven. Orange Brandy.—Pare the rind of tweive Seville pranges, put it into a stone jar, and press the pulo and juico through a sieve over the rinds, along with one pint of brandy. Let it remain covered up in the jar for three of four days, then add two pounds of broken losf sugar, and sir all togother until the sugar is melted; let it the all night, then strain it through first watter it is.

Iv. The longer orange brandy is kept the better it is. Hiscuits.—Cream one pound of builer with one pound of sugar, add in nine of ten eggs gradually, then work into this two and one-fourth pounds of flour and one-half ounce of baking powder, and drop it in spoorfuls into builtered and papered this, put a shred of candied peel on each and take in a quick oven for six minutes. over rolling stones, around the bases o hills and shores of little ponds, and found out that rolling stones are not the six minutes

WINTER FANCIES. side of the road, mopping my perspir-Т. Winter without And warmth within: The winds may shout And the storm begin; Ŧĸŧŧŧŧ

And the storm beging The snows may pack At the window pane, And the skies grow black And the skies grow black And the skies grow black And the son remain Hidden away The livelong day nfant Health SENT FREE It is a matter of vast importance to mothers. The manufacturers of the GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILL issue a pamphlet, entitled "INFANT HEALTH." at here-in here is the warmth of May

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Compound

Swoop your spitefullest Swoop your spitefullest Up the flue, Wild winds—do! What in the world do I care for you? O delightfullest Weather of all, Howl and squall, And shake the trees till the last leaves fall,

The joy one feels. Roy's In an easy chair, Cocking his heels In the dancing air Restoria

IV: Then blow, winds, blow! And rave and shriek, And snarl and snow Till your breath grows weak-While here in my room T m snugly shut As a glad hille worm In the heart of a nut! -James Whitcomb Riley.

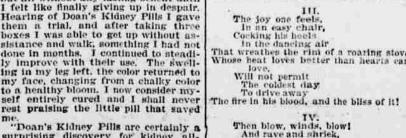


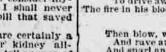
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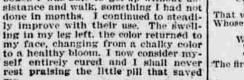


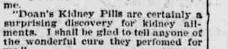
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(The End.)

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Bright's Disease of the Kidneys

Finds a Cure.

(From the Buffalo News.)

Mrs. A. E. Taylor has resided in Buf-falo for over forty years, her address is

Taylor speaks of her complaint and cure as follows: "After being con-fined to my bed for some time my dis-

ease assumed such a serious aspect that a doctor was called in. He pro-nounced my allment Bright's disease of

the kidneys in the third degree and a very had case. My limbs swelled up so that I could not walk across the floor.

or, indeed, help myself in any way. My face bloated up and my eyes swelled so that the sight was badly impaired. This condition continued for nearly

two months without any marked improvement from the doctor's treat

ment, I have taken quarts of buchu and juniper. I tried battery treatment, but all without any lasting benefit until