In 1892 Mr. Watterson assumed some

prominence as a presidential quantity, such great newspapers as the New York Herald urging his name in that con-nection, and James Gordon Bennett go-

tional committee that in case of Mr.

Watterson's nomination, he himself

would see that there should be no lack

ing even so far as to assure the

of campaign funds.



Copyrighted, 1896, by Robert W. Chambers.)

and I have wrung confession from his clenched teeth. What do I care who knows it now—what paper prints it first! What do I care as long as the whole world knows the murderer and helps strap him to the chair." Lynde leaved over the table, his head

Lynde leaned over the table, his head

in his hands; Penlow's pipe went out, but he did not relight it.

with a touch of scorn in his voice, "that I also loved the girl." Do you think

am ashamed to confess it? Do you know

what I have been through since she died? II—? Oh, yes, that's what they say in the books. It doesn't matter, Penlow, when you are ready—. Penlow started and then groped in

Penlow started and then groped in his pocket for pencil and pad. "I am ready, Jack," he said. "This is my story," said Caithness, almost cagerly. "On the 13th of hist November Lify White, a girl fiving next door, was shot through the heart by a man why was included.

man who was jealous of her. That man had been her accepted lover—he pro-vided for her and was happy with her.

But he knew that she came into Mc-Manus' and gossiped with the news-paper men, and he knew that Wah-We

had offered her all his money, which was a great deal. "When she was chatting with us here

this man was not jealous-have you got that, Penlow?"
"Yes," said Penlow, scratching away

said that she loved him—she laughed at him when he offered her marriage— so he watched her. All this the coward confessed to me. I tell you I wrung it out of his miserable throat. Have you

"Then a day came when Lily was to go to the country to see her sister— that is what she said—to see her sister, and this man went with her to the train

and saw her off on her journey. But something told him to watch the next incoming train, and he did. And Lily

He followed her. She came straight

The followed her. She came straight to Doyer street, heavily veiled, and entered a house that you all know—the house with the baper lanterns and red signs. Wah-Wo lives there. A week later she returned to the man who had

followed her. He was waiting for her-have you written that?"

"Yes, Jack."
"-He was waiting in her room-alone with that dog there. He accused her and she denied it. She called heaven

Penlow ceased writing and looked up

expectantly.

"The murderer's name? Have patience," said Catthness, grimly smiling.

"The man called to the dog—her dog, there, and, because she had told him the brute's name, the dog answered and

loved," he said, "and now I am going to give him up!" Then he rose, trem-bling. The sleeping dog sighed heavily

At his touch the dog raised his head

whispered again, calling the dog by name; and the great brute rose stiffly, yawned and slowly followed him out

The Dog Slowly Followed Him Out

black street. Lynde buried his head in his hands and McManus leaned heavily on the bar, bale as a corpse,

The end.

BENEFIT FOR JUDGE.

Friends of Lightweight Champion Will Give Him a Testimonial Next Month.

On some date which has not yet been

selected, during the second week of February, at the Frothingham theater

testimonial arranged by the friends of Champion James Judge for his bene-

fit will be given and a fine programme of scientific and muscular exhibition will be offered.

The participants will include the clev-

erest local boxers and wrestlers, and there will be a bout between the cham-pion and Charles McCarthy, of Phila-

HAD TRAVELED MUCH.

A Windham county, Conn., man, who ounded out seventy-five years of his

life without ever going more than twen-

ty miles from his birthplace, was one day answering the questions of a distinguished western visitor who had come on to the old town from far be-

yond the Mississippi valley to learn of the childhood of his father and mother,

who were born in Windham county

he details the latter was seeking.

yond the Mississippi.

The old native gave the western just

"And I suppose you have always lived around here," said the man from be-

"Oh, no," replied the native, "I was born two miles from here."

iron door slammed behind thera the damp odor of for came from the

and looked at him with grave eyes. Then, moving toward the door, he

into the night.

followed him out into the street

on his pad.

got that, Penlow?"

"Did you ever know," said Caithness

### SYNOPSIS.

I care for newspapers! I have done my part—I have hunted down the murderer Wah-Wo, of Chinatown, in New York, is-suspected, of murdering, through jeal-ousy, an American girl, by name Lity White, who has friends among the newspaper men. No evidence being presented, Wah-Wo is discharged, Lily White nas kept apart from the other residents of the quarter, going about with a great black dog, her constant companion, in whose ar she whispered when she wished him to follow her. When asked by her newspaper friends what she said to the dog she would reply: "HIS NAME." Lynde, Penlow, Caliboess and McManus are discussing the murder one evening in McManus' saloon, which adjoins the dead girl's home. Penlow speaks of the girl in a slightig way and Caliboes calls him a liar, to the surprise of all Wah-Wo, of Chinatown, in New York,

PART II. "Are you crazy?" I said to Caithness, "I think I am," said Caithness, slow-, "I beg your pardon, Penlow," Lynde turned his puzzled eyes from Penlow to Caithness and lifted his mug mechanically. Penlow straightened in

his chair but said nothing, and I leaned back, motioning McManus to remove the covers. After a few moments the constraint became irksome, "Red," the tortoise shell cat, mascot of McManus and exterminator of mice by special ap-pointment, had cornered a vicious rat in the back yard and now came marching in to display the game for our benefit.

"Git!" said McManus, with pardonable pride; "the gents don't give a --fur to see rats."

"He was not very jealous when Lily chatted with us, but when he saw Wah-Charley hustled the cat out again and Wo talking to her one night under the electric light by the joss house he watched the girl night and day. She



"It's a Mascot," Says McManus.

time that "Red" was the only cross

eyed cat in New York.

None of us had ever before seen a cross-eyed cat, so we did not deny it, although I remonstrated with McManus has neide in "Red's" ocular him. Then he shot her through the

"What's that?" demanded McManus. "I don't see why," said I, "a eat should be the more valuable because it happens to be afflicted with strabis-

mus." Sure!" said McManus, doggedly. "No. I don't." I repeated.
"It's a mascot," said McManus.

"How do you know?"
"Did youse gents ever see another cross-eyed cat?" demanded McManus, hotly
We all said no.
"Gliowed him out into the street
"All day long the murderer wandered about the city, and at night he went back to kook upon the dead. He did not care who saw him—he courted discovery, but no one paid him any at-

"Then whn' do youse gents know tention, and, as it now appears noabout mascots?" he exclaimed, tri-bedy even saw him-nobody but I.
umphantly.
"Nothing," I confessed; "what's
yours Mac?"
The constraint still weighed upon us,
a living death among the people of the
Calibrate had such as the constraint still weighed upon us,
a living death among the people of the

however, for Caithness had neither spoken nor smiled, and Penlow, it was easy to see, nad not forgotten.

Lynde picked up a paper end ran it through unaffectedly, searching for his own matter, and after awhile Penlow

ity, unsuspected, unnoticed by any—except me." He oaused and looked at us. Tears had quenched the pale flame in his eyes and the hair clung to his damp forehead.

"That devil killed the woman I have!"

did the same. I looked at Caithness and he felt my eyes, for presently he moved a little

and passed his hand over his sunken checks.
"What's up, old man?" I asked, drop-live head, mutter reg: "Come, come!"

ping my votes and bending toward him.
"Nothing-why?"
"You look like the last rose of sum-

mer-you've got a beastly cough."
He smiled faintly, "It's consump-tion," he said; "I found out today."

I stared at him studdly.
"I don't mind," he said, quietly; "I'm dead sick of the whole business," "How do you know its consump-tion?" I asked, at length.

"I went to three doctors to make sure—I tell you I don't mind it, Jim." Little Penlow was listening now, and before I could speak again he leaned over and took Caithness' hand affec-

"Brace up, Jack, old boy," he said:
"Bo to California and get well."
"Of course," I cried, "you're a fool to
stay in this cursed climate, Jack!"
I spoke harshly, for I was more affected than I cared to show.
"Chuck the said:

"Chuck up your job! Let the Con-solidated Press go to the devil!" urged soldated Press go to the devil!" urged Lynde: "you are not obliged to earn your Weish rarebits, you know." - "I have resigned," said Caithness, quietly. A fit of coughing shook him and he raised his naokin to his lips, "And," he continued, "I thought I'd come around tonight and say good-bye."

The dog shifted his position under the bar and sighed again. One of the gas jets behind the bar blazed up sud-

denly, and McManus turned it lower "Do you fellows know that I have scooped?" said Caithness, abruptly, "Not-not the fellow who shot Lij?" faltered Penlow, who had thrown his whole soul into unraveling the mass. It was Penlow tearing up his pad.

tery.
"Yes—the murderer of Lily Wi te,"
said Calthness, without emotion. In the silence I could hear McManus grinding his toothpick in his yellow teeth.
"I'm out of the Consolidated now," continued Calthness, calmly; "the scoop yours if you want it, Penlow.

But-but you-" began Penlow. "I! said Caithness, fiercely; "what do

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### COL. WATTERSON'S HISTORY

Way One of the Kemarkable Men of the South Porged to the Pront.

BRILLIANT WORK AS EDITOR.

llas Won Renown Not Only With His Pen, But as an Eloquent and Gifted Lecturer-His Address on Abraham Lincoln.

In view of the appearance in this city on Thursday evening of Colonei Henry Watterson, one of the pic-turesque figures of the south who will lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" at the Frothingham for the benefit of the Pensylvania Oral school, the following sketch of the gallant colonel will be of

Henry Watterson is universally recognized as the greatest editor in the south, and one of the greatest in the nited States.

United States.

He is of Irish-Scotch ancestry, and was born in Washington city, D. C., on February 16, 1840. He was literally born with the journalistic harness on Harvey M. Watterson, his father,

Mr. Watterson has personally known seventeen presidents of the United as one of the most distinguished jour- I States, and, fully conscious of the terri-



From the Chicago Times Herald. COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON.

By the Courtesv of H. H. Kohlsaat

ble ordeal the incumbency of the office signifies, he once said, in response to a suggestion that he might be one of them: "That I should ever become one of the number has never crossed my fancy nor my hope. If I should find myself giving entertainment to the idea I should begin to doubt my sanity, and the wish has been as far from me as the thought."

Mr. Watterson delivered a magnificent or a succession of terms.

In 1858, when I8 years of age, Mr.

Watterson was in New York writing for such papers of the school papers and Sallow Complexions if ladies will use my Superior Face Bleach. Not a cosmetic, but a medicine which acts directly on the skin, removing all discolorations, an one of the greatest purifying agents for the complexion in existence. A perfectly clear and so the thought."

Mr. Watterson delivered a magnificent or alto a the opening of the Columbian exposition in Chicago. No man ever arose more completely to the full height of a great occasion. Its washington as the immediate successor of James K.

Polk.

No more Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Blackheads, Liver Spots, Pimples and Sallow Complexions if ladies will use my Superior Face Bleach. Not a cosmetic, but a medicine which acts directly on the skin, removing all discolorations, an one of the greatest purifying agents for the complexion in existence. A perfectly clear and soptiles a complexion of the school paper, the Cicetant of the wish has been as far from me as the thought."

Mr. Watterson delivered a magnificent or a succession of terms.

In 1858, when 18 years of age, Mr.

Watterson was in New York writing for the complexion of the complexion in Chicago. No man ever arose more completely to the full height of a great occasion. such papers as Harper's Weekly and the Times, and attracted the favorable no-Times, and attracted the the craft as tice of such veterans of the craft as Raymond and Forney. The winter of 1859 he was in Washington regularly employed on the States, in association with such brilliant characters as Roger A Pryor and John P. Helss in editorial

made it the opportunity of elaborating, intensifying and enforcing the one con-trolling idea of his public life, and that idea was and is "union and fraternity one and inseparable, now and fraternity, one and inseparable, now and forever." Of late years Mr. Watterson has sought to relieve himself as much as possible from active and regular editorial work, and has taken to the lecture platform

The troublous times of 1861 drifted His first lecture was on the subject.
Mr. Watterson back to Tennessee. "The Oddities of Southern Life," de-



As Colonel Watterson Appears on the Lecture Platform.

where he became assistant editor of the Nashvile Banner. The federals, press-ing uncomfortably near Nashville in 1862, Mr. Watterson leaped into the saddle and joined his fortunes with those of the intrepid Forrest, the dauntless knight errant of the con-federacy, who knew a coward at sight and never allowed one to follow him an delphia, otherwise known as "Bull" McCarthy, who was up against Jack McCauliffe once or twice. An effort will be made to get McCauliffe here. and never allowed one to follow him an hour. Mr. Watterson followed him for months.

Steamship Lost.

Killed by a Pole.

Bedford, Pa., Jan. 12.George Bagley, an employe of the Western Union Telegraph company, was instantly killed today. Bagley and a few others were taking down an old pole, which got beyond their control, and in falling struck him- on the head.

tion before Christmas.

became assistant editor of the livered in 1877, followed later by "Money and Morals," and then "The Compromises of Life."

The lecture on "Abraham Lincoln." which Mr. Watterson is delivering the present season, is one of his most nota-ble productions, attracting, as it has, the most favorable as well as the most adverse criticism, according to the view point from which it is studied.

Decision Against the Pullmans. Steamship Lost.

Baltimore, Jan. 13.—The stag line steamship Laurestina. Captain Gavin, is now believed to have been lost, with all on board. She saitled from this port on Dec. 6 with a ful cargo of grain for Sligo, Ireland, and should have reached her destination before Christmas. Philadelphia, an. 13.—Judge Butler, in the United States circuit court, today af-firmed the report of the master in the suit of the Central Transportation com-pany against the Pullman Palace Car company. The Central Transportation company is awarded \$2,552,00 with eleven years' interest.

Colored Prescher's Sentence.

Somerville, N. J., Jan. 13.—Jacob 8.
Johnson, the colored preacher, who was convicted of the murder of Annie Rogers, a mulatto girl of Newark, was this morning sentenced to be hanged on March 11.
The prisoner showed little emotion.

[From the Elmira Gazette.]

Early in 1868 negotiations were con-summated whereby Mr. Watterson went to Louisville to assume editorial management of the old Louisville Journal, made illustrious by the genius of George D. Prentice. The first dis-tinctive line of policy laid out for the Courier-Journal by Mr. Watterson, af-ter his accession to complete control of the paper, was that of an entire and sincere reconcillation between the sec-Of Giving Up the Fight ... An Elmira Citizen's Last Resource Proves a Success. sincere reconciliation between the sections, a work in which he has zealously persevered to this day. In the fact of the most intense and intolerant Bourbon opposition in Kentucky he upheld the constitutional amendments as the country's treaty of peace, and insisted that they be accepted in good faith by the north and south alike. In open revolt against his own party in the south, Mr. Watterson, in collaboration with three other noted journalists, Horace White, Samuel Bowles and Murat Halstead, led the liberal movement that eventuated in the nomination of Greeley to the presidency in 1872.

In 1892 Mr. Watterson assumed some sincere reconciliation between the sec-

South Main street? He has been a business man and permanent resident of Elmira for over twenty years. A man whose statement cannot be dis-puted. Well, Mr. Bodder's case in a nutshell is—that he has been a sufferer from kidney disorders, but doesn't suf-fer any more. We will let him tell what has brought about the change. Here is how he spoke of his case to our representative: "I have never been well since the closing of the war, where, in the service of my country." I conwell since the closing of the war, where, in the service of my country, I contracted kidney and bladder disorders. The complaint has gradually been growing on me. I had sharp pains in the small of my back, just back of the hips, and when they left it was only to be followed by a dull, heavy pain which remained continually. I could lie in but one or two positions in bed or the pain would be almost unbearable. I was always very sore over the kidneys, and the urine emitted a strong odor. At times I felt existence a task. I tried this, that and the other thing, to no avail, and was on the ence a task. I tried this, that and the other thing, to no avail, and was on the verge of giving up entirely when I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. I thought as a last resort I would give them a trial; they were highly recommended, and I would use just this one more remedy. I began taking them, and I am very giad indeed to give my statement, that suffering humanity may receive the same benefit I have. A few receive the same benefit I have. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills satisfied me they were helping me. Now the pain is all gone, and I am entirely well— this, after years of sickness. My this, after years of sickness. My sleep at night is good and refreshing. I do not feel any more that tired feeling I used to on rising, all thanks due to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price 50

all dealers, 27:50. By mail on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for U. S.

EVA M. HETZEL'S Superior Face Bleach, Positively Removes All Facial Blemishes.



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tion do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected :-

Cough, one or two slight efforts on occurring during the day and frequently during the night. Short breathing after exertion.

Tightness of the chest. Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.

. Chilliness in the evening, followed by Slight fever. Perspiration toward morning and Pale face and langual in the morning. Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but Dr. Heker's English Remedy for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manu-factured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold





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Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many paterons that they will this year hold to their usual customs of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take mo risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

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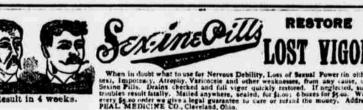
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