

GREAT ALTERATION SALE

COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1896

In order to make room for carpenters, bricklayers and painters we must sell large quantities of the finest stock of Dry Goods in the city. No old goods. Every article new and stylish.

SILKS AND DRESS GOODS ALL REDUCED

LOT 1

New line of attractive wool challies, Dresden and Persian effects, for12½c

LOT 2

For children's dresses larger assortment of neat, dark checks, all wool19c

LOT 3

For ladies' waists, house or street dresses, a great variety of extra choice suiting, reduced from 60 and 75 cents to39c

LOT 4

Your choice of all our very best fine novelty dress goods, worth from 75 cents to \$1.25, for59c

LOT 5

Our entire stock of extra fine dress robe at one-half price. No comment needed. This cut you will surely appreciate.

SILKS

Genuine Ki Ki wash silks27c
Strictly new line of China Taffetas, worth 65, for only...39c
China Taffetas, new selection of small Dresden figures, only47c
For waists or trimming, we make one price on all our fancy silks, great variety of shades and styles, were 75c and \$1.00; now only59c

Remnants of Silks and Dress Goods at Half Price

Linens

We recently purchased a manufacturer's line of odds and ends of

Fine Table Linens

Napkins, Towels, Crashes, etc. The great bargains we received we now offer to our customers.

We will guarantee to sell Linens cheaper than you ever bought them.

Come and examine ours.

You will be astonished at the low prices.

Prices on all Blankets and Comforts reduced!

Underwear and Hosiery Muslins and Sheetings

BROWN

Just Right (good)	4½c
Cameron D	5c
Greenwood A, heavy	5½c
Atlantic H	5½c
Black Rock, extra fine	5½c
Comet, extra heavy	6c
Atlantic A	6c
Jonesville	6c
Lockwood, 42-inch	8c
Lockwood, 6-4	11c
Lockwood, 8-4	14c
Lockwood, 9-4	16c
Lockwood, 10-4	18c
Utica, 5-4	10c
Utica, 6-4	12c
Utica, 8-4	15½c
Utica, 9-4	17½c
Utica, 10-4	19c
Lonsdale Cambric	9c

BLEACHED

Hill's, 4-4	7c
Lonsdale	7c
Pearless	7c
Masonville	7c
Dwight Anchor	7c
Fruit of Loom	7c
New York Mills	9½c
Wamsutta, XX	10½c
Pride of the West	10½c
Lockwood, 42-inch	8c
Lockwood, 45-inch	10c
Lockwood, 6-4	12c
Lockwood, 8-4	16c
Lockwood, 9-4	18c
Lockwood, 10-4	20c
Utica, 5-4	11c
Utica, 6-4	14c
Utica, 8-4	17½c
Utica, 9-4	19c
Utica, 10-4	21c

Genuine Indigo Blue Print.....50

Amoskeag or Lancaster Gingham.....50

Shaker Flannel.....40

And a large assortment of Outing Flannels, Flannellets, old-fashioned wide German Calicoes and Canton Flannels at remarkably low prices.

All Goods As Advertised

MEARS & HAGEN

415 LACKAWANNA AVENUE, SCRANTON.

After April 1 we will occupy a room twice the size of our present one.



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PART I.

The master of the Sarah Jane had been missing for two days, and all on board, with the exception of the boy, whom nobody troubled about, were full of joy at the circumstance. Twice before had the skipper, whose habits might, perhaps, be best described as irregular, missed his ship, and word had gone forth that the third time would be the last. His berth was a good one, and the mate wanted it in place of his own, which was wanted by Ted Jones, A. B.

"Two hours more," said the mate, anxiously, to the men as they stood leaning against the side, "and I take the ship out."

"Under two hours'll do it," said Ted, peering over the side and watching the water as it slowly rose over the mud. "What's got the old man, I wonder?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," said the mate. "You chase stay by me, and I'll be good for all of us. Mr. Pearson said distinctly the last time that if the skipper ever missed his ship again it would be his last trip in her, and he told me afore the old man that I wasn't to wait two minutes at any time, but to bring her out right away."

"He's an old fool," said Bill Loch, the other hand; "and nobody'll miss him but the boy, and he's been looking regular worried all the morning. He looked so worried at dinner time that I give 'im a kick to cheer him up a bit. Look at him now."

The mate gave a supercilious glance in the direction of the boy, and then turned away. The boy, who had no idea of courting observation, stowed

himself away behind the windlass, and taking a letter from his pocket, perused it for the fourth time.

"Dear Tommy," it began, "I take my pen in 'and to inform you that I'm staking here and can't get away for the reason that I lost my clothes at the last night. Don't my money, and everything besides. Don't speak to a living soul about it as the mate wants my birth, but pack up sum clothes and bring them to me without saying nothing to anybody. The mate close will do beco's I have got enny other sort, don't tell 'im. You needn't trouble about socks as I've got them left. My head is so bad I must now conclude. Your affectionate uncle and captain Joe Gross, P. S. Don't let the mate see you come, or else he won't let you go."

"Two hours more!" sighed Tommy, as he put the letter back in his pocket. "How can I get any clothes when they're all locked up? And aunt said I was to look after 'im and see he didn't get into no mischief."

He sat thinking deeply, and then as he saw the crew of the Sarah Jane stepped ashore to take advantage of a glass offered by the mate, he crept down to the cabin again for another desperate look around. The only articles of clothing visible belonged to Mrs. Gross, who, up to this trip, had been sailing in the schooner to look after its master. At these he gazed hard.

"I'll take 'em and try an' swap 'em for some men's clothes," said he, suddenly, snatching the garments from the pegs. "She wouldn't mind," and hastily rolling them in a parcel together with a pair of carpet slippers of the captain's, thrust the lot into an old biscuit bag. Then he shouldered his burden, and, going cautiously on deck, gained the shore, and set off at a trot to the address furnished in the letter.

It was a long way, and the bag was heavy. His first attempt to barter was alarming, for the pawnbroker, who had just been cautioned by the police, was in such a severe and uncomfortable state of morals that the boy hastily snatched up his bundle again and left. Sorely troubled, he walked hastily along, until in a small by-street his glance fell upon a baker of mild and benevolent aspect standing behind the counter of his shop.

"If you please, sir," said Tommy, entering and depositing his bag on the counter, "have you any cast-off clothes you don't want?"

The baker turned to a shelf, and, selecting a stale loaf, cut it in halves, one of which he placed before the boy.

"I don't want bread," said Tommy, desperately; "but mother has just died, and father wants mourning for the funeral. He's only got a new suit with him, and if he can't change these things of mother's for an old suit, he'll sell his best one to bury her with."

He shook the articles out on the

counter, and the baker's wife, who had just come into the shop, inspected them rather favorably.

"Poor boy, so you lost your mother?" she said, turning the clothes over. "It's a good skirt, Bill."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, dolefully.

"What did she die of?" inquired the baker.

"Scarlet fever," said Tommy, tearfully, mentioning the only disease he knew.

"Scar-- Take them things away!" yelled the baker, pushing the clothes on the floor and following his wife to the other end of the shop. "Take 'em away, directly, you young villain!"

His voice was so loud, his manner so imperative, that the startled boy, without stopping to argue, stuffed the clothes pell-mell into the bag again and departed. A farewell glance at the clock made him look almost as horrified as the baker.

"There's no time to be lost," he muttered, as he began to run. "Either the old man'll have to come in these, or else stay where he is."

He reached the house breathless, and paused before an unshaven man in



time-worn greasy clothes, who was smoking a short clay pipe with much enjoyment in front of the door.

"Is Captain Gross here?" he panted.

"He's upstairs," said the man, with a leer, "sitting in sackcloth and ashes-- more ashes than sackcloth. Have you got some clothes for him?"

"Look here," said Tommy. He was down on his knees with the mouth of the bag open again, quite in the style of the practiced hawk. "Give me an old suit of clothes for them. Hurry up! There's a lovely frock!"

"Blimey," said the man, staring. "I've only got these clothes. Wot d'yer take me for? A dook?"

"Well, get me some somewhere," said Tommy. "If you don't the cap'n'll have to come in these, and I'm sure he won't like it."

"I wonder what he'd look like," said the man, with a grin. "Hang me if I don't come up and see."

"Get me some clothes," pleaded Tommy.

"I wouldn't get you clothes, no, not for fifty pun," said the man, severely.

"Wot d'yer mean wanting to spoil people's pleasure in that way? Come on, come and tell cap'n what you've got for 'im; I want to 'ear what he sees. He's been swearing 'ard since ten o'clock this morning, but he ought to say something special over this."

He led the way up the bare wooden stairs, followed by the harassed boy, and entered a small, dirty room at the top, in the center of which the master

of the Sarah Jane sat to deny visitors. In a pair of socks and last week's paper.

"Here's a young gent come to bring you some clothes, cap'n," said the man, taking the sack from the boy.

"Why didn't you come before?" growled the captain who was reading the advertisements.

The man put his hand in the sack, and pulled out the clothes.

"What do you think of 'em?" he asked, expectantly.

The captain strove vainly to tell him, but his tongue mercifully forsook its office and dried between his lips. His brain rang with sentences of scorching inquiry, but they got no farther.

"Well, say thank you, if you can't say nothing else," suggested his tormentor, hopefully.

"I couldn't bring nothing else," said Tommy, hurriedly; "all the things was locked up. I triep to swap 'em and nearly got locked up for it. Put these on and hurry up."

The captain moistened his lips with his tongue.

"The mate 'll get off directly she floats," continued Tommy. "Put these on and spoil his little game. It's raining a little now. Nobody 'll see you, and as soon as you git aboard you can borrow some of the men's clothes."

"That's the ticket, cap'n," said the man. "Lord lumme, you'll 'ave everybody fallin' in love with you."

"I'm up," said Tommy, dancing with impatience. "Hurry up."

The skipper, dazed and wild-eyed, stood still while his two assistants hastily dressed him, bickering somewhat about details as they did so.

"He ought to be tight laced, I tell you," said the man.

"He can't be tight laced without stays," said Tommy, scornfully. "You ought to know that."

"Ho, can't he?" said the other, discomfited. "You know too much for a young'un. Well, put a bit of line round 'im, then."

"We can't wait for a line," said Tommy, who was standing on tiptoe to tie the skipper's bonnet on. "Now tie the scarf over his chin to hide his beard, and stitch this veil on. It's a good job he ain't got a moustache."

The other complied, and then felt back a pace or two to gaze at his handiwork.

"Strewth, though I see it as shouldn't, you look a treat," he remarked, complacently. "Now young'un, take hold of his arm. Go up the back streets, and if you see anybody looking at you, call him 'man.'"

The two set off after the man, who was a born realist, had tried to snatch a kiss from the skipper on the threshold. Fortunately for the success of the venture, it was peeling with rain, and though a few people gazed curiously at the couple as they went hastily along, they were unmolested, and gained the wharf in safety, arriving just in time to see the schooner shoving off from the side.

At the sight the skipper held up his skirts and ran.

"Ahoy!" he shouted. "Wait a minute."

The mate gave one look of blank astonishment at the extraordinary figure and then turned away, but at that moment the stern came within jumping distance of the wharf, and uncle and nephew, moved with one impulse, leaped for it and gained the deck in safety.

"Why didn't you wait when I hailed you?" demanded the skipper, fiercely.

"How was I to know it was you?" inquired the mate, surlily, as he realized his defeat. "I thought it was the empress of Russia."

The skipper stared at him dumbly.

"An' if you take my advice," said the mate, with a sneer, "you'll keep them things on. I never see you look as well in anything afore."

"I want to borrow some of your clothes, Bob," said the skipper, eyeing him steadily.

"Where's your own?" asked the other.

"I don't know," said the skipper. "I was took with a fit last night, Bob, and when I woke up this morning they were gone. Somebody must have took advantage of my helpless state and taken 'em."

"Very likely," said the mate, turning away to shout an order to the crew, who were busy setting sail.

"Where are they, old man?" inquired the skipper.

"How should I know?" asked the man, becoming interested in the men again.

"I mean your clothes," said the skipper, sharply. "Fetch 'em up."

"Oh! mine?" said the mate. "Well, as a matter of fact, I don't like lending my clothes. I'm rather pertickler. You might have a fit in them."

"You won't lend 'em to me?" asked the skipper.

"I mean your clothes," said the skipper, loudly, and frowning significantly at the crew, who were listening.

"Very good," said the skipper. "Ted, come here. Where's your other clothes?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Ted, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, and glancing at the mate for support, "but they ain't fit for the likes of you to wear, sir."

"I'm the best judge of that," said the skipper, sharply. "Fetch 'em up."

Ted, "I'm like the mate. I'm only a poor sailorman, but I wouldn't lend my clothes to the queen of England."

"You fetch them clothes," roared the skipper, snatching off his bonnet and flinging it on the deck. "Fetch 'em up at once. D'ye think I'm going about in these petticoats?"

"They're my clothes," muttered Ted, doggedly.

"Very well, then, I'll have Bill's," said the skipper. "But mind you, my lad, I'll make you pay for this afore I've done with you Bill's the only honest man aboard this ship. Gimme your hand, Bill, old man."

"I'm with them two," said Bill, gruffly, as he turned away.

The skipper, biting his lips with fury,

turned from one to the other, and then with a big oath walked forward. Before he could reach the fo'c'sle Bill and Ted dived down before him, and by the time he had descended sat on their chests side by side confronting him.

To threats and appeals alike they turned a deaf ear, and the frantic skipper was compelled at last to go on deck again, still encumbered with the hated skirts.

(To Be Concluded.)

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