## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1896.



For very misery I sobbed aloud. I no longer knew where I was; nor, had I known, had I the strength to return. Excitement had carried me far, but at last I felt the weakness of utter ex-haustion, and side last I felt the weakness of utter ex-haustion, and sick and aching craved only a hole in which to lie down and die. the favor of Anne of Austria, the queen regent. By an error in conving Prosper ror in stating the population of Paris to the council. Prosper is distincted with a beating. He is revited by the bishop's steward, whom he attacks in his race, and is pursued through the streets of Paris. As he is escaping, he overtakes another fugitive, who looks around in fear, and throws a bundle into Propser's atoms.

#### PART IL

It was done in a moment. Instinct-cely I caught the burden, and held it, but the impetus with which he had thrown it sent me reeling to the right, and the lane being narrow 1 fell against the wall before I could steady myself. As luck would have it, howstroyed me was my salvation. I hap-pened to hit the wall where a doorway broke it, the door, lightly latched, flew open under the impact, and I fell in-wards. I alighted, in darkness, on my hands and knees, heard a stiffed yelp as of a dog, and in a second, though I could see nothing, was up and had the door slosed behind me.

Then, and not till then. I listened panting and breathless, and heard the hunt go raving through the lane, and the noise die in the distance, until only the beating of my heart broke the close silence of the room in which I stood. When this had lasted a minute or two, I began to peer about and won-der where I was; and remembering the dog, moved stealthily to find the latch and escape. As I did so the bundle, to which through all I had clung. inoved in my arms.

I almost dropped it, and then held it from me with a swift movement of repulsion. It stirred again; it was warm. In an instant the truth flashed on me It was a child!

It was a child. Hot as I had been before, the sweat rose on me at the thought. For I saw again the man's face of livid terror, and guessed that he had stolen the child, and I feared the worst. He had taken the rabble hooting at my heels for the avengers of blood, and had been only too thankful to rid himself of the

damning fact and escape! And now I had it, and had as much, or more, to fear. For an instant the impulse to lay the parcel down, and glide out, and so be clear of it, was strong upon me. And that I think is what the ordinary man, however brave, would have done. But for one thing, I was desperate, I knew not, when outside, whither to go or where to save myself; and for another, my clerk's wits were already busy show-ing me how, with luck, I might use the occasion and avoid the risk, might discover the parents and, without suffer-ing for the theft, restore the child. Beyond that I saw a vista of pardon, employment and reward!

Suddenly the dog whined again, close to me, and that decided me. 1 had found the latch already, and now 1 warily drew the door open and in a moment 1 was in the lame, looking up and down. I saw nothing to alatim me; darkness had completely failen, no one was moving, the neighborhood neemed to be of the quietest, 1 made peemed to be of the quietest. I made up my mind to take the bold course. To return at all hazards to St. Antoine, eck my father-in-law at the gate of he Palais Royal-where he had the Sight turn-and throw the child and wyself on his protection, Without doubt it was the wisest course I could choose; and as in those, days the streets of Paris, even in the district of the Lenvre and Palais Roy-was:" he screamed "What a craven days the strengt of district of the Lonvre and Palais Roy-al, were ill-lighted, and a network of hanes and dark courts encroached on the most fachionable parts, and fa-the most fachionable parts, and fa-the most fachionable parts, and fa-the most fachionable parts and faching faching factors and faching factors and fa when I might stand out in the lighted lodge and exhibit my rags. But my evil star was above the horizon. 1 evil star was above the horizon. I had scarcely reached the end of the lane, and was still hesitating there, uncertain which way to turn for the shortest course, when a babel of voices broke on my car, lights swept around a distant corner, and I found myself threatened with a new danger. I did not wait to consider whether this band, with their torches and weapons, had aught to do with me-my nerves were shaken, the streets of Paris were full of terrors, every corner had a gallow's for me-but I turned and, fleeing back the way I had come, made a hurried ef-fort to find the house which had shel-tered me. Failing, in one or two trials, and seeing that the lights were really coming that way, and that in a mo-ment I must be discovered, I sprang across the lane and dived into the alley by which the child-stealer had van-Ished. I had not taken ten steps before something, unseen in the darkness, tripfrom my arms and I fell sprawling in the mud. In the fall my burden rolled from my arms and was instantly smatched up by a dark figure, which, rising as if by magic beside me, was gone into the gloom almost as quickly I got up limping and flung a curse after both; but the lights already shone on the month of the alley, and I had no ime to lose if I would not be detected. I set off running down the passage, turned to the left at the end, and along a lane, thence into another lane and a wider road; nor did I stop until I had left all signs and sounds of pursuit be hind me. The place in which I came to a stand at last was a piece of waste land, ap-parently in the suburbs of the city, High up on the left I could discern a light or two, piercing the gloom of the sky, and knew that they shone from the windmills of Montmartre. In every other direction lay darkness; desala-tion swept by the night wind; silence broken only by the dismal howling of far-off watch dogs. I might have been ten miles from Paris.

his grief and despair this morning. He had indeed played for a great stake and risked torture and the wheel, and lost I looked at him with new eyes, and sort of wonder; and had scarcely time to compose my face when, the paroxysm of his fury past, he rose and, look-ing at me askance, to see how I took his grovellings, asked me sullenly whither I was going. "To monseigneur's," I said cunningly. Had I answered "To the Palais Royal."

he would have suspected me. "To be beaten again?" he sneered. I said nothing to that, but asked him

"God knows!" he said. When we went out, however, he ac-companied me; and we slunk silently, like the pair of night birds we were.

through lanes and alleys until we were fairly in town again. By that time the sun was up and the market people were beginning to enter the city. Here and there I found curious eyes on me: and thinking of the company I was in, I trembled, and wondered that the alarm was not abroad and the bells proclaim-

ing us from every tower. 1 was more than content, therefore, when my com-panion halted before a small, mean door in a blind wall, over against an-

other small, mean door in a like wall. "Do you stay here?" I said. He swore churlishly. "What is that to you?" he said, looking up and down. and discovered that it was a shed, and entering with my hands extended felt the hay under my feet. With a sob of thankfulness I sank down upon it, but, instead of the soft couch I ex-pected, fell on the angular body of a man who with a suvage curse fung me "Go your way, idiot."

pected, fell on the angular body of a man who with a savage curse flung me off. This at another time would have This at another time would have tunred to find him at my elbow, his face pale but his eyes burning and his whole

scared me to death, but I was so far gone in wretchedness that I felt no demeanor changed. "Stay!" he crid, panting, and seizing me by the breast of my shirt. The man fear and little surprise. I rolled away without a word, and curling myself up at a distance of a few feet from my felow lodger, fell in a minute fast asleep. who tripped you up, fellow-you did When I awoke daylight, though the not see him?"

"It was dark," I answered, curtly, "I sun was not up, was beginning to creep into the shed. I turned: every bone I had ached: I remembered yesterday's "But had ha..." ha resend. "you "But had he-" he gasped, "you heard him run away-was he lame?" doings, and groaned. Presently the hay beside me rustled, and ever the

I could not repress an exclamation. "Par Dieu!" I said. "Yes, I had for-gotten that. He was, I remember I heard his feet go cluck-clack, cluck-clack as he ran." His face became burning red and he staggered. If ever man was near dy-ing from blood in the head, it was that man! But in a moment he drew a long

breath, and got the better of it, nodded to me, and turned away. I marked, however, for I stood a moment, watch-ing, that he did not go back to the door at which I had left him; but after looking tound once and espying me, took a lane on the right and disap-

# To be continued. RAILROAD NOTES.

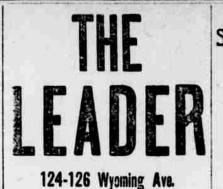
There is a movement afoot to organize a Railroad Young Men's Christian association at Carbondale.

Locomotive No. 2106, of the Pennsylvania road, in passenger service be-tween Renovo and Harrisburg via Wil-

The extension of time for the equipment of freight cars with safety appliances has expired. The executive com-mittee of the Master Car Builders' association has decided that a loaded car which does not conform to the acquire-ments of the law may be delivered to a connection and forwarded to its des-tination but after relieved of its load must be rebuilt to conform to the law.

"There was an indignant bicycle agent in the city station of the Dela-

"Not from Adam. It was dark," 1 aid



Are receiving goods daily. A very attractive line of Spring Fabrics now on display. We offer for Monday and the balance of the week:

> 75 pieces of wool dress goods in spring Leader's Price, 23c

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600 yards of best American dress ging-hams, in short lengths containing from 8 to 12 yards, worth, loc., Leader's Price, 5c a yard

65 pieces of dress ginghams, fine quali-ty in checks, plaids and stripes, Leader's Price, 7c 0 pieces of printed dimities good qual-

Leader's Price, 5c

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29 pleces of French sateens in very effective prints, real value, 25c., Leader's Price, 15c One lot of ladies' muslin gowns, Mother Hubbard yoke, embroidery

trimmed. Leader's Price, 49c Ladies' Jersey ribbed vests, high neck,

long sleeves, regular price, 2 Leader's Price, 17c

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ted fringe, Leader's Price, 20c a pair PILSENER bleached muslin, regular price, sc., Lcader's Price, 5c

dress goods worth 125c.

Leader's Price, Sc 15 pieces of good quality silicia for lining, the 15c, quality,

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Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many path rons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of miling 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 no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

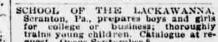


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For sale by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, cor. Wyoming Avenue and





Schools.



UTTERING AN OATH OF RAGE.

houlder of the mass against which should of the fine mais against and per-ing at me. I felt a thrill of fear, and stared back, spell bound: I had not yet broken with every habit of suspicion nor could in a moment recollect that I

nor could in a moment recollect that 1 had nothing but rags to lose. In silence which neither again broke by so much as a moment we waited gazing; while the light in the mean hovel grew and grew, and minute by minute brought out more closely the others Seatures. At length I knew him, and almost at the same moment he recognized me and uttering an eath of rage, rose up as if to spring at my threat. But either be-

cause I did not recoll-being too deep-set in the hay to move-or for some other reason, he only shook his clawi we fingers at me, and held off. "Where is it, you dog"" he cried, finding his voice with an effort. "Speak, or I will suddenly the dog whined again, have your throat slit. Speak, do you have your throat slit. Speak, do you have you done with it?"

peared.

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he would fairly fall upon me; but he only choked and swore, and then stood scowling, the picture of despair, un-til, some new thought pricking him, he afresh: "Oh, mon Dieu, what a fool I was!" he sceamed: "What a craven I was! I had a fortune in my hands, in "So had I. vesterday morning," I said. "You are in no worse case than others." "Yesterday morning?" he exclaimed.

"No. last night. Then, if you like, you had. But yesterday morning? For-tune and you, sparecrow! Go hang yourself! He looked gloomily at me for a mo

ment with his arms crossed on his chest and his face darkly set Then, "Who are you?" he asked curtly. I told him. When he learned that the



"STAY!" HE CRIED, PANTING.

that had alarmed him had in fact been pursuing me, so that his fright had ben groundless, he broke into fresh execrations, and those so

in the gutter. But if I had won—if I had won, man—" secretary was instructed to bring in Mr. Smith's bill at the next meeting. They will meet again at the call of the committee. The ditch under the sidewalk along the Johnson colliery has become blocked and the street is a mixture of multand water at this point. The Red Men of this place are mak-ing preparations to give a grand en-tertainment on the evening of March 25th.

Crushed under his leather girdle was a little cape, or a garment of that kind, of velvet, so lustrous that it shone

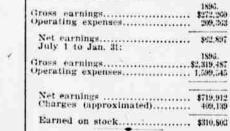
France in my arms! I no longer found it hard to under-borough. One is needed badly at the corner of Main street and Snyder ave-

stand the man's terror of yesterday, or nue,

of 150 pounds is transported with each ticket, but this agent had to pay for said. In his disappointment and rage, at receiving this answer. I thought that that is his sample and should be carried the same as socks or shirts or any other the some as socks or shirts of any other samples of traveling men. He argued that if he should pack his bleycle bag full of clothing or some other kind of samples, there would be no excess bag-gage charge. This is a question the railroads may be called upon to settle."

Not many people are aware of the difficulty encountered in making a perfect chime whistle for a locomotive. The Columbus Dispatch described the method of making such whistles at the Pauhandle shops as follows: To make one of the whistles if requires iwenty-one separate castings. The most difficult one to make properly is the bell, or whistle part of it. It is twelve inches in height and divided into three chambers with partitions between each 3-22 of an inch in thickness. To make one

The Ontario and Western reports for the month of January:



PRICEBURG. The citizens' meeting held on last

Friday evening owing to the inclem-ency of the weather, was rather slimly attended. The report of the committee appointed to confer with the officials of the Providence Gas and Water company was received as read, and the committee was discharged. The report was that at present the Providence Cas and Water company could do nothing for us. On the suggestions of William for us. On the suggestions of William J. Williams and Thomas Peach, the chairman appointed as a committee Messrs, Thomas Peach, William J. Williams. Ed Reynolds, William S. J. Mil-liams. Ed Reynolds, William S. Thomas and John Elderkin to confer with the people of Throop horough, to see if, together, they could not surchase one of the lakes situated on the side of the M.

toad. Nor a only: before he rolled over and hid it, I spied embroidered on one corner of the velvet a stiff gold crown! I barely repressed a cry. Cold, damp, aching, I felt the heat run through me like wine A crown? A little aurola

4. 25. C. RANCK, 15 WYOMING AVE. Telephone 422 Architects.

EDWARD H. DAVIS, ARCHITECT, Rooms 34, 25 and 25, Commonwealth Rooms 34, 25 and 2 building, Scranton.

E. L. WALTER, ARCHITECT, OFFICE rear of 600 Washington avenue. LEWIS HANCOCK, JR., ARCHITECT, 45 Spruce st., cor. Wash, ave., Scranton, BROWN & MORRIS, ARCHITECTS, Price building, 125 Washington avenue, Scranton.

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European plan. VICTOR European plan. VICTOR WESTMINSTER HOTEL, Cor. Sixteenth St. and Irving Place. New York. Rates, \$3.50 per day and upwards. (Ameri-can plan). E. N. ANABLE, Proprietor.

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#### Miscellaneous.

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