RE-OPENING Monday, April 20

THE FAIR

RE-OPENING Monday, April 20

400 AND 402 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

THE FAIR, Which, on Account of Extensive Alterations, Has Been Closed for the Last Two Months. Has RE-OPENED and Will, on

MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1896,

Place on Sale an Entire New Stock of

Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Notions, Infants' Wear, Capes, Suits, Jackets, Wrappers and House Furnishing Goods

OUR WELL - KNOWN

Below We Mention a Few of the Many Specials for Monday:

bales Heavy pard-wide Un-33/40

case Fancy Outing Flannel, worth yard Only Dimities, worth 11c. 63/40

case Fancy Dress Prints, worth

Hundreds of other bargains in this de-

DCION	* *		71	10
1 case Cashmeres worth 19c, yard.	only	e wid	th,	10c
20 pieces Cashmere wool, worth 50c.	40-inch a yard.	wide, Only.	all	35c
89 pieces Fancy width, worth 15c.	Plaids, Only	dou	ble	90
18 pieces Fancy Pla worth 89c, Only	ids, 36-ir	ich wi	de,	25c
100 doz. all Linen 12½c, each, Only	Towels	, wor	th,	8c
6 doz. White Bed	Spread	s, wo	rth	69c
10 doz. Lace Curtai worth \$1.69. Only	ns, 3½ ya	rds lo	ng. 9	1.00
60 doz. Turkish To	wels, w	orth 1	āc.	0-

Į	doll a rew	UI
	50 doz. Ladies' Shirt Waists, Indigo Blue and Black, worth 50c. each Only	29c
	42 doz. Ladies' Laundried Shirt Waists, worth 75c. each. Only	40c
	36 doz. Ladies' Laundried Shirt Waists, worth \$1.00 each. Only	70c
	100 doz. Boys' Waists, extra good, all sizes, worth 49c. Only	250
	75 doz. Ladies' Black Sateen Skirts, worth 89c. Only	50c
	46 doz. Ladies' Skirts, Fancy Stripes, worth 75c. Only	39c
	500 doz. Children's Dresses, sizes 4 to 14 years.	, ,
	From 25c to \$2.98	Lach

Only
150 Ladies' Mohair Skirts, worth \$1.0
90 Ladies' All Wool Black and Navy 20 8 Skirts, worth #4.50. Only
6 doz. Ladies' Fancy Silk Waists, \$3.1
250 Ladies' and Misses' Jackets in all colors, worth \$5.00 to \$7.50. To \$2.50 close out
Children's Reefers, All Colors.
\$1.50 Quality, Only\$.9

2.50 Quality, Only.

125 Ladies' and Misses' Velvet \$2.76 Capes, worth \$4.50. Only 65 Ladies' Silk Capes, worth \$5.75.

	-
1,000 doz. Gent's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, extra good 50c. qual- ity. Only	40c
50 doz. Gent's Ties, worth 50c.	40c
00 doz. Gent's Ties, worth 25c.	200
18 doz. Gent's Outing Shirts, worth 49c. Only	390
1 case Gent's Fancy Laundried Shirts, 75c. quality, Only	50c
1 case Gent's Seamless one-half hose, worth 12%c. Monday four pairs for	250
Great Bargains in the Following Go	odst

Ribbons, Laces, Embreideries, Notions, Infants' Wear, Boys' Clothing,

12 styles Ladies' Musin Night Gowns, worth \$1.25, to \$1.50. Spe- cial, Only	61:00
2 cases H. & H. Corsets, 75c. qual-	59e
100 doz, Ladies' Foster Hook Kid Gloves, all colors, worth \$1. Only	750
90 doz, Ladies' Kid Gloves, Pearl Buttons and 7-Hook, worth \$1.50 and \$1.75. Only	S1.00
1,000 dos. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, worth 5c, Only	2:0
40 doz, Ladies' Embroidered Hand- kerchief, worth 25c, Only	19c
2 cases Children's Hose, Fast black and Seamless, worth 12½c. Only	0.
250 doz, Ladies' Black Silk Gloves and Mitts, worth 25c, Only	1250

THE COST OF HIS HEAD

By MRS. ALEXANDER. Author of "The Wooing O't."

Copyright, 1896, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bachelles

Colonel-Capel, an English officer, sent to take command in the Cork district of Ireland during the troublesome times of the first decade of the century, arranges to stop on his way from Dublin and visit Mr. John Digby and his daughter, Grace, at Athgarven. He is specially charged to secure one Valentine Costello, a young Irishman, educated in France, who is active in behalf of the Fenians, Capel arrives at Athgarven and finds Grace and her friend. Nelly O'Grady. As Grace, who seems agitated about something, is receiving him, the arrival of Mme, de Suresne, Grace's former governess, is announced, who has come on a visit. Capel is deeply interested in Grace, whom he met at Bath, but he notices the rather strange appearance of Mme de Suresne, who is dressed in old-fashioned garb, with long mitts, a lace handkerchief over her hair, and bive spectacles. At dinner the party discusses young Costello's case, for whose head a reward has been offered. Shortly after Mme, de Suresne slips in the hall, sprains her ankie, and is carried upstairs by the servants. The sprain proves to be a bad one, and Grace and Nelly take turns at reading to the invalid. Meanwhile Capel tries to bring matters to a head with Grace, who evades him. SYNOPSIS

PART III. The next few days made themselves ings-wings of diaphanous delight. There was the cheery breakfast, the report of the invalid upstairs, always listened to with interest—some gossip about the "boys," as the disaffected about the "hoys," as the disaffected peasantry were generally termed, contributed by Delany, who was a pessimist and an intense aristocrat—then the plans for the day were discussed, and the division of labor, if attending to Mms. de Suresne could be so called, mapped out. Ellen O'Grady reserving herself for the afternoon in order to leave Grace free to ride or walk with her father and Capel. The latter had by this time surmounted his shyness and self-distrust, and longed feverish and self-distrust, and longed feverish-ly for the chance of a tete-a-tete when he could avow his love and hopes to his fascinating hostess. Sometimes he was made miserable by the dexterity with which Grace evaded the various traps he laid for her, and the dreadful thought occurred to him: "Does she love some other fellow, and therefore shrinks from the pain of refusing me

Westes wenders in curing torturing, disfiguring diseases of the skin, scale, and blood, and esstally beby humours.

phrase, some melting glance, would add so steadily in his heart.

He had a curious unreasonable con-viction that Nelly O'Grady did not like him. Little flashes of impatience in her speech, a touch of bitterness here and there in the turn of her phrases, struck the colonel's far from easily aroused suspicions. But though a large minded and generous man, he was keenly observant, and determined to make himself as agreeable as possible to the pretty little Hibernian.

Colonel Capel, after a saunter to the stables and some talk with the old coachman, generally wrote letters in an apartment called by courtesy "the

library," and here Miss O'Grady gener-ally sat at work. She was an adept at lace making and other fanciful fabri "I suppose that Miss Digby is at her usual Good Samaritan task of reading aloud to the sufferer upstairs," said one soft showery morning.

termed by Irish agriculturists "fine growing weather." "Oh, I suppose she is. But why a sprained ankle should injure the eyeight, I do not understand," returned

"Nor I. However, at madame's age it is natural enough that she should like to spare her eyes." "Ah, yes, I forgot."

"At all events, Miss Digby is most faithful in performing her self-imposed duties. "Yes, indeed, she is!" cried Nelly, looking up with a gleam of uneasy light in her dark quick eyes. "Then she is kindness itself," added

"Anyway to women," returned Nelly.
"What! can she be cruel to that portion of the human race, which is chiefly devoted to her?"
"Well, you see, she was vexed with one of them, and so she's ready to pun-ish the whole lot."

"That is unfair," said Capel, while he thought, "this is dangerous. It is hateful to suspect that anyone has been before me."
"And then," returned Nelly, "Grace is tremendously patriotic. She thinks English men are cold and selfish!"
"Cold." Great heavens!" exceptioned

"Cold! Great heavens!" exclaimed Capel; "we do not deserve such a sen-tence. I am sure, Miss O'Grady, you have too much penetration to believe

Well, I am not sure. I have never been in England. Now, Grace has been there a good deal. She was a whole year at Miss Monitor's school at Chester, where they taught her to step in and out of a carriage in elegant style. It would make you die laugh-ing to hear Grace take off Miss Monitor lecturing the young ladies; and then they learned all about the heathen gods and goddesses, and a very bad set they seem to have been."
"But I thought that Miss Digby had been brought up by this old French lady?" said Capel, taking a fresh sheet

"Yes, of course she was," impatiently.

"She went to finish at Chester.
No one but an Englishman would have you to come."

"That remains to be seen," said "Yes, of course she was," impatient-"Come, Miss O'Grady, do not be so hard on us thick-brained Saxons," said Capel. Good humoredly. "Perhaps a clong residence in this country, might sharpen our wits."

"That remains to be seen," said Capel.
"Hallo, Mr. Jefferies!" said Digby, coming in quickly; "so you are after Daly's farm again. I tell you you need a lot more evidence to make matters

It would take long time," laughing saucily.
"Where's the masther?" asked De-lany, putting in his head, with a source than usual on his wizened face "I don't know," returned Nelly; "Faith, Jefferies, the Yankee, no less, It's about ould Daly's farm, I'm



"AND YOUR BUSINESS?" SAID

thinking he's nothing but a land grabber, bad 'cess to him, if it's after the "I fancy my uncle has gone down

to the farm. Anyhow, I'll go away, I don't fancy the man. Don't put him in here, Delany. It will disturb the "Pray don't think of me. I have just

finished my letters."
"Thank you, surr. If I lave the black-avised crature in the hall, some of the boys will be putting the come ther on him." Miss O'Grady gathered up her work

and departed, and the next moment a small slight man, with keen black eyes, neatly and well dressed in a dark green riding suit and top boots, a whip in his hand and with almost, but not quite, the air of a gentleman, was ushered into the room.

"Your servant, sir," he said, in a peuliar voice, neither Irish nor English. "You are Mr. Jefferies," said Capel, rising and confronting him. "You are generally to be heard of-"At the 'Black Bull.' Clonmell." put

"Exactly, I have a note for you:" and Capel drew forth the note Lane had given him. Jefferies read it quickly. "All right," he said; "I have been expecting this, Not seeing or hearing from you, I came ere to see you."
"And your business?" said Capel.

sharply, not liking the looks of the "You will, I believe, be summoned to your command a little sooner than you expect," returned Jefferies, readily, "and I wish to warn you that there is no use in looking for the robel, Costello, in these parts. I have sure word that he is in hiding up in Clengarrif, which is all the better, for not being among his own people the boys will not be so ready to risk life and limb to screen

"If that's the case, I wonder he does not find some fishing boat to take him to sea. I suppose he is in communica-tion with France?"
"No doubt, sir. Where will you be putting up in Cork, sir?"

"At the Crown and Scepter hotel.

How the deuce do you know that I am likely to be summoned sooner that the

clear to me. Now, it eon time—you go and have some dinner—and I'll talk to you after." He rang. Delaney immediately appeared, and receiving his master's orders jerked his thumb over his shoulder, creaking out: "This way, Mr. Jefferies."

This way, Mr. Jeneries.

This unexpected visit was a godsend to Capel, for at luncheon Mr. Digby excused himself from joining the guest and daughter in the afternoon ride.

"I'll have to look into this fellow's claims on one of the farms close by. He seems to think that as a magistrate I can do something for him. He claims to be the grandson of the elder brother of the present owner, who left this country for his country's good fifty

years ago,"
"Pray do not mention it. If Miss
Digby will be my guide—"
"You'll excuse her father," put in

Digby, good-naturedly.
Capel thought he had never seen
Grace look more charming than when
she reappeared "en amason," her graceful, supple figure displayed in the close-Capel's heart beat high. The spirit of the spring, that time of love and renewed life, poured its magic through his being. "This is a day I shall never forget!" he broke out, after a silence of some direction."

some duration; "and yet it may be a fa-"How so, Col. Capel? Do not be down-"As you tell me that, I accept it for a

"If wishing you well can bring you success, you will have it—only—"
"Only what?"

"I do not want you to catch poor Val Cestelle. "But Miss Digby, an unreasoning man of his kind, who leads the igno-rant and misguided to bloodshed and misery deserves to be punished. It is want of thought, of conscientiousness, that makes your country what it is,"
"Well, God knows it is miserable
enough. I feel more unhappy than you I feel more unhappy than you can imagine: and what can I do?"
"Leave it," said Capel, emphatically.
"Your heart is too tender to endure the

Heve."
"And yet I can at times forget there is such a thing as sorrow in the world, and feel as if life were all song and laughter. Today I am rather miserable, though madams is better (she limped about her room wonderfully well today). I hope she will come downstains the day after tomorrow." "I hope she will, if you desire it. She ought to be well after the kind care of

sight of wretchedness you cannot re-

such a nurse,"
These words brought them to the chief entrance of Athgarvan, and they descried in front of them a man in uni-form, mounted on a stout, serviceable horse. The rider drew up at the lodge, and was speaking to the lodge keeper when Capel pressed his horse into the center and drew up beside him. 'Dispatches for Col. Capel?" he

"Yes, sir," said the man, saluting, and taking a thick letter from a pounch at his side. Capel tore it open, and glanced at the contents. By this time Grace had come up. "Nothing wrong, I hope!" she ex-"For me, yes. I am summoned to

see my predecessor, who is ill. I must leave you tomorrow." 'I am indeed sorry," she said. But Capel, who was in deep thought, did not seem to hear her.
"How far have you come today?" she asked of the trooper, who looked

hot and tired. "From Cork, my lady." "What, all that way! Follow us into the house and you shall have some food—you must need it." "Thank you," said Capel, rousing imself. "I dare say he needs both food and drink."

They rode on, and as soon as the old butler appeared Grace told him to look after the soldier. Grace and her cavaller entered it.

"I will leave you to read your o patch," she said; "but first let me make a suggestion which you will of course reject unless it suits you." Certainly, Miss Digby, and after

will you hear me?" "Oh, yes, of course. It struck me that as Mme. de Suresne has heard that the Calliope, the corvette that takes the government dispatches to Bristol, is in Cork harbor just now, it would be very kind of you to give her a seat in your chaise. You could set her down at Mille. Delplanques, who would let Commander Seton (an acquaintance of madame's) know she was there, and he will give her a passage across. Her

son is ill at Bath."
"With the greatest pleasure," inter rupted Copel, eager to get his innings.
"I shall take good care of her; indeed,
do all I can for anyone in whom you take an interest. Now pray hear me. I must speak the words which have been at my lips a dozen times. You must know, you must feel, that I love you with all my soul, with all my strength! I do not know if I have the faintest chance of success with you.

faintest chance of success with you. I cannot tell if you will think me presumptuous. But—I hardly dare face the possibility of your 'no.' Life without you seems to me unbearable."

"Ah, Col. Capel, you exaggerate your own impressions," said Grace, in low tones, flushing, and then growing white. "I thought you liked us all, but not like this. Indeed, I fear I am not suited to you; there are things in me that you would not like —I—ah—do that you would not like - I -ah-do not ask me to marry you. I cannot. Indeed, I cannot," and she burst into

tears.
"You have a previous attachment, or engagement," cried Capel, walking to and fro, "Forgive me if I am rude, but I am utterly unhinged. I should not question you. I-Grace, do no weep, or if you do let it be in my arms. I-tirace, do no and he drew her to him. "Some in stinct tells me that you are not quite averse to me," and as she yielded to his close embrace he exclaimed: is some infernal mystery under this.
Trust me, my darling, my life is yours."
"You are too good," she returned,
drawing gently from him, "and I am
very foolish. I do not want to love anyone. Love seems to make people miserable."

"No, no, love, if reciprocated, must be Heaven. Grace, will you always re-ject me?" Grace hesitated, clasped and unclasped her hands, looking di



'NOTHING WRONG, I HOPE?" SHE EXCLAIMED.

inely sweet, and slightly mischievous "If you care to give me time, and take time yourself, ask if I have made up my mind when—oh—when you have deposited Mme. de Suresne with her compatriot in Cork." "I breathe again. A thousand thanks, my love, my queen. I will dare

"But not too much. I scarce dare to hope myself," exclaimed Grace, and gathering up her habit she fied swiftly away. (To Be Continued.)

MEDAL



2,000,000 BARRELS

Made and Sold in Six Months, ending March 1, 1896, Total Product of

The A Mill Alone produced 1,000,000 Barrels, Largest Run on Record.

Washburn, Crosby's Superlative is sold everywhere from the Pacific Coast to St. John's, New Foundland, and in England, Ireland and Scotland very largely, and is recognized as the best flour in the

MEGARGEL & CONNELL

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

THE DICKSON MANUFACTURING CO Locomotives, Stationary Engines, Boilers, General Office: SCRANTON, PA.

DUPONT'S MINING, BLASTING AND SPORTING

HENRY BELIN, Jr. General Agent for the Wyoming District. 118 WYOMING AVENUE, Scranton, Pa. Third National Bank Building.

AGENCIES:

Asparagus

Green and Wax Beans Cucumbers, Radis hes

Lettuce, Cauliflower Ripe Tomatoes, Etc.

ROOF TINNING AND SOLDERING.

All done away with by the use of Harry MAN'S PATENT PAINT, which consists of ingredients well-known to all. It can be applied to tin, galvanized tin, sheet from roofs, also to brick dwellings, whoch will prevent absolutely any crumbling, cf.egk. ing or breaking of the brick. It will outsilest finning of any kind by many years, and its cost does not exceed one-first that of the cost of tinning. Is sold by the joor pound. Contracts taken by ANTONIC-HARTMANN, SI Birtin and