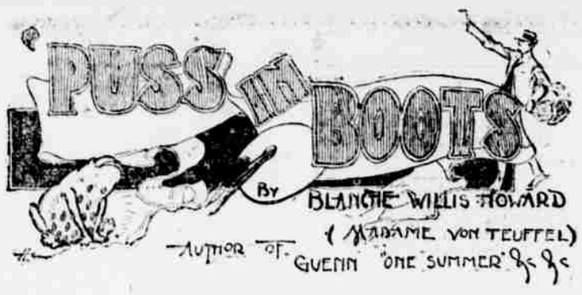

PART I.

The two young men were weary and footsore and the road was steep. The pale one dropped under a tree and closed his eyes.

"It's no use, Florio. You'd better give it up."

"Idiot!" returned the other, a big blonde fellow with a soft voice—sat down, hugged his knees and scowled. Presently he exclaimed:

"Chardo! You're not going to play me the shabby trick of fainting again!"

"Not if I can help it," Richard replied feebly.

"Well, mind what you're about! Wait."

Running down the bank he wet his handkerchief in a bit of brook trickling between vineyards and bathed his friend's face.

"It costs nothing which is one for us, but, alas," he muttered ruefully, "it is not filling. Don't faint, little one!"

"I'm all right."

"You look it. Never mind. You'll look better soon. Just you wait till your stomach's full of roast capon and Burgundy."

Richard smiled in languid irony.

"See! The very thought is illuminating. If you'd only grin a little oftener, and drop that bad habit of going about with your Sorrows-of-Werther, starved graybeard expression, this copartnership would make a better impression on the public."

Richard propped himself on one elbow.

"My dear old boy, I want to speak to you. I'm quite played out, you see, and—"

"Not a bit of it!"

"Worse still, I'm ruining you."

"Don't drivel, little one."

"Alone you'd get along all right, even now that you've wasted all that you had on me, and I've made up my mind once for all—"

"Oh, have you! You tell me about that later, will you? I can't stop just now. Richardo mio, we stand upon the threshold of our enterprise!"

"Don't swagger. Listen Florio."

"I'll be——if I will. You are starving. Has a starving man sense? You

"I'LL BE BACK SOON. DON'T FAINT, LITTLE ONE!"

have been eleven weeks in a hospital. Does that tend to cheerful and sane views of life? What were you at before, when I found you? Gluttonizing on black coffee, while you did nasty little jobs for that confounded illustrated paper and tried to scrape enough together to paint your picture, until you broke down, flat—black coffee being proverbially not filling. Now don't lie there in a ditch and get maudlin. Just answer me this. Suppose you have bread and beer and a room and your canvas and traps, are you or are you not man enough to paint your picture?"

The painter's soul leaped in his eyes.

"Well, you are willing to paint it, my boy! So what's the use of whining? But first, we've got to eat. I've talked enough. Now I'm going to gird up my loins and storm the town."

"As we've stormed the others," Richard said bitterly.

"Not at all. Quite otherwise. This town will be squeezed." He opened and closed his hands significantly. "We've been, up to this present, too virtuous. Virtue is not filling. Nor does it make for respectability. Look at our clothes. I shall now take to the road. 'Put money in thy purse.'"

"I've no conception what you mean, Florio," the other returned wearily.

"Nor I. That is, I have created the gigantic outlines, but not yet the fine details. I advise you to pull your hat over your eyes and take a nap. It will cost us nothing. Anyhow, don't worry. Things are going to be all right. I'll be back soon. Don't faint, little one! Mind, no nonsense."

"Florio, have you one single penny?"

"Not I! If I had a penny, pray where would be the genius in getting some bread?"

Richard sighed and covered his face; too disheartened to hope, too hungry to sleep, he lay motionless and miserable by the roadside, while Florio tramped up hill with a spirited effect at the start, but soon with lagging feet and a perplexed countenance.

"Oh, Lord," he groaned, "whet my wits, or I cannot keep Chardo's soul and body together, and when you are driven into a corner it's no use splitting hairs. I told them the truth," he reflected resentfully, "and nobody believed or cared. Old fools that pretend to know everything beforehand, and are always sighting and scenting something rotten! Dolts that imagine themselves shrewd because they invite disappointment and fatten on suspicion! I tell them honestly who my father was and what I know and can do and want, and what sort of fellow Richard is, and what a heroic fight he has made. The sleek ones with full bellies smile. It sounds rather improbable, they say. The art-professors are very sorry. Of course, in their position, and so on and so forth, they have a good many such applications. Besides—didn't I want to punch that smirk!—if a man has genuine talent he is sure to make his mark somehow sooner or later. Then out stalks my lord Richard, as haughty as a hidalgo with a patch in his trousers. The commercial nabobs make still shorter work of me, and no newspaper needs a stevedore about my size.

"Improbable? Of course it is improbable. The truth mostly is, deuce take it! I don't know as I'd believe it myself, if my stomach would sit down and be mannerly. All the same two young felows of fair education with no crimes on their conscience, no disgrace in their families, and through no fault of their own, are nearly famishing on the outskirts of this rich town this day.

"Well, town, if truth is too good for you, I'll give you some ornamental lying. Richard's got to have three square meals a day, which means color in his face, flesh on his bones, and the old spirit in his heart. For this I'll dig. I'll beg. I'll—well, I do draw the line at stealing. But I'll treat you to all the impudence and sacosyocus you can swallow, and take without prejudice whatever the Lord sends in my way."

A carriage was slowly passing the cross-road on the brow of the hill where he stopped an instant. The chubby hand of a child seated by the coachman negligently dangled a large Bretzel. The vagabond at the horses heads lifted his hands to his mouth and suddenly uttered a prolonged and terrific yell, which by straining a point might be considered a Jobel, but rather resembled the howl of a demon in anguish. The horses started, the child screamed, swayed and dropped the Bretzel, three women simultaneously comforted the victim, expostulated with the miscreant, and gave orders to the irate coachman who threatened with his long whip.

But these futile demonstrations receded with the brisk trot of the startled horses, and Florio in gleeful possession of the plunder retraced his steps down hill.

"An omen!" he exulted, for an instant regarding with a peculiar expression his crisp, brown booty, then

"FOOD AND A BED FOR CHARDO BEFORE NIGHTFALL. * * I'LL MARCH UP TO THAT COTTAGE AND SPIN A YARN."

thrusting it behind him beyond sight and smell, and whistling ostentatiously.

"Where did you get it?" asked Richard, but not before biting into the thickest part.

"I found it up there in the road."

"Oh, gammon!"

"Upon my word I did," Florio assured him, with a candid air. "Children drop such things sometimes, don't they?"

Richard broke off half and proffered it.

"Oh, I ate mine coming down the hill," Florio said, picking up a twig and chewing it, while hugging his knees and keeping his eyes fixed like a dog's on his friend, until he had consumed the last morsel and leaned back against the tree with a little sigh.

"It is astonishing what a difference even a trifle like that makes in a man."

"Quite my opinion."

"But rather humiliating, is it not?"

"That we, hence our thoughts, are what we eat? Not a bit humiliating. But, if you please, our genius is to be no product of the humble Bretzel. Good, juicy beef-and-mutton pictures you shall paint. You have proved that a diet of thin air does not foster art. And I claim that my great thoughts need succulent food, and a lot of it, washed down with foaming beer. 'I hold it true, whate'er befall,' a gnawing stomach writes bilious verse."

"Florio, I'll come along with you now. It's more cheerful and I feel better."

"No, no! Wait a bit. You're too tired. Let me go foraging alone once more. I have considerable business to transact before night. Judging by the cuckoo, which has just struck sixteen, it must now be about two o'clock by my watch at the pawnbroker's in Cologne."

Again Florio climbed the hill.

"Upon my word, I could devour not only the Bretzel, but the fat child on the box. Hermes, god of rogues, guide my yearning stomach. I don't know whether I can write a comedy, but I believe I can perform a large-sized one, solo. I feel all sorts of latent iniquities bubbling up in me since I took the road and the motto: No prejudice. There's a house across the field. They can do no more than set the dogs on me. If I do not eat, I shall fall down like Chardo, and then where are we? Why should they not give me some bread if I'm hungry? I would give it them. I refuse to consider it begging. Anyhow, I'll just stroll down their lane and look over their hedge."

He buttoned his coat across his chest, set his teeth, and marched swiftly toward the little farm.

Out came a shrewish woman and accosted him with a harsh:

"What do you want?"

"No boon at your hands," thought he, "though I die." "I am merely admiring your salad," he replied, politely, lifted his hat and retreated whence he came.

He went some distance along the hot dusty road, reached the top of the long hill, met no tempting morsels waiting to fall into his mouth, seated himself on a stile, wiped his moist face and racked his brains.

"Food and a bed for Chardo before nightfall. They shall be forthcoming. But firstly—eat I must—eat I will. I'll march up to that cottage and spin them a yarn. I'll offer to tell their fortunes, regulate their clock, mend their roofs, wash their poodles or cut their corns. No Gorgon and no pestilence shall deter me."

Bristling with determination, he knocked.

(To Be Continued.)

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect June 14, 1895.

Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows

7.30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West.

10.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3.17 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3.17 p. m., Sundays only, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Pittsburg and the West.

6.00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
S. M. PREVOST, General Manager.

PICTURESQUE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

LEHIGH VALLEY RAIROAD SYSTEM.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON.

For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express) and 11.30 p. m.

For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D. L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.55, 3.40, 6.00 and 8.47 p. m.

For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R., 6.45 a. m., 12.05 and 4.41 p. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 4.41 and 11.30 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 9.55, a. m., 12.20 and 3.40 p. m.

For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 9.50 and 11.30 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or Lehigh Valley chair cars on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila, Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.
Scranton Office, 309 Lackawanna avenue.

Del., Lack. and Western.

Effect Monday, October 19, 1896.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.33 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.33 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3.45 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.20, 2.25 a. m., and 1.55 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9.15 a. m.

Binghamton and way stations, 1.05 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, 5.15 p. m.

Binghamton and Elmira express, 5.55 p. m.

Express for Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.25 a. m., and 1.55 p. m.

Ithaca 2.35 and Bath 9.15 a. m. and 1.55 p. m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m. and 1.55 and 6.00 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.40 and 8.47 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

Central Railroad of New Jersey.

(Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.)

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.05, 5.00, 7.10 p. m. Sundays 9.00, a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Atlantic City, 8.20 a. m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a. m., 12.45 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.05 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m. Train leaving 12.45 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 5.22 p. m. and New York 6.00 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a. m., 12.45, 3.05, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a. m. and 12.45 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a. m., 12.45, 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m. 12.45 p. m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 9.10 (express) a. m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.15 (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.23 a. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agt.
J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Effective Nov, 2.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erie, also for Hawley and local points at 7.05 a. m. and 2.28 p. m., and arrive from above points at 10.23 a. m., 3.18 and 9.38 p. m.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect October 4th, 1896.

North Bound.					South Bound.				
203 Local Pass	201 N Y Day Exp		Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)		202 Local Pass	204 Cont'l Ex	204 Day Ex	
P	P M	P M		Arrive	Leave	A M		
....	.....	7 25	N. Y. Franklin St.		....	7 40	....	
....	.....	7 10	West 42nd street		....	7 55	....	
....	.....	7 00	Weehawken		....	8 10	....	
	P M		Arrive	Leave	A M	P M		
....	.....	1 15	Hancock Junction		....	2 15	....	
....	.....	1 09	Hancock		....	2 21	....	
....	.....	12 56	Starlight		....	2 32	....	
....	.....	12 46	Preston Park		....	2 41	....	
....	.....	12 40	Cotto		....	2 41	....	
....	.....	12 25	Poyntelle		....	2 56	....	
....	.....	12 14	Belmont		....	2 58	....	
....	.....	12 03	Pleasant Mt.		....	3 16	....	
....	.....	f11 50	Uniondale		....	3 09	....	
....	.....	11 49	Forest City		....	3 19	....	
....	6 50	11 34	Carbondale		7 00	3 34	....	
....	f6 46	f11 30	White Bridge		f7 07	f3 38	....	
....	f6 43	f11 24	Mayfield		f7 12	f3 43	....	
....	6 41	11 23	Jermyn		7 14	3 45	....	
....	6 35	11 18	Archbald		7 20	3 51	....	
....	6 32	11 15	Winton		7 23	3 54	....	
....	6 28	11 11	Peckville		7 27	3 59	....	
....	6 23	11 07	Olyphant		7 32	4 04	....	
....	6 20	11 05	Priceburg		7 34	4 07	....	
....	6 18	11 03	Throop		7 36	4 10	....	
....	6 15	11 00	Providence		7 39	4 14	....	
....	6 12	f10 57	Park Place		f7 41	f4 17	....	
....	6 10	10 55	Scranton		7 45	4 20	....	
	P M	A M	Leave	Arrive	A M	P M		

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass Agt.
T. Flitcroft, Dist Pass. Agt Scranton, Pa.