THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1897.

saved by his stenographer." I

thought how those two poor ladies would be bothered. In fact, on my way

up, I stopped at Eighth street-just to

find out. She herself arose to meet me,

"Now really, you needn't have come

'It was so good of Mrs. Merrivale to

call on us," said her little mother, in

I looked around suspiciously, for 1 wondered just what my mother had felt called on to say. But, at least,

"Miss Pentland was so nice, too,"

"Oh, Miss Pentland." I really felt myself coloring like a girl. "I suppose

may expect you down tomorrow," I

"Yes, Mr. Merrivale," she said. "Yes,

wasn't a bit hurt. And I said noth-

That night, after dinner, my mother

"That's where you are mistaken,"

"You are rather enthusiastic, Bob,

"I will go around to the Pentlands,"

My mother looked rather troubled

ing it was ridiculous for that good

"I told you it couldn't be anything

she sald, turning.

They

Now, that wasn't what I in-

she made a distinct impression.

coloring prettily.

the background.

the girl went on,

tended saying at all.

ing; I was embarrassed.

aid.

up at all," she said.



SYNOPSIS.

ther as the head of the great Merrivale Mills. He is young, but still unmarried, and his mother determines that if he won't she find a wife for himself she will. picks out Saille Pentland. Robert and Saille are great friends, but they frankly confess to each other that their friend-ship is not love. Salle, however, asks Robert to keep up the pretense of court-ship, saying that she has a particular reason for so doing. While this comedy is in progress Clarissa Henlow is engaged at the office as a stenographer. She is of a fine southern family, reduced in fortune by the war. Robert finds himself more interested in Clarissa than he is willing to admit, and even experiences pangs of jealousy when he meets her one Sunday with a young man named Samuel Sinddlig. One day a crank enters the office and attempts to shoot Merrivale. Clar-issa knocks the pistol from his hund just in time-and then faints. Mcrrivale sends for a cab to take her home.

PART IL.

I insisted that she must not go hom unattended, and at last she consented to let me have my way. I really felt rather absurd; being under such an obligation to a little girl like her; it was rather my part to save her life She looked very pale and pretty, as I handed her into the cab. I had sug-gested a doctor, but she wouldn't have one; her nerves were indeed rather unstrung, but she would be better direct-ly. And, indeed, as we drew along Broadway, her color increased. "I wish I could do something for

you," I said. "Aren't you?"

"Oh, so little." I said. "That was to brave-so cool. Your father couldn't have done better. You showed yourself a soldier's daughter.'

"How did you know that about my father?" she asked quickly. "Oh. I inquired."

"You shouldn't," she said. "Well, you shouldn't have interested

me then.' "You mustn't talk to me in that way

becaus "Well, Miss Henlow, where's the be-

cause?" I asked. "Our positions are different."

"I would like to know why," I cried. "Your father was a soldier, on one side -mine on the other. Your father was a gentleman, who gave up all to the south; mine, after the war, by shrewd-ness, chanced to make a fortune. Now you have saved my life-" "It wasn't yours, Mr. Merrivale; it

was any man's. I could have no more helped knocking that man's hand down han-after I had done it-I could have kept from fainting."

'I know it, I know it. Still I wish it had been for me-myself," I went on most surprisingly. (What would my mother have said?)

"Well, of course, you have been very, it was partry kind to me; of cours

said: "There was a very nice young man down there. He seemed partic-ularly interested in Miss Henlow. His the millionaires in the world one less. Robert Merrivale has succeeded his in- If he hadn't exactly succeeded in that, name was Sladding, I think. he had increased my list of delightful acquaintances; I might have gone until would make a very good match-of the doomsday without having been able same class, to break the armor of reserve Miss Henlow had put about her. Just as 1 reached the stair foot, the front door said L was thrown back, and the young man my mother said. I had seen with her that day on the avenue rushed past. He turned and said, taking my hat. looked back. when I left her. I knew that what was on her mind. It was ridiculous that it "She's not hurt?"

"Miss Henlow, you mean? I think not," said I. "How did you know-?"

should be, I said, but I ended by think-"It's all in the papers." And he ran up the stairs. I didn't mother to have any objection in the half like it; he had too much of the "Look here, Sallie," said I, when Miss Fentland entered. "We are only preair of a proprietorship. Why should this insufferable youth named Sladding-here I paused, seeing the ridiculousness of the situation. Why indeed shouldn't he? Then 1 drove down town, where the

"Well, let's call it off." excitement had died away, Jobson. "You can't do it," she said, peling.

world.

tending?



as America has looked for these many years. Clara Morris once gave promise, Ada Rehan likewise, but Mrs. Fiske has looking at me rather curiously, in-"Oh, Bob, now you are not going to quired for Miss Henlow. throw me over-for that little girl." hink she will be all right." said Her hands were on my shoulders. "She captured.-Dramatic News "And the man-who is he?" Proctor can give Sandow \$1,000 for fortnight and make money. Hamme is a very nice little girl. Why, I he-"A western merchant, who went mad lieve you are blushing-like a girl, Hammet stein can even afford \$1,000 to Guilbert fo a week or two and make money. When because he lost all his money in the yourself." And she laughed again in Alaska-Pacific deal. He was recently my face. is the present value of Cissy Fitzgerald or Boney or Amaun? Sandow is teaching in an athletic school in London, content discharged from an asylum." "But you can't, you dear old fellow, Why did he single me out? Oh, throw me over yet, because-" that Alaska-Pacific directorship!" I really was getting alarmed; and with one-tenth the wages Proctor gay Sallie, too, so nice a girl; I was think-ing of the other girl; and man is somehim. Lottle Collins received \$1,500 a week with us. She is now receiving \$1,000 in England,--New York Press. "I suppose he saw your name in the papers. "Those blessed papers!" times a vain creature. Neil Burgess rushed out of hiding and tearing himself away from a cloud of "And Mrs. Morrivale is down here?" Sallie tossed her head with some inhe added. dignation. creditors last Sunday afternoon, sailed for England. Eight years ago Burgess was a female impersonator on the vaude-I, of course, rushed to my mother. "Do you suppose, you goose, if I don't believe she had been below ared a bit about you, I should show Washington square in ten years. ville stage. In three years the "County Fair" brought him \$300,000. Five comit. It's not you; it's Sam Dwyer." "Why?" said I, indeed a bit taken "You are alive, Bobbie!" she said. "I hope I don't look anything else," . panies were playing it. Before the cur-panies were playing it. Before the cur-tain was raised on the "Year One," the plece had cost him \$39,009. It was a fail-ure and "Old Miss Podd" did not make a "I don't know that I like that." aback. said L "It's a shame to worry you so "Oh, yes, you do," she coaxed. "And you will help me out. The only rea-"You might have sent word up to on my family will let me see Sam at hit. He lost money in other ways and all is because they think you and I now goes to act in England. They say he "Well. really, I couldn't do two all is because they think you and I have an understanding." things. Naturally, I had to take home is a comparatively poor man today. Rose Julian was one of the cleveres women in vaudeville, and she earned a the young lady who has saved my "Oh, I see," I said, at last. "I have life. een blessedly stupid." "Why yes," she said "of course!] salary commensurate to her talents. She received \$250 a week, which was a great sum in the old days, before Olympia and "I think you have," she said. "You am going up to see her. I think Sallie "It's all very ridiculous," Clarissa Pentlanad would like to call-" didn't think for a min-" "Oh. no: not for a minute; though, of course, I might have wanted to Stylish French Broadcloth Suits, fly front jackets, silk lined throughout, fan backed the continuous performances. The prize "I think it would be nice of you to fighter does well to be proud of his beau-tiful spouse, and Mr. Fitzsimmons' posfackets, silk lined throughout, fan backed skirts, cambric lined, regular \$9, \$5.98 for call," said I, at last. "But, as for Salthink that-I was conceited enough. session of the domestic virtues is in fine contract to the behavior of Mr. Corbett, who has now been punished by the cham-But, Sallie, it's all right-we are allies." "We, of course, shall settle some "And friends," said she, money on the family," said my moth-"Brother and sister." er, grandly. "As for Sallie, you know plon of the wedding ring as well as of "All right, Bob, it's a bargain," said the prize ring. Whatever may be its opin-ion of pugilism, this department of the Press thinks well of Rose Julian Flizyou are going to-" "Ch, no," I began; than I rememhis delightful girl. But I did not think that moment how bered that Sallie had agreed to this much embarrassment the continuance simmons, and in her present fortune we wish to tender to this elastic and lovely game of protense. "That's, of course, of our understanding was to make me as Sallie wants." in another direction. I did not know woman the assurance of our compliments and distinguished consideration.-Hillary Bell in New York Press. "Oh, she's desperately in love with that my mother had read me aright; you. But as for the stenographer, you that I was, although I did not suspect can't have her down here after this?" it, much interested in Clarissa Hen-Roland Reed's first regular engage-ment was as an usher. He played it well, and was promoted to the position it, much interested in Clarissa Hen-"Why not?" said I. "This episode," said my moth r. low. . . of call boy. Then he became utility man, naturally will make the relatio: of and soon after that second to a time dian. He was a prompter for a time The adventure of the man with the mployer and employe-well, ra er plstol had made an understanding bethen, and finally became a comedian. He has been a comedian ever since. But even before all this he had been "carried difficult. ween Miss Henlow and me. We never "You are not going to throw the poor again could meet with exactly the same girl out of work-because she was so unlucky as to save my life?" reserve, even should she try to put it on" in arms as a stage baby. In those days of Reed's early struggles in the Arch street Theater Stock company up between us. I think she did try to "I am told," said my mother, "that put it up again and again that next morning; but I as resolutely tore it she is very pretty. Robert," she con-tinued, severely, for I did not answer, (Philadelphia) he had for companio hese; Stuart Robson, who was the comedown. I actually insisted on walking "I know you better than you know dian; Louis James, the walking gentleuptown with her that day. I then man: Fanny Davenport, soubrette: Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, Mrs. John Drew and ourself. As I have said, we, of course man; found means to pay her visits once or will provide for them." twice a week. They were uneventful "That may not be so easy; they may Lizzie Price, When Mr. Reed was 20 visits-like those I paid on others years of age he was the leading comedian with the Walnut Street company in Philbeet. You know, my dear mother, among my casual woman friends; but they happen to be two gentlewomen." presently saw that our friendship idelphia, and Lewis Morrison was the Then my temper rose a bit. heavy man.

"It is a matter of absolute indifference to me," she said, very sadly, "It may be; but it happens to be entirely untrue. There is, in fact, but one woman whom I would marry.' She looked at me steadily for a mo ment, and then her eyes sank under mine "She is you-Clarissa Henlow-just

you. "I mustn't come here any more," she cried, with a little sob. "Is this fair to me, Mr. Merrivale?" "No, you mustn't come here any

more," I said; "you are right. If you do I shall tell you every single daythat I love you." "You mustn't-you mustn't." "Why?"

"Because of her." "Ob, is that the only reason? I will have Miss Pentland herself explain that tway.

"Then there are other-reasons." "Bother 'em," said I,

And I tried to take her hand, when Jobson's voice came from the door "Did you call, Mr. Merrivale?" No, I hadn't called. I could have gone for that ancient employe of the house of Merrivale most savagely, I

car assure you. For, when he had gone, that particular moment-so far as she and I were concerned-had passed.

She rose rather wearily. "I am sorry you said that." "I never can be sorry," I exclaimed. 'Is it," I demanded, "another man?"

Her face flushed. "Will you let me go now? I shan't down tomorrow.

"I am to come here no more. Yes, of ourse.

'Oh, you must be here, too." "I can't; I can't. Why do you make it hard?" She turned out of the room. would my mother have said, I re

flocted, suddenly. The dull roar of the town sounded a melancholy chorus to my mood. What a stupid mess life

could become!. I followed her down into the street, but she had gone, (To Be Continued.)

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Blondin left \$370,000. Stuart Robson is 61 years old. Beerbohm Tree will revive "Julius Cae-

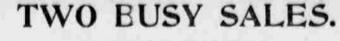
James C. Duff is Augustin Daly's brother-in-law. er-in-law. Mary Anderson Navarro has sold her New York house for \$5,000. Townsend Walsh, a newspaper man, has the leading role in his own play. "The Boys of Kilkenny." Odell Williams will star in a new play Odell Williams will star in a new play

called "The Alderman." It is based upor the eccentricities of New York politics.

the eccentricities of New York politics. The rumor which has been current for some time that Miss Olga Nethersole is to marry De Stuart Oliver, an English physician, has been confirmed. Hillary Hell declares that Ada Rehan "has achieved more than any other wo-man on our present stage to increase the renown of the American drama." David Belasco's first play was called "The Regulator's Revenge." At the ini-tial performance the mob scene, as given by enthusiastic supers, was so realistic that the villali of the piece didn't leave the hospital for three weeks. The Actors' Society of America, which was organized for business self-protection less than a year ago, has over 1,500 mem-bers. This association will bring out once

bers. This association will bring out once a year, for the ald of its treasury, an original American play, and will begin on the afternoon of May 7, at the Broadway theater, New York, with a comedy of army life by Captain Charles King, Emma Sheridan and Evelyn Greenleaf Suth

erland. England has its Irving, France its Bernhardt, Italy its Dusc, so has Ameri-ca its Mrs. Fiske, and there is no actress in America today who can better repre-sent her country. Mrs. Fisks is the dra-matic revelation of the year. She is the true exponent of dramatic art, such as America here looked for these means



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56-piece tea sets, brown decoration, \$2.48.

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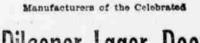
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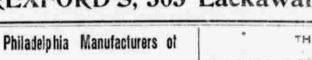
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ly for you-but really, that's all." We rambled on, her face turned from me; but suddenly she faced me again. 'Now you know I do appreciate all the trouble you are taking."

"Well," said I, giving her tit for tat. "I should do it for anybody who was to take the pains of saving my life." She laughed softly. "Why, of course

would," she said. And then we both laughed, and I felt I was getting to know Miss Henlow very well, in-

At the boarding house on Eighth street, a very nice-looking little old lady met us. I told of her daughter's bravery with a great deal of gusto. 'Oh, really it wasn't anything." said the daughter, pulling off her gloves.

"Well, I choose to think it was a great deal. Yes, I insist. I really hope,

Mrz. Henlow, that your daughter will not try to report at the office again this week. "No, no, she oughtn't. I hope you're

not hurt, Clarissa?"

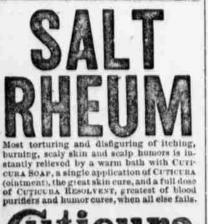
said, "I'm not a bit indeed. In fact it wasn't necessary for Mr. Merrivale to come uptown with me.

Then she gave me her hand, and said she would be down in the morning;



"OH, REALLY, IT WASN'T ANY-THING," SAID THE DAUGHTER.

and her mother shook hands with m very cordially and gracefully. I left them; and as the door closed I suddenly felt that the town outside that room was a very dull place. I even felt under considerable obligation to the "crank" who had tried to make



world. POTTER DEUG AND CHEM." How to Cure Sail Rheum, "free FALLING HAIR Pinniy Fares, Baby Illenishes, Cured by Correction Suap.

your pardon," I ended.

mented.

again.

again.

"Now, I hope you won't think me unfilial, for I am not. But when I am determined, nothing can stir me. You can glared at me. to up there-and inquire about them,

But 1 won't have you meddling, or making a suggestion, while I seriously fully in love with me-with a mother's

"I never saw you look so much like your father in your life," she com-"Well," said I, "thank you for coming away on a little nobody? But the real down. You will call on Miss Henlow

and-that's all." Yet I hadn't a notion that it would iy important somebody, so far as I was be all. I, indeed, hadn't much faith in concerned-didn't appear to intend to my ability to conquer my mother in let me do it.

any little skirmish. Now, she suddenly began to cry; and her arms were around me-as if I were a small boy late. I found Miss Henlow waiting for me, a paper in her lap. She seemed

been hurt?" she said. Then she wiped per away. her eyes, and I took her to her carriage; "Please let me see it," I said. "I

Pacific." The worst of the affair was the way But something caught my eye: there

known society man and millionaire, be "You know that about a

was not to be so casual. I discovered this was the case when I found that fellow Sladding with her, who always

And all the time my good mother was watching. She knew as well as I what was happening-yes, better than obect to Sallie going with you." As I I. She, indeed, confided her fears to spoke she trembled a little. "I beg Sallie, whom she fancied to be dread-

> usual prejudice; and Sallie, being my ally, told it all over to me. Was I, Robert Merrivale, to throw myself

nobody-who really was a tremendous-

One afternoon I had been to a board meeting, where I was detained rather

"What should I have done if you had rather ill at case, and pushed the pá-

and we didn't speak of the Henlows want to see what is said about Alaska-

t was published about; and I saw sevbefore me was the announcement of eral pictures of myself and my sten- Sallie's and my engagement. I crumographer. "Robert Merrivale, the weil- pled up the paper and threw it down.

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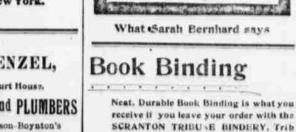


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