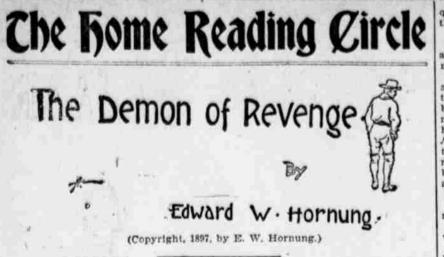
## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1897



## PART L

Mr. Jack Sellers was a fine-looking young Cornstalk, who might be seen cutting an immense dash in Sydney one week and driving sheep up-cour try the next. Then the bush would swallow him for another year. His heard would grow again, and his wages

once more accumulate until there was enough for the annual descent upon the capital, when the twelvemonth's carnings would duly disappear in as many days. Well-connected as he was in short, young Sellers used to "knock down his checque" with the deliberate perhaps I wasn't all I ought to have regularity of the ordinary pound-aweek hand.

Being unscrupulous and plausible to boot, this was just the scamp to attract and be attracted by Elsie Thornton, who was as good as she was pretdiwork!" ty, and as rich as she was good. Sellers met her at a dance on board the Nelson, a respectable function which he had attended under protest at the apparition; but now it cut her to the outset of one of his little holidays. The Thorntons resided in a goodly

mansion on The North Shore, Sellers called, was invited to dinner, and proposed to Elsie within a week. Elsie ocepted him, and for another week her people permitted the engagement, Then things were suspected-discovered-brought home and the mauval sujet sent about his business without delay. Again the bush received him and now his name was never uttered in the handsome house on the North Shore. But Elsie fretted secretly, though not inordinately, and she took too seriously a pathetic but dignified letter which one day reached her from an outlandish township in the Riverina. She did not answer it; but a hand that wrote Greek e's and affected the colon was surely made for something better than cracking stock-whips and cooking dampers in the wilderness; and it cost Elsie a tear to put the letter behind the fire.

The girl was young and healthyminded, her depths were still unplumbed, and she quite saw that she was to be congratulated upon a fortunate escape. She harbored no hopeless passion, she discouraged all sentimental regrets, and yet life was not what it had been before. Home, her people, Sydney, the gaieties; all seemed subtly changed and depreciated, and it was no comfort to the young girl to realize that the change was really in herself. What she did not realize was that a new emotion had been aroused within her, but yet not fully aroused, and that now she would never be en tirely happy until it was. So a year later Elsie Thornton was

engaged again-and again to a bushman. But Robert Clay was a very dif-ferent man from Jack Sellers, and the love that he won was better worth the winning, for it was founded on genuine respect and admiration for a signally nature. Clay was a squatter nearly twice her age, a still, strong lion of a man, who appealed to all that was best and noblest in the woman who had promised to be his wife, But many years of station life had made him prematurely staid, and what if that life should pall upon Elsie, and what if she should be discontented and make him miserable-and yet was that unlikely if she married in such a spirit? Doubts preyed upon the girl. She did not know that those very doubts were in themselves no entirely bad sign. But by her wedding-eve she did think that she had crushed and conquered them for good, It was a clear and tranquil night in the height of the Australian summer. The North Shore mansion was overflowing with bridesmaids and grooms men and already-married daughters of the house; but the entire party, with two exceptions, were dining and makdidly-" ing merry at the house of an intimate neighbor. The bride-elect was spend-

ning the harbor lights so that she should have them in her mind's eye always. And suddenly-as her eyes fell-there stood before them a rough bushman in moleskins and leggings, whom she was the slower to recognize because she had never before seen Jack Sellers with his beard.

you have made of me, between youyou and the others you listened to rather than to your own heart. Well plan. been; but which of us is? And was that the way to make me better? I am ten times worse than I ever was; and it's your doing, Elsie Thornton-it's you

who will have to answer for me hereafter. You may well look at your han-Elsie had indeed been struck speech

he was-but the dog was as picturesque | on the veranda.

quietly, on his return. "He'll never do hat again, at any rate." What have you done?" "Shot him like a dingo-as I'll shoot any living thing that gives my wife one moment's unnecessary pain!"

So fierce and so tender was he-in one and the same breath-that Elsie lay transfixed by a sudden fear of her husband. But at that moment she was nearer loving him as she longed to love him than ever she had been before. And they were never happier than from that day to the one when the squatter rode in and found a fine-looking young bushman speaking to Elsie on the ver-

anda "Well, my man, what is it you want?" "Work, sir, if you have any to give "Then why are you bothering my wife?

"It was my fault," said Elsie, hastily. "I asked him what he wanted, and he has been telling me." The squatter did not notice her

heightened color, her strained tone, "What sort of work?" said Clay to the man "Anything I can get, sir." "What can you do?"

"Any odd job about the station." Elsie held her breath. "I've hands enough about the house," said Clay. "It will have to be out on the run or nowhere." "It's all one to me, sir," was the

quick reply. "I'm an old hand with sheep, or I could rabbit if I had the "Very well, I'll start you rabbiting.

Come over to the store and I'll take your name." Elsie's heart was beating violently. She had hardly recovered herself when the new rabbiter emerged from the

store, passed close to the veranda on less by this sudden and most ill-timed his way to the men's hut, and gave her a smile which left her shuddering. heart. He looked a wreck-as indeed Next moment her husband joined her

Clay was torn between the desire to please his wife and the duty of keeping faith with all men. He had the reputation of treating rich and poor, big and little, black fellows and whites, with equal justice and consideration,

and his word was as good as his cheque from the Murrumbidgee to Cooper's Creek. He could not break it to humor a mere whim, even though the whim was Elsie's, and the favor the very first that she had over asked of him. He undertook, however, to keep his eye on Richardson and get rid of him on the first reasonable opportun-

Ity The squatter was not skilled in the reading of the human countenance, or he had guessed the truth then and there. It often happens, however, that when one has been very blind, the light comes instantaneously at last. It was so with Robert Clay. He was driving over to the out-station, distant some nineteen miles from the homestead, and his valise was beside him on the buggy-seat, for he intended to stay the night. Now, the track led close by Richardson's camp, and the rabbiter was visible in his tent. Clay pulled up and asked him how he was getting on.

"Oh, not so bad," said Richardson coming out beside the buggy. "You don't seem to be catching many

rabbits, my man!" "I'm doing my best, sir. A man can't do more. I've only just come in from setting the traps."

"You must exert yourself a bit more unless you want your cheque, Richard-9011.

"My cheque! I do hope you don't think of sending me away, Mr. Clay; I'd rather be your rabbiter than over eer to any other man in the district." Clay disliked this fulsome strain, and a something sinister in the man's visibly acute anxiety to stay with him recalled his wife's early prejudice and rejected request. Now he thought of it. t was since Richardson had been about the place that Elsie had been different and he determined to get rid of him now as soon as possible. Only it would

bear think over first. No man should say that Robert Clay had treated him unfairly. "Going to the out-station, sir?" in-

quired Richardson, with a cringing amiability, as the squatter took up his whip.

"Yes; any message?" "No, sir, thank you. I see you mean to stay the night!' "What if I do?"

The other was taken aback. "I-I'll have a score more rabbits to show you on your way back tomorhe stammered. "that's all." row " It was not all, and the squatter knew it as he drove on. Nor was this the first occasion on which he had stopped

at the camp and been cross-questioneby Richardson as to whither he was going and when he would return. However, it should be the last To be Concluded.

CRIME IN LITERATURE.

A New Complaint at One of the Tendencies of the Times.

An article in the Westminster Re view deals with "Crime in Current Literature," the anonymous author as serting that "never were there so many pens engaged in dealing with crime and criminals as at the present time; the few, seriously and solemnly; the many, lightly and irreverently, and, unwit-tingly of the moral mischle? they thereengender." He refers especially to the fondness for "detective stories, most of which, he finds, are written by "individuals who have not and never Elsie held her tongue. To active had the remotest conection with the police." On this head the writer furnishes the following statistics:

was 25 years of age. Other reigns o SAD thirty years or longer duration were those of Henry VI., thirty-nine years; Henry VIII., thirty-eight years; Eth-The New York newspapers recently published the details of the suicide of a society woman who became crazed by headache and drowned herself in the barbor. What a sad end to a life that ought to have been completely happy! elred IL, thirty-seven years; Henry L thirty-five years; Henry II., thirty-five years; Edward I., thirty-five years; George II., thirty-three years, and Alfred, thirty years.

The two shortest reigns in English history were those of Harold II., and Edward V., who both died in the same year they succeeded to the throne. Looking at the ages of our Kings and Queens, it is surprising how few of them have reached or passed the al-lotted span of threescore years and ten. Of all those who have occupied the throne at one time or another these thousand years, only four, including our present beloved Sovereign, have outlived seventy years. Her Majesty is in III., 82; George II., 77; Elizabeth barely lived 70; James II., at his death was 68; Edward I, had reached a sin ilar age; Henry III. and Edward III were both 65 when they died, while among the Saxons and Danes, Edward the Confessor towers like a pat rlarch with his 62 years. All our other monarchs have been under 60 when death has removed them from their legal splendors.

Doubly and because advanced science could have saved her? Munyon has a specific for all kinds of headache, which cures in three minutes and leaves no de-pressing effects. One or two doses will stop Sick Headache, Neuralaita, Head-aches from Indigestion, Nervousness, overwork, Colds, Intemperance, or Rail-road or Ocean Travel. In striking contrast to the above sad case is that of Mrs. E. Hardin, 3699 Ger-mantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., wife of the Clerk of the Board of Education, who says: "For thirty years I suffered in tacks of severe pain, so intense that I at a time. These attacks appeared al-most every week, and at no time did I were receive relief, although I consulted the most skilled physicians in the city. The headaches seemed to wear them-selves out and then commence and I have headache Cure. The relief was marical and most instantaneous. I followed up the treatment and was completely cur-fund no return of the headaches. I have recommended Munyon's Remelles to number of my friends, and I have r-contree years have passed and I have fue or studied the scheen ac complished by these little pellets." To areas the most scheere thanks for any worderful cures that have been ac complished by these little pellets." To reassor Munyon has a separate spe-city for each disease, the only logical system of medicine. By far the longest lived of our var ious royal houses is the present reign ing family. Including Queen Victoria, there have been six Hanoverlans whose combined ages reach the total of 444, while the ages of the seven members of the ill-fated house of Stuart total 263, and as for the eight Plantagenets their combined ages give us a total of 423 years, and the ages of the five Sovereigns of the house of Tudor make an aggregate of 236.

Thus, if we take the average life, we find that in the case of the house of Hanover it stands at 74 years; in the case of the Stuarts, at slightly less less than 52 years; the Plantagenets at scarcely 53, and the Tudors at a little over 74 years.

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"That fellow has been a gentleman. and as engaging as ever. He touched said he. "I can spot them at a glance." her heart. He appealed to her imagination. He filled her with a translent remorse, so that she begged his parhypocrisy she could not descend. Suddon with tears in her voice, and be-sought him to turn over a new life for band's sleeve.

"I hope-"

was odd.

ardson looks just-"

"I have come to wish you joy," said he, with a brutal bitterness. "That's right-look well at me, and see what



## "YOU MAY WELL LOOK AT YOUR HANDIWORK.

ing this last evening with her mother alone, and long they talked on the sweet-smelling veranda overlooking harbor. Mrs. Thornton was satissied with her girl. Elsie had never seemed calmer or more content than on this the brink of her new life; she was honestly determined and prepared to be the best of wives to the very best of husbands; not a selfish misgiving remained to harass her. Between nine and ten Mrs. Thornton went indoors; then Elsie took a farewell turn, con-



rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure. The only speedy and economical treatment for itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and phuply humors of the skin, scalp, and blood.



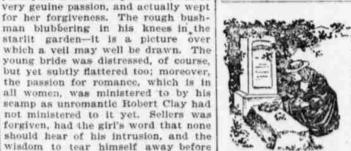
her sake. At this the villain became as theatrical as a tenor in grand opera. you would have listened insensibl . for the conductor's baton; and as me ing as any song was the speech that ( Ime instead. "God bless you for those words!" he cried out hoarsely. "Yes-I promise it -for your sake I will try. I will-for your sake. I only care for you. There -it's out-it's the truth. Elsie, forgive me; I-I am not master of myself." Here he waited to see whether she yould rebuke him for so addressing her, when she did not, he came a step nearer and made his first mistake.

particular request." "Life has been very hard without Elsie was now as white as paper you, Elsie; it will be still harder when you belong to someone else. Elsie, is 'Why should he request it?" she cried It possible you can care for him as you "To lend a hand when wanted." cared for me? Can you stand there, "I don't believe it! He means mis chief! Robert-to please me-don't take him on at all!" after one little year, and tell me can-The squatter was amazed.

She stopped him dead.

"Not another word! How dare you ask me such questions? It would serve "Why, my dear, what in the world have you against him?" he cried. "Do you right if I did answer you candidly, but I do not choose. No, sir; if I have really wronged you, as you say I have then I am truly sorry, and if I can ever be your friend I will; but I do not remain here to be spoken to as you have presumed to speak." And with that she turned upon her

changed your mind and cannot take heel; but the specious scoundrel interhim after all!" tercepted her, fell upon his knees in a paroxysm of assumed penitence, but of



should hear of his intrusion, and the wisdom to tear himself away before incurring further displeasure. Consequently, Elsie Thornton was married after all with reddish eyes, and not her nearest friend knew the real reason why.

Yet it all turned out wonderfully well, and Elsie was happier than she had ever been before. The bush helped her. It made the life a new one in every respect; it was not the old life under altered conditions which could provoke involuntary comparisons and real or

imaginary dissatisfaction. Everything was novel, everything delightful, from the nearness of the stars at night, to the horsemen bobbing a league away against the sunset with nothing and nobody between or beyond. And then Elsie had her husband to herself; she was getting to know and love him better; it was her nightly prayer that her ove might one day be more worthy of

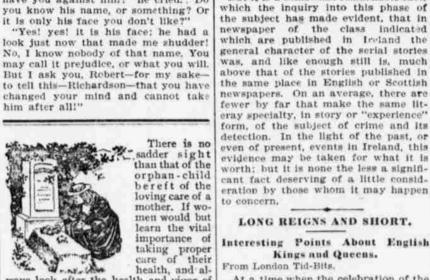
Ciay was a perfect husband, forbearing, patient, incessantly kind, levelheaded in all things, placid and goodtempered to a fault. His men loved him; he was known as a "white man" far and wide. Yet he ruled them with a hand of padded iron, and their love was not unmixed with fear. Elsie discovered that he had a flerce side, a side which she was never to see. And once a colt that he had broken in himself, for Elsie threw her so viciously that Clay had to carry his wife indoors with a sprained ankle; then he left her for

a minute, and in that minute there was a loud report outside. "There!" said the squatter, not gripe. very

The number of newspapers, strictly "Well, my dear?" "That you didn't -take that man on -to please me?" "Not I. Elsie: though I certainly should have done so if I'd thought

you took an interest in the fellow. No we can hardly have too many rabbiters these times; and this man Rich-"What name?" cried Elsie, Her tone "Richardson, he calls himself; of ourse it won't be his real name, but Duval, or highway hero worthy of emuthat's no business of ours. I'm going to camp him pretty near, at his own

crease their circulation, and they can not be blamed for it. But it is a somewhat remarkable fact.



health, and always look after the health and vigor of

the organs distinctly feminine, the pitiful Sabbath day procession of motherless children that goes to the cemetery to "put flowers on ma-ma's grave " would be ma-terially reduced in numbers. Too many women bring a child into the world at the sacrifice of their own life. This sad trag-edy may be avoided by any women who

will resort to the right remedy. The usual dangers of maternity are banished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly and only on the important and delicate organs that bear the burdens of motherhood. It makes them healthy and strong, vigorous and elastic. It does away with the discomforts of the expectant period, insures

the health of the newcomer, and makes its advent free from danger and almost free from pain. Over 90,000 have testi-fied to its virtues. Druggists who offer substitutes are untrustworthy.

substitutes are untrustworthy. Mrs. William Vincent, of Sidnaw, Houghton Co. Mich., (care Birgland's Camp. Box B), writes: "When I first began to take your 'Favorite Fre-scription,' four years ago. I was suffering with local weakness and heart trouble. At times I could hardly endure the pain in mysides, quite low down, and had such a pain between my shoulders I could not sleep at night. Was just as tired in the morning as at might. At times there was a very sharp pain around my heart. When I would stoop over there was a dull aching just under the heart. My head ached and was con-tinually sore to the touch. I took ten bottle of the 'Golden Medical Dispovery.' I can most truly say that as a result I hever felt better in my life. I was more like a young girl than a mother of a family. The pain all left me, so I know that your medicines will do all that medicine can do." A headache is a symptom of constipation.

A headache is a symptom of constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipa-tion, promptly and permanently. They do not gripe, Druggists sell them,

so called, published weekly in Great Britain and containing serial stories of The New York Eye Specialist one kind or another, is nearly 800. Of these, 592 are published in England and And Teacher in Practical Applied Optics. Wales, 113 in Scotland, and 80 in Ireland. Out of this total it has been as certained that in the year 1893 no fewer Examines Eves Free than 240 published complete, or portions of detective stories-stories of all phases and forms of criminality, describing the details thereof with great-For Two Weeks, Beer or less degrees of minuteness; here making the criminal a sort of Claude lation, and there rightly branding him as an iniquitous scoundrel, fit only for the clutch of Jack Ketch, but almost inveriably depicting the hideousness of crime as it certainly ought not to be depicted. Many such weekly newspapers are published in populous centers have long ago recognized the importance of this factor in helping to in-



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learn the vital mportance of taking proper care of their

At a time when the celebration of the ongest reign is exercising the public mind so much, it may be interesting to turn back the page of history for a moment, and consider the reigns of thos Kings and Queens who have preceded Victoria the Good on the throne of this country. From the time of Egbert, the

first King of all England, who ascended to the throne in \$27 and reigned for twelve years, until the present day, this tight little island has had fifty-

six Sovereigns, excluding, of course, the two Cromwells of the Common wealth. Deducting the eleven years of the Commonwealth, this gives us fifty-six reigns in 1.059 years, or an average of a fraction less than nineteen years or the throne to each of our Kings and

Queens; so that Queen Victoria has ruled over us for more than three times the average of her predecessors.

George III., whose record has now been broken by that of his grand-daughter, reigned for fifty-nine years but for several years at the end of his sovereignty he was in the dotage of an octogenarian, whose powers had no remained unimpaired, and his rule during three years was merely nominal. The next longest reign to his was that of Henry III., who occupied the throne for fifty-six years, though he, on the other hand, succeeded to that grea office when he was only 9 years of age.

ORANGE GUN POWDER Edward III., was just permitted to attain his Kingly jublice, when death Electric Batteries, Electric Exploders, for ex-ploding blasts, Safety Fuse, and overtook him, and Queen Elizabeth reigned for forty-four years, although she did not come to the throne until she Repauno Chemical Co.'s Explosives,