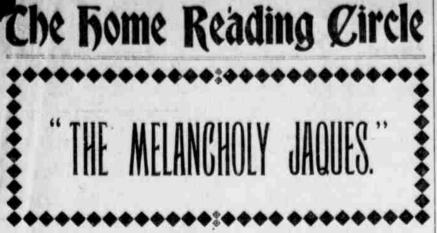
## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1897.



On leaving Cambridge, Eustace Da- , many persons write alike. But it is a venport had entered the office of an architect and a few years later started in business on his own account in the provincial town of Warchester.

Warchester was a growing place, hence its selection, and already Eustace has secured the building of a isides some less important commissions. He rented a house in a sedate ....oroughfare off High street, the ground floor being used as an office. the rest of the building as a dwelling place. Several of the residents had called upon him and during the Christmas season he had received a good many invitations, most of which were declined with thanks. So that people

were beginning to leave him to his own devices, rather to his satisfaction than otherwise. He was a somewhat grave-looking

man of 30; tall, well-proportioned, dark-haired, handsome, but a certain taciturnity could not be denied to him, and his aloofness had dissipated the expectations naturally formed in such a place from the advent of a man, still far from middle-aged, unmarried, good-looking and prosperous.

On the morning of Feb. 14, Eustace left his office at 11 o'clock and walked toward the outskirts of the town. One or two houses in the course of erection concerned him, though his pace slackened as he neared The Hollies, the residence of Mr. Larnell, the banker, and his only daughter, Bertha. As fortune would have it, the gate opened as Eustace approached; he lifted his hat, and after a momentary hesitation, Bertha stopped, holding forth her hand. She was tall and fair, about 23 years of age, with bright blue eyes and a pleasing figure. With all her gayety, Bertha often betrayed an undercurrent of greater depths, and if Eustace could be said to have drifted into friendship with any one in Warchester, it was with the Larnells.

"Are you going my way?" he ventured to ask, and he took the proffered hand. 'You are going to look after the new

church, of course," she said, "How quickly it is getting on." They turned away from the gate of

The Hollies side by side. "I rather wanted an opportunity to

speak to you," he remarked, and for a noment Eertha's face grev: crimson. "Then," she returned, "It is fortunate chanced to come out so early. But thoughts very much indeed for a time? it is a glorious morning. We usually get a foretaste of spring in February." "You will think it a strange topic," he said. "I feel that it is. But, the truth is, if I may say so, I know nobody in the town quite so well as

"I am growing rather curious!" Bertha exclaimed, nervously. "The fact is," he explained, "I re-

ceived something this morning; a val- Bertha, presently. entine, I suppose it was meant for-"No. 1

peculiarly neat hand; it resembles that -of somebody whom I have quite

lost sight of-whom I have not seen for three years-" "Whom you would like to see again?" asked Pertha, staring straight before her at the unfinished church, which they were now approaching.

'Yes," he said, "whom I would like to see again." "Some one in Wachester," she sug-

gested. "The letter only bore the local postmark.

Major Andrews may be dead. It is im-"Then you think that this-this perpossible to tell what kind of fate is son, in whom you are deeply interested, is actually living in the town." What I can't understand," he replied, "I think," he said, " that she wrote "is that she should be in Warchester those twaddling lines.

anywhere.

"But,"

the trouble."

have heard nothing."

-not always in that."

"At first!" she faltered.

bring us togetl er again." "As you think it has done?"

erating it. I hoped that chance might

to revive every memory of the past.

She may even be in distress.

without our meeting." "You scarcely pay her a compliment Mr. Davenport."

"The is not necessarily the author of them," he answered. "The originators of the thing probably desired to remain tell Alice Marsack?" unknown. They may have asked some one else to copy the verses. It is a matter of great importance to me, trivial as it may seem. And if you can you. help me I shall be immensely indebted to you.

"I will try," she said. "How shall I learn the result of your

fforts?" he asked. "I suppose you-you should call"--"I am so anxious," he said, "that the affair should not be talked about. No man cares to be made to look more ridiculous than"-

"Of course," Bertha assured him, "I shall keep my own counse!. I don't see how I can arrive at anything without the Hollies, thoroughly enjoying the appearing to know that you received the verses. I will do what I can, if you call, say tomorrow." "What time?" he asked.

"My father comes home about 5."

"Then I shall get to the Hollies at 30, if that is not too early." During the rest of the day Eustace

ound himself frequently neglecting his work, Sometimes his thoughts would fly back to a certain incident of his life three years ago; at others he dwelt upon that morning's walk with Bertha

Larnell. Being a man of a somewhat analytical cast of mind, he began to at once that she looked unusually speculate over his pipe that evening as

why he looked forward to 3 o'clock gloomter in consequence. "Did you see Miss Marsack this tomorrow with such pleasant expectamorning?" he asked, as she offered her tion. Was it because he hoped to hear right hand. news of one who had occupied his "No.' Or was it because he knew he should "Why should you be pleased?" enjoy a tete-a-tete with Miss Larneli?

Functually at the appointed time he demanded. "I wonder whether you will despise entered her drawing room, She reme very much if I tell you!" ceived him with considerable cordial-"Well, I shall make no reckless promity, and, sitting down, Eustace began ises," she answered. to talk of the brilliant weather and 'The fact is, I-I have changed my topics of purely local interest.

"You haven't inquired about the sucmind," he said. "Changed your mind! Are you prone cess of my detective exploits," said to that kind of thing?"

covery.

"Surely, then," Bertha asked, in a explained. "I lay awake most of last peculiar tone of voice, "you did not let the matter end there?" night thinking it over. I have come to the conclusion that I will not put you "I had no such intention. But fate to the trouble of speaking. "Miss Maragainst me. Her father was an sack

"But you won't learn the address of invalid; restless, unable to settle down Miss Andrews in that case." When I called at the address he had given me in London-it "I know."

"Do you mean-do you mean you de was a lodging house in Suffolk street Pail Mall-I heard they had sailed for not wish to hear where she lives?" New York. From that day to this I "Yes," he said, "that is what I mean,' "Isn't it a somewhat sudden change?"

Bertha suggested quietly, she asked. "I understand that for you very much wanted to hear?" "At first-yes. I thought life scarce. years you have been longing to discover her whereabouts, and now that worth living," he said. "I am you are on the point of success afraid I became an altered man. I cooly tell me-Oh, really, this is ficklecould find an interest only in my work

ness, Mr. Davenport!" "If it is," he answered, "I can't help t. I am immensely glad that you have "Gradually," he explained, "I began not taken any steps in the matter." to settle down. Life was not the same, but I fell into the habit of tol-"But, indeed, I have!"

"You said you had not seen Miss Marsack." "Exactly. She went to London before

got to the house. However, I saw "Yes," he said, "I feel confident the Amy, her youngest sister, you know." writing is hers. The sight of it seemed "Did you ask her for the information?

"Then," Bertha suggested, "you-you "Naturally. You seemed so eager to would like me to tell Alice Marsack find Miss Andrews." that you recognize the handwriting,

"I am not," he answered. "I never and wish to know whose it is?" "Yes," he said, "if you don't mind want to see he, again." "Dear me!" said Bertho, "That is very awkward, and I have had all my "Not at all. The trouble is nothing." "Naturally," he replied. "I feel in-

work for nothing." "Is she-is she in Warchester? terested to learn what has happened. asked Eustace.

"Not at present. But she will be She is coming back the day after tomorrow with Alice. You will be able to see her."

"I don't in the least desire to see her," he solemnly insisted.

"You see," said Bertha, trying to "Those girls are awfully ashamed of laugh, "you have to pay the penalty themselves for sending you the verses.' of your exclusiveness. Then I am to Bertha romarked. "It seems that Amy went to London last week. Of course, "If you please," he answered. "M they did not wish you to recognize the you succeed in finding out where she writing by any chance, so she took the card with her and got a friend to

is, I shall be immensely indebted to write on it; not telling her for whom Bertha could not help thinking it was t was intended, of course. a somewhat unthankful task he had

"And," cried Eustace, "the friend put upon her. For the first time in was Muriel. "Yes, Mr. Davenport; the friend was her life she felt acutely jealous. She

began to cherish a dislike for Miss Muriel. It makes the world seem a small place, doesn't it?" Her father is Andrews, coupled with something like resentment against Eustace. He died in New York two years dead. He, on the other hand, told himself ago.

again and again how sweetly sympa-"She is comfortably provided for, I thetic Bertha was. She has taken a trust?" great deal of trouble on his behalf. "Oh, very," said Bertha, "As I said,

He had spent a very agreeable hour at she will be in Warchester at the end of the week. You will, no doubt, have intimacy of their tete-a-tete. The tellan opportunity to renew your old ing of his story had not been in the friendship."

remotest degree painful, either; and al-Rising from his chair, Eustace drew ready he began to look forward to the nearer to Bertha. He looked more tomorrow's visit. melancholy than usual, since she That evening, after lighting his pipe, able to discuss the matter so cheer-

became quite impatient for the fully "Miss Larnell," he said, looking night to pass. And it seemed a very long night! Most of it he lay awake,

At 3.30 once more he entered Bertha

Larnell's drawing room. He observed

cheerful, but his own face became

down into her face, "I hardly know how to begin what I want to say." and toward the small hours sat up as though he had made an important dis-"Is it very important?"

"To me-very." "Then," she she suggested, drawing down the corners of her mouth, as she met his eyes, "can't you skip the beginning?"

"No, I'm afraid not. You see, it was three years ago that I met Muriel. I am not going to pretend that I did not

love her. I did. For a long time I felt I could not exist without her. But "I am immensely pleased," he cried. still I am alive, you see. I think." he continued. "I fell into the habit of nursing my sorrow. I see now that I became gloomy, self-conscious, perhaps

a little morbid. The spirit had gone out of the memory-only the dry bones of it remained. I realize now that for some months past I had scarcely remembered Muriel." "I thought yesterday-"

"That is what I feel a difficulty in explaining," he said. "Yet it is precisely

the opportunity of talking to you, nevin congress, Mr. Welles was at the er mind what about. After I left you the day before yesterday, it was not head of the bureau of provisions and clothing of the navy department, and at this time it will be remembered the Muriel who occupied my mind, but Mexican war was begun and carried on. Mr. Lincoln, when he became "Because I was the instrument-I

that he served through two administra-

tions, and with Secretary Seward

served the longest continuous secre

taryship since the days of Madison.

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was to be the means of bringing you together again," said Bertha, "Simply because you were yourself,

and I-I loved you.' She laughed a little nervously,

you.'

"I know," he said; "believe me, callze the awkwardness of my position. But I know that I have loved you almost since the first day I saw then of the same political faith, and "Yet you seemed rather desirous to Mr. Lincoln selected him.

meet Miss Andrews again," she ex-The wisdom of Mr. Lincoln's choic laimed. is seen in the fact that Mr. Welles ad-"Yes, that is true also, but only for ministered the department in such a a little while. I loved her some time satisfactory manner during the war ago, I admit it; but that love is dead.

Another has taken its place." "Rather suddenly."

"The discovery was sudden. You know, a seed is growing a long time

underground before it breaks through the earth. Last night I perceived the

truth. I have not the remotest desire to see Miss Andrews again."

"But you are sure to see her." "Not necessarily. I need not go to

Mrs. Marsack's even if I am invited. "But-but they will-they will bring her here," said Bertha. "Of course, you need not come here either," she added

"I shall come if you will let me, dear. The only self cleaning water filter that can be attached to the main pipe and filters all the water that is used in the whole building. Highly indorsed by the physicians and highly appreciated by the public in general. can only tell you that you are the one woman in the world whom I desire to be my wife."

"Yesterday"-"Think of today," he urged. "I Office Rooms-33 and 34 Burr Building Scranton,Pa. hardly like to say it, but Muriel is approachable. You cannot say I, hesitate".

"By the by," said Bertha, in a cas-ual tone, "I didn't tel you she is Muriel

Andrews no longer." "Is she married?"

"She was married in New York. Her husband is coming to Warchester with

her. "Why didn't you tell me that at first," he demanded.

"Oh. I don't know." "I fancy you do know, Bertha." "Then we will assume I do," she

Strawberries. sald. "Was it because you wished to see ual tone, "I didn't tell you she is Muriel W. H. PIERCE. PENN AVE. MARKE free

"I think," she returned, "you are inclined to cross-examine me. "But was it?" he persisted.

"Perhaps it was," she said, lowering her eves. "And you are satisfied with the re-

sult of your test?" She slightly shrugged her shoulders. "My father will be home directly," she said.

"My I tell him that you have promised to be my wife, Bertha?"

"I have not promised," she answered. He took her hands, drawing her gen-

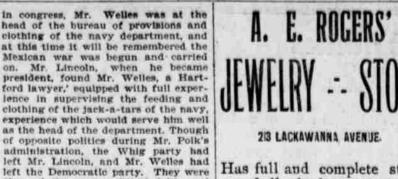
tly toward him, "Promise now," he whispered, clasp-

ing his arms around her. "Yes," she said, just loud enough for Eustace to hear.-Household Words.

"A HARTFORD LAWYER."

Lincoln's Jest at the Expense of Gidcon Welles.

"There is a story going the rounds," says an old observer to the Washington Star, "that does injustice to the memories of President Lincoln and his secretary of the navy, Gideon Welles. According to the story, Mr. Lincoln being asked why he had selected Mr. Welles as secretary of the navy when he was only a Hartford lawyer, replied by asking, 'What else are they good for?"'referring to Mr. Welles'



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