

1,000 ROLLS OF CARPETS.

Do You Realize What This Means?

50,000 YARDS, OR CARPETS FOR 2,000 ROOMS

We had an opportunity of buying, for spot cash, from three of the largest carpet mills, all they had made up from free wool; including all the new Spring patterns. We will offer you these goods, as long as they last, at the price other dealers will have to pay for them. With these Carpets are 500 Wool Smyrna Carpet Rugs, 9x12 and smaller sizes.

This will be a great sale. No fire sale that you have ever seen will compare with this. Do not miss it for you will surely regret it. We will store all Carpets until the customer desires to have them laid, without extra charge. This will be an opportunity to buy Rugs for a Christmas Present.

WILLIAMS & M'ANULTY,

SCRANTON AND PITTSBURGH.

BRANDON'S DAUGHTER.

An Old Captain's Story.

No, I've never been shipwrecked, nor been in collision all the time I've been to sea—a matter now of over forty years. But I've carried some queer passengers in my time. Tell you about two who expressed a powerful influence over me; but whether for good or evil you shall hear presently. It was in the fall of '72, just when on the eve of sailing, that an old gentleman stepped on board, and hurriedly approached me. He was a tall, spare man, with iron-gray hair, and had a slight stoop at the shoulders. "Good-day, captain," said he. "I only heard this morning that you were sailing for England, and I hastened down to ascertain if you could find accommodation for myself and daughter at so short notice."

"Certainly," I replied, in my hearty way. "I shall only be too pleased to take you. As it happens there are only three passengers booked this trip, and they are second class, so you can have the saloon pretty much to yourselves." He thanked me gratefully, and disappeared into the saloon. I marvelled at his precipitancy, and wondered where the daughter was to come from, for she was not visible anywhere. I gave instructions to the apprentices to have their luggage conveyed on board, and myself superintended the stowing away of my trunks in the two first appointments of the cabin. While so engaged, I heard a light footfall behind me, and turning around, I beheld the fairest vision of loveliness that ever brightened my saloon. "My daughter—Captain Barnott," said Mr. Brandon, introducing us. She spoke with a charming colonial accent, and from that moment, I was her most devoted, humble servant, slave, anything you like. I went about over ears in love with her at sight. You may smile, but recollect I was a comparatively young man then. Leaving them to arrange their cabins to their own satisfaction, I ascended the companion-steps, and went on deck. It certainly occurred then a considerable time, for neither father nor daughter appeared on deck until the ship was well outside the "Treads," and the tug had returned to port. That voyage I look back upon as the happiest and saddest I ever made. Miss Brandon was a splendid sailor. In fair weather or foul she'd be on deck, delighting me with the admiration she expressed for my handsome three-masted clipper, and the childlike naïveté of her questions. I used to pace the quarter-deck in the morning, impatient for her first appearance, on the loveliest or dirtiest day, it was like a ray of sunshine suddenly bursting forth from a lowering sky to see her emerge from the companion-hatch, looking as fresh as a daisy, and a thousand times more lovely.

Of course, it was only natural that my nates should fall in love with her also, but she treated them with marked indifference, if not absolute coldness. Her smiles were all reserved for me, and she lavished them upon me in no niggardly manner. There was a piano in the saloon, and often in the long evenings she would sing and play for my sole delectation, and gaze rapturously into her pretty face. The song I liked best was "Tom Bowling," and she infused such an amount of pathos into her expression that the tears would sometimes trickle down my weather-beaten cheeks as she sang. Ah! those were happy days; it was heaven while it lasted. I have scarcely mentioned her father yet. The fact is, I was so engrossed with his beautiful daughter that I didn't pay so much attention to him as perhaps I ought. At the best he was a saturnine, unobtrusive sort of person, who seemed to prefer his own company to other people's. When not in his own cabin, where he spent most of his time, he was walking with his hands clasped behind him, apparently in deep thought, in the waist of the ship. Sometimes, when standing idle at the break of the poop, I have caught myself wondering if he had ever committed a crime, the remembrance of which was weighing heavily on his conscience. I was destined soon to learn more about him. One evening, when about nine weeks out, I was sitting in the chart room alone with my idol. The second mate was stepping the planks outside, old Johnson was at the wheel away behind us, and the watch on deck were lounging about forward. Some days previous to this I had had the temerity to confess my love to her, and asked her to be my wife. She had made me inexpressibly happy by promising, subject to my obtaining her father's consent. This, after some demur, he had granted, and that night the future appeared very bright for me. We had been sitting silent for some time, too happy for words, gazing on the setting sun as it disappeared into a glowing mass of golden-rimmed clouds on the horizon, when, to my infinite amazement she suddenly burst into tears. "Darling, what is the matter?" I exclaimed in an agony of apprehension. "Oh, Alfred, I have just heard such a dreadful story from my father. I shall never be happy again. We can never be married now."

"Never be married?" I ejaculated, aghast. "Why?" "Because my father is—a criminal. Oh, I feel so miserable. I think I shall throw myself overboard!" "Alice, for heaven's sake don't talk like that, or you'll drive me mad. What has he done?" "Something dreadful. Oh, don't speak to me any more," and she sobbed violently. At that moment I was so mad that I felt half inclined to go down and tear her away from the deck, but she was held by the cuff of the neck and demand what the deuce he had done to cause my darling such poignant grief. But I didn't. Instead, I drew her to my side, and kissed her tears away. "Tell me all about it," I said, soothingly. "Well, my father, as you are aware, was an agent in one of the banks in Arlington, Victoria, and it seems he embezzled large sums of money belonging to the bank to speculate with. Of course, he meant to replace it before the audit, when the deficit would have been discovered. But he lost it, and that is why he fled the country." "Is that all," said I, with a sigh of relief. "It's bad enough, certainly, but I fail to see that in itself it forms a sufficient barrier to our union." "But that is not the worst. My father is convinced that the police may have traced him to Melbourne and to this ship. He declares he will be arrested on landing."

"Nothing more likely," I thought. But I remarked casually: "Has he any plan to suggest?" "Yes, oh, yes, if you will only assist him. But it seems too horrible to contemplate. He says it is his only chance of escape."

"What is it, then?" "That he should die and be buried at sea!" she responded with a perceptible shiver. "I don't understand." "He proposes to feign death. Then, after he has been sewn up for burial, we must find the means to liberate him and substitute something else."

The daring audacity of the proposal fairly took my breath away. If discovered, the consequences to me in aiding and abetting a felon to escape would be disastrous. I resolved to have nothing to do with such a criminal proceeding, but a look of entreaty from those tearful eyes made me falter in my resolution. "For my sake," she murmured, pleadingly placing her fair, white hand on my arm. Her touch thrilled me. I hesitated no longer, but gave an unwilling consent. Ah, what folly will not a man commit when in love! Next day it was reported that Brandon was seriously indisposed. I took out the medicine chest as in duty bound, and ordered the cabin steward to attend him. Three days later Mr. Brandon was reported dead. When I was informed of this I en-

tered his cabin. He was lying in the under berth, pale and motionless as death. I felt the body; it was cold and rigid. If this were not death, he simulated it to perfection. I sent for the sailmaker, who sewed the body up in my presence. When his task was completed I disabused him, and, securing the cabin door inside, with a sharp knife, ripped open the stitches. My hand shook painfully. What if he were really dead? I confess to experiencing a singular feeling of relief when the man opened his eyes, and the resuscitated Brandon sat up. I administered some brandy, which helped to revive him. He quickly and noiselessly dressed himself. Then he produced from an American trunk a dummy figure which he had previously prepared and weighted, and inclosed it in the shroud. This he sewed up with his own hands. Not a word was spoken by either of us. When all was completed I stepped out to reconnoiter. Seeing the coast clear, I signaled him, and he crept swiftly across the passage into his daughter's cabin, where he concealed himself. In the first dog-watch of the same afternoon, the bell commenced to toll its solemn knell for the funeral of Anthony Brandon, officer and man, and passengers stood around me with heads uncovered as I read from the Book of Common Prayer the beautiful and impressive burial service. God forgive me, it was an awful mockery. I don't know how I got through with it. Afterwards I heard it commented that I was much affected during the service. Heaven knows I was, but 'twas with guilt and fear. After the funeral Brandon returned to his own cabin, which was kept constantly locked, and the key of which I retained in my own possession. With my connivance Alice smuggled food to him from day to day. About two weeks afterwards, while proceeding up the coast under full sail, we were hailed by a tug. Anticipating danger, I slipped down the companion-way, and conveyed Brandon to my own cabin for concealment. When I got on deck again, I was just in time to see a stout, well-groomed party clambering over the coxswain's side. Without any preliminaries he brusquely demanded: "Got a passenger of the name of Brandon on board?" "I had, stranger; I had."

He gazed at me inquiringly. "Come below, sir," said I. As we descended, he explained that he was a detective in pursuit of Brandon, who had absconded from Australia with a considerable sum of money and valuable negotiable securities. When he had produced his warrant I ordered the mate to fetch the log-book. Under date of the 15th of January, he read this entry: "Tumbled at sea in lat. 35 degrees 49 minutes N., long. 32 degrees 16 minutes W., Anthony Brandon, cabin passenger. Cause of death unknown." He muttered something under his breath which was quite unintelligible to me. Then he demanded to see Brandon's effects. He ransacked every trunk and portmanteau, but not a vestige of paper or anything of value did he discover. The expression on his face when he left the ship some hours later was not particularly pleasant. When we arrived in the docks at London, I arranged for Mr. Brandon to be taken to the police station, where they had been searched by the customs officer. No one in the ship ever suspected the truth. Their secret remained alone with me. It was arranged that Alice and I should be married quietly before setting out on my next voyage, and our honeymoon was to be spent on the bosom of the deep. When we parted that night she promised to communicate with me when her father had secured some quiet retreat in the country. She kept her promise. Here is the letter. I have preserved it all these years. It has neither superscription nor signature. "Dear old Captain: Many, many thanks for all your kindnesses. My husband and I—Mr. Brandon is my husband, though it was not known in Arlington, will never forget them. Pray forgive the deceit we found it expedient to practice on you in order to carry out our plans. We are in fairly affluent circumstances, for my husband did not lose the money in speculation, as I thought it necessary to tell you. Dear captain, I know I can rely upon you, for your own sake, not to inform the authorities about my husband. As he died at sea, we expect to live securely, unmolested by the bank officials or the police. Good-bye forever." And that was the end of my romance. No, I never heard anything more about them. Whether they lived to enjoy their ill-gotten gains or whether they didn't, I cannot tell. But this I do know, she was the first woman that ever fooled me, and, by heaven, she was the last. I never gave another the chance.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN

Soft, White Hands with Shapely Nails, Luxuriant Hair with Clean, Wholesome Scalp, produced by CUTICARA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the Pores.

Cuticara

Small text at bottom of ad.

SHAM ROCKS.

Text describing the product.

A Man

Text describing the product.

Samter Bros.,

Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers.

Table and Banquet Lamps.

Text describing the lamps.

A. E. ROGERS,

Jeweler, 213 Lacka, Ave.

BARBOUR'S HOME CREDIT HOUSE

425 LACKAWANNA AVE.

MERCEREAU & CONNELL

130 Wyoming Ave.

DR. SHIMBERG,

OPTICIAN, 305 SPRUCE STREET.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF OYSTERS

Text describing oyster service.

W. R. PIERCE, PENN. AVE. MARKET