

JONAS LONG'S SONS. JONAS LONG'S SONS. JONAS LONG'S SONS. JONAS LONG'S SONS.

A Thief by Accident.

I knew that I was a somnambulist; but never, in my wildest imaginings, did I conceive it possible that I had a natural propensity to thieving. All the circumstances of my position, its responsibilities, the exactions of care and wise forethought, everything in which I had interest as a man of integrity, as a citizen and one upon whom high trusts had been conferred, forbade a supposition so foreign to my nature, so antagonistic to my conceptions of moral duty. The emoluments of my official business were ample; the confidence of the community, which I knew that I deserved by strict integrity, was a sufficient guarantee of faithfulness, and these were supplemented by my faith and hope as a Christian. A bachelor, and the age of thirty-five, I knew not the gentle passion until I met Esther Verner at an evening party. Her sweet face attracted me as she swept past, leaning on the arm of her brother. I think I must have halted somewhat in the conversation which I was carrying on with the hostess, who quietly remarked: "You seem attracted by the beautiful face of the lady who just walked past us."

no doubt my words were free and my said I scarcely remember now. I have pleadings forcible, for I gave her little time to make replies. I presume that I painted my tone in language moving, and perhaps complaining, for I detected a half sigh-lovers' ears are sharply sensitive—and I saw a faint flush suffuse her cheek, and I begged her to be my wife-lovers' eyes are quick at detecting such an evidence of emotion. "We have known each other so short a time," said she, falteringly. "Are you not premature in declaring your passions so strongly? Can I so suddenly yield to words which I confess are almost too persuasive?" "Miss Verner, I am a man whose character has been formed by long experience in the world's affairs. True, I first saw you last night—first heard of you then; but had I known you for years instead of hours, my faith could have a firmer foundation than now; my conviction not more deeply rooted that you are necessary to my happiness. I am almost a stranger now—" "Not so," she replied, with deepening color; "I knew you in Vienna."

A Gigantic Cloak Sale.

We promise the most tremendous reductions ever known in Scranton. Every garment offered in this sale has been made to our order within the last four weeks, representing the very Latest Styles and Best Materials. We anticipate a great crowd, for bargains like these are few and far between.

This Sale Today Only. Come Early While Assortment Is Best.

At \$4.95 Fine Tailor-Made Jackets, high storm collars, nicely made, style and fit perfect; also Boucle and Beaver Capes, some edged with fur and lined throughout. Some are medium lengths, others extra long. Garments that should be \$6.80, \$7.50 and \$8.50. At \$9.95 Beautiful Tailor-Made Jackets of finest materials known; some half lined, others lined throughout—the noblest Jackets ever brought to Scranton. Also Plush and Fine Cloth Capes, elegantly lined. Some plain, others fancy trimmed. Garments that would readily sell for \$12.50, \$13.85, \$15.00 and \$16.50. At \$14.85 Extra Fine Kersey Jackets, with strap seams, high storm collars—exquisitely lined in plain and fancy linings. For style, fit and finish they have no equal in this market. In the same lot are handsome Imported Cloth Capes. These garments in other stores find ready purchasers at \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

We Guarantee Perfect Fit, If Alterations Be Required, We Will Make Them, Free of Charge. Your Money Back if Prices Are Not Found to Be Lowest.

Furniture Dept. Great Bargains in Domestic. Hosiery Dept. Match any of these bargains in Scranton, if you can, at a third more than the prices given here: 50 pieces of 36-inch Rustline Lining, in black, gray and brown, Value 8c yard. This sale at 5c. 250 pieces of best quality glove finished Lining Cambric, value 5 cents a yard. This sale at 3c. 75 pieces of fine quality White Nainsook, in checks and plaids, value 10c yard. This sale at 5c. 3 cases of full width English Percalé, handsome designs and colorings, value 10c. This sale at 5c. 500 pieces of fine, heavy quality Gingham, in a great variety of check and good colorings, worth 6c. This sale at 2 3/4c. 500 pieces of Fine Calicoes, in dark shades, worth from 6 to 10 cents, and 3 1-2 and 5c sold for that in all stores. This sale at 3 1-2 and 5c. Kitchen Crash. 100 pieces of 18-inch Twill Kitchen Crash, bleached and unbleached. This sale at 2 1/2c. Only ten yards to a customer.

JONAS LONG'S SONS Scranton's Great Department Store.

but Mr. Verner assured her that the housekeeper was strictly honest; as the house was in my care, no fear need be entertained. Thus passed the summer months. The family returned, and I welcomed them again to their home, in which we all entered, Esther hanging on my arm. As we entered the parlor I was startled by her exclamation: "Why, where is my harp? I certainly left it here! And that picture of the Princess Helene which I prized so highly! Where can that be?" Going from place to place she discovered that various things were gone—things which had become dear to her from long association. In vain her mother tried an investigation; but all would be explained. She descended from her room pale and nervous from vexation and fear. "Father," she said, "the house has been entered by burglars during our absence, for I miss various articles from my own room which I am certain I left there."

loudly protested against charging the thefts upon her. The detective merely nodded, and went away without further words. I soon afterward left in a state of bewilderment and repaired to my room. After a few moments of silent cogitation I heard the faint cry of a cat, which was often repeated. An examination failed to reveal the presence of a cat in the hall, but the cries continued. Every article in my room I removed, but still no such animal could I find there. Suddenly my attention was attracted to the door that opened into the vacant room, upon which I heard suspicious noises as of some scratching. Puzzled extremely, I unlocked and opened the door, when Esther's favorite cat came out, rubbing her gaunt sides against my legs. I entered the room, and there, neatly arranged in one corner, I found everything that had been missed from the burglar's haul. Here was a climax at once astounding and convincing. I—I was the burglar; there could be no denying that. But why? How? Ah my unfortunate somnambulist! That—that alone could account for it. In my sleep I had visited the house and borne away, piece by piece, the various articles which my beloved had so highly valued. What was to be done? They must be restored, and at once. But how? Honor pointed out the only way, and I dispatched a note to Mr. Verner desiring him to call upon me at once. He came. In a few brief minutes I explained my terrible somnambulist habit, and opened the door to the other room, desiring him to enter. He uttered but one word: "Hello!" and burst into a shout of laughter that must have been heard in the street, for my landlady came up and demanded the cause of the uproar. "Nothing, madam," said Mr. Verner; "this gentleman had been telling me a funny story. That's all."

EPH AND THE BISHOP.

William of Albany, otherwise known as Bishop Doane, is usually called "My Lord" when traveling in England. And in fact he is said to be rather partial to the title in America—certainly he never reverts the soft impeachment. Not long ago the good bishop was at Richmond, Va., and was entertained at the palatial home of Major Ginter, Ephraim, a house-servant, was especially set apart to look after the bishop's wants, and particularly instructed by Mrs. Ginter that he must always address the bishop as "My Lord." Eph had not seen the bishop arrive, but after the great man had been shown to his room Eph was told to go up and see if he wanted anything. Eph looked at the door, the bishop opened it, and Eph was quite overcome by the knee breeches, leggings and shovel hat, yet he managed to ask if anything was required. "Yes," said the bishop, "bring me some shaving water."

CAN THIS BE TRUE!

From the Wilkes-Barre Record. The Record happens to know that this action of the Legislature, county committees in calling upon delegates for the election of state delegates is in pursuance of the program formulated by the State Chairman Elkin and Senator William H. Andrews, who have undertaken to capture the next state convention in the interest of a particular candidate for governor, in the same manner as the convention of 1896 was secured for Delamater.