THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.



shoulders and went steadily forward.

All at once they heard a click and saw

boy, throwing himself on the ground.

"Crouch down!" whispered the large

"This is my brother," he said, point-

Behind the wall were carthworks

When the little Parisians entered

Little Stenne would have liked to talk,

too, to show that he was not stupid, but something seemed to choke him.

the others, was an old Prussion wh

"I would rather die than see my son

The poor boy felt as if a hand clutch

a gun pointed at them,

His name was Stenne, little Stenne | have found out the Prussian counterthey called him. He was a gamin of sign. I believe at last we are to cap-Paris, pale and thin, who might have ture that cursed Bourget. been 10 years old, perhaps 15; one can Then followed an explosion of brayou and shouts. The soldiers danced and never tell the age of these children. flourished their buyonets. Taking ad-His mother was dead; his father, an old soldier, parcelled a square in the neighborhood of the Temple, Bables, nurses, old women, all those helpless vantage of the tumult the boys slipped away. On leaving the trench they say before them a plain, bordered one side by a long, white wall, defaced by bul-lets. It was toward this that they dipersons who ran the risk of being trampled on in the crowded streets, rected their footsteps, stopping often. knew Pere Stenne, and loved him, too. as if picking up potatoes. "Let us go back when we get to the They knew that that fierce mustache, the terror of dogs and pickpockets, con-cealed lips that could smile, and that wall," said Stenne. The other boy only shrugged his to provoke that smile one nod only to

How is your Hitle boy today?" And how he loved that little boy' Eow aroud he was when in the evening the little fellow came to Jun 1993.

10

Once down he whistled; anothe and the two made the rounds together, whistle answered. They then rose and greating everyone they make With the slege, everything was went up to the fortification. Over th Pere Stenne's square was wall they saw two yellow moustache closed to the public. He was compelled to keep a constant lookout, without his boy jumped down beside the Prussian dimmed. closed to the public. He was compelled | plus or his son. When he spoke of the Ing to his companion. Stenne was so Prussians his monstache was a slight to see. Little Stenne did not find the new life so disagreeulde, however, A slege! That meant fun for gamins, No take him by the arm to help him over school, no duties; waration all the time, the rampart and the streets as lively as on gala fallen trees and great black ditches days. The boy stayed out of doors, running about until night. He followed In each ditch were the same yello monstaches, which haughed no the little the detachments of proops to the fortilications, choosing those which had feilows went past. In one corner was good music, he was very particular on a house protected by trunks of trees that point. At other times he watched The lower story was filled with soldiers playing cards, while soup was them at their drift.

The most interesting of all, though, cooking over a roaring fire. How good it amelled, and what a contrast to the were the games of chance the Breton camp of the French ridemon. In the troops made popular at this time. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts upper story were the officers. They or at the shops you would be sure to had champagne to drink and a plane find him watching a crowd play ga-lo ho at the Place du Chateau d'Eau. When the He never played it; it look too much they were greated with shouts of joy money. He contented himself with They delivered their papers to the watching the others, and with such ex- energy. They were given when to enemy. They were given whee to drink, that their tongues might be lassened. The targe boy amused them pression! One in particular, a great fellow with a bins cont, who staked only 100-you pieces, excited his admirby his odd tenguage and his low wit They laughed bolsterously, repeating ation. When this boy ran one could his expressions, fairly rolling in the hear the coins mittle in his pocket. Parisian mire that was thus brought (One day, as little Stenne was stooping down to pick up a piece which had them rolled under his feet, the fellow said in

a how voice That makes you squint, hey? Well, If you want me to, I will tell you where In front of him, standing apart fron to get plenty of them.

The offer was accepted, and, leading second to be trying to read his thoughts as the soldier's eyes never moved from Stenne aside, he asked the boy to go his face. There were tenderness and with him to sell French newspapers to the Prussians, adding that they could repreach in the gaze, as if the man had a boy about Stenne's age, and as if he make 30 francs a trip. Stonne Indigwould have said nantly refused, and for three days he remained away from the place. Three dreadfal days; he could neither cat in such business nor sleep. At night he seemed to see the pile of galoches at the foot of his hed, and the 100-sou pieces glenning in the faint light. The temptation proved too strong. The fourth day he returned to the gaming place, saw the bug fellow, and agreed to go with bim

They set out one snowy morning with sacks on their shoulders, and the papers hidden under their jackets. When they reached the Flanders mate it was arcely davlight. The large by took little Stenne's hand, and, approaching the guard, who had a red nose and a kindly manner, he said, in a whining tone, "Please let us pass, kind sir, Our mother is sick and our father is

father's feet. At the motion the owns rolled out on the floor. "What is this?" Have you been dealing?" said the old man in a trenibl-Then, in a breath, Stenne told him that he had been to the Prussian camp.

and that they had given him the money. As he talked his heart grew lighter, and he felt comforted. His father listened with an expression of error. When the boy had finished the old man hid his face in his hands and wept aloud Fater! father!" exclaimed the child. The old man pushed the boy aside and

picked up the gold. "Is this all"' he asked. Little Stenne nodded his head. His father then took down his gun, and putting the money in his pocket, raid:

"I am going to return it to the giv-Without another word, without even look behind, he went out and joined the troops who were marching past He was over seen again ! .-- Alphonse

Isaudet. CAPTAIN OF THE IOWA.

Something About One of the Men Who flelped to Conduct the Inquiry

Into the Maine Disaster. John Northern Hilliard, in the Times Herald.

Many papers that objected to the ireful manner in which Captain ۵ ampson handled the important incestigation of the Maine disaster made mistake when they familiarly called him "Billy," No one who has ever met the captain of the Iowa Inew ad-niral. the North Atlanth squadronl could imagine for a noment that he would answer ۲ such a sobriquet; but ow" journalism is no respecter of persons or things. Captain William ٠ Thomas Sampson is recognized as one of the most efficient officers in the American navy, and he is the personification of manly dignity-the selfpolice of a man who understands him-۲ self and is conscious of having done his duty at all inzards. He was been ۲ in Palmyra, N. Y., just fifty-seven years ago, and his career has been ø one of which any man might well be ٨ proud. His parents were very poor, and there are many residents in the ۲ village who remember Will Sampson 0 as a barefonted boy who was never known to be without a book. He vorked before school and after school, and all the money he scraped together vent for an education. He is remembered as a very handsome boy, with ۵ light, wavy hair and deep, serious, blue eyes. He never joined other boys in their sports, but spont all his spare time in study, and he was known is a boy who was never late at school and who never missed his lessons. It is one of the cherished traditions of the old Palmyra Union School-fifty years ago the most famous school of 4 ts kind in the country-that for two accessive semesters young Sampson was perfect in all his studies. It is a ٩

ed his heart so that it could no longer heat. To escape from his torture he record that cannot be bettered. drank a great deal of wine. Soon everything seemed to be going round Early in life he expressed a desire to and round. In the distance he heard ntor the navy, and all his studies were ٨ his compension ridiculing the national devoted to that end. When he arrived ward, minuicking their drill and going at the required age he was appointed to \diamond his compension ridiculing the national through other drollery. At last the boy a cadetship of Annapolis by Congress. ۲ lowered his voice, the officers became man if, B. Morton. He passed the ex-serious. The wretch was about to fore-۲ wain them of the attack to be made the mayel academy he won his way by that night. Stenne suddeny realized patient study and hard work, and his promotion was rapid. He was graduatwhat was going on and called out: ۲ "Not that!" Not that!" en in 1860-second in his class, I believe The farms boy replied with a laugh - (9)

and went on. Before he had finished Potomac. When the war broke out he all the officers were on their feet. One was serving on the practice ship John of them showed the door to the boys Adams, and when he was transferred **KEEP YOUR** EYE ON OUR WINDOWS.

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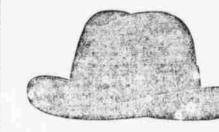
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find some potatoes in the field outside."

He oven shed tears. Stenne, much ushamed, hung his head. The sentinet looked at them for a moment then, glancing at the dreaty white rord, he said, "Pass on quickly," and there they were on their way to Auborvillers. How the big fellow hughed! Confusedly, as in a dream, little Stonne saw the factories transformed into barracks, the tall chimneys, plereing the fox, partially broken off, From time to time they came upon centinels, officers who were scouring the horizon with fieldglasses, and little timis, wet with snow, standing before dying tires. The large boy knew the way and went to ross the fields, being careful to avoid the military outposts. Notwithstanding his precautions, they suddenly come up a squad of rithmer. The troops were partly abben in a ditch which hordered the Soissons railroad. This time they were not allowed to pass so readily, though the large boy told his story in the most pathetic man-net. While he was weeping, an old, white-induced sergeant came out of one of the little tents and suid:

Don't cry, little fellow: we will let you go to hunt for your potatoes. But come in first and worm yourselves a bit; the lite one books frozen.

Alcost in way not the cold that made In the Steame shiver so. It was tear and shame. Inside the tent they found soldors moddled together around a little fire bailing bisenits on the points of their boydness. They made room for the children, and gave them a drop of their warm coffeet while they were drinking it an officer appeared at the toor, called the surgeant, and, after a

"Boys." said the sergeant on re-entoring, "there will be fun tonight. We



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and exclaimed; "Leave at onect"

Then they began talking rapidly mong hemselves in German, while the arge boy waked as proudly as a duke. lingling his money in his pockes, Stenne followed with bent head, and as he usered the old Prussion whose glance had buri him so he heard a voice say A bud buriness, this; a bad business!" Once outside the boys began to run to get back as soon as possible. Their called on the young lady and offered acks were filled with potatoes which her the conventional ring. She would the Prussians had given them; they passed the French post without being ing as an excuse that they were both volested. There everything was being too young; but she compromised by exgot in readiness for the night attack. Troops arrived silently and massed deemed when the war was ended. She themselves behind the bank. How suppy the old sergeant seemed as he ring he could not claim her, while if alloyd his men! When the boys passed she lost his ring she would not accept he recognized them and smilled kindly him. It was a compact entered into by at them. Oh, how that smile burt little Stenne! [else, and no doubt she dreamed that the

He wanted to ery out: "Don't go down there; you have been

strayoth The older boy had said to him: "If

into a deserted house to divide their moncy. This was honestly done, and when little Stenne heard his gold places rattling in his blouse and thought of the games and galache in promise.

store for him his crime did not seem so very sections. But when he was alone, noor child! When the large boy had loft him outtide his door, then his pockets began to set heavy, and the hand which held his heart tightened its grasp. Paris no few words with him in a low tone, went longer scened the same place. People put in command of the third-rater Alert und was passing looked hard at him, as if they knew where he had been. He heard the word "spy" in the noises of the street in the heating of the drums along the anal. He entered the house, and was slad that his father had not returned. He went at once to his room and hid the crowns, which wer so heavy, under

His father had never seemed so kind und so cheerful as on this particular vening.

Encouraging news from the provinces and been received; things booked righter. While eating his supper, the old soldier looked at his gun hanging on the wall, and said to Stenne, with his honest laugh: "Hey, my boy, how you would fight the Prussians if you were only hig enough!"

About 8 o'clock they were startled by the sound of a cannon. "That is at Aubervillers; they are fighting at Bour et" said the good man, who knew the mames of all the forts. Little Stenne grew pale, and, pretending to be tired. cent to had, but not to sleep. The cannonade continued. The boy pletured to himself the French soldiers going at night to surprise the Prussians and alling into an ambuscade. He thought of the sergeant who had smiled upon him, and saw him stretched out dead n the snow, and many others with him. the price of all this blood was hidden under his pillow, and it was he, the nor of a soldier, who " " "He stilled his

sobs He heard his father walking bout in the next room, and, at last, open a window. Down below in the square the call to arms was sounded.

RADWAY & CO, 55 ELM ST., NEW YORK | slid out of bed and threw himself at 1vm, G. Clarke, 326 Penn Ave., Scranton, Pa



iin Sampson is noted as a student, and he is recognized as an authority on the history of Mormonism. This is not be wondered at, for he was born on a farm within a stone's throw of the hill on which Joe Smith found the goldn plates of the Mormon Bible, and he s the owner of the famous Mormon Hill farm. He has an extensive library on the subject, and it has always been a desire of his life to write a history f the origin, rise and decline of the Latter Day Saints. But his life has been a very active one and he has thus far had but scant time to gratify his

literary ambitions. The literary effort by which he shall be known in history. nowever, will be his report of the cause is which led to the destruction of the battleship Maine. The document will have an extensive circulation.

A Wide Difference.

Here is a lesson in the correct use of we words that are often confounded. A fine-art critic was looking over the detures that had been submitted for a ublic exhibition. "Well," sold a friend, "what do you hink of them?"

T'm-er," answered the critic, "some o hem ought to be hung, and some of the sught to be hanged."-Detroit Free Pres

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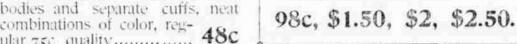
sults in

NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT epsin a window. Down below in the square the call to arms was sounded, and a regiment was forming to march to the scene of firing. It was a battle, then; the miserable boy could no longer rescrild his sols. "What is the matter?" asked Pere Stenne, going into the room. The child stid out of bed and threw binself at AFTER

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