THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1899.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

When the selling begins on Wednesday morning-you will find

Muslin

with

Beginning Today, February 1,

will make this sale a memorable occasion, unsurpassable and unapproachable by any

house. It will provide our multitude of shoppers with bargains of startling propensity.

the entire main aisle of the store from Wyoming avenue entrance to the

elevators, a veritable sea of beautiful under-muslins

With the immense outlet of our two Big Stores-we bought quantities for cash, that

All told, there is something like 22,000 pieces to choose from

prices that will stand the strain of comparison with any house in the universe.

.. THE .. CHAPERON. A sale of muslin underwear—at prices never before possible

thought they would give youth for Evadne Roseveare's distinction. She was 45, and made no sort of secret of the fact, though she was single. But that to be single and a celebrity at least puts an old maid upon a level with a wife who is nobody, is one of the best results of the way we live now. She was an artist, and had painted the picture of the year. What was much better, she had dignified her subject with a treatment that made it, in its way, a masterpiece. Only a woman sewing on a coarse shirt by the light of a dim candle, "The Slave" had all the golden qualities of a great triumph.

To see Evadue at a ball was rather an event; her hostess saw her there with distinct satisfaction and a feeling that her name would look well in the printed accounts of it; also the de-scription of the beautiful pansy-colored velvet gown she was wearing. She had come to chaperone a pretty, newly engaged niece, knowing that the task would be easy enough. The newly engaged only asked a really secluded corner, and these succeeded at once in ensconsing themselves behind a big They talked there for three hours, for they were bad dancers. What they said would have been dull enough if any one else had overheard it. To themselves it was a veritable epitome of wit and wisdom. Miss Roseveare had many friends,

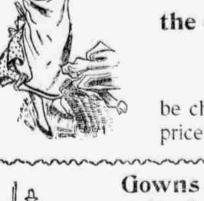
but, rather to her relief, they were not largely represented there that evening. She, too, wanted isolation, and after a time managed to secure a solitary seat in one of the many splendid rooms thrown open for sitting out, dimly lighted with shaded lamps, and fragrant with soft yellow roses. It was the first time for years that she had been away from home on June 18th. It was one of two or three secret anniersaries that she dedicated to a time before she had become famous or lonely. Since the death of her widowed mother, when she was 26, she had lived and worked independently. The world at large used to express a wonder she had never married, till it grew tired of the subject. There were two or three men who privately acknowledged her as their reason for being bachelors, but people had never linked her name with theirs. There are a few women who inspire this kind of respectful sience. There is a clearly defined certainty that the common joys and sor-rows are not to be theirs. They are apart and aloof, for reasons that are too subtle for exact analysis. Yet these reasons are so forcible that they are strongly fell by the most undiscerning persons brought into their propinauits.

She was content, even happy, Exopt now and then, when June came back with warm, soft nights, and that air which is full of voices. Her story was simple to baldness. Not in the least fitted to make a novel, far less a poem, in its hackneyed tack of fresh features. She had taken a friend for over. Then just as he gave the first faint but unmistakable signs, the news came to her that for years he had been bound to another and an inferior wo

She had treated her love with stern decision. She had snapped the tle even of their friendship, broken it asunder without a word of explanation. Better any pain to herself than the perpetual



JONAS LONG'S SONS.



At 29c Emembroidery.

ng rows of fine and wide tucks: a Zouave effect in embroidery, with a beading edge tinish.

At 65c very prettyBishop Gowns trimmed with nine pointed strips of insertion.

At 93c Gowns with shield-shape yoke, thirty-six fine tucks fine hemstitching-daintily and made. Others are Bishop style, with square neck and fine edge. Also some Empire style, cut very full, with double ruffles of embroidery.

Drawers At 12c Good Drawers, tucks and wide hem.

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At 29c Wide Umbrella Drawers, with ruffle prettily edged with fine lace.

At 33c Drawers that are handsomely trimmed with deep embroidery, finished with four fine tucks.

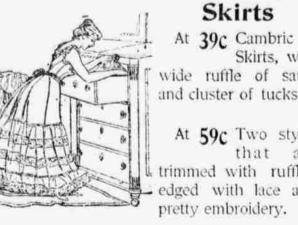
At 49c Drawers with deep ruffle of lawn, edged with lace and ribbon: others with full fles of lawn, hemstitched.

Chemise

row ruffles. At 39c Fine quality, trimmed with yoke of embroidery and tine tucks.

Yours.'

love to me."



Skirts, with wide ruffle of same and cluster of tucks.

At 59c Two styles that are trimmed with ruffles, edged with lace and pretty embroidery.

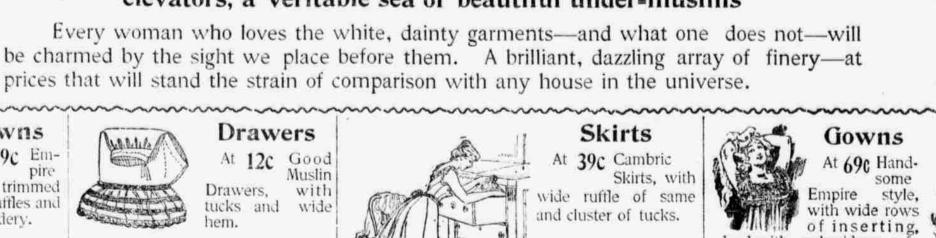
At 89c Three styles; one with umbrella flounce with Hamburg ruffle and inserting; another with lace ruffle and lace inserting; the ruffles of embroidery; also with ruf- third has deep lawn ruffle with two rows of hemstitching-very full.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

At 95c Very elaborate Skirts that are delicately At 23c Of good quality Muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace and fine inserting; skirts that are actually worth \$1.50 at wholesale cost.

> At \$1.69 Very full and handsome Skirts, in all the newest effects-fine in quality.

> > \cdots



edged with embroidery; ruf-

fles of embroidery around

At 790 Dainty Empire

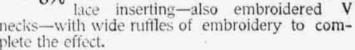
wrists.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.



JONAS LONG'S SONS.

Gowns, handsome ribbons. At 89c Gowns with V neck and six rows of



Corset Covers

- At 66 Good quality, worth 12c, not cheese
- At 12c Round or square neck, embroidery trimmed.
- At 210 With yoke or tucks and fine embroidery.
- At 29c With V neck-handsomely trimmed lace.

And these elaborate garments at wonderfully low prices

One at \$1.25 is of fine nainsook, with square neck, trimmed with dainty insertion; also ruffle of fine lawn edged with valenciennes lace. Another gown at \$1.39 has square neck with solid yoke of embroidery. Then there are three styles at \$1.49-one with a round yoke made entirely of torchon lace inserting and lace ruffles; another is bishop effect, high neck, trimmed with val. lace and ruffles of same; the third style has V neck, with fine lawn yoke, hemstitched and dainty embroidery. A gown at \$1.69 has shield shaped yoke with alternate rows of tine tucks and torchon lace. A very handsome gown with yoke of open embroidery, and full ruffles of embroidery over shoulders, is \$1.75—about half price. \$2.25 is the price of a handsome garment with round yoke of val. lace and inserting, finished with puffings of lawn. Some very handsome skirts, trimmed with full and duchess lace and inserting, are \$2.25. Another style has double rows of duchess lace and is but \$3.98—worth a third more.

Jonas Long's Sons.

pire style, trimmed with ruffles and At 47c Alternat-

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

remorse of having blighted another weman's life. That she dared not face Her armness had the natural result Stephen Rahere had married and slipped below his natural level to that of his wife. It so often happens, and it happened in this instance. He had been a painter of singular power and promise when Evadne was but a hardworking art student who betraved small signs of future eminence. "A man who was sure to succeed, a girl who was unlikely to do much." That was the verdlet of the world when they were young. Fate had reversed the judgment, Rabere retrograded; Evadne, taught by art, love and sorrow triumphed.

But there had been one night of utter happiness for her before she knew the truth. There had been one ball, one only, when they had danced together for the first time and the last. She had worn heliotrope from the old garden She wore it now, among her flashing diamonds. The scent wafted her back to that other June. Long ago? There is no long ago for a woman's heart. listener: She could recall every incident of that night, the groups of dancers, the per-

fume of flowers. She sat there alone with only the throbbing pulse of the valse rising and falling with melan-

choly cadences. Susan Protheroe's aiert, long-sighted eyes were upon her, of emeralds and a frou-frou of the and through the open door she made a sketch of the well-shaped head with its fauitlessly arranged masses of gray gray headed, with an indefinable air of hair, so that its picturesqueness was not quite wasted.

bearing. He looked like a gentleman. Evadne was not thinking of herself, and yet there was something awkward She was wondering if Stephen were in his demeanor, as of one ill at ease still alive-if he were happy-if he and out of his element. He had, in were much changed. She had no idea fact, come back to society after a long that sorrow and renunciation had put absence, and found that both he and into her own face something rarer it had drifted hopelessly apart. An than beauty. She who had not been impulse just to glance again at what called pretty in her girlhood was much he had left years ago had made him admired now, Gray hair is fashion-accept a chance invitation. He regret-able, and perfect dress is such an im-ted it. His wife had not been dead portant help to a reputation for good many months. He had imagined that looks. She thought that those quiet death would have come to him first. It evenings in her own studio she had had come to the woman he had learned tenderly dedicated to gentle remem- to mate because of the sordid pettibrances of a dead joy had had none ness of nature that had at last almost of the bitterness that gave the old ground him down to its own pattern new quality tonight. Perhaps Illusion, ambition, had fallen away like she had been too much with the silly flowers nipped by the chilling frost of young lovers who had rushed in a dead-level mediocrity. He who, at 25 particularly hopeless engagement which had been full of faith in the future, really ought to have been frustrated. had stepped out of the ranks at 30 It was her punishment for being too At 50 he was an old man, and, what lenient to her nieces. By and by she was infinitely worse, had no past worwould be discovered and sent in to the thy the retrospect, no achieved work supper, for which she had no inclina- worth showing.

tion; then she would go home. It Mrs. Thesiger, who was too goodwas so hot and so over-perfumed, a natured ever to be likely to climb very discord of scents for fresh flowers and high on the social ladder, had found Bond street odors do not commingle. him vaguely wandering among the The evening seemed endlessity long, paims, and suggested that he should and there was no clock in the room. take some one in to supper.

The band was playing an air that, though it did not date back to her is how these meetings occur today. past, had a decided resemblance to Evadue had in former years been exone she had cause to remember. She pectant of such a chance encounter. It had never danced since that ball to had never come, and she had not for which Stephen had accompanied a long time regarded it is likely. She Her mother's death had the had known him once, and had seen them. pathetic advantage of giving her an with a sense of pain, more poignant excuse for withdrawing from society than any he had ever cost her, that the for a very long time. When she came young lover of her girlish creams was back it was as a quiet spectator. She as dead as the roses she had worn once said goodby to youth amid the whirl- upon a time. Failure was written on ing waltzers and the wax light . Dead his face. The eyes that had flashed flowers and dead hopes were the with hope and passionate determina-next morning. The wealth of re, in tion to do something that should be a heart framed for one passion was remembered wer quiet and dull now. henceforth vented only, and, as it It was the face of a not very much were, stealthily on children and even interested spectator in the comedy of enimals. She dared only to let her- errors we call life. The thought of

Ali Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

self go when she was painting and her own busy world, her art, her fame, the utter sadness of two or three pic- her many friends, smote her with a tures she had first exhibited had been bitter sense of contrast. He had had very marked. Yet she had led a use- such a start in the race, yet she had ful and cheerful existence. so entirely distanced him.

She was very sensitive to music, and They bowed in silence-Evadne with a grace that had become natural to the string orchestra played well, They were singing the refrain, now-a pretty her, Stephen with a touch of clumsifashion enough. The words of "Bid Me ness. A moment later they were alone. Goodby" were utterly commonplace. Evadue rose from her seat and stood mere fingle strung together, and yet under the warm radiance of a tall they touched the fastidlous, critical shade lamp. She was beautiful as she spoke, and her voice had always been her chief charm.

Ask me no more if I regret; you need not "Have you forgotten me in all these care to know: A womans heart does not forgetars?

There was a man with her, pale and

unaccustomedness about his dress and

Then, and not until then, he recog-She heard no more for her hostess nized her. He held out his hand; her had rustled into the room with a glint own trembled as she took it. "Strange that we should meet at a costliest of specially designed brocade

at H. He spoke in the most matter-of-fact tone possible, but it was an assumption. It deceived Evadue. She put an air of reserve into her next question. child-or, prehaps, you have others now ?"

Her voice, her smile, her delicate distinction hurt him. It made him feel that a gulf of well-spent years rolled between them and set up a barrier

"My wife has been dead ten months, My one child died years ago."

"I am sorry. Such sorrows as those nust be terrible." had wounded her sometimes when it en of her girlhood. He had laughed touched her unsuccessful work:

narriage was not fortunate, I sup- new? pose I deserved my fate." He scopped short. "You loved her once," she said wist-

fully, pained by the laugh with which he ended. "For a little while, prehaps. I gave twenty years purgatory. You, perhaps,

lever guessed it, but there was a time you might have delivered me." "By tempting you to dishonor; ruin-

ng another woman's happiness to use nough to know it was impossible." Something in her dignity brought 1088. car gaze.

fter all She looked up at him without flinchng.

"Yes, I loved you with all my soul." She had never thought to speak the flinging off her part as if it were a words aloud, thought they were no cloak. She had dreamed a dream, and smartingly familiar to her heart. She she had awakened. Suppose the had

"And yet you let me do that thing, work to be done yet, checked speech knowing all the while my heart was She shood in quiet thought. Evadue drew herself proudly up.

"You forget. You never spoke of erness to try to retrieve his wasted days overcame him. "We have changed places," he burst "She was miserable, I was miser-

able, you suffered, and all for the sake out. "When we parted you were only of a few prim womanly scruples, a struggling student; 1 was a man Three lives lost for a boy's hasty prom- whose two or three pletures had their How much better to have taken admirers. People laughed at me for the gifts the gods gave, if you cared an impressionist, but they all said I had a future. You had no encourageto claim II, that is,'

"If I cared! Stephen. You knew I mont. You were such a silent girl-no loved you from the first, but I dared even very pretty in other men's eyes. not do this thing. I measured her Now you are heautiful and queenly and famous. You are some one; I am no love by mine.

Stephen laughed contemptuously, one." His had always been an exacting na-His had always been an exacting nature, and now that he almost felt hate with its dreamy sweetness. Two happy for this woman with her rich velvet young people passed the doorway laughing. The pair within glanced at and her jewels bearing witness that she had stormed the citadel he had them involuntarily. Evadne was in a deserted. Toulght the music and the reverie, and Stephen's words sounded youth about him made him kick vague and far off. No appeal could I hope your wife is well and your against the pricks. It might have been touch her, "Have you no pity for me, no regret

so different. He did not say it might have been otherwise if Stephen Rahere that an old friend has drifted back to had not bartered art for a pair of your feet a failure? Evadne, say again blue eyes. But if Evadue Roseveare that you loved me once. I love you had acted otherwise she might have now made him great if she had sat at his There was passion in his voice: yet it was scarcely real love, this aftermath

feet and done him homage. He was angry with her, and his apathy had of the harvest of other years. Only he longed to be again in the bright world kindled a little. he had left so long ago, and her hand

To be disillusioned now, to be robbed held the key. of the hero she had worshipped so She had resumed her seat and he long; it capped the climax of her misstood bezide her, ill at ease. Then fortune. This pettish railer against the he said, with a touch of satire that fate he had courted was not the Stephnot for you nor for any other."

at her conceptions of art, told her she "Do not waste your compassion. My was charming, but not a painter-and get up to see him off."

She did not speak angrily, but very sadly when she broke a painful silence, "You paint still?"

"Paint! I have not touched a brush or years. Love in a cottage was not for them: 'Bid me good-by and go." my word. I kept it. It cost me nearly at all my wife's ideas. Her uncle had She swept away with that regal air he a concern. He was patentee of the had not seen before. There were some Emerin varnish. I got a desk in his dead heliotrope flowers where she office and, in time, a junior, very junior, partnership."

them up. He looked very grave and old. The last spark of firs had burned There were tears in Evadue's eyes the wreckage as a foundation for my when she spoke next. They were for out of his eyes; they were dull and own. You did not understand me well the artist that was lost, not for the sunken again. His companion, the pale spirit that whispers, "it might man who had bartered fame for a shave have been," had taken Evadne's place in a concern. She had struggled, wellbeside him. The waltz was over, and him back an echo of youthful eager- high starved; difficulties and barriers he went out into the white dawn.-He had once been hold. His had met her at every turn. Yet she awkward reserve fell away before her had attained: nay, much more than Black and White. more success she had been tried in

"Then, prehaps, you loved me once the fire and had come out pure gold. There were lonely women who blessed her name and whispered it in their prayers.

As she stood there she found herself spoke them now as if her dead self married Stephen and given up her art? were speaking to another shost. Thanksgiving for the work done, the WHAT THE GRIPPE IS.

In Stephen's unaccustomed eyes she | Each Nation Tries to Shift the Rewas beautiful, and a sudden mad eagsponsibility for It Upon Some Other.

> From the Albany Argus People who have never been in love

are ant to doubt the existence of that passion. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." And so, people vho have never had the grippe are inlined to think it is merely a new ame for a common cold. One writer playfully suggests that "evidently the thing to do is for everyone to become

Christian scientist and firmly believe that no such disease as the grippe exists." The fact is, however, that the disease has been known and escribed from the time of Hipporates who was born in the year 460 B. C., and, though its name has been changed at various periods, it has always been a form of spidemic catarrh, more or less severe, according

to circumstances. In 1510 it was called 'coccoluche," because the sick wore ; cap close over their heads. Afterward the Italian physicians named it "influenza," and in later years the French doctors gave it the name of "la grippe," though it seems best to retain the French spelling of the word when mcaning this disease, so as to distinguish it from other grips. It is known all over the world, and there "It is too late, Stephen; I have no is a disposition in every nation to heart to give you now. My love for shift the odium of it upon some other the man that was is sacred still; it is Thus the Russians call is country. the Chinese catarrh, the Germans "Auntie, are you ready to go yet? ften call it the Russian pest, the Ital-Jack's train leaves so early, and I must ians name it the German disease, and the French call it sometimes the Ital-

The interruption was sudden, and the ian fever and sometimes the Spanish rosy, dark-haired newcomer had Jack catrrh. with her. Evadne held out her hand,

The occurrence of grippe, as well as that was quite steady now, without a f most other epidemics, is apparently word; the chorus of the hand spoke connected with some particular condition or contamination of the atmo sphere, but what that condition is, or what may be that kind of contamination, no one knows. The poisonous stood and Rahere stooped and picked nfluence, whatever its nature may be, wings its way with greater celerity than the speed of human intercourse. while its progress seems influenced by the season of the year, whether hot old, damp or temperate: it is said to travel from east to west, and it seldom stays in one district more than six or seven weeks. Some visitations have proved more severe than others.

one in 1782, which extended over the whole of Europe, was very fatal; but at another time when it raged all over Europe, and was said to have no missed a family, and scarcely a peron, none died, except some children When it broke out in London in 1847, it appeared in a single day over every part of that great city, and affected upward of 500,000 persons. In December, 1889, there was an epi-

demic of grippe in the city of New York, said to have been "caused by germs conveyed in a letter from Russia which was received by a patient of an eminent uptown physician." That epidemic lasted six weeks and was extremely severe, resulting in hundreds of deaths. In March, 1891, it broke out again, and continued eight weeks, and the Registrar of the Board of Health says: "While it was less impetuous in its attack and less speedy in its culmination, its more protracted duration made it the most fatal of ali the epidemic we have had. Since 1891 the severity of the disease has been gradually declining, although more or less prevalent every year. The largest number of deaths from influenza in New York in any one year since 1891 was in 1895. In 1896 there was a decided remission, but an increase again in 1897. In 1898, up to the present time there have been fewer deaths than in any previous year since

All

Goods

Delivered

Free.

the disease first appeared. Professor Northnagel, of Vienna, who made a special study of the grippe, made a report in 1892, in which he said that the malady was miasmatic, infectious and contagious, and declared that no specific remedy was known, though the sufferers might be relieved somewhat by various drugs, As to treatment, the New York Board declined to make any suggestions, not deeming it safe to give any general prescription, because "the disease takes many different forms, and each form should be treated specifically." One physician is candid enough to say frankly that "while drugs may help to relieve the suffering, the best cure is a week spent in bed."

AT HIS EXPENSE.

He told her that it was impossible to find words to toll her how much he loved her. The next day he received a present of a dictionary .- Boston Transcript

"Does your husband ever go to church,

Mrs. Badger?" "Oh, yes, he goes quite regularly in the winter time. "Why does he go in the winter time and

ot at other times? "Well, you see, he generally has the minsy when the weather is raw, and hinks he is going to die."-Chicago News,

"Does your husband ever say anyhing about his mother's cooking ?" "No; but he says things about my ooking that his father used to say about is mother's cooking."-Cincinnati En-

uirer.

"The doctors had a consultation yes-"What was the result?"

"I understand that the family lawyers are now in secret session."-Brooklyn Life.

