

# "SO TIRED."

BY HARRY SAINT MAUR.

"I haven't got any reason, 'cept that I'm tired, Hal."

"Don't throw away your life for a fancy child."

"O, I know you have been good to me, and all that—"

"Good to you!" echoed Hal Tytanne, throwing himself up from where he was lying and facing a very handsome Zingarella-Italian girl who was bunched up in the corner of a big chair.

"It's an open question, according to the breadth, or depth, or narrowness of people's views whether I have been good to you at all; but God knows I want to be good to you if you'll let me."

"Well, any one would call it good for a swell clubman like you to pick me up, as you did, seven years ago right out of the Bowery gutter and take care of me ever since."

Nirta Zingra turned a suspicious pair of eyes for a second time up to Hal's sadly troubled face. There, hovering them, seemed wholly occupied in picking out the threads of gold embroidery from a slipper covering the tiny foot she was sitting on.

"It might have been kind of you to pick me out of the Bowery gutter, but not to take care of me as you have since."

"Since I was 16? A year ago? Now, you mustn't hammer yourself for that. Bowery vernacular was not entirely forgotten. It will be observed, it was better I should be good with you than bad."

"Why should you assume—"

"O, I know, it's in the blood of a gypsy Italian like me. From 14 to 17 is a dangerous age."

She stretched her arms up, undulating her beautifully moist-coral lips with that peculiar sinuous waltz-toilet that seems to belong exclusively to Easterners and Gypsies, and throwing back her prettily shaped head, shook out the masses of her luxuriant black hair, she gazed at Hal, for some reason through her half-closed eyes. At last with one sudden movement she assumed an erect position and resumed the conversation in "bickled-out" language and an accent that was a little affected.

"Dangerous at least for the females of my race. You know we went so hungry, either for food or love."

"But what do you want, Nirta?"

"I want a change. You are good, and fine looking and handsome, a true gentleman and only 25, but, dear me, you have been my world for seven years. I'm tired. I want another world."

"Are you sure, my poor little girl? Will you listen to me quietly and with attention for a five-minute session?"

She threw herself back in her former gypsy attitude, but few degrees up under her, and murmured impatiently:

"Va, va."

Hal Tytanne knelt by the chair and possessed himself of both her little hands.

"Think for a minute over the last seven years. You have education, but you have had no weariness with it. It has been my pleasure to make you curious to know things, and in gratifying curiosity give you knowledge. No one would believe that the lovely semi-Eastern lady whose hands I am now holding was once a dirty little gutter-snipe, who accepted honors as the ordinary events of life, a solid little wretch, inside and out. She is now traceable—do you see?"

Nirta withdrew her hands, darted them round Hal's neck, and rubbed her soft cheek round his face. Then pressed her humid lips to his gently without a sound.

"I said you had been good to me, Hal, but—"

"As good as I know how, girlie, save for one thing; and the dearest love I have ever known, the only love I have ever known, promoted that. Now listen. I blame myself for that, though I could not help it again by back and nature are stronger than the laws of man, but if you will come abroad with me and learn to love me still you shall be my wife on your eighteenth birthday."

A pained expression crossed the girl's features as she again lay back and slowly rolled her head to and fro on the cushion of the chairback.

"Hal, what made you bring Angus Saul here?"

Tytanne was on his feet in an instant.

"Has Angus been making love to you?"

"No, but I think he'd like to, and he's so different to you with his pretty blonde curling hair and blue eyes. What made you bring him?"

Hal strode to the other end of the room, his arms crossed over his chest, soliloquizing to himself rather than directly answering the question.

"What, indeed! The knowledge that he could keep a secret, the belief he was honorable, and that he had the best of his brilliant blonde handsomeness and her dark loveliness in the same room. How fatal. The only man who has ever seen her or knew of her existence in all these years and—"

He paused abruptly in front of her.

"Nirta, you have told me everything in that one question. I have opened the door to my own desolation, perhaps to your destruction. Tomorrow you will receive in a registered letter for a sixteen notes for \$1000 each. One of those thousands will serve for immediate necessities. The rest you can take down to any Italian bank of good standing and the president will tell you how to invest it so that the interest will always keep you from want. I am going to New York and shall not come again for three days. If you feel you must go, little girl—go; and may you find happiness."

She bounded into his arms.

"You are angry, you are hurt, are you not?"

"No, angry, Nirta, but in pain—"

He smiled sadly and went away.

Three days later Hal Tytanne opened the door of the roomy flat at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and entered the quiet looking apartment. Everything in its place. On the table a letter. He did not touch it, but, one by one, examined the rooms. They seemed as usual, only Nirta Zingra and her maid were out. Then he took up the letter and read:

"Hal, dear, I had to go. I did try to write, but I had to, I've got some of my things, most of them. Touch them sometimes and think of me, and I had a fancy to keep the key of the home where you were so good to me. Do you mind? I am sorry, but I was so tired. —Nirta."

He put the letter, open, quietly on the table, looked around the room and slowly murmured:

"You were so tired. Well, she was it, I am 27."

He went to the door, paused and looked around. "You are tired, aren't you, little Nirta. You may rest, but I shall be tired now—till the end."

Then he returned to the table, picked up the letter, folded it, pocketed it and went out.

It was twelve years after. Hal Tytanne sat alone in his sitting room at the Waldorf, handsome with his thick white hair and drooping iron-gray mustache than he had been in his youth, or even in the apogee of his manhood. Presently he laughed aloud and said to himself:

"How curious, to himself, the inevitable guiding strings of life pull. A little vaunt-voiced Italian girl drove me out of New York twelve years ago and now compels me back. Why? If it comes to that, why have I told the rest of those rooms in the Waldorf, the Fifty-fifth street for all these years and had them dusted twice a week? Six years ago the janitor and five families died of typhoid fever there and the building promptly emptied. Still I kept the flat. I suppose in other sets of rooms are all secured, secured. Well, the typhoid has surely carried away from my neighborhood the last memory of Nirta Zingra. Tomorrow I'll go and see. To-night I'll accomplish one of my pilgrimages down to the Bowery—the flat, tomorrow One Hundred and Forty-fifth street—the last."

He looked at his watch. He inspected the weather, donned a light overcoat suitable to the early spring, left the hotel and walked down Fifth avenue to Union Square, thence to the Bowery. Passing the old Thalia theatre corner, the distance he reached an old ex-protégé, Jim's, lamp's remains on which was perched a mail box. He paused and leaning one arm on the box gazed steadily at—the gutter. An alert, gray-headed, obese policeman presently observed Hal, Gaiting subtly up behind the ruminator he analyzed Tytanne with an expertly hinged accuracy, for the officer smiled and said, almost in Hal's ear:

"That was the spot, sir, right there."

Hal Tytanne turned his head.

"What, Jeffries? Yes? And still a roundsman?"

"Just that, sir, and nothing more. Guess I ain't got pull enough. It's a bit curious you should come down to look at that spot tonight. Would you mind coming down a side street. I'd like to tell you something quite peculiar."

"Go ahead, Jeffries. You fit right into my moods and tenes tonight."

"Soon officer and gentleman were in a locality where they could hear each other's voices."

"I know, sir," the officer began, "you forgot what happened on that spot night on twenty years ago. The children fighting; me stopping 'em; you noticing the little Italian girl; me afterwards buying her for you on the quiet, and so on. Now, sir, I don't know why, but I ain't never had no fancy to talk about that business. I know what you did for her, and my conscience ain't never pricked me over it. I was satisfied, and I kept my mouth shut. Do you know what became of that girl after she left you?"

"I believed she married."

"She did so. A rich man and one of our big swells. Do you know who 'twas?"

"I—forget. Hal chose to say. 'I've been abroad for years.'

"I know that, too. Well, sir, she married a Mr. Angus Saul, and for years was right among the best of 'em—now, for that matter. One of the most fashionable and popular ladies in society, and never a breath of scandal against her. You and I, who remember beginnings, have a right, I guess, to wonder at that, especially as we keep our wonderings to ourselves. Well, sir, five years ago, Mr. Saul was cutting up and helping to build up most of the bad female reputations in good society. At last she had to go for divorce. Well, Saul's a—hal ain't worth while to hunt for a name, but he is the only man besides our two

selves as knows her early history. To save himself he's tried to prove that she was in a Hundred 'n Forty-fifth street."

"Well," said Hal eagerly.

"He ain't been able to. He don't know about me—not as I could prove anything—and the janitor's dead, and—"

"You say that there has been nothing against her reputation all these years?"

"Not a breath. She's respected, and loved, and honored by all, and everybody thinks it's a dirty, mean trick to go back—"

"That's all right, Jeffries. I guess we can keep our secret—"

"Can we, sir? I can, but you—do you know the case is on now? Do you know—a mate o' mine's on duty in the court—that they saw your name among the list of arrivals from Europe, and that they are going to subpoena you for a star witness tomorrow?"

"Good God!"

"Yes, sir. I had a mind to hunt you up later if you hadn't come to look at that—"

"Well, Jeffries?"

"Well, sir, you saved the little girl once; if you've a mind—"

Hal held out his hand.

"You're a good fellow, Jeffries, and a prudent fellow. You never did talk, and I know you never will. Taking out a generous bill from my case—"For auld lang syne, old friend, Good-night."

The examination of the "star witness" was proceeding; a dignified gentleman with white hair was in the chair. A learned counsel wore a triumphant expression on his perky features.

"In 1878 you had a flat in One Hundred and Forty-fifth street?" asks the counsel.

"I have it yet."

"Indeed? You have an affection for it?"

"It is my New York home."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Were you in 1878?"

"No."

"Then there was a woman there from 1878 to 1882?"

"I lent the flat to a friend during that term."

"A lady?"

"Yes."

"You often called?"

"The lady was—hospitable."

"Very," a pause.

"Mrs. Angus Saul, please stand up."

Mrs. Angus Saul, nee Nirta Zingra, stood up, a very pale, very beautiful, and, strange to say, a very aristocratic looking woman. She stood straight at Hal Tytanne for the first time in twelve years.

"Is that the lady, Mrs. Angus Saul, who lived in your flat for several years?"

Hal gazed at Nirta steadily and changed once for several seconds, then quietly answered the examining counsel:

"I am gazing at Mrs. Angus Saul for the first and only time in my life."

Nirta got her divorce.

Hal had been living in the flat at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street for six weeks. He had lunched at the impulse which made him wish to stay there a few days, and said to himself that he would go back to Europe each day, and still remain.

It was 10 o'clock at night. He was sitting opposite a big cushioned arm chair. Soon a little Gypsy-like figure seemed to form in one corner and memories crowded all round him. Leaning his elbow on the table near he cushioned his head in his hand. As the memories flitted so, the features changed. Presently his eyes filled with tears. Throwing his left arm on the table he pillowed his forehead on his clinched fists. His shoulders vibrated for some moments, then he remained quite still, so still that the door, gently opening, did not disturb him.

Some one entered and looked down at him. He did not move. A hat was laid softly aside, gloves removed, and then the same one glided in front of Hal and knelt down, a very beautiful woman with lustrous black eyes.

"Hal, I'm so tired. May I come home?" There was no answer. She dropped her head.

The woman put up her hand and touched Hal. She was not repulsed. She kept her head raised, but possessed herself of his left hand.

"Hal!"

He seemed to let himself fall back in the chair. Thus he confronted her. She looked up and faced Hal at last. He was dead. He, too, had been tired, but was at rest now.

**MAGNETISM IN BRICKS.**

Interesting Experiments Made at the Rochester University.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"Probably the idea that a humble red brick would ever play any part in electrical experiments has occurred to few. However, this is just what a certain lot of bricks composing a pier at the Reynolds Laboratory did and will continue to do as they are within reasonable distance of the delicate electrical instruments used in the laboratory. A suspicion that the above contingency might exist has been in the mind of Professor Henry D. Lawrence of the University of Rochester for some time past. That it is a reality he now feels sure, and the methods he used to come to that conclusion are most interesting.

The professor, in collaboration with Otis A. Gage, a special student in electricity, began a series of experiments covering some months. The performance of the magnetometer which was used in measuring the magnetic power of a steel bar was the first cause for suspecting that the bricks were other than what their appearance would lead one to think. The magnetometer had rested on a brick pier for the purpose of making it plumb. Not long after Professor Lawrence, while in Ann Arbor, heard of a similar experience occurring there. On his return the experiments went on with more zeal than ever. Bricks of all varieties were put through any number of tests and the great majority were found to be magnetic. Those manufactured by water power, known as "hydraulic" bricks, proved to be exceedingly strong, one equalling the power of a steel needle 2.3 centimeters in length. This same block of clay would make noticeable deflections in comparatively crude instruments, while delicate ones would flutter perceptibly.

One of the bricks, a plain white one, hydraulically pressed, possessed no magnetism. A certain amount of lime entered into the composition of a white brick, such as was used, and its presence undoubtedly had much to do with the absence of magnetic power. It was discovered that the bricks gained magnetism in the presence of a dynamo, though the surrounding of the bricks by wire coils made no perceptible difference. Heating the bricks served in

a measure to decrease the magnetism, though in each case a minute amount was retained.

To just what cause this is due neither gentleman is ready to state. It is the present opinion, however, that there is more or less magnetite in the clay of which the bricks are made. The mode of manufacturing is also thought to have something to do with the phenomena. As stated above, the presence of lime served to decrease the magnetism, while the absence allowed of greater power. The professor thinks the importance of his discovery obvious. The slightest trace of unsuspected magnetic power in the structural part of a laboratory is necessarily fatal to nicety of electrical measurements.

That clay, when worked over so little by human agency, gathers magnetic properties has been thought for some time. Eminent Italian scientists have made numerous experiments in that line during the past half dozen years. Their greatest proof was found by experimenting with several examples of ancient pottery, which had been buried for centuries. Crude as they were, magnetism was found to exist in no uncertain quantities.

**FAMOUS TRIALS.**

Cases That Have Consumed Many Years in Settlement.

From The Bits.

The recent death of Jean Lale, the famous witness in the yet more famous Tichborne trial, has called to mind that great law case, and led again to the recollection of other cases which have left their marks on our legal lists for the length of time they took before being settled.

The record for long cases in the law courts is held by the celebrated suit known as the "Bishop Demeira will case," which arose from the estates left by that prelate in 1745 and went on a long and terribly protracted career till it ended in 1890. At first there was some £250,000 for distribution among the heirs, but ere the trial had finished (122 years after its start) there were many claimants to the money and law costs had so swelled it up that it worked out at £1 each all round.

The next case in point of years was the famous "Parker and Dawkins," which was commenced in 1823 and struggled on till 1869. This was a suit for the estate of the West India planter, J. J. Parker, who was extremely rich, and died in 1823 at Portland place, Commission; Stone at Westminster heard much of it in its latest stages, and the reason why it finished in 1869 was that the whole estate had been exhausted in paying the lawyers' costs. This case had a far greater claim to fame than that of being merely the second longest trial in our island of which we have any full account. It will evermore be memorable owing to its being the original from which "Charles" took his cue in his famous case of "Jarvis and Jarvis," in "Black House" which of us has not laughed at the vagaries of that great case as set down by the celebrated novelist?

A strange thing in connection with this case would also be mentioned. This was that one of the parties to the suit, a Mr. G. O. Parker, who had been supposed to have been killed in Paris about 1840, turned up and gave evidence in 1861. Yet his estate had been administered as that of a deceased man twenty years before.

The trial of Warren Hastings for illegalities committed during his governorship of India, which took place at the end of the last century, lasted over seven years. This is our longest state trial.

All the above cases, however, grew to such length because they were being constantly adjourned for long periods and so little of them was heard at once. Of trials fairly continuous and reckoning up all the days actually taken, the longest trial in this first place without much difficulty. It began in 1772 and was not really completed till the claimant was sentenced to prison for perjury in 1874. There had been sittings of the court for no less a time than 102 days ere the finish came as described.

Mention must be made also in this list of long trials of the Perrell case, which occupied the judges for a period of 129 fairly full days.

**ORCHID TEA.**

Of course, every one is aware that under the name of "tea" we often drink a beverage that has no acquaintance with the real leaf. But there are several "teas" which are not fraudulent manufactures, though they are not tea. In Mauritius, for instance, they make tea of the leaves of an orchid. In Peru they drink mate, a tea made from native species of holly. The Abyssinians make a tea from the leaves of carba edulis, which has such stimulating qualities that even a leaf or two of it brewed has all the reviving effects of "the cup that cheers," and this is most valuable to travellers. The Tasmanians are said to be the happy possessors of no less than a hundred substitutes for tea; while the Pomonians have teas of their own made from berries, leaves, woods and bark of trees. In Sumatra coffee leaves are infused in the tea-pot, and the result is said to be an excellent beverage.

**A PRAYER.**

Not easy! I would not stoop so low to ask That this dull pain grow ever less and less.

Not the harshness of my daily task, Nor longer on my crippled life should press.

Not death! I would not leave, with coward feet, The battlefield where He so bravely fought.

Could I His tender eyes once dare to meet, If that first rupture were too dearly bought?

Nor do I pray that I may soon forget In some low joy the anguish of the old. Better drink deep of memory and regret, Than taste the draught that Lethe's cup may hold.

But strength I ask to bear the standard high He carried proudly and with faithful aid.

That, when the day shall come for me to die, It still may be, as now, unstained and fair.

And grant me sympathy with others' pain, That so my own may serve its purpose best; Nor seek to shift its heavy load again. Since thus I learn the need of all the rest.

And faith to feel that He is with me still, Through stress of storm and wastes of day; And help to live by His wiser will Up to the hill of some clearer day.

—Boston Transcript.

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|---|--|--|
| <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Fine Dress Goods</b></p> <p>1200 yards of 40-inch all-wool Imperial Serges, in black only; made from pure Australian wool, soft in texture, fine twill and rich silk finish, positively worth 50c yard. At the Great Friday Sale, yard..... <b>39c</b></p> | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Fine Ribbed Vests</b></p> <p>Women's Vests for summer wear; low neck and sleeveless, nicely trimmed with lace and taped neck and arms. Positively worth 15c at any store. At the Great Friday Sale..... <b>10c</b></p>                                      | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Fine Bed Spreads</b></p> <p>100 full size snow white Bed Spreads—in some very pretty patterns. All hemmed, ready for use. Have positively never sold under \$1.00—and worth \$1.15. At the Great Friday Sale.... <b>79c</b></p>             |
| <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Good Groceries</b></p> <p>Take your choice on Friday only of<br/>Can Van Camp's Pork and Beans..... <b>9c</b><br/>Pint Bottle Mustard..... <b>9c</b><br/>Package Comb Honey..... <b>9c</b><br/>1 lb. Boneless Codfish..... <b>9c</b></p>                   | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Outing Flannels</b></p> <p>2,000 yards of splendid quality and good styles of Summer Outing Flannels in great variety, positively worth 8c yard. At our Great Friday Sale, yard..... <b>5c</b></p>  | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Good Groceries</b></p> <p>Take your choice on Friday only of<br/>3 packages Chicoric... <b>4c</b><br/>1-4 lb. Baking Powder Box Enameline..... <b>4c</b><br/>Pkg. Rising Sun Stove Polish..... <b>4c</b></p>                                |
| <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Kitchen Things</b></p> <p>Your choice of Cedar Wash Tubs, with electric hoops, worth 40c; also Clothes Bars, worth 40c, 55c and 60c; also 4-qt. agate Coffee and Tea Pots. At Great Friday Sale..... <b>29c</b></p>  | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Black Sateens</b></p> <p>Very fine quality Black Sateen, henrietta finish and warranted not to crock or fade. Every yard actually worth 15c. At the 3 Great Friday Sale.... <b>9c</b></p>   | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Basement Things</b></p> <p>Your choice of decorated Jardiniere, worth 15c; also China Bowls, worth 15c; also Children's Three-Piece Garden sets, worth 25c. At the Great Friday Sale... <b>9c</b></p>                                       |
| <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Muslin Skirts</b></p> <p>Fine White Muslin Skirts, made very full, with umbrella ruffle, nicely plaited; the 50c kind in any store. At Our Great Friday Sale <b>39c</b></p>  | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Corset Covers</b></p> <p>Fine quality Muslin Corset Covers; your choice of styles, round or square neck, embroidered trimmed and worth 20c. At the Great Friday Sale..... <b>12c</b></p>  | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Fancy Wrappers</b></p> <p>Very best quality calico wrappers in light and dark colors; Mother Hubbard yoke, prettily trimmed and worth 75c. At our Great Friday Sale..... <b>59c</b></p>   |
| <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>50c Sheet Music</b></p> <p>200 copyrighted titles of Sheet Music from the big publishing house of Chas. Ditson &amp; Co.—both vocal and instrumental. We offer your choice of entire lot at our Great Friday Sale..... <b>6c</b></p>                       | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Summer Gloves</b></p> <p>Superfine quality of pure Lisle Thread Gloves in all the leading shades of grey, tan, brown, black and white. Finely made, with double finger tips and fancy stitching. Positively worth 35c. At Great Friday Sale. <b>23c</b></p> | <p><b>Friday Sale</b><br/><b>Covert Jackets</b></p> <p>Tailor-made—of fine covert, in fly box front; velvet or plain collar; self strap seams, hand-somely lined throughout. Would be very good value at \$5.00. Take them at our Great Friday Sale..... <b>2.98</b></p> |

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