THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1899.



tation.

Tom.

quainted."

right?

"And when did that happen?"

"Well, almost, but not exactly,"

border this 'sweet valley;' your sails

waves;' your songs, dances and reci-

and plans to reform the 'wicked world'

-until it all ended in a 'cruel sever

"Yes, if sincerity of spirit be discov-

ered under your guise of humor," said

"Well, now, be frank," said Tom

"Because I could not kelp myself,

"Was she big or little, or fat or

"She was small and prettily formed."

'Yes, at times: but she was a woman

'Could say no in a dozen different

"Didn't ask? Saw you had no

"Then what was it? Did she have

too many other fellows, and were you

ways and still stick to it, could she?'

excellent mind and firmness of

why did you love the lady?"

"And babyish, of course?"

"I never asked her, Tom."

"It wasn't that, Tom."

"I shall love her while I live," said [pet bird, bestowing on me one short handsome Ernest Brown to his old coy glance from eyes as melting and friend, Tom Howard, as they sat smok- tender as a fondled gazelle's." ing and chatting together on the pleas-ant veranda of Hotel Pleasant View. right away, did she?" No; not a bit of it, Howard. In the

"I shall love her while I live, Tom, though I may never see her lovely words of dear old Goldsmith, it was: face again." "Ab, yes, Brown," observed jolly colis of love'; not a summer girl's flir-

Tom in his roguish, good-natured way, "so I hear, but the all-important point for consideration is: Doeg she love you, my boy? 'There's the rub.' The question before the house is: Doth she reciprocate?"

Brown reflected a moment, gazed va cantly across the beautiful stretch of silver waters known as Crystal Lake, that lay kissing the white-pebbled beach, a hundred yards away, and replied:

"I think she does."

"But you're not certain?" suggested Tom, interrogatively. "Why, no; of course not," Ernest

admitted. "Well, then, there's lots of room and probably plenty of reason for honest doubt in the matter." was Tom's solar ing observation.

Ernest glared at his friend reproach fully. "How elever and surcastic you are

growing, Tom, and how sympathetic you are becoming," he retorted, dryly.

"Neither clever nor sarcastic," cor rected Howard; "simply honest and alive, as of old."

Ernest was silent. "Am I not right? asked Tom.

"Quite likely you are," said Ernest "but you'd talk differently if you were in my position."

"Of course: most assuredly;" an swered Howard, smiling,

A short silence followed. Howard sat abstractedly watching the snowy sails of a little yacht that was gliding tals and chats about favorite authors, slowly a'eng over the tranguil bosom of the liquid plain, in the shadows of the picturezoue hillslopes on the lake's ance'-a yanking of heart from heart further shore, but his actual thoughts and a return to something nearer your were divided between the investment normal condition. Am I right?" of his next year's income and his friend's love affair. Ernest, however, was thinking solely of the latter when | Ernest. his reverie was suddenly broken by Howard, who inquired, half teasingly: "Is the lady of your heart's dreams

She seemed like my better self, more pretty, my boy? "Not pretty, Tom, but beautiful," gentle and refined." Ernest replied, "and as innocent and

captivating in her girllike simplicity as a little fairy." "Whew!" whistled Tom, "had 'soul-

ful eyes.' too I reckon." "As 'soulful' as any I have seen,

retorted Ernest 'And dimpled hands, red lips, rosy cheeks, a fine figure, graceful walk, billows of golden-brown tresses, pearly teeth, a soft voice and an angel's disposition-have I omitted anythins?in short, the regulation, patented, selfworking, impossible piece of sweet- you? heart machinery set up by nestling poets and out-of date novelists?"

"There, now, Tom," said Ernest, "let

taken \$50,000 worth of stock and can on to the proper track, where its pashold \$10,000 each for you and Ernest. If satisfactory, both of you come to sengers are to be landed. Chicago at once to sign papers and

close deal. "JOHN C. HOWARD." "Well, it must be a sure thing or father wouldn't touch it," was Tom's eager comment. "I'm in for it and off on the afternoon boat. Are you with

"Yes. We have about forty minutes to pack up and catch the boat. I guess I have time to drop in at that jeweler's down yonder by the railroad station and get my ring. I broke it rowing the other day."

Half an hour later the triumphant Tom laughed back from the promenade deck of the departing steamer, as his exasperated friend stood on the dock, luggage in hand, shouting franctically

to the captain to let him aboard. "I'lil see you in the sweet by and by, 'The bashful maiden's side-long Ernest!" he cried. "Oh, I'll be over on tomorrow's

boat! "Yes, but that stock'll all be taken

"How do you know that?" demanded then, my boy," answered Howard, as "I found it so when we became at the boat moved off in earnest. "I'll just go past and leave my best egards and rarest compliments with "Half an hour after our eyes first that jeweler, anyway," thought Ernmet. The landlord was showing a party of boarders about the country, est, as he turned his tired footsteps in disappointment toward the little shop and Miss Moore and I were in the near the weather-beaten depot. Near party, and of course mine host introthe door of the jeweler's he paused. A duced us to each other and to the woman's gentle hand had touched his other guests as well. In the course of arm lightly and her glad yet pleading the trip Miss Moore and I conversed eyes were looking tenderly up to his,

enough to discover a similiarity of and in the softest, sweetest voice she tastes and sympathies, and of course was saying: after that we soon became friends." "Oh, Mr. Brown, how delighted I am "Then, I suppose," continued Tom to see you!" Before him stood Dora Howard, "it naturally followed that Moore, loveller, it seemed, than ever. oth of you gushing young things fell "Lon't you remember me, Mr. head over heels in love, and that one Brown?" she asked, smilingly. "Ah!" vas afraid to tell it and the other she added, teasingly, "I thought you

darsent,' until finally the girl got diswould. Mamma," she said, turning to custed and skipped out for home. Am the pleasant-faces, white-haired lady peside her, "this is Mr. Brown." "Of whom I've neard you speak," "Beg pardon, Brown," said roguish sald Mrs. Moore, with a quiet smile. Tom, "I suppose I left out the most "We are on our way to the hotel to important thing, to you; such as the

spend a month or so for mamma's strolls you took beneath the silent, silhealth," explained Dora, or moon and stars, whispering 'sweet On the way to the hotel Ernest told nothings,' hand in hand; your delightthe ladies how he had missed his boat. ful tete-a-tetes on this veranda, your because kind Providence had blessed ramblings o'er the 'vine-clad hills' that

Crystal Lake with a snail-like jeweler, whose worth was now inestimable." on yonder 'silver lily pond,' your strolls upon its beach, besides the 'talking After supper, when Mrs. Moore had retired to her room, Ernest and Dora sat out on the veranda watching the moonlit lake together, in almost the

very spot where first they met. "Let me tell you of our good fortune Mr. Brown," she said. "Several oil and cas wells have been discovered on our

old homestead and we have sold the part of the place on which the wells re located to a sig Chicago synuicate. that she cannot part from the old

home, will keep house together." "And what will you do?" asked Ern-"I haven't decided yet."

lerly, "you know I love you-have oved you all the time-and cannot live of cheese without you; now that every barrier is swept away by nappy fortune, must

our sacred love?" And Dora looked trustfully up and and after they have been allowed placed her hands in his. A telegram brought Howard back to

hance and had sense enough to escape-the humiliation of a refusal, did cago News.

> WILL CONTROL 750 TRAINS. Boston Switchman Will Have Many

To indicate whether the track is clear or not, the switches will be connected with 150 semaphore signals, that will show clear above all obstructions on the tops of bridges placed over the tracks destined for each of the several

roads. These will show the customary red danger signal if the track is in use, or a green if it is ready for occupancy, or no signal if it is entirely unoccupied. The semaphore signals work

automatically with the opening and closing of the switches. With these mechanical arrangements

at his disposal, and no fear that they will go to sleep at their posts, or leave them unprotected to go on a strike, the operator in the tower sits as comfortably as the responsibilities of the position will permit him.

Before him is a machine on which numbered plates indicate the switch. A series of levers from 5 to 6 inches in length run along the front of the machine, each located at a numbered

plate. When a train is to come over the rails and to go into the train shed he turns the lever to the right or left. as the proper railing of the train re-

quires, and it slides smoothly into its proper position. The operator is not allowed to think of anything else but his switches while on duty. He is not alone in the tower, either. With him are three others, who are known as the director, the assistant director and the telephone man. Each of these has his duties connected with the switch system, and in the same service, although working on the earth, are two men employed in keeping the switches well

oiled and cleaned. All these men are impersonal, and to the outside world have no names but those that indicate their occupations. There are, so to speak, three of each of them. 'That is, there are three shifts of men who do the work of the different positions, but whether it be John, Jim or Tom who is on duty, for the time he is only the operator, director or telephone man. The telephone man gets word through the telephone or telegraph wire that a train is coming. He communicates with the director, who, in turn, tells the operator. When It is seen approaching he turns his lever, and the switch is set automatically, and the semaphore works and in-

dicates whether the track is clear of ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

Some of the Mysteries Connecte with Its Production.

Philadelphia Evening Telegraph Roquefort cheese, the delight of moern epicures, is made of a mixture goat and sheep milk. The reputation Besides, my brother will graduate next of this cheese extends back into di year. Then he and mamma, who feels antiquity, and Pliny mentioned it his writings.

It is made chiefly from the milk Larzad goats and sheep, and in th records in France it is stated that, the year 1866, 250,000 sheep and goa "Dora, dearest one,' said Ernest, ten- out of a flock of 400,000 gave enoug milk for the making of 7,150,000 pound

In the manufacture of Roquefo cheese, says an exchange, the she we wait longer for the fulfillment of and goats are milked in the evenin after their return from the pasture

rest for an hour or so. The evening's milk is heated almo act as best man at the wedding .- Chi- to the boiling point, and then is s aside. In the morning it is skimme heated to 38 degrees and mixed wi the morning's milk for construct the The curd is well kneaded with the hands and pressed in layers into molds A thin layer Kitchen Things



THE largest mercantile establishment in the State, outside of Philadelphia, with a department store stock larger than all the other dry goods stores in Scranton combinedgive to Jonas Long's Sons a weighty prestige in buying goods-and places



On the top round of public approval as THE bargain event of the week.

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Our two mammoth stores fight for supremacy on that day-a friendly rivalry that makes the buying spirited and perpetual.

You have only to read over the appended items to satisfy yourself that on no other day does your money go quite so far for certain things-which, even at their regular every day prices, are lower than in any other store.

Sale Begins at 10 O'clock-All You Want Until Closing Time.

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Friday Sale	Friday Sale	Friday Sale
Fine Dress Goods 1200 yards of 46-inch all- wool Imperial Serges, in black only; made from pure Aus- tralian wool, soft in texture, fine twill and rich silk finish, positively worth 59c yard. At the Great Friday Sale, yard	Fine Ribbed Vests Women's Vests for summer wear; low neck and sleeve- less, nicely trimmed with lace and taped neck and arms. Positively worth 15c at any store. At the Great Friday Sale	Fine Bed Spreads too 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 79c
Friday Sale	Friday Sale	§ Friday Sale
	Outing Flannels	Good Groceries
Good Groceries Take your choice on Friday only of Can Van Camp's Pork and Beans Pint Bottle Mustard Package Comb Honey.	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 5c	Take your choice on Friday only of 3 packages Chicorie 1-4 lb. Baking Powder Box Enameline Pkg. Rising Sun Stove Polish
1 lb. Boneless Codfish.)	Friday Sale	Friday Sale
Friday Sale	Black Sateens	Basement Things

Very fine quality Black

Fine quality Muslin Corset

Covers; your choice of styles,

round or square neck, em-

broidery trimmed and worth

20c. At the Great 12¹ Friday Sale..... 12²c

3 Basement Things

Your choice of decorated

lardieniers, worth 15c; also

China Bowls, worth 15c; also

Children's Three-Piece Gar-

den sets, worth 25c. At the Great Friday Sale... 9c

Very best quality calico wrappers in light and dark colors; Mother Hubbard yoke,

prettily trimmed and worth

75c. At our Great **59c**

Fancy Wrappers

Friday Sale

Friday Sale

Covert Jackets

me have a chance to talk a bit. I love jealous? a cultured, flesh-and-blood woman, whose faults-if she has any-are hid-

den by virtues big and white enough to make 'me, at least, love her through speak, then, did you?"

slim?

haracter."

a lifetime, if I can only win her." "And you met her here, did you?" said Tom.

"Yes, here on this very veranda, red you, anyway?" two summers ago, loved the delightful little creature and was determined to win her the moment I beheld her, and his friend's. "She was a plucky little she seemed to fancy me. We spent school teacher, striving hard to edumany happy hours together in sweet cate her younger brother and to supcompanionship, like twin souls that we port herself and mother. The boy was were. But at last we parted, vowing attending the little academy in which tender vows of sacred friendship-we Dora taught, and the mother lived on watched with interest by railroad men three or four days. Then they are were too earnest and prudent to do a small but badly mortgaged farm and engineers. Over these tracks will taken to the market in Roquefort, more-and she passed out of my life somewhere down in Indiana. The like a floating shadow. Seek as I will place was the old homestead left by I can get no trace of her. I visit this place was the old homestead left by place every summer in the almost vain trying to redeem it and at the same of the New York, New Haven and hope that some mystic power in the sa-cred longing of soul for soul will again brother along in school. Of course, land road. draw us together, here whence first we being well-to-do, I would have gladly met. But if we are doomed nevermore shouldered all her little burdens, but to meet I shall carry the image of her as soon as she learned that I was the fair, sweet face in my heart till I possessor of a little of this world's Street station. Each road handles die.'

"Say, you ought to take something for that; you're bad off," said Tom; "I'd be seared if I was in your fix. Have you consulted a physician?"

"No, but I hope some day to send you to a minister for me," said Ernest laughing.

"Oh, you do, do you?" was Tom's observation; "not content with doing action betrayed the secret of her heart bad, you desire to do worse. In short, you wish to flop out of the frying-pan into the fire and want me to assist you in making the transit," laughed mischievious Tom. "Just fancy me in the role of a matrimonial assistant!"

"You look able to act the part."

"Thank you, my boy; but, say, Brown, how did you get yourself into such a fix? I want you to tell me, so and made a little home nest for both causes them to work at the proper that I can point out your case as a 'horrible example' to other young men."

"Well, said Ernest, "it's not a long story and I don't mind telling It."

"Glad the agony's short," interrupt-ed Howard. "I was afraid you were going to give it to me in spasms, on the installment plan."

Ernest brushed the ashes off his

"Well, the matter is just this: You know I was left an orphan at 13, that your honored father, he's my guardian, handed a snug fortune over to me when I attained my majority two years ago. You also know that I immediately invested several thousand dollars in your father's profitable business and that, having some property in this neighborhood, which I had never seen, I decided to couple business and pleasure by spending my summer vacation at this charming resort. You will re-member that I came alone, as you had accepted an invitation to summer at the seashore. Of course you tried to coax me to accompany you, but my business interests in this locality demanded my immediate personal attention. So, putting aside the pleasure of your companionship, I came here abure.

This brings me to my story proper." "That's the introduction, you mean," said Tom. "Now follows,' chapter I. to be continued in our next.'"

Ernest threw away his cigar and continued:

"The very day of my arrival I met follows: Dora Moore. I was sitting on the veranda here, enjoying the cool breeze and the fine scenery when a lovely lit- | capital being formed to develop recent tle fairy in dainty summer aftire flut-

"No; she gave herself quite up to From the Boston Globe. "Just lacked the natural gift to

"Not much! Did I ever refuse to fight you, Tom, when we were boys?" "Can't say's you did; but what deter-

"Well, it was just this," said Ernest, as he "hitched" his chair up closer to

she preferred to meet her own responslotlitles unaided.

"This, of course, shut off all possi- ing them on the right tracks. When bilities of my proposing marriage to the trains begin to run into the new her, although I loved her and she knew station all this work will be in the

t, and I felt that she loved me. Still, her conduct toward me did not change. It could not, for her every look and eight hours each employed. To connect the eight feeding tracks with those in the trainhouse there will and assured me that this beauteous woman loved me as tenderly as I loved he fifty-two single switches, thirty-five her. It was plain that she was sucdouble slip switches and thirty-five rificing herself for others. The two movable frogs. The man in the tower weeks she was spending at Hotel Pleas. will have command of these through ant View was the only vacation she 122 compressed-air cylinders, varying

had felt able to enjoy since the death of her father, three years before. Gladly would I have taken her to my heart of us and shouldered her responsibili-ties. Several times I actually approached the point of proposal, but she always avoided coming to the point so gently, yet firmly, that I soon saw

she did not wish to pain me with a refusal. So I gave up in despair, cut short my vacation and tore myself away,'

"Yes, she said good-bye with tears DR HILL & SON Ernest brushed the asnes off his chair and in her eyes, and I believe I could have began: Dental work at position on her part."

take advantage of that tender soul in an unguarded moment." Scranton. "But what became of the lady?"

We have been in Scran-ton over 15 years; we are here now; we intend to stay here. Our business "I don't know, Tom; I've never been able to get track of her ever since and would go across the earth for a touch of her hand," "Oh, you poor, poetic fellow! How

ou must suffer when you take those spells!"

"Were you ever in love, Tom?" "Many a time." "Well, didn't you feel the same

"Yes, but I got over it."

"How ?"

"By falling in love with some other giri

"And what did you do then?"

"I repeated the process until the symptoms of the disease disappeared. Hello! What's this?-a telegram?" A boy approached and handed him a message. He opened it and read as

"Chicago, Ill.-To Thomas Howard, Crystal Lake: Company with \$500,000 gas and oil discoveries in Indiana,

Lives in His Keeping. of moldy bread is put between each layer of curd.

In a watch tower out in the yard of The object of this is to hasten the "ripening" of the cheese by supplying the new Southern Union station, when the regular running of trains there will the germs of the green mold peculiar begin, will be a man who will have in to cheese. The bread used for this his hand, so to speak, the lives of the purpose is made, before the preceding hundreds of thousands of persons who Christmas, of about equal parts of will come on the 750 daily trains that summer and winter barley, with plenty will make the station their terminus. of sour dough, and some vinegar. The work of putting in the switches When moldy enough, it is ground by which the eight main tracks will be and slfted, moistened with water, and connected with the fanlike arrange-

kept from the air until used in making ment of the twenty-eight tracks in the the cheese. interior of the train house has been

where they are sold to the different makers of Roquefort cheese These manufacturers continue the

ripening of the cheeses by placing them in the very damp caves which abound in the precipitous walls of the These trains now run into three stalimestone hills which almost completetions and the temporary station of the ly surround the village.

New England outside the Kneeland The cheeses are left in the caves goods she made me understand that trains daily up to the capacity of its which time salt and brine are rubbed sometimes more than a month, during station, and dozens of switchmen in into them, and they are pricked frethe yards have their hands full in keepquently with long needles to let the salt penetrate into them, and also to accelerate the process of moldering.

hands of one man, or rather, of three Told the Truth. men, as there will be three shifts of

Willie Littleboy-"I wish I had been Scorge Washington." Papa-"Why, my son?"

White—"Why, prova, he couldn't tell a lie, and so when he was visiting and was asked if he would like another pices of cake, instead of saying 'No.' Just for the sake of being polite, he told the truth and said 'Yes.''—London Punch. . .

from 5 to 612 inches in diameter. These Jimmy-"Say! wasn't dat great where are connected with his tower by eleche holds de mob at bay?" Tommy-"Wet's great about it. Don't dem supes know if dey did anyting to tric wires, so that a touch of the finger

moment, and shunts the rushing train him dey'd git de grand beance?"-Pack.

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somely lined throughout. Would be very good value at \$5.00. Take them ger tips and fancy stitching. Positively worth 35c. 23c at our Great Friday 2.98

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