

Harvest Week

Here is the supreme effort of our Great All Day Friday Sales—as it happens, during this great Harvest Week. A fitting time to be sure. Here are offerings for one day that stand without a parallel in merchandise. Goods at prices that will literally jam this store on the busiest of all days. To add to the Friday interest, the prizes for the best specimens of fruit and produce, entered in competition here during "Harvest Week," will be awarded. Do not miss this big buying harvest carnival.

An Unparalleled Sale of Domestic—Half-Price and Less

Luck strikes you at every turn in this greatest of all Friday Sales. Never have prices been so low. Never have goods been better or assortment greater. Read this list—and profit by the saving chances.

- 63c for 10c Percalines.** An extraordinary bargain. 2,000 yards of new Fall percales in an entire new line of styles and absolutely fast colors. Not a yard in the lot worth less than 10 cents. Friday only.
- 43c for 8c Flannels.** First quality Outing Flannels at less than mill prices for case lots. All new goods—no better styles made. These come in great assortment, and are truly the big bargain of this Friday sale.
- Extra Special.** 3 1/2 cents a yard for very good quality of Bleached Muslin. 20 yards to a customer.
- 12 1/2 cents for fringed tray cloths and doilies with open work borders and centers.
- 2 1/2 cents a yard for plain crinoline lining in black and white. A rare bargain.
- Brown or bleached, and every yard warranted all pure linen. The entire lot of an importer is here; in no other way could the price be so ridiculously low for Friday.
- 5,000 yards of good quality American Red, White and Blue Bunting, just what you'll need for decorating next week. Your chance Friday to buy it at the lowest price ever known.
- 43c for 8c Crashes.**
- 3 1/2c for Bunting.**

Very Good Lace Curtains.

At an opportune time—when most needed—we offer two hundred pairs of Nottingham Lace Curtains in both white and ecru. Very nearly three yards in length, nicely made and finished; are fully worth so a pair. On Friday only..... **35c Pair.**

Men's Shirts

On Friday only we offer a big variety of Men's Soft Bosom Shirts in odd and broken sizes. Most of them have sold up to 75 cents. A big bargain for Friday at..... **25c**

"In His Steps"—4 cents

Last Friday we had to beg the indulgence of our public, because our supply of Chas. M. Sheldon's great book was exhausted long before the day drew to a close. This Friday we have guarded against all mishaps—500 copies are to go at **Four Cents**. Not another store in this city has ever sold this famous work under 18 cents—and in most places it is 25 cents. Read it.

Tailor-Made Suits

The first twenty-five appreciative lookers will take these very handsome suits on which the price really ought to be \$12.00. They are of an all wool material in black or navy blue, made in the latest approved style and perfectly finished throughout. On Friday only— **\$7.50**

Women's Crash Skirts

A remarkable offering of handsomely trimmed crash and duck skirts for Friday. These come in great variety and have sold readily all season at from \$1.00 to \$1.50. On Friday only take them at..... **49c**

Friday Basement Bargains

Every item something you need and more than fairly priced for Friday.

- Enamel Fans**—Four-quart blue enamel, worth 30c; on Friday..... **20c**
- Clothes Pins**—In lots of one hundred. Worth 12c hundred. Friday..... **5c**
- Frame Mirrors**—White enamel and good clear glass, worth 15c. Friday..... **8c**
- Tin Cupidors**—Full size and well made, worth 12c. On Friday at..... **8c**
- Galvanized Pails**—10 and 12 quart size. Were 29c and 35c. On Friday..... **19c**

Notions:

- Stocking darners, each..... **4c**
- Aluminum Thimbles, each..... **1c**
- Wire Hair Pins, dozen papers for..... **7c**
- Safety Pins, one dozen assorted..... **3c**
- Embroidery Cotton, 2 spools for..... **3c**

OUR GREAT ALL DAY FRIDAY SALES

SEGIN AT 10 O'CLOCK

CLOSE AT 6 O'CLOCK

Woven Torchon Laces.

Another Friday sale of this greatest of all bargains in woven Torchon Laces. This time an entire new lot, bought at a remarkable price, in which you'll share our fortune. Up to 3 1/2 inches wide. On Friday only..... **4c Yard**

Women's Vests

On Friday only we offer twenty-five dozen Misses' Fine Ribbed Vests, silk finish, taped neck, high neck with long or short sleeves; would be a big bargain at 25 cents. Take them Friday for... **19c**

Muslin Underwear

Drawers—20 dozen fine quality in four beautiful styles; very full ruffles, lace and Hamburg trimmed. Reduced from 50c on Friday only to..... **39c**

Corset Covers—If you wear a 38, 40 or 42—this is the chance of the year. Only these three sizes. Reduced from 39c on Friday only to..... **19c**

Fine Striped Skirts

A chance for 75 women to buy \$1.45 skirts at one third off. Two distinct styles in beautiful Roman striped effects, made very full umbrella pattern, finely corded. Take them on Friday only at..... **98c**

Employees' Announcement—On Tuesday, September 5th, the employees of Jonas Long's Sons' Stores in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre will enjoy an outing to Heart Lake, near Montrose, Pa., 1,900 feet above the sea level. Through the courtesy and kindness of the firm, we are to have with us Alexander's Famous Ninth Regiment Band, of Wilkes-Barre. It is the wish of the employees that their friends join with them in making this a gala day. Special train over the Lackawanna Railroad leaves Scranton at 8 a. m. Tickets, 85 cents—on sale in the Book Department. No tickets will be sold at the station.

JONAS LONG'S SONS

proached quite close, crouched ready for a spring. My breath came in quick gasps. I thought I was done for, when I heard that horrible, growling roar, and saw her gathering and working her muscles ready for the spring.

"Another roar, and—but, simultaneously with the creature's leap, the elephant plunged forward, the howdah caught upon a low limb, and myself and the howdah were precipitated to the ground.

"The elephant never stopped, but continued his rapid flight through the jungle.

"The tigress seemed taken by surprise, as if so mistaking its intended prey. But I knew the more unsuccessful attempts it made, the more exasperated and savage it would become.

"It now crawled toward me slowly, stealthily, lashing its tail from side to side, and glaring at me with its savage eyes like horrible bolts of fire. I prayed—yes, prayed in terror. As the blood-thirsty beast drew nearer, nearer, I felt myself growing sick and faint. I imagined its hot breath burned me, although it was really several yards away. My head swam, I faltered.

"I must have revived quickly. On first regaining consciousness I could not tell where I was. My mind was confused; I thought I was in the region of eternal punishment. I could feel the hot breath of the inferno fan my cheek, and little demons thrusting red hot irons into my flesh. But as my mind became clearer the hot irons became awful teeth; the hot breeze the tigress' scorching breath.

"I think now that my fainting saved my life. He must have finished a hearty meal, and for that reason refrained from devouring me at once. My lifeless appearance saved the blow which would have ended my life. But imagine my sensation if you can, when I felt myself lifted bodily in the tigress' mouth held in midair for one hesitating instant as the beast sniffed the breeze, then bounded forward into the jungle, carrying me as a cat would a mouse.

"This was not as difficult as it might seem, as I had been in ill health for some time, and was then, in consequence, as thin as a rail. The beast was also of enormous size, being the largest of its kind I ever saw. On and on she sped, at times almost breaking my back.

"What was to be the outcome of it all? Was she carrying me to her lair? Or, was she simply intending to get me as far as possible from my friends, that she might enjoy the feast unmolested?

"Neither. Even as I pondered, she stopped before the entrance of a large cave, from the interior of which proceeded sounds of several animals quarreling. A low growl from the tigress was answered by a pell-mell rush to the outside of three young cubs. I could see them by slightly turning my eyes.

"Of course I expected to be instantly torn up in sections for the benefit of these youngsters.

"But here another surprise. After laying me gently on the ground the old one began rolling me about from side to side with her paws, much as a cat plays with a half dead mouse. The cubs soon caught onto the game and joined in the sport. The tigress settled on her haunches and watched the play go on. I suppose I was rolled about there for an hour or more. Of course I dared not resist, and I humored the cubs as much as possible by rolling myself in whatever direction they pulled.

"During this maneuvering I noticed a few feet away what appeared to be an opening in the ground. It appeared to be a narrow chasm about the width of a man's body. 'Oh, if I could only reach it,' I thought. Perhaps it might be an avenue of escape. Perhaps, too, I would be dashed to pieces at the bottom. Even that, however, would be a thousand times more welcome than being torn to pieces and dying inch by inch.

"It seemed a hopeless attempt, but a low growl decided me.

"Furtively glancing in the direction of the tigress I noticed to my dismay she was licking her jaws in anticipation, as it seemed to me, of the coming feast.

"Heretofore, I had let the cubs roll me aimlessly about, but now, if they pulled towards the crevice, I aided them as much as possible; when they pulled the other way I resisted gently, but firmly, and, for some time succeeded in getting myself nearer to the narrow road to deliverance without arousing the suspicions of the old beast.

"But getting impatient the nearer I came to it, I resisted the cubs a little too much, causing a great snarling and clawing among them. I involuntarily gasped for breath as the old one leaped instantly to her feet, and resigned myself to my fate. But too soon.

"Instead of interfering, she only came a little nearer.

"I was now so excited that it seemed to me that I was almost sweating drops of blood.

"Deliverance or doom? One or the other in so few short instants.

"Oh the suspense! It was terrible. Which, which would it be?

"Another tug by the cubs! Fortunately it is in the direction of the crevice. Nearer, nearer the chasm. Only a foot. Now only six inches.

"Another tug or two, and—Oh, can I ever reach it?

table and being satisfied there was no one about, I proceeded on a tour of investigation. Walking across the floor of the cavern, my foot touched some object which gave out a very decided metallic 'clink.'

"Stopping to see what it was, I was considerably surprised to find it was Pierre's money bag. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"While still pondering over the matter the sound of voices struck my ear. Looking toward the farthest end of the cavern, I discovered what I had not seen before—a high, narrow passage.

"The voices seemed to come from that direction. Whoever it was, they seemed to be coming nearer.

"Setting my candle back on the table I blew it out, and, hastily concealing myself behind a pile of stuff, awaited developments.

"I made up my mind I had stumbled on the rendezvous of a gang of professional thieves, and I was somewhat anxious to discover their identity. The voices grew nearer. Then, to my utmost surprise, there appeared before my astonished sight the two natives who had been with us in the morning.

"They carried torches and were conversing audibly as they came in. As I understood the native dialect very well, I was able to get the gist of what they were saying.

"I need not repeat the whole of it. Suffice it to say that I learned they had been hired by Pierre to help him get me out of the way. Of course, this confirmed my suspicion that Pierre had never forgiven me and that he really believed I had taken the money.

"He had waited patiently until now for his revenge, and had deliberately planned it so that I would either be destroyed by the elephant itself or by his carrying me, as it were, to the very jaws of some wild beast.

"Here is what I learned:

"A sharp prod had been fastened to the bottom of the howdah, and it only needed my additional weight to drive the animal frantic.

"Also, the fastenings of the howdah had been weakened purposely, so that it might be more easily knocked off. Evidently it had been intended that I should be my last ride.

"Presently one of the natives picked up Pierre's money bag, and grinningly held it up for the other's inspection, reminding him of its curious hiding place and how they learned the secret.

"Then, from the conversation that followed, I learned the particulars of the robbery.

"Pierre was a great sleep-talker. One day he fell asleep on the porch, and these fellows, happening by, gathered from his uttering the secret of the 'Bedpost Bank.'

"Of course, after learning the secret they simply helped themselves. After talking for another half hour they took their departure. Waiting until their voices had died away in the distance, I issued from my hiding place, lighted my torch, and started along the same narrow passage by which they had entered and disappeared.

"After walking fifteen or twenty minutes I found myself in the open air once more. I had taken one of the ribbons from the stolen treasures, and feeling it to be ample protection against further misfortune, I set out in the direction I supposed I should take.

"I soon came upon familiar landmarks, after which it was comparatively easy for me to reach home, which I did shortly before sundown.

"Finding no one there, I hastened on to the village, where I stayed with a friend over night. In the morning I told him the story and taking several officers, we went to the underground room, where we surprised the two natives. They were securely bound, and taken to the village, where they were subsequently tried and convicted.

"My appearance nearly scared Pierre to death. I told him my adventures and how I had found his gold and the manner in which it had been taken. He left the next day and I have never seen him since. I sold out and within a month was bound for England. After a couple of years I decided to come back and settle in my own country.

"Now you see why I prize my tiger's cub so highly. I might say he was one of the causes which saved my life and helped establish my innocence, and that he unraveled the mystery of the 'Bedpost Bank.'

"Have another cigar."

SHE IGNORED THE COURT.

Woman President of Railway Company in Jail.
San Francisco, Aug. 31.—The only woman president of a railway company in the United States was formally committed to the county jail for five days for contempt of court by Judge Trout today. The woman is Mrs. Annie Kline Rickett, the railway corporation of which she is president. She was committed to jail for five days for contempt of court by Judge Trout today. The woman is Mrs. Annie Kline Rickett, the railway corporation of which she is president. She was committed to jail for five days for contempt of court by Judge Trout today.

The Mystery of the Bedpost Bank

LIEUT. JOHN DOUGLASS, IN SYRACUSE POST-STANDARD.

I had just arrived in town, and hearing that my old chum, Jack Manning, had returned from a sojourn in some sequestered spot in the way places of the world, I determined to seek him out.

While still meditating on the subject, a half boy brought a message to my room, which, to my great surprise, proved to be from Jack himself. He had heard I was about town and learning also of my stopping place, had made haste to invite me to his apartments at No. 5 Fifth avenue, and would expect me at 8 in the evening.

Evening found me at Jack's door, which in response to my rap, was opened by Jack himself, who beamed at me from his six feet of altitude with one of his old-time jolly smiles. He had improved since I saw him last and the ruddy bronze of his intellectual face was well in keeping with the stalwart manliness of his athletic frame.

The first greeting over, we proceeded to sample a bottle of the merry red wine of gay old France, and talk over old times. Then at my request Jack showed me his mammoth collection of curios, gathered from all parts of the earth. Jack had a room set apart especially for this collection, which he called his den. A stranger on entering was confronted with a kaleidoscopic vision of plants and animals from the poles to the equator. It was most ingeniously arranged. When, after spending some time there I turned to go, I discovered a recess in the hall, which, owing to the branches and other debris piled in front, I had not seen before. Examining it more closely I found it to be a miniature cave inside of which was a stuffed tiger's cub peering slyly out at me.

"That is a memento of my most interesting and most terrible adventure," said Jack, noticing my look of interest. "I'll have to spin you the yarn."

"You must have an inexhaustible supply of them," I answered, "I'm crazy to hear some."

Accordingly we proceeded to the smoking room and lighted our cigars. "Now," said I, "for the tale."

So, settling himself comfortably by the open fire, Jack communicated the following tale, which I attempt to tell in his own words:

"Well," he began, "the whole thing came about as a consequence of my making the acquaintance one day, on my way from Paris to Havre, of a young Frenchman named Pierre Du Maure. He was traveling apparently alone, and as a result of my wandering about so much, I had fallen into the habit of picking up with any and every stranger I met. I passed away time, while conversing on different subjects I learned that he was on his way to Havre, to look up a position.

"I was myself intending to go first to Marseilles, and then take passage to India, where I had reason to believe I could add to my bank account. The young fellow became much interested in my India scheme, and finally volunteered the suggestion that I allow him to accompany me. As I was rather favorably impressed with the fellow, I decided to accept him as a comrade.

"Well, a week later found us on board ship bound for India, our minds laden with sudden dreams. For the voyage was uneventful, as the novelty of an ocean voyage had long ago worn off.

"At last the voyage came to an end, and I lost no time in reaching shore. Being an entire stranger, I first made myself acquainted with the American consul. Through him I heard of a pretty villa which he thought I might purchase cheap, as the present owner was very desirous of getting it off his hands on account of his proximity to the jungle, which I was told were uncommonly full of all sorts of large and small game, including the terrible scourge and terror of the land—the bloodthirsty man-eating tiger.

"The villa I found to be in the most picturesque and beautiful spot I had ever seen. So after due consideration we purchased it.

"Both Pierre and myself were charmed by it and I think we were both lured also by the sense of danger which the wild jungle breeze brought.

"The tigress, which had now ap-