

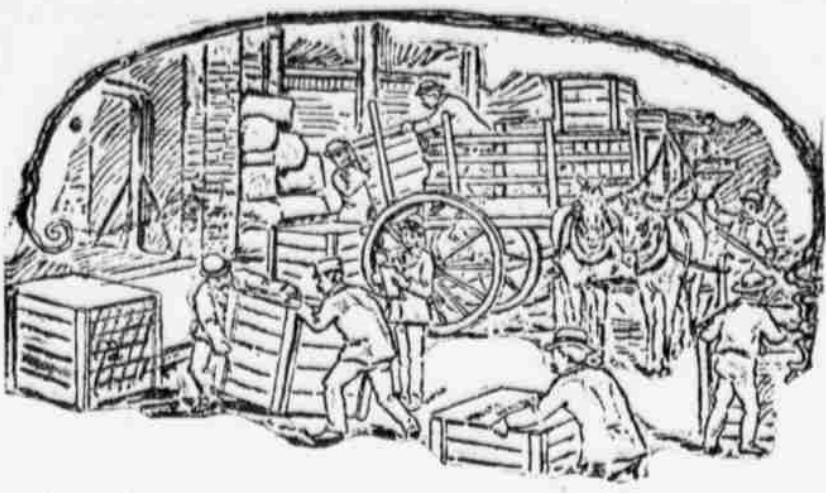
GALLEN'S.

WATCH THE YELLOW SIGN.

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Shoes

The latest fall styles are here in all leathers. Every pair of shoes sold here is sold with a guarantee of good wear, or a new pair free.



\$1.97 For Men's Patent Leather, Vici Kid and Calf Shoes. Some with hand welted soles—over 50 styles to select from, in lace or congress.

Also Ladies' Dongola—box calf and vici kid, button or lace shoes—kid or patent tips, cloth or plain tops

\$2.97 For men's and women's finest Patent Leather, Vici Kid and Box Calf Shoes. With light or heavy extension soles, hand welted or turned. Equal to regular \$5 shoes

97c For Boys' and Misses' Solid Leather Shoes of dongola, box calf and satin calf. Lace and button. Regular values \$1.25 and \$1.50.

\$1.25 For Boys' and Misses' Fine Quality Dress Shoes. Misses', of box calf, vici kid and dongola. Boys', of satin calf and box calf. Regular values \$1.50 and \$1.75.



Hats

For Men and Boys. Latest fall shapes in Youman, Dunlap and Knox blocks.

97c For Men's Brown Black and Pearl Alpines and Derbys. Regular value, one dollar and fifty.

\$1.75 For our regular \$2.50 Hats, the equal of any \$3.00 hat sold anywhere. Black and brown Derbys; black brown and pearl Alpines.

\$2.25 For the celebrated \$3.00 "Agency" Hats. Sold all over the United States. Swell English shapes in Alpines and Derbys.

GREAT REMOVAL SALE.

Entire Building Must Positively Be Vacated.

SATURDAY MORNING, Sept. 9th, ushers in the greatest sale ever inaugurated in Scranton—greatest because values are greatest—greatest because of the magnitude in size, and greatest on account of the high class goods that will be offered at ridiculously low prices. The large number of people who have been patrons of this store during the past fifteen years can testify to the qualities maintained by us as our standards. In addition to our immense regular stocks, we offer our entire purchases of new Fall and Winter Goods now being placed upon our shelves and contracted for by us before we signified our intention of vacating the building.

These stocks together aggregate the largest stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing ever offered in Scranton.

No cheap or trashy stuff will be offered at this sale. Everything will be sold as represented or your money back for the asking.

See the Prices We Offer on Men's and Boys' Tailor-Made Suits.

The celebrated makes of Rochester clothing will be offered at this sale. The best clothing made in the whole world, every garment stamped with our own. The best guarantee against sweat shop production. If you've worn Rochester made clothing before, you could not fail to appreciate the difference in style, fit and make.

Don't Let the Prices Baffle the Quality.

See Them in Our Windows

10.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	20.00	25.00
Suits	Suits	Suits	Suits	Suits	Suits
6.80	8.20	10.90	12.40	14.80	16.60

You know our reputation for Boys' Clothing. The same qualities and exclusive styles will be shown here as usual.

\$2.73 for Boys' hand-some Blouse and Vestee Suits—beautifully trimmed and made—blue and fancy effects. Also Double-Breasted Suits up to 16 years.

Real value \$3.

\$3.98 for Beautiful Novelty Suits, in vestee effects, with cardinal, blue, tan, grey, green and cadet blue trimmings. Also Double-Breasted Suits with double seat and Knee Pants—fine materials.

Real value \$5.



45c for Boys' all-wool Knee Pants, with double seats and knees.

25c for Boys' fast-color or Percale Waists

\$1.97 for Boys' Fancy Vestee and Blouse Suits, of all-wool materials, pretty designs, well made; sizes 3 to 12 years. Also Double-Breasted Suits, sizes 6 to 16 years

Values up to \$3.

\$4.97 for the Finest Novelty Suits ever brought to Scranton. There are no better suits shown anywhere. Why pay \$6.00, \$7.00 or \$8.00 when you can buy equally as good here for \$4.97? Cloths of the finest textures, creations newest, styles exclusive.



Penn Clothing and Shoe House,

WATCH THE YELLOW SIGN.

137-139 PENN AVENUE

WATCH THE YELLOW SIGN.

The Society of Sudden Death

Germany, with all its hard-headed business qualities, has ever been the home of various forms of dreamy mysticism, sometimes of a harmless character, but occasionally so morbid as to lead to the perpetration of sanguinary tragedies which break upon the shuddering world with startling abruptness. From the days when the terrible Volmergerich, with its midnight meetings and its secret executions by the cord and stool, curbed the license of the nobles, a fondness for secret societies has even been found in the Teuton mind, and whether for political or social purposes, clubs and societies have usually been kept hidden from those who were not entitled to participate in their mysteries. The quaint old university town of Heidelberg, with its crowd of students from all parts of the German empire, has ever been celebrated for these strange societies, the doings of which are carefully hidden from the outer world, and it is with one of these gloomy associations that the present narrative deals.

Upon a bright summer evening, two young men were seated upon a bench beneath the trees in the Annale, discussing a subject which seemed to interest them greatly. Both of them were evidently students, their peculiar caps, their braided schaffrocks, and china pipes, with coats-of-arms burned into the clay, showed this. The one was slight and delicate looking, with soft blue eyes and a rather weak mouth; he was listening to what his companion was saying, and marking the dust at his feet with strange signs with the point of his stick. The other student was fully 30 years of age, dark and handsome, with a pair of dark eyes, in which a mild fire burned; he spoke rapidly and emphasized each word by crunching the gravel beneath the heel of his jack-boot. From the savor of his cap he was evidently a Bavarian and his language and mode of expression was that of a highly educated man.

"And so, lieber Max," said he, addressing his younger companion, "you are not sufficiently tired of this empty world to care about joining the society I have just formed?"

"The world is very fair, Rudolph," answered Max, with a faint shudder, "and it seems a terrible thing to bind oneself to quit it at a moment's notice."

"A moment's notice!" retorted Rudolph, with a cynical laugh. "Why, lieber friend, you will have a whole month to prepare for the leap. Think of it, a whole month! Why, it is an eternity to the strong soul which wishes to be freed from the trammels of the body."

"Have you, then, nothing to live for?" Max asked, raising his eyes and fixing them upon the speaker's face.

Rudolph laughed again. "I have lived my life," answered he. "I was brought up much into my 30 years as many a man of 60, and now I am crav-

ing for the long sleep, the eternity of rest and the cool shelter of the grave."

"But I have something to live for," said Max, softly.

"For the American girl?" replied Rudolph, with a sneer. "Well, you must buy your experience, I suppose, like the rest of us, and then I expect you will be willing enough to join as a member of the Society of Sudden Death."

"Elsie Catherine will never give me cause to regret my life," answered Max, resolutely.

"Ach, Gott, you are young," retorted Rudolph, "but you will get over that. Remember that even if you join us the unlucky number—"

"The unlucky number?" interrupted Max.

"Yes," pursued Rudolph, "the number that gives you life and the accumulated pool formed by the 1,000 deaths deposited by each member of the club on its entrance."

"And how many have already joined?" the young man asked.

"Three besides myself," replied Rudolph. "There is Hermann, Franz and Johann."

"All disappeared men?" muttered Max.

"All right good fellows," returned Rudolph, "who have cast aside all pitiful human scruples and are longing to take the grand leap which will land them in haven of eternal rest."

His earnestness of manner seemed to impress his companion. "Tell me the conditions again, my Rudolph," said he. "I have heard them once, but my memory has not retained them."

"Willingly," returned Rudolph, "or fear me that your mind is dwelling too much on the transatlantic beauty. The conditions are simple. Our club will meet three times a week, with tobacco, beer and song; a real social gathering, but on the last day of every third month we assemble for business and draw for our release. The holder of the lowest number binds himself to leave this world by any means he shall think fit within one month from the date of the meeting. The fact is, Max, you are all talk, and in that you are very brave, but when it comes to act you fall lamentably, and Baron Max von Kirschhofen is a degenerate scion of his Thuringian ancestors."

The young man's face flushed angrily. "I am no coward," said he, "and dread death as little as you do; to prove it I will join your society and risk all."

"Spoken like a man," returned Rudolph. "Besides, after all, the risk is nominal. The lot may just as well fall upon me or on any of the others as upon you."

But no praise could soothe the ruffled temper of Max von Kirschhofen. In a very short time he took his leave, followed by the sneering remark of Rudolph: "Marry the American

girl, friend Max, and I'll wager that in three months you will be as eager to draw your death warrant as any of us."

Rudolph von Vogelsheimer waited until the figure of his young companion had disappeared among the trees which fringe the Annale, and then, after filling his pipe, rose to his feet and strolled slowly toward his lodging near the Carls Ther. His mind was actively at work and a fiendish exultation stole over him as he congratulated himself on the good day's work he had done. "The life of Max is in my hands," he muttered; "and something more besides. With his disappearance I can appear on the stage as a suitor for the hand of Elsie Catherine, the wealthy American beauty. In rank I am as good as he is, for a Vogelsheimer can show as many quarters as a Kirschhofen, and as for money, that poor, weak fool has hardly a relative in the world, and do I not hold his wife and his sole heir? Never mind who wrote the signature; when the boy is once in the grave there will be no one to dispute it. And now to make all sure, where is that sinking French hound, I wonder?"

As if he thought had conjured up the person he wished to see, a man stepped briskly beneath the shadow cast by one of the tall houses and stood before him. He was a smart little man—a perfect type of the gay, careless Frenchman of the south, a man who in the artless covetous of his disposition might be supposed to wear his heart upon his sleeve, but a cunning twinkle at times about his eyes, which showed that it would be dangerous to trust to the goodwill of the Gaul. He was dressed in garments of what had been once a fashionable cut, but which were now woefully shabby and grease-spotted. Nevertheless, his air of self-possession did not desert him for a moment, as he gracefully removed his battered hat and exclaimed in passable German: "Good-day, Herr von Vogelsheimer, I am punctual, you see."

Rudolph made no reply, but entering the house and beckoning to the other to follow him, led the way into a large, barely furnished room on the second floor. The place was replete with the smell of spirits and tobacco, and the shabby furniture was burned in many places with the hot soles from pipes and cigars. There was a pile of books in a corner, the dust upon the covers of which showed how seldom they had been opened of late, an unmade bed stood by the side of the stove, and a couple of dueling sabres, with a few high-crowned photographs, formed the adornments of the walls. Rudolph drew a chair up to the table, which stood in the center of the room, and motioned to his companion to do the same.

"Well, M. Duval," said he, addressing his visitor, "I gather from what you told me that things have gone badly with you and that you are on the lookout for a job."

"My system both at Hamburg and Baden Baden turned out badly, and I left both places in disgust," replied the Frenchman.

"Let us put our cards down on the table," replied Rudolph; "there is no use in trying to deceive each other. I did hear of a certain Etienne Duval, who was expelled from both places I have named for cheating at the tables."

"Ma foi," replied Duval, negligently, "a man must act with a little innocence to get ahead of those bloated capitalists, the proprietors of the Kursaal—but cards on the table, Herr Rudolph, as you said at the commencement. You want me to do something a little out of the way, or you would not have asked me to call upon you."

"I have fed and clothed you for the last fortnight," said Rudolph.

"Peste!" broke in the Frenchman; "souffrez, thin wine and sausage for the fool, and as for clothes, with a glance of ludicrous disfavor at the sleeve of his coat, 'the less we say about them the better.'"

"I have a position to offer you," continued Rudolph, without heeding the other's remark. "Would you like to become a member of a snobs club?"

"It does not seem a very tempting offer," remarked Duval, making a very face. "What are my duties—to carry out the dead or to acquit the authorities of the sad event, and most important point of all—what is the pay?"

"There are five members of the society," answered Rudolph, "who have each put in a thousand thalers, which become the property of the club at their decease; drawings as to which members shall fill himself take place every three months. Your share shall be this money."

"Fifteen months is too long to wait in order to realize; besides, suppose I draw the unlucky number, where shall I be?"

"It is on that very matter that I want your assistance," said Rudolph. "You can manipulate the cards?"

The Frenchman smiled.

"Get me notice, monsieur," replied he. "It is how I get my living."

"I believe that a person skilled in the art," pursued Rudolph, "can compel another to draw any card he likes without his being aware that he is not using his own will."

"Forcing a card, we call it," returned Duval. "Yes, that is one of the early rudiments of the profession."

"Then you could control the drawing if you had the management of it?" asked Rudolph.

The Frenchman glanced around him, and his keen eyes fell on a dusty pack of cards which lay upon the stove. He took them up, gave them an almost imperceptible twist and then extended them in a fanlike shape to Rudolph, saying quietly: "Let us take the time of another as the winner of death. Close one moment."

Rudolph did so, and on turning up the card saw it was the one named by Duval.

"Wonderful!" cried he. "Are you certain of the trick?"

"For soie rely, the Frenchman replaced the card, shuffled the pack and presented it to Rudolph, with the same result.

"That is what I want, and now for the terms," exclaimed the student.

Duval smiled.

"I am not the man to run my head blindly into a trap," said he. "You want to get rid of a certain person in your club; you must tell me his name and your reason for desiring to do so."

"You insolent dog," growled Rudolph, guiding his hand with a threatening gesture toward a heavily loaded cane which stood by the side of the chair. "How dare you question me?"

But Duval's eye, wary as that of a hawk, had noted every movement of his host, and drawing a small revolver from his pocket, he said: "Fie, Herr von Vogelsheimer! Such language should not be used by one gentleman to another. Answer my question, or permit me to take my leave."

Rudolph hesitated, but at last, seeing the futility of further alibi, he said: "Max von Kirschhofen is the man to get rid of and when he is out of the way I can marry Miss Catherine."

"What the devil of General Catherine, the wealthy American?" exclaimed Duval. "That is a prize indeed, and worth at the lowest 20,000 marks."

"You shall have them," said Rudolph, "but you must wait."

"I must have something in hand," persisted Duval; "I could not join even a snobs club in this attire."

"Money is scarce at present," replied Rudolph. "But I can find 500—250 marks."

"It is little enough," said the Frenchman, disconcertedly. "But I suppose I must make it do, and now let me hear what you really want."

A long conversation followed, and then the Frenchman, with the 500 marks safely reposing by the side of the revolver, left the gloomy old house by the Carls Ther and made his way to a second-hand clothes shop in one of the back streets.

Elsie Catherine was returning to her hotel from some purchases she had been making in the Haupt strasse, when a dapper little gentleman came up to her and, removing his hat with an exaggerated flourish, said: "Madame, Catherine." An English girl duval had been terrified at being so suddenly addressed.

"I have come to speak to you, madame," said the Frenchman, "respecting the Baron Kirschhofen," he said.

A pink flush accompanied the girl's face, as she said, in a hurried, rather breathless way: "I do not understand you."

"Furbiel," returned the Frenchman, with a low bow, "I have a proposition to make to you, madame, and I think I must speak to you regarding the man you love."

"Sir, this is insolent!" retorted the girl, indignantly, and was proceeding on her way, when she was arrested by the words: "Madame, I have a proposition to make to you regarding the man you love."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Elsie.

"That I hold Baron Max's life in the hollow of my hand, and that I and I

alone can save him from the death that hangs over his head."

"Why do you make such a communication to me?" demanded Elsie. "You should go to the police."

"Mademoiselle," said Duval, laying his hand upon his heart, with a bow, "it is always more pleasant to deal with the fair; besides, if I saved Baron Max's life, the police would not give me what I require."

"And what do you require?" asked Elsie.

"Money," exclaimed Duval, raising his head and kissing the tips of his fingers. "Money, the tinkling little gold darlings, which make life so enjoyable and without which the world is a howling wilderness."

Elsie looked at him in some contempt. "And so you want money for saving a fellow-creature's life?" said she. "You had better come to my father; he takes charge of business transactions."

"It was what I was about to propose, mademoiselle," said Etienne Duval. "You are stopping at the Hotel de Russie. I will do myself the honor of calling upon M. le General this evening. I have to be cautious, for those who have an interest in Herr von Kirschhofen's death would not hesitate to put me out of the way if they suspected that I was working against them. At 7 this evening, then, Etienne Duval will present himself to your honored father." He again bowed and Elsie hurried away to seek her father, but with a look of anxiety regarding the danger which was hanging over her lover's head.

M. Duval was punctual to his appointment, and, as during the interval he had again seen Rudolph von Vogelsheimer, he was able to lay before the general all its details. Both Elsie and her father were shocked at the cold-blooded conspiracy, and he general at once declared that he should give notice to the police as to the existence of such an infamous club as the Society of Sudden Death.

"Fardon me, M. le General," said Duval, "but such a course at present would only produce a scandal. Later on, let Herr Rudolph settle accounts with the police, but I can give the law without the intervention of the law, and now forgive me for turning to the social side of the question, but I am a poor man, suffering under the pressure of unrequited affection, and Herr Rudolph has offered me 20,000 marks if I do as he desires."

"An execrable villain!" exclaimed the general, hotly.

"Which I shall never forgive if I save the baron's life," continued M. Duval.

"How much do you want?" asked the general.

"Fifteen hundred francs," replied the Frenchman, with another of the execrable bows. "I should have been grateful for the original sum, but now that I see the price I am sharing in the hands of Baron Max I must stipulate for double that amount."

"You shall have it," replied the general, after a moment's consideration, "but only on the condition of your continuing"

"A small advance would be very acceptable," murmured M. Duval, in whining accents. "I am very poor and an living among strangers."

"Not a cent," returned the general, sternly. "If you want money, get an advance from your brother rogue."

The first meeting of the Society of Sudden Death took place in the rooms of Rudolph von Vogelsheimer, which had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. Sable draperies covered the walls and table, upon which were placed a skull and cross bones; pistols, razors, cords and vials labeled poison formed a grisly trophy in front of the president's chair. All the members were present, and it was easy to see why some of them were tired of life.

Franz was getting rapidly blind from a saber cut received at a duel in the Angeli Meadow, the fighting ground of the students. Hermann was suffering from an incurable injury inflicted upon him by the sweetheart of a young girl whom he had grossly insulted, while Johann had long been given over by the doctors, owing to a cold he had caught while endeavoring to swim the Necker on a frosty night, while in an advanced state of intoxication. Max von Kirschhofen was, with the exception of the president and the new member, M. Duval, the only one who seemed in good health.

But if Max was in the enjoyment of bodily health, his mind was very far from easy. He bitterly regretted his folly at having been led into joining the society, and wondered whether Elsie had noticed the deep depression which had recently closed over him. He was much puzzled, too, by a letter in an unknown handwriting, which had been slipped under his door that morning, containing the words:

"Be of good cheer; your life is safe. Agree to whatever is proposed. You are in good hands."

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

The solemnity of the surroundings was rather marred by the smoke which curled from the pipes of all the members, and the glass tankards of foaming beer which stood upon the table.

"Let me congratulate you, my friends," said he, "upon the opening of the Society of Sudden Death. We have met here today to enjoy ourselves, not to put aside the thought of the grisly phantoms, as the ignorant call him, for we look upon him as a welcome deliverer from the ills of life, but to while away the time until he shall be with us, with song, joke and good liquor, and unless any member has anything to propose, let us proceed to do so."

"Stay," exclaimed Johann, rising to his feet. "I have something to say. My friend, I have waited three weary months for the coming of the welcome phantoms—why should not one imprisoned here be set free at the very first meeting, eh? President, I propose that the lot be cast tonight."

Rudolph was delighted at this unexpected proposal, which fell in so well with his schemes. "The vote of the society must be taken," said he, "but

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