WATCH THE YELLOW SIGN

A True Grandson of the Cid §

FROM THE SPANISH OF EMILIA PARDO BAZAN.

The old priest of the sanctuary of | time to time uttering a sharp, rat-like San Clemente de Boan was quietly euloying his supper, seated at a table in one corner of the huge, old-tashioned Sichen. The light from the triple candelabra revealed the accentuated bees of the old man's face, the shaggy sray eyebrows, the tonsured head of white lair and the healtay, t-ddish tiage of his neck, which rolled in layers over the bands of white linen

bound about his throat. The priest sat at the head of the table; his nephew, a handsome fellow of 22, sat at one side, and was eating with keen appetite his portion of the meal. The farm hand, with the sleeves of his rough cloth shirt rolled up to the eibow, buried his wooden spoon in a big bowl of smoking hot broth, and swiftly swallowed its savmy contents with a loud, gulping noise, A young girl waited upon them, and look advantage of this opportune occasion to interrupt the conversation. The service, not being at all complicated, permitted this. Her duties, after fillng the bowls with hot broth, consisted in placing before each person a 'uge oil of bread, and then putting carelessly down on the cloth a large earthenware clsh filled with potatoes

browned in dripping.
"Master Javier," she asked, having finished her work, "have you heard tell of the brigands that are going about

You mean the band of thieves," little one," answered the young man, raising his brown animated face, "You want to know what I have heard about the brigands? Not very much. They were speaking about them at the cattle fair. Yes, they said something,

"They say the Senor Abbot of Lubrego has been robbed of a great quantity of money: 100 ounces. The robbers waited until he had sold all his suimais at the fair on the 15th, and they got it all."

"Didn't he try to defend it?"
"Why, don't you know that he is an old man? And, besides, he is laid up with rheumatism these days."

The priest, who, until now, had sepsilence, suddenly raised his even, which glittered beneath his snow; eychrows like Jet beads, and excludined

How could be defend any hing? Lubrego, in all his life, never even knew now to hold a gun."
"He is an old man."

What does the matter shall be 65 at Pentecost and he will be 86 at Corpus. I know it, because he teld me so himself. You see, age hasa't taken away my alm."

Bis nephew acquiesced warmly "1 should say not. Just look at all those pariridges you shot yesterday. I never saw such a good shot as that last

'And the hare today, ch boy?" "And the big fox you killed on Sunday," broke in the farm hand, glancing up from an plate for the first time since the meal began. 'How fine he looked when you dragged him along ny his hind legs! That was a sight?" chuckled the man, again bending over

his supper. There is the naughty one," murnaired the priest, pointing toward the which was extended, nailed at the four corners, a blood-stained

'He won't eat any more hens," added the maid, shaking her fist at the remains of Sir Reynard.

This conversation restored secenity to the assembly, and Javier forgot to tell what he had heard about the band of beigands. The priest, after asking a blessing in halting Latin, shiped a glass of wine, crossed one leg over the other, United a cigar, and passed a folded newscaper to his nephew, murmuring, l'etween two puffs: "Now let us se what news there is in Le Pa, my boy,

Javier immediately began to read an impresting article, while the maid leaving the supper table untouched. halled out a bowl of broth for herself from the put over the fire, and sat shown to cut it on a bench beside the

boatth. Suddenly a loud and prolonged howldrowned the voice of the reader. The servant stopped with her spoon half way to her mouth. Javier listened a moment, then went on reading, while the pricat, utterly indifferent, puffed great mouthfuls of smoke and spat usen the floor. Two minutes passed. then another howl, followed by furious barking, broke the silence outside. This time the reader dropped his paper, and the maid jumped up, stammering: "Senorito Javier, senor master, seno

Husb# edered Javier, walking on tip-toe toward the window, under which it seemed as if the uproar of the dogs sounded. The priest, with his right hand behind his car, listened attentively, but without moving from

his chate. Uncle." whispered Javier. What is it, boy?"

The dogs have stopped barking, bu I could swear I hear voices." Then why should they stop bark

The boy did not answer. He was trying to take the bar from the window, with the least possible noise. He opened the inside wooden shutters gently, then unfastened the catch. Encouriged by the profound science, he opened the window. The clear, cold night air coured into the room. He saw a patch of black sky studded with stars, and it the bottom of the hill, the vague outine of trees of the wood, somber and breatening. At that moment a shrili whistle pierced the air, a shot rang out, t bullet grazed Javier's hair and buled itself in the wall behind him. layler instinctively shut the window, while the priest rushed toward his tephew and began to feel him all over.

"The miserable wretches! Have they turt you, boy ?" "If it had been bird shot I should tave been touched up a bit," answered

favier, slightly startled. Where are they?"

"Behind the first chestnuts in the ETOVe."

"Put up the bar, so, quick, get the gun, the powder flask, the balls. Bring the Lafuche, do you hear?"

The priest had to raise his voice as if he were in command of a military company, because each moment the desperate barking of the dogs became ouder. "Now they are barking, but why were they quiet a moment before? That's a bad sign!"

"Because they know some one in the gang." said the laborer, who was standing up, grasping his pitchfork, while he maid servant crouched close to the placed against the wall: he kimost

The priest opened a tiny window cut in the solid wooden shutter, thrust in is fist and broke the glass. He then placed his mouth against the aperture and shouted loudly to the dogs. Give it to them, Chuchu, Morito,

Linda! Catch 'em, Chuchu. Linda, tear 'em in pieces!"
The barking was furious, frantic. Just below the window could be heard

the noise of a struggle, of fierce threats, a cry of pain, oaths, then the moans of a dying animal. "Poor Morito!" murmured the farm

hand. "He won't chase foxes any

Meanwhile, the priest, taking his gun rom Javier's hands, loaded it with singular dexterity.

"Leave me with my partridge gun. old and trusty," he said. "You under-stand the Lafuche. I don't care for these novelties. I belong to old Spain, Have you any cartridges?" "Yes, sir," answered Javier, begin-

ing to load his carbine. "Are they down below?" "Yes, right below the window; they

nay be putting up a ladder." "Is there any danger by the porton?" "I think not. They would have to jump over the wall of the corral and ve could shoot them from the gallery."

'And the cellar door?" They may burn it down. They can't

"Well, then," said the old man, "we are going to be entertained for awhite, Come on, my little friends, come on!" Javier looked at his uncle's face. The

ostrils were dilated, the expression of the mouth sardonic, the tip of the tongue shut between the teeth, the cheeks affame, the eyes glittering, and the boy thought that he looked exactly like Morito pointing a flock of partridges in the brushwood. These preparations for the human hunt horrified Javier. While he slid the cartridge into the gun chamber he was thinking that he would much rather be in the cloister of the university, at the cafe, or the cattle fair of the fifteenth, buying sweet rusks and caramels for the senritas of Paso de Valdomar.

Even in that moment of intense anxety he saw in his imagination the glistening flanks of the bulls, the gentle glances of the cows, and heard the mournful braying of the asses, and listened to the fresh voice of Casildina del Pazo de Valdomar, who said to him in her soft, drawling tones: "Oh, for pity's sake, give me your arm! One can't walk alone in such a crowd!!" He thought he felt the pressure of her fittle arm; no, it was the hairy and muscular hand of the priest who pushed him toward the window.

"Put out that light!" ordered the

Jayler did so in three valiant puffs.

"The fun has begun." continued the priest: "I will load, syou shoot; you load, I shoot! Here. Tomasa." he cried to the maid, "don't squeal so! You sound like a wease! Put some water on to boil, oil, wine, anything you have. You," he added, turning to the farm hand, "go to the gallery; if any one tries to climb over the wall, yet me know."

He cautiously opened the little window, just leaving a chink for the muzzie of a gun and a man's eye. Javier shivered when he felt the cold night air, But he soon pulled himself together again, for he was not a coward, and looked down below. He saw a swar n ing black group and heard a whis pered consultation

"Fire!" said his uncle in his car.

ponded Javier. "What of it;" growled the priest muzzle of the gan in the little opening gan. Javier aroused himself and apof the window, he fired. There was a proached his uncle resolutely: disturbance in the group below and

the priest rubbed his hands, "One fell paws up, qoniam!" he muttered, pronouncing the Latin word. with which, ever since his college days, be had replaced all the interjections that abound in the Spanish tongue. it's your turn boy. They have a ladder and the first one that climbs

Javier's fingers curled around his beautiful Lafaucheux carbine, but suddenly they loosened their hold.

"Uncle," as ventured to murmur, "I know some of those people. I remember now what they said at the fair. They said that the surgeon of Solas, the rocket maker of Gunsende, and the brother of the doctor of Doas were Do you want to speak to coming. them" Perhaps they would be content with a little money and let us alone and not kill any one." "Money, money!" exclaimed the

priest, hoarsely; "you doubtless think there are millions in this house."

But the funds of the church." "Belong to the church, quoniam! would rather let them toast my feet, as they did the priest of Solas' last year, than give them one ochavo. It would be better to have one's skin filled full of holes at once, instead of being tosated. Fire at them! It you are afraid, I will?"

"I'm not afraid," declared Javicand he rested the carbine in the open-

"Shoot twice!" commanded his uncle-Javier pulled the trigger twice and from below a formidable clamer ans-wered the two shots. The boy had not to draw back his hand, when there came a swift volley against the panes of the window, scattering chips wood in every direction. The report of all sorts of drearms added to the general tumult-the sharp crack of a pistol, the gonerous echoes of the carbine, the crashing noise of the blunderbusses and muskets. Javier staggered back, his right hand hanging limp. The carbine fell to the floor.

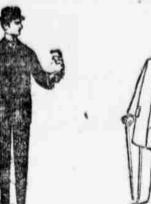
"What's the matter, my boy?"
"They've broken my wrist," groaned Javier, creeping to the bench he sat down, almost fainting with pain. The priest, who was loading his gun. felt semething pulling at the tails of his cat, and by the dim light, saw a pallid specier throw itself at his feet. It was the little serving maid, who stammered, in a value scarcely intelligible:

the soul of your dead mother. They will kill us! We shall all die!" "Let me alone, quoniam!" thundred the priest, dashing toward the window. Javier tried to the a handkerchief about his wounded wrist with his itft hand The servant, paralyzed by terror, could not rise, but the priest, without paying any attention to them, opened the shutters rapidly in time to see a ladder

"Senor master, surrender, senor, for

GALLEN'S.







WATCH THE YELLOW SIGN



GALLEN'S.

Your Best Chance

GALLEN'S.

To buy your Fall and Winter Clothing is to take advantage of our Removal Sale. We're going to move. Building must be vacated. Our immense new Fall and Winter Stock, which we contracted for before we signified our intention of moving, is here to be disposed of. Thousands of people are taking advantage of our unparalleled offers-and why not?

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

Fine Rochester Tailor-Made Clothing-the best in the world. Every garment stamped with the maker's name, a proof against sweat-shop or tenement house clothing.



\$6.60

\$10.00 Suits,

\$12.00 Suits,

\$8.20

\$15.00 Suits,



Real value \$4.

trimmed and made-blue and

fancy effects. Also, Double-

Breasted Suits, up to sixteen



\$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-tine materials.

Real value \$5.



\$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



\$18.00 Suits,

\$12.40

\$20.00 Suits,

For the finest Novelty Suits ever brought to Scranton. There are no better Suits shown anywhere. Why pay \$6, \$7 or \$8 when you can buy equally as good here for \$4.97. Cloths of the finest texture, creations newest, styles exclusive.

Clothing

137 and 139 Penn Avenue. WATCH THE YELLOW SIGN. WATCH THE YELLOW SIGN.

ing. A shot brought flown the lower "There are twenty or more," res man, then, seizing his gun by the mustrle, with one tremendous blow he sent the top man to the ground. Several sushing his nephew away, with an shots were fired but the priest was impatient gesture, and resting the safe behind the brick wall, loading his

> "At this rate, uncle, you can't hold out a quarter of an hour longer. This will either enter here or by the yard. smell petroleum. They are burning the cellar door. I can't shoot; what can I do to help you?

Throw the boiling oil ever them." "No, it would be better for me to go through the portion and take Rabona out of the stable, and gallop off to

"For the post of the guard? Good!" "Yes, for the National Guard." But I'm afraid there's hardly time naw. You will find me dead. My boy cood-bye. Pray for me, and have mass said for the repose of my soul. Now, ome on, pop-guns!"

Pretend to surrender," entreated Ja-"Hold them here, at any rate. will fly The black silhouette of the youth cov

red, for an instant, the red wall over the hearth and presently was lost in the darkness of the gallery. The uncle shrugged his shoulders, and, standing up, discharged his gun once more, this time without steady aim. Then he ran up to the fire and unbooked the heavy kettle which hung by a strong iron chain, bubbling over the coals. He opened wide the large window and without trying to protect himself from the bullets, lifted up the pot and emptied its contents over the crowd of

Frightful screams were heard. The burning shower bath added fury to the rage already kindled by the old man's croic defense, and like one man they flung themselves upon the ladder, some limbing up by the shoulders of the others. Just as several men had scaled the wall and were struggling with the form hand, this mass of human beings ell upon the priest, who still fought blindly with the butt end of his mus-

When the crowd had scattered a litie, some one lighted the candle, and the old man was soon stretched on the floor in manacles. The robbers had blacked their faces, some had put on false beards and tied handkerchiefs about their heads, others were broadwimmed bats and weird disguises that gave them the look of demans. A tall, esolute, laconic man commanded them, and in a few accouds ordered the farm hand and maid to be bound and gagged. One of the men said something in a low voice to his chief. who in turn approached the captive

priest and said; ich, Senor Abbot, don't die yet 'here's a man here, wounded by you, who wishes to confess."

There was a sound of heavy, slow otsteps on the staircase leading from he cellar. Four men entered the kitchcarrying a body which left a trail of Blood on the floor. The wounded man's head moved gently back and forth. His eyes were growing glassy, fire, trembling in every limb, and from touched the heads of two men seemed like porestain in his black. tive in replying to the Yankee volleys, staff, cut clean in two at the middle.

ened face; his mouth was half open. "There's no need of confusal in there." said the chief. "He's drawing his last

breath. But as soon as the dying man was placed on the bench he moved slightly ike. "Confession!" he exclaimed in a loud, clear voice. They untied the the bench. The lips of the dying man noved as if reciting the act of contrition. The priest recognized the death rattle and saw a rose colored foam cozing from the corners of the pronounced the "Ego te absolvo" at the go ahead.

breast. "Take the body away!" ordered the chief. "And now, perhaps, the senor abbot will tell us where he keeps his

oment when the head of the wounded

"I have none," responded the priest with firmness. He knit his eyebrows, His face was no longer ruddy, but pale with wrath, while his hands, bruised and torn, trembled with the agitation of old asre.

"You will tell another story in ten We are going to fry your fingers in the oil you threw on us. We are going to set you on the live coals. Now then-one-two-

The priest glanced around and saw on the supper table, the bread knife. With a bound like that of a tiger he threw himself upon the knife, and over turning the table and light he sought shelter behind that barricade, defending himself at random, in the dark, without feeling the blows which rained upon him, only honing to die nably, while the balls whistled close about

The Sergeant of the Civil Guard of Doas, who arrived upon the scene of the combat half an hour later, while the robbers still searched in vain, under the beams, in the straw mattress, and even in 'the breviary, for the priest's noney, told me that the corpse of the latter bore no resemblance to a human form, so riddled, mangled and bruised

This Sergeant also told me that since the death of the priest of Boan, partridges had been very abundant, and he pointed out to me, at the fair, the priest's nephew, Javier, who never shoots, because his right arm is stiff.

BEST SHOTS OF THE WAR. They Were Made by Victor Blue at Aguadores.

Perhaps the best bit of gun work of the Spanish-American war was executed by Lieutenant Victor Blue of the Suwanee, It was at Aguadores one morning in June. Half a dozen Yankee ships, including the New York. Admiral Sampson's flagship, had been bombarding the Spanish positions in the hills which fringed the shore, without any other result than to smother the enemy's fire, when the signal "cease. firing" fluttered from the New York. The position of one of the Spanish bat-teries which had been uncommonly ac-tiantly. Blue fired and down came the

though without doing any damage, was marked by a red and yellow flag. which could easily be seen in the clear morning atmosphere. The staff from which the flag floated was fixed in a solid pler of masonry, the top of which showed above the redoubt that protec, ed the Spanish gun and gunners. Blue was preparing to take a crack at the priest and pushed him to the foot of flag when the order came. He appealed to Lieutenant-Commander Delchanty,

who was in command of the Suwanee, to let him go on and cut the flag down Delchanty's desire to see the thing done was as keen as Blue's to do it. man's mouth. He raised his hands and He asked permission of the flagship to "Cease firing," was the peremptory man fell, for the last time, on his signal repeated from the flagship. "I guess it's no go," he said to Blue

> "But I can cut it in three shors," proested Blue Delehanty pursed his lips and quinted wistfully at the flaunting red and yellow bunting. "I hate like the devil to ask again," he said half to

"The Admiral says we can't do any

more shooting."

himself, "but I'll do it." Back fluttered this signal to the flagship: "Can cut the flag down in three shires.

For several moments there was no eply. The Admiral seemed to be considering the Suwance's proposition very eye from the Suwanee and from to other ships, which had seen the exhange of signals, was fixed on the agship. Finally the Admiral's signal, All right, if you can cut if down in hree shots, go ahead," was displayed. The signal was received with a cheeon the Suwance which several of the ther hoats echoed. Then the attenion of the fleet became riveted on the spanish flag. Blue bent over his gun djusted the sights, shoved a cartridge into the chamber, and closed the breach. For the fraction of a second he glanced down the barrel. there was a sharp report. The faraway flag suddenly twisted around the staff. Then it slowly unwound and two yellow pennants fluttered in the brisk east wind. Blue's shot had cut out the red bar in the

"A corker, Elue," shouted Delchanty from the bridge. "Try again, but re member that you were a little high that Depress your piece a bit." Blue readjusted his sights, and again his gun spoke. This time a cloud of dust cose from the base of the flagstaff, which leaned over. It was quick y righted by one of the Spanish gun

centre which bore the Spanish coat-of

"A bit low and too far to the left that lime," said Delehanty, examining the effect of the shot carefully through his "You knocked off a corner of rlasser. the pillar the staff is fixed in. Take more time with your next shot. It's

the last, you know. Blue was fully a minute arranging for his next shot. Every man on the Suwance held his breath, and every eye was fixed intently on the far-away yel

OUR BEAUTY DEPARTMENT OF Mme. Ruppert's Specialties!

BEAUTY FOR ALL.



A BOON TO ALL WOMEN.

Mme. Ruppert's World-Renowned Remedies ARE THE BEST.

They are the pioneers of all complexion preparations, having been sold for many years longer than any other. They are used and recommended by the best people, and always give complete satisfac-They are the only genuine, natural beautifiers, founded on scientifie principles. Everything about them inspires confidence. Absolute proof of merit has been given numberless times by Mme. Rupper't. No other Specialist has ever given ocular demonstrations. Owing to These Well-Established Facts, We Give Mme. Ruppert's Remedies This Well-Earned Prominence.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER! A BOTTLE OF MME. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH,

\$1.65. THIS OFFER IS BONA FIDE AND EVERYONE CAN HAVE A BOTTLE OF THIS WONDROUS FACE BLEACH FOR \$1.66. Madame Ruppert's Face Bleach is not a new unitied remedy. Its use assures a perfect complexion. It has been sold for 20 years longer than any like preparation and to-day has a larger sale than all these combined. We are receiving constantly supplies fresh from the laboratory of Madame Ruppert, No. 6 East 18th street, New York, and they are par excellence.

Book "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL" Free. ory caller at this department will be given this unique booklet FRBE. It contains all those little secrets of the toilet so dear to every woman's heart. We give below a list of some of Madama Ruppert's Toilet Requisites. Mime. Ruppert's Price. Mine. Buppert's Almond Oil Complexion Soap: a per-lect soap, a combination of aimond oil and wax, not a builted soap and contains no type. Mme. Ruppert's Golden Hair Tonic gives new life to and stops falling bair . . . \$1.00 880 Mine Ruppert's Wonder-ful Depilatory removes su-perfluous hair without in-jury to skin in a minutes. 1.00 Mme. Ruppert's World
Renowned Face Bleach,
large bottle, clears the skin
of any discoloration and
beautifies the complexion
naturally \$1.65 Mme Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorative is not a dye but returns gray bair to its natural color 2.50

830 Mme. Ruppert's Egyp-tion Baltu, a valuable skin food and used in connec-tion with the Bleach re-moves wrinkles. 1.00

Remember, we will sell a bottle of MME. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH at . -Jonas Long's Sons

commendatory, but his voice was cheering died awa drowned in the deafening yell which done, Suwanee,"

Mme. Ruppert's Pearl Knamel causes the skin to assume a girlish loveliness, mainly for evening use

Mine Ruppert's White Hose Face Fowder, an ex-

Delchanty started to say something | finally joining in the chorus. As the cheering died away the signal, "Well fluttered from the arose from the Suwance's crew. The Admiral's flagship and the incident was yell was caught up on the other vessels | closed. The range at which Blue did one by one, the crew of the New York | this bit of shooting was 2,500 yards,