THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.



plan, to marry her son and yet keep him in the family. And certainly he appreciated Madge, though her attitandem behind, that is, to keep one in the saddle. Reigate Hill came none tude was a little doubtful. Yet the steady pressure of her elders was too soon to give Mr. Crampton a decent excuse for dismounting. So he bound to win in the long run, and she the machine carefully cs go The road from Sutton to Burgh looked well on the turf, and took out Heath looks like any other road on a his silver cigarette case, and was in But unlike the generality of his attitude ready, looking over the map. roads known to Mr. Crampton it per- | clustering town and broad blue Weald, sistently went up hill. It was already as the tandem couple came walking going up hill at Sutton Station, and it down the hill. So far the ride had been went on preity steeply for a space, but very pleasant. After that the Bounder, hot and with an air of its being a last effort. panting. He came toward the turf as Then round a bend came a view of a huge industrial home and another last if contemplating a lounge, and his eye effort. Then a clear interval, even caught the chocolate bicycle. He down hill, to Belmont station, then it glanced swiftly up at Mr. Crompton, started off again fresh as a daisy. It and went incontently down the hill toward the town, visibly discomfited. went up hill visibly for a mile to Ban-Mr. Crampton lunched in Reigate. It stead Station, and then masked by was in the afternoon that his adventrees it continued to go up hill. Mr. tures really began-as he rode toward Crampton was surprised, but the day was young and his man had oiled and Crawley. The morning's ride had told adjusted his machine to a nicety. So on him, and three gates had the honor of supporting him for leisurely interstuck to it-riding steady, and swinging a cigarette in the disengaged vals between Reigate and Horley, Cyclists became frequent, and as they hand. Until recently a Bounder, with went by during his sessions on the a machine that went clank, became gate, he smoked ostentatiously or (afaudible behind him. To Mr. Crampton the idea of being ter he had smoked sufficiently) sketchoverhauled by a member of the lower ed in a little morocco-bound sketchbook-just to show he was not simply classes was distasteful, and relying on the clank and the excellence of his resting. And among others a very pretty girl flashed by-unaccompanied. machine he threw away the cigarette and quickened his pace. Thereupon the Bounder rang his bell-it was a Now, Mr. Crampton, in spite of his regard for Madge, was not averse to beast of a cheap bell-and the clanking dreams of casual romance. And the grew more frequent and louder, until bloycle in its earlier phases has a peculiar influence upon the imagination It was close behind Mr. Crampton, Afsaid. ter a sharp spurt Mr. Crampton decid-To ride out from the familiar locality, ed that he would not race after all, and into strange roads stretching away the Bounder drew alongside. He was into the unknown, to be free to stop or go on, irrespective of hour or com-

is hard

best of

tions.

almost al-

off part

condi-

and then a long gentle slope that was rather trying, with a pretty girl on a

the young lady. "No trouble at all," said the old gentleman, and off he rode.

The next misunderstanding was en-I can do very little in this case." tirely due to the silly, vague way in which the directions on the box were noyed to find him not humillated. given. Really you had to stick the round patch thing on to the puncture but Mr. Crampton read rather carelessly, and first of all cut out a circular place in the air hhamber, and seeing it was not quite round, he cut it a little larger, and so on, until it was a little too big for the patch thing. wrong? young lady had been silent for the last ten minutes or so, watching Mr. Cramptons face, but now she asked suddenly, "Are you sure that is the right thing to do?" she must have done so.

she was not a lady.

All the more reason, he told himself, that he should assert himself a gentleman. "It seems to me," he said, "that

"Nothing," said Mr. Crampton, full of

"Had a tumble Miss?" said the Boun-

"It seems so to me," she said, an There came a rhythmic clanking o the road, and the red, damp-halred Rounder, in grav, whom Crampton had snubbed at Banstead, going Londonward now, and riding laboriously, drew near, "Ullo!" he said, softly, to himself, and as he passed, "Nothing Positively she answered hlm. Mr. Crampton did not notice it, because he was looking at the machine, but

angry shame

"Don't." said Mr. Crampton, briefly, and flung himself into a chair scowling.

But after dinner he recovered, and talked to her. Among other things he admitted he liked Madge, and seemed take his mother'. timid s



unnecessary expenses besides preventing a great deal of the sickness itself.

sickness itself. "Doctor's visits come high," says Mrs. Bela F. Howard, of Gien Ellea, Schoma Co., Cal. "I have been in this place sixteen years and have only had a doctor once in my family since that time, thanks to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser and his medicines. This book aves doctor's visits. I cannot do without it in the house. I have had two copies hat cannot for another copy." Another lady. Mrs. Jennie Warren, of Clifton, Graham Co., Arisona, says: "With pleasure I write to you again to let you work what I feel as well and strong as I ever did. With your kind and good advice and Dr. Pierce's for another copy." Another lady. Most in the process with your kind and good advice and Dr. Pierce's function of the second times for your good ads the medicine you prescribe, according to directions, no other doctor's services will be needed."

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panion, inevitably brings the adventurous side uppermost. And Mr. Crampton, descending from his gate and mounting, not two minutes after enough she had passed, presently overtook hernear the crossroad to Horley, wheeling under the her machine.

She had a charmingly cut costume, and her hair was a pleasant brown, and her car, as one came riding up bebind her, was noticeably pretty. She ways cuts had punctured the tire of her hind wheel; it ran flat and flaccid-the case was legible a hundred yards off. Now this is the secret desire of all lone men who go down into the coun-

try on wheels. The proffered help, the charming talk, the idyllic incident! the expense it Who knows what delightful developments? So that a great joy came to Mr. Crampton. He dismounted a little way behind her, advanced gracefully, proffered the repair outfit in his wallet He had never attempted to repair a tire before, and so he felt confident of his ability. The young lady was inclined to be distant at first (which was

perfectly correct of her), but seeing that it was four miles to Crawford, and Mr. Crampton a mere boy and evidently of a superior class, she presently accepted his services. So coming to a convenient grassy place at the cross road, Mr. Crampton turned the machine over on its saddle and handles, severely bruising his knee as he did so, and went quietly and methodically to work, it being then about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the sun very bright and

He talked to her easily. Where had she punctured? She did not quite know, she had only just noticed that the tire was "all flabby." "A very unpleasant discovery," said Mr. Crampton. "We must see just pre-

cisely what is the matter." "It's very kind of you," she said. "Are you sure you can spare the time?"

"I'm merely running down to Brighton." he said, "I couldn't think of leaving you in this predicament." Mr. Crampton had, of course, no me-

The Bounder was already some "It says so on the box," said Mr yards down the road, but he dismount-Crampton, looking up with a smile ed with such alacrity that he almost "But really I don't see how we are to tumbled over. He flung his machine manage it quite." "Do you know." said the young lady. into the hedge in a fine, careless way, an dcame back. "What is it?"

'I wanted to be in Crawley by four." It was a little rude of her, but Mr, said. Crampton looked at his watch it was five minutes past four! "Dear me!" he said, agreeably; "the time has flown." And suddenly he remembered he was der, not at all abashed, with his eyes twenty-six miles from Brighton.

on the bent mud guard. 'I can manage very well, thank you,' "I think, do you know," said the young lady, "if you don't mind, I will said Mr. Crampton. "Lets have a look at the figger. wheel my machine, after all. It seems said the Bounder, advancing; and sudsuch a long job mending. And really, denly became aware that he had met in Crawley the man"-----

this obstructive person in brown be-"These local fellows aren't always fore. He looked at the girl. quite reliable. I'm frightfully sorry, "Please let the gentleman see." said you know, not to have got it right just at once, but"the young indy quietly. At that Mr. Crampton's temper gave

"It was very kind of you to try," she way entirely. "Very well,' he said, "Do you know," said Mr. Crampton, quite crossly. "I understood I was to

'even now"- For the thing really inmend your machine. I've wasted an perested him. His idea was to try a hour on it." "Steady on," said the Bounder, very piece of paper smeared with solution; puletly, bending down and looking at but it did not work, and at quarter past 4 he began putting the machine the machine

"I didn't know you wanted to stop together, nothing but a neat circular opening cut in the air tube of the tire ry man that came along?' said Mr. Crampton suddenly exasporated to to show for his wasted hour. His interest was fading, and the girl's man-

"Steady on," said the Bounder again. ner was not so nice as it had been. And, curiously enough, the wheel Mr. Crampton teplied with a look of would not go on right, and there was a difficulty about the chain. One or freezing contempt.

ture!

two of the little nut things may have ost themselves in the grass, andtrivial though they were-this complicated the business. Mr. Crampton was becoming painfully aware that his hands were black and his suffs crumpled. He suddenly feit tired and disgusted at the whole absurd incident,

and, seeing the growing impatience of | anger. the girl, he hurried the rebuilding in-"I'm quite prepared to pay for any discreetly, using his wrench as a hamdamage I've done," he said. Neither of them had the manners to "I'm afraid not," said Mr. Crampton, rather red in the face, holding the maanswer, though he stood quite a minchine by saddle and handle and looking ute. Trembling with indignation Mr at it in a speculative way. It was real-

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Insist that your grocer gives you GPAIN-O Accept no inviati in a sympathetic spirit. But I wish she didn't bicycle," he said; "it's a bit They lunched next day with the Fen-

tons. He waited for his opportunity to score his point, and so it did not come off until late in the afternoon. Mrs. Crampton would have boasted to Madge of his manliness in riding the whole way but for his express prohibition.

"No," he said, quite calmly, in answer to some remark. "I didn't train, I wheeled down." Madge looked quite surprised. "Fifty-

two miles!" she said. "I don't know the distance," said Mr, Crampton. "It didn't seem so ex-ceedingly long."

The increase in her respect was swift

and evident. "How long did it take you?" "Six-seven hours. I startel about

midday. But I didu't scorch, you know. And I stopped about half an nour mending a girl's tire." He tried to look as though he had

done nothing extraordinary. "Here's Ethel, of all people!" said

Mrs. Fenton, rising. "My dear!" Mr. Crampton looked up, and there in

the doorway was the hardine of the punctured tire. . . . Madge rose, too, to welcome her friend, and missed his expression. "And nere is Cousin Cecil," she said, introducing Mr. Crampton. The newcomer advanced brightly, stored, hesitated, and bowed

coldly Mrs .Crampton never quite unger stood the business, because her son was not only reticent, but extremely irritable when questioned. Evidently the JUIIAS LUIIS 3

under considerable constraint. She is inclined to think from the subsequent

incidents that Ethel was a designing sort of girl, who set Madge against kept in motion longer, and moved a "When you were rude to me," said him with the idea of securing 1 in herthe Boundar, looking up, "I let you self. In that, at any rate, she was dis-alone. But if you're going to be rude appointed. But the Brighton gathering cavity in which it moves is about was certainly a fallure, and Mr. Crampto this young lady, I shall just punch ton is still not engaged. Yet, seeing his year 'end. See? I'm an engine-fitter, and it don't take that to see you're position, it is odd some girl has not enapped him up. Madge (silly girl) been pretty near knocking all the married a young doctor three months quality out of a vally-ble machine." ago .- (H. C. Wells, in The Woman at Mr. Crampton was breathless with Home.)

BUBBLES LAST FOR AGES.

They Have Been Found Securely Imbedded in Solid Quartz.

Crampton picked up his machine. From the Chicago Chronicle. nounted a little clumsily, and rode off.

He rode very fast until he was round "Bubbles light as air," are not althe bend-just to show how angry he ways evanescent. They have been was. For a space he was boiling with known to endure for a long time and rage. Then he laughed aloud in a sar-Dr. A. A. Julien, of Columbia college, donic fashion. "Of all possible experihas in his possession two or three ences!" he said. "Ha! ha! And this of the most wonderful minerals in the comes of trying to help a fellow creaworld. One of them is a piece of quartz which he picked up near Columbia. N.

H. This bit of quartz is transparent The sardonic mood remained. He and has a little cavity in its center hated every human being in Crawley, both on the right-hand side and on the filled with liquid, in which a bubble left. Most of them, from their manof gas keeps jumping about from side

to side. The bubble is very small and ner, seemed to be aware, of his recent indignities. He rested at Crawley an can be seen only under the microscope. hour, hating people quietly but stead-It is about one microm--that is, 1-25,ily, and thinking of alternatives to his inch in diameter, and it dashes from wall to wall of the cavity in restless sayings and doing with the Bounder and the young lady. It was 6 when he motion, like a nomad trying to esrode on again, and the sun was setting. cape.

A mile out of Crawley he come to a This nomad must have continued during the ages which have elapsed long dark hill. Twilight came as a sur since the consolidation of the granite. In other words, the little bubble was prise, and with it came an acute sense of fatigue. He dismounted. Presently he mounted again. It was difficult to inclosed in the quartz several million decide which progress was most tiring -afoot or awheel. And this was pleasure! An acute realization of the inommended by the best properties and the beautifiers, founded on scien-tion. They are the only genuine, natural beautifiers, founded on scien-tific principles. Everything about them inspires confidence. Abso-lute proof of merit has been given numberless times by Mmc. Rup-lute proof of merit has been given numberless times by Mmc. Rup-pert. No other Specialist has over given ocular demonstrations. Owing to These Well-Established Facts, We Cive Mme, Ruppert's Remedies This Well-Earned Prominence. EXTRAORDINARY OFFER! A BOTTLE OF

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greater distance, back and forth, than double its size, so that the bubble travels about 1-25,000 inch at every travels about 1-25,000 inch at every jump, and it moves trregularly sev-eral times each second. It it has been moving thus but twice a second for bat 1,000,000 years it must have trav-eled 1400,000 miles. Of course the bub-ble has been fumping noout for more than 1,000,000 years, if the estimates of the geologists are correct. The hous in the little cavity is probably a satin the little cavity is probably a saturated solution of common salt, and the gas is carbon dioxide.

Dr. Julien has another piece quartz found in North Carolina, which has a cavity holding liquid and a bubhle, which is remarkable because the bubble can be made to appear and disappear at the will of its owner. All one has to do is to breath hard upon it. when it will disappear. It is the heat of his breath which causes the liquid to expand and fill up the space ordinarily occupied by the air bubble. Of course any gentle heat will cause the change.

Dr. Julien has still another gas hubble, this one inclosed in a piece of

white topaz from Minas Geracs, Brazil, which, under the microscope, shows zil, which, under the microscope, shows some wonderful effects. The cavity is bubble in the middle of it. The curves tubular and the sides or walls parallel to the prismatic faces of the the coloriess and non-coloriess liquid crystal.

The liquid in the cavity is a quite It is really one liquid floating within atrong brine, with still another colorless liquid (liquid carbon diexide) accupying a central positon. Looking floats near the upper surface of the years ago, when all rocks were in a through the microcsope you may see cavity, whichever way the mineral is molten state and the earth was in the first cavity, then the denser brine held, so that the piece of topaz is a process of formation. Probably it has near its ends, with infinitesimal salt natural spirit level.

gists., 20s Lackawanna ave., Scranton, Pa cubes floating in it: then, in the center,

of domarcation which show up between

are very beautiful. center of all. The air bubble slways

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