

The Russian Cigarettes.

THE VISIT of Prince Sergius Mendelejeff to these shores is still a matter of recent history...

She rose from her chair and stretched out her hands appealingly. "I beseech you to frustrate the prince's schemes and to save Rupert from the consequences of his fatal fascination..."

He filled the gold case also. We chatted on indifferent topics for some time, and then I took my leave, having just said enough to Princess Olga to show that I was on my guard against her.

By giving him one from the gold case that Princess Olga had filled for me. We walked along in silence for a few minutes, when Clough suddenly surprised me by saying: "I have noticed the careful watch that you and the detectives have kept on my movements..."

But the laugh died out of my lips as I considered the serious news that Miss Clough had brought me. Her impressions of Princess Olga Skobenski closely tallied with my own experience...

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times," she said, gratefully. "That is just what I wanted." "The obligation is on our side," I answered, smiling, as I ushered her to the door.

Prince Sergius Mendelejeff landed at the pier at 6:30 on the following morning, where we were waiting to receive him. His imperial highness is of middle height, dark-complexioned, with clear, well-cut features, and a heavy black beard and mustache.

These thoughts left wings to my feet, and I arrived, panting and breathless, at the platform, with its wooden shed, where he was putting a match to the paper tube of death.

It is a part of my profession not to betray surprise at anything. I therefore remained outwardly calm before my desk and nodded my head.

"Indeed," I remarked. "My name is Muriel Clough—you know Clough, I suppose," she continued.

"You came just in time, Sir George," remarked Prince Sergius, patting me affectionately on the back as I concluded. "Another three minutes, and I should have smoked Princess Olga's cigarette."

Both the Russian and the English secret service authorities maintain a discreet silence as to the whereabouts of the beautiful Olga Skobenski. I have heard of a story which tells of a nihilist princess being immured at Cronstadt, who was made every day to smoke from a box containing 99 ordinary cigarettes and one that she had placed on a former occasion in my gold case.

"He is my stepbrother. It is for his sake that I have come here—for his sake and that of the family honor, you know nothing definite, you understand, but I fear the danger all the more for its obscurity."

"I signed my assent. "He is my stepbrother. It is for his sake that I have come here—for his sake and that of the family honor, you know nothing definite, you understand, but I fear the danger all the more for its obscurity."

"I could have sworn Paul filled it for me this morning; however, I must be abstemious for a while," I said. "Immediately the ambassador and I presented our cases."

"You will come back?" she almost impudently asked. "Certainly I will," he answered, and, lifting his hat, strode away.

A Friend in Need.

IT WAS a mild September morning. A blue haze hung over the hills, the sunshine gilded the stubble fields. The young man tramping up the dusty high-way drew in long breaths of the invigorating air.

There was a card over the electric bell button with the legend, "Broken." The young man stepped around the house and rapped at the rear door. It was opened by a lady in a tasteful morning dress; a lady of unmistakably good looks but with a careless expression.

"I've had a little experience in the art," he replied. "Come right in," said the lady, and ushered him into the dining room. "Sit down, please," she said, "and I will explain. My cook suddenly left me yesterday morning, her mother being ill, and my second girl followed her in the afternoon. I'm alone in the house, with my little daughter. She is recovering from a severe illness and needs a great deal of attention. So you see I am quite unable to attend to any domestic duties. Besides, it is almost impossible to secure help out here so near the close of the season. Will you go in town as soon as the judge can find time to make the arrangements. Until then I must manage to worry along the best I can. The work I want you to do is far more important just now than the task the judge has planned for you. I will give you \$5 a week and you may have Wednesday afternoon off. Have you any references?"

"After he had cleaned away the remains and the paraphernalia of the feast, the cook took his gray garments out on the clothesline and beat the dust from them. A little later he presented himself to the Robbins, who were on the porch with the Elsie, and asked permission to proceed to the railway station, a mile away, and secure the traveling bag he had left there. He looked very well in his renovated garments and Mrs. Robbins at once mistrusted that he meant to walk away and never return. She shuddered when she thought of spending another night all alone in the big house.

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"I believe I am," he answered. "I trust you don't stay out nights?" "I doubt if the attractions of the neighborhood would be sufficient to keep me from my needed rest," replied the young man.

"That night the lady of the house slept much better. She was awakened once by a sound of voices. She listened intently, but the sound was not repeated. In the morning the new help was up bright and early and had an omelette and a good cup of coffee ready for her when she came down stairs. After breakfast he asked for a needle and thread, and wanted to mend his coat. And he showed her how the sleeve had been ripped from the shoulder.

delighted with her new friend that she quite forgot about her indulgent mother, and that lady had her first daylight rest in many weeks.

"This, I believe, is to be my afternoon, the help remarked to the lady when Wednesday morning came round. "Yes," she said, "and I hope you'll find it very enjoyable."

"I feel quite sure," said the lady, with a laugh, "that I can safely promise you the caretaker's position. But, really, I don't like to see you go to this expense simply to please us."

"The judge is coming home tomorrow morning," she said. "And here is something else that may interest you. He writes: 'I met Sarah, the cook, on Broad street today and she requested me to tell you that her mother is much better and that she will be back Saturday afternoon.'"

"What's that?" exclaimed the judge. "I didn't send anybody. I did think of hiring Sandie McQuirk. But he was as drunk as a fish when I met him at the depot the morning I started away, and I told him I didn't care to secure his services."

"It's his nature," said the lady. "But pretty soon the case came into the room and faced the judge, and the judge noticed that he was a fine and resolute looking fellow."

"I'll have his letter of introduction here, sir." The judge stared at the young man. Then he arose and gave him his hand. "Why, Maria," he cried, "this is that unusual clever young attorney, John Marlow, whom Bingham sent over to help me in preparing the Hammersby will case. And you took him for a cook."

There is no line of work more intimately connected with the agricultural interests of the country than the investigations of grasses and forage plants. Grasses are so common, growing everywhere in meadows and waste places, upon hillsides and plains, covering the bare places of the earth with their myriad hosts of individual plants, that we are apt to forget their vast significance in the economy of nature, and that they constitute the greatest of our agricultural resources, and form the very foundation upon which rests all our agricultural wealth and prosperity.

The old negro was not impressed with the stranger, but he called at the tavern, and asked the keeper if an old gentleman had left anything there for him.

JONAS LONG'S SONS. The Annual Sale of Household Utensils, Crockery and Glassware, including an immense purchase of Enamelled Ware from a recent auction in New York Begins here tomorrow. Particulars in morning.

The Sale of Silks and of Dress Goods. Unruly weather yesterday. But the Silks went away better than we expected. The first buyer took fifteen yards of one of the choicest lots—and so they went all day.

- The Silks. 20-inch Black Satin, per yd. .48c 21-inch Satin Duchesse, per yard .75c 22-inch Satin Cleopatra, yd. .100 24-inch Satin Cleopatra, yd. .125 27-inch Satin Cleopatra, yd. .139 20-inch Marie Antoinette, yd. 1.75 20-inch Peau de Soie, per yd. .85c 22-inch Peau de Soie, per yd. 1.00 24-inch Peau de Soie, per yd. 1.25 24-inch Peau de Soie, per yd. 1.39 24-inch "Piper" Peau de Soie, yd. .98 20-inch Gros de Lyons, yd. .79c 22-inch Faille Francaise, yd. 1.06 18-inch Black Taffeta, per yd. .50c 20-inch Fine Taffeta, per yd. 75c 24-inch Taffeta, guaranteed, yd. .85c 27-inch Fine Taffeta, per yd. 1.00 27-inch Swiss Oil Botted, yd. 1.25 22-inch Finest Poplins, per yard .100 21-inch Drop de Paris, yd. .100 21-inch Satin Fern, per yd. .125 22-inch Louisaine, yd. .100

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These are a few of the many. Some of them (the Gingham, Batiste, Soie Celeste, Pongee, Elysian Sheer, Broche Soie and Grenadines) are shown in the window, draped so that you may observe them to advantage. Twelve of our twenty-eight windows help to tell the story.

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