

, a small mining town ( them kindly, for his heart aches for in northeastern Pennsylvania, in these poor stricken ones who are so soon to suffer the greatest loss that the year 1890, lived Daniel Morgan, with his wife and two daughters, Edith and Gladys, can come to a son or daughter: "B Mr. Morgan was American-born,

but of Welsh descent, and had been, for over a quarter of a century, earning a comfortable living for himself and family, having the real necessaries of life, though deprived of its luxuries, by digging for "black diamonds" in a neighboring coal mine. He had, with the help of his hardworking wife, by frugal living and careful economy, been enabled to save enough to purchase a little home of their own, though at the time our story opens a small mortgage was menacing them, and at times threatened to overpower them, after all their efforts. Edith, the oldest daughter, now a beautiful girl of seventeen, was tall of tears and prayers, supplications and fair, with eyes as blue as the violets which bloomed in such profusion around the outskirts of the little town in which she lived. Gladys, the younger one, the spoiled, petted, wilful baby of the household, was now nearly twelve years of age, and while she ruled all with whom she came in contact, the sceptre she swayed was so weighted with love that no one accused her of being arbitrary. The one great ruling passion of this girl, who is to take no small part in our narrative, was love for her sister Edith Gladys was as yet a plain undeveloped girl, with eyes and hair as black as midnight, and a strangely beautiful complexion, so dark and rich that she had been nicknamed "Gypsy." These sisters were as utterly unlike in disposition as in looks, for while the older one was modest and retiring, always thinking of the happiness of others, and whose greatest fault was her implicit confidence in all who professed friendship for her. The younger one had a bearing so full of regal grace and haughty pride that she might have been taken for a daughter of nobility instead of the child of a poor, hard-working miner, who had just enough book-learning to convince him that more would be infinitely better, and fill him with a burning desire to give his children the advantages of a thorough education. And to this end, even now, he and his faithful wife were trying to plan some way by which Edith could be sent, for a year at least, to a neighboring seminary. Night after night did these devoted parents talk and plan and worry over the situation, not wishing to arouse any false hopes in the breast of the already eagerly ambitious girl, and as yet the whole scheme had been carefully kept from her, and never had she dared to hope that she would, one day, enter Wyoming Seminary as a pupil. But even now the letter was on its way that was to make a great change in the home life of this honest but hard-working family. And one morning in March, just as the bluebirds and robins, blest harbingers of spring, b gan to make their appearance, and instil into the mest discouraged and gloomy hearts, a feeling of renewed hope and anticipation of better days ahead, Daniel Morgan awoke to find himself a rich man. A wealthy relative in Wales had died and left an immense fortune to be divided between the three sons of his only brother, and Daniel Morgan was one of these. The news spread through the quiet little town like wildfire. And soon it was known by every child on the street, and newspapers gave lengthy accounts of the wonderful good fortune that had come to one who after working twenty-five years as : miner, was now able to buy the whole town of B----- in which he had lived in such humble circumstances. Now, my daughter," said he to Edith one day a few weeks after their good fortune had come to them., "there is no need of longer delay. Our longcherished hopes can be realized. You shall take the summer to become accustomed to the change in our circumstances and put yourself in readiness; and in the fall, at the opening of the school year, you shall enter Wyoming Seminary, not for one year only, but for the full course. And Gladys shall be put under the careful training of a thoroughly competent governess."

brave, my poor girls, and come with me. Your mother is dying." Then the long-pent up grief can ne longer be restrained, as with a wild cry Gladys rushes past the doctor and throws herself on her knees by her "Oh mother's bedside, crying out: mother, come back, come back! We cannot give you up!" while Edith, less excitable than her sister, looked into the doctor's face, and with tears streaming from her eyes, says, imploringly; "Oh, doctor, save my mother! We cannot live without her! poor stricken husband sits by The the bedside, holding his wife's hand in one of his, while he shaded his eyes with the other. The fluttering breath grew shorter and shorter, and in spite

and entreaties, the great grim reaper tore her ruthlessly from their embrace, and hastened on his way to seek another victim.

. . . . . . Over a year has passed away since the death of Mrs. Morgan, and once more we look into this home. Edith had insisted upon giving up the idea of going away to school after mother's death, and had installed herself as her father's housekeeper Gladys was attending high school, and making rapid progress in her studies As we look upon the fair face of Edith Morgan we notice that although it is a triffe older and more serious, there is a new light in the beautiful eyes and a soft and tender expression plays around the dimpled mouth as she throws a light scarf around her shoul ders and starts down toward the river brink, where at a romantic trysting place she knows she will meet the one she loves best in all the world; one who had told her that this night he had something to say to her which he could say easier under the light of the moon in their old trysting place than under the glare of artificial light. So she had promised to meet him knowing full well what the message was he had for her, and wondering just how she would answer the ques tion which he had already asked in everything but words, and which she knew he would ask in words tonight, her "king among men." Handsome light-hearted Roy Slatington, who has been boarding in the place during the summer, and making love most ardently to pretty Edith Morgan. The moon is just rising again. The night reminds her strangely of the night over a year ago, when they waited for the news that nearly broke their hearts when it came. She tried to shake off the feeling, and to forget the sorrow of that night in the joy of the present But, strangely enough, the presentment of another sad blow seemed to cling to her. "I will hurry on," she said to herself, "and Roy will soon banish this foolish premonition." And she bastened down the familiar path until she saw, at the spot where they were accustomed to meet, two forms. One she recognized as her lover; the other was a stranger to her, a young whom she never remembered to have seen. She softly turned to one side and stood in the shadow of a tree stamus (cost of mailing ONLY) for the book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for durable cloth thinking she would not show herself binding. until the stranger had gone away, and as their voices floated toward her she would have moved farther away, too honorable to listen, had not her own name, spoken by the stranger, attracted her attention and held her rooted to the spot. What she heard was this "By the way, Slatington, I hear you are going to marry this Edith Morgan. How is it?" "Marry her? Bah! She is just the subject for a grand flirtation, but as for anything further-no, thank you. I am going back to the city tomorrow, se I suppose this will be our last meeting, and as it is nearly time for her to be here, you had better be going. I'll meet you at the hotel in an hour, and tell you how she bore the news of our eparation." Like a dove that has been pierced to he heart by the archer's arrow, the poor stricken girl sunk to the ground as the man, whom she had believed to be the very soul of honor and purity and truth, walked impatiently in the opposite direction, thinking to meet her in the way. Suddenly, pride came to the rescue and the one thought of Edith Morgan was to get away, anywhere to avoid being seen. He must never know her heart was broken; no, he should never look upon her face again. She lifts her head and tries to listen, but her thoughts are all chaos. She lifts her to the starry-lit heaven, and silently implores help from Him who alone can help in such hours as this, Surely the stars never looked down on a sadder sight than that fair young girl, whose golden head was bent in such unutterable sorrow. Slowly she grose, and cautiously she wended her day. In the meantime, she was to make her home with an old friend of way through the shrubbery that grew along the river bank, away from the her parents, a lawyer, whom her father spot which should live in her memory had named as her guardian and exas long as memory should last, as the place where the greatest happiness of ecutor of his estate. her young life had come to her, and now where, too, the cup of bitterness Six years have come and gone since very dregs. Daniel Morgan was laid beside his wife How she got home, she never knew,

## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1907.



THE day when the girl becomes a woman, the day when the wife becomes a mother; the day when the change of life begins; those are womans' three days of destiny. At each of these periods of functional change the balance of health, both of mind and body, is disturbed. There may be only weakness and nervousness, or there may be hysteria, depression and dementia, horror of mind and anguish of body.

No argument is necessary to prove that woman needs to exercise the greatest care of her womanly health during these periods of functional change in order to save herself from the serious results which so often follow.

There is a medicine for woman designed to help her in these critical periods. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has helped and healed thousands of sick and suffering women.

It is not a cure-all. It is prepared specially for woman's peculiar ailments and acts with wonderful healing power upon the delicate female organs. It regulates the periods, heals inflammation and ulceration, cures female weakness, and invigorates the entire womanly organism. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, and gives abundant vitality to nursing mothers.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientifically prepared medicine, and within the scope of its purpose it is without a rival in the lasting benefits it confers upon weak and sickly women. There are many medicines offered for women's use which seem helpful because they relieve pain and stimulate the body. But their effects



Partial view of the invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Baffalo, N. Y., with portrait of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician.

## A Maiden's Suffering.

"It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss Ella Sapp, of Jamestown, Guil-ford Co., N. C., "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had suffered for three years or more at monthly periods. It seemed as though I would die with pain in my back and stomach. I could not stand at all without fainting; had given up all hope of ever being cured, when one of my friends insisted upon my trying Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. With but little faith I tried it, and before I had taken half a bottle I felt better, had better appetite and slept better. Now I have taken two botter, vorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and am happy to say I am entirely cured, and all done in two months' time when all medicines had failed to do any good at all."

## A Mother's Pangs.

"I would like to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received from your wonderful medicine — 'Favorite Prescription,' writes Mrs. H. C. Anderson, of South Britain, New Haven Co., Conn. (Box 33). "During the first month of pregnancy I could not keep anything on my stomach. Was so sick that I had to go to bed and stay for weeks. I tried different doctors, but with little benefit. I read about many being helped by using your medi-cine so I thought I would give it a trial. I began to take your 'Favorite

TO MARK OF COURSES

are not permanent. When the power of their opiates and stimulants is exhausted the old condition returns and usually in aggravated form. "Favorite Prescription " contains no alcohol, and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

## "NEVER DESPAIR."

No woman need despair of a cure of the diseases affecting the womanly organs if she will give "Favorite Prescription" a fair and faithful trial. The most obstinate cases yield to the action of this great remedy.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free of charge, and so obtain the benefit of the advice of a specialist in diseases of women. There is no similar offer of free medical advice which has behind it an institution like the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. As chief consulting physician to this institution, as-sisted by his staff of nearly a score of specialists, Dr. Pierce has in a little more than thirty years treated and cured over half a million women.

All correspondence is strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Prescription' in November and I had a nice little baby girl in February following. My baby weighed over eight pounds. I was only in hard labor about one hour and got along nicely during confinement; was up and dressed on the eighth day. I never had the doctor with me at all; just the nurse and one or two friends. My friends thought that I was sick a very short time. I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed a *true* ' mother's friend,' for it helped me wonderfully. It kept me from having a miscarriage. This makes my second child; with the first one I did not take 'Favorite Prescription' and I had a miscarriage. The little one lived just about two months and she was sick all the time. This last baby is as plump and healthy as any mother could wish. She is about three weeks old now and is gaining in flesh every day."

#### Change of Life.

Mrs. M. Barnes, of Balls Ferry, Shasta Co., Cal., writes: "My physician said I was suffering from the effects of 'change of life.' I had heart disease, said I was suffering from the effects of 'change of life.' I had heart disease, womb trouble and rheumatism. My head was so dizzy I could hardly stand up. When I began Dr. Pierce's medicines I improved right along. I took seven or eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' a teaspoonful three times a day, and the 'Pleasant Pellets' at night. I feel as well as I ever did. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's medicines to suffering women. I think they are the best medicines in the world. I can't say enough in their praise. The 'Favorite Prescription' cured me after I had been sick for two years so I was hardly able to be about."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

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A GREAT GIFT, DR. PIERCE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. It contains 1008

pages and over 700 illustrations and gives invaluable council to women. Send 21 one-cent

Address :



"Thank you, father," Edith replied. "I shall try and improve the opportunity when it comes, as it will be the fulfillment of my heart's desire."

Oh, what air eastles these two sisters built in the weeks that followed. The humble home had been changed for one more in keeping with their changed circumstances, and as they went from room to room in their beautiful home in West Pittston on the banks of the Susquehanna; as they saw their poor, hard-worked father able to enjoy the case and comfort he so richly deserved, and their mother overseeing but not doing the drudgery of the household, they said to themselves: "Surely we have everything that is necessary to our happiness, and we have nothing else to wish for." But, alas! for human hopes and plans, A blow far more bitter than poverty was hanging over the innocent girls.

Imagine, dear reader, a night in early June. The moon was just begin- and sorrow had been drained to the ning to show its face, like a great ball of fire, above the eastern horizon. The Susquehanna river was silently windits way through the Wyoming Valley. past the home of the Morgans, which stood where it commanded a grand view of this beautiful stream. The two girls, one so fair and graceful, the other so dark and proud, were walking through the spacious grounds, con versing in low, hushed tones, and with sad and anxious faces glancing very often toward the house, as if it could tell them what they longed to know. Yes, sorrow has followed joy and prosfor. perity in quick succession. Mrs. Mor-gan, who has battled with poverty and endured hardships of every description, lies in her luxurious home dying. Yes, dying: for although the doctor has ordered perfect quiet, as she society. is sleeping the sleep that means life or death to her, yet he has given them no hope that she will ever awaken again in this world. Oh, how dark and utterly hopeless the world looks now to Edith and Gladys Morgan, as walk toward the house and with a shudder glance at the dim light that comes from their mother's window. Dare they go in? They hesitate for moment, and then with softened tread they ascend the stone steps and stand on the broad veranda. At that moment the door is hastily opened, and doctor motions them to come in. to lose all power to rally after this sec-As they enter the door, he says to ond blow, and the wealth he had an-

and daughter, and let us look in again but as she tottered into the open door, upon our Gladys, now a thoroughly up the winding stair to her own room, educated and accomplished young lady she was closely followed by her sister, of twenty. Beautiful, strangely beautiwho had caught one look at that ful, she reigns queen of society, and drooping figure and ghastly face. As though sought after by the very cream soon as the door of their own room of marriageable young men, she has had closed behind them, Gladys said; remained a veritable iceberg until with-"What is it, Edith, dear? You have in a few months. And now people were heard bad news?"

beginning to say that her cold heart "Yes, Gladys, I have heard news was melted at last, and that Roy Slat that has broken my heart and taken ington, a man a dozen years her senior out of my life everything worth living was the lucky man, and that she who had been so proud and haughty and And yet, dear reader, she is not alone.

cold and distant toward every othe Hundreds of girls as loving, beautiful, had allowed him to whispe suitor innocent and true have the same thing honeyed words in her willing ears, and to suffer, while they who are the cause even now he is in the drawing-room o of it all are being lionized by so-called her guardian's home, waiting for her who has promised that on this night

Slowly, but surely, the story was told she would give him the answer that to the young sister, who fain would have laid down her life to have brought meant life or death to him. As he waits, he hears voices in an adjoining back happiness to the sister she loved room and, rooted to the spot, he listso dearly, but Edith Morgan had reens. ceived her death-blow, and in spite of

"You must not detain me, guardy all that loving hands could do, or lovfor Mr. Slatington is waiting for me i ing hearts devise, the severed strings the drawing-room. You know, I am to of that broken heart could never be give him his answer tonight." gathered together again, and before the

bluebirds and robins came again, Edith swer will be. You will marry him and interest. Here is one excerpt: Morgan was laid beside her mother. go away and leave us." "Marry him? Bin! He is just the Her poor father, who had aged very rapidly since his wife's death, seemed

subject for a grand flictation, but for anything further-no. thanks. I'll

. . . .

ticipated would bring them such hap- how he hears the news of our separpiness seemed to him new a nollow ation," and she glided into the room, mockery, and but a few months more With blanched face he approached elapsed when another grave in the her. "For God's sake, Gladys Morgan, emetery, another empty chair in the tell me you were jesting. I heard the nome, and Gladys Morgan realized that words you spoke just now. Oh, tell me, she was alone in the world at fourteen you were not in carnest?" years of age, sole heiress to her father's

"But I was in carnest, Mr. Slatingimmense fortune, which, according to his will, was to be delivered to her unton. If you heard my words, it is needless to repeat them. You have my anconditionally on her eighteenth birth- swer. Good-night." "But stay!" he cried. "You have led

me on. Oh, Gladys, reflect ere you render so cruel a decision. I lay the first real love of my life at your feet. 1----"Hold, sir," she cried, with an im-perious wave of her J ewelled hand.

Glimpse of a treatment-room, in Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute,

Mechanical Massage, and other apparatus employed.

Listen. Six years ago, when I saw ny only sister die with a broken heart. 1 vowed she should be avenged. I have prayed for this hour for six years, but never in my wildest dreams did 1 think my prayer would be so fully answered. God has brought it about even sooner, more complete than I have dared to hope. If I cause you one hour of such agony as she suffered, I am content. If

on live and suffer on countless ages,

I shall be better content. My work is ended. Good-night." Five minutes later the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house Roy Slatington had taken his own life and the miner's daughter was avenged.

## BAD MAN FLANNIGAN.

### How a Typical Western Desperado Came to Deserved Grief.

most extraordinary character whe ctually attempted to remodel the west was the Marquis De Mores, who tried to establish in the Bad Lands an immense fresh-meal industry to compete a living thing in sight in Medora. with the packing houses of Chicago.

"Pil bring 'em out," said the had There is a picturesque story of this nobleman's extraordinary coarcer in Everybody's Magazine by G. W. Ogden, man, training his weapons on the unprotected windows. Instead of bringthe first time the episode has been told ing them out he drove them to their "Yes, Gladys, I know what that an- | with regard to its poetle and romantic cellars.

> A certain "Bad Man" Fiannigan undertook one day to forestall the evolution of events and wipe Medora off the map. He had a grievance

cended from the east-bound passenger The church offered four windows with train one Sunday afternoon, took poswhole glittering panes. He argued that ession of the depot, drove the teleperhaps the priest would come out to graph operator out, and proceeded to protect his property if no one else amuse himself by clicking the keys. Three weeks before, "Bad Man Fin-

ilgan had been "on a tear" at Medora. He wandered off toward the river and went to sleep in the weeds. Some of de Mores, who had been siting on his the citizens found him and roached veranda watching the bombardment. his hair with a pair of sheep-shears. sprang to his feet. He ran to the gate That is, they clipped it close on the where a horse, saddled and bridled, sides of his head and left it long on stood waiting. The next moment he top. As the bad man's hair naturally was splashing through the river and stood on end, when he awoke he galloping toward the spot where Flanthought he was a Sioux chief. He was not of a romantic stamp, as a real De Mores dismounted when he reached bad man should be. Short was Flan- the railroad embankment and started nigan, red-faced, sandy-haired, crookon a run for the bad man, revolver in ed-nosed, alkali-stained.

Satisfied at length that he had sucthe rear, so that that gentleman did not hear his foot-steps on the soft eeded in causing a smash-up somewhere along the railroad, by his indusearth until the marquis was within two trious working of the instruments yards of him. It was then too hat Flannigan started out to settle his bill to get one of his guns into action in against the town. As he went out of the new direction; and before the bad the depot to the platform, he saw half man could think twice the angry a dozen men, headed by the telegraph Frenchman had him by the collar and operator, coming toward him. was pounding his head against the Flannigan's yell that made him famous. ground.

When he saw the approaching dele-"You miserable scoundrel," the bad gation he let go a string of yells, putman heard him say, "you may ting in the punctuation marks with his all the windows in Medora and shoot big revolver. The men retreated hurmy slaughter-house full of holes; but riedly and Flannigan intrenched himwhen you turn your guns on self in a ditch beside the railroad, from little church you'd just as well turn which he could sweep the entire vil- them on me!"

lage. There wasn't much to cover. Just The desperado was disarmed and a row of poor little shacks facing the railroad, the packing-house somehadned over to a deputy sheriff, who came crawling out from under the depot platform, where he had been trying what to the left and almost beyond range, and the brick church with its to make a tunnel to open air through gilded cross. By the time Flannigan which he might shoot, was comfortably settled there was not

# THE SULTAN A COWARD.

#### He Lives in Daily Horror of Assassination. Though Abdul Hamid outdoes most personage

Chuckling to himself, Though Animi Hamid offices host perconaces of history either in conning or cruelty, set any drama with him in the principle role would not be a drama of either of these, says Eugene P. Lyle in Everybudy's Magazine. It would be a he divided his attention between the line of shantles and the slaughter-house. For more than an hour the bad man continued the siege. Then he began to drama of cowardier, and the most teatful of dramas at that. Yorror of man, of disease, of the tire of shooting away his ammunition you again in a short time, and tell you against the inhabitants. So he des- at something that wouldn't shoot back. calamities of astare, of asgit speiling "death."

is the trait in the sultan's character that dond nates all the others. One day M. Vambery, the Hungarian Octential

ist, was received informally at the palace. The was not an unional thing, as Professor Vambers had been Abdul's tutor, and since then almost an intimate. Quite naturally, then, the Sultan

arned to the one guard in the apartment and ardered him to retire. The guard took a step backward and hilted as rigid as before. Abdu repeated the order, same result. Once more he had to command, and this time the man obeyed had to command, and this time the man obeyed. Protossor Vambery was astonished at this evi-dence of absolute power in the sultan's private homehold. Abdul smithel, and explained. It happened often that he wished to show faith in a guest, that is, only apparently. He would'ac-der the guard to reture, the guard would be-main, and Abdul would go on with the rem-versation, seemingly under the impression that the sum that reture. Only the third comthe gnard had really gount. Only the third con-

and was to be taken litrailly. When the soften had toosted this little could dence, he invited the protessor to sit opposite tim at a little table and base song tra. Now the sultan does not take sonar, so he forgot to offer his visitor any. The bowl was at the sub-tan's elbow, but the professor was not used to asking monarche to whit on him. Still be could not drink the tra as it was, and he leaned over the rable to reach for the sugar. All in a flight the sultan was on bis feer, his hand at his pocket, his face pallid. The gesture of the rintescold savant looked to him like assassi

nation. -----

## THE UTILITY OF LONG LIFE.

There is no doubt that an understanding of the nus of health, postudy of the nature and funcand of food and the proper use thereof, and inprovements in sations science, will lengthen the average life of main, says Dr. H. W. Wiley in Everybody's Magazine. That every man in the future will be a contemportum is, so far as we know, only an tille work, but the unicrobiotic will become common in the years to come there is no doubt. Loon the willow beatth and strength, from the point of view of more utility, is not to be desired. Place must be made for the yeang, and nature's method of taking off the old the descept is to be unreservedly commended rom the mere economic point of view. the old man can preserve to a reasonable degree the vigor and energy of his manhood, he is of more use to society four the young man, and the young man must wait his turn. Aside from all sentiment, the true principles of a mony lead us to believe that man should live just as long as he can be a worker and an active contributor to human progress.

hand. He approached Flaunigan from

would, so he began picking out the window panes, one by one.

ed upon the floor before the Marquis nigan lay on his stomach, blazing away.

The second pane had scarcely crash-

