

UP TO
CARPET
DEPARTMENT
SEE THE
CARPETS
Third Floor.

Jonas Long's Sons

VISIT THE
BASEMENT
FOR
GROCERIES and
HOUSE-
FURNISHINGS.

Shoe

News

TOMORROW THE BIG SHOE SALE

Sale of the Entire Stock of the Newark Shoe Store
Begins Promptly at Nine O'Clock Saturday Morning.

Until you see the Shoes in the Big Sale, it will be hard for you to realize how much of a bargain they will be. You will find extra help, extra display tables. Come early and choose from this immense stock of Shoes for Women, Men, Children and Misses at half worth price, and in many instances less.

Remember, the Sale Starts Tomorrow Morning Scranton's Big Store.



Hamilton's Pretty Cook.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

THERE was a "coolness" between Billy Hamilton and his young wife—no doubt about that. He knew it, felt it, saw it, but being a philosopher and an optimist, he ascribed the temporary change in her behavior to the natural disappointment of a young matron of two years whose maternal yearnings had not been gratified.

"We'd be all right if we only had a child," he would murmur to himself as he walked from the station to his flat and bounded up the back stairway to show his smiling face and crack his joke of greeting with his pretty wife. But somehow his smile looked like a grin to her, his jokes didn't go any more, and she would loiter toward the dinner table and carry the conversation no farther than a commonplace.

Of course this on Billy's nerves a bit, but he didn't show it. He was one of those impressively amiable men who won't "scrap" with a woman. That makes some women furious. There are some women who find it hard to forgive the man who will not argue, scold and even threaten. A family row always gives them a chance to air their grievances, to unbuckle suspicious and to wind up with a "good cry." Mrs. Billy didn't know it, but she was one of those thoroughly feminine persons who resent the denial of these wifely privileges.

Now, cute as he was, Billy was all wrong in his guess about his Martha's "spell." She wasn't yearning for a child at all, but in her fretful soul the shadow of an ugly suspicion had gradually grown into the intolerable certainty that Billy, her Billy, was unfaithful. She knew it, she knew it by proof, as yet, but she was so sure of the hateful truth that she hardly dared to face the visual certainty. Meanwhile her husband came home each evening gay with a gaiety that she regarded as a mask, full of such tenderness as he kissed her and as spruce as dressed as if he were a lover instead of a husband.

Now, the impending domestic tragedy, which didn't worry Billy half as much as it should have done, started in a very innocent and natural way. Coming back from her summer vacation to rehabilitate her flat, Mrs. Hamilton had been unable to find a suitable domestic. She was a poor housekeeper, couldn't cook, and hated housecleaning. Furthermore, she didn't like housewifely "drudgery," as she called it, and Billy, who was a somewhat of a dandy, fond of all creature comforts and prone to take Martha to the theater with him, was even more anxious to get a girl than was his wife.

She was sitting in the parlor one evening reading the paper, when he rushed in with:

"Good news, Martha! I've got a girl!"

He would have plunged into details then and there, but smelling at the air with a sickly grin, he added:

"Supper's burning, Martha! But is she ran to the kitchen to pull forth the charred turkey he followed her with: "Let the darn thing go, Martha. We'll go down-town and celebrate. The girl will be here in the morning sure. Luckiest thing in the world for us. Tompkins and his wife are going to Europe for six months. I just happened to mention the fly in your omelette this morning, and he up and says: 'What's the matter with taking my girl till we come back.' Tomky says she's a treasure. You won't even have to tell her what to do."

So they abandoned the unearable hot-ouset and went down town for the merriest little feast they had had in two years. The next morning Billy sulked forth like a conqueror, and in two hours returned—but what's the use of describing poor Hulda. Mrs. Hamilton's face fell the moment Billy showed her into the house, for the girl was too pretty.

"That was the beginning of the 'coolness,'" Martha began to recall her husband's extraordinary enthusiasm over what he continued to call "his find." Even the pleasant memories of that feast of celebration became bitter to her. To confirm her suspicions, on Hulda's very first night off, Billy was "detained at the office."

"Double work, Martha, since Tomky went away," laughed the rascal, but his wife knew better, and her heart was pinched with silent rage. Suspicion became conviction when she noticed that her husband never came in by the front entrance after Hulda's arrival, nor left except by the back stairway.

"Billy," she began one evening, trying to appear calm, though her pretty mouth twitched as she said it, "Billy, I wouldn't use the back entrance, that isn't exactly—that is, I think it's rather vulgar. Why do you do it?"

"Oh, it's just to save me half a block, Martha, and in this muddy weather I hate to come in the front way with my shoes dropping real estate."

And so the subject was dropped, for she felt that her expressed objection to the back mode of entrance was palpably trivial.

The iron having entered her soul, however, she continued to torture herself, and every time Billy praised the cooking or said a good word for Hulda, she never missed through the kitchen without speaking in low tones to the servant, and once, listening cautiously at the closed door, poor Martha was sure she heard the sound of a kiss!

That settled it. The next day, with no explanation but the "necessity for economy," Mrs. Hamilton dismissed Hulda and laid a trap for Billy that could hardly fail to bring about the final rupture that was already a necessity for her outraged feelings. He always arrived at his home upon the stroke of 6, and at that hour, dressed in his best, with a high collar and a bow tie, he would enter the kitchen with the unlighted kitchen. She was peeling potatoes over the kitchen sink when she heard his merry whistle and his light step bounding up the stair. In a moment he had entered and was saying:

"Hulda, why don't you light the gas? You're not tired of your job yet, I see. How's Mrs. Hamilton this evening?"

He spoke softly and quickly, and went on into the flat. But in a moment, as he was back, tip-toeing as softly this time:

"Is the old woman around?" she heard him whisper, his voice husky with unholly passion.

"Out," murmured Martha, bending her head, both with shame and a determination to keep her disguise. But she felt like stabbing him as his arm stole softly round her waist. She reached for a match, and would have lighted it and faced her vile husband if another strong arm had not pinioned

her arms and drawn her slowly round so that he held her close to him and, with his hot breath in her ringing ear, whispered:

"Sweetheart, do you love me?"

He had kissed her before she could cast him off, but then she leaped away, snatched him a stinging right-hander in the face, and in another second had lighted the gas. Frantic with rage she whirled about and saw the butcher boy wining his bloody nose.

Then Billy rushed in, shouting: "What's the racket?" but was astonished at seeing his wife there and beside himself when she told him "The nastiest thing I ever saw." Billy was for slaying the luckless offender then and there, but Martha stopped him and said: "Let him go, Billy; he thought I was Hulda."

"And so did I when I came in," quoth Mr. Hamilton, as the butcher stunk out of the door. "Martha, what on earth—where is Hulda?"

"—I let her go, Billy," stammered Martha, looking down at her tattered calico; "she was too extravagant, and—and, besides, I do so want to learn to be a good cook."

"They haven't had a servant since, though they are strangely happy."

TAXATION OF CATS.

Provision of a Bill in the Massachusetts Legislature.

From the Philadelphia Record.

In every considerable community in this broad land the owner of a dog has been compelled to pay a license tax, while his neighbor's cat has been allowed to expand its tail on the roof-shed roof in costless liberty. The rank injustice of this discrimination has been apparent to every catless dog owner. In the name of kindness a bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature which provides for a license on cats, the tax being 50 cents each. It authorizes mayors and selectmen to kill all unlicensed felines. In order to win the support of the lovers of the cat it is pretended that there are many starving and boy-tortured stray cats which it would be a mercy to put out of the way. In fact, however, there is little doubt that it is the long-indignant dog owners who have devised this scheme of justice.

Dogs are taxed partly as a means of revenue, but chiefly to get rid of stray curs. It is urged that dogs are a nuisance on many accounts, noisy at night and a danger in the alleged mad dog season. In the city they are held to be entirely useless. If a dog be worth his bones as a guardian of the home he will be a menace to the legs of the letter carrier and to children. The amiable dog which wags his tail when the delivery boy comes, will welcome a tramp or a burglar as a dear friend. Cats, however, are not less noisy and dangerous than dogs, but the reverse. Their midnight limitation of a baby with the collar creates an epidemic of insomnia, and they are as liable as dogs to rabies. They are vastly more dangerous as carriers of disease germs. They lack the affection and fidelity of the dog. In short, every argument in favor of dog license is fully as strong in favor of cat license.

ALMOST A RIVER OF LAND.

Figures Showing the Sediment Carried in the Mississippi.

John Swain in *Ainslee's*.

The capacity of the Mississippi for filling up canals and old channels is something awful. Government engineers have found that the amount of solid matter annually carried past Vicksburg in suspension is enough to make a block of earth 300 feet high and a mile square. Fifty feet off the top of this is spread around on the valley between here and the sea, and the rest goes out into the Gulf of Mexico, to build up more continent.

Think what that means. Instead of a river of water, this is a river of land. It would make a solid stream six feet high and five feet wide, flowing night and day as fast as a man can walk—four miles an hour—all sliding down off the northern half of the country toward the sea. Year in, year out, that endless line of earth goes on. It would take a force of more than 50,000 men, working in eight-hour shifts, to throw the dirt into the stream, supposing the river bed were rigid and an inexhaustible supply of dirt on the bank. It would make 25,000,000 wagon loads every year.

But here's the use of such figures? Below Vicksburg—and above it, too, to an extent—we have the earth itself to speak for it. Except for the occasional fragments of the line of bluffs along the eastern edge below here—which bob up at Fort Adams, at Natchez, at Grand Gulf, at Baton Rouge, at Port Hudson—there is nothing about the level of the high-water river except the artificial levees. These are in places miles back—great eastern banks, sometimes thirty feet high or more, sodded and free from trees, which protect the wonderfully fertile region behind them. And all this level country which the river overflows and fertilizes is constantly increased by this river of dirt which the Mississippi brings down from the inner region, gathered all the way from the Rockies to the Alleghenies.

Sometimes the river starts to eat away this land that it has made. In single summer, if it will, it eats away half a mile of it out of some bend. It cuts it out sometimes an acre at a bite,

DAYLIGHT STORE | JONAS LONG'S SONS. | USE BOTH PHONES.

The first Friday in April will go on record at the Big Store as one of the liveliest retailing days that has been seen in this city. This will be due to the popularity of

OUR GREAT FRIDAY AFTERNOON SALES

And the well-known fact that the goods on sale during the Hour Sale are sold at prices that mean economy to all buyers.

Sale No. 1

Begins Promptly at 2 O'clock.

- #### In Basement
- Every item in this hour sale today speaks loudly for this time of season. Articles needed in moving and housecleaning.
 - Sale of Tea Kettles—All copper, heavily nickel plated, size No. 8. Every stove wants a tea kettle for a companion and you will want this one dollar kettle at the price asked for it. Friday **79c**
 - Sale of Buckets—Galvanized water buckets, regular size, value 25c. This Friday buy them at **17c**
 - Sale of Tacks—Double pointed matting tacks, come 100 in package. This Friday, 4 packages for **5c**
 - Sale of Furniture Nails—This kind, on sale today, are used for upholstery and furniture. Regular price for 100 is 10c. Friday buy them at **5c**
 - Sale of Brooms—Extra choice selected green corn, spiral wire finish, 5 string; value 45c. Friday **29c**
 - Sale of Tea Cups and Saucers—White semi-porcelain, the always wanted article in every house. This kind, on sale to-day, is worth 9c.; but for this hour sale buy cup and saucer for **5c**
 - Sale of Willow Clothes Baskets—This basket is very well made and is a good size; always sold for 49c. Friday hour, buy them at, each **35c**

- #### Groceries---In Grocery Department
- Sale of Sugar—This sugar will be sold Friday at less than wholesale price. This is an every day article, and for Friday, one hour, buy ten pounds for **45c**
 - Sale of Macaroni—Very best domestic; regular 10c. article. For one hour Friday buy it at **7c**
 - Sale of Prunes—Choice Californias. For this hour Friday buy them at per pound. **4c**
 - Sale of Peaches—California lemon cling, put up in heavy syrup; regular price 23c.; for Friday hour buy them at **18c**
 - Sale of Pears—Large 3-pound cans; regular 15c. quality. For one hour Friday buy what you want at, per can **9c**
 - Sale of Sweet Chocolate—Regular price 6c. For one hour Friday, per cake **3c**

Sale No. 2

Begins Promptly at 3 O'clock.

- Sale of Silks—Extraordinary sale of China and Corded Wash Silks. The China Silks are all staple colorings. The Wash Silks have single and double cluster of cords. A variety of soft shades and a large assortment. Don't miss this sale on Silks; be on time. The value is 50 cents a yard, but for one hour Friday buy at **32c**
- Sale of Writing Paper and Envelopes—A very high grade velum in cream and azure. Ruled and unruled, also a plate finish; twenty-five envelopes to match. A rare opportunity to lay in a stock. Regular value for paper and envelopes, 25c. Friday, one hour **12c**
- Sale of Dress Gingham—Just what you have been waiting for. They are all this Spring styles in colors and patterns, and value that is A1 for wearing. Suitable for Wash Dresses, Waists and Children's Dresses. Always marked at 8 cents. This Friday hour **6c**
- Sale of Men's Underwear—Grey random, medium weight; finished rounded neck with tape; overlapped stitched edges, pearl buttons. Drawers have suspender straps, adjustable band, taped seams. A regular 39c. garment for, Friday **21c**
- Sale of Women's Fine Mercerized Skirts—Deep ruffle with extra ruffle of fine knife pleating. All lengths and full widths. Considered by everybody a garment fully worth \$1.25. Priced for this Friday hour, on Second Floor, at **89c**
- Sale of Curtain Shades—There couldn't be a more opportune time to buy shades than now; in spring cleaning and moving, one or two shades are needed. The kind on sale today are 6 feet long, 36 inches wide, good spring roller, fringed edge; value 17c. Friday buy them on the Third Floor for, each **11c**
- Sale of Tailor-Made Dress Skirts—The skirts are made from marble tweeds, melton and covert cloths, trimmed with two bands of satin. Come in black, blue, silver, and mixed grey; worth double the price asked for them today; Friday, each **1.98**
- Sale of Fast Black Hose for the Children—This Ribbed Hose, made of extra heavy yarn, size 5 to 9½, sold Friday for one hour, 4 pairs, no more or no less in quantity, for the small price of **25c**

Sale No. 3

Begins Promptly at 4 O'clock.

- Sale of Infants' Caps—Warm days will soon be here. Lawn Caps, hemstitched, trimmed with ruching or a silk embroidered cape with fine ruching; oftentimes sold for 30c. each. This Friday, on Second Floor, buy them at **21c**
- Sale of Bureau Scarfs and Stand Covers—Fancy embroidered work; patterns cut out from material in odd designs and double stitched; usually called sprocket work; priced at 29c. to 35c. For this hour sale, Friday, buy them at, each **21c**
- Sale of Women's White Vests—For Summer wear; very elastic; full sizes; lace trimmings and lace straps over shoulders; value 17c. For this Friday hour sale, buy them at **12c**
- Sale of White Goods—Single and cluster cords. A splendid value and usually sells for 7c. and 8c.; but for Friday hour buy them at, yard **5c**
- Sale of Scissors—This kind on sale Friday are made of good material and have a nice finish; 6 inches long; large enough for all uses. A scissors generally purchased elsewhere at 15c. each; but for Friday hour buy them at **10c**
- Sale of Colored Lawn—One case of Brookside Lawn. We don't expect to see any of this left at the end of the hour sale. Come and see for yourself; they are all this Spring's colors and designs and a fabric that has sold oftentimes for 6c.; but Friday for one hour buy it at **3c**
- Sale of Unbleached Towels—Honeycomb and Turkish Towels are the kind on sale today; the Honeycomb Towels are size 22x36 inches; the Turkish Towel is a medium size; both are splendid values for the price asked at this sale for Friday, each **4c**

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