

### Refuge in the Mill.

By Martin Moreland.

THE mill stood on the side of the little slope below which the marshes stretched away as far as the eye could see. Its great sails were tossed aloft by the whirling storm; the wind had risen since the morning and the machinery groaned and shrieked as the sails whirled round fast and strong. Up went the great sacks of wheat through the several doors till they reached the grinding platform, and the noise was almost drowned by the howling of the storm as it swept past the old wooden structure.

Inside one could not hear oneself speak, for the warm air was full of the creaking and groaning of the mill and the rattle of the chains as the sacks went up one after the other, to descend later full of flour ready for the market.

As the day passed and afternoon waned the door of the mill opened and a girl came out, with a hood tied over her head. She stood in the morning wind, looking over the wide marshes, through which ran a narrow road like a white ribbon. Not a soul was in sight, and she turned away with a look of anxiety in her eyes. It was nearly 4 o'clock and the wild March day was drawing in. Round and round raced the sails in the fierce wind. A drenching rain came on, and the girl retreated within the creaking mill once more, shutting the wooden door behind her with care.

It was a lonely spot. No other house was within call or sight and Miriam Scott was alone in the mill. Scott, the miller, had left early in the morning for the distant town and had not yet returned. His daughter, familiarly known in that part of the country as the maid of the mill, knew about as much of the working of the old mill as the miller himself.

She sat down in the wooden chair, near which was a table covered with sewing which she was doing, as she took up the needle the little clock on the shelf struck 4, and at the same moment a loud knocking at the closed door brought her to her feet.

She unbarred the door and peered out into the storm. It was getting dusk, and she could only discern a dark-cloaked figure standing under the shelter of the mill—a man apparently tall and stalwart.

Before she could speak he had turned and darted past her into the mill.

"Shut the door and bar it!" he said in a breathless whisper, and she glanced round at him, her hand on the great wooden bar. As she turned she saw a man with hair written on his handsome face. He stood with the water dripping from his cheeks, breathing quickly, as if he had pressed, and involuntarily her fingers closed on the bar and drew it into its place.

As she did so her eyes met those of the man, who was looking at her with gleaming eyes. He made a step forward.

"Can I hide?" he said. "Quick, girl—quick! You shall be rewarded, but there is no time to lose! Is there any place—oh! a sack?"

A sack half filled with wheat ready to be ground stood with its mouth open at his side. The girl nodded, and, strung up to a pitch of curious excitement, and hearing hurrying feet coming nearer and nearer through the storm, she lent a ready hand to the fugitive without stopping to question his right of forcible entry into the mill. Five minutes later there was no sign of any man in the mill; only a girl sitting at her sewing and a sack which rose slowly and swung round with a sharp creaking of chains through the hole in the lower ceiling up to the next floor.

As it hung motionless for an instant before disappearing through the dark aperture a violent blow on the wooden door shook the old walls to their foundations.

"Open!" cried a rough voice, and the girl got up and unbarred the door. The storm was raging furiously, and she could only see three men standing outside. A cart and horse were dimly visible at the corner where the road turned up to the mill.

"Has anyone come here for shelter?" asked the taller man hoarsely. His voice was almost raised to a shout. Miriam shook her head.

"Sure, girl!" he said, suspiciously. "Then will you give shelter for five minutes before we go on our way? The night is awful and we have come far."

"By all means," said Miriam boldly; "come in; my father will be home presently, but you are welcome to what shelter you want. It's no night to be abroad."

"Nor to be chasing a madman," said one of the men roughly, as they shook the rain from their coats and followed Miriam into the mill. They looked about them with inquisitive eyes, but there was no place of hiding here, at any rate. The creaking and groaning of the machinery filled the place with weird sounds, and Miriam began to busy herself with preparations for tea. The three men were silent together, and the man who was standing in the center, she could catch a word here and there, and her interest grew. They spoke of a madman, of his escape from their hands—of the evil fate which would befall him should they once catch him again—a reward which they would receive from the master they served. She turned from her preparations and went toward the ladder which led to the rest of the mill.

"She has done her day's work," said one of the men, apparently the leader of the party.

Miriam nodded.

"I'm going up to stop the sails," she said, and disappeared up the ladder. She stopped for a moment and listened intently; the men were silent and were probably listening also. She remembered the cart and horse which she had dimly seen waiting at the corner; she remembered also the iron stanchions by which a man might swing down from the outside of the mill to the ground, if he were lucky enough to escape the whirling sails. The mill was to stop working for the day now, and such an escape was quite possible for an active man.

As she opened the door leading out to the narrow path which ran round the top of the mill and seized the heavy chains which stopped the sails, she remembered hearing a story of a man who had been seized and confined in a lunatic asylum, some thought he was an account of the immense property to which he was heir and to which a wicked cousin laid claim. She wondered if this fugitive could be the man in question, and in an instant before she stepped down to the sack in which he was hiding.

A whispered word brought him out to her side.



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We were perfectly satisfied that such suits sold at \$10 would make us very busy. We've had great values in \$10 suits before, but we never had the opportunity to secure one month's production from a prominent cloth mill. We could have marked every suit \$15, and you would be getting good value for the price paid—but we don't figure that way; we want your custom—we want your friendship, and selling you such suits as these at \$10 secures both; more sizes and more cloth patterns have been added. We've prepared for big business; Saturday is bound to tax the capacity of this store, but we're ready; come today if you can.

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What are the best styles?—the most becoming styles. This question is asked many times. The boy is growing and the style that looked well on him last year would not be stylish this year. All the style changes are here. Some are exclusive, originated by us and made to our order. Some very striking combinations in Wash Fabrics are displayed here this season, and they are as good as it's possible to make them, but not expensive. For 50c we can sell you Wash



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# SAMTER BROTHERS

Complete Outfitters.

She silently opened the little door once more and pointed out the way of escape to him in cautious tones. Down below them they could just see the outline of the waiting horse and cart.

"When I stop the sails go down by the iron," she said quickly. "I will engage the attention of the men below—and you will get away in the cart—and heaven defend you!"

He seized her hand.

"What I owe you I will repay you a thousand fold," he said and stopped and kissed the hand as it rested in his for a moment. The next moment the sails had stopped their wild course, and the man was on his way to freedom.

She descended the ladder, and as she reached the lowest floor the faint sound of wheels dying away across the marsh road toward the town.

That was many, many years ago, and since that time there have been those who wondered at the marriage of one of the richest men in America with a miller's lovely daughter. A portrait of one who is called the Maid of the Mill—in spite of her great name and titles—hangs in the gallery of a magnificent house in New York, and her descendants tell the story of the girl who saved a hunted man from his enemies and to whom that debt was repaid a thousand fold in the years which came after.—Chicago Tribune.

### Outline Studies of Human Nature

**A Story on Secretary Moody.**

They are telling a story in Washington about the new secretary of the navy. Mr. Moody was riding on one of the Boston surface cars, and was standing on the platform on the side next the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A lady—a Boston lady—came to the door of the car, and as it stopped, started to move toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the men standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor. He was ignored as only a born and bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

A whispered word brought him out to her side.

"I wish to get off on this side," came

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the answer, in tones that congealed the official into momentary silence. Before he could either explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked, quietly. "The lady wants to climb over the gate."—New York Times.

### Chauncey Depew and the Tramp.

I cannot resist here telling a story concerning Chauncey Depew. It is too good to be original, but the senator must be in it, just as London was in all the stories of a past period. A tramp met the senator and asked him in that easy, velvet-tongued way:

"Would you kindly assist a—?" etc.

Chauncey, of course, is an easy mark, and he fanned himself after extracting the quarter, the tramp inquired:

"And who may I say was so kind-hearted?"

"Oh never mind. That's all right."

"But in after years, when I recall those whose tender hearts—"

"Never mind, my good fellow."

"Then I cannot accept it, sir. I must let my friends know—"

"Well, tell 'em it was Grover Cleveland and let it go at that."

The tramp put the quarter back in his pocket leisurely and shook his head.

"Now, my good fellow," said the senator, "may I ask your name?"

**Genuine Panama Straws.....**

Another shipment just arrived. Shapes that are the "proper thing." \$6.50 to \$13.50.

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"A gentleman in distress is loth to confess."

"Yes, but if I have your name I may be able to help you."

"No, my pride will not permit."

"But allow me to know who I have had the pleasure of meeting in this happy way."

"O, well, tell 'em it was Chauncey Depew and let it go at that."

Chauncey fanned himself and let it go.

—From "Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, in May National.

**Miles Between.**

Should the forced retirement of Gen-

JONAS LONG'S SONS JONAS LONG'S SONS.

## OUR GREAT FRIDAY AFTERNOON SALES

### In the Basement

- Sale No. 1**
- 
- Begins Promptly at 2 O'clock.**
- At 2 o'clock, sale of Screen Doors. One size only, 34x82 inches; wood, dark stained; made good and strong. Just the needed article for this time of year. At any other time, 79c. This Friday buy them at..... **59c**
  - At 2 o'clock, sale of Window Screens, automatic; will open from 31 1/2 to 37 1/2 and 25 1/2 inches high. Well finished; value 35c. Today..... **21c**
  - At 2 o'clock, on sale, best quality Garden Hose; the season's guarantee. Regular value per foot is 12c. Comes in 25 and 50-foot length. Priced for this 60 minutes at, per foot **9c**
  - At 2 o'clock—Sale of Dish Pans. No house is at home without kitchen utensils. This re-timed Dish Pan will hold 14 quart and is worth 35c. Friday, for sixty minutes,..... **23c**
  - At 2 o'clock—Sale of Rice Boilers. Made of grey steel enamel. Has inside boiler; size is 3 pints; an every day article; useful for many things. Our regular price is 75c. For sixty minutes buy it at..... **45c**
  - At 2 o'clock—Sale of Clothes Wringers. This wringer is made good and strong; frame is metal; rollers are the best rubber. Guaranteed for twelve months from date of purchase. Save your strength on wash day by using a wringer. Save money Friday by buying this \$2.25 Clothes Wringer at..... **\$1.59**

### Grocery Items,

- At 2 o'clock—Sale of Sugar at less than actual cost. The best fine Granulated Sugar for sixty minutes; no more or less, buy 12 pounds Sugar for..... **45c**
- At 2 o'clock—Sale of Grape-Nut. The best brain and nerve food on the market. Today sold by all our competitors for 15c. For sixty minutes Friday buy a package for..... **12c**
- At 2 o'clock—Sale of Hirt's Genuine Root Beer. None better. Too well known for comment. Regular price 25c. For one hour Friday buy it at, per bottle..... **14c**
- At 2 o'clock—Sale of Can Peas. This is the well-known Erie brand Champion of England Peas. Very fine. Regular 15c. article. **11c**
- For sixty minutes, per can..... **11c**
- At 3 o'clock—Sale of Teas. Oolong, English Breakfast, Basket Fire Japan, or Mixed Tea. Our regular 50c. quality. To more thoroughly introduce our Teas, we will sell for one hour Friday this splendid quality at, per pound..... **37c**

- Sale No. 2**
- 
- Begins Promptly at 3 O'clock.**
- At 3 o'clock—Sale of Settees, on the Fourth Floor. Suitable for lawn or veranda; built from selected seasoned hardwood, nicely finished. These settees have iron braces, screwed slat seats and double back supports. If you need summer furniture for your cottage, visit the Furniture Department this Friday. This settee will be sold for sixty minutes at..... **56c**
  - At 3 o'clock—Sale of Women's Wrappers. Can't see any use of troubling yourself about sewing for a half a day or more to make a wrapper when such values as these are offered on the Second Floor only (be on time) Made over separate bodies; deep pretty patterns. Usuals and fronts; all sizes; good colors; flounce; pleated full backed sold at 90c. Friday, for one hour only..... **59c**
  - At 3 o'clock—Sale of Window Shades on the Third Floor; 36 inches wide, 6 feet long, 3-inch fringe. Complete with fixtures; good spring rollers. Excellent opportunity for cottages. Usual price, 15c. Friday buy them at..... **11c**
  - At 3 o'clock—Sale of Embroideries. Very fine lawn and muslin; from 2 to 6 inches wide. Made up to 25c. a yard. What is there that looks better for White Goods trimmings than dainty edges of embroidery? This kind on sale today is exceptionally good, and at a time of year when in demand, we dare say that there will be the largest crowd we ever had at an hour sale buying these splendid goods for a yard..... **14c**
  - At 3 o'clock—Sale of White Goods. A good companion for the embroideries, and at the nick of time, when most everybody is buying white materials. Hook fold linen, Linons, fancy stripes and checks, including lace effects. Buy from 10 to 60 minutes at..... **11c**
  - At 3 o'clock—Men's Negligee Shirts. Made from the celebrated Bedford Cord materials; full 26 inches long; linen collar band; well made; displayed on table near Wyoming avenue entrance. Instead of..... **37c**
  - At 3 o'clock—Sale of Children's Light Weight Hose; guaranteed Hele thread; double knee and high spliced heel. Don't miss this sale; if you do, our word for it, you miss a Hosiery bargain. Priced for sixty minutes this Friday at, a pair..... **9c**
  - At 3 o'clock—Sale of Challies and Wash Silks. Our greatest bargain from the Dress Goods Department. All wool Challies in the best designs, and the celebrated "California Washable Silks." A fabric that you will find cool and give you good service; also all-wool French Albatross in the pretty pastel shades. Either of these three items never sold less than 50c., and oftentimes marked up to 89c. Sold here this Friday..... **37 1/2c**

- Sale No. 3**
- 
- Begins Promptly at 4 O'clock.**
- At 4 o'clock—Sale of Dress Ginghams. A line of goods of even weave; fast colors and desirable patterns. This fabric will be just what is wanted for children's dresses, boys' waists, etc. Usually marked at 8c. and 9c. Friday buy it at..... **6c**
  - At 4 o'clock—Wood Violet Talcum Powder. Exquisitely perfumed for the toilet; put up in glass bottles; perforated top; value 15c. Priced for this hour at..... **9c**
  - At 4 o'clock—Sale of Ribbons. This is a fine finish Taffeta, 4-inch, all silk, and all the pretty and much wanted colors, such as pinks, blues, reds and maize, including plenty of white and cream. Now the actual value of this ribbon is 19c. yard, but for sixty minutes buy it at..... **12c**
  - At 4 o'clock—Sale of Women's Taffeta Gloves, in greys and black. This is the time you can buy a good Taffeta Glove, one that will **21c** give you good service, for only..... **21c**
  - At 4 o'clock—Sale of Women's Summer Vests; made of good quality yarn; woven firm, and unusually smooth finish; all sizes. Buy them Friday, for sixty minutes, for..... **3c**
  - At 4 o'clock—Sale of Boys' Fine Washable Suits on the Second Floor. This kind on sale are the Sailor Bouise style; pretty wash fabrics in cool linen, duck, chevrons, galatas and chambrays; plain and light colored effects; large sailor collars; sizes 3 to 9 years; value, **98c** \$1.50 kind. Friday buy them at..... **98c**
  - At 4 o'clock—Sale of Women's Shirt Waists on the Second Floor. Made from percale and colored lawn; all fast colors; all sizes, from 32 to 44; an unusually good value; oftentimes sold at 45c., but for sixty minutes of quick selling buy them at..... **31c**
  - At 4 o'clock—Sale of Children's Tuscan Hats; a loosely woven straw, trimmed with wreaths of different colored flowers; the simplicity of the hat gives it an air of cuteness, and it would be taken for a hat to cost twice the price asked for it. Today buy it, on the Second Floor, for..... **39c**

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