CARBONDALE.

(The Carbondale correspondence of The Tribune has been placed in the hands of Mr. J. M. Forbes. All complaints as to irregular delivery, etc., also news items, should be addressed to Roberts & Reynolds, news agents.)

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Knights of Pythias are laying plans for one of the largest kind of celebrations on their tenth anniversary. An entertainment will be given in which some of the best local talent of Scranton will participate. The programme that will be carried out is a long and exceedingly interesting one. A grand banquet will be held in Hotel Anthracite, which will be decorated for the occasion.

The committee on arrangements are working hard to make the affair a gigantic success and it will undoubtedly be such. On next Sunday night the knights will attend services at the Trinity church, when a special sermon will be delivered to them by Rev. R. A. Sawyer, the rector. The Mozart orchestra will be in attendance and render some sacred music during the services, which will be divided into three parts, sermon, sacred concert and evening prayer.

ELROY STOCK COMPANY.

The Elroy Stock company will fill a week's engagement at the Grand this week. They are great favorites will Carbondale audiences especially so are Miss Church and Messrs. Burke and Cooke, who are the leading men of the organization. Mr. Burke has a number of personal friends in the city. An immense audience will witness the presentation of the "White Squadron" tonight. A large number of seats have been reserved at Reynold's drug store. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

ANOTHER SET-BACK.

Work has not yet been resumed by Contractors Blair and Kennedy on the paving of Sixth avenue and Park place. The delay is due to their being unable to get any cars for the transportation of bricks to this city. Mr. Blair has endeavored to secure the requisite number of cars on almost every road in this section. However, they were not to be had. Two car loads are on their way and will probably arrive today. They will be used in completing the lower part of River street.

THE OPENING NIGHT.

The Mitchell hose company will open their fair tonight in the Watt building, which as been very prettily decorated for the occasion. Several booths have been erected and they add to the attractiveness of the hall. The boys have done everything possible to make the affair the largest of its kind ever held in this city and no doubt their efforts will be crowned with success. Tonight they will hold a grand parade, which will be headed by the Mozart band, and in which a number of visiting companies will participate.

THE ROAD BED REPAIRED.

The Delaware and Hudson have had a large force of men engaged in filling in the road where it caved in on Cottage street. Traffic may now be resumed although the improvements will be continued for a few days. Many tons of ashes were dumped into the large depression before it came to its former level. Work will be commenced on the raising of the house on the Bryne property this week. The cave was the most costly experienced by the railroad company for some time.

BUYING PROPERTY.

The Delaware and Hudson Canal company on Saturday purchased five hundred acres of land north of this city, embracing the properties of Jonh Williams, William Evans, Dwight Mills, Patrick McGarry and Michael Coughlin. What the company will do with it is impossible to tell as the officials positively refuse to speak on the matter. It is generally supposed that they will strip the top vein of coal, which is some places lies as deep as fifty feet under the earth's surface.

FIRST COMMUNION CLASS.

A large number of boys and girls received first communion at the nine o'clock mass in St. Rose's church yesterday morning. The girls were prettily attired in white dresses and wore veils. They presented a charming sight on the march to and from the chancel rail. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with people desirous of witnessing the ceremony. The class was the largest that has received in some time.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Rev. R. A. Sawyer, of the Episcopal church, preached a sermon at Waymart yesterday afternoon to a large number of persons.

C. W. Smith and wife have returned from a three weeks' stay with New Jersey friends.

L. A. Kennedy, of the Lackawanna Valley House in Scranton, called on friends in this city last week.

Miss Jennie Hallstead, of Lenoxville, was a visitor in this city on Saturday.

The members of the Welsh choir who sang before a large audience at the Grand Saturday night were entertained by the members of the Trinity church yesterday.

H. A. Purple has returned from a visit with Susquehanna friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ely, of Brooklyn, Pa., who were the guests at the home of their son, E. C. Ely, of Salem avenue, has returned home.

John P. Breck and sons, John and Louis, are visiting friends in Honesdale.

John L. Morgan, of Binghamton, called on his brother, W. F. Morgan, last week.

Robert Owens, of Scranton, called on friends in this city Saturday.

Eugene Chapman has returned home from a short stay at Green Ridge.

J. G. Shepherd, of Scranton, will deliver his lecture on "A Pilgrimmage to the Land of Promise" tomorrow night in the Methodist church.

H. O. Watrous made a professional call at Forest City Saturday.

The board of trade will meet for reorganization tomorrow night.

Misses Dottie Prosser and Beatrice Evans were entertained yesterday at the home of W. D. Evans. They are members of the Welsh Choral society.

Mrs. J. J. Forbes called on Scranton friends yesterday.

The Crescent Social club will hold its fourteenth annual social in the near future.

The Amaranth Social club will hold a social and entertainment in the Burke building on Wednesday evening.

J. L. Thompson, of Belmont street, who has been seriously ill is convalescing.

Thomas Martin, of Schenectady, N. Y., is visiting his brother Edward, of the ship Baltimore, from which the latter is now home on a furlough.

Emmons L. Peck has been made business manager of the Orange and Blue, Bucknell college official organ.

DR. E. C. WEST'S
NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT
Red Label Special
Extra Strength.
For Impotency, Loss of Power, Lost Manhood, Sterility or Barrenness. $1 a box; six for $5, with written guarantee to cure in 30 days. At stores or by mail.
BEFORE AFTER
Wm. G. Clarke, 326 Penn Ave., Scranton, Pa

TAYLOR NEWS.

David J. Davis Laid at Rest—Sons of Temperance to Entertain—Personal News.

The services over the remains of the late David J. Davis occurred from his home on Main street yesterday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The wide acquaintance of the deceased brought a large concourse to attend the obsequies. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. William Frisby, of the Methodist Episcopal church. After the service the remains were conveyed to their last resting place in the Forest Home cemetry. The cortege was preceded by the Invincible commandery, No. 252, Knights of Malta, and the Taylor Mine Accidental fund. The pallbearers were: John H. Evans, John R. Johns, William Robbins, William Owens, Charles Watkins, Thomas Francis; flower bearers, William Morris and David Harris. A quartette comprising Mrs. John R. Neeley, Mrs. John Atherton, Mrs. Samuel J. Phillips, Mr. John F. Tubbs and Mr. Charles Dibble, sang some beautiful selections.

The Emblem division, No. 57, Sons of Temperance, will entertain its members at this evening's meeting in Van Horn's hall on Main street. The programme will be rendered as follows: Address by chairman, Rev. Dr. H. H. Harris; mandolin selection, Professor W. J. Thomas; impromptu speech contest; recitation, Bayard T. Griffiths; organ selection, Miss Lydia Hoskins; recitation, Evan G. Evans; solo, T. Dewitt Edwards; word contest; organ selection, Herbert Hall; solo, Miss Lizzie Bowen, Reading; Isaac Davis, solo; Rexford Jones, organ selection; Ray Morgans, recitation; Arthur Stone, chorus organization.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon, of Scranton, were the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Reese, of Union street, yesterday.

Mr. John Lewis, of Hyde Park, was the guest of friends in this place yesterday.

The Independent Republican club of the Fourth ward held a meeting recently at Weisenfluh's hall on Grove street. The following officers were elected: President, Samuel Harlowe; vice president, Michael Rufeback; treasurer, John Berger; secretary, Peter Schilds.

A farewell reception was tendered Private David Jones, of Company A, Thirteenth regiment, previous to his departure to Camp Meade at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Evan R. Jenkins on Union street, on Friday evening. Refreshments were served. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William Renn, Mr. and Mrs. Evan R. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. David Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William White, Mrs. Arthur Sweet, Misses Mary and Lizzie Jenkins, Sallie and Della Williams, Martha Price, Lizzie Urweider, Mary J. Nicholas, Annie Reese, Martha J. Williams, Bessie Phillips, May Phillips, Mary J. Thomas, Gladys Samuels, Edith Rogers, Mary J. Bevan, Susie Moses and Misses Annie Bevan, Eva Davis, Selina Jones, and Messrs. William Nicholas, William Price, William Griffiths, Edwin White, Adolph Urweider, Frank Decker, Thomas Bevan, Private David Williams, Morgan Edwards, of Hyde Park; Owen Jones, Daniel Jones, Oscar Davis, William Lewis, David Evans and William Dunwer, of Providence.

John James, of Hyde Park, called on friends in this place yesterday.

Daniel L. Richards died yesterday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. David D. Griffiths, of West Minooka. He was a devoted member of the Welsh Baptist church. The funeral will take place this afternoon and impressive services will be held at the house by the Rev. J. M. Lloyd. Interment will be made in the Forest Home cemetery.

Foreman H. J. Cooper, of Main street, is making some noted improvements around his Main street property.

Griffith Price, of Hyde Park, was the guest of friends in this place yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Inglis, of Yatesville, spent the Sabbath with relatives in this place.

Taylorville lodge, No. 668, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, worked the degree of Friendship and Truth on several candidates on Saturday evening.

Rev. Thomas Rutland, of Providence, was the guest of friends in North Taylor yesterday.

Miss Sarah Price, of Dunmore, spent the Sabbath with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Price, of Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sampson, of Wilkes-Barre, were the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Edwards, on Main street, yesterday.

Roy, the 4-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Day, of North Main street, died on Saturday afternoon. He will be buried this afternoon. Services will be held in the house. Burial will be made in the Forest Home cemetery.

The Taylor Hose company, No. 1, will hold an important meeting this evening in the department rooms in Weber's hall. Much business of importance will be transacted.

JERMYN AND MAYFIELD.

Rev. Charles Lee, of Carbondale, was a caller in town last Friday.

Miss May Kilpatrick, of Carbondale, spent Saturday with Miss Eliza Osborne.

Frank Winter and sister, Miss Jessie, of Wyoming Seminary, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Winter.

Miss Laura Hill visited friends at Waymart Saturday.

Mine Foreman O'Brien is very sick at his home on Second street.

The revival services at the Methodist Episcopal church will be continued each evening this week.

Hogarth's band fair opened last Friday night in Enterprise hall and was a grand success. The programme was a good one and several of the selections were heartily encored. The door prize was won by ticket No. 187. The programme Saturday night was a selection by the Mayfield band; solo, Mrs. William Buckingham; recitation, Edgar Burton; selection, by band; song, Miss Vivian Lee; duett, Misses Sarah A. James and Mary Jones; selection, band; comic sketch, by band; march, band; all of which were well received. The fair will be continued during this week.

A PECULIAR REMEDY.

Something About the New Discovery for Curing Dyspepsia.

The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed minister residing at Weedsport, Cayuga, County, N. Y., in a recent letter writes as follows: "There has never been anything that I have taken that has relieved the Dyspepsia from which I have suffered for ten years except the new remedy called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Since taking them I have had no distress at all after eating and again after long years CAN SLEEP WELL. Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y., formerly Idalia, Colo.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remarkable remedy, not only because it is a certain cure for all forms of indigestion, but because it seems to act as thoroughly in old chronic cases of dyspepsia as well as in mild attacks of indigestion or biliousness. A person has dyspepsia simply because the stomach is overworked, all it wants is a harmless, vegetable remedy to digest the food and thus give it the much needed rest.

This is the secret of the success of this peculiar remedy. No matter how weak or how much disordered the digestion may be, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not. New life and energy is given not only to the stomach but to every organ and nerve in the body. A trial of this splendid medicine will convince the most skeptical that Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles can be cured. The tablets are prepared by the F. A. Stuart Co., of Marshall, Mich., but so popular has the remedy become that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can now be secured at any drug store at 50 cents per package. Send for the book on stomach diseases free.

OLYPHANT.

A meeting of the council was held Friday night. Among the bills passed were the following: Delaware and Hudson Canal company, $27.80; August Hummler, $47; W. P. Lawler, $83; Olyphant Water company, $210; D. G. Jones & Son, $4; councilmen, committee work, $8.50 each; police officers, $45 each. A bill from the Olyphant Record was referred back for correction. Ex-Treasurer McLoughlin's commission amounting to $600 was ordered paid. Mr. Howard reported that he had seen the attorney in regard to the new track being erected by the Delaware and Hudson company, and stated that he advised that as soon as the company commenced operations on the said street in dispute, it would be the duty of the burgess and president of council to serve written notice on the workmen, and if they refused to cease working to communicate with him and he would have an injunction served on the company within two hours. The report of Mr. Howard was adopted. The light committee reported that a practical engineer would be at the electric plant on Monday to examine the engine to see where the defects are. The secretary was instructed to notify the street railway company to repair their tracks at Grassy Island, and if they refused to do so, then the borough would tear up the tracks and charge the expense of the same to the company. In regard to the reported sewer transaction, Mr. O'Brien reported that he had consulted the borough attorney, who said that the New York syndicate had lost their charter, and had no right whatever to lay a sewer, and advised that the council reject all proposals from them. Affidavits were read from Auditors P. J. Farrell and P. J. Walsh as to the amount of time they consumed in making their report. Their bills amounted to $60 each and were paid. The secretary read his report of the electric light accounts for August and September. It showed that the cost of operating the plant in those months was $138 in excess of earnings.

It was reported that several of the sidewalks on Delaware street, were not on a grade with the road, causing the water to flow over on them. The street committee was instructed to see that the walks are raised. Councilman Marks wanted the seat of Councilman Gallagher declared vacant, because he had not attended a meeting in several months. Mr. Lewis said that it would be hardly just to Mr. Gallagher to take any action of that kind, as he was away in New Jersey attending to some business interests. It was decided to notify Mr. Gallagher that unless he is present at the next meeting his seat will be declared vacant.

Announcement is made of the coming marriage of Miss Mary A. Carbine to Michael J. McAndrew, both popular young people of this place. The ceremony will be performed in St. Patrick's church Wednesday evening, Nov. 30, at 6 o'clock. Following the ceremony a reception will be held at the home of the bride on Delaware street.

Harry Buddle, of Hoboken, N. J., is visiting at the residence of Justice of the Peace William Mason in Blakely.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Ann Sheridan, who died on Friday last, took place yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. After the remains had been viewed at the house they were borne to St. Patrick's church where a short service was held. A large number of relatives and friends attended. Interment was made in St. Patrick's cemetery.

PECKVILLE.

The Pocahontas' will hold a dime social on Tuesday evening, November 15, at the home of Mrs. E. G. Wagner, of Depot street. A fine programme has been prepared and refreshments will also be served.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Samson, of Dickson, visited relatives in town yesterday.

The fire hydrant on Main street, near I. G. Germen's store, should be fixed at once. It is leaking badly and pedestrians are obliged to wade through water to pass along that street. Council should see that it is repaired at once, as it throws those living in that immediate vicinity out of fire protection.

All uniformed members of the Wilson fire company are requested to meet in full uniform at the D. and H. depot at 6.40 this evening, preparatory to attending the Andrew Mitchell fair and parade at Carbondale.

Remember the Libby Glass Blowers will give an exhibition at the hose house this afternoon and evening.

A PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT.

By Kenneth Herford.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I'll do it."

Margaret Adams' eyes sparkled with delight as the thought occurred to her. She dropped the paper she had been reading to the floor of the porch and ran into the house. Shortly she came out with a block of stationery in one hand and a pencil between the fingers of the other. She picked up the pink paper that she had thrown down and read again the advertisement that had caught her eye. The paper was one of the common "matrimonial weeklies" which are circulated throughout the country, but which are never seen in the cities of their publication.

The advertisement that the girl read was worded as follows:

"A young man of excellent family and character, black hair and eyes, height 6 feet, worth $50,000, would like to correspond with young lady of good station, blonde preferred; object, matrimony."

Then there was printed the address of the young man with black hair and eyes. It was "Box K 12, Jackson, Mich."

Margaret Adams lowered the paper from her eyes. "I wonder if I ought to?" she asked herself. "Of course it would be only in fun. He's in fun, too. Why should a man worth $50,000 advertise for a wife? Pshaw! The idea is ridiculous. I'll write to him at the address given and then if I see he is in earnest I'll just tell him what a fool he has been making of himself. I hope he'll continue the correspondence, though; it will be a relief from the dreadful monotony on the farm. What would the girls back in boarding school say to such an escapade? I believe they'd all snap up the chance to write to a man like this one that I'm going to write to. And he's in another state, too. Let in Ohio, and I don't believe there's any harm in it. Yes, I'll write, and I'll write now."

And resting the pad of paper on her knees the girl began a letter in pencil to the tall man with black eyes. She did not say much. She told him how she had run across the sheet containing his advertisement and how the wording of it had struck her and made such an impression on her that she could not withstand the temptation to write to him. It was just a nice little letter, such as a frank, fun-loving girl would write, and when she had finished she slipped it into an envelope and addressed it.

"Box K 12, Jackson, Mich.," she wrote.

And that night she mailed her letter—not without certain qualms and twinges of her conscience, however—at the village postoffice.

The next day and the next night and day passed, and on the morning of the third there came a letter for her, written in a bold, upright hand and addressed to her in her own name, which she had frankly signed to the letter.

The envelope bore the Jackson postmark, and she knew it was from him, as she had come to speak of the unknown to herself when alone.

She took the letter away down by the front gate of the farm yard to read it under the oak tree there. It was a good letter. It appeared sincere. The writer, who signed himself John Thompson and added his address—a certain number on a well known and fashionable Jackson street—professed interest in his new-found correspondent, and expressed hope that other letters would follow.

That night one did. Margaret wrote her second in a more familiar vein, for she was becoming interested. Two days brought her a reply. It, too, was more familiar than the first had been. She wrote again and again, and after the fourth letter she received her correspondent addressed one "Dear Margaret."

Margaret smiled when she read that, but her smile was more one of pleasure than mischievousness. Then she addressed him as "My dear John," and after as "Dear John."

As the letters increased in number the girl found herself awaiting them with impatience; then little by little she began to read them over two and three times when they did come, placing them afterwards with the first, tied together with a bit of blue ribbon and tucked away in a back corner of her dresser drawer.

Her mother thought nothing of the letters her daughter was receiving from Jackson. Margaret told her they were from a boy she had met at an academy dance when she was a pupil in the seminary the year before. It was a lie, but it was a white one. The truth, thought the girl, would spoil the fun, and fun is not so common that one can afford to spoil it just as it ceases to be merely amusing to become really interesting, for the girl was becoming more and more interested in her unseen, unknown correspondent as the days went by.

With each letter the wording grew more affectionate, not only on the part of him, but of her, as well. It was "Dearest John and "Dearest Margaret" now, and two days without a letter had come to mean two days of distress to Margaret.

Then, towards the middle of June, a whole week passed without a word from him. Margaret wrote three letters, but there came no reply. Then she sent one by special delivery. She thought that he might have been fooling all the time, and just writing for fun, worried her. Then at last there did come a letter. It was a long one. There were many apologies for not having written before, but an excuse of illness was given. That night the girl sat down at her writing table and poured out her heart to John Thompson. She told him what the days had been to her with no letters from him, how she had dreamed of him at night, and thought of him every moment of her waking hours. She ended by asking him if he would not send her his portrait.

Three days later there came to her a flat post-paired. She untied the string with fingers all a-tremble. The paper inclosed a photograph. It was of a young man who in every respect answered the description detailed in the advertisement. He was handsome, with great dark eyes, and dark hair that moved over his forehead. The mouth was firm, the chin determined, the cheeks full and healthy. The girl looked at the picture long. Then she remembered that there might be something written on the back. There was these words, "From him to her." That was all.

That night, as she sat by her window with the soft rays of the moon silvering her golden hair and dancing lightly upon her cheek, Margaret kissed the words written on the back of the card and the face of the portrait many times. Then she blushed as though she had found herself observed.

Unconsciously, involuntarily she had fallen in love with a man whom she had never seen in the person, but whose portrait stood before her on her dressing table. The letters between them flew faster and faster. And finally there was brought her one evening by her father a note saying simply:

Will you marry me? I fear that your parents will object. Can you not, dearest, manage to come here, say to visit some one? And we will be married, secretly here. Come, come, dearie, come. Forever, John.

And later that night the girl thought of everything, thought of what such a step might mean, of the anger of her parents, that they might disown her, that she did not really know him and that he might not be suited to her. But above all these thoughts there rose another. Her love for him, his love for her. And that thought trumphed. She would go. She would not promise, but she would go, would talk to him, would see, and then, perhaps—

Favored in everything as she had been all her life by her parents, Margaret's ruse to get away from home for a few days was easily accomplished. She intended visiting an old schoolmate, one of the seminary girls, the one who had introduced her to the young man in Jackson at the academy dance. And at the end of three days she was ready to start on the morrow.

She understood herself well. Never had she known any one who in the smallest degree had entered her heart. At school she had studied long and late, and gone home finally with a card of honor. The life of the country town was galling to the girl. Her naturally sensitive temperment chafed within the narowness of her life. Such an adventure as she had now started in upon was but natural to her.

She did not inform John Thompson of the date of her arrival. So, when the train at last whirled into the station at Jackson she saw no familiar face. Her cheeks were aglow as she stepped from the platform of the coach to the ground. Soon she would see him, and then— Was her dream to prove but a dream, or was she to find in him that which her heart most longed for?

She took a carriage and told the driver the address to which she wished to be taken—his address. It was not a long ride. At every bump of the vehicle the girl's heart bumped. Those few minutes of the drive were minutes of anxiety, almost of torment to her, so wrought up had she become in her mind by the thought that perhaps he did not really mean he wished her to come, he really did not mean that he loved her.

At last the carriage stopped, the door was opened. The girl alighted. The vehicle had drawn up before a great stone and brick house in what appeared to be a fashionable part of town compared to the districts which she had passed on her way from the station.

She told the driver to wait for her, and she ran lightly up the walk to the porch. Just as she pushed the button of the bell she noticed a woman dart away from one of the front windows. In another instant the door was opened, and by a woman.

"Mr. John Thompson lives here, does he not?" inquired Margaret with a tremor in her voice.

The woman looked at her queerly, fixedly for an instant, then replied: "Yes; won't you come in?"

From the hall the girl was ushered into a parlor on the left. The woman followed her. About her mouth there played a little smile of curiosity and interest and her eyes were quizzically studying the girl.

"Is Mr. Thompson busy?" asked Margaret.

"No," was the woman's reply, "what would you like of him?"

The girl looked up startled. "Why—why," she stammered, "it's a little matter of purely personal business." And then she exclaimed suddenly, "Maybe you are his sister, are you?"

Again the queer look in the woman's eyes, again that little curious smile. Then she said firmly, "No, I am not his sister. I am John Thompson, the John Thompson whom you wish to see."

Margaret Adams did not utter a sound.

The brightness died out of her eyes. Her lips parted slightly and showed her teeth between them. Slowly her fingers loosened their grip on the handkerchief that she held in her lap. Then she cried, as though pulling herself together for an effort of strength, "And you—you are the one who wrote the letters to me. I am Margaret Adams."

"Yes," replied the woman, still smiling. "I did it for my own amusement, and to teach some foolish girl a lesson. I am sorry the girl happens to be such a pretty one as you are. As for the picture, that is of an actor now engaged in New York, a man who has been married for years, and whose wife—"

She did not finish the sentence. Margaret's head fell to one side on her shoulder. Her lips opened further, and there was a fleck of white in each corner of her mouth. Her hands had relaxed.

She sat motionless in the chair for a few seconds, the woman kneeling beside her, chafing her hands.

The girl shuddered twice and her head turned slowly. Her eyes looked into those of the woman gazing up at her. She raised her hand and placed it on the head at her side. A little faint, vague smile, the shadow of a smile, seemed trying to break from her lips. Then she laughed once, a metallic, steely sort of laugh, with no merriment in it. Her hand lying on the head of the woman, bowed to the arm of the chair, quivered a little and the fingers stroked slightly the hair.

The girl shuddered again and straightened up. The woman raised her head. Margaret fumbled with the button of her glove and made to rise.

The woman clutched her elbow.

"You mustn't go," she said. "And forgive me. I never thought, I never thought—"

The girl had risen.

Looking down upon the still kneeling woman she said, slowly, as though the effort to speak caused her pain: "There is nothing to forgive—that is, there is nothing for you to forgive—but I—you—you will forgive me, won't—it was all so foolish, so foolish. I—I—I might have known. You are good to show me—"

She turned and hastened toward the door by which she had entered. The woman followed her. As the girl ran down the steps to the waiting carriage the breeze of that August day bore back to the porch a laugh, frank, free, careless.

The woman stood on the upper stoop of the veranda. She saw the carriage door close behind the younger form and heard it snap the catch. The driver took up the reins and flecking the horses with the whip turned about. And as the vehicle rolled back down the street the woman standing there, saw a hand waved to her from the door.

Then she turned and entered the house, closing the door quietly behind her.

THE LEADER

Scranton Store—124-126 Wyoming Ave.

Second week of the alteration sale

The prices here set forth are for today and the rest of the week as long as the lots last. New lots will replace those that will be sold out and even better values will be substituted if it must be. So far this sale has been the biggest ever held in this store and it is our intention that there shall be no let-up in the multitude of our attractions. The crowded condition of this store speaks volumes for the greatness of this sale.

Cut prices on every item

Alteration sale of dress goods

All of our plaid and figured dress goods, 12½c grade. Alteration sale 9¾c

Balance of our 10c double fold fancy dress goods while they last 5c

Balance of our 50c. plaid dress goods in one lot, alteration sale price 35c

All of our 35c. and 45c. all wool dress goods, alteration sale price 25c

One lot all wool mixtures, price has been 39c., alteration sale price 27c

All of our 75c. 56-inch checked and fancy dress goods, alteration sale price 49c

Our 85c. plaid dress goods in one lot, alteration sale price 59c

All of our 98c. black crepons, alteration sale price.. 75c

All of our $8, $10 and $12 dress patterns, alteration sale price 4.50

All of our 44-inch all wool storm serge 60c. grade, alteration sale price 45c

One lot Jacquard figured black dress goods, 49c. grade, alteration sale price 25c

Alteration sale of black and colored silks

All of our 49c. and 59c. black brocaded silks, alteration sale price 37c

All of our 59c. black taffeta, alteration sale price 49c

Balance of our 59c. black satin duchess, all silk, alteration sale price 49c

One lot fancy silks, real value 85c., alteration sale price 59c

Twenty-five pieces glaze silk taffeta, regular price, 58c., alteration sale price 48c

All of our 75c. fancy silks, in new brocades, alteration sale price 59c

Alteration sale of bargain counter specials

OIL CLOTH—One lot remnants oil cloth, 25c grade, alteration sale price 10c

TABLE DAMASK—One lot of bleached table damask, 35c. grade, alteration sale price 27c

OUTING FLANNEL—All of our 7c. fancy outing flannel, in light and dark effects, alteration sale price 5c

Balance of our outing flannel skirt patterns, price has been 29 cents, alteration sale price 19c

One lot fancy cotton crepes, for party dresses, 10c. grade, alteration sale price 5c

QUILTS—All of our B-4 Waverly white quilts, 85c. grade, alteration sale price 75c

5,000 yards best quality Hamilton patchwork quilts, price off the piece 4c., alteration sale price 3¾c

TOWELS—Balance of our 45x21 towels, regular price 20c, alteration sale price 12½c

Fifty dozen extra quality damask towels, white and colored borders, 20c., grade, alteration sale price 12½c

All of our 12½c. Turkish towels, alteration sale price 8c

TWILLED SUITINGS—500 yards plaid twilled suitings for children's dresses, 10c. grade, alteration sale price 5c

SHIRTING PRINTS—Best quality shirting prints, price was 5c., alteration sale ... 3½c

BED COMFORTS—Large size bed comforts, 98c. grade, alteration sale price 69c

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