

HALF PRICE SALE

FIVE HUNDRED MEN'S FINE SUITS

Which we sold for \$15, \$18, \$20 and \$22 we are now closing out for

\$10.00 EACH \$10.00

They consist of Single and Double Breasted Sack Suits, Cutaways and Frocks in fine worsteds, cassimeres and chevots. We have too large a stock and must reduce it now. This sale is FOR CASH ONLY. We want money.

THREE HUNDRED BOYS' SUITS

Ages 14 to 19 years, fine suits, former prices \$8, \$10 and \$12, all go now for one price of \$5.00 each. FOR CASH ONLY.

TWO HUNDRED CHILDREN'S SUITS

Go at \$2.00 each, CASH. Formerly sold for \$3, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5. This is deep cut and far below the cost of the suits and they should move quickly. That is why we have put these prices on. We need the room for spring goods. We also want the money.

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Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers

220 Lackawanna Avenue



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SYNOPSIS.

Cap'n Bross, master of the schooner Sarah Jane, has twice missed his ship's sailing, through his irregular habits. He has been warned by the owner that if he does this a third time he will lose his place. The mate and two seamen know this, and are anxious to step into his place and be promoted. Captain Bross has been missing for two days and the schooner is to sail for home in two hours. Meanwhile he has sent a note to his little nephew on board, saying that he has gambled away his clothes at cribbage, and tell the boy, Tommy, to bring him the mate's extra suit. Tommy cannot find it, and in despair writes along a dress and bonnet belonging to his aunt, who usually stays on board, but who has left the captain in care of Tommy this time. The captain is obliged to put his wife's clothes on and go to the schooner. He and Tommy jump on board just as she is starting. The mate and sailors, thinking to bring the captain into disgrace, refuse to lend him any of their clothes. He becomes wrathful, but to no purpose.

PART II.

"Why don't you go an' lay down," said the mate, "an' I'll send you down a nice cup o' hot tea. You'll get hysterics if you go on like that." "I'll knock your 'ead off if you talk to me," said the skipper. "Not you," said the mate cheerfully: "you ain't big enough. Look at that pore fellow over there."

The skipper looked in the direction indicated, and, swelling with impotent rage, shook his fist fiercely at a red-faced man with gray whiskers who was waiting immovable tender knees from the bridge of a passing steamer. "That's right," said the mate, approvingly.

Women and Women only
Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CORNETTA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily. In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, it has proved most valuable. CORNETTA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as a pure and sweetest for toilet and bath.

"don't give 'im no encouragement. Love at first sight ain't worth havin'." The skipper, suffering severely from suppressed emotion, went below, and the crew, after waiting a little while to make sure that he was not coming up again, made their way quietly to the mate.

"If we can only take him to Battlesea in this rig, it'll be all right," said the latter. "You chaps stand by me. His slippers and sou'wester is the only clothes he's got aboard. Chuck every needle you can lay your hands on overboard, or else he'll git trying to make a suit out of a piece of old sail or something. If we can only take him to Mr. Pearson like this, it won't be so bad, after all."

While these arrangements were in hand above, the skipper and the boy were busy with others below. Various startling schemes propounded by the skipper for obtaining possession of his men's attire were rejected by the youth as unlawful, and, what was worse, impracticable. For a couple of hours they discussed ways and means, but only ended in diatribes against the mean ways of the crew, and the skipper, whose head ached still from his excesses, fell into a state of sullen despair at length, and sat silent.

"By Jove, Tomy, I've got it!" he cried, suddenly starting up and hitting the table with his fist. "Where's your other suit?" "That ain't no bigger than this one," said Tommy.

"You git it out," said the skipper, with a knowing toss of his head. "Ah, there we are! Now go to my stateroom and take those off."

The wondering Tommy, who thought that great grief had turned his kinsman's brain, complied, and emerged shortly afterward in a blanket, bringing his clothes under his arm. "Now, do you know what I'm going to do?" inquired the skipper, with a big smile. "Fetch me the scissors, then. Now, do you know what I'm going to do?" "Cut up the two suits and make 'em into one," hazarded the horror-stricken Tommy. "Here, stop it! Leave off!"

"Always thinking about yourself. Go and git some needles and thread, and if there's any left over and you're a good boy, I'll see whether I can make something for you out of the leavings." "There ain't no needles here," whined Tommy, after a lengthy search. "Go down the foc'sle and git the case of sail-makers' needles, then," said the skipper. "Don't leave anyone see what you're after—and some thread."

"Well, why couldn't you let me go in my clothes before you cut 'em up?" moaned Tommy. "I don't like going up in this blanket. They'll laugh at me."

"You go at once!" thundered the skipper, and, turning his back on him, whistled softly, and began to arrange the pieces of cloth.

"Laugh away, my lads," he said, cheerfully, as an uproarious burst of laughter greeted the appearance of Tommy on deck. "Wait a bit."

He waited himself for nearly twenty minutes, at the end of which time Tommy, treading on his blanket, came flying down the companion-ladder and rolled into the cabin.

"There ain't a needle aboard the ship," he said solemnly, as he picked himself up and rubbed his head. "I've looked everywhere."

"What!" roared the skipper, hastily collecting the pieces of cloth. "Here, Ted! Ted!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Ted, as he came below.

"I want a sail-maker's needle," said the skipper, glibly. "I've got a rent in this skirt."

"I broke the last one yesterday," said Ted, with an evil grin.

"Any other needle, then?" said the skipper, trying to conceal his emotion.

"I don't believe there's such a thing aboard the ship," said Ted, who had obeyed the mate's thoughtful injunction. "Nor thread. I was only saying so to the mate yesterday."

The skipper sank again to the lowest depth, waved him away, and then getting on a corner of a locker fell into a gloomy reverie.

"It's a pity you do things in such a hurry," said Tommy, sniffing vindictively. "You might have made sure of the needle before you spoiled my clothes. There's two of us going about ridiculous now."

The master of the Sarah Jane allowed this insolence to pass unheeded. It is in moments of deep distress that the mind of man, naturally reverting to solemn things, seeks to improve the

my unconscious of offense, met his gaze serenely.

"If," continuing the skipper, "at any time you felt like taking too much, and you stopped with the best mug half way to your lips, and thought of me sitting in this disgraceful state, what would you do?"

"I dunno," replied Tommy, yawning. "What would you do?" persisted the skipper, with great expression.

"Laugh, I s'pose," said Tommy, after a moment's thought.

The sound of a well-boxed ear ran through the cabin. "You're an unnatural, ungrateful little toad," said the skipper, fiercely. "You don't deserve to have a good, kind uncle to look after you."

"Anybody can have him for me," sobbed the indignant Tommy, as he tenderly felt his ear. "You look a precious sight more like an aunt than an uncle."

After firing this shot he vanished in a cloud of anger, and the skipper, hastily abandoning a hastily formed resolve of first flaying him alive and then flinging him overboard, sat down again and lit his pipe.

Once out of the river he came on deck again, and, ignoring, by a great effort, the smiles of the crew and the jibes of the ship, he said solemnly, "The only alteration he made in his dress was to substitute his sou'wester for the bonnet, and in this disguise he did his work, while the aggrieved Tommy hopped in blankets. The three days at sea passed like a horrible dream. So covetous was his gaze that the crew instinctively clutched their nether garments and looked to the buttoning of their coats as they passed him. He saw coats in the mainmast, and fashioned phantom trousers out of the flying jib, and, toward the end, began to babble of blue serge and mixed tweeds. Oblivious of fame, he had resolved to enter the harbor, and the sun was well above Battlesea-came into view, a gray bank on the starboard bow.

Until within a mile of the harbor the skipper held on, and then his grasp on the wheel relaxed somewhat, and he looked round anxiously for the mate.

"Where's Bob?" he shouted.

"He's very ill, sir," said Ted, shaking his head.

"He?" gasped the startled skipper. "Here, take the wheel a minute."

He handed it over, and then, grasping his skirts, went hastily below. The mate was half lying, half sitting in his bunk, groaning dismally.

"What's the matter?" inquired the skipper.

"I'm dying," said the mate, "I keep being tied up all in knots inside. I can't hold myself straight."

The other cleared his throat.

"You'd better take off your clothes and lie down a bit," he said kindly. "Let me help you off with them."

"No—don't—trouble!" panted the mate.

"Ain't no trouble," said the skipper, in a trembling voice.

"No, I'll keep 'em on," said the mate, faintly. "I've always had an idea I'd like to die in my clothes. It may be foolish, but I can't help it."

"You'll have your wish some day, never fear, you infernal rascal!" shouted the over-wrought skipper.

"You're shamming sickness to make me take the ship into port!"

"Why shouldn't you take her in?" asked the mate, with an air of innocent surprise. "It's your duty as cap'n. You'd better get up above now. The bar is always shifting."

The skipper, restraining himself by a mighty effort, went on deck again, and taking the wheel, addressed the crew. He spoke feelingly of the obedient men over their superior officers, and the moral obligation they were under to lend them their trousers when the required them. He dwelt on the awful punishments awarded for mutiny and proved clearly that to allow the master of a ship to enter port in petticoats was mutiny of the worst type. He then sent them below for their clothing. They were gone such

a long time that it was palpable to the meanest intellect that they did not intend to bring it. Meantime the harbor widened out before him.

There are two or three people on the quay as the Sarah Jane came within hailing distance. By the time she had passed the lantern at the end of it there were two or three dozen and the numbers were steadily increasing at the rate of three persons for every five yards she made. Kind-hearted, humane men, anxious that their friends should not lose so great and cheap a treat, bribed small and reluctant boys with pennies to go in search of them, and by the time the schooner reached her berth a large proportion of the population of the port was looking over each other's shoulders and shouting foolish and hilarious inquiries to the skipper. The news reached the owner, and he came hurrying down to the ship just as the skipper, regardless of the heated remonstrances of the sightseers, was preparing to go below.

Mr. Pearson was a stout man, and he came down exploding with wrath. Then he saw the apparition, and with an overcame him. It became necessary for three stout fellows to act as buttresses, and the more indignant the skipper looked the harder their work became. Finally he was assisted, in a weak state, and laughing hysterically, to the deck of the schooner, where he followed the harder their work became. Finally he was assisted, in a weak state, and laughing hysterically, to the deck of the schooner, where he followed the harder their work became. Finally he was assisted, in a weak state, and laughing hysterically, to the deck of the schooner, where he followed the harder their work became.

"It's the finest sight I ever saw in my life, Bross," he said, when the other had finished. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I've been feeling very low this last week, and it's done me good. Don't talk nonsense about leaving the ship. I wouldn't lose you for anything after this, but if you like to try a fresh mate and crew you can please yourself. If you'll only come up to the house and let Mrs. Pearson see you—she's been ailing—I'll give you a couple of pounds. Now, get your bonnet and come."

The end.

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CAUTION

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