

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 cheviots. 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.

COLLINS & HACKETT

Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers

220 Lackawanna Avenue



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SYNOPSIS.
Miss Jemima Martha Sprague and her lover, Eli Taylor, of Simpkinsville, Ia., quarrel an desperate not long after the latter has sent her a gorgeous valentine of the old-fashioned kind. Eli goes away to the neighboring town of Hope, where he settles down as a bachelor and becomes postmaster of the town. Jemima lives on with her brother. As her nieces and nephews grow up and receive their first valentines she becomes jealous, and so one Valentine's day mails herself the old valentine in a sealed envelope, much to the family's surprise and curiosity. She is reinstated in their opinion as being still the object of some one's attention. She mails herself the valentine each year for ten years, when it occurs to her to have it mailed from another town. She thinks of Hope, where her old lover lives, and is inspired by the coquettish idea of having it pass through his hands. She sends it there by a servant and awaits its return.

how she cared for this old love-token. As she sat tonight looking at the outside of the envelope, turning it over and over in her thin hands, great hot tears fell upon it and ran down upon her fingers, but she did not heed them. It was, indeed, a meager little embodiment of the romance of a life, but such



She Raised It Lovingly, and Laid It Against Her Check.

PART II.
Miss Jemima had not long to wait, and yet it seemed an age, before the distribution was over, and she felt rather than saw her brother moving in her direction.

"Bigger an' purtier one 'n ever to Aunt 'Mimie this time—looks to me like," he said, as at last he laid the great envelope upon her trembling knee.

"Don't reckon it's anything extra in particular," she answered, not at all knowing what she said, as she continued her work, leaving the valentine where he had dropped it; not touching it, indeed, until she presently wound up her yarn in answer to the supper bell.

Then she took it, with her wooden basket, into her own room, and, dropping it upon her upper bureau drawer, turned the key.

The moment when she broke the new envelope each year—late at night, alone in her locked chamber—had always been a sad one to Miss Jemima, and tonight it was even a sadder ordeal than ever. She had never before known

as it was, she would not part with it. She would never send it out from her again—never, never, never.

It was even dearer now than ever before, after this recent passage through her lover's hands. At this thought she raised it lovingly and laid it against her cheek. Could he have handled it and passed it on without a thought of her? Impossible. And since he had thought of her, what must have been the nature of his thoughts? Was he jealous—jealous because somebody was sending his old sweetheart a valentine?

This year's envelope, selected with great pains and trouble from a sample catalogue and ordered from a distant city, was a fine affair profusely decorated with love symbols.

For a long time Miss Jemima sat enjoying the luxury of nearness to her lover that the unopened envelope had brought her before she felt inclined to confront the far-away romance typified by the yellowed sheet within. And yet she wanted to see even this again—to realize its recovery.

And so, with thoughts both eager and fearful, she finally inserted a hairpin carefully in the envelope, ripping it open delicately on two sides, so that it might come out without injury to its frail perforated edges. Then carefully holding its sides apart, she shook it.

And now—
Something happened. One of God's best traits is that He doesn't tell all He knows—and sees.

How Miss Jemima felt or acted, whether she screamed or fainted, no one will ever know, when, instead of

the familiar pictured thing, there fell into her lap a beautiful brand new valentine.

It was certainly a long time before she recovered herself enough to take the strange thing into her hands, and when she did so, it was with fingers that trembled so violently that a bit of paper that came with the valentine fluttered and fell beyond her reach. There it lay for fully several minutes before she had strength to move from her seat to recover it.

There was writing on the fluttering bit of paper, but what it was and why Miss Jemima kept it and read it again and again are other trifling things that perhaps God does well not to tell.

The details of other people's romances are not always interesting to outsiders. However, in this particular case, it may be interesting to know that the woman who took charge of the old lover's room in Hope and who had an investigating way with her, produced seven or eight torn scraps of paper collected at this period from his scrap basket, on each one of which was written in slightly varying terms, bits of rough sketches of a note in which occurred broken sentences like the following: "—sending you this new valentine just as hearty as I sent the old one eighteen years—"

"You shan't never want for a fresh one again every year long as I live, unless you take—"

"If you want the old one back again and me along with it."

One of the lowest things that even a very depraved and unprincipled person ever did is to collect torn scraps from anybody's waste basket and to read them. To print them or otherwise make them public is a thing really too contemptible to contemplate in ordinary circumstances. But this case, if intelligently considered, seems somewhat exceptional, and perhaps it is well to do so, for, be it borne in mind, all these scraps, without exception, and a few others too sacred to produce even here, are the things that Eli Taylor, postmas-

ter, did not send to his old sweetheart, Jemima Martha Sprague.

Miss Jemima always burned her scraps, and so, even were it well to condescend to seeking similar negative testimony from her concerning her laborious-written reply, it would have been quite impossible. Certain it is, however, that she posted a note on the following day, and that a good many interesting things happened in quick succession after this.

And then?—

There was a little wedding, quite unobtrusive, in the church on Easter Sunday. It was the old lover's idea to



"I ain't fitten for you, Jimmy, honey," have it there, as he before their happiness was a resurrection from the dead, and belonged to the Easter season, and there was no one to object.

Miss Jemima showed her new valentine to the family before the wedding came off, but in spite of all their coaxing and begging, she observed a rigid reticence regarding to all those that had come between that and the old one, and so, seeing the last one actually in evidence, and rejoicing in her happiness, they would only smile and whisper that they supposed he and she had been quar'lin' it out on them valentines, year by year, and on'y now got to live on it. I reckon I can keep you supplied with just ez good ez that, fresh every day an' hour."

"But befo' I take you into church I want to call yo' attention to the fact that I'm a criminal libel to the state's prison for openin' yo' mail—an' if you say so, why, I'll haf to go."

"Well, Eli," Miss Jemima answered, quite seriously, "ef you're libel to state's prison for what you done, I don't know but I'm worthy to go to a hotter place—for the deceit I've practiced."

"Well," said Eli, "I reckon ef the truth was told, the place 'ere we jest natchelly both belong in the insane asylum for the idlats we've acted."

"When I reflect that I might 'a' been ez happy ez I am now eighteen years ago, an' think about all the time we've lost."

"Well—"

"How comes it that Easter comes so late this year, anyhow?"

The end.

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CAUTION

TO OUR PATRONS: Washburn-Cresby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Cresby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Cresby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

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