

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.

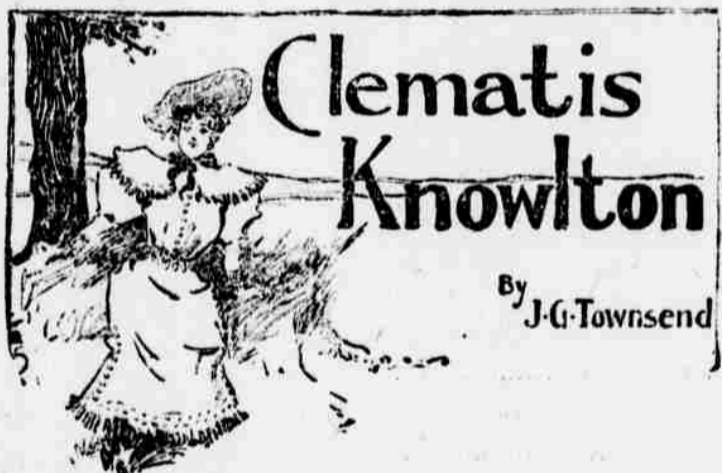
TWO HUNDRED CHILDREN'S SUITS

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.

COLLINS & HACKETT

Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers

220 Lackawanna Avenue



Clematis Knowlton

By J. G. Townsend

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PART I.

The sun had just sunk behind the distant horizon-line of the prairie. The homely, irregular ranch-house, the long low sheds, the sheep corral, the sunken straw stack and the wide stretching prairie were tinged in waves of glorious purple. In the distance was seen the large herd of sheep, followed by the herder and his dogs—slow moving spots of gorgeous color.

Standing near the ranch-house was a girl, with a face so pretty without that Tittian would have loved to paint it. There were so much warmth and color in it. Clad in a neat-fitting gown of some light color, her full and graceful figure made a brave silhouette against the dark side of the house.

A handsome man stood beside her. He was nearly thirty years of age, dark of face, eyes and hair. He was pleading with the girl to be his wife, with the rude and simple eloquence of sincerity.

"But I have loved you, senorita, ever since you were so high," measuring the height with a gesture of the hand, "and now you have come so tall and beautiful, I cannot keep my speech."

"But you would not wish me to marry you, unless I loved you, Lon," said the girl, surprised at the persistence of the man.

"Can you not live me a little, senorita," replied the man with a passionate hunger in his eyes.

"A sister's affection; yes, Lon I can give you that."

"I want not a sister's feeling," said the man, with angry but eloquent gesture. "It is not the loaf I ask, only one

little crumb," his tender manner returning.

"But suppose, Lon, there was some one else?"

"The girl determined to treat him with simple candor, though her cheeks flushed with the revelation of her secret.

"Ah!" said the man with a deep respiration. "Ees it, the Senor Alfred?"

"Yes, it's Alph," said the girl, blushing divinely, her eyes upon the ground.

But when she raised here eyes the girl noticed that his dark face grew ashen in color. There was an expression in his face she had never seen before, and his hand grasped nervously the handle of his revolver at his side.

"You would not shoot a woman? You would not shoot me, Lon?"

She put her hand on his arm and looked him bravely in the eye. Never was she so beautiful as she stood there.



"You Would Not Shoot Me, Lon."

her exquisite little head thrown back, her large dark eyes flashing her courage and her scorn.

"No, senorita, I cannot shoot you. I could die for you."

The man's voice grew low and tender, and the deep yearning came back into his eyes.

"But you'll not shoot Alph, will you, Lon? Promise me you will not."

A great fear possessed her. She was all woman now.

The look of hate gleamed again in his eyes as the man laughed loudly and unaccountably.

"Do not you be frightened, I will not shoot the senor."

"Oh! Lon, I love him so. Do not hurt him for my sake."

The man's glance softened a little with her pleading.

"Let not fear be in your heart, senorita," said the man again, "but strength seems not mine any more."

The herd having now come up with tumultuous beating, the man turned and walked slowly away into the illuminated prairie. The girl noticed a look in his face as if he were aching and his tall form seemed to stoop and totter.

Alonso Memileo had come to this Kansas ranch several years before the time of the meeting, with a gang of shearers from New Mexico. Of his former history little was known. In point of education he was superior to his fellows. He remained on the ranch a good part of the year, sometimes working with vehemence, at other times he spent weeks in idling or dreaming. It occasioned no surprise when he came or went, for he came and disappeared without warning. He was unusually good natured, and his anger was slow in coming, but when it did come, his Spanish blood manifested itself in prolonged sullen and revengeful moods. So, while not quarrelsome, it came to be considered prudent not to make an enemy of Lon.

It was observed that Lon was extremely fond of Clematis, the only daughter of Mr. Knowlton, the owner of the sheep ranch; but as she was but a child when he first came to the ranch, and he nearly twice her age, nothing was thought of it by the family. Often Lon used to say to Clematis, as they all called her, in his polite Spanish way:

"You shall be my wife some day, senorita."

Clem would reply laughingly: "If my hero does not come along I will, Lon."

But suddenly there had come to Clematis Knowlton that marvelous transformation into the fullness of womanhood; the prairie flower had bloomed into wondrous beauty; and with that transition Clem found that her hero had come and she gave herself to him, with all the confidence of her young and ardent nature.

The declaration that Alonso Memileo made came to her with surprise and pain.

She had never thought of him as a lover, and the manifestation of his passion filled the breast of the lovely girl with strange forebodings. She knew something of his sullen and revengeful nature. That laugh of Lon's when he promised not to shoot Alph still rang in her ears with a horrible dissonance.

She determined to walk out on the prairie, for it was not quite dark, to meet her lover, whom she was that evening expecting. The solemnity and grayness that fell upon the wide expanse of prairie corresponded to the vague feeling of trouble that possessed her. She felt that she must at once inform Alph of the danger that threatened him.

Alfred Long was a young man who had come from Ohio several years before to make his fortune on a Kansas ranch. He had commenced with a little flock of sheep, and by industry and good management his herd had grown, until he was one of the largest flock-masters in the country. There was that about Alfred Long that marked him for prominence; he was a man of modest, quiet, brave, and possessed the confidence of his neighbors in an unusual degree. His ranch was near that of Mr. Knowlton, so that he early met Clematis and naturally fell in love with her, and in the last few months they had pledged truth to each other, but their engagement was not known outside of the family of the Knowltons.

Clem saw a black speck moving swiftly along the prairie. She walked towards it, and soon found that it resolved itself into Alph on his way, who was hastening to keep his tryst. He threw himself from the pony, and the lovers were in each other's arms.

"Why, darling, what makes you tremble so."

"Oh! Alph! I love him so. Do not hurt him for my sake."

She kissed him passionately.

"Fraid for me? What is it sweet heart?"

"It's Lon. He told me he loved me, and I can't forget the hate I saw in his eyes when I told him was going to marry you, Alph," said the girl, sobbing and shivering.

"Now, don't don't, little one, Lon will get over this," said Alph, kissing her tears away.

"Would you get over it, Alph?" said Clem, archly, smiling through the radiant drops.

"Heavens! Clem, if you put it that way—but I'm not afraid, I'll make it all right with Lon."

They had now reached the ranch, and Alph, throwing the rein of the pony over a post, went with Clem into the house.

But another eye had seen this meeting on the prairie, and Lon shook with rage as he saw the tender embrace.

"Curse ye, curse ye," he hissed "you sneaking wolf, come to steal my pretty lamb."

In the morning Clem found that Lon had gone away without warning, but her father said he would be back for the hearing. The girl was pained by his absence, but could not entirely quell the haunting dread that oppressed her.



"You Sneaking Wolf, Come to Steal My Pretty Lamb!"

The time soon came for the shearing of the herd, and the gang of shearers was at work. There was heard the "click," "click of the swan moving shears intermingled with the beating of the lambs separated from their mothers. Lon had come back, and was working busily, albeit it was noticed how somber and gloomy he looked.

"Yerd think Lon'd lost his last friend on 'arh," said one of the shearers.

"Guess his gal's gave him the grand bounce," chuckled another.

To their good-natured sallies Lon made little reply, only clipped on the faster.

Alph was also among the shearers, as he had clipped his own flock early, and there was no faster shearer, no one more popular than the young Ohioan.

During the week of the shearing Clem was accosted by an old man, a herder, who had been for many years on the ranch.

"What is it, Joe?" as he saw he had something to say to her.

"Clem," the old man gave an embarrassed cough, for he had guessed her secret. "I don't want to make you uneasy, but I don't like the look of Lon's face, when his eyes is on Alph. It kinder makes me grow cold!"

"Oh! Joe, you'll watch him. You'll

not let him hurt Alph, will you?" said Clem, pleadingly, all her fears returning.

"I'll keep my eyes on him when I'm round, but the sarpint may bite in the dark."

"Oh! Joe, I've that feeling, too—that Lon may strike Alph in some unguarded moment. Oh! what shall we do?" said Clem, sobbing.

"Don't cry, Clem. Ef old Joe doesn't keep his eye peeled, it's cause he's 'sleepin'."

One night, shortly after this conversation, Clem was sitting at the window in her little room, her heart filled with strange and indefinable forebodings. She had blown out the lamp and all was silent in the house, when suddenly she heard a footfall on the prairie outside. Her eye, at the same time, caught sight of a figure which instantly disappeared in the shadows. Somehow she felt it was Lon, and that he was going in the direction of Alph's ranch. To put on her hat, place her revolver in the pocket of her dark gown (for Clem was an expert shot) and steal softly out of the house was quickly done. Her determination was to follow the retreating figure and find his destination. Softly calling her faithful dog Jack, she followed on the trail of the man who had disappeared.

There was no moon, but the stars were unusually brilliant. Far off glowed a great red planet glittering like a jewel on the bosom of the night. The air was sweet with the faint perfume of the spring flowers. The silence was weird and oppressive, save when broken by the cry of the coyote, the bleating of a sheep, or the call of a disturbed bird. But Clem, a child of the prairie, was not afraid for herself, walking rapidly but noiselessly, with a whisper of quiet to Jack, she had not gone more than half a mile when she came in sight of the figure moving before her.

(To Be Concluded.)

THREE YOUNG PARISIANS.

One day, three friends were walking on the Boulevards of Paris. All three were young, and all three were poor.

"Should I not like a good breakfast?" said one.

"I should like any breakfast," said another, "even if not very good."

"And I also, the most simple of breakfasts, so long as it was a breakfast."

"How much must it cost?" asks the first speaker.

"Two dollars at least," says number two.

"I've got an idea; come along," says number three, and all three went to a well-known publisher of music. "Sir," said the young man with the idea, "we have come to ask you to buy a song, of which this gentleman has written the music, and that gentleman the words, and as I am the only one of the three who has a voice, I will sing it to you."

The publisher looked a wry face, but he said, "Sing and I will see." Then the young man sang.

"It is a very simple ditty," said the publisher, "but as I want a lot of songs for a Cafe Chantant, which is going to open, I will buy it, and give you three dollars for it, a dollar apiece."

"The three friends looked at each other. They did not expect so much. They held out their hands, took the money, and left the manuscript in the publisher's hand in exchange. And with those three dollars they went to breakfast like three princes of Bohemia as they were. Now, the composer of the music was Mariposa, the author of the words, Alfred Le Musset, and the singer, Duperré.

As for the song it took all Paris, and from the Cafe Chantant, it went to the theater and to every aristocratic salon in Paris. The publisher made \$10,000 by this song. Whether he ever made an extra present to the three friends history saveth not, but two of them, at least, lived to be famous.—Footlights.



CAUTION

TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby 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-Crosby 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-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.

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IRON AND STEEL

Bolts, Nuts, Bolt Ends, Turnbuckles, Washers, Rivets, Horse Nails, Files, Taps, Dies, Tools and Supplies. Sail Duck for mine use in stock.

SOFT STEEL HORSE SHOES

and a full stock of Wagon Makers' Supplies, Wheels, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Poles, Bows, etc.

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Citricura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Read throughout the world. Sold by Druggists, F. J. ... 1027 & 1029, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 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