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Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers

220 Lackawanna Avenue

The Rajah's Heirloom

By FLORENCE MARRYAT,
Author of "Her Lord and Master," etc.

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SYNOPSIS.
John Busby, a Scotland Yard detective, is sent to Manningford to investigate the robbery of a diamond necklace worth £20,000. This belonged to Sir Henry Ellesmere, who has just died, and the jewels were found missing after the reading of the will. Busby puts up at the hotel, and over hears the customers discussing the matter, one of whom suspects the young wife of Sir Henry to have taken them. The detective questions his stepson, the new baronet, who tells him the jewels were given to his father by an Indian prince, were intended as an heirloom, and that his stepmother always wanted them. He tells of his own marriage and of a quarrel with his father, who was angered by it. Busby questions the widow, and she hints that her stepson himself has taken the jewels. He also hears of a dead and dumb woman, Julia Crasley, a dwarf, who has a home in the house, and has always been very devoted to Sir Charles and his father. He talks with the butler, who asks his confidence.

PART IV.
"Of course not. Are you not acting in his interests?"
"Why certainly; but things seem a bit mixed to me. Well, sir, you see, servants ain't all deaf and dumb like that pore creature that is kept here out of charity. We has our senses, sir, and our feelins, and we can't always shut our eyes to what is a-goin' on. Well, it was about a month ago when I fast see one evening as I was putting up the shutters in the library, a dark figure lurking along the shrubberies—I couldn't see him very plainly, but he looked like a loafer or a tramp to me—I didn't like the looks of him at all, and I called James, the footman, to go out into the garden and see who it might be. But James, being but a lad and timorous-like, was such a time about obeying my orders, that when he went the man was gone, though I'm as certain as I saw him as I am that I see you at this present moment!"
"Well! Well! but what of it? You must often have beggars and tramps round a large house like this!"
"This wasn't no beggar," resumed Goddard, mysteriously. "Well, sir, the Tuesday before my old master was taken with his last illness, her lady-

ship had out the jewels in the forenoon, rubbing them up and showing them to Sir Henry and Miss Crasley—that's the pore deformed lady, you know. Rachel Marks was passing in or out of the room at this time, and can't be a witness to the fact. My lady, she held them against her gown, and she says to Rachel: "They'll be mine, some day. Rachel!" and Miss Crasley she screamed in her queer way, and Sir Henry smiled, as if it was all right, though, mind you, I don't believe nothing would have made him leave them there jewels away from Sir Charles, not if he'd been in his right senses, not for ever so!"



She Was a Quaint-Looking Old Woman.

low as she encountered me, and stood like a statue with her mittened hands crossed over her apron, to hear what I might have to say to her.
"Your name is Mrs. Nelson, I believe?" I commenced.
"Yes, sir."
"I suppose, as you have been for so long in the family, that you have often seen the missing jewels?"
"I have seen them several times, sir."
"And when did you see them last, Mrs. Nelson?"
"Not for a long time, sir; my business not lying in the upper stories of the house."
"Can you tell me when you heard of them last? what you can remember happening on the Tuesday and Wednesday preceding your late master's death?"
"I don't know much about the Tuesday, sir, excepting that Rachel Marks came down to my room, all of a flutter, to tell me that my lady had shown her the rajah's jewels. She said she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life before—that they flashed like lightning, and she would die if she could only have some like them."
"Ah! Rachel Marks said that, did she?"
"Yes, sir! foolish and girl-like as I told her, for what use would such valuables be to her, specially if she was dead. But I feel sure she had seen them, for she was quite excited over it. My lady was rubbing them with a piece of chamois leather, she said, till they looked like a rainbow of colors. But that's all I know about the Tuesday."
"And the Wednesday, Mrs. Nelson?"
"Ah! that was a terrible day for us all, sir. Master Charles (he was then) came down from London by the eleven o'clock train, and saw Sir Henry in the library. There was high words between them—we servants could hear them plainly down in the kitchen, and it frightened us to death—and my lady was listening outside in the hall, too, with a face like a sheet. We heard Sir

Henry say: "That's right! strike your father! it will be only another crime added to your record!" and Master Charles replied: "If I were to kill you it would be scarcely a worse crime than that woman (meaning her ladyship, if you please, sir) has induced you to commit against me!" We was all listening in the passage, sir, and our hair stood on end to hear them. Mr. Goddard, he was for breaking in the door to prevent bloodshed, but presently Master Charles came out, looking very white, and he says: "Good-by to you all! I shall never darken these doors again!" and he rushed away into the grounds, and we saw no more of him till he came down for the funeral. There was no sound from the library, and after awhile my lady went in, and gave a scream, and then we all followed her, and there was my poor old master sitting in his chair with his mouth drawn to one side, Goddard and me we saw it was a stroke at once, and when we'd carried him up to his bed we sent for the doctor, Mr. Goddard, he was told off to see after Sir Henry, and by evening he seemed a goodish bit better, and the doctor didn't think there was any danger, he leaves left him for a bit with little Miss Crasley, who couldn't be persuaded to leave his side—she was that fond of him and Master Charles, who had left the house but a few days before, and how he's seen it again that very moment, entering the shrubberies."

"What did you say to that?"
"Why, sir, my first thought was for my lady, who had left the house but a short time before. Whatever would she do, I said, if she met the man and he was rude to her. I had seen her in the hall wrapping a dark mantle round her head and shoulders, and I had ventured to say, surely she was never going out at such a time—half past six, sir, and such a dark evening—and she replied that she had a headache and must have some fresh air, so, of course, I said no more. Mrs. Goddard and me, we looked at the dining-room windows for over half an hour, and then we saw my lady coming out of the shrubberies by herself. I went to meet her in the hall and her cloak was wringing wet. I said: "It is to be hoped that you won't catch your death of cold, my lady." And she said: "I'm so upset about this affair, Nelson, that I don't know if I'm standing on my head or on my heels." But I never saw nothing of the man, sir, and when I asked my lady if she'd seen him, she called me a fool, and said it was too dark to see anything! Which it was, sir."
"On what terms have you servants usually been with the Dowager Lady Ellesmere, Mrs. Nelson?" I asked.
"Well, sir, not what you may call over and above good! Mary's the time I would have given warning, if it hadn't been for the old master. Her temper's high, and she haven't much consideration for her servants. Now she hadn't for Sir Henry, neither, though he wouldn't hear a word against her! But I, for one, wasn't surprised, when I heard her contents of the will, for I knew he loved his son at heart, though my lady had come so much between them of late years. He never really meant to leave his money away from Master Charles, not for one moment, and my lady, she knew as much, too! I've heard her coax him again and again to give her them jewels, but he always made the same answer, that they weren't his to give!"
"Is this all you can tell me, Mrs. Nelson?"
"It is all, sir."
"Which of the other servants saw the most of Sir Henry in his last hours?"
"Only Rachel Marks, sir."
"Well, send Rachel Marks to me here!"
The old woman curtsied herself out of the room again, and in another minute her place was taken by a bright, rosy-cheeked girl of about twenty, all eyes and blushes, stuffing a corner

of her apron in her mouth the while she spoke to me.
"Are you called Rachel Marks?" I began.
"Oh, yes, sir; but I hope you're not going to write down anything I say, because I never set eyes on them jewels till my lady called me to her and asked me if they wasn't beautiful, and she said they would be hers as likely as not when Sir Henry died, and all I answered was: "Yes, and I never see them again, sir, as sure as I'm a living woman!"
"I am certain you did not! How could you when they were always locked away. Have you a young man, Rachel? But I needn't ask the question. You're too pretty a girl to want a beau!"
Rachel reddened and smiled.
"It's like your impudence to ask" she replied, with the effrontery, with which a pretty woman always feels she can address even a constable of the law; "but of course I have. Haven't you a young woman yourself, now?"
"And you met him on the Tuesday evening following the day you saw the jewels?"
"I'm sure I didn't," said Rachel, opening her eyes. "You ask Mrs. Nelson if I did. Why, I only have every other Sun-



All Giggles and Blushes.

day out. And Tuesday evening is my time for washing the line things, and I always do them in her room, so she's the best person to apply to if you want to know where he was on Tuesday evening. But what if I did go out? What do you want to insinuate?"
"Nothing, my dear, nothing," I replied in my pleasantest manner, "and how many more maids are there at the Gables besides yourself?"
"There's only Molly the kitchen maid, and Miss Townsend, my lady's own maid, sir, and Molly she's never upstairs, and Miss Townsend she's never downstairs, so they didn't hear nothing of the quarreling and that."



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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