

ONE-HALF PRICE SALE CONTINUES

ONE-HALF PRICES WILL SELL EVERYTHING

Especially if they are affixed to Desirable, Fresh and Seasonable Goods, like those we have had such an extraordinary sale on for two weeks past.

We have doubled our expectations.

\$10.00

For choice of about 200 Men's Winter Suits (this season's make) in Fine Worsted, Cassimeres, Tweeds and Cheviots, in Cutaways, Single and Double-Breasted Sacks, that formerly sold for \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20 and even \$22, all go now for one price of \$10 each. **CASH ONLY.** We are doing just as we advertise.

\$5.00

For choice of 200 Young Men's Suits, as fine Suits as any one could wish to wear. They formerly sold for \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15. These suits are selling fast. Secure a choice **NOW, CASH ONLY.**

"SPECIAL"

One Thousand Men's Negligee Shirts, with collars attached, with two collars and cuffs detached. All sizes, 14 to 17, formerly selling for \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, will be sacrificed at **FIFTY CENTS** each. We also continue selling Underwear at **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** each. Ties, two for Twenty-Five Cents.

It may be of interest to you to know that the **ONE-HALF PRICES**, the very lowest you've ever seen, are marked on these goods, and that almost give-away figures are the only ones you'll find on the balance of our Winter Overcoat.

COLLINS & HACKETT

Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers

220 Lackawanna Avenue

HUSBAND TAKEN BACK

But George Carr's Selfishness Had Cost Him Ten Hard Years.

Black and White.

The bed stood in the middle of the room, its foot to the open window. From far beneath came up the night hum of Chicago, but it was quieted by the distance to a mere lullaby. So high was the top of the great hotel that the garish blue-white of the electric lights which so lavishly dotted the city were toned down to a gentle luminous haze.

The man on the bed tossed from side to side uneasily, rolled on to his back, lay with his mouth upon the pillow. In his right hand he held crumpled a letter written in woman's writing, and as certain waves of dream crept over him he ruminated the letter savagely and mumbled through his teeth words of inarticulate fury. At last his dream seemed to culminate, and he broke into a paroxysm of coughing, which awoke him.

His senses, dim at first, drew rapidly to the alert. His eyes so recently closed, with sleep, opened quickly to their fullest stretch. His nostrils worked like the nostrils of a dog on a trail.

"Smoke! Tobacco smoke? I don't think so. It smells to me like the reek of burning wood."

His eyes were beginning to open wide with the unnatural expansion of terror. George Carr had been in America before, and knew what these things portended. Quickly dropping his feet onto the boards of the floor, he walked across them, unlocked his door, and, opening it, looked into the passage. He had no doubt then as to what had occurred. Not far below him was the crisp crackling of flames, and mingled with it came the cries of badly frightened women and men.

"My God, the hotel is on fire," he exclaimed. "It is built of wood from cellar to roof tree; it is crammed with people; and I am alone under the shingles on the eleventh floor!"

He went out into the landing in his night-gear as he was, and attempted to descend. Columns of gray vapor which stung the eyes and nostrils rolled up the shaft of the stairway; and, looking over the balusters, he saw through the smoke arms of tawny flame which shot greedily towards him. The heat was terrific; it drove him back to his room even before the smoke forced a retreat. Baked by the continued heat of summer, the great wooden hotel was

burning as though it had been anointed with tar.

Carr ran back to his bedroom and stood in the middle of the floor, trembling like a leaf. He still held in his fingers the crumpled letter in a woman's handwriting—his wife's; but remembering it, he broke out into new fury, and tore it into tiny squares, which fluttered like white butterflies before the rising draught.

Grating, heartless wretch that she is, he cried, "If it had not been for this letter, sending me to make more money, and still more money, I should be catching this morning's home boat from New York harbor. As it is, I'm here to burn slowly to death unless I choose to make a quicker ending of it by jumping out on to the road two hundred feet below." He gave a fierce snort of a laugh. "Suicide is wrong; we are told. I wonder if it would be sinful for me to end my miserable life, instead of out of me here. It is a nice point, but I shall not argue it out now. I'm going to shut my eyes and jump into oblivion."

He walked steadily across to the window, put one leg over the sill, and looked down from a dizzy height which no fire escape on earth could span. Flames were beginning to jet through many of the windows below. In the street two steam fire-engines were already at work; others were coming up with teams at a furious gallop. The black carpet of people in the vacant spaces had a curious white mottling of unburned faces. Carr threw the other leg over the sill, and, stooping over, wondered where he should drop. He wanted to fall clear, and—ghastly thought would come—he did not want to splash anybody.

The booming roar of the flames in the shaft of the stairs drew near and nearer. It was of no use to wait; it hardly help none would come. He made up his mind that he would jump then without more torturing delay. But, when it came to the actual leap, his limbs somewhat failed him. He seemed physically unable to leave his seat on the ledge.

"Bah! what a coward I am!" he cried, "feeling to lean into necessary death with my face towards it. I suppose I have a woman's nerve just now. I must humor myself like a woman."

He turned about, breast to the sill and forcing himself steadily down till all his body hung against the wooden wall suspended only by the finger tips. And then he saw something which caused such a revulsion of feeling that he was within an ace of relaxing his hold and being dashed to rags in the street below.

Gradually, however, his muscles stiffened again, and he drew himself up and fell faint and trembling on the board floor of his bedroom. Screwed to the jamb of the window was a stout eye-bolt; fastened to this was a long coil of rope. These things are the ordinary accompaniments of American hotel bedrooms anywhere above the first floor, and Carr had seen them scores of times before. Nothing but the excitement and the scare under which he was laboring could have allowed him to forget them on leaving his bed at the first alarm. Still feeling sick and dizzy, Carr gathered himself up from the floor, and with trembling fingers set about casting the rope from its coil. The stuff tangled, and in his hasty clumsiness he tied it into hard knots. Time was wasted.

At last, however, the long snaky length of rope was flung out of the

window, and gripping it with his hands and legs, the fugitive started his descent. He was no practiced climber, and the rough hemp ate the skin from his hands as it passed through them; but such an inconvenience was only of slight moment. A far greater danger encompassed him, by faring his delay the fire had gained in strength and ferocity, and torrents of yellow blaze were pouring from dozens of windows. He had to pass through two of these, and emerged at each lower side soiled and blackened. But the rope remained, hanging like a thin black snake in the heart of the flicking tongues of fire, getting deeper and deeper charred every moment. How long would it continue to hold him?

Fully conscious of his new peril, he let the coil slip past him still more rapidly, till it felt as though his hands were being cut through to the very bone by a red-hot saw; and then it broke.

He felt a numbing rush through the air, a jarring thud as of ten thousand earthquakes, some shooting before his eyes and that was all. Oblivion held him entire.

Later on the doctor presented the patient, over whom there had been some controversy, with a paper which contained a lengthy account of the fire, and the patient recalled at the inventive powers of Chicago journalists. When, however, he came to the list of the killed, about which there could not well be any sentimental romancing, he put the paper down with a start. For awhile he lay still, with eyes fixed on the ceiling. Then his glance descended again and roved about the ward rather grimly. Finding that no one was noticing him, he once more picked up the paper. Yes, there it was, in unimpeachable black and white, the third in the list of the killed, "George H. Carr of Winfield, England." Curiosity made his search further among the columns, and he found the method of his death described with gruesome adjectives and lurid headlines. This last proved to be imaginative, as it men-

tioned that he had never been seen alive after retiring for the night.

Yet it was a bad conjecture of what might have occurred to a man who was slowly suffocated to death.

Again the paper fluttered to the floor, and again Carr's eyes sought the ceiling. He was thinking very hard indeed, and could not quite make up his mind to something. A course seemed open before him, a course which had some drawbacks, but a multitude of good points. For one thing, it would ease him forever of his wife, who had tormented his love into something akin to hatred; for another—

"The doctor came and broke into his reverie."

"Say, friend, I want to know your name. The hotel registers are burned, and the nurses wish to print a list of survivors, so that we may get on with more accuracy how many poor wretches are missing. It's been a sad business. Many deaths, and what did you say your name was, sir?"

It was now or never. The choice had to be made or the chance missed.

"Carr."

"The doctor noted it down on his cuff. 'Initials, please.'"

"Henry G."

"Where of? You're English, I guess— isn't that so?"

"Yes, a Londoner."

"Thanks. I won't ask you how do you like our country; perhaps you've got rather a bad first impression. But that'll wear off, sir. You'll like it before you've done."

"I hope so," said the patient dreamily. "I'm here in America to stay. I hope I shall get on."

"Hope so, I'm sure," said the doctor briskly. "Wish you every kind of luck."

An outcast, ragged, bent, and prematurely aged, stopped beside a high peak of the slushy snow of an English spring and flowed across the soles of his bursting boots; the chill of the wind bit savagely through his ragged clothes. Presently the way gave place to a sunk fence, and the tramp stopped and gazed at the view. Over an expanse of park, and lawn, and woods of an Elizabethan country house, trim, solid, graceful. As he watched, a fallow deer came out into the open, gazed at him for a moment in haughty impudence, and then trotted into cover.

The tramp, with a sigh, started wearily on his way. "It seems even grander than I was told of," he murmured to himself. "Wealth, comfort, happiness everywhere. And it might all have been mine. Every stick and every shrub left to the wife and me between us. It fell to me by will the day before I died; the day before I was burnt to ashes in the Chicago fire. Fancy the irony of that! The day before? Why didn't the news reach me? I'd a fine fund of selfishness about me then."

"And then Louise was right after all. It was her duty to urge me to business. I was lazy on the day was long then; and she told me of it, and I hated her for speaking. I've thought since over that letter, and the pain it must have caused her to write."

"Eh, well, that's all past and done with. I died. I was full of conceit in myself, and thought an American fortune was easily made, even if it was sometimes lost with suddenness. Pah! I never reached the first rung of the ladder. I never rose above laboring with my hands at unskilled trades; and it was being constantly shown me how I was an indifferent laborer at that."

"No, I've missed it, badly; and all through my own shortsighted fault. I might have had wife, children and a stately home. What I do have is my share of the queen's wet highway, and weary aches to lie down upon. Of myself I shall never be more than what I am—a broken waster. But there is one thing I won't do, and that's ask help from her. She'd give it, if I sought for it; she'd call me back as her husband if she knew me to be alive; she'd share with me willingly what I, perhaps, after all, legally mine to share.



CAUTION

TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they 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.

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