

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

Mr. Markham's Private Secretary.

By ROBERT CROMIE.

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Mr. Henry Markham, M. P., had accepted an invitation from his political friend, Sir George Howard, to his country house. As the visit was more political than private, Mr. Markham brought his private and political secretary, John Warrington, with him. An important measure was before the house, and a division was expected to take place immediately. Sir George represented land, Mr. Markham capital, and Warrington knew more about both than either. Besides, Mr. Markham was vicariously engaged on a work dealing in bimetallicism. Warrington had ideas on the subject, and Mr. Markham believed in these so far that he had decided to put a new name to them.

"Warrington," he explained to Sir George, "is a duced clever fellow. He works up my speeches; you see I am very busy; and upon my soul I could not do them better myself."

This statement was scrupulously true. Mr. Markham and his secretary achieved immediate and merited unpopularity with Sir George Howard's household and guests. Markham was ignorant, ill-bred, and arrogant. The secretary was a man of undoubted natural gifts—he was highly educated and had a fine literary style—but he was lacking in the savoir vivre that makes civilization worth while. A strong character, he wanted that precise mental adjustment necessary to those who make the best of life as it is and leave the conduct of life as it ought to be to remote posterity. Warrington's apparent indifference to his own and his chief's social failure was pure affectation. He was miserable and tried to disguise his emotion by an overdone cynicism and a preposterous interest in bimetallicism. He worked night and day at Mr. Markham's book with only an hour off in the afternoon for pistol practice—his sole recreation.

Miss Marion Howard, Sir George's only child and mistress of his house, was at first civil to the private and political secretary. It was her duty. Bimetallicism she earnestly believed to be a bore, though a harmless one, but when she discovered that the bimetallicist was also a socialist she was not sure that she ought not to send for the police.

Howard received the report of the committee she laughed immoderately. So they had had their trouble for nothing. At the same time the girl did not forgive the secretary certain sins of omission. He had treated her from the first with marked indifference. Still she was glad of the overthrow of the committee. She wanted to be her own executive.

Next morning Miss Howard received a written application from the secretary. He required his meals served in the room where he worked; otherwise he would have them provided in the village. This was a terrible dilemma. To give way to a private and continuous secretary was not pleasant. But to allow a stranger within the gates to seek in the village what it must be presumed had been denied in the castle was unthinkable. Miss Marion did not forget this to the man who had set the traditions of a thousand years at defiance. Warrington had his meals in the room given over to him. They were splendid feasts. He ate what he required of the simpler foods and ignored the mystic delicacies. He made good progress with Mr. Markham's book on bimetallicism.

Miss Howard told her best girl friend that she began to hate the secretary heartily on his own merits. She often met him as he was entering or leaving the castle for his daily walk. When she was wearing a new or particularly attractive gown she was certain to meet him. This coincidence was without exception. The secretary's tired face began to brighten as she passed. Her antipathy was really less violent than she had described to her friend, but he was still unamiable. He had not yet bent the knee and did not seem likely to do so.

The mistress of the castle was going on a round of visits. She was beautifully dressed. It was the secretary's hour for "knocking off." But he did not knock off at all that day. Consequently Miss Howard found him in his working-room at the time when he should have been out of it. She only waited a moment; just long enough to leave the breath of a delicate perfume and the recollection of a charming face figure and costume with the secretary. He looked up as she was going out with a short apology for her presence. He had been working hard that day.

"Thank you," he said, quietly.

"For what?" she asked, surprised.

"For letting me see you in that dress. It helps me with this," he indicated the mass of manuscript on the table. "It is kind of you, I hope you will have a pleasant day."

"Do you dare to say," she cried, "that I came here to exhibit myself?"

"A change came over his face—a change so sudden and so ugly that she stopped sharply.

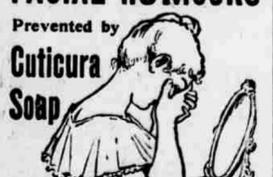
"I beg your pardon," he said, coldly. "It is altogether my fault. I thought it would have given you pleasure to know that you had done a kindly act, even though you did it unaccompanied. I am sorry that you are angry with me for being grateful. I shall not offend you again."

He arose and proceeded to her to the door as confidently as if he were his own. And he bowed her out with a dignified courtesy which he could not have cooped if a thousand dancing masters had posed for him. His grievance lent him grace. She said "good afternoon" frigidly. He returned her salutation with studied politeness. They did not meet again for several days.

To be concluded.

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lice. The secretary's fate was sealed. Henceforth there must be a great taboo. Warrington was a dangerous character. But the great division was still in the future. The dangerous character must perform to be tolerated for the present. A committee of public safety was meantime organized. Its president was a public school boy and its action was worthy of its president.

One evening the secretary was strolling through the grounds thinking about bimetallicism and other things. In a dark corner of a shrub-bordered path he stumbled over the outstretched legs of a man lying on the grass. Warrington apologized, but the man was not appeased. His coarse, face, enormous muscles, and whole set-up could hardly be mistaken; he was a prize-fighter, or should have been. He would accept no apology.

"I have apologized," Warrington said. "What more do you want?"

"I want to know if, as you think yourself a man, you'll put up your fists."

"No," said Warrington. "I won't. But I'll tell you what I will do. He put his hand into his hip pocket and snatched out a short, black object with a barrel, which he pointed at the man's face. "If you advance a single step I'll put a bullet in your skull."

"The man fell back. There was a slight movement in the shrubbery. Warrington noticed it.

"Observe," said sharply. "You think I could not hit you in the head in this light? See me take that branch off the tree?" He pointed the pistol straight at the densest growth of undervood. There was a hasty scramble and the sound of running footsteps. The pugilist again gave ground.

"Go," said Warrington. "And if ever you molest me again I'll fire first and think the matter over afterwards."

In the smoking-room that evening, Warrington was reading and smoking a cigar, when young Charlie Telford, the president of the committee explained.

"What do you think of a sweep who draws a revolver on an unarmed man?"

"That he is a sweep," came so unambiguously it was evident the scene had been rehearsed.

Warrington did not appear to hear.

"What do you say, Warrington?" Telford asked, pointedly.

"It deepens," replied the secretary, "upon what the unarmed man was doing—going to do so. If he was inoffensive the man with the gun was a criminal ruffian."

"Suppose the unarmed man was offensive?"

"Then the man with the gun was an ass."

"For not firing?"

"O, indeed? Perhaps, under the same circumstances, you would have fired."

"Why, certainly."

"That's curious," broke in two or three. "For they say that you yourself were modest this evening, and that you didn't fire."

"I was modest, as you say, but it wasn't necessary to fire, fortunately for me, as I had not a gun."

"We won't haggle over the word 'gun.' It is certain you had a pistol."

"O, dear, no," said Warrington, knocking the ash from his cigar. "I had only a pipecase."

The subject was dropped, and with it the private secretary. When Miss

working-room at the time when he should have been out of it. She only waited a moment; just long enough to leave the breath of a delicate perfume and the recollection of a charming face figure and costume with the secretary. He looked up as she was going out with a short apology for her presence. He had been working hard that day.

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