Out of Business -

Closing Out Sale

that this is the

Only Genuine

The finest \$10 and \$12

Business Suits

ever sold, go at-

go in one lot at-

here when you came and to let him know at

"I am," said the old man firmly. "That's

Now, what you want to know is how

"Well, unfortunately, the truth is about as gloomy as it can be. He's been going

from bad to worse, and no man is more sorry

"Yes. There is no use deluding ourselves. Frankly, I have no hope for him. There is

not one chance in 10,000 of his recovering

The old man caught his breath, and leaned

on his came for support. He realized now the hollowness of his previous anger. He had

never for a moment believed the boy was

tom, he had suddenly come upon a ghastly

be had for the money. We always take

As he turned to order the liquor he noticed

for the first time the placard on the cup. "Now, who the dickens put that there?"

he cried angrily. "There is no use in giving up before you're thrashed." Saying which.

he took off the placard, tore it up, and threw it into the waste basket.

"Does Richard drink?" asked the old man

huskily, remembering the eulogy on the Spe-

No. it's all right for old fellows like you and me to indulge in the Special—pless it—but a young man who needs to keep his nerves in order has to like you are to reason.

order has to live like a monk. I imagine it's a love affair. Of course, there's no use ask-

ng you; you would be the last one to know.

When he came in tonight I saw he was wor-

ried over something. I asked him what it was, but he declared there was nothing wrong. Here's the liquor. You'll find that

The old man guiped down some of the

"It is true that you induced my son to

"Certainly, I heard what he could do from

man I had confidence in, and I said to my-

celebrated "Special." then he said:

going to the bad. Down underneath

"Yes: I want to know the truth."

"Do you mean to tell me so?"

even when new.

why I'm here."

than I am."

are moving.

he cried angrily.

it reaches the spot."

join this club?

he is getting along?"

Going

************* "And the Rigor of the Game."

BY ROBERT BARR.

Old Mr. Saunders went home with bowed head and angry brow. He had not known that Dick was in the habit of coming in late, but he had now no doubt of the fact. He himself went to bed early and slept soundly, as a man with a good conscience is entitled to do. But the boy's mother must have known the hours he kept, yet she had said nothing; this made the matter all the blacker. The father felt that mother and son were leagued against him. He had been too lenient; now he would go to the root of things. The young man would speedily change his ways or take the consequences. There would be no half measures.

Poor old Mrs. Saunders saw, the moment her husband came in, that there was a storm brewing, and a wild fear arose in her heart that her boy was the cause. The first words of the old man settled the question. "What time did Richard come in last night?"

"I-I don't know," she hesitated. "Shuf-fling," her husband always called it. She had been a buffer between father and son since Dick was a child.

"Why don't you know Who let him in." She sighed. The secret had long weighed upon her, and she felt it would come at some

"He has a key," she said at last.
The old man glared in speechless amaze-



"HOW ARE YOU, MR. SAUNDERS?" ment. In his angriest mood he had never suspected anything so bad as this.

"A key. How long has he had a key?"
"About six months. He did not want disturb us."

"He is very thoughtful! Where does spend his nights?" "I don't know. He told me he belongs to club, where he takes some kind of exercise."

"Did he tell you he exercised with cards "Did he tell you he exercised with cards?
Did he say it was a gambling club?"
"I don't believe it is; I am sure Dick
deesn't gamble. Dick is a good bey, father."
"A precious lot you know about it, evidently. Do you think his employer, Banker
Hammond, has any idea his clerk belongs
to a gambling club?"
"I am sure I don't know. Is there any

"I am sure I don't know. Is there any-thing wrong? Has any one been speaking to you about Dick?"

"Yes; and not to his credit."
"Oh, dear!" cried the mother in anguish.
"Was it Mr. Hammond?"

"I have never spoken to Hammond in my life," said the old man, relenting a little when he saw how troubled his wife was. "Now, I propose to stop this club business before it gets to the banker's ears that one of his clerks is a nightly attendant there. You will see Robert when he comes home this evening; tell him I wish to have a word or two with him tonight. He is to wait for me here. I will be in shortly after he has

lease advise and do not threaten. Angr. words can do no good."

"I will do my duty," said the old man, un compromisingly. Gantle Mrs. Saunders sighed-for she well knew the phrase about duty. It was a sure prelude to domestic trouble. When the old gentleman undertook to do his duty he nailed

'See that he waits for me tonight," was the parting shot as the old man closed the

his flag to the mast.

oor behind him. Mrs. Saunders had had her share of trouble in the world, as every woman must who lives with a cantankerous man. When she could save her son a harsh word, or even complainingly. The old man's severity had put him out of touch with his son. Dick sullenly resented his boyhood of confear. During recent years, when bad gradually diminished and

finally disappeared, he was somewhat trou-bled to find that the natural affection, which son should have for his father, had van-He had, on several occasions, made half-hearted attempts at a better under young man avoided his father as much as for possible; he would not have remained at you possible; he would not have remained at you before, home had it not been for his mother. Her The look steady, unwavering affection for him, her be-lief in him, and the remembrance of how "Mother, it is impossible, really it is. often felt it would be a pleasure to go wrong, merely to refute his father's ideas regarding the way a child should be brought up. Yet a sort of admiration for the old man, whose many good qualities were some-what over-shadowed by his brutal temper.



"WE'LL WALK HOME TOGETHER. had his supper alone, as was usual with him. Mrs. Scunders drew her chair near the table, and while the mest went on she talked of many things, but avoided the subject upper-most in her hind, which she postponed until the last moment. Perhaps after all she would not need to ask him to stay; he might re-main of his own accord. She watched him narrowly as she talked, and saw with alarm that there was anxiety in his face. Some care was worrying him and ste yearned to have him confide his trouble to her. And yet she talked and talked of other things. She noticed that he made but a poor pretense of eating, and that he allowed her to talk, while he made for realizations.

while he made few replies and those absent-

mindedly. At last he pushed back his chair with a laugh that sounded forced.
"Well, mother," he said, "what is it? Is
there a row on, or is it merely looming in there a row on, or is it merely looming in the horizon? Has the Lord of creation—"
"Hush, Dick; you mustn't talk in that way. There is nothing much the matter, I hope? I want to speak with you about your club."
Dick looked sharply at his mother for a moment, thin he said: "Well,
"What does father want to know about the club? Does he wish to join?"
"I didn't say your father—"

"I didn't say your father-"
"No, you didn't say it; but, my dear mother, you are as transparent as glass. I can see right through you and away beyond. Now, somebody has been talking to father about the club and he is on the warpath. Well, what does he want to know?"

what does he want to know?"

"He said it was a gambling club."

"Right for once."

"Oh, Dick, is it?"

"Certainly it is. Most clubs are gambling clubs, and drinking clubs. I don't suppose the True Blues gamble more than others, but I'll bet they don't gamble any less."

"Oh, Dick, Dick, I'm sorry to hear that. And Dick, my darling boy—do you—"

"Do I gamble, mother? No, I don't. I know you'll believe me, though the old man won't. But it's true, nevertheless. I can't afford it, for it takes money to gamble and I'm not as rich as old Hammond yet."

"Oh, yes, Dick, dear, and that reminds me. Another thing your father feared was that

Another thing your father feared was that Mr. Hammond might come to know you were a member of the club. It might hurt your prospects in the bank," she added, not wishing to frighten the boy with the threat of dismissal she felt sure would follow the revelation. revelation.

Dick threw back his head and roared. For

Dick threw back his head and roared. For the first time that evening the lines of care left his brow. Then seeing his mother's look of incomprehension he sobered down, repressing his mirth with some difficulty. "Mother," he said at last, "things have changed since father was a boy; I'm afraid he hardly appreciates how much. The old terrifying relations between employer and terrifying relations between employer and

employe do not exist now-at least, that is "Still if Mr. Hammond came to know that you spent your evenings at—"
"Mother, listen to me a moment. Julius Hammond proposed me for membership in the club—my employer! I should never have thought of joining if it hadn't been for him. You remember my last raise in salary? You thought it was for merit, of course, and father thought it was luck. Well, it was neither—or both, perhaps. Now, this is confidential and to yourself only. I wouldn't tell it to any one else. Hammond called me into his priva'e office one afternoon when the bank was closed, and said 'Saunders I want a message taken there to Dick. "I want a message taken there to Dick. "I want a message taken there to Dick. and it must go quickly. Don't you think you could run there—"
"It would be quicker to telegraph, ma'am," said Jane, who was not anxious to run any-where. "There's telegraph paper in Mr. Richard's room, and the office is just around the corner."
"That's it, Jane; I'm glad you thought of the course, and father thought it was luck. Well, it was incited the could be quicker to telegraph, ma'am," said Jane, who was not anxious to run any-where. "There's telegraph paper in Mr. Richard's room, and the office is just around the corner."
"That's it, Jane; I'm glad you thought of the course, and father thought it was luck. Well, it was the could be quicker to telegraph, ma'am," it want a message taken there to Dick. "Still if Mr. Hammond came to know that

bank was closed, and said 'Saunders, I want you to join the Athletic club; I'll propose you.' I was amazed and told him I couldn't

hat still on and crossed his hands over the knob of his atout walking stick, watching the clock that ticked slowly against the wall. Under these distressing circumstances the old woman lost her presence of mind and did the very thing she should not have done. She should have agreed with him, but in-stead of that she opposed the plan, and so made it inevitable. It would be a cruel thing, she said, to shame her son before his friends. she said, to shame her son before his triends, to make him a laughing stock among his ac-quaintances. Whatever was to be said could be said as well tomorrow night as tonight and that in their own home, where, at least no stranger would overhear. As the old man made no answer, but silently watched the clock, she became almost indignant with him. She felt she was culpable in entertaining even the slightest suspicion of such a feeling against her lawful husband, but it did seen to her that he was not acting judiciously toward Dick. She hoped she might turn his resentment from their son to herself and would have welcomed any outburst that would be directed against her alone. In this excited state, being brought, as it were to bay, she had the temerity to say:

"You were wrong about one thing, and you may also be wrong in thinking Dick-in-in what you think about Dick."

The old man darted one lowering look at her, and though she trembled, she welcomed the glance as indicating the success of her

red herring.
"What was I wrong about?" "You were wrong-Mr. Hammond knows Dick is a member of the club. He is a member himself, and he insisted Dick join. That's why he raised his salary."

"A likely story! Who told you that?"
"Dick told me himself." "And you believed it, of course!" Saunders laughed in a sneering, cynical sort of way and resumed his scrutiny of the clock. The old woman gave up the fight and began to weep silently, hoping, but in vain, to hear the light step of her son approaching the door. The clock struck the hour, the old man rose without a word, drew his hat further over his brow and left the house.

Up to the last moment Mrs. Saunders hardly believed her husband would carry out his threat. Now, when she realized he was determined, she had one wild thought of flying to the club and warning her son. A moment's consideration put that idea out of the question. She called the serving maid, who came, as it seemed to the anxious woman, with exasperating deliberation.

"Jane," she cried, "do you know where the "Jane," she cried, "do you know where the Athletic club is? Do you know where Cen-

ter street is?"

Jane knew neither club nor locality.
"I want a message taken there to Dick All those fine \$18 Dressy Suits

She wrote with a trembling hand, as plain She wrote with a trembing hand, as plain-ly as she could, so that her son might have no difficulty in reading: "Richard Saunders, Athletic Club, Center Street: Your father is coming to see you. He will be at the club before half an hour." you. I was amazed and told him I couldn't afford it. 'Yes you can,' he answered. I'm Street: Your father is coming to see you. going to raise your salary double the amount of entrance fee and annual. If you don't join I'll cut it down.' So I joined. I think I should have been a fool if I hadn't."

"Dick, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Richard Saunders, Athletic Club, Center Street: Your father is coming to see you. "There is no need to sign it; he will know his mother's writing," said Mrs. Saunders as she handed the message and the money to Jane; and Jane made no comment, for



What in the world did he want you to join "Well, mother," said Dick, looking at his watch, "that's a long story, I'll tell it to you some other evening. I haven't time to-night. I must be off."

'Oh, Dick, don't go tonight. Please stay at home for my sake."
Dick smoothed his mother's gray hair and

"Telegraph to them and put it off. Stay r my sake tonight, Dick. I never asked The look of anxiety came into his face

she had stood up for him, especially when he be again. Anyhow I know was in the wrong, had bound her to him with it is father who wants me to stay, not you. bonds soft as silk and strong as steel. He I presume he's on the duty tack. I think what he has to say will keep till tomorrow night. If he must work off some of his sen-timents on gambling, let him place his efforts where they are needed—let him tackle Jule Hammond, but not during business hours." "You surely don't mean to say that a respected business man—a banker like Mr. Hammond—gambles?"

"Don't 1? Why, Hammond's a plunger from Plungerville, if you know what that means. From 9 to 3 he is the strictest and best business business man in the city. you spoke to him then of the True Blue Ath-letic club he wouldn't know what you were talking about. But after 3 o'clock he'll take any odds you like to offer, from matching pennies to backing an unknown horse," Mrs. Saunders sighed. It was a wicked world into which her boy had to go to earn his living, evidently.

"And now, mother, I must really be off.
I'll stay at home tomorrow night and take my scolding like a man. Good night." He kissed her and hurrled away before she could say anything more, leaving her sitting there with folded hands to await, with her customary patience and just a trifle of ap-, the coming of her husband. There was no mistaking the heavy footfall. Mrs. Saunders smiled sadly as she heard it, re-membering that Dick had said once that, even if he were safe within the gates of paradise, the sounds of his father's foot-steps would make the chills run up his backbone. She had reproved the levity of the remark at the time, but she often thought of

especially when she knew there was trou-e ahead—as there usually was. "Where's Richard? Isn't he home yet?" were the old man's first words.
"He has been home, but he had to go out again. He had an appointment."

Did you tell him I wanted to speak with "Yes, and he said he would stay home to morrow night."
"Did he know that I said tonight?"

"I'm sure that I told him you—"
"Don't shuffle now. He either knew or did not. Which is it?" "Yes, he knew, but he thought it might not be urgent, and he-"That will do. Where is his appointment?"

"At the club, I think." "Ah-h-h!" The old man dwelt on the ex-clamation as if he had at last drawn out the reluctant worst.

"Did he say when he would be home?" "Very well. I will wait half an hour for him, and if he is not in by that time I will go to his club and have my talk with him there."

Old Mr. Saunders sat grimly down with his

she knew as little of telegraphing as did her mistress. Then the old woman, having done her best, prayed that the telegram might arrive before her husband; and her praye was answered, for electricity is more speedy than an old man's legs.

Meanwhile Mr. Saunders strode along from made half-hearted attempts at a better understanding, but these attempts had unfortunately fallen on inopportune moments when the old man was not particularly gracious to the old man was not particularly gracious to the old man was not particularly gracious to at the club."

Dick smoothed his mother's gray hair and kissed her on the forehead. Then he said:
"Won't tomorrow night do as well, mother? I can't stay tonight. I have an appointment at the club." to be master in his own house. He talked argrily to himself as he went along, and was to find his anger lessening as he neared his destination. Anger must just to hold its own during a brisk walk in evening air that is cool and sweet.

Mr. Saunders was somewhat abashed to find the club building a much more imposing edifice than he had expected. There was no low, groggy appearance about the True athletic edifice. It was brilliantly lit from basement to attic. A group of men, with hands in pockets, stood on the curb as it waiting for something. There was an air of occasion about the place. The old man inquired of one of the loafers if that was the

"Yes, it is," was the answer; "are you intend to."

"Are you a member?"

"Got an invitation?"

"Then I suspect you won't go in. We've tried every dodge ourselves."
The possibility of not getting in had never occurred to the old gentleman, and the thought that his son, safe within the sacred precincts of a club, might defy him, flogged his flagging anger and aroused his dogged

"I'll try, at least," he said, going up the The men watched him with a smile on their lips. They saw him push the electric button, whereupon the door opened slightly. There was a brief, unheard parley; then the door swung wide open, and, when Mr. Saun-ders entered, it shut again.

"Well, I'm blest!" said the man on the arb; "I wonder how the old duffer worked I wish I had asked him." None of the rest made any comment; they were struck dumb with amazement at the success of the old gentleman, who had even to ask if that

were the club.

When the porter opened the door he rebefore by the man on the curb. "Have you an invitation, sir?"
"No," answered the old man, deftly placing

his stick so that the barely opened door could not be closed until it was withdrawn. "No! I want to see my son, Richard Saun-ders. Is he inside?" porter instantly threw open the door.

"Yes, sir," he sa'd. "They're expecting you, sir. Kindly come this way, sir."

The old man followed, wondering at the cordiality of his reception. There must be some mistake. Expecting him? How could some mistake. Expecting him? How could that be! He was led into a most sumptuou parlor, where a cluster of electric lamps in the ceiling threw a soft radiance around the

"Be seated, sir. I shall tell Mr. Hammond that you are here." "But—stop a moment—I don't want to see
Mr. Hammond. I have nothing to do with
Mr. Hammond. I want to see my son. Is it
Mr. Hammond, the banker?" "Yes, sir. He told me to bring you in

The old man drew his hand across his brow, and ere he could reply the porter had disappeared. He sat down in one of the exceedingly easy leather chairs and gazed in bewilderment around the room. The fine pictures on the walls related exclusively to sporting subjects. A trim yacht, with its tall, slim maste and towering cloud of canvas at an apparently dangerous angle, seemed sailing directly at the spectator. Pugilists, naked to the waists, held their tiptoe through between the curtains into a High Flyers, however, cried, "Decision! Devas at an apparently dangerous angle, seemed sailing directly at the spectator. horses, in states of activity and at rest,

large room filled with silent men earnestly watching a player at a billiard table in the were interspersed here and there. In the center of the room stood a pedestal of black center of the apartment. Temporary seats had been built around the walls, tier above tior, and every place was taken. Saunders noticed his son standing near the table in his shirt sleeves, with his cue butt downward on the ground. His face was pale and his life correspond. marble, and upon it rested a huge silver vase encrusted with ornamentation. The old man did not know that this elaborate specimen of the silversmith's art was referred to as the 'Cup." Some one had hung a placard his lips compressed as he watched his opn it, bearing, in crudely scrawled letters, ponent's play like a man fascinated. Evithe words:
Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.
While the old man was wondering what his back was against the wall and ho was fighting a hopeless fight, but was grit

Old Saunders only faintly understood the all this meant the curtains suddenly parted and there entered an elderly gentleman somesituation, but his whole sympathy went out to his boy and he felt an instinctive hatred of the confident opponent who was knocking what jauntily attired in evening dress, with a rose at his button-hole. Saunders in-stantly recognized him as the banker and the balls about with a reckless accuracy which was evidently bringing dismay to the he feit a resentment at what he considered his foppish appearance, realizing almost at hearts of at least half of the onlookers. All at once there was a burst of applause he same moment the rustiness of his own

lothes, an everyday suit, not too expensive and the player stood up straight laugh. "How are you, Mr. Saundere?" cried the banker, cordially extending his hand. "I am "By Jove!" cried the banker, "he's missed. Didn't put enough stick behind it. That comes of being too blamed sure. Shouldn't very pleased indeed to meet you. We got your telegram, but thought it best not to give it to Dick. I took the liberty of opening wonder but there is going to be a turn of luck. Perhaps you'll prove a mascot, Mr. Saunders." t myself. You see we can't be too careful about these little details. I told the porter

He placed the old man on an elevated ment you came. Of course, you are anxious about your boy." seat at the back. There was a buzz of talk as young Saunders stood there chalking his cue, apparently loth to begin. Hammond mixed among the crowd, and spoke eagerly, now to one, now to another. "Certainly, certainly. So are we all, and I presume I'm the most anxious man of the

Old Saunders said to the man next to him: "What is it all about? Is this an impertant match?" "Important! You bet it is, I suppose

there's more money on this game than was ever up on a billiard match before. Why, Jule Hammond alone has \$10,000 on Saun-

lief. He was beginning to understand. The \$10,000, then, was not the figures on a defalcation.

"Yes," continued the other, "it's the great match for the cup. There's been a series of games, and this is the culminating one. Progner has won one, and Saunders one; now this game settles it. Progner is the man of the High Flyers' club. He's a good one. Saunders won the cup for this club last cruatiness was a deep love for his son and a strong faith in him. He had allowed his now. They've never had a man to touch Saunders in this club since it began. I doubt old habit of domineering to get the better of him, and now, in searching after a phanif there's another amateur like him in this country. He's a man to be proud of, though he seemed to go to pieces tonight. They'll all bet on him tomorrow if they lose "Look here." said the banker, noticing his their money, although he doesn't make anyagitation, "have a drink of our Special thing one way or another. I believe it's the Scotch with me. It is the best there is to high betting that's made him so anxious and spoiled his play." our hats when we speak of the Special in this club. Then we'll go and see how things

"Hush, hush!" was whispered around the room. Young Saunders had begun to play. home together," said Dick.
Prognor stood by with a superior smile on his lips. He was certain to go out when his turn came again.

Saunders played very carefully, taking no which, I risks, and his father watched him with absorbed, breathless interest. Though he knew nothing of the game, he soon began to see nothing of the game, he soon began to see croupy cough has appeared the attack can how points were made. The boy never always be prevented by giving this remedy. looked up from the green cloth and the balls. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping He stepped around the table to his different positions without hurry, and yet without undue tardiness. All eyes were fastened on his play, and there was not a sound in the large room but the ever recurring click-click of the balls. The father marveled at the almost magical command the player had over the lvory spheres. They came and went, rebounded and struck, seemingly because the struck of the struck of the seemingly because the struck of the struck of the seemingly because the struck of the seemingly because the struck of the struck of the seemingly because over the ivery spheres. They came and sever less than \$40,000 in one year, and owns went, rebounded and struck, seemingly because he willed this result or that. There near Cadiz, a villa and park, where in the winter he entertains his friends with lavish winter he entertains his friends with lavish mazzantini has \$400,000 invested. angles, a truth of the eye and a muscular and it is a bad year when he does not earn control that left the old man amazed that the \$50,000. Reverte once, after a triumphant combination of all these delicate niceties corrida in San Schastien, lighted a cigarette was concentrated in one person, and that with a spill rolled out of a French bank note person his own son.

At last two of the balls lay close together, and the young man, playing very deftly, ap-peared to be able to keep them in that posiself, we must have young Saunders for a tion as if he might go on scoring indefinitely, "Then don't you think you are largely to suddenly the silence was broken by Prognor

crying out:
"I don't call that billiards. It's baby play."

Still I am the chief loser. I lose \$10,000 by Instantly there was an uproar. Saunders

EOUITY CLOTHING CO.

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13th and Farnam Steets., Omaha

grounded his cue on the floor and stood calmly amidst the storm, his eyes fixed on "Good God!" cried the stricken father.

The banker looked at the old man a little nervously, as if he feared his head was not were not interrupted." "That's for the umexactly right. Then he said: "Of course you pires to decide," "Play your game, Saunwill be anxious to see how the thing ends.

Come in with me, but be careful the boy stood up with the rest, and his natural comdoesn't catch a sight of you. It might rattle him. I'll get you a place at the back, where you can see without being seen."

They rose and the banker led the way on the set down. Some of the set down. Some of the set down.

Everybody knows it now—the way goods have been going—

regardless of value or cost-has convinced the most skeptical

There are still \$40,000 worth of new choice goods to be closed

out, and the price cutting becomes deeper and deeper every day.

Every store in town

our beavers are only-

sells their brag

for \$12 and \$15,

E. &. W. Collars

the world over 25c

Overcoat

our price---

cision!"
"There is nothing to decide," said the umpire, severely. "Go on with your play, Mr. Saunders."

Then young Saunders did a thing that took away the breath of his friends. He delib-erately struck the balls with his cue ball and scattered them far and wide. A simultaneous sigh seemed to rise from the breasts of the True Blues. "That is magnificent, but it is not war,"

said the man beside old Saunders. "He has no right to throw away a single chance when he is so far behind.

"Oh, he's not so far behind. Look at the score," put in a man on the right. Saunders carefully nursed the balls up to gether once more, scored off them for a while, and again he struck them far apart This he did three times. He apparently seemed bent on showing how completely he had the table under control. Suddenly rested as before without taking his eyes from

"What does that mean?" cried the old man, excitedly, with dry lips.
"Why, don't you see? He's tied the score imagine that is an almost unprecedented run believe he's got Prognor on toast, if you

Hammond came up with flushed face and grasped the old man by the arm with a vigor that made him wince. "Did you ever see anything grander than that?" he said, under cover of the momen-

tary applause. "I'm willing to lose my \$10,-000 now without a murmur. You see you are mascot after all." old man was too much excited to

speak, but he hoped the boy would take no more chances. Again came the click-click of the balls. The father was pleased to see that Dick played now with all the care and caution he had observed at first. The silence became intense, almost painful. Every mar leaned forward and scarcely breathed. All at once Prognor strode down to the billiard table and stretched his hand across it. A cheer shook the ceiling. The cup would remain on the black marble pedestal. Saunders had won. He took the outstretched hand of his defeated opponent, and the build-

ing rang again.

Banker Hammond pushed his way through the congratulating crowd and smote the winner cordially on the shoulder. "That was a great run, Dick, my boy. The

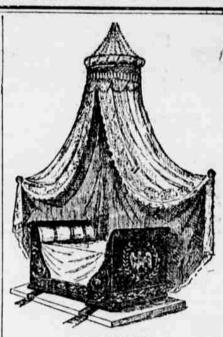
"What!" cried Dick, with a jump. "I'm very proud of you, my son," said his cleanly dressed as she. Each carried a father, when at last he reached him. "It bundle and asked questions constantly. contest like that. I'm off now; I want to tell for each child had either a black bow on the your mother about it."
"Wait a moment, father, and we'll walk

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberiain's Cough Remedy is
given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it
will prevent the attack. Even after the
will prevent the attack. Even after the
The oldest girl told the other in an awed
the oldest girl told the other in an awed

Salaries of Bull Fighters. Spanish bull fighters get salaries as large

for 1,000 francs, to show his contempt for money in general, and French money in par ticular.

Acts at once, never falls. One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that



EMP.RE.

The chance to secure such an old fashioned suit as this may recur to you two or three times in the future. But can you afford to wait and take the chances? Never have we seen a more attractive bit of Empire history than this unique bedstead. The most important consideration is the wood, which is old, richly veined Honduras mahogany, with a wonderful wealth of serpentine grainings. It takes a very high

In addition to the above suit we are offering this season some exact copies of famous old pieces of furniture at marvelously low

CHARLES SHIVERICK & CO., Furniture and Draperies, TWELFTH AND DOUGLAS STS.

NOTE—"The History of Furniture," fl-lustrated, recently published by us, will be mailed to any person upon application.

A MOTHER'S BRAVERY. Showed Her Pluck in a Trial that

I saw a sad little drama enacted the other day, and one that would touch the heart of the most cynical person that ever lived, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times.

A woman with a little flock of four children. old man was your mascot. Your luck changed and with a tiny baby in her arms, was walkthe moment he came in. Your father had his eye on you all the time." neatly dressed, and the children were as cleanly dressed as she. Each carried a little

It was evident that they were in mourning, hat or a black necktie. The mother wore a black cotton skirt and waist and a hat, around which she had twisted a piece of rusty crape veiling.

We neared a street on which is a certain

tone that "there's where we're all going."
Georgie, the eldest boy, asked scores of questions, and the brave little woman, who couraging tones. She told of the games they would play, and the hosts of children who were to play with them, until they had mounted the steps and disappeared behind

the great doors.

Perhaps it was curiosity, or perhaps it was a different feeling that made me watch for the mother to reappear. At any rate, I did

The children and the matron came to the door with her and she kissed each one ten-derly, promising to come soon and see them. Up to the corner, as far as she could see their happy faces, she waved her hand to them. As soon as she was out of their sight the tears, so long restrained, came, and I hurried away from a grief that I knew no one could assuage. Women are pretty brave and plucky, after all.

The bicycle tool makers at Toledo won their strike for a higher minimum rate of