Hayden Bros. point the way for shrewd, intelligent buyers. Special sales on men's clothing, ladies' ready-to-wear garments, furnishings and underwear, shoes, etc., etc. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BARGAIN ROOM.

Astonishing values in best furniture now on sale. Hayden Bros. are again "Letting Down the Prices on Groceries." In fact, in every department there is a general cutting down of prices to close out present stocks—which will mean profitable shopping for you Saturday.

Six-place crystal cream sets, 19c.

Mason fruit jars, pint size, 39c; quart

CUPS, SAUCERS, plates, vegetable dishes

10,000 pieces of decorated dinner and tea patterns, consisting of plates, cups and saucers, platters, bowls, vegetable dishes,

Crystal water sets, 7 pieces, 21c.
Art pottery jardiniers, 25c.
Tin top jelly glasses, per dozen, 25c.
Decorated toilet sets, 21.39.

100-piece decorated dinner sets, \$4.89.

Seven-piece berry sets, 23c.

Sheet Music Sale

Full line of fancy candles and candle

Hayden Bros, show the only complete as-

ortment of sheet music, books and folios

A splendid line of popular late music, in-

cluding nearly all the most desirable hits

in coon songs, ballads, two-steps, etc. On

sale Saturday at 15c. Call and ask to see

Read Hayden's Low

Prices on Groceries

One-pound can blood red salmon..... 84c Tail bottles assorted pickles....... 84c

Root beer extract...... 10e 16-ounce package corn starch..... 5c

Sellycon, per package...... 81/4c

Beans, per can...... Sc Fresh Ripe Peaches, per basket...... 18c

Fancy snow white codfish ..... 8%c

Imported mackerel, each..... 6c

Russian sardines, per pounde.........131/20

Family white fish ..... 4360

Olives, per bottle.....

Can of corn.....

Fish Specials

es, cups, pitchers, etc.; choice, 10c.

dishes, 5c.

and fruits, le each.

to select from.

# Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments



appearant sale saturday.

400 indies fine tailored light weight Jackets, made in lateral These bowls generally eat styles, silk and satin lined, in black, gray, tan, brown, to \$1.00. Our price, 18c. easter, red, blue and green, worth \$10, \$12.50 and \$15, on sale Saturday at 25 each.

Also 300 ladies' Dress Skirts, in black and colors, worth up to \$10 each, for \$2.96. 200 ladles' man tailored Suits, in all new shades, worth \$15 and \$18, for \$8.75.

100 Silk Taffeta Waists, in black and colors, worth \$5, for EXTRA SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY-25 dozen ladies' Wrappers, worth \$1.50, for 49c. 20 dozen ladies' Waists at 10c each.

Tour choice of any Wash Skirt on our counters, worth up up to \$6, at \$1.50 and 98c. 20 dozen Disck Mercerized Underskirts, worth \$1.50, for 79c. 15 dozen Wash Underskirts, worth \$1, at 39c. 46 dozen Wash Dresses for children, worth \$1, \$1.50, \$3 and \$2.50, sizes 1 to 14, at 89c, 49c, 29c, 25c and 10c. 50 Rainy-Day Skirts, trimmed in satin bands, worth \$4. for \$1.50. 25 Bilk Dress Skirts, worth \$10, for \$5.05.

# Grand Sale on Ladies Furnishing and Underwear

1,000 dozen ladies fine Hale thread Hose, drop stitch and plain listes, in black and fancy colors, worth from 50c to 37, at 25c.

We are closing out our fancy Parasols, in all the newest shades, pean silks and chiffon trimmed, worth up to \$5, RE 950.

Ladies' Night Gowns, in fine nainsook and long cloths, low necks and elbow sleeves, handsomely trimmed with fine laces and embroidery, all finished with hemstitching, worth up to \$2, closing out at 76c.

Richelieu ribbed, worth 10c, at 10c.

close them out, 49c. Dr. Warner's Bust-Proof Corsets, in ventilated and sateon, \$1.50 quality, at \$1.



In the Gift of the Wind

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL.

(Copyright, 1902, by Lillan C. Puschal.) [ the garden. She stopped midway in her

my cabbidge patch ag'in!"

out the lows blue grans belt as Skinflint

"Bence that ea'f o' her'n died o' th'

scours she's gotter be th' breechiest oritter in th' hull county. Blame 't she ain't broke

th' top heard off'n thet fence jempin' in!

And he brandished the empty tin milk

pails he was carrying toward the intrucer. She calmly munched the heart out of a succulent head of cabbage and switched

er tail by way of reply to the trate saluta-

in her rear. Old Red had also developed

"hooky" tendencies since her recent be-recement and must be approached diplo-matically. She wheeled suddenly and pawed up a dusty challengs from the cab-

age patch. The old man retreated precipi-

"That goes another head?" he grouned

paering through the fence with sordid despair in his little bloared eyez. "An"

o'ud sell ever one o' them oabbidges

for a cent aplece! Goah jam th' pesky critter!" His traccible temper exploded in his favorite expletive, which was as near

to the ragged edge of profanity so his stance "Methody" principles would allow. In his version be clanged the tin palls together smartly to frighten the trespesser,

though he would have thrushed his boy

Clauging them might make them leak and

even more than the half profune expicitive, evidenced the depth of old Ech's mental

perturbation. Few things in the heavens above or the earth beneath would have tempted him to lay sacrifegious hands on

'I'll make of Benny Wray pay dear for

em sabbidges," he growled, in helpless ge, turning his back on the sickening

Old Zeb hated to milk. That tack was

14, at this present rising hour of 4:20 s. m. wreating with cholers morbus, aided by obli-ken-gizzard tea and his faithful older

sister Pattern, the directing angel of Skin-Sint Zeb's measur household. The mether was an invalid, from over work and too

much atinting, said the countr goesips.
"Book cow! Book bess! Soc-co-co-" A
cunning idea entered the old man's ava-

ictors mind and stepped his cow call in pail and the spile fluid slowly scaking into the loamy soil.

he iniddle.

"Monght's wull milk of Red, too, now he's hyur-'er hag'll cake 'fore night 'f gallons o' fresh milk-its ruinstionous! An' thet pail was jes' bran new on'y las' Chuckling, he turned back toward the fall! Now I'll hev ter go ter in' house

smobshouse, leaving the cowpard gate upon | an' git the weoden water bucket tar-"

as he passed. Just incide the amakehouse the tarries the remaining much to the door stood the sait barrel. He dipped out opcione cave back of the farm house, whose a handful and put it in the battered crown compant walls sheltered the dairy products

illy performed by young "Naph," actat

a-wastin time on that ornery of tow-

thall for such wicked thoughtlessness.

Men's 50c and 75c Socks at 25c-500 dozen men's fine the newest colors, sold everywhere at 50c and 75c, on sale at 25c.

Men's 50c and 75c Suspenders at 25c-50c dozen men's fine Suspenders, in all the newest atyles, with silk or Three-pound can pure leaf lard...... 35c hats, in all colors, at 75c to \$3.00. A very in and see the WALL TRUNK, sold exleather ends, every pair warranted perfect and to wear one year, on sale at 25c.

on sale at 25c. There are all sizes in this lot, from 16 to 17.

universe responsible for the loss of her

bunco game edged toward the open gate,

"Ourse I'll git jee' a leetle hit even with

Bang! went a cloven hoof into an eight

creamy, but not coeling deluge over his protirate form. Old Red advanced one step, screnely chewing her cud the while. Est authored himself and his hat up from

### Saturday in the Bargain Room China Dept Genuine decorated Holland salad bowle.

These bowls generally sell for from The Saturday will be about the final windup of the summer Wash Goods, Furnishing Goods, boys' Summer Clothing. Everything in the line of summer goods must go, in order for us to make room for our fall stock, fast arriving. Decorated China ontmeal and fruit

Our 58c, 65c and 75c Wash Goods, including some of the finest dress patterns that were ever shown this season in Omaha, will be closed out Saturday at 8 1-3c a yard. Another line, picked from the goods, will be put on one table, worth 25c a yard, will go Saturday at lie a yard.

Another table still of Wash Goods worth from 15c to 35c, prints worth 8%c and other Wash Goods, will be on sale Saturday at 21/4c a yard. NO DEALERS, PEDDLERS OR MANUFACTURERS SOLD TO IN THIS ROOM.

## **Extra Specials**

5%c Bleached Muslin, only 10 yards to a customer, at \$%c a yard. 51/2c yard wide Unbleached (LL) Muslin, only 10 yards to a customer, at 3%cen

Sateen Foulards, in some of the most beautiful shades made-the cloth is as fine as slik-regular 25c goods, all go Saturday at 9c a yard.

## **Furnishings**

All the men's Underwoar that sold for 50c, in fancy colors and balbriggan, now sale at 124c.

Men's 75c Colored Laundered Shirts, with separate collars, at 25c. Men's 25e String and Bow Ties at 5c. Ladies' file fast black Stockings at Sc. Boys' 50c Colored Waists at 19c. Ladies and children's 25c Underwear at 10c. Men's 15c Huspenders at 6c.

Boys' all wool knee pants, worth \$1.00, at 29c and 25c. Boys' 50c Knee Pants at 19c.

Boys' \$2.50 all wool Long Pants at 95c. Boys' \$1.50 Wash Suits at 25c and 50c.

Boys' Wash Pants at 9c and 19c a pair.

Men's \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.00 all wool Pants at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.95 a pair. Boya' \$2.50 Suits at 95c.

SEE OUR GRAND DISPLAY OF WAIST PATTERNS AND DRESS GOODS. THESE ARE THE FINEST GOODS EVER SEEN IN OMAHA. THEY WILL BE SEEN IN OUR SIXTEENTH STREET WINDOW.

**Closing Hat Sale** 

Closing out men's, boys' and children's traw hats at 10c.

Boys' hats, in all colors. 'A special pur- clusively by Hayden Bros.

chase on sale Saturday at 50c. Tam o' Shanters at 25c to 75c.

Boys' and men's golf, automobile and yachting caps, with visor, at 25c, 35c, 50c

### Saturday is Ribbon Day always at Hayden Bros. Bigger and better bargains in SATURDAY'S SPECIAL SALE. The new novelty wash ribbons, worth 25c

25c wash taffeta ribbons at 10c. New fancy ribbons, worth 25c, at 9c. 15c ribbons at 41/2c.

We Have Notions Ladies' belts, worth up to 25c,

Ladies' 35c to 50c wash ties at 19c. Embroideries in 5 and 6-yard lengths, worth from 15c to 50c per yard. On sale at 5c, 19c, 15c and 25c yard.

### a wrecked barn, they heard a low moo of distress coming apparently from the clear-

Old Zeb squinted up at the horas lowering over the edge of the stack, far above his head, and actually began to grin. "Sure ye didn't put for thar yerse'f, Ben len' ter fool me?" he asked, wheeling with sudden suspicion upon the young man.

"Nary a bit uv it," put in Uncle Benny, jovially. "Th' cyclone jes' planted 'er than saw 'er light myse'f, f'um a crack in ar cave door wher' I wus a-watchin' ter see 'f

bet." They had still vividly in mind the

"Oh, God!" he whispered over and over A shaft of golden sunlight broke through again, as he bent with twitching lips above a feathery patch of blue sky and the storm was over for young Ben and Philury,

by Cadets. BERLIN, Aug. 15.-The American yacht, Uncle Sam, of the raceboat class, which was bought by Emperor William after the boat had won the emperor's gold oup at watching the encoming storm with fear in kneit in the hulf-darkness of the cave white the international regults at Eight has been their gentle eyes. The silver linkness of the the lightning sickered through the cracks everhauled and turned over to the navy. The little yacht which is thirty-one feet

about the now frightened interes. Abanthe unroafed veranda, but the outbouses— do not get as good results from their
doning the squealing horses, maddened and
bars, bencoop, smekehouse, cattic sheds and
rachts as do American and English yachtssnorting with terror, the men made a wild granarics were as though they never had men. He observed that the naval cadets been. The stable lots were as bare as if at Kiel were weak and failed to make swept by a gigantic broom.

Of the threshing machine nothing remained but the iron power wagon. The atraw carrier and feeder were found later inited to the swamp pasture of Uncle Benny at the work on the Comet.

The fact that the emperor had an English The men looked in wonder at old Skin- fourteen picked German sallors as apprentices is another example of his belief that Germans are not so adopt in handling racing crafts as might be desired.

Look out for malaria, It is seasonable now. A few dones of Prickly Ash Bitters is



Men's \$1 colored Laundered Shirts, in all the newest styles, with separate collars and cuffs, also white, on sale at 49c. Mon's \$2 Shirt Waists at 25c All the Gold brand Shirt Waists, that sold up to \$2.50, all J

stiff blue jeans overalls and cowhide boots ter love ms. Philury?"
rubbing out a whispery, squeaky accompaniment: "Whish-cek!"

"This in the little floury is prisoned by this time. If "Philury!" he called loudly, depositing his burden on the cave steps and slam

the trap door down upon it. "Ain't breakfan' ready yit?" "Yes, pa, it's mos' ready now," came the answer in a clear, girlish voice from

opyright, 1992, by Lahan
"Gosh jam it! Thar's thet oi' red cow in pleasant occupation of absorbing green things and glared at him, with the missional Plint familiarly known through- anthropic eye of one who held the entire Zeb, survoyed wrathfully, in the data dawnlight, the damage wrought in his chorished vegetable garden by the predatory cow of his detested neighbor, "Uncle and stepped toward it. Carefully moving backward, the old worker of this rustic backward, the old worker of this rustic backward, the old worker of this rustic backward, the old worker of the sait backward toward the open gate, only I had to 'tend to Naph," apologetically. She hurried to and fro laying the table.

her sweet face showing that she was soft quarter an instant later. worn from a night of watching beside the sick boy, and her crusty father atormed up and down the porch.

bunco game edged toward the open gate, with the bovine victim of misplaced conndence following gingerly. He led her 
safely through, then quickly closed the 
gate and carried the salt back to the 
barrel in the smokehouse.

"No use 'n waatin' good salt on other 
folks' cows," he sald, as he returned to "Well, hurry up an' git it, quick," he ordered roughly, casting apprehensivgiances down the country road. "The thrashers'il be hyur by sun-up-less'n hafsnar f'um now-an' 'f they ketch us

estin' we'll hev ter give 'em the'r break-fas', like's not An' I've got ter finish the' chores an' th milkin' yit." down the green slope of the cow lot beyond the bern, where the robins were just tuning up, and the awakened kine rose lasily and

the chores an th milkin yit."

"Why, pa, didn't ye get th' milkin done?"

She paused a moment and glaneed out through the screen door at him.

"No," he replied, his wrath blazing snew. "One o' them blamed cows kicked th' bucket—an' ol' Benny Wray's red cow wus in th' cabbidge patch—an' I hed ter git 'er out—she's mos' ruined th' hull patch.

An' see, hyur, young woman, I don' wanter. up, and the awakened kine rose lastly and awing up the hill, dow-lapped in red clover. Three fat, black cats, hearing the call, came down with a soft thud from their fragrant bed on the high ledge of the half-cut hayrick and scated themselves haunch-wise in a dignified row near him, waiting for the willking process. An' see, hyur, young woman, I don' wante see 'yo makin' sheep's eyes at young Bor for the milking process to begin.

Every morning, when the buy, Naph, appeared with the pulls the cats waited their if he comes with the thrashers. I won't hev no gal o' mine hevin' anything ter do

turn for the well-directed white streams with such trash as them Wrays. Un'er which came from the milker's hand, whisting and guzzitug pleasantly down their be-She nodded, but only said, "Breakfas' sing and gusting pleasantly down their bewhiskered, wide-open mouths.

But though they implored gently in their
best meaves for the accustomed libation,
none was furthcoming this time. Had old
Zeb understood their petition, with its inariminatics evidence of his some extravation, he took the heavy water bucket from games in feeding new milk to the cats, there its oil cloth-covered shelf to the corner of would have been greater trouble than the kitchen and went down to the barn

cramps in store for that young gentleman. while Philura took up the heavy burden "Git outer my read!" he snarled at the which was daily laid on her slight young he turned the well-stripped cows into the lower pasture and pussed through the "gap" her blue print house dress, rolled up her into the barnyard where Old Red waited eleeves above her dimpled elbows and began peacefully to be ensed of her burden of to knead out the bread dough which was all milk. "Don' know why I let that gal o' pulled up with waiting on the pantry table. mine keep such a lot o' cats, nobow-it's a ture'ble expense—that clabber she feeds 'om "Mornin', Philpry," said a voice at the 'nd fatten a good hug! I'll tell Naph he's heart like a tender hand across a harp, set

got ter drewn two on 'one nex' Sunday." ting it all a-quiver with awest music. A tanned, manly face looked in at her from a wastim time on that ornery of cown in the standary. The doomed, but unconscious fallose for tanned, manif face looked in at her from lowed at a misck and respectful distance, will standed to the milking tor do yit. 's wall's the stands chosen fewer time then have a seen of a willow, boldly planted his atool alongside Old Red, who was placifly chewing her cud, apparently lost to pick and the day. Us all times for their good-fer-nothing kid of mine ter go and study his and reached for the have of daily supported in the day. The doomed, but unconscious fallose for tanned, manif face looked in at her from beneath a wide-brimmed atraw hat.

"Horning Ren," she responded, trying to make the tone sound matter of fact and hiding the tremble of her fingers in the soft, white mass she was manipulating.

"Desutiful morain', ain't it?" she remarked, tooking out beyond him toward the "Morniu". Ben," she responded, trying to doin's-make the tone sound matter of fact and fool?"

rosy east, up which the sun was lazily blinktog as though roused too soon from sleep. "It sure is a beauty," he answered, gazng back into the rosy face before him

cent pail, upsetting it and incidentally old Zob—as well as his temper, splashing a orter be spring 'stead o' harvest time—it's so kind o' blossomy an' sweet an' posylike." "Are you meanin' the weather?" she asked encading it rigerously. "Seems to me it's the wrock, brushed the milk and dirt from his cost and wrathfully surveyed the ruined. goin' to be but an' aweltery-hope there ma't be a cyclone 'fore night," with exag-

> He leaned his broad, hickory-shirted iders through the window and a big brown hand interfered suddenly with the "You know what I mean, Philury, dear,"

mean you-you're all the weather there is upon the quiet summer eir-Whee a handful and put it in the battared crown of his wide straw hat.

Thus fortified with his day of truck, he advented when the storm far of the cornfields, an' the brances is blown and the comment while about the military products at all times and the entire family at inthe cornfields, an' the brances is blown and the cornfields, an' the brances is blown and the country farm horses.

All the long, het summer day they

Both the little floury hands were imprisoned by this time. His tender dark eyes drew her sunny, blue gaze up to his.

ming She smiled tremulausly into them. Ben," she faltered bravely, "I'm 'freld ye're goin' to be disappointed, for ther's a big the answer in a clear, girlish voice from storm a-cemin'-pa told me only this schind the newspaper shade of the pantry mornin' not to have anything to do with "I'd 'a' had it ready long ago ye, Ben-dear," the last word seemed to be drawn from her rosy lips almost against her vill by the compelling eyes, even as another and sweeter toll was taken from the same

> Their dream of love was rudely broken by loud voices gradually drawing nearer from he direction of the barnyard.

"I'll never pay no sech scan'ious price sous indignation "It'e no more'n it's wuth-th' trespansing

an' all—th' hull cabbidge patch is spiled. An' I callated ter make at the least \$17 outer that patch."

"I'll pay for ever head that wur et er trampled—an' th' fence board—jes' 'bout 51 cents 's fur 's I c'n see—an' nary a cent more," rollerated Uncle Benny as the two

ppeared around the corner of the sm "Sixty-one granules! I'll never let votake yer dad-burned ol' cow outer my lot under \$16-it 'ud orter be twenty, es I suid

"Sixty-one cents," repeated the other "Sixteen dollars or nothin'," squeaked Skinflint Zeb, equally stubbe

"D'ye ever see sech tarnation check in all yer born days?" exclaimed Uncle Benny, catching sight of his son by the pantry window. "He wants \$16 for them idges of Red's et up!"

"Philury!" shouted old Piint, seeing well-defined pattern done in flour across young Ben's blue hickory shoulders. "Didn't I tell ye not ter speak ter thet

"It wusn't her fault, Mr. Flint," interrupted the young man, paling with anger under his tag. "I came over with dad ter help with th' thrashin', es we all arranged -an' I made her talk ter me-an'-an' Iwanter marry her?" he blurted out at last, The two old men glared at him and then at each other.

"Ye mus' be plum loony, Ben," said his 'ud hev ter hire a gal ter do th' work et Philury'd git married. She's got ter be an ol' maid ter save expenses—her father's an ol' maid ter mave expenses her father's quiet occupants were unaware of the danger so tarnal poor he can't afford no sech that menaced them. doin's-don't ye know that, ye durned

At this taunt, a common one in the cunty-behind old Flint's back, howeverthe old man turned like a snarling animal. "Rhe o'n marry 'in when yer cow comes home not before! An' now you two git ourter hyur-I den' wanter change no more work with ye-don't ye ever come on my land agin' young feller. I'll hev th' law

He turned to his daughter and scowled "An' Philury, don't let me over ketch emurely, cutting off a chunk of dough and ye a-lookin' at 'im agin', you young

> Then, as he wheeled about, he caught sight of the expected "thrashers," who had come up unnoticed during the altercation and listened, smiling, in the background. "Come on ter th' thrashin' machine, you grinnin' sapples back thar! We've lost a

And he led the way to the grain ricks he said awkwardly, yet with a touch of Shortly afterward the leud, monotonous

worked, begrimed and sweaty, at the threshing, stopping for a short nooning only long enough to gobble and shovel in the big, toothsome dinner which Philury had labored so hard to prepare for them. Many a dull farm lade eye brightened as it followed the slender, graceful figure of Skinffint Zeb's daughter in her fresh pink laws and white apron, hastily donned while the men were washing their dusty faces in the tin basin out under the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the storm of the storm burst above like a befiled beast of prey as the cyclone broke in all its mighty fury upon the land. Great "Sure y faces in the tin basin out under the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the storm burst above like a befiled beast of prey as the cyclone broke in all its mighty fury upon the land. Great "Sure y faces in the tin basin out under the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the storm burst above like a befiled beast of prey as the cyclone broke in all its mighty fury upon the land. Great the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the storm burst above like a befiled beast of prey as the cyclone broke in all its mighty fury upon the land. Great the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the storm burst above like a befiled beast of prey as the cyclone broke in all its mighty fury upon the land. Great the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant to the box trees the box trees snapped like pipestems in the slowe.

from his post as bandcutter, he shouted, pointing with his whip to the southwest.

"Look-athar! Gyclone's comin' sure's you're born!"

"Cyclone yer granny!" pshawed the old "Cyclone yer granny!" pshawed the old man, wipleg the dust from his wrinkled face—"yer jee' a-wantin' a rest, Si Thompkins—g'iong with th' thrashin'!" he shouted, and the men obeyed, though with apprehensive glances toward the southwest and the sky overhead, fast covering

with flying gray soud.
"Whee-oo-oom-n," once more sang the grain-eating monster, till en minutes later it broke off in a strangled wheeze, as the driver leaped down from the platform and hantliy unbooked his own team from the circle of horses. "Ye c'n thresh yerself inter th' jaws

o' death ter save a few cents, ol' Skin-Sint!" he shouted defiantly at the old farmer, and broke for cover. "But I'm -goin' ter the cave. See ther!" Looming up above the horizon was a terrible shape, more dreaded by the prairie
dwellers than the plague, a huge greenishblack funnel-form cloud, hanging point
down like a great balloon partly overturned, and with clawlike anchors dragging

The stiffing air was deadly still; not a his battered hat. leaf stirred, not a bird peeped; the doves "Let us thank had flown to the barn eaves and were

lation in its wake.

snorting with terror, the men made a wild rush for the cyclone cave. Old Zeb ran shouting to the house, whose

"Philury!" he yelled, tearing through the house, shutting doors and windows. "Cyclone's comin'—quick, git yer mother up an' I'll carry Naph-hurry, fer God's

The girl started up from the even door, where she was trying the cake with a broom straw, and turned white. But she was prairie bred and used to this terrible storm fright. After one fearful glance out of the south window she hastily shut off the stove dampers and drafts to prevent fire disaster, if possible; then, running upstairs to her mother's room, she threw a shawl about the invalid's thin shoulders, and, half supporting, half carrying her, fied hen, to the cave, whose slanting trap door the "Y threshers held open for them.

the figme-darting eyes.

"Gosh jam It!" guaped Pilot, as he laid 'you'uns," old Zeb, being human, was moved the boy down on the coment floor and felt, to reply upon looking into their smiling wildly in his breast packet. "I've just their faces but he want. And the curious pocketbook on th' way! Ap' it hed over a threshers followed. ousan' dellars in it!" He wailed, his

faces in the tin basin out under the box trees snapped like pipestems in its giant alder.

In the middle of the afternoon the driver a flock of squawking hens went over as seddenly whosed and stopped the horses, curely held in the teeth of the wind as if In answer to old Zeb's inquiring glance in the claws of a fleeing tiger, a sheep was picked up bodily from a neighboring field, cave door wher I wus a-wat the roof of the porch lifted off like a hat th' hosses was atampedin." where lay a low bank of greenish-gray from Philury's devoted head as she stooped for the lost pocketbook and turned back toward the cave. The smokehouse crumbled and went up like a pack of cards in her

"Run! Philury-Run!" shouted the men in a frenzy as they watched, expecting every nstant to see her gathered to the cruel scene in the cyclone cave. osom of the storm.

She reached the cave, another step and ahe would be safe. The door opened joy-fully to receive her. But an instant is time enough for things to happen. Just as the little flying foot was planted on the top step a great scantiling from the demolished harn struck the door and she fell beneath it, plunging white and unconscious into her little form in draggled pink lawn that was realting for his arms by the pasture fence.

the still limp little form of his first born 'Ob. God!" But she was only stunned and scon revived under the dash of cold water from the up weakly after a while with a pale intie

smile and a brave "I'll seen be all right, daddy." The old man looked at the great purple the earth beneath, leaving death and descbruise on her tender temple and took off "Let us thank the Lord fer his marcies!

oplar leaves grinned, wrong side out, like in the door and the rain fell in a deluge out-The coits and cows out in the pastures When they emerged, pale and quiet and on the water line, is to be used for prac-stampeded, bellowing and neighing for thankful, a some of desolation greated their craft. The emperor knows that Germans

he said, bowing his gray head. And they all .

Wray, whose farm lay next in the path of

flut Seb as he walked, silent and unmoved, amidst the wreck of his empire. He must have been the loser of many hundredsperhaps thousands-of dellars, but not a nurmur did they hear from him. And when over the waste of young trees

and late grain laid low between his farm and that of Uncle Benny two figures came hurrying he hastened to ment them. "le-is Philury all right?" gasped young "Yes we're all eafe," answered the old

An instant later old Zeb same stumbling "Will re les' step over ter ar barnyard flown the cave steps, carrying the sick lad an' look at somethin'?" asked Uncie Benny and followed by a memed roar from the in a subdued tone, but his eyes twinkled stealthy, low-crouching Storm Beast with under their bushy white brown. "Th' cyclone seems ter hev skipped you'uns," old Zeb, being human, was moved

Past the dismantled remains of a grain voice drowned in the increasing uprour rick only a short haif hour before rich with Philury pushed open the door a cruck flat, they went, sad, toguing the corner of



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On looking up they saw, perched knee deep in timothy hay, on the high ledge of a half out rick-Old Red!

"Wull, boys," said Skinflint Zeb slewly, turning to the gaping crowd, "I've allers been a man o' my word-guess ye'll all say yes ter thet anyhow-even of I be a They all with one accord answered: "You

OVERHAULS THE UNCLE SAM tubs where the milk was kept cool. She sat Little Craft Purchased by Emperor to Be Used in Practice

and ten inches over all and twenty-one feet

sure preventive.

